

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel

### Chapter 6341

On the morning of the third day, the first rays of sunlight pierced through the thick black smoke, illuminating the sky.

David and the Judgment Venerable remained locked in a standoff in the void.

Both were covered in wounds, their breaths weak.

The surrounding air felt unusually heavy, save for their heavy breathing and the occasional clang of clashing weapons.

"David, you... what kind of monster are you?"

The Judgment Venerable's voice trembled slightly.

He had never imagined that he would be forced to this point by a cultivator at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Three days and three nights of fierce fighting had exhausted most of his spiritual power, leaving him severely injured.

Yet David could still stand before him, still possessing the strength to fight.

David remained silent.

His throat was choked with blood, allowing only weak gasps.

He raised his purplish-gray longsword and charged at the Judgment Venerable once more.

This strike used the last vestige of chaotic power within him, yet the purplish-gray light on the sword remained dazzling.

A ruthless glint flashed in the Judgment Venerable's eyes as he also used his last ounce of spiritual power to meet the attack.

The three beams of light—gold, purple, and gray—collided once more.

This time, there was no earth-shattering shockwave, only a faint thud.

Both figures were simultaneously sent flying, crashing heavily to the ground, spitting out mouthfuls of golden blood, unable to rise again.

David lay on the ground, covered in wounds, his chaotic power completely exhausted, unable to even move a finger.

But his eyes still shone, a faint smile playing on his lips.

He had won.

At least, he hadn't lost.

He had blocked the Judgment Venerable, protecting everyone.

The Judgment Venerable lay not far away, his golden robes soaked in blood, his wounds festering, his holy light completely dissipated.

He struggled to raise his head, looking at David, his eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

He was the number one person in the Fifteenth Heaven, a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank, yet he had been beaten to a pulp by a mere Upper Immortal of the Ninth Rank peak.

If word got out, he would lose all face, and the prestige of the Judgment Hall would be utterly destroyed.

The elite warriors of the divine race, seeing the Arbiter Venerable severely wounded, rushed over and surrounded him, their expressions panicked.

"Palace Master! Palace Master, how are you?"

The Arbiter Venerable waved his hand weakly, his voice carrying an undeniable authority.

"Help...help me up, retreat...retreat!"

He knew he couldn't kill David today.

Staying would only result in heavy losses for the divine race's elite.

Moreover, he was severely injured and needed to recover quickly.

"Palace Master, what about David?" a divine race cultivator asked cautiously.

The Arbiter Venerable looked at David, a flash of resentment and ruthlessness in his eyes.

"Keep...keep him alive. Next time, I will take his dog's life!"

With that, he was helped to his feet by the divine race's elite and slowly walked away towards the Arbiter's Palace.

A thousand divine race elites followed closely behind, their figures disheveled, their previous arrogance completely gone.

Seeing the Arbiter Venerable retreating with his men, Lang Hao, Yun Xi, and the others finally breathed a sigh of relief and rushed over to surround David.

"David! David, how are you?"

Lang Hao knelt down, carefully helping David up, his voice trembling, his eyes filled with heartache.

David slightly opened his eyes, looked at the people around him, a faint smile appearing on his lips, his voice hoarse.

"He...they're gone...we...won..."

With that, everything went black, and he fainted. Yunxi quickly supported David, tears finally streaming down her face.

"Don't worry, we will definitely save you, you will be alright." Yunxi cried.

Ying Wuji and Feng Qingzi stood aside, looking at the unconscious David, their eyes filled with admiration.

Feng Qingzi sighed, "Three days and three nights, single-handedly withstanding the eighth-grade True Immortal Realm Judgement Venerable, and even forcing him to retreat. David is indeed a genius of all time."

Ying Wuji nodded, a complex emotion flashing in his dark eyes.

"He is the hope of all of us." Ying Wuji's tone carried a glimmer of hope! In

this epic battle, David and the Judgement Venerable were both severely injured, with the Judgement Venerable retreating in a sorry state.

David, however, used his power to protect everyone and brought a sliver of respite to the Fifteenth Heaven.

The 格局 (geju, a concept encompassing the overall structure and overall situation) of the Fifteenth Heaven might truly be rewritten!

