

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6311

Ying Wuji looked at David, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"David," his voice was deep and languid, like a lion dozing in the afternoon sun, "I've long admired your name."

David walked to the platform, stopped, and looked up at Ying Wuji.

"Palace Master Ying, I've come to retrieve the Core of Reincarnation." He went straight to

the point, without any pleasantries or formalities.

Ying Wuji's smile froze; he hadn't expected David to be so direct.

The demon cultivators in the palace were also stunned.

They had seen countless people come to Shadow Abyss to see their Palace Master—some begging for mercy, some paying respects, some offering gifts, some seeking alliances—but none dared to speak like this.

To say directly, "I've come to retrieve the Core of Reincarnation," as if it weren't the treasure of the Demon Clan's Shadow Palace, but merely a stone in his backyard.

Ying Wuji was silent for a moment, then smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible, but a hint of amusement flashed in his eyes.

“The Core of Reincarnation is the treasure of my Demon Clan’s Shadow Palace. You think you can just take it as you please?”

David looked at him, saying nothing.

Ying Wuji stood up and descended from the high platform.

His gait was elegant, as if he were strolling leisurely, yet each step contained terrifying power.

When he reached David, David felt the surrounding air freeze.

The pressure of a seventh-grade True Immortal pressed down like a mountain.

David did not retreat.

His chaotic power circulated within his body, purple light flowing across his skin, dissolving the pressure into nothingness.

His expression was calm, his eyes clear, as if Ying Wuji’s pressure was merely a gentle breeze.

Ying Wuji’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“Interesting,” he murmured.

He raised his hand, a ball of black light condensing in his palm.

That light was not demonic energy, but a more ancient and purer power—chaotic demonic energy.

Legend has it that the progenitor of the demon race cultivated this power; it could devour everything, corrode everything, and destroy everything.

“Let me see just how capable you are,”

Ying Wuji said, striking out with his palm.

The strike was slow, so slow that David could see every line on his palm.

But the power contained in that palm strike was enough to level a mountain.

David didn't dodge.

He raised his right hand and met the attack head-on.

Purple chaotic power collided with black chaotic demonic energy.

There was no explosion, no loud noise, only a low hum.

The two forces intertwined, devoured, and merged between their palms.

Purple light and black light intertwined, like two giant dragons fighting. The surrounding space began to distort, and the air emitted a piercing shriek.

The demon cultivators in the palace changed their expressions drastically and retreated one after another.

A full-force attack from a seventh-grade True Immortal was enough to level this palace.

But David actually blocked it. With his peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal cultivation, he actually blocked a full-force attack from a seventh-grade True Immortal.

Ying Wuji's eyes lit up.

"Good!" he shouted and withdrew his palm.

David also withdrew his palm, his expression still calm.

But his right hand was trembling slightly. Ying Wuji's power was indeed very strong. If it weren't for the chaotic power restraining all other powers, he might not have been able to withstand this palm strike.

Ying Wuji looked at him and remained silent for a long time.

Then, he smiled. This time, the smile was no longer playful, but sincere admiration.

"David, you are stronger than the rumors say." He turned and walked back to the platform, sitting down on the throne again. "The Core of Reincarnation, I can give it to you."

David didn't speak, waiting for him to continue.

Ying Wuji leaned back on the throne, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest, making a rhythmic sound.

"However, I have one condition."

David looked at him: "Speak."

Ying Wuji's fingers stopped.

He looked at David, a barely concealed glint in his eyes.

"I want you to kill someone for me."

David's brows furrowed slightly: "Who?"

At this moment, David seemed to have the answer in his heart.

Ying Wuji didn't answer immediately.

He stood up, walked to the edge of the platform, his back to David, looking at the inverted starry sky above.

"A True Immortal Realm Sixth Grade cultivator."

His voice was soft. "He is my enemy. Five thousand years ago, he killed my wife. For five thousand years, I have been looking for an opportunity to take revenge. Although our cultivation levels are higher than his, he has the Divine Judgment Hall behind him."

He turned around, looking at David.

"But you're different. Your chaotic power counters all power, including his. Killing him is as easy as turning your hand."

David was silent for a moment. "You mean Lei Zhentian?"

Ying Wuji was stunned. He hadn't expected David to know about Lei Zhentian.

"That's right, he is the current Vice Hall Master of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall—Lei Zhentian." Ying Wuji nodded.

David's eyes narrowed slightly.

Vice Hall Master of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall, a seventh-grade True Immortal.

The number one person below the Judgment Venerable, he cultivates lightning-based techniques and possesses extremely formidable combat power. He is infamous throughout the Fifteenth Heaven.

"Kill him, and the Core of Reincarnation will be yours." Ying Wuji said. "Not only that, the Shadow Hall will be allied with you from now on. Your affairs are my affairs."

David remained silent for a long time.

He didn't want to be someone else's pawn.

But he needed the Core of Reincarnation.

The Ghost Clan's hope lay in these three treasures.

"Alright." David nodded. "I agree."

Ying Wuji smiled.

He took out a black token from his sleeve and handed it to David.

"This is Lei Zhentian's whereabouts. He goes to Thunder Mountain to cultivate his thunder magic every month on the fifteenth. Today is the thirteenth, and the fifteenth will be in two days. You can wait for him at Thunder Mountain."

David took the token and glanced at it.

"How will I find you after I kill him?"

"You don't need to find me," Ying Wuji said. "Once you kill Lei Zhentian, the news will naturally reach my ears. At that time, I will personally deliver the Core of Reincarnation to you."

David nodded and turned to leave.

"Wait a minute," Ying Wuji called out to him.

David stopped.

"Aren't you afraid I'll go back on my word?" Ying Wuji asked.

David didn't turn around. "You can try."

Then he left.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him.

Ying Wuji stood on the high platform, watching the two figures disappear into the tunnel, and remained silent for a long time.

"Interesting," he murmured. "Truly interesting."

Chapter 6312

After leaving Yingyuan

, David and Jiang Xuelan didn't return to Youyue Kingdom, but instead flew directly towards Tianlei Mountain.

Tianlei Mountain is located southeast of the Youming Mountain Range, about a day's journey from Yingyuan.

David calculated the time; today was the thirteenth, and Lei Zhentian wouldn't go to Tianlei Mountain until the fifteenth.

They had two days to make preparations in advance.

"How do you plan to kill him?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

David thought for a moment: "Ying Wuji said that Lei Zhentian cultivates lightning-based techniques and goes to Tianlei Mountain every fifteenth of the month to absorb the power of heavenly lightning."

"You plan to use lightning techniques against him?" Jiang Xuelan was taken aback.

David nodded.

Jiang Xuelan glanced at him, somewhat surprised: "You know lightning techniques?"

"A little."

David smiled, "Back in the Celestial Realm, I ate the Heavenly Thunder Fruit, so I have the essence of lightning within me. I also know a set of Thunderclap Palms, but I haven't used it in a long time."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, the corners of her mouth slightly upturned.

"Just how many things do you know?"

David smiled but didn't speak.

The two quickened their pace, flying towards Thunder Mountain.

Thunder Mountain was a solitary peak, towering into the clouds, perpetually shrouded in lightning.

Legend has it that in ancient times, a powerful figure of the lightning element perished here.

His remaining lightning power lingered on the mountain for tens of thousands of years, never dissipating.

Above the summit, dark clouds clung, and purple lightning, like countless giant dragons, danced wildly within the clouds, striking down every moment, scorching and shattering the rocks.

