

# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 6331

The mine fell silent.

Only the crackling of the flames and the hissing of the flowing lava could be heard.

The fire qilin returned to David's side, nuzzling his leg, its eyes full of pride, like a child waiting to be praised for a good deed.

David smiled and patted its head.

His fingers touched the fire qilin's scales, feeling the scorching heat, but the chaotic power kept the heat at bay, his hand only slightly burning.

"Well done."

Then, he continued collecting the crystals.

The fire qilin crouched to the side, warily watching the mine entrance, ready to strike again at any moment.

Its tail swayed gently, the flames at the tip drawing arcs on the ground.

Several more groups of divine cultivators rushed in.

The first group, twenty people. The fire qilin breathed out a mouthful of fire, and the twenty people instantly turned to ashes.

The second group, thirty people. The fire qilin charged into the crowd, charging left and right, leaving corpses strewn in its wake.

The third group, fifty people. They had learned their lesson and dared not approach, attacking from a distance with holy light.

The fire qilin's scales blocked most of the attacks, but a sword beam struck its hind leg, leaving a shallow wound.

Enraged, the fire qilin roared, flames erupting from its body and turning the entire mine into a sea of fire.

Of the fifty people, not a single one escaped.

David finally stored all the crystals in his storage ring.

He stood up, clapped his hands, and glanced at the wound on the fire qilin's hind leg.

The wound wasn't deep and was already slowly healing; the fire qilin's self-healing ability was strong, and such a minor injury didn't need attention.

During its period of slumber, the fire qilin had been continuously absorbing the various resources David had collected in the storage ring, and its strength had increased significantly!

Before, with that Devouring Beast, a few resources wouldn't even be enough for it to devour in one gulp. Now that the little Devouring Beast had left with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, all the resources had gone to the fire qilin.

The little fire qilin's growth rate had also begun to increase exponentially!

He patted the fire qilin's head.

"Let's go."

The Fire Qilin nodded, transforming into a crimson streak of light and flying back into David's storage ring.

David walked out of the mine.

Outside the mine, the battle had reached its climax.

Lang Hao led the beastmen warriors in a desperate retreat.

Their bodies were covered in wounds; some had lost arms, some were blind, and some lay on the ground, never to rise again.

Of the five hundred warriors, less than three hundred remained.

A young beastman warrior lay in a pool of blood, his eyes still open, staring at the sky.

He still gripped his bone axe, stained with the blood of his enemies.

He had killed seven divine cultivators before being pierced through the chest by a True Immortal Realm fourth-grade elder.

As he fell, a smile remained on his lips; he had protected his brothers behind him.

The old beastman warrior also fell.

Dozens of wounds covered his body, each bleeding profusely.

His battle axe lay embedded in the ground beside him, its blade chipped and nicked.

He leaned against the axe handle and closed his eyes.

He had lived for three thousand years, fought for three thousand years, and finally, he could rest.

Lang Hao was also covered in wounds.

His left arm had been slashed with a deep gash, exposing bone, blood streaming down and dripping onto the ground, forming a small pool.

His chest bore a charred mark from the holy light, the flesh torn open, revealing the bone beneath.

His face was covered in blood, indistinguishable between his own and his enemy's.

But his battle axe was still in his hand. His eyes were still bright.

The guard commander, his right arm severed by Lang Hao, fled in a sorry state.

His severed arm, charred by Lang Hao's axe blade, wasn't bleeding, but the pain nearly made him faint.

He hid behind a group of divine cultivators, directing them to continue the attack. Although the divine cultivators outnumbered the orcs, they were terrified by the orcs' frenzied fighting style.

They dared not approach, only attacking from a distance with holy light.

Lang Hao saw David emerge from the depths of the mine, followed by a group of ragged cultivators.

He knew the mission was complete.

"Retreat! Retreat quickly!"

he ordered, and the orc warriors began an orderly retreat.

They covered David and the rescued cultivators, fighting as they retreated.

The divine cultivators pursued for a while, then dared not continue, fearing an ambush.

The mine was a scene of devastation.

The restrictions were destroyed, the light barrier shattered, and golden fragments scattered everywhere, gradually dimming in the morning light.

The stone hall collapsed, and black rock fragments piled up into a small mountain.

The mine shafts were charred black by flames, with smoke still billowing from the entrances.

The corpses of the divine cultivators were scattered everywhere, some cleaved in two, some burned to ashes, and some frozen into ice sculptures.

The air was thick with the stench of burning, blood, and smoke.

In the center of the mine, dozens of orc warriors lay dead.

Their bodies were covered with animal hides, hastily placed there by their surviving comrades.

Their faces were obscured, their expressions hidden.

But their hands still gripped their weapons, their fingers stiff and unyielding.

Lang Hao knelt before the body of a young warrior, silent for a long time.

That was his son.

A True Immortal Realm Second Rank, his first and last battle.

A fist-sized hole pierced his chest by the beam of holy light.

His eyes were closed, his face calm, without pain, as if asleep.

Lang Hao reached out and gently touched his son's face.

His hand trembled, but no tears fell.

Orc warriors don't cry.

"Take him away," his voice hoarse and almost inaudible.

Two orc warriors approached and carried Lang Hao's body away.

Lang Hao stood up, looking towards the mine, a cold glint in his eyes.

"Hall of Judgment, I've taken note of this debt."

The atmosphere in the Sirius tribe's camp was heavy.

From the tents, the groans of the wounded rose and fell.

The beastmen's healers were busy, using herbs and bloodline power to stop bleeding, set bones, and heal the wounded.

Some injuries were too severe for the healers to save; they could only watch helplessly as the wounded breathed their last.

Wolf Hao sat silently in the main tent.

His left arm was bandaged, and his chest wound had been treated, but his face remained pale, his eyes filled with exhaustion.

David entered the main tent and sat down opposite him.

"Chief Wolf Hao, how many losses did the Sirius tribe suffer this time?"

Wolf Hao was silent for a moment.

“Seventy-three dead, one hundred and twenty seriously wounded, and countless others lightly wounded.”

His voice was calm, but David could hear the grief beneath. “Five hundred went out, and less than three hundred returned. My son... is dead too.”

David fell silent.

He knew that feeling, the feeling of losing a loved one.

He had lost one too. He knew that kind of pain couldn't be comforted by words.

He took out a pile of crystals from his storage ring and placed them on the table.

The crystals emitted a crystal-clear light in the tent, illuminating the entire tent.

Each one was the size of a fist, crystal clear, and its spiritual energy was so concentrated that it was almost condensed into liquid.

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“These are crystals stolen from the mine. Thirteen thousand in total.”

David pushed the crystals towards Lang Hao. “These are for the Sky Wolf Tribe. Consider it a small token of my appreciation.”

Lang Hao looked at the crystals, remaining silent for a long time.

Thirteen thousand high-quality cultivation crystals were enough for all the warriors of the Sky Wolf Tribe to cultivate for decades.

With these crystals, the Sky Wolf Tribe's strength would increase by a level.

"David, you risked your life to steal these crystals. I..."

"Without the brothers of the Sky Wolf Tribe risking their lives to hold back the Divine Race, I wouldn't have been able to seize these crystals." David interrupted him. "These crystals were bought with the lives of those brothers who died in battle. If you don't accept them, their blood will have been shed in vain."