The Judgement Venerable returned to the Judgement Hall three days later.

His injuries were severe.

The wound on his chest, scorched by the Chaos Fire, had festered. Holy light flowed over the wound, yet it refused to heal.

The corrosive power of Chaos was too strong; even though he had exerted all his strength to dispel it, the remaining power gnawed at his flesh day and night like a malignant tumor.

"Palace Master, your injury..." The accompanying healer knelt on the ground, trembling.

"You won't die."

The Judgment Venerable's voice was hoarse, but a ruthless glint flashed in his eyes. "David's Chaos Power is indeed worthy of its reputation."

He leaned back on his throne, his eyes closed, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest.

The sound echoed in the empty hall, like the tolling of a death knell.

Three days had passed.

He had been pondering one question: why could David hold him off?

Peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal Realm versus eighth-grade True Immortal Realm.

A difference of one major realm, countless minor realms.

Logically, he could crush David with a single finger.

But the truth was, he had used three days and three nights, fighting with all his might, only to end up with both sides severely injured.

Chaos Power.

The power of chaos that restrains all forces.

The Venerable Judge opened his eyes, gazing at the inverted starry sky suspended above the dome of the hall, and remained silent for a long time.

“David... if you don’t die, the格局 (geju, a concept encompassing the overall structure and power structure) of the Fifteenth Heaven will be rewritten.”

His voice was soft, but every word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth.

The majesty of the Judgement Hall was something he had built up over thousands of years.

The divine race’s dominance in the Fifteenth Heaven was bought with the blood of countless ancestors.

If David didn’t die, if the Shadow Hall, the Loose Cultivator Alliance, the Sirius Tribe, and the Nether Moon Kingdom united, the end of the Judgement Hall would not be far off.

He could not allow such a thing to happen.

“Someone come here.”

“Hall Master!” A divine race cultivator strode into the hall and knelt on the ground.

“Pass down the order. From today onwards, the Judgment Hall is on high alert. All cultivators on patrol are to be recalled, and all restrictions are to be activated. No one is to leave without my command.”

The cultivator’s expression changed. “Hall Master, you mean...”

“I need to go into seclusion to heal my injuries,” the Judgment Venerable interrupted him. “Until I emerge from seclusion, no conflict with any force is

permitted. Especially David; upon seeing him, retreat immediately and do not engage in battle.”

“Yes!”

The cultivator turned and left.

The Judgment Venerable leaned back on his throne and closed his eyes.

His fingers were still lightly tapping the armrest, once, once, and again.

“David... you forced me to do this.”

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The Venerable Judge’s secluded meditation chamber was located at the deepest part of the main hall, sealed by seven layers of ancient restrictions.

The walls of the chamber were forged from extraterrestrial meteorite iron, engraved with the supreme runes of the divine race. In

the center of the chamber stood a stone platform, upon which was engraved a complex magic array—the most ancient summoning technique of the divine race, capable of summoning the projections of powerful beings from the upper realm to the lower realm.

The Venerable Judge had never used this technique before,

because the price was too high.

Each summoning required the expenditure of a hundred years of his cultivation, and the summoned being might not even respond.

Which powerful being from the upper realm wasn’t arrogant and aloof?

Who would care about a summons from the lower realm?

But now, he couldn't care less.

He sat cross-legged on the stone platform, his hands forming a mudra, activating the holy light within his body.

Golden light surged from his body, pouring into the magic array on the stone platform.

One by one, the runes of the magic array lit up, emitting dazzling golden light that illuminated the entire chamber.

"Using the bloodline of the gods as a guide, and the laws of heaven and earth as a bridge, the supreme being of the upper realm descends upon this place!"

The voice of the Judgment Venerable was deep and solemn, each word containing immense spiritual power.

The light of the magic array grew brighter and brighter, causing the entire secret chamber to tremble.

Then, a beam of light rose from the magic array, shooting straight into the sky.

The Judgment Venerable's face turned deathly pale.

The depletion of a century of cultivation had almost completely drained his body.

He gritted his teeth, staring intently at the center of the magic array, waiting for the appearance of that figure of light.

A figure of light appeared.