Ordinary cultivators could feel the terrifying pressure of the lightning even from a hundred miles away, let alone approach it.

Cultivators below the True Immortal Realm, struck by a single bolt of heavenly lightning, would suffer severe injuries at best, and complete annihilation at worst.

David and Jiang Xuelan landed on a small hill a hundred miles away from Thunder Mountain.

"Wait for me here," David said.

Jiang Xuelan frowned: "You're going up alone?"

"The lightning on Thunder Mountain will harm you," David said, looking at her. "Your Ice God Power doesn't counter lightning; going up would be dangerous. I can go alone."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then nodded.

"Be careful."

David smiled, turned, and flew towards Thunder Mountain.

The closer they got to Thunder Mountain, the denser the lightning became.

Purple lightning bolts cleaved down from the clouds, tearing the air

apart with deafening roars. David's chaotic power flowed around his body, the purple light shielding him from the lightning.

Those heavenly lightning bolts, powerful enough to reduce True Immortal Realm cultivators to ashes, couldn't even touch the hem of his clothes.

He landed halfway up Thunder Mountain, found a secluded cave, and sat cross-legged.

There were still two days until the fifteenth.

He wanted to use these two days to thoroughly review the use of the Thunderclap Palm and reactivate the lightning source within his body.

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

Within his dantian, a vortex of chaotic power slowly rotated.

At the edge of the vortex, a purple light shone, and then David's divine sense entered a cosmic galaxy.

Some stars there were dim, some bright; these were all David's primordial stars.

Among them, one star shimmered with light—that was David's lightning primordial star, dormant for a long time, unused by David!

David probed a wisp of his divine sense into the lightning primordial star.

In that instant, he felt as if he were in an ocean of lightning.

Countless purple lightning bolts danced wildly around him, each containing the power to destroy everything.

But he felt no fear; instead, he felt a sense of intimacy. The lightning primordial star and the chaotic power within his body shared the same origin, both yearning to merge.

He began to guide the lightning primordial star, drawing it from his dantian and circulating it along his meridians. Wherever the source of lightning passed, fine purple lines appeared on the walls of his meridians, as if branded by lightning.

These lines contained the power of lightning, making his meridians more resilient and wider.

Once, twice, three times...

the source of lightning circulated within him eighty-one times, finally achieving a certain balance with the chaotic power within him.

He opened his eyes, raised his right hand, and a ball of purple lightning condensed in his palm.

That lightning was no longer ordinary heavenly lightning, but chaotic lightning fused with the power of chaos.

Its color was deeper than ordinary heavenly lightning, almost black, with purple light flowing across its surface, crackling loudly.

David clenched his fist and withdrew the lightning into his body.

Indeed, the power of chaos encompasses all laws; all power can be merged and contained.

Then, he began to recall the palm technique of the Thunderclap Palm. He had learned

the Thunderclap Palm from an ancient book in the library of the Imperial City of Yihe when he was still in the Celestial Realm.

At that time, his cultivation was still very weak, and the Thunderclap Palm was his strongest killing move.

His strength was now vastly different from before, and the power of the Thunderclap Palm had increased along with his cultivation.

He stood up and walked out of the cave.

On Thunder Mountain, thunder roared.

David stood atop the mountain, facing the raging lightning, and began to practice the Thunderclap Palm.

First move, Thunderous Might.

He struck out with his palm, and the power of lightning surged from his palm, transforming into a thick purple lightning pillar that slammed into the sky.

The lightning pillar collided with the lightning in the sky, unleashing a deafening roar, and the entire Thunder Mountain trembled.

Second move, Thunder Shakes the

Nine Heavens. He struck out with both palms, and the power of lightning condensed into countless lightning spears in front of him, shooting out in all directions.

Wherever the lightning spears passed, the air was torn apart, rocks were shattered, and the lightning in the sky was scattered.

Third move, Heavenly Thunder Annihilates the World.

He clasped his hands together, condensing all the lightning essence and chaotic power within his body into his palms.

Then, he slowly separated his hands, and a purple sphere of light appeared between his palms. Lightning crackled within the sphere, containing enough power to destroy a city.

He pushed the sphere into the sky.

The sphere flew into the clouds and exploded with a deafening roar.

It devoured all the lightning in the sky, transforming it into a massive purple vortex that spun for several breaths before gradually dissipating.

David withdrew his hands and exhaled a long breath.

Not a drop of sweat was on his body, but the source of lightning within him had been completely activated.

He could feel that his control over lightning had reached a completely new level.

"Almost there," he murmured.

Then, he returned to the cave and continued to wait.

On Thunder Mountain, the lightning was more concentrated than usual.

Every month on the fifteenth, the power of thunder on Thunder Mountain would reach its peak, the best time to cultivate thunder techniques.

Lei Zhentian would come to Thunder Mountain every month on this day to absorb the power of thunder and refine his thunder techniques.

David stood atop the mountain, looking at the distant sky.

He was waiting.

After waiting for about an hour, a dozen golden dots of light appeared in the distance.

The dots grew closer and larger, transforming into a dozen or so divine cultivators clad in golden robes.

Their cultivation levels ranged from the second to the fourth rank of the True Immortal Realm, and they carried the tokens of the Judgment Hall at their waists, exuding a menacing aura.

At the forefront was a tall, middle-aged man, broad-shouldered and burly, with a resolute face, thick eyebrows, and large eyes. His short hair stood on end like steel needles.

Golden lightning crackled around him, and the air was filled with the smell of burning.

His cultivation level was—the seventh rank of the True Immortal Realm.

Lei Zhentian.

Chapter 6313

A seventh-grade True Immortal, a minor realm higher than the sixth-grade True Immortal that Ying Wuji had told him.

That old fox Ying Wuji really didn't tell the truth.

Or perhaps Lei Zhentian's strength had increased.

But regardless, now that he was here, David wouldn't back down!

David's eyes narrowed slightly.

He stood atop the mountain, watching Lei Zhentian land on Thunder Mountain with a dozen or so Divine Race cultivators.

Lei Zhentian was very cautious. He came to Thunder Mountain every fifteenth of the month, but each time he would bring a dozen or so subordinates to search the area within a hundred miles of Thunder Mountain to confirm there were no ambushes before beginning his cultivation. This

had remained unchanged for five thousand years.

"Scatter, search!"

"Yes!"

The dozen or so Divine Race cultivators scattered, searching Thunder Mountain.

Soon, a Divine Race cultivator spotted David.

"My lord! There's someone here!"

Lei Zhentian frowned and strode over.

He saw a young man in a blue robe standing atop the mountain, his face calm, his eyes clear, his cultivation only at the peak of the eighth grade of the Upper Immortal Realm.

A sword hung at his waist, its blade cracked, making him appear like an ordinary rogue cultivator.

Lei Zhentian's vigilance relaxed slightly.

A rogue cultivator at the peak of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was less than an ant to him.

"Who are you? How dare you trespass on Thunder Mountain?" His voice boomed like thunder, shaking the very rocks.

David turned to face him.

"David."

Lei Zhentian's eyes narrowed.

He had heard of this name.

A punch that severely injured Jin Huan in the Heavenly Fire Pit, a palm strike that sent the Divine Clan's deputy flying, a single sentence that terrified all the Divine Clan cultivators into a chaotic retreat—this name had been the talk of the entire Fifteenth Heaven for the past two days.

But he hadn't expected David to be merely a rogue cultivator at the peak of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

"David." Lei Zhentian's voice was low. "I have no grudge against you, why are you blocking my way?"