Lang Hao's eyes reddened.

He reached out and collected the crystals one by one.

His hands trembled, but his movements were steady.

"David, from now on, the Sky Wolf Tribe will live and die with you."

David shook his head.

"No need. I only hope that from now on, there will be no more oppression or enslavement in the Fifteenth Heaven. May all races live equally."

Lang Hao looked at him, silent for a long time. "You are a bigger person than I imagined."

David smiled and stood up.

"Take good care of your injuries. The Judgment Hall will not let this go. There are still tough battles to fight."

He turned and walked out of the main tent.

Behind him, Lang Hao watched his back, motionless for a long time.

David led the rescued cultivators back to Snowfall Town.

Bingfeng and the townspeople stood at the town gate, waiting from dawn to dusk.

Their faces were filled with anxiety and expectation. Some were praying with their hands clasped together, some were pacing back and forth, and some were standing on tiptoe, peering into the distance.

When the more than one hundred ragged, wounded cultivators appeared on the mountain path, Bingfeng's tears welled up instantly.

"Father! Father!" A young man rushed up and hugged an old man.

That was his father, who had been captured three years ago.

Three years had passed, and he thought he would never see his father again.

"Son...son..." The old man stroked his son's head, tears streaming down his face.

"Brother! You're still alive!" A young girl threw herself into the arms of a middle-aged man.

That was her brother, who had been abducted five years ago.

She thought he was dead.

"Sister...you've grown up..." The middle-aged man stroked his sister's head, his voice hoarse.

An old woman stood outside the crowd, her eyes blinded from crying.

Her husband and son had both been taken away, and she had lived alone for ten years, making a living by washing clothes for others.

"My son...has my son come back?" she asked in a trembling voice.

No one answered.

Her son had not returned.

He had died in the mine, beaten to death by the divine cultivators.

His body was left on the wasteland outside the mine, gnawed to death by wild dogs, leaving only a pile of bones. The old woman stood there, waiting for a long time.

No one came to hug her.

She finally understood.

She knelt on the ground and burst into tears. Her

cries echoed through the town, lingering for a long time.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, watching this scene, her eyes slightly red.

David walked to her side, "The people have been rescued. What's the next step?"

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, "Help them awaken their bloodline. Let them know that they are not slaves, they are the descendants of the Ice God lineage."

David nodded: "I'll help you."

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

"Thank you."

David smiled: "You're welcome. Have you forgotten? We're in the same boat."

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak, only looking at the sunset on the distant snow-capped mountains.

Golden light spilled onto the snow-capped mountains, dyeing the entire world a warm orange-red.

Jiang Xuelan knew that with these descendants of the Ice God lineage, after helping them awaken their bloodline, the Ice God lineage would have a foundation for development.

She also believed that the Ice God lineage couldn't be so easily wiped out; in higher planes, there must still be descendants of the Ice God lineage surviving!

...

The Hall of Judgment!

When the Venerable Judgment received the news, he was resting with his eyes closed in the main hall of the Hall of Judgment.

"Hall Master! Something terrible has happened!" A divine cultivator stumbled in, knelt on the ground, and trembled all over.

The Venerable Judgment opened his eyes.

"Speak."

"The North Mine...the North Mine was attacked by the Sirius Tribe! The mine's restrictions were destroyed, the crystals were stolen, and those ice slaves...those servants of the Ice God lineage...all were rescued!"

The Venerable Judgment's pupils suddenly contracted.

"The Sirius Tribe? Lang Hao? Has he gone mad?"

"No...it's not just the Sirius Tribe..."

the cultivator's voice trembled, "David...David was also there. He infiltrated the mine, melted the Spirit Locking Chains with Chaos Fire, and rescued those ice slaves. He also...he also stole all the crystals in the mine..."

The Venerable Judgment remained silent for a long time.

Then, he smiled.

The smile was cold, so cold it seemed to lower the temperature of the entire hall.

"Well done, David. Well done, Lang Hao."

He stood up, his golden robe trailing on the ground with a rustling sound.

"Pass down the order. Gather all forces. In three days, crush the Heavenly Wolf Tribe."

"And..." he paused, "Notify the Shadow Hall. Tell them that if Ying Wuji wants to remain in the Fifteenth Heaven, he shouldn't interfere in this matter."

"Yes!"

The Judgment Venerable walked to the hall's entrance, gazing at the distant sky.

"David, you will pay the price." In the early morning of Snowfall Town, the snow-capped mountains shimmered with a faint golden hue in the morning light.

The ice had cleared the central square of the town, which was covered with thick animal-hide carpets, and braziers were lit around it.

The flames in the braziers flickered, illuminating the square and dispelling the chill from the depths of the snow-capped mountains.

One hundred and thirty-seven rescued cultivators stood in the square.

They were still wearing the tattered clothes they had worn in the mine, some even barefoot, their feet treading on the cold ground.

Their bodies were emaciated, their faces as pale as paper, their eyes sunken, and their cheekbones high.

But their eyes were no longer numb. From the moment they were rescued from the mine, the numbness in their eyes began to gradually fade, replaced by something indescribable.

It was like hope, like expectation, like a tree that had been bent for too long finally having the chance to straighten its back.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the front of the square, dressed in white as snow, her long hair as black as ink.

Behind her stood a statue of Bei Mingyuan, the progenitor of the Ice God lineage, carved from celestial fire crystal, its entire body crimson, radiating a warm glow in the morning light.

Bei Mingyuan on the statue held an ice sword, his gaze piercing, overlooking the 137 people in the plaza.

"The blood of the Ice God lineage flows in your veins,"

Jiang Xuelan's voice wasn't loud, but it reached everyone's ears clearly. "Your ancestors were once among the most powerful beings in the Heavenly Realm. They fought against the heavens, against the earth, against other branches of the divine race, never bowing their heads."

Her gaze swept over each face.

"You are not slaves, not ice slaves, not cattle or horses. You are the descendants of the Ice God lineage."

The plaza fell silent.

The 137 people stood there, some weeping, some trembling, some clenching their fists.

They had never heard these words spoken before.

From childhood, they knew they were different from others, from childhood they knew they had to hide their bloodline, from childhood they knew that once exposed, they would be captured, enslaved, and tortured.

They thought this was their fate, that this was how the Ice God lineage was—lowly, trampled underfoot, forever unable to hold their heads high.

Now, someone was telling them it wasn't.

"Today, I will help you awaken your bloodlines."

Jiang Xuelan raised her right hand, a ball of icy blue light condensing in her palm. "After awakening, you will know what true power is. After awakening, you will no longer need to hide, no longer need to be afraid."

She turned to look at David.

David nodded and walked to the center of the plaza.

He sat cross-legged, closed his eyes, and drew chaotic power from within his body.

Purple light surged from his body, spreading outwards like a tide, enveloping the entire plaza.

The 137 people on the plaza simultaneously felt a warm power flow into their bodies, power flowing through their meridians, like spring sunshine melting winter ice and snow.

Jiang Xuelan also moved.

Her icy blue divine light intertwined with David's chaotic power, purple and blue mingling, forming a magnificent light curtain above the plaza.

The light screen slowly rotated, enveloping the 137 people.

Bloodline awakening had begun.

The bodies of all 137 people simultaneously lit up.