It was a blurry humanoid outline, the face indistinct, only vaguely discernible that he wore golden armor and had a pair of enormous wings of light on his back.

His body emanated a terrifying pressure, like a mountain pressing down, making it almost impossible for the Judgment Venerable to breathe.

The Judgment Venerable's heart leaped with joy.

It's here! A powerful being from the upper realm!

But before he could speak, a second figure of light appeared.

Then, a third, a fourth, and a fifth.

Five figures, five people, appeared simultaneously within the magic array.

The Judgment Venerable's pupils contracted sharply.

He had only summoned one person.

Why were there five?

The five figures gradually solidified, revealing the faces of five individuals.

They were all young, appearing to be only in their twenties or thirties, but each possessed a weathered look accumulated over countless years.

Their cultivation levels were all at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, the same as the Judgment Venerable's.

However, the aura and oppressive presence they exuded far surpassed that of the Judgment Venerable.

It was an aura emanating from their very bones, an aura acquired only through countless life-and-death battles.

The person standing at the very front had a cold and stern face, with sword-like eyebrows and bright eyes, and long, silver-white hair that cascaded down his back.

He wore a suit of silver-white armor, covered in runes that the Judgement Venerable had never seen before.

In his hand, he held a long spear, its shaft shimmering with a dazzling silver light.

He looked at the Judgement Venerable, his eyes devoid of any emotion, only a condescending indifference. "So you summoned him?"

The Judgment Venerable's body trembled violently.

He quickly stepped down from the stone platform, knelt on the ground, and bowed respectfully.

"Junior Judgment Hall Master greets Senior from the Upper Realm."

The man's eyes narrowed slightly. "Judgment Hall? Never heard of it. A branch of the Divine Race of the Fifteenth Heaven?"

"Yes...yes."

The man was silent for a moment, then turned to look at the four people behind him.

The four people were also looking at him, their eyes filled with a hint of amusement.

"Interesting." The man turned to look at the Judgment Venerable. "Why did you summon me?"

The Judgment Venerable swallowed hard and said cautiously, "Junior has encountered a powerful enemy, whose strength far surpasses that of

cultivators of the same realm. Junior is no match for him, so I wish to ask Senior from the Upper Realm to take action and kill him.”

The man’s brows furrowed slightly. “A powerful enemy? What is his cultivation level?” “

Peak of the Ninth Grade of the Upper Immortal Realm.”

The man paused for a moment, then smiled.

The smile was cold, so cold that it lowered the temperature of the entire secret chamber.

“Peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm? You, an eighth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, can’t defeat a peak ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator?”

The Judgment Venerable’s face flushed crimson. “Senior, that person possesses the power of chaos, which suppresses all other powers. This junior is truly no match for him.”

“The power of chaos?” The man’s eyes lit up. “Interesting.”

The four people behind him also whispered among themselves, a hint of interest flashing in their eyes.

“Senior...” The Judgment Venerable asked cautiously, “This junior only summoned one, why are there five?”

The man glanced at him and said indifferently, “We weren’t summoned by you.”

The Judgment Venerable was taken aback: “Then who are you, seniors...”

“Pursuing a traitor.”

The man's voice was cold. "A traitor escaped from the sixteenth heaven to the lower realm. We tracked his aura all the way to the fifteenth heaven. Your summoning technique just happened to resonate with our tracking technique, leading us here."

The Judgment Venerable was overjoyed.

Pursuing a traitor?

A traitor who escaped from the sixteenth heaven?

Doesn't that mean that these five people are all experts from the sixteenth heaven?

Although their cultivation was only at the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, their strength far surpassed that of cultivators at the fifteenth level of the Heavenly Realm.

"Senior, that traitor..." the Judgment Venerable asked cautiously, "Does this junior need your help?"

The man glanced at him, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes. "You? I can't help."

The Judgment Venerable's face darkened, but he dared not say anything.

He knelt on the ground, head bowed, awaiting the man's next instruction.

The man was silent for a moment, then said, "However, since you're here, there's no rush to leave. Where is that person you mentioned who possesses the power of chaos?"

The Judgment Venerable's heart leaped. "He's in the Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Senior, are you willing to help?"