David looked at him, his voice calm.

"Killing you is a deal."

Lei Zhentian's expression changed.

"A deal? Who sent you? Ying Wuji?"

David neither answered nor denied.

A flash of killing intent crossed Lei Zhentian's eyes.

"That piece of trash Ying Wuji doesn't dare come himself, so he sends a junior at the Upper Immortal Realm to his death?" He sneered. "You think you can kill me?"

He raised his right hand, and a ball of golden lightning condensed in his palm.

The lightning was extremely hot, and its light was dazzling, illuminating the entire Thunder Mountain.

The surrounding air began to distort, and the rocks shattered under the pressure of the lightning.

"Since you're here, don't leave."

Lei Zhentian struck out with his palm.

The golden lightning transformed into a thunder dragon, roaring as it charged towards David.

The thunder dragon was tens of feet long, entirely golden, tearing apart the air and shattering rocks wherever it passed, even devouring the heavenly lightning on Thunder Mountain.

David did not dodge.

He raised his right hand and met the attack with a palm strike.

Purple lightning surged from his palm, transforming into a purple thunder dragon, which collided with the golden thunder dragon.

Boom!

The two forces of lightning collided, unleashing a deafening roar.

The entire Thunder Mountain trembled, rocks tumbled down, and dust billowed.

The shockwave tore a huge hole in the dark clouds in the sky, allowing sunlight to stream through and illuminate the mountaintop.

Lei Zhentian's pupils suddenly contracted.

"You also know thunder magic?"

David didn't speak.

He withdrew his palm, and the lightning essence within his body erupted completely. Purple lightning coiled around him, crackling like countless purple snakes.

His eyes turned purple, and lightning seemed to flicker within his pupils.

Lei Zhentian's expression turned solemn.

He could sense that the lightning power within this young man, a peak eighth-grade Immortal, was far stronger than he had imagined.

It wasn't ordinary lightning magic, but chaotic lightning fused with some higher-level power.

"Interesting," Lei Zhentian murmured. "Five thousand years, and finally, I've met someone who can fight me."

He raised his hands, and golden lightning condensed in his palms, transforming into two lightning spears.

The spears crackled with electricity, emitting a piercing buzzing sound.

"Then let me see just how capable you really are."

Lei Zhentian moved.

His speed was extreme, leaving a long afterimage of golden lightning behind him.

He instantly appeared before David, his right lightning spear thrusting towards David's chest. Chen

Ping didn't retreat.

He dodged the lightning spear to the side and struck Lei Zhentian's shoulder with a palm strike.

Thunderclap Palm, with the force of a thousand thunderbolts.

Purple lightning erupted from his palm, slamming towards Lei Zhentian's shoulder.

Lei Zhentian held his left-hand lightning spear horizontally in front of him, blocking the attack.

Boom!

The two bolts of lightning collided again, and both were forced back.

Lei Zhentian retreated five steps, while David retreated seven.

A True Immortal of the seventh rank versus a peak Eighth Immortal rank

in a head-on clash, David was slightly inferior. However, his Chaotic Lightning countered all lightning power, and a portion of Lei Zhentian's golden lightning was absorbed during the collision, so the actual difference wasn't as great as it appeared.

Lei Zhentian's expression grew even more solemn.

"Your lightning technique... can absorb my lightning?"

David didn't answer.

He took a deep breath, simultaneously circulating his lightning essence and Chaotic Power. Purple light and black Chaotic Power intertwined, forming a layer of purplish-black armor on his body.

He launched the attack.

Thunderclap Palm, Thunder Shakes the Nine Heavens.

He struck out with his palm, and the lightning power transformed into countless lightning spears, shooting towards Lei Zhentian.

Each lightning spear contained the power of chaotic lightning, enough to penetrate the protective spiritual power of a True Immortal Realm expert.

Lei Zhentian snorted coldly, his palms striking out simultaneously, golden lightning condensing into a lightning shield before him.

The shield had five layers, each containing terrifying lightning power.

The lightning spears struck the shield.

The first layer shattered.

The second layer shattered.

The third, fourth, and fifth layers

of lightning spears pierced through all five layers of the shield, but their power was also exhausted, dissipating before Lei Zhentian.

Lei Zhentian's expression changed.

His lightning shield was enough to withstand a full-force attack from an eighth-grade True Immortal Realm expert.

But against this young man at the peak of the eighth grade Upper Immortal Realm, it only lasted for less than three breaths.

"Who exactly are you?"

David still did not answer.

He clasped his hands together, condensing all the lightning essence and chaotic power within his body into his palms.

Thunderclap Palm, Heavenly Thunder Annihilation.

He slowly separated his hands, and a ball of purplish-black light appeared between his palms.

Lightning crackled within the sphere of light, containing enough power to destroy a city.

The surrounding air began to distort, and the heavenly lightning from Thunder Mountain was drawn to it, surging towards it and merging into it.

The sphere of light grew larger and brighter.

Lei Zhentian's face turned deathly pale.

He felt it; the power contained within the sphere of light was enough to blast him into dust.

Chapter 6314

"No!" he roared, channeling all his inner lightning power.

Golden lightning erupted from his body, coalescing into a hundred-zhang-long golden lightning dragon before him.

The dragon roared and charged towards David.

David pushed out the ball of light in his hand.

The ball of light collided with the golden lightning dragon.

There was no explosion, no loud noise.

The ball of light, like a black hole, devoured, absorbed, and transformed the golden lightning dragon bit by bit.

The lightning dragon struggled before the ball of light for less than three breaths before being completely swallowed up.

Then, the ball of light continued forward, crashing into Lei Zhentian's chest.

"Ah!"

Lei Zhentian let out a shrill scream.

Dark purple lightning raged within him, destroying his meridians, bones, and flesh inch by inch.

His protective spiritual power was like paper before the chaotic lightning, instantly torn to shreds. His body began to crumble, cracks spreading from his chest to his limbs.

"No...impossible..." His eyes widened in disbelief, even in death. "Immortal Realm...Eighth Grade...how is this possible..."

David stood before him, looking into his eyes, his voice calm.

"I told you, killing you was a deal."

Lei Zhentian's body shattered with a deafening roar, transforming into countless golden specks of light that dissipated into the air.

His body and soul were annihilated.

Thunder Mountain fell silent.

The lightning still roared, but seemed much weaker than before.

Perhaps it was because Lei Zhentian was dead, or perhaps it was because David's Chaos Lightning was too terrifying, causing even the heavens and earth to tremble.

David withdrew his hand and exhaled a long breath.

His face was somewhat pale, and most of the lightning essence and chaotic power within his body had been consumed.

His right hand trembled slightly, the tiger's mouth split open, and blood dripped from his fingertips.

His chest had also been struck by Lei Zhentian's lightning, leaving a charred wound that throbbed faintly.

He was injured.

A full-force attack from a Seventh Grade True Immortal Realm cultivator was not so easy to withstand.

If it weren't for the Chaos Lightning's ability to counteract all lightning power, he might already be dead.

He turned around and looked at the divine cultivators.

A dozen or so divine cultivators stood rooted to the spot, staring at him in disbelief.

Their Vice Hall Master, Lei Zhentian, a seventh-grade True Immortal, had been killed in a single move by a human cultivator at the peak of the eighth-grade Upper Immortal.

"Avenge...avenge our Vice Hall Master!"

A fourth-grade True Immortal divine cultivator was the first to react, roaring as he charged towards David.