Icy blue light surged from their bodies, resonating with Jiang Xuelan's divine light and chaotic power.

Some shone brightly, others dimly; the intensity of awakening varied depending on the concentration of their bloodlines.

One young man had the highest bloodline concentration.

His body was enveloped in icy blue light, so intense it almost seemed to condense into liquid.

His cultivation began to break through: True Immortal Realm, Second Grade; True Immortal Realm, Third Grade; Peak of the Third Grade.

His hair turned from black to silver-white, his eyes from brown to icy blue, a faint chill emanating from him, and a thin layer of ice forming beneath his feet.

An old man had the lowest bloodline concentration. His light was weak, and his cultivation only increased by half a minor realm.

But tears streamed down his face. He had lived for so many years, never knowing he possessed such power within him.

He had always thought of himself as an ordinary rogue cultivator, a despised descendant of an ice slave.

Now he knows that his ancestors were once among the most powerful beings in the heavens.

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All 137 people awakened.

The icy blue light in the plaza gradually dissipated.

The 137 people stood there, seemingly transformed.

Not in appearance—their clothes were still tattered, their bodies still thin, their faces still pale.

But their eyes had changed; they were no longer numb, empty, lifeless, but bright, warm, and hopeful.

Some knelt and kowtowed to Jiang Xuelan.

“Palace Master!”

“Palace Master!”

Jiang Xuelan shook her head: “Rise. The Ice God lineage does not need to kneel.”

She turned to look at the statue of Bei Mingyuan.

“From today onwards, the Ice God Palace will be rebuilt. You are the first batch of disciples of the Ice God Palace.”

The 137 people stood up in unison, looking at Jiang Xuelan’s back, their eyes filled with respect and expectation.

David stayed in Luoxue Town for three days, helping Jiang Xuelan arrange matters concerning the Ice God Palace.

Jiang Xuelan divided the 137 disciples into three groups.

The first group, with the highest bloodline concentration, was personally taught by her;

the second group, with medium bloodline concentration, was led by Han Shuang and Han Shan;

the third group, with lower bloodline concentration, would first cultivate basic techniques, and further arrangements would be made after their strength improved.

She also transferred a batch of cultivation resources from Youyue Kingdom and took some from the crystals David had given her, distributing them to the disciples for cultivation.

Although the Ice God Palace was simple, it finally felt like a home.

On the third night, David found Jiang Xuelan.

"I need to go into seclusion."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him: "Seclusion?"

"Yes." David nodded, "This trip to the North Mine, although I managed to seize some crystals, also made me realize one thing: my strength is not enough.

The Judgment Venerable is a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade, and I can't defeat him now. If the Judgment Hall really comes out in full force, I'm not confident."

He paused, his voice calm and firm.

"I need to break through."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment: "Where should I go into seclusion?"

"The Demon Suppression Tower."

David took out a small black tower from his storage ring and held it in his palm.

"Time moves slower inside the Demon Suppression Tower than outside. A hundred days of cultivation inside is only a day outside. I plan to break through in a month."

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

"Be careful."

David smiled. "Don't worry."

He turned and walked towards the edge of Luoxue Town.

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

"Take care of Yunxi and Lang Hao for me. The Judgment Hall won't let this go easily. Keep an eye on them while I'm gone."

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

David's figure disappeared into the night.

David found a secluded valley a hundred miles north of Luoxue Town, dug a cave at the bottom, and placed the Demon Suppression Tower inside.

He sat cross-legged and probed the tower with his divine sense.

The tower door opened, and an ancient aura surged out.

He took a deep breath and leaped into the tower. Just as David was cultivating inside the Demon Suppression Tower, the army of the Judgment Hall arrived at the Sirius Tribe.

It was a sunless morning.

The sky was overcast, the clouds hanging low as if about to press down on the ground.

The wind was strong on the wasteland, making the tents flutter and the orc banners sway wildly.

Lang Hao was practicing axe in the training ground.

His injuries hadn't fully healed; in the battle at the North Mine, his left arm had been slashed with a deep gash that exposed bone, and the holy light burn on his chest hadn't completely healed either.

But he was the leader of the Sirius Tribe; he couldn't fall.

Every morning he would practice axe in the training ground, using sweat to numb the pain, using his battle axe to tell his people: I'm still here, the Sirius Tribe is still here.

The first to spot the enemy was a sentry.

A young orc warrior slid down from the watchtower, fell to the ground, got up, and stumbled into the training ground.

His face was deathly pale, his eyes wide, and his lips trembled.

"Chief! Enemy attack! The gods... the gods are here!"

Lang Hao's axe stopped in mid-air.

He raised his head and looked into the distance.

At the edge of the wasteland, golden light was shining.

It wasn't the sun's light; the sun was obscured by clouds.

It was holy light, the holy light of the god-race cultivators.

Thousands upon thousands of beams of holy light converged, dyeing the entire sky a dazzling gold.

Lang Hao's pupils contracted slightly.

He had seen the god-race army before. In his three thousand years of life, he had seen the god-race besiege the ghost race, the demon race, and rogue cultivators.

But he had never seen so many god-race cultivators gathered together.

"How many?" His voice was calm, but his hand holding the axe trembled slightly.

The sentry swallowed hard: "At least... at least three thousand."

Three thousand.

The Sky Wolf Tribe had less than five hundred warriors capable of fighting.

In the battle at the North Mine, seventy-three died and one hundred and twenty were seriously wounded.

Now, less than three hundred could wield weapons.

Three hundred against three thousand.

Wolf Hao remained silent for a moment, then turned and shouted to the orc warriors on the training ground, "Sound the horn! Assemble!"

The horn sounded across the wasteland, low and desolate, like the mournful cry of a dying beast.

Within an hour, the Wolf Tribe's camp had transformed into a military fortress.

The elderly, women, and children were gathered in several large tents at the very center of the camp.

The children, unaware of what was happening, continued to play and frolic.

The women, clutching their children, their eyes filled with fear.

The elderly sat silently at the tent entrances, their hands gripping rusty swords. They were old and could no longer fight, but if the enemy broke in, they would fight to the death.

Wolf Hao stood on the high platform in the center of the camp, watching all this.

His left arm was still in a sling, and the wound in his chest still throbbed.

But his back was straight, and his eyes shone brightly.

His son was dead.

More than half of his warriors had been killed or wounded.

His camp was about to be surrounded by three thousand divine cultivators.

But he could not fall.

He was the leader of the Wolf Tribe.

The Wolf Tribe could be destroyed, but he could not surrender.

“Immediately send people to various forces to request aid, saying that my Sirius Tribe is willing to offer most of its resources.”

“Also, go find Mr. Chen and tell him that my Sirius Tribe is in trouble.”

Wolf Hao loudly ordered!

Taking advantage of the fact that the Judgment Hall cultivators hadn't yet attacked, Wolf Hao decided to send people out to seek help!

At the same time, Wolf Hao was also counting on David. A few days ago, he had completely broken ties with the Judgment Hall for David's sake, and now that the Judgment Hall was attacking, David couldn't stand idly by!

Soon, more than a dozen extremely fast beastmen cultivators disappeared instantly, heading in various directions of the Fifteenth Heaven!

The Judgment Hall cultivators stopped several hundred miles away from the Sirius Tribe!