"The power of chaos... I haven't seen it in so many years," the man murmured, a cold glint in his eyes. "Lead the way."

The Judgment Venerable was overjoyed.

He quickly stood up and bowed respectfully.

"Senior, please follow me."

## Chapter 6343

In a certain canyon!

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower, David sat cross-legged, his body swirling with purple chaotic power.

Three days had passed outside, but a year had passed inside the tower.

During this year, he had tirelessly circulated his cultivation technique, absorbing the spiritual energy from the crystals to repair his damaged meridians and flesh.

The Golden Dragon bloodline's self-healing ability far surpassed that of ordinary people, but this time the injury was simply too severe.

The holy light of the Judgment Venerable contained the supreme laws of the divine race; even though it was restrained by chaotic power, the residual power remained like a persistent ailment, deeply embedded in his flesh.

It took him a year to gradually dispel, devour, and transform this residual power.

He opened his eyes and looked down at his hands.

The wounds on his skin had completely healed, leaving only faint white marks.

The chaotic power within his body was more condensed and purer than before the battle, and the vortex in his dantian spun more steadily.

His cultivation at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was completely stable, only a thin membrane separating him from the True Immortal Realm.

He clenched his fist, purple light swirling in his palm.

“Judgment Venerable, next time we meet, I won’t give you another chance.”

He leaped out of the Demon Suppression Tower, landing in the valley.

The sunlight was blinding, the air crisp and cold.

He took a deep breath, transforming into a purple streak of light, and flew towards the direction of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.

Lang Hao was practicing axe training in the training ground.

His injuries had mostly healed; his left arm was still in a sling, but he could already wield the axe.

Seeing David flying over, he put down his battle axe and strode forward to meet him.

“Completely healed?”

“Completely healed.” David landed in front of him. “What’s the situation with the Judgment Venerable?”

Lang Hao shook his head: “No. The Judgment Hall has sealed off the mountain, all the cultivators patrolling outside have been recalled, and all the restrictions have been activated. Our scouts can’t get in; we don’t know what’s happening inside.”

David's brows furrowed slightly.

Sealed off the mountain?

The Judgment Venerable wasn't the type to swallow his pride after suffering a loss.

He must be brewing something.

"Continue monitoring," David said. "Tell me immediately if anything unusual happens."

He turned and walked towards the tent in the center of the camp.

Yun Xi was waiting for him inside. Seeing him enter, she stood up, looked him up and down, and only breathed a sigh of relief after confirming he was unharmed.

"All done?"

"All done."

Yun Xi nodded, without asking any further questions. She walked to the map and pointed to the location of the Judgment Hall.

"The Shadow Hall and the Loose Cultivator Alliance have both sent people to ask when we're going to make our move."

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

"Gather everyone. Tomorrow, we'll discuss how to destroy the Judgment Hall."

Yun Xi's eyes lit up. "Okay."

The next morning, David was in the tent discussing the plan to attack the Judgment Hall with Lang Hao, Yun Xi, and others.

Ying Wuji pointed to the Judgment Hall on the map, his voice low: "The Judgment Hall has seven layers of restrictions, each inherited from ancient times. If we force our way in, the losses will be huge."

Feng Qingzi shook his head: "But we don't have time to slowly break through them. The Judgment Venerable is in seclusion. If he recovers, it will be difficult to make a move." David remained silent

.

He stared at the map, his fingers lightly tapping the table, his mind racing.

Just then, a deafening roar erupted outside.

The roar was like the sky collapsing and the earth splitting, the entire land trembling.

The tent shook violently, the map on the table falling to the ground. Everyone's expression changed drastically.

"What's going on?" Lang Hao rushed out.

David followed closely behind.

The sky had changed.

The previously gray sky was now torn open by a massive crack.

The crack was thousands of feet long and hundreds of feet wide, gushing forth blinding white light, mixed with lightning and flames, the entire sky ablaze. At

the edge of the crack, fragments of space scattered like a torrential rain, each containing destructive power.

Then, figures fell from the crack.

One, two, ten, twenty, thirty.

They rained down from the sky, crashing towards the Sky Wolf tribe's camp.