The others also attacked, golden holy light transforming into countless attacks that blasted towards David.

David wanted to fight back, but his body was no longer under his control.

His lightning essence and chaotic power were almost exhausted; he could barely stand.

Just then, an icy blue light descended from the sky.

Jiang Xuelan. She had been observing the battle on Thunder Mountain from a hundred miles away.

Seeing David injured and the divine cultivators about to besiege him, she immediately intervened.

She landed in front of David, her hands forming a seal. Ice-blue divine light surged from her body, transforming into a massive ice wall that blocked all the divine cultivators' attacks.

Then, she raised her right hand and struck out with her palm.

"Thousand Miles of Ice Seal!"

The ice-blue divine light surged forth like a tide, freezing the air, the rocks, and even the lightning in the sky.

Before the divine cultivators could react, they were frozen within the blue ice crystals, turning into ice sculptures.

More than a dozen people were completely frozen.

Jiang Xuelan withdrew her hand, turned, and helped David.

"Let's go, these people won't be frozen for long..."

She took David and transformed into an ice-blue streak of light, disappearing into the horizon.

Behind them, on Thunder Mountain, thunder roared, and the ice crystals reflected blinding light in the sunlight.

More than a dozen ice sculptures stood atop the mountain, like tombstones.

Jiang Xuelan carried David for about an hour, landing in a secluded valley.

The valley wasn't large, surrounded by mountains on three sides, with only a narrow entrance.

A stream flowed through the valley, its water crystal clear, and beside it lay a meadow covered in unidentified wildflowers.

Jiang Xuelan laid David on the meadow and examined his injuries.

There was a charred wound on his chest, inflicted by Lei Zhentian's lightning.

The wound wasn't deep, but golden lightning power lingered, eroding his flesh.

"Don't move," Jiang Xuelan said.

She raised her right hand, a ball of icy blue light coalescing in her palm, and gently pressed it against David's chest. The

icy blue light gradually froze and dissipated the golden lightning power.

David felt the burning pain in his chest gradually disappear, replaced by a cool sensation.

"Thank you," David said.

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak.

She withdrew her hand, took a pill from her sleeve, and handed it to him.

"I ate it."

David took the pill and put it in his mouth.

The pill melted instantly upon entering his mouth, and a warm power flowed into his body, nourishing his damaged meridians and flesh.

"Your injury isn't serious; you'll recover in a day or two," Jiang Xuelan said. "But you took too much risk. A seventh-grade True Immortal Realm cultivator, and you dared to fight him head-on."

David smiled: "It wasn't a head-on fight. My Chaos Lightning restrained his lightning power, otherwise I wouldn't have dared to fight."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him and remained silent for a moment.

"Next time, don't carry the burden alone."

David hesitated for a moment, then nodded.

"Okay."

The two sat on the grass, watching the clouds in the sky.

The setting sun dyed the entire sky golden red.

The stream shimmered under the sunset, like flowing gold.

Chapter 6315

Ying Wuji lied to you," Jiang Xuelan suddenly said. "He said Lei Zhentian was a sixth-grade True Immortal, but he was actually a seventh-grade."

"I know," David nodded. "That old fox never had good intentions from the start. He wanted me to kill Lei Zhentian not just for revenge, but also to test my strength."

"Then why did you agree?"

"Because I need the Core of Reincarnation," David said. "No matter what he's planning, as long as I kill Lei Zhentian, he has no reason to back out. If he does back out..." David smiled, "I don't mind killing one more."

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak, just looked at him.

This man, sometimes, is truly terrifying.

He usually seems gentle, loyal to his friends, and compassionate towards the weak.

But once he's determined to do something, he becomes ruthless, decisive, and unscrupulous.

Perhaps that's why he's gotten this far.

"Let's go. I'll take you back to Youyue Kingdom first. Once you've recovered, we'll go get the Soul-Guiding Flame," Jiang Xuelan said.

David nodded and followed Jiang Xuelan back to Youyue Kingdom!

The news of David killing Lei Zhentian spread throughout the entire Fifteenth Heaven that very day.

Everyone was shocked.

Lei Zhentian, the deputy hall master of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall, a seventh-grade True Immortal, had reigned supreme in the Fifteenth Heaven for five thousand years, and no one had ever dared to challenge him.

Now, he was dead.

Killed in one move by a human cultivator at the peak of the eighth-grade Upper Immortal.

In the Loose Cultivator Alliance, Feng Qingzi was drinking tea when he received the news.

His teacup fell to the ground and shattered.

"What did you say? David killed Lei Zhentian?"

"Absolutely true. More than a dozen people witnessed it on Thunder Mountain."

Feng Qingzi remained silent for a long time, then sighed deeply.

"This person is not to be trifled with."

In the Beast Clan's Heavenly Wolf Tribe, Langya was training his subordinates when he received the news.

He put down his battle axe, remained silent for a moment, then smiled.

"Well done, David. I've had my eye on that old bas**d Lei Zhentian for a long time. Good riddance!"

In the Shadow Palace of the Demon Clan, Ying Wuji was sitting on his throne, eyes closed, resting when he received the news.

He opened his eyes, a complex light flashing within them.

"Lei Zhentian... is dead?"

"Dead. Killed by David in one move."

Ying Wuji remained silent for a long time, then smiled.

His smile contained pleasure, admiration, and a hint of apprehension.

"Well done, David," he murmured, "Even stronger than I imagined."

He stood up and walked into the deepest part of the Shadow Abyss.

There was a secret chamber there, housing the supreme treasure of the Shadow Palace of the Demon Clan, the Core of Reincarnation.

It was a fist-sized bead, entirely black, with silver patterns flowing across its surface like winding rivers.

The bead contained the power of reincarnation, the key to opening the path of reincarnation.

Ying Wuji took the Core of Reincarnation from the secret chamber and held it in his palm.

“David, I hope we won’t become enemies in the future.” He murmured to himself, then walked out of the secret chamber.

The next day, Ying Wuji personally delivered the Core of Reincarnation to the Youyue Kingdom.

He stood at the city gate, looking at the dilapidated underground ancient city, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

The Ghost Clan, this once glorious race, now only had so few people left.

David walked out of the ancient city and took the Core of Reincarnation.

His face was still a little pale, but his injuries had mostly healed.

“Thank you.”

Ying Wuji shook his head: “No need to thank me. This is what you deserve.”

He paused, then said, “Lei Zhentian is dead, but the Divine Clan’s Judgment Hall will not let this go. The Judgment Venerable is vengeful. You must be careful.”

David nodded: “I know.”

Ying Wuji turned to leave, then stopped.

"David, if you need help in the future, you can come to Yingyuan to find me. The gates of the Shadow Hall are always open for you."

Then he left.

David stood at the city gate, watching his back disappear into the black mist, silent for a long time.

"What did he mean?" Jiang Xuelan walked to his side.

"Trying to win me over," David said. "He saw my strength and wants to recruit me to his side."

"Will you go?"

David shook his head. "No. I'm not anyone's weapon."

He turned and walked back to the ancient city.

Behind him, Yun Quan and Yun Xi stood at the entrance of the council hall, looking at the Core of Reincarnation in his hand, their eyes filled with tears of excitement.

One more.

Two more.

The Soul-Guiding Flame, in the Beast Clan's Sky Wolf Tribe.

The Netherworld Lamp, in the God Clan's Judgment Hall. Chen

Ping looked up at the black mist and moonlight above.

"Tomorrow, go to the Sky Wolf Tribe."