They didn't attack directly! A cultivator from the Sirius Tribe found Falling Snow Town and explained the situation to Jiang Xuelan.

However, listening to his explanation, Jiang Xuelan frowned, as she couldn't leave at the moment. After all, the Ice God Palace had just been established, and these cultivators had only recently awakened the bloodline of the Ice God lineage, making them unsuitable for combat.

David was still in seclusion and couldn't provide support.

Jiang Xuelan then thought of Yunxi. If the Youyue Kingdom could help, it would alleviate some pressure on the Sirius Tribe and allow them more time to resist, enabling David to successfully break through and emerge from seclusion.

"Go to the Youyue Kingdom with my jade slip. The Youyue Kingdom can provide assistance."

Jiang Xuelan entered the information into the jade slip and handed it to the Sirius Tribe cultivator.

The Sirius Tribe cultivator could only nod and leave with the jade slip.

...

Sirius Tribe.

Lang Hao looked at the divine race cultivators of the Judgment Hall, who were setting up camp far away without attacking, and was somewhat puzzled.

At this moment, a beastman warrior ran over!

"Chief! The messenger sent out for reinforcements has returned."

Lang Hao's eyes lit up. "Any reinforcements?"

The young warrior lowered his head, not daring to look at him.

"The Shadow Palace Master said... the Shadow Palace has no dealings with the Heavenly Wolf Tribe and cannot interfere."

"Elder Feng Qingzi said... the Loose Cultivator Alliance is too weak to help." the warrior said.

Hearing this, Lang Hao clenched his fists tighter, his knuckles turning white, his nails digging into his palms.

"What about the other forces?" Lang Hao asked.

"No one agreed to help us. They're all watching from the sidelines. No one dares to offend the Judgment Palace."

the young warrior said, his eyes red and his voice choked with sobs.

Despair filled Lang Hao's eyes. Without help, they would have no chance against the Judgment Palace.

"What about Mr. Chen? Has anyone sent word to the people who went to find Mr. Chen?" Lang Hao pinned his hopes on David.

The young warrior shook his head. "Not yet..."

Lang Hao fell silent, looking at the Judgment Palace's large tent in the distance, lost in thought.

"Chief! The Youyue Kingdom... people from the Youyue Kingdom have arrived!" Suddenly, a voice startled Lang Hao from his reverie.

Lang Hao's eyes lit up.

He struggled to his feet and walked to the camp entrance.

In the distance, a group of people clad in black armor were approaching.

Their armor was tattered, covered in knife marks and bloodstains.

Their weapons were varied; some carried knives, some swords, and some spears.

There were few of them, less than three hundred.

Leading them was a young woman, dressed in a black, close-fitting outfit, her long hair tied up high, a ghost blade hanging at her waist.

Her face was pale, her eyes filled with exhaustion, but her steps were steady.

Yun Xi.

Lang Hao looked at Yun Xi, silent for a long time.

"How many people?"

"Two hundred and seventy-three." Yun Xi stopped in front of him. "All the capable fighters from Youyue Kingdom have come."

Lang Hao's lips trembled. "Why are you helping us?"

Lang Hao knew that the Ghost Clan had a hard time on their own, struggling to survive for so many years, constantly on the run.

When the Ghost Clan was in trouble, no one had helped them.

Yunxi looked at him and slowly spoke, "The Tianlang tribe helped David. David's affairs are my affairs."

Lang Hao's eyes reddened.

He turned around and looked at the ghost warriors who were walking towards the camp.

Their armor was worn, their weapons were shabby, and their numbers were small.

But they came.

At the most desperate time for the Tianlang tribe, after being rejected by the Shadow Palace and the Loose Cultivator Alliance, the Youyue Kingdom came.

A ghost tribe that had been hunted by the gods for thousands of years, hiding in the darkness and barely surviving, had come to save the Tianlang tribe.

"Thank you." Lang Hao's voice was soft, but heavy.

Yunxi shook her head: "No need to thank me. The Tianlang tribe helped David, we will not forget."

She turned around and shouted to the ghost warriors behind her: "Form up defenses!"

"Yes!" The ghost warriors responded in unison.

Lang Hao stood at the camp gate, watching the busy figures of the ghost warriors, and remained silent for a long time.

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The Divine Tribunal had not attacked.

The golden camp stood silently on the wasteland, like a sleeping behemoth.

The light curtain shimmered blindingly in the sunlight, obscuring the view inside.

Lang Hao stood on the high platform in the center of the camp, gazing into the distance.

Yun Xi stood beside him.

"Ying Wuji won't come," Yun Xi said.

"I know."

"Feng Qingzi won't come either."

"I know."

"Only us."

Lang Hao was silent for a moment, then smiled.

“Even if only we are, we will fight.”

Yun Xi glanced at him but didn't speak.

“When will David emerge from seclusion?” Lang Hao asked.

“I don't know.” Yun Xi shook her head, “Perhaps these people from the Tribunal are also waiting for David...”

Lang Hao nodded.

...

Meanwhile, inside the Demon Suppression Tower, David

placed his hands on a pile of crystals and began absorbing the spiritual energy within.

The power of chaos circulated within his body, drawing the spiritual energy from the crystals into his dantian bit by bit.

Purple light flowed around him, growing thicker and brighter.

The spiritual energy within the crystals flowed into his body like rivers flowing into the sea.

His meridians expanded and strengthened under the impact of this energy, and the vortex of chaotic energy in his dantian spun faster and larger.

One crystal was absorbed, turning into grayish-white powder. Another crystal was absorbed, turning into powder as well.

David's eyes were closed, his breathing steady, his entire body like a statue, motionless.

But within his body, a cataclysmic change was taking place.

Chaotic energy condensed, compressed, and purified in his dantian.

The spiritual energy absorbed from the crystals was devoured, transformed, and fused by the chaotic energy, becoming his own power.

Time flowed silently within the Demon-Suppressing Tower. On

the first day, he absorbed three hundred crystals, breaking through from the peak of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm to the peak of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

On the second day, he absorbed another five hundred crystals, breaking through to the peak of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

The third day, the fourth day, the fifth day...

crystals were absorbed one after another, turning into grayish-white powder.

Before David, the powder had piled up into a small mountain.

On the tenth day, he absorbed three thousand crystals, breaking through to the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

On the fiftieth day, he absorbed another five thousand crystals, breaking through to the peak of the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

On the hundredth day, he absorbed the last two thousand crystals, breaking through to the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

## Chapter 6335

David opened his eyes.

His eyes had changed; no longer ordinary black, but a deep purple, with stars seemingly swirling within their pupils.

A purple light surrounded him, not violent, but tranquil, like a sleeping dragon.

He could feel the chaotic power within him several times stronger than before, his meridians several times wider, and his physical body several times more resilient.

He stood up, clenching his fist.

He threw a punch.

The purple fist energy transformed into a pillar of light, slamming into the wall of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The tower wall trembled violently, emitting a muffled roar, cracks spreading outwards like a spiderweb.

David was startled. The Demon-Suppressing Tower was an ancient treasure; he couldn't break it even with all his strength, but the power of this punch was enough to level a mountain.

He withdrew his fist and took a deep breath.

"Peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Only one step away from the True Immortal Realm."