"Scatter!" Lang Hao roared, and the beastmen warriors scattered in panic. The figures crashed heavily to the ground, some onto tents, some onto the training ground, and some onto the wasteland outside the camp.

Large craters were created, sending debris flying and dust billowing into the sky.

Within a few breaths, the cracks disappeared. Only a faint white trail remained in the sky, slowly fading away.

Dozens of people lay in the camp.

They were covered in wounds, their clothes tattered, and their bodies stained with blood.

Some were unconscious, some were still struggling, and some lay motionless on the ground, their fates unknown.

Lang Hao's face was ashen.

He drew his battle axe and stood guard in front of the camp.

"Alert! Everyone, alert!"

The beastmen and ghostmen warriors grabbed their weapons and surrounded the figures.

David walked to the nearest large crater and looked down at the person inside.

It was a middle-aged man, burly and with a resolute face, wearing tattered armor.

He had more than a dozen wounds on his body, each bleeding.

His cultivation level was True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade.

David's pupils contracted slightly.

True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade?

Such cultivation would already make one a regional overlord in the fifteenth heaven.

But he had never seen this person before.

He looked at another person.

A seventh-grade True Immortal.

Another, a peak sixth-grade True Immortal.

Yet another, a mid-stage seventh-grade True Immortal.

Dozens of people, the lowest cultivation level was fifth-grade True Immortal, most were sixth or seventh-grade True Immortal, and there was also an old man whose cultivation level was eighth-grade True Immortal.

David's heart sank.

Where did these people come from?

The first to wake up was the old man at the eighth-grade True Immortal.

He lay in the pit, covered in blood, his silver-white hair disheveled and draped over his shoulders.

His fingers twitched, and then he slowly opened his eyes.

They were aged eyes, cloudy and weary, but deep in his pupils was a sharpness that only those who had experienced countless life-and-death battles could possess.

He struggled to sit up and looked around.

Seeing the beastmen and ghostmen warriors surrounding him, his body tensed up, and a hint of vigilance and hostility flashed in his eyes.

"Don't move." Lang Hao pointed his battle axe at him. "Who are you? Where did you come from?"

The old man didn't speak.

His gaze swept over the orc warriors, then over the ghost warriors, finally landing on David.

Seeing that David was human, the wariness in his eyes lessened slightly.

"Where is this?" His voice was hoarse, like sandpaper rubbing.

"The Sky Wolf Tribe." David crouched down, looking him in the eye. "Beast territory. Who are you? Where did you come from?"

The old man's eyes brightened.

Beast territory?

Not God territory?

He turned to look around, seeing the wounds on the orc warriors, the ruins of the camp, the burned tents and the fallen wooden fences in the distance.

This was a battlefield.

They had just finished fighting.

"Is this the Fifteenth Heaven?" His voice trembled slightly.

"Yes." David nodded. "The Fifteenth Heaven."

Tears welled up in the old man's eyes.

He raised his head, looking at the sky, his lips trembling, as if he were saying something, or perhaps praying.

"Finally...finally we've escaped..."

One by one, the people behind him awoke.

They struggled to sit up, looking around with fear and wariness in their eyes.

Some gripped their weapons tightly, some stood protectively in front of the old man, and some wept softly.

"Elder, where is this?"

"The Fifteenth Heaven," the old man's voice was hoarse. "We've reached the Fifteenth Heaven."

The people were stunned for a moment, then some laughed, some cried, and some collapsed to the ground, trembling.

## Chapter 6344

David looked at them, a strange feeling welling up inside him.

These people must have come from the Upper Realm.

Their cultivation levels were at least at the fifth rank of True Immortal.

If they harbored malice, the Heavenly Wolf Tribe wouldn't be able to stop them.

But there was no malice in their eyes, only fear and exhaustion.

"You came from the Sixteenth Heaven?" David asked.

The old man looked at him, remained silent for a moment, and then nodded.

"Yes."

David's pupils contracted slightly.

The Sixteenth Heaven.

The place he was going to.

"Why did you come to the Fifteenth Heaven?"

The old man was silent.

He looked at David, then at the beastmen and ghost warriors around him, a hint of hesitation flashing in his eyes.