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

Yun Xi opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end only said, "Be careful."

David smiled, turned and walked into the stone hall.

Xiao You ran out of the stone hall and jumped into his arms.

"Uncle Chen! You're back! Did you bring me something delicious?"

David took out a piece of Heavenly Fire Crystal from his storage ring, a fist-sized piece, polished by his Chaos Fire, its surface smooth as a mirror, radiating a warm light.

"Here, take this. Play with it."

Xiao You took the crystal, her eyes shining like stars.

"So beautiful! Thank you, Uncle Chen!"

David patted her head and carried her into the stone hall.

Behind them, moonlight shone on the ruins of the ancient city, turning everything silvery-gray.

Chapter 6316

The Hall of Judgment of the Divine Race, main hall.

The Judgment Venerable sat on his high golden throne, his face as grim as the sky before a storm.

He released no pressure, yet the air in the entire hall seemed to solidify, making even breathing difficult.

In the center of the hall knelt a dozen or so Divine Race cultivators.

Their clothes were tattered, their bodies covered in wounds; they were the ones who had escaped from Thunder Mountain.

Jiang Xuelan's Thousand-Mile Ice Seal had only trapped them for less than an hour before the ice crystals shattered.

But David and Jiang Xuelan had already left, and they could only slink back to the Hall of Judgment.

"Lei Zhentian...is dead?" The Judgment Venerable's voice was calm, a calmness that sent chills down one's spine.

The True Immortal Realm fourth-grade cultivator kneeling at the front trembled, his forehead pressed to the ground, afraid to raise his head.

"Yes...yes, Hall Master. Killed in one move by that David..."

The hall was deathly silent.

Lei Zhentian, a seventh-grade True Immortal, the Vice Hall Master of the Judgment Hall, had reigned supreme in the Fifteenth Heaven for five thousand years, with no one daring to challenge him.

Now, he was dead. Killed in a single move by a human cultivator at the peak of the eighth grade Upper Immortal.

The Judgment Venerable remained silent for a long time.

Then, he smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible, but everyone felt a chill, a chill that shot from the soles of their feet to the top of their heads .

"Well done, David." His voice remained calm. "Well done, Ying Wuji."

He stood up and stepped down from his throne. His golden robe trailed on the ground, making a rustling sound.

He walked to the dozen or so cultivators and looked down at them.

"You saw him kill, but didn't intervene?"

"Hall Master, we intervened! But David's accomplice, a woman in white, froze us all with ice-type techniques, we..."

Before he could finish speaking, the Judgment Venerable raised his hand and gently waved it.

The cultivator's body was crushed as if by an invisible giant hand, instantly turning into a cloud of blood mist.

Blood mist filled the air, settling on the cultivators beside him and staining them red.

No one dared move, no one dared utter a sound.

"Lei Zhentian is dead, and you are still alive,"

the Judgment Venerable's voice remained calm. "This is your honor. But I dislike seeing trash."

He turned and walked back to his throne.

"Issue the order. From this day forward, any force in the Fifteen Heavens that dares to cooperate with David is an enemy of my Judgment Hall. Kill without mercy."

"Upon seeing David, kill him without question."

"His head is worth a divine artifact."

"Yes!" the divine cultivators in the hall responded in unison. The Arbiter Venerable closed his eyes and leaned back on his throne.

"Ying Wuji...you think I can't do anything to you just because you used someone else to kill you?" he murmured. "Once we deal with David, you'll be next."

The Arbiter Hall's decree spread throughout the entire Fifteenth Heaven that very day.

In the Loose Cultivator Alliance, Feng Qingzi remained silent for a long time after receiving the news.

Then, he burned the contents of the decree and said to his disciples, "We don't know anything about David. Nobody has asked us."

In the Beast Clan's Heavenly Wolf Tribe, Langya sneered after receiving the news: "What is the Arbiter Hall? It dares to interfere in the affairs of my Heavenly Wolf Tribe?"

He tore the decree to shreds.

In the Demon Clan's Shadow Hall, Ying Wuji simply smiled after receiving the news.

He said to Ying Sha, "The Arbiter Venerable is anxious. When he's anxious, he makes mistakes."

The smaller forces, however, were caught in a dilemma.

They dared not offend the Arbiter Hall, nor did they dare offend David, the monster who had killed a seventh-grade True Immortal in one move.

For a time, the undercurrents of the Fifteenth Heaven surged, more intense than the flames of the Heavenly Fire Pit.

In the council hall of Youyue Kingdom,

Yun Quan's expression was even more grave than before.

He placed the decree from the Judgment Hall on the table and looked at David.

"Mr. Chen, the Judgment Hall has issued a kill order against you. Moreover, they have warned all forces against cooperating with you."

David picked up the decree, glanced at it, and remained silent.

"The Tianlang Tribe..."

Yun Quan hesitated for a moment, "Although they haven't outwardly ignored the Judgment Hall's decree, the Soul-Guiding Flame is their most precious treasure. In this situation, they might not be willing to lend it."

David placed the decree back on the table and stood up.

"I'll go check on them."

Yun Xi walked over and tugged at his sleeve: "Your injuries haven't fully healed yet."

David smiled: "I'm almost healed. Besides, this isn't a fight, it's a negotiation. There won't be any danger."

Yun Xi bit her lip, not letting go.

"You always say that."

David looked into her eyes and said earnestly, "I promise you, I will definitely come back."

Yun Xi was silent for a moment, then finally let go.

"Then be careful."

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

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him.

The two transformed into streaks of light and flew towards the direction of the Beastman Sky Wolf Tribe.

Chapter 6317

The Sirius Tribe is located in the northern part of the Netherworld Mountains, on a vast, desolate plain.

There are no city walls, no palaces, only countless tents and houses built of animal hides, scattered across the wasteland like a cluster of white mushrooms.

The beastmen dislike extravagance; their architecture is simple and practical.

But simplicity does not equate to weakness. The Sirius Tribe has stood for tens of thousands of years in the Fifteenth Heaven not because of city walls, but because of its strength.

David and Jiang Xuelan landed in front of the Sirius Tribe's camp.

Several beastmen warriors approached, bone axes and spears in hand, watching them warily.

"Who goes there?"

"David. I've come to see your leader."

The beastmen warriors' expressions changed simultaneously.

The name David had been spreading like wildfire throughout the Fifteenth Heaven for the past two days.

His feats—severing Jin Huan with a single punch in the Heavenly Fire Pit and killing Lei Zhentian with a single move on Heavenly Thunder Mountain—had already reached the Sirius Tribe.

“You...you wait a moment.” A beastman turned and ran into the camp.

A moment later, a burly beastman emerged from the camp.

He wore a wolf-skin cloak and had three bloody scars on his face; he was Wolf Fang, a renowned warrior of the Sky Wolf Tribe.

“Fellow Daoist David!” Wolf Fang strode over, clasping his hands in a salute. “Long time no see! The chief heard you were here and specially sent me to fetch you.”

David returned the salute: “Thank you for your trouble.”

Wolf Fang led David and Jiang Xuelan through the camp, heading towards the largest tent in the center.

Along the way, the beastmen warriors stopped, looking at David with complex emotions—awe, curiosity, and a hint of eager anticipation.

“Fellow Daoist David, you killed Lei Zhentian?” Wolf Fang suddenly asked.

“Yes.”

Wolf Fang’s eyes lit up: “Good! That old bas**d, I’ve had my eye on him for a long time! Relying on the Judgment Venerable’s backing, he swaggered around on Sky Wolf Tribe territory. If the chief hadn’t stopped me, I would have fought him long ago!”