He closed his eyes, sensing the power within his body.

The power of chaos swirled slowly in his dantian, like a purple galaxy.

Chaotic fire burned at the center of the vortex, purple and gold intertwined, its temperature high enough to melt everything.

The essence of lightning crackled and sparked within the chaotic power, like lightning in a galaxy.

He opened his eyes, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"Judgment Venerable, wait for me."

He leaped out of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

When David emerged from seclusion, it was dusk in Snowfall Town.

He stepped out of the cave and saw the setting sun painting the distant snow-capped mountains a golden-red hue.

He took a deep breath; the air was crisp and sweet, carrying the unique scent of the snow-capped mountains.

Then, he saw Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the cave entrance, dressed in white as snow, her long hair as black as ink.

Her expression was calm, but in her eyes was a trace of anxiety David had never seen before.

"Something happened?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded. "The Judgment Hall has dispatched a large army and is besieging the Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Lang Hao just sent someone to find you, but unfortunately you were in seclusion, so I had him go find Yun Xi."

David frowned. "When did this happen?"

"It's been a day. I don't know if the Heavenly Wolf Tribe can hold out."

"The Heavenly Wolf Tribe has asked the Shadow Hall and the Loose Cultivator Alliance for help, but Ying Wuji and Feng Qingzi are both observing; no one dares to intervene," Jiang Xuelan said.

David was silent for a moment.

"Lang Hao should be able to hold out for a day. I'll go to the Shadow Hall and the Loose Cultivator Alliance now. If they don't help, they'll be my enemies."

A cold glint flashed in David's eyes. Now that he was at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, he had the strength to fight alongside the Judgment Venerable!

Jiang Xuelan looked at him: "You're going to the Shadow Palace alone? Ying Wuji isn't someone you can easily persuade."

David smiled: "Even if he's not easy to persuade, I have to. The Heavenly Wolf Tribe offended the Judgment Hall to help us; we can't just watch them be wiped out."

He turned and walked towards the Shadow Palace, leaping into the air and transforming into a purple streak of light, disappearing into the horizon.

Jiang Xuelan watched his retreating figure, remaining silent for a long time.

This David is truly loyal and righteous. If it weren't for the mission she carried, Jiang Xuelan would have wanted to stay by David's side forever! Shadow Abyss.

David landed before the entrance to Shadow Abyss, gazing at the massive black stone gate.

The demon cultivators on either side of the gate recognized him, their expressions changing drastically.

"Chen...David..."

"I want to see Ying Wuji." David's voice was calm.

"The Palace Master...the Palace Master is..."

"I said, I want to see Ying Wuji."

The demon cultivators exchanged glances, no longer daring to obstruct him.

They parted to make way, watching David enter through the stone gate.

The underground palace of Shadow Abyss was as eerie and magnificent as ever.

The minerals inlaid in the dome emitted a faint glow, like an inverted starry sky.

The demon cultivators stood on either side, watching David pass by, their eyes filled with apprehension.

Ying Wuji sat on the black throne, his fingers lightly tapping the armrests, producing a rhythmic sound.

He watched David approach, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"David, you've come."

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

"Lord Shadow, you should know about the siege of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe."

Shadow Wuji's smile froze for a moment.

"I know."

"Then why didn't you send troops?"

Shadow Wuji was silent for a moment.

“David, you should know why. The Judgment Venerable is the number one person in the Fifteenth Heaven, an eighth-grade True Immortal. I can’t defeat him, and the disciples of the Shadow Palace can’t die in vain.”

David looked at him, his gaze calm and firm. “What if I said I could defeat the Judgment Venerable?”

Shadow Wuji’s pupils contracted slightly.

“What is your cultivation level now?”

“Peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal.”

Shadow Wuji was silent for a long time.

“Peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal versus eighth-grade True Immortal. David, do you know how big the gap is?”

“I know.” David’s voice was calm, “But when I killed Lei Zhentian, I killed someone of a higher level. When I fought Jin Huan, I fought someone of a higher level. What I’ve done, wasn’t it all beyond my level?”

Shadow Wuji didn’t speak.

David continued, “Lord Shadow, your feud with the Judgment Hall isn’t new. You ordered me to kill Lei Zhentian, and the Judgment Venerable will find out sooner or later that you were behind it. Do you think he’ll let you off the hook if you don’t send troops?” Ying

Wuji’s expression changed.

“You...”

“He’s already preparing to deal with you,”

David interrupted him. "I received news that the Judgment Venerable sent someone to inform you not to interfere in the affairs of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Why did he say that? Because he wants to destroy the Heavenly Wolf Tribe first, and then deal with you."

Ying Wuji's fists clenched.

David looked at him, his voice softening slightly.

"Lord Shadow, I'm not here to beg you. I'm here to tell you that this is your only chance. The Heavenly Wolf Tribe, the Nether Moon Kingdom, and the Shadow Hall—if we join forces, we might not be unable to defeat the Judgment Hall. If you continue to wait and see, once the Heavenly Wolf Tribe is destroyed, you'll be next."

Ying Wuji remained silent for a long time.

Then, he stood up. "What do you want me to do?"

David took out a map from his storage ring and spread it out in front of Ying Wuji.

"The Sirius Tribe is surrounded, and Lang Hao is injured; he won't last long. I need you to send troops to attack the Judgment Hall's encirclement from the flank and disrupt their formation."

"And then?"

"Then, I'll launch a frontal assault. Lang Hao and I will join forces to hold off those three True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade elders. You, with the Shadow Hall disciples, will deal with the remaining Divine Race cultivators."

Ying Wuji looked at the map, remaining silent for a long time.

"David, are you sure you can hold off three True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade elders?"

"Yes." Ying Wuji raised his head and looked into his eyes.

"Alright. I'll send troops."

He turned around and shouted to the demon cultivators behind him, "Pass down the order! Gather all the disciples who can fight and come with me to the Heavenly Wolf Tribe!"

"Yes!" The demon cultivators responded in unison.

Having persuaded Ying Wuji, David headed straight for the Loose Cultivator Alliance!

The headquarters of the Loose Cultivator Alliance was in Cloud City, a city floating in the air.

When David arrived, Feng Qingzi was drinking tea in the council hall.

He held his teacup in his hand but didn't bring it to his lips, his brows furrowed, as if he was thinking about something.

"Elder Feng Qingzi." David entered the council hall.

Feng Qingzi looked up and almost dropped his teacup when he saw David.

"Fellow Daoist Chen... David! What brings you here?"

David sat down opposite him and got straight to the point.

"The Heavenly Wolf Tribe is besieged, you should know that."

Feng Qingzi's expression changed.

"I know, but..."

"But what?"

Feng Qingzi put down his teacup and sighed.

"Fellow Daoist David, it's not that I don't want to help, but you know the strength of the Loose Cultivator Alliance. We can't defeat the Judgment Hall. The Judgment Venerable is a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank, while the strongest cultivator in our alliance is only a True Immortal of the Sixth Rank. Sending troops would be suicide."

David looked at him.

"What if I told you that the Shadow Hall has already sent troops?"

Feng Qingzi was stunned: "What? Ying Wuji agreed?"

"Agreed."

Feng Qingzi was silent for a long time.

"Fellow Daoist David, what exactly do you want to do?"