"I need to know whether this is human territory or the territory of another race."

The old man's voice was soft, but every word was heavy. "If you are a human cultivator, take me to where humans gather. Once we get there, I will tell you everything."

David remained silent for a moment, then stood up.

"Alright. I'll take you there."

Lang Hao's expression changed. "Mr. Chen, these people are of unknown origin, you can't..."

"I know," David interrupted him, "but I can sense they mean no harm. And if they really want to make a move, we can't stop them."

Lang Hao opened his mouth, wanting to refute, but meeting David's calm eyes, he swallowed his words.

David was right. These people's cultivation was too high; if they really made a move, the Heavenly Wolf Tribe wouldn't be able to stop them at all.

"I'll go with you," Yun Xi stepped forward.

David shook his head: "No need. You stay here and help Lang Hao guard the camp. I can go alone."

"But..."

"No buts." David's voice left no room for argument.

Yun Xi bit her lip and didn't say anything more.

David turned around and looked at the old man.

"Let's go. I'll take you to the Loose Cultivator Alliance. There are human cultivators there."

The old man struggled to his feet, and the people behind him also stood up.

They supported each other and followed behind David, walking towards the Loose Cultivator Alliance.

...

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

When David landed on the square of Cloud City with the dozens of people, Feng Qingzi was drinking tea in the council hall.

Hearing the news, he rushed out.

Seeing the dozens of cultivators, covered in wounds but with frighteningly high cultivation levels, Feng Qingzi's face turned deathly pale.

"Fellow Daoist Chen... David, these people are..."

"From the Sixteenth Heaven," David's voice was calm. "Find a quiet place for them to rest."

Feng Qingzi swallowed hard and quickly arranged for people to take the dozens of people to guest rooms.

He personally led the old man to a secret room behind the council hall.

In the secret room, only David, Feng Qingzi, and the old man were present.

The old man sat in a chair, eyes closed, silent for a long time.

His hands trembled slightly, his lips quivered, and his breathing was heavy, as if he were suppressing something.

"My name is Chu Tianxing," he finally spoke, his voice hoarse, "Elder of the Human Resistance Army from the Sixteenth Heaven."

David's pupils contracted slightly.

The Resistance Army?

"The Sixteenth Heaven..." Chu Tian's voice was low, "...has already been controlled by the Gods."

David's heart sank.

"The power of the Divine Race in the Sixteenth Heaven is far greater than you imagine,"

Chu Tianxing said, opening his eyes and looking at David. "They have an organization called the Divine Race Alliance. All branches of the Divine Race obey this alliance. The leader of the alliance is a peak ninth-grade True Immortal."

"For thousands of years, the Divine Race has been expanding. They suppress other races, enslave other races, and slaughter other races. Humans, beastmen, demons, ghosts... all non-divine cultivators are their enemies."

"We resisted for tens of thousands of years. Humans, beastmen, demons, ghosts—all races oppressed by the Divine Race united to form a resistance army. We operated in the shadows, raiding Divine Race strongholds, rescuing enslaved cultivators, and searching for weaknesses in the Divine Race Alliance."

"But in recent centuries, the Divine Race Alliance has grown stronger. They found our secret headquarters and dispatched forces several times our size to surround us."

Chu Tianxing's voice trembled.

"That battle lasted three days and three nights. We fought desperately, but we were outnumbered. Our leader used his last ounce of strength to tear open the void, allowing us to escape."

"The void rift only lasted for less than three breaths. Only a few dozen of us escaped. The rest... all died."

He lowered his head, tears dripping onto his hands.

David fell silent.

He remembered the figures that had descended from the sky, their wounds, the fear and exhaustion in their eyes.

They hadn't come to invade; they had come to escape.

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

Chu Tianxing looked up at him.

"Hide." His voice was soft. "The Divine Alliance will definitely send people to hunt us down. We must hide; we can't let them find us."

David was silent for a moment.

"Elder Feng Qingzi, can you arrange a place for them?"

Feng Qingzi nodded quickly: "Yes. Although the Loose Cultivator Alliance isn't large, it can still hide a few dozen people."