David smiled but remained silent.

With Wolf Fang's strength, Lei Zhentian would probably have killed him in a single move.

The central tent was large enough to hold a hundred people.

The tent flap was made of animal hide, embroidered with a huge golden wolf's head—the totem of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.

Wolf Fang lifted the flap: "Fellow Daoist David, please."

David entered the tent.

The tent was simply furnished. A thick animal hide carpet covered the floor, and in the center sat a huge brazier, its flames roaring.

Behind the brazier sat an old man.

His hair was white, his face aged, but his physique remained robust.

His eyes were dark brown, his pupils seemingly burning with fire.

A faint aura of bloodline power swirled around him; though restrained, it still exerted a powerful pressure.

His cultivation was at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

The Heavenly Wolf Tribe leader—Wolf Hao.

David walked to the brazier, stopped, and clasped his hands in a salute.

"Leader Wolf Hao, I've long admired you."

Wolf Hao looked at him, remaining silent for a moment.

Then, he smiled.

The smile was hearty, like a wind across the wasteland.

“David, you’re younger than I expected.”

He stood up, walked over to David, and sized him up.

“Peak of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and you killed Lei Zhentian, a seventh-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, in one move. Good lad, you’ve got skill.”

David smiled: “Just lucky.”

Lang Hao laughed loudly: “Lucky? Lei Zhentian cultivated thunder techniques for thousands of years, and you think luck alone is enough to kill him? Don’t be modest.”

He turned and walked back to his seat, gesturing for David to sit down.

“Speak, what brings you here?”

David didn’t sit.

He stood there, looking at Lang Hao, “I’ve come to retrieve the Soul-Guiding Fire.”

The tent fell silent. Wolf Fang’s expression changed.

Wolf Hao’s smile froze.

“The Soul-Guiding Flame is the most precious treasure of my Heavenly Wolf Tribe.” Wolf Hao’s voice was deep

. “You think you can just take it like that?” David looked at him, his voice calm.

“I know. That’s why I’m willing to exchange something for it.”

"What thing?"

"What do you want?"

Wolf Hao was silent for a moment, then sighed.

"David, it's not that I don't want to give it to you. The Soul-Guiding Flame... can't be touched right now."

David's brows furrowed slightly: "Why?"

Wolf Hao stood up, walked to the back of the tent, and lifted a curtain.

"Come with me."

Behind the curtain was a small tent, much smaller than the main tent, but more exquisitely decorated.

In the center of the tent was a stone bed, and on the stone bed lay an old man.

The old man was even older than Wolf Hao, his hair completely white, his face covered with wrinkles, like a crumpled piece of paper.

His eyes were closed, and his breathing was so weak that it was almost imperceptible.

A faint golden flame surrounded his body, that was the Soul-Guiding Flame.

The flame was not large, only the size of a fist, hovering above the old man's chest, slowly rotating.

Its color was golden, but not a dazzling gold; rather, it was a warm, soft gold, like the afterglow of a setting sun.

"This is my father,"

Lang Hao's voice was low, tinged with a sob, "the previous leader of the Sky Wolf Tribe. Three hundred years ago, he was severely wounded in a battle against the Divine Tribe's Judgment Hall, his soul damaged, and he remained unconscious ever since. The Soul-Guiding Fire can nourish the soul; for three hundred years, it has been what has kept my father alive."

He looked at David, his eyes filled with pleading.

"David, if I take the Soul-Guiding Fire, my father will immediately be annihilated. It's not that I don't want to give it to you, it's... I can't give it to you."

David was silent for a moment, then walked to the stone bed and looked down at the old man.

He could feel that the old man's soul was indeed extremely weak, so weak that it could dissipate at any moment.

The golden light of the Soul-Guiding Fire enveloped his soul, like a thin protective film, fixing his soul within his body.

"Is there any other way?" David asked.

Lang Hao's eyes brightened.

"Yes. Ancient texts record a kind of immortal herb called 'Soul Gathering Grass,' which can be refined into 'Soul Gathering Pill.' If my father could take the Soul Gathering Pill, his soul would be repaired, and he would no longer need the nourishment of the Soul-Guiding Fire."

"Where is the Soul Gathering Grass?" David asked.

Lang Hao's expression became solemn.

"On the territory of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall. There is a canyon called Soul Abyss, which is full of various spiritual herbs. The Soul

Gathering Grass grows in the deepest part of Soul Abyss. It is heavily guarded by the Divine Clan, and cultivators below the fourth rank of True Immortal cannot enter.

Even if they do enter, it is very difficult to collect the Soul Gathering Grass, as there are restrictions set up by the Divine Clan and guardian spirit beasts."

"Moreover..." he paused, "even if we collect the Soul Gathering Grass, no one in our Heavenly Wolf Tribe can refine the Soul Gathering Pill. Refining pills requires extremely high skill, and we beast races... are not good at this."

David was silent for a moment.

"I'll go gather it."

Lang Hao was taken aback: "What?"

"I'll go gather Soul-Gathering Grass," David said, "and then refine it into Soul-Gathering Pills. I can refine pills."

David possessed the Shennong Cauldron, which could be used to refine pills, and besides, David's pill-refining skills were quite high.

Lang Hao's eyes widened: "David, that's the territory of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall! You killed Lei Zhentian, and the Judgment Hall would love to tear you to pieces. If you go to their territory now, aren't you just walking into a trap?"

David smiled: "That's precisely why they didn't expect me to go."

He turned to look at the old man on the stone bed.

"The Soul-Guiding Fire is related to the life and death of tens of thousands of ghost clan souls. I can't not go just because I'm afraid of death."

Lang Hao looked at him and remained silent for a long time.

Then, he bowed deeply.

“David, if you can revive my father, I will personally hand over the Soul-Guiding Flame to you. Not only that, the Heavenly Wolf Clan owes you a life. From now on, your affairs are the affairs of the Heavenly Wolf Clan.”

David helped him up: “No need for formalities. Tell me the location of the Soul Abyss.”

Lang Hao nodded and told David the location of the Soul Abyss!

Chapter 6318

The Soul Abyss is located southeast of the Netherworld Mountains, within the sphere of influence of the Divine Clan’s Judgment Hall.

It is a long, narrow canyon with towering cliffs on both sides, its bottom shrouded in thick fog year-round, preventing sunlight from penetrating.

It is a treasure trove of spiritual herbs, a rare gem among the fifteen heavens of the Celestial Realm.

The Divine Clan’s Judgment Hall has heavily fortified this area, effectively surrounding the Soul Abyss; only core members of the Judgment Hall are allowed entry.

David and Jiang Xuelan landed a hundred miles away from the Soul Abyss.

“Wait for me here,” David said.

Jiang Xuelan frowned: “You want me to wait alone again?”

“The Soul Abyss has divine restrictions. Your Ice God Power is too conspicuous and easily detected. My Chaos Power can conceal my aura, making it ideal for this kind of thing.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“Be careful,”

David smiled, turning and flying towards the Soul Abyss.

Two teams of divine cultivators guarded the entrance to the Soul Abyss, their cultivation levels ranging from the second to third rank of True Immortal.

They stood ramrod straight, clad in golden armor and wielding spears.

A golden light barrier, the holy light barrier of the Judgment Hall, was erected at the entrance; any unauthorized entry would trigger an alarm.

David did not enter through the entrance.