David stood up, walked to the window of the council hall, and looked at the sea of clouds outside.

"I want to change the 格局 (geju, a concept encompassing power, structure, and overall situation) of the Fifteenth Heaven."

His voice was calm, but every word seemed to be carved into stone.

"The Judgment Hall has been domineering in the Fifteenth Heaven for too long. They oppress the Ghost Clan, enslave the Ice God lineage, and oppress the Loose Cultivators. Even the Heavenly Wolf Tribe and the Shadow Hall dare not offend them. Why? Because they are the strongest, because they have a Hall Master of the True Immortal of the Eighth Rank."

"But what if someone can defeat the Judgment Venerable?"

Feng Qingzi's pupils contracted slightly.

"You can defeat the Judgment Venerable?"

"Not now. But soon."

David turned to look at him. "Elder Feng Qingzi, how many years has the Loose Cultivator Alliance been oppressed by the Judgment Hall? How many of your disciples have been captured by the Judgment Hall and forced into hard labor? How many loose cultivators have been driven to desperation by the Judgment Hall? You know the answer."

Feng Qingzi fell silent.

Of course he knew.

Most of the disciples of the Loose Cultivator Alliance were destitute loose cultivators.

They had offended the Judgment Hall, were hunted down, wanted, and had nowhere else to go, which is why they joined the Loose Cultivator Alliance.

Feng Qingzi himself had been hunted down for hundreds of years simply because he had offended an elder of the Judgment Hall.

"Fellow Daoist David, you're right," Feng Qingzi's voice was low. "But the Loose Cultivator Alliance is too weak. We can't defeat them."

"You don't need to fight," David said. "What I need you to do is create chaos."

"Creation?"

"Yes. The Shadow Palace will attack from the flanks, the Wolf Tribe will resist from the front, and the Ice God Palace and the Nether Moon Kingdom will handle the outer perimeter. The Loose Cultivator Alliance doesn't need to

engage in direct combat; they only need to create chaos behind the Judgment Palace, cut off their supply lines, and disrupt their deployment.”

David paused.

“Once we win, the Loose Cultivator Alliance’s position in the Fifteenth Heaven will be completely changed.”

Feng Qingzi remained silent for a long time.

Then he stood up. “Alright. I’ll send troops.”

Feng Qingzi nodded in agreement!

David didn’t say anything more, but leaped up and headed straight for the Wolf Tribe, fearing that Lang Hao and the others wouldn’t even be able to hold out for a day!

## Chapter 6336

As David led the Loose Cultivator Alliance towards the Sirius Tribe, the Judgment Hall had already launched its attack!

In just one round, the Sirius Tribe’s camp was reduced to ruins.

Tents were burned, wooden fences were toppled, and the ground was littered with blood and corpses.

The air was thick with the stench of burning and blood, and thick smoke rose from the ruins, turning the sky gray-black.

The three thousand-strong army of the Divine Race surrounded the camp, and golden holy light surged in wave after wave, tearing apart the defenses of the Beast Race and the Ghost Race layer by layer.

Lang Hao stood in the center of the camp, his battle axe planted in the ground in front of him, supporting his swaying body.

His left arm was broken, hanging around his neck with a strip of cloth.

A deep, bone-revealing wound was on his chest, still oozing blood.

His face was covered in blood, his left eye was swollen shut, and his lips were cracked and bleeding.

But his right eye was still bright, as bright as a lone wolf in the wilderness.

Behind him stood fewer than two hundred warriors.

The beastmen and ghosts were all wounded, some with severed arms, some blind, some barely able to stand.

Yet not one retreated.

Yunxi stood beside him, the black light on her ghost blade dimming considerably.

Her left shoulder was pierced by holy light, blood trickling down her arm, dripping onto the ground and forming a small pool.

Her face was ashen, but her eyes remained sharp, like a drawn sword.

"How much longer can you hold out?" Lang Hao's voice was hoarse.

Yunxi was silent for a moment: "One incense stick's time. At most, one incense stick's time."

Lang Hao smiled.

The smile was bitter, but stubborn.

"One incense stick's time it is. If we can hold out for one incense stick's time, we can hold out for an hour. If we can hold out for an hour, we can hold out for a day."

Yunxi glanced at him, but didn't speak.

She knew they couldn't hold out that long.

The three thousand-strong army of the gods had already assembled outside the camp.

Three elders at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm stood at the forefront, their golden armor gleaming in the sunlight, their longswords radiating blinding holy light.

Behind them, a dense mass of Divine Clan cultivators converged, their golden holy light forming a golden ocean.

"Lang Hao," the middle elder spoke, his voice filled with arrogance, "surrender. You didn't even last a single round. Surrender, and I might spare your life."

Lang Hao gripped his battle axe tightly, his voice hoarse yet resolute: "I've never learned those two words in my entire life."

"What kind of skill is it to gang up on us? If you're so capable, let's fight one-on-one..."

Lang Hao was furious. Although his cultivation level was higher than the elders of the Judgment Hall, he was no match for the three of them attacking together!

In a one-on-one fight, Lang Hao feared no one except the Judgment Venerable!

"We're not stupid, why would we fight you one-on-one? But now that you're in this state, I can grant your wish!"

The elder's face darkened. "Die."

He raised his hand, golden holy light condensing in his palm, transforming into a gigantic lightsaber.

The lightsaber was a hundred feet long, its blade covered in dense runes, each rune containing destructive power.

He swung the sword down, the lightsaber cleaving towards the center of the camp, tearing the air apart and carving a deep trench in the ground.

Lang Hao gritted his teeth and met the attack. The battle axe collided with the lightsaber, unleashing a deafening roar.

He was knocked back dozens of steps, his hand split open, blood staining the axe handle.

A sharp pain shot through his chest, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. But he had blocked it.

The lightsaber shattered, golden fragments scattering everywhere.

The elder's expression changed.

He hadn't expected that a heavily injured Lang Hao could withstand his full-force attack.

"You..."

"Come on!" Lang Hao roared, pointing his battle axe at the elder, "Come on again!" The elder's eyes narrowed. "Since you're courting death, then so be it."

He raised his hand again.

This time, all three elders attacked simultaneously.

Three golden light swords converged in the air, transforming into an even larger light sword, slashing down towards the center of the camp.

Lang Hao gritted his teeth and raised his battle axe.

But he knew he couldn't block this strike.

His body was at its limit; his left arm was broken, his chest wound was still bleeding, and his spiritual power was almost exhausted.

He couldn't withstand this strike.

Just then, a black figure blocked his way.

Yun Xi.

A blinding black light erupted from her ghost blade, and black ghost energy surged out like a tide, condensing into a huge ghost shield in front of her.

The light sword struck the ghost shield, unleashing a deafening roar.

The ghost shield shattered. Yun Xi was blasted away, crashing heavily to the ground, spitting out blood.

The ghost blade was stuck in the ground beside her, its light dimmed to the extreme.

"Yun Xi!" Lang Hao rushed over and helped her up.

Yunxi struggled to her feet, wiping the blood from her lips, her voice weak yet resolute: "Not dead yet."

Lang Hao's eyes reddened.

He turned, looking at the divine cultivators, and gripped his battle axe tightly.

“Brothers!” His voice boomed like thunder, “Today, I might die here. But I have no regrets! In my life, I’ve killed the divine race, saved my people, and made friends! It was worth it!”