"Thank you." Chu Tianxing stood up and bowed deeply to Feng Qingzi.

Feng Qingzi quickly helped him up: "No, no, no, you're a senior, you can't do this."

Chu Tianxing shook his head and looked at David.

"Young brother, what's your name?"

"David."

"David..." Chu Tianxing repeated the name, then nodded, "I'll remember you. Thank you."

David shook his head: "No need to thank me. I'm also a human."

He turned and walked out of the secret chamber.

When David returned to the Tianlang tribe, it was already evening.

Lang Hao and Yun Xi were waiting at the camp gate. Seeing him return, they both breathed a sigh of relief.

"Where are those people?" Lang Hao asked.

"They've been settled in the Loose Cultivator Alliance." David walked into the camp, "They came from the Sixteenth Heaven. The Sixteenth Heaven has been controlled by the God Clan, and they escaped."

Lang Hao's expression changed. "The Sixteenth Heaven... is controlled by the God Clan?"

"Yes." David sat down in the tent and told Chu Tianxing everything.

Lang Hao listened and remained silent for a long time. Yun Xi's expression was also very ugly.

"If the gods of the Sixteenth Heaven send people down..." Yunxi's voice tightened, "then the Judgment Hall won't be so easy to destroy."

David nodded.

"So, our plan has to change."

He stood up and walked to the map.

"Originally, we planned to launch a preemptive attack on the Judgment Hall. But now, we can't act rashly. If the gods of the Sixteenth Heaven really send people down, a hasty attack will only lead to our demise."

"We must relocate immediately. The Judgment Hall might already be on its way. We'll settle temporarily at the Loose Cultivator Alliance."

"At the same time, I will inform Ying Wuji to also lead people to the Loose Cultivator Alliance."

"Yunxi, inform your father that the Youyue Kingdom is no longer safe. Take all the resources and go to the Loose Cultivator Alliance."

"We must unite our forces and defend ourselves fiercely. We cannot allow the Judgment Hall to defeat us piecemeal."

David's face was serious. If the gods really sent pursuers down from the Sixteenth Heaven, they would be in danger.

"Alright, let's move out immediately!" Lang Hao and Yunxi nodded simultaneously!

Although many members of the Sirius tribe were reluctant to leave their homeland, they still left with all their resources in the face of life and death!

After receiving the news, Yunquan and Ying Wuji also immediately led their people towards the Loose Cultivator Alliance

## Chapter 6345

The Sirius tribe's camp was completely empty at dusk.

The twilight, like blood, dyed the wasteland a dark red.

A wind blew from afar, swirling up ashes and dust, like countless silent sighs.

The tents were gone, leaving only bare ground and wooden stakes deeply embedded in the earth.

The wooden fences were knocked down, lying haphazardly on the ground, some charred, others still emitting faint wisps of smoke.

Dried bloodstains, black and dark red, were everywhere, like scars on the earth. The air was thick with the stench of burning and blood, lingering for a long time.

Lang Hao stood in the center of the camp, gazing at the place where he had lived for thousands of years, silent for a long time.

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

His father was recuperating here, the old man who had been in a coma for three hundred years and had just been awakened by David. He was now being carried on a stretcher by several young orc warriors, walking at the head of the procession.

His son had grown up here, the young warrior who never returned from his first battle. His body lay buried on the hillside behind the camp, facing the wasteland, facing the land he had guarded his entire life.

His warriors trained here; every morning, the clash of battle axes and the roar of battle echoed across the wasteland.

His people laughed here; children chased and played among the tents, women sang around the campfire, and elders sat at the tent entrances, telling ancient stories.

Now, it was all over.

Not destroyed by the gods, but given up by themselves.

"Let's go," David said softly as he walked to his side. "We'll come back."

His blue robe fluttered slightly in the evening breeze, and the Dragon Slayer Sword hanging at his waist reflected a faint light in the setting sun.

His face was expressionless, but a hint of suppressed self-reproach flickered in his eyes. If it weren't for him, the Sirius tribe wouldn't have offended the Judgment Hall, wouldn't have been forced to abandon their homeland, and wouldn't have suffered so many deaths.

Lang Hao turned to look at him, remaining silent for a moment.