He circled around to the other side of the canyon and climbed down the cliff.

The cliff here was steep and sheer, the rock face covered with moss and vines, making it slippery and difficult to traverse.

But David’s chaotic power flowed across his body, completely concealing his aura.

Like a gecko, he silently crawled down the cliff face.

The fog grew thicker, and visibility decreased.

David extended his divine sense, perceiving everything around him.

He could sense that numerous restrictions were set up in the canyon—some offensive, some trapping, and some alarming.

Each restriction was enough to cause a True Immortal cultivator considerable suffering.

But David's chaotic power countered all forces.

He concentrated his chaotic power at his fingertips, gently touching the edges of the restrictions, dismantling them bit by bit.

Without sound or light, the restrictions crumbled silently before him like sandcastles.

The first layer of restrictions was an alarm barrier.

Once triggered, all the guards of the Soul Abyss would know of an intrusion.

David's chaotic power acted like an invisible pair of scissors, severing the spiritual threads of the restrictions one by one.

The light of the restrictions flickered a few times, then dimmed, completely failing.

The second layer of restrictions was a trapping barrier.

Once triggered, the trapped person would be confined by a golden light prison, unable to move an inch.

David did not trigger it, but instead used his chaotic power to open a small opening in the restrictions, and like threading a needle, silently slipped through.

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

It took him about an hour to finally pass through all the restrictions and reach the bottom of the valley.

The thick fog at the bottom of the valley was actually thinner than above.

He could see that the ground was covered with various spiritual herbs: red Crimson Flame Grass, blue Ice Heart Lotus, purple Purple Cloud Fungus, and golden Golden Dragon Beard, all emitting a faint glow in the thick fog.

Each of these spiritual herbs was priceless; even a single one could fetch an astronomical price outside.

But David ignored the ordinary herbs.

He headed straight for the deepest part of the valley.

The Soul-Gathering Grass grew at the very bottom of the Soul Abyss, near a massive rock wall.

It was quite unique, entirely silvery-white, with slender leaves that resembled tiny silver swords. The swords had fine patterns on them, like blood vessels or meridians. The plant has seven leaves arranged in a spiral, extending from the base to the tip.

A small flower blooms at the top, pale blue with petals as thin as cicada wings and a golden stamen that emits a faint, eerie glow.

The glow flickers, as if breathing.

David crouches down to observe closely.

The roots of the Soul-Gathering Grass are embedded in a crack in the rock wall, from which seeps a silvery-white liquid—the unique “Soul Liquid” of the Soul Abyss, the nutrients the Soul-Gathering Grass needs to grow.

Soul Liquid is extremely precious, a single drop worth tens of thousands of immortal stones, but David doesn't care about that now.

He reaches out to collect it.

Just then, a terrifying aura surges out from behind the rock wall.

The aura is like a mountain pressing down, like the gaze of an abyss.

David's pupils suddenly contract, his chaotic power automatically activating, purple light flowing across his body, isolating him from the aura.

A gigantic spirit beast emerges from behind the rock wall.

Its body was the size of a small mountain, covered entirely in black scales, each scale the size of a palm, its edges sharp as knives, reflecting a cold light in the dark valley.

Two curved horns adorned its head, their tips sharp as needles, still bearing traces of dried blood.

Its eyes were blood-red, with vertical pupils, like those of a snake or a dragon.

Its limbs were thick as pillars, each claw bearing five sharp, blade-like nails, each a foot long, enough to tear through the protective spiritual energy of a True Immortal Realm expert.

Its cultivation level was True Immortal Realm, Rank Six.

The guardian spirit beast of the Soul Abyss, the Black-Scaled Beast.

It looked down at David, its blood-red eyes devoid of emotion, filled only with pure bloodlust.

Two plumes of white steam billowed from its nostrils, carrying a strong, pungent smell of blood.

It opened its maw, revealing a mouthful of sharp teeth, each like a dagger, arranged densely.

Then, it let out a deafening roar.

The roar was like a thunderclap, shaking the entire canyon.

Rock fragments were shaken off the cliffs, the thick fog was torn apart by the sound waves, and the spiritual herbs on the ground were blown about wildly.

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

Wherever the ripples passed, the air distorted, and even light was refracted.

Within David's sea of consciousness, the Great Luo Golden Scripture trembled slightly.

Golden light surged from the Great Luo Golden Scripture, sweeping across the entire sea of consciousness like a tidal wave.

Those invisible soul ripples collided with the golden light, evaporating instantly like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun.

David didn't even blink.

A trace of unease flashed in the black-scaled beast's eyes.

It sensed something terrifying within this human's sea of consciousness.

Its soul attack was enough to instantly render a True Immortal Realm Fifth Grade expert unconscious, yet this human hadn't even flinched.

But it didn't retreat.

It is the guardian of the Soul Abyss, its mission to kill all intruders.

For thousands of years, it has slain countless cultivators who have ventured into the Soul Abyss—humans, demons, beastmen, and monsters.

No one has ever escaped alive from its claws.

It pounced on David,

its speed as fast as lightning.

Though its body was enormous, its movements were terrifyingly agile.

In a single stride, it covered ten feet and arrived before David.

Its right claw was raised high, its five sharp, blade-like nails drawing five cold streaks in the darkness, before slamming down towards David's head.

The force of that claw strike was enough to shatter a small mountain.

Chapter 6319

David didn't dodge.

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

Purple light intertwined with golden flames, dazzlingly bright in the dark valley.

The moment the chaotic fire appeared, the surrounding fog began to fluctuate violently, as if it had encountered a natural enemy.

The fog sizzled under the burning chaotic fire, rapidly evaporating and dissipating.

A flicker of fear flashed in the black-scaled beast's eyes.

It sensed that the flame could kill it.

For thousands of years, it had never felt fear.

It had killed experts at the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm, experts at the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm, and even fought against experts at the

seventh rank of True Immortal Realm. Although it couldn't win, it hadn't been in mortal danger.

But now, it felt the threat of death.

But it was too late to retreat.

Its claws had already struck.

David pushed out the chaotic fire in his hand.

The flames didn't transform into fire snakes, but directly into a fire dragon.

The fire dragon was tens of meters long, its body a tapestry of purple and gold, its scales, horns, whiskers, and claws incredibly lifelike.

It opened its massive maw, letting out a silent roar, and charged towards the black-scaled beast.

The fire dragon's claws clashed.

There was no explosion, no loud noise.

The black-scaled beast's claws were like paper before the chaotic fire.

Its five sharp toenails were instantly reduced to ashes, followed by its claws, forearms, and shoulders.

The fire dragon burrowed into its body, wreaking havoc within its flesh.

Black scales peeled off piece by piece, each piece burning in the air and turning to ash.

Flesh turned to charcoal in the flames, bones crackling and popping like firecrackers.

The black-scaled beast's blood wasn't red, but black, like ink.

The black blood evaporated instantly in the chaotic fire, filling the air with a pungent, acrid smell.

The black-scaled beast let out a mournful cry.

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

Its body began to crumble, starting with its right claw, cracks spreading throughout its entire body.

Purple flames burned within each crack, incinerating its flesh inch by inch.

It tried to escape, but its body was no longer under its control.

Its limbs were burned by the chaotic fire, its torso was pierced by the chaotic fire, and its head was swallowed by the chaotic fire.

In less than three breaths, this guardian spirit beast of the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm had turned into a pile of ashes.

The ashes fell to the ground, mingling with the scorched earth, indistinguishable from each other.