The beast warriors roared in unison. The ghost warriors also gripped their weapons.

“Kill!”

Lang Hao was the first to charge forward.

His battle axe spun in his hand, slashing towards the three elders.

He knew he couldn’t win, but he wasn’t afraid.

He would die on the charge.

The three elders sneered and attacked simultaneously.

Golden holy light transformed into three sword beams, slashing towards Lang Hao.

Lang Hao fought with all his might, his battle axe splitting the first sword beam, but the second sword beam struck his chest, sending him flying backward.

The third sword beam followed closely, piercing towards his throat.

Just then, a purple light flew in from the horizon.

The purple light was as fast as lightning, instantly appearing before Lang Hao and blocking the third sword beam.

There was no explosion, no loud noise; the sword beam was like paper before the purple light, instantly swallowed and dissipated.

Everyone was stunned.

The pupils of the three elders suddenly contracted.

They felt the power contained within the purple light, a power that instilled fear in them to the bone. The

purple light slowly dissipated, revealing a figure.

A long cyan robe, a sword hanging at his waist, a calm face, and clear eyes.

He was surrounded by a purple light, not a violent one, but a quiet one, like a sleeping dragon.

David.

Lang Hao looked at his back, tears welling up instantly. "You've finally come."

David turned around, looked at his wounds, and remained silent for a moment. "Thank you for your hard work. Leave the rest to me."

He turned to face the three True Immortal Realm seventh-grade elders.

Purple chaotic power flowed around him, distorting and warping the surrounding air.

His eyes turned purple, and it seemed as if stars were spinning in his pupils.

## Chapter 6337

The three elders turned deathly pale. "David...you're David?"

"Yes."

"You killed Lei Zhentian, and you still dare to come here to die?"

David didn't answer.

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

The flames, interwoven with purple and gold, were particularly dazzling in the twilight.

The moment the flames appeared, the temperature of the entire world rose.

The holy light of those divine cultivators began to tremble, as if in fear.

"To die?" David's voice was calm. "Try it."

The three elders exchanged glances and attacked simultaneously.

The golden holy light transformed into three sword beams, slashing towards David.

Each sword beam contained the full power of a seventh-grade True Immortal, enough to level a mountain.

David didn't dodge. He pushed out the chaotic fire.

The flames transformed into a purple fire dragon, roaring as it charged towards the three sword beams.

The fire dragon collided with the sword beams, but there was no explosion, no loud noise. The sword beams were like paper before the chaotic fire, instantly swallowed, melted, and dissipated.

The fire dragon continued forward, charging towards the three elders.

The three elders were terrified, frantically channeling their holy light to create a golden shield before them.

The shield had five layers, each containing the culmination of their life's cultivation.

The fire dragon crashed into the shield.

The first layer shattered.

The second layer shattered.

The third, fourth, and fifth layers.

The fire dragon, like a red-hot iron rod piercing through butter, silently pierced all five layers of the shield.

The three elders were thrown back dozens of steps, coughing up blood.

Their faces were deathly pale, their eyes filled with terror.

"You...you..." the middle elder's voice trembled, "What is your cultivation level?"

"Peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm," David's voice was calm.

The pupils of the three elders contracted to their limit.

Peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, defeating three seventh-rank True Immortal Realm cultivators with a single strike.

This person was not human, but a monster.

"Shadow Palace! Kill!"

"Rogue Cultivator Alliance! Kill!"

The situation on the battlefield completely reversed at this moment.

Ying Wuji led the demonic cultivators of the Shadow Palace out from the flank, black demonic energy surging like a tide into the divine race's encirclement.

Feng Qingzi led the cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance from the rear, multicolored spiritual energy exploding in golden holy light.

The ghost warriors of the Youyue Kingdom followed behind Yun Xi, black ghostly energy intertwining with purple chaotic power.

The divine race cultivators were stunned.

They hadn't expected the Shadow Palace or the Loose Cultivator Alliance to come.

They thought it was only the Tianlang Tribe and the Youyue Kingdom, that this would be a one-sided massacre.

But now, they were surrounded, surrounded in return.

"Kill!"

Lang Hao roared, his battle axe cleaving a divine race cultivator in two.

Blood still flowed from his body, his left arm was still broken, but his eyes shone brightly.

Behind him were his people, his brothers, those who had come to his aid in his most desperate moment. He could not fall.

Yun Xi followed behind him, her ghostly blade flashing in the black light.

Blood was still flowing from her left shoulder, and her face was still pale, but her sword was swift.

One strike, and a divine cultivator fell.

Two strikes, two more.

Three strikes, three more.

Her swordsmanship was cunning and ruthless; every strike hit a vital point, none was superfluous.

Ying Wuji charged at the forefront, black chaotic demonic energy surging around him.

He struck out with his palm, the black palm print sending a group of divine cultivators flying. His face was expressionless, but a hint of suppressed pleasure flickered in his eyes.

Five thousand years of grudge, five thousand years of hatred—today, he could finally avenge them.

Feng Qingzi led the cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance, circling the perimeter and holding back the Divine Clan's reinforcements.

His swordsmanship was elegant and agile, each strike perfectly timed.

He didn't seek to kill the enemy, only to delay them, giving David and his group time to deal with the three elders.

The battle cries shook the heavens and earth.

David stood in the center of the battlefield, facing the three elders.

Purple chaotic power swirled around him, and chaotic fire burned in his palms.

His eyes were calm, a calmness that was frightening.

"All three of you, come at me together." His voice was soft, but every word struck the hearts of the three elders like a hammer blow.

The three elders' faces turned ashen.

They knew that in a one-on-one fight, none of them could match David.

But together, the three of them might have a chance.

"Kill!"

the middle elder roared, and the three attacked simultaneously.

Golden holy light transformed into three sword beams, simultaneously slashing at David from three directions.

The sword beams intertwined, forming a golden net of light that enveloped him.

David did not dodge.

He unleashed his Chaos Fire, and a roaring fire dragon charged towards the net of light.

The net of light was like paper before the Chaos Fire, instantly torn apart. The fire

dragon continued forward, charging towards the elder in the center.

The elder in the center was shocked and desperately activated his holy light, condensing a golden light shield in front of him.

The fire dragon crashed into the light shield, shattering it.

He was blasted away, crashing heavily to the ground, spitting out blood.

The two elders on the left and right seized the opportunity to attack from both sides.

Golden sword beams slashed towards David's left and right ribs.

David did not turn around, but simultaneously struck out with both hands, two purple palm prints shattering the sword beams.

The two elders were knocked back several steps, their tiger's mouths split open, bleeding profusely.

A trace of blood trickled from the corner of David's mouth.

Fighting three against one, even though the power of chaos counters all other powers, a full-force attack from a seventh-grade True Immortal was not so easy to withstand.

His chaotic power was rapidly depleting, and his wounds were throbbing with pain.

But he did not retreat. He could not retreat.

Behind him were Lang Hao, Yun Xi, and those who were fighting to the death.

"Again!" he roared, charging forward.

Lang Hao cut down a Divine Race cultivator in front of him and turned to look at David.

He saw David surrounded by three elders, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, and his heart tightened.

He knew that although David was strong, fighting three against one was too much for him.

"Yun Xi!" he shouted, "Go help David!"

Yun Xi pierced the throat of a Divine Race cultivator with her sword and turned to look at David.

Her pupils contracted slightly; David was injured.

She had never seen David injured before.

In her memory, David was always so strong, so steady, so invincible.

But now, he was injured.

“Go!” Yun Xi leaped into the air, rushing towards David.

Lang Hao followed behind her, his battle axe spinning in his hand.

The three elders were besieging David.

Although their holy light was fragile before the power of chaos, the three of them worked together seamlessly, and for the time being, David could not kill them all.

The elder in the middle thrust his sword towards David’s chest.

David dodged to the side and struck his shoulder with a palm.

The elders on the left and right attacked simultaneously, two sword beams slashing towards David’s back and left rib.

David had no time to dodge and could only take the blows head-on.

## Chapter 6338

The sword’s edge struck his back and left rib, leaving two deep wounds.

Golden blood gushed from the wounds, dripping onto the ground.

David groaned, his body swaying. But he didn’t fall.

He turned around and sent the elder on his left flying with a palm strike.

Just then, Lang Hao rushed forward.

His battle axe cleaved towards the head of the elder in the middle.

The elder was shocked and hurriedly raised his sword to block.

The battle axe and the sword collided, bursting into dazzling sparks.

Lang Hao was knocked back several steps, but a smile played on his lips.

“Old man, your opponent is me!”

Yun Xi also rushed forward.

Her ghostly blade stabbed towards the throat of the elder on the right.

The elder hurriedly retreated, but Yun Xi pursued relentlessly, her ghostly blade flashing in the black light, each strike faster than the last.

The elder was forced to retreat repeatedly, his eyes filled with terror.

David’s pressure eased dramatically.

He looked at the backs of Lang Hao and Yun Xi, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

He wasn’t fighting alone.

“Kill!” he roared, charging towards the elder on the left.

The elder on the left was the weakest of the three, a mere early-stage seventh-rank True Immortal.

He had been sent flying by David's palm strike, suffering a serious injury, and before he could recover, David was already in front of him.

Purple chaotic fire condensed in David's palm, transforming into a purple fire sword.

Golden patterns flowed across the fire sword, its temperature so high that the surrounding air began to distort.

The elder's face turned deathly pale, and he desperately channeled his holy light, conjuring a light shield in front of him.

David slashed down with his sword. The fire sword struck the light shield, shattering it.

The fire sword continued downwards, striking the elder's shoulder.

The elder let out a shrill scream as his left arm was severed at the shoulder, blood gushing out.

The wound was scorched black by the chaotic fire, but not a drop of blood flowed, as it evaporated before it could even be drawn.

The elder turned and fled. David did not pursue. He raised his left hand, and a purple lightning spear materialized in his palm.

The essence of lightning surged within him, and purple lightning crackled on the spear.

He hurled the spear, which moved with lightning speed, instantly catching up to the elder, piercing him from behind and exiting through his chest.

The elder's body froze in mid-air for a moment, then exploded into countless golden specks of light, dissipating into the air. His body and

soul were annihilated.

David turned to look at Lang Hao.

Lang Hao was locked in a fierce battle with the elder in the middle.

He had already sustained seven or eight new wounds, each bleeding.

But his battle axe was still in his hand, and his eyes were still bright.

He swung his axe down, and the elder raised his sword to parry. The battle axe and sword collided, unleashing blinding sparks.

Lang Hao was knocked back, and so was the elder.

"Old man, you're not so good either!" Lang Hao wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and laughed.

The elder's face was ashen.

He hadn't expected that even a severely injured Lang Hao would be so troublesome; he was truly monstrous.

Just then, David appeared behind him.

The elder felt a chill down his spine, turned around, and saw David's Chaos Fire already upon him.

"No..."

Before he could finish speaking, the Chaos Fire engulfed him.

His body burned in the flames, his holy light as fragile as paper before the Chaos Fire, instantly swallowed up.

His screams lasted only a breath before vanishing completely.

David withdrew the flames and looked towards Yun Xi.

Yun Xi was locked in combat with the elder on the right.

The elder's strength was a realm higher than Yun Xi's, but Yun Xi's ghost blade was imbued with the cursed power of the ghost race, each strike capable of corroding the holy light.

The elder was forced to retreat repeatedly, his body bearing several wounds, his holy light dimmed considerably.

Yun Xi thrust her sword towards his throat. The elder dodged to the side, then swung his sword at Yunxi's shoulder.

Yunxi had no time to dodge and could only take the blow.

The sword's edge struck her left shoulder, leaving a deep wound.

Her body swayed, but she did not retreat.

She gritted her teeth, and the ghost blade pierced the elder's chest.

The elder's eyes widened in disbelief, even in death.

Yunxi pulled out the ghost blade, and the elder's body slowly collapsed.

All three elders were killed.

The divine cultivators on the battlefield, seeing the three elders dead, completely collapsed.

They threw down their weapons and turned to flee.

Golden holy light scattered and fled across the wasteland, like disturbed fireflies.

"Chase! Don't let them get away!" Lang Hao roared, leading the beastmen warriors in pursuit.

"Kill!" Ying Wuji led the demon cultivators of the Shadow Palace to flank them.

"Intercept them!" Feng Qingzi led the cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance to block them from the rear.

The divine cultivators were surrounded on all sides, with nowhere to escape.

Some knelt and begged for mercy, some fought desperately, and some committed suicide.

Golden blood stained the wasteland, turning the gray-black earth a dark gold.

The battle lasted a full hour.

When the last divine cultivator fell, the battlefield finally fell silent.

Lang Hao knelt on the ground, panting heavily.

His battle axe was stuck in the ground beside him, its blade full of nicks.

He had dozens of wounds on his body, each bleeding.

But he was still alive.

He was still alive.

Yun Xi leaned against a rock, her ghost blade stuck in the ground in front of her. Blood was

still flowing from her left shoulder, and her face was as white as paper.

But she was still alive.

Ying Wuji stood to the side, his black robe stained with golden blood.

His face was expressionless, but there was a trace of weariness in his eyes.

In this battle, the Shadow Palace also lost many disciples.

Feng Qingzi sat on a rock, his sword broken.

He also had wounds, but none were serious.

He looked at the corpses on the battlefield and remained silent for a long time.

David stood in the center of the battlefield, watching all of this.

He too was wounded, his back and left ribs struck by sword light, leaving two deep cuts.

Golden blood was still seeping out.

But his back was straight, his eyes bright.

"Take a headcount." His voice was calm.

Lang Hao struggled to his feet and began to count the men.

Of the three hundred beastmen warriors, only one hundred and twenty remained.

Of the two hundred and seventy-three ghost warriors, only one hundred and fifty remained.

The Shadow Hall and the Loose Cultivator Alliance had also suffered heavy casualties.

But the Judgment Hall's three thousand-strong army was completely wiped out.

"We won." Lang Hao's voice trembled. "We won."

The beastmen warriors cheered.

The ghost warriors cheered too.

The cultivators of the Shadow Hall and the Loose Cultivator Alliance cheered as well.

David did not cheer.

He looked at the distant horizon, his brows furrowed.

The Judgment Venerable had not yet arrived.

The real battle had not yet begun.