David withdrew the flames, squatted down, and carefully picked the Soul Gathering Grass.

He dared not use force, afraid of damaging the roots.

He enveloped his fingers with chaotic power, gently pinched the roots, and slowly pulled upwards.

The roots of the Soul Gathering Grass were very deep, a foot long, with dense, intricate rootlets like a ball of silvery-white threads.

He uprooted the entire grass and stored it in his storage ring.

Then, he stood up, preparing to leave.

Just then, he heard footsteps.

"Someone has broken into the Soul Abyss!"

"Quick! Notify the elders!"

"Seal the exit! Don't let him escape!"

David looked up and saw dozens of golden points of light appear above the canyon.

Those were the holy light of the divine race cultivators, particularly dazzling in the thick fog.

They discovered the barrier had been broken and followed the trail to the bottom of the valley.

David didn't panic.

He stood at the bottom of the valley, waiting for those people to come down.

The first group to rush down were ten divine race cultivators at the second level of the True Immortal Realm.

They wore golden armor, held longswords, and charged at David without saying a word. "Kill!"

Ten people attacked simultaneously, their golden holy light transforming into ten sword beams that slashed towards David.

David raised his right hand and struck out with his palm.

Purple chaotic power transformed into a pillar of light, engulfing all ten sword beams.

The pillar of light continued forward, colliding with the ten divine race cultivators.

Their bodies were as if struck by a mountain, instantly flying backward and crashing into the rock wall, spitting out blood.

Two of them fainted on the spot, while the remaining eight struggled to their feet, their eyes filled with fear.

The second wave of attackers consisted of twenty divine race cultivators at the third rank of True Immortal Realm.

They were stronger than the first wave, and their coordination was even better.

They did not charge directly at him, but instead split into four groups, attacking simultaneously from four directions.

Golden holy light transformed into countless light blades, pouring down on David like a torrential rain.

David raised his hands, and chaotic fire condensed in his palms.

He pushed the flames outward, and a purple fire ring spread outward from him.

Wherever the ring of fire passed, the golden blades of light evaporated instantly, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun.

The ring of fire continued forward, crashing into the twenty divine cultivators.

“Ah—”

Cries of agony rose and fell.

Some were severed at the waist by the ring of fire, their upper and lower bodies separated, the wounds charred black by the flames, not a drop of blood flowing.

Some were struck in the chest by the ring of fire, a fist-sized hole appearing in their chests, the edges of the hole still burning.

Some were swept across the arms by the ring of fire, their arms instantly turning to ash.

Of the twenty people, twelve were dead, and eight were seriously injured.

The eight seriously injured lay on the ground, howling and rolling, their wounds scorched by the chaotic fire, unable to heal, the pain like a bone-deep affliction, incessant.

The third group to charge down were five divine cultivators of the fourth rank of True Immortal Realm.

They were core members of the Judgment Hall, each wearing a more magnificent golden robe than ordinary cultivators, embroidered with the emblem of the Judgment Hall, a golden scale, symbolizing "justice."

Seeing the horrific scene at the bottom of the valley, their faces paled.

"David!" the leader recognized him. "You're David!"

David remained silent.

"You killed Vice Hall Master Lei Zhentian, and you still dare to come to the Soul Abyss?" The man's voice trembled. "You...aren't you afraid of the Hall Master..."

Before he could finish, David moved.

He took a step forward, appearing before the man.

Before the man could react, David's hand was already on his chest.

Chaotic fire surged from his palm, burning a large hole through his chest.

The man looked down at the hole in his chest, his eyes filled with disbelief, then slowly collapsed.

The remaining four turned and ran.

David didn't chase. He raised his right hand, four streams of chaotic fire condensing in his palm, transforming into four fire spears, which he shot towards the four men.

The fire spears were as fast as lightning, instantly catching up with the four, entering from their backs and exiting from their chests.

All four fell simultaneously.

The valley fell silent.

The air was filled with the stench of burning and blood.

The ground was stained crimson with blood, the scorched earth turning a dark red.

David stood amidst the corpses, his blue robe unstained by a single drop of blood.

His face was calm, his eyes clear, as if he had just killed not dozens of people, but a swarm of ants.

He raised his head, looking up at the canyon.

More divine cultivators were rushing towards them.

Countless golden specks of light, at least a hundred.

Their holy light dyed the entire sky gold, as if it were daytime.

David did not retreat.

He stood there, waiting for them to descend.

Hundreds of divine cultivators rushed down into the valley.

Chapter 6320

Among them were ordinary cultivators at the second level of the True Immortal Realm, squad leaders at the third level, deputy elders at the fourth level, and even two elders at the fifth level.

They surrounded David, and golden holy light surged towards him like a tide.

“David! Surrender! The Palace Master might spare your life!” shouted an elder at the fifth level of the True Immortal Realm.

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.

“Spare my life?” David’s voice was calm. “You dare to?”

He moved.

This time, he didn’t stand still and wait for them to rush at him.

He charged into the crowd.

Chaotic fire burned around him, purple light intertwined with golden flames, devouring all the surrounding holy light.

He was like a purple meteor, crashing through a golden sea.

With one punch, a second-grade True Immortal cultivator was blasted away, his chest caved in, blood gushing from his mouth, already lifeless when he landed.

With one palm, a third-grade True Immortal squad leader had his protective holy light shattered, his body exploding in mid-air, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

With one finger, a beam of chaotic fire pierced the head of a fourth-grade True Immortal elder; his eyes widened in disbelief until his death.

With one sword—he didn't use a sword, his Dragon-Slaying Sword was still healing from injury.

But his finger was the sword; the chaotic fire condensed into a sword beam, and wherever it passed, the divine cultivators fell like wheat being harvested.

One, two, three... ten, twenty, thirty...

in less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, more than half of the hundreds of divine cultivators had fallen.

The remaining ones finally collapsed.

"Run! Run!"

"He's not human! He's a demon!"

"Help! Help!"

They turned and ran, scrambling to escape towards the top of the canyon.

Some fell to the ground, trampled by those behind them, letting out a scream before falling silent.

Others were pushed behind their companions as shields, desperately climbing upwards.

David didn't chase after them.

He stood amidst the corpses, watching the fleeing figures in a sorry state, his eyes showing no pity, no pleasure, only a calm indifference.

He turned and walked towards the edge of the canyon.

News of the Soul Abyss reached the Judgment Hall that very day.

The Judgment Venerable sat on his throne, listening to his subordinates' reports, his face growing increasingly grim.

"What did you say? David broke into the Soul Abyss? Killed the guardian spirit beast? Killed over a hundred of our cultivators?"

"Yes...yes, Hall Master." The cultivator kneeling on the ground trembled, his forehead pressed to the ground, not daring to raise his head.

"Why did he go to the Soul Abyss?"

"He...he took the Soul Gathering Grass."

The Judgment Venerable's eyes narrowed.

Soul Gathering Grass.

That was the main ingredient for refining the Soul Gathering Pill.

The old leader of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe had been in a coma for three hundred years, surviving only on the Soul-Guiding Fire.

David collected the Soul-Gathering Grass, refined it into the Soul-Gathering Pill, revived the old leader, and then took the Soul-Guiding Flame.

He instantly understood everything.

"Well done, David." His voice was calm, so calm it sent chills down one's spine.
"Well done, Ying Wuji. Well done, Lang Hao."

He stood up and stepped down from the throne.

His golden robe trailed on the ground, rustling softly.

He walked to the kneeling cultivator and looked down at him.