Then, he smiled. The smile was faint, but sincere. "You're right, they'll come back." He reached out and patted David's shoulder. "Don't think too much. The people of the Sirius tribe never regret anything."

He turned and strode towards the group. His back appeared somewhat hunched in the twilight, but every step was steady.

Behind him, the beastmen warriors formed a long line, carrying packs and supporting the wounded, heading towards the Loose Cultivator Alliance.

No one spoke; only the sounds of footsteps and wheels echoed in the twilight.

Some glanced back at the camp, their eyes filled with reluctance; some lowered their heads, staring at the road beneath their feet, afraid to look up; some bit their lips, forcing back tears. But none of them stopped.

Yun Xi led the ghost warriors at the very front of the group.

Her face was calm, but a hint of suppressed exhaustion lingered in her eyes.

Her left shoulder was still wrapped in bandages, stained with faint blood.

Her demonic blade hung at her waist, its black light dimmed considerably; the battle had severely depleted her spiritual energy, and she hadn't fully recovered.

But she didn't complain or groan.

She was the princess of Youyue Kingdom, the leader of these demon warriors; she couldn't fall.

The demon warriors of Youyue Kingdom followed behind her, their armor worn and their weapons shabby, but each one stood ramrod straight.

They were a race hunted by the gods for millennia, hiding in the darkness, barely surviving, believing their lives would end there.

But now, they no longer hid.

They stood up, in the sunlight, on the battlefield, beside those willing to fight alongside them.

Ying Wuji, leading the demon cultivators of the Shadow Palace, arrived from another route, meeting them halfway.

His face was grim; the Shadow Palace, built over thousands of years, was being abandoned so easily—it pained him. His black robe was still stained with golden blood from the battle at the North Mine, and his right hand trembled slightly.

It was an old wound left by Lei Zhentian's holy light, which ached faintly on cloudy days.

But he did not hesitate. He knew David was right; if the gods of the Sixteenth Heaven really sent people down, dividing their forces to defend would only lead to their defeat one by one.

He waved his hand, and the demon cultivators behind him silently merged into the ranks.

Everyone was moving in the same direction.

Loose Cultivator Alliance, Cloud City.

...

Cloud City was a city floating in the air, shrouded in clouds and mist year-round. From the ground, only a faint outline could be seen.

The city's foundation was forged from extraterrestrial meteorite iron, covered with densely packed runes that shimmered with a faint blue light in the clouds, like countless fireflies.

The city was not large, only a few dozen miles in circumference, but its walls were sturdy, heavily fortified, and easy to defend.

The city walls were built of black stone, engraved with defensive runes, each rune imbued with the power of ancient warriors.

The city gates were cast in iron, three feet thick, inlaid with several fist-sized spirit stones that emitted a faint glow.

Feng Qingzi stood at the city gate, watching the processions surging in from all directions, his face grave.

He still gripped his broken sword, its blade riddled with nicks, the cloth strip on the hilt soaked with sweat.

Behind him, disciples of the Loose Cultivator Alliance stood in formation on the city walls, weapons in hand, their eyes filled with tension and vigilance.

They had never seen so many people before—beastmen, ghosts, demons, humans—cultivators of different races gathered together, their armor varied, their weapons diverse, but each one's eyes shone with the same light: survival.

"Elder Feng Qingzi, everyone's here,"

a disciple of the Loose Cultivator Alliance ran up, panting.

His face was covered in sweat, and a scar on his forehead, burned by holy light, was still oozing blood.

Feng Qingzi nodded and turned to walk into the city.

His steps were quick, but his back was somewhat hunched.

The Loose Cultivator Alliance had survived for thousands of years in the cracks, relying on not offending or provoking anyone.

But now, he had chosen to take sides, chosen to be an enemy of the Judgment Hall.

He didn't know if this choice was right or wrong, but he didn't regret it.

The council hall was crowded with people.

Lang Hao, Yun Xi, Ying Wuji, Yun Quan, Han Shuang, Jiang Xuelan, and Chu Tianxing, the old man who had escaped from the Sixteenth Heaven, a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank.

His silver-white hair was somewhat disheveled, and there were still several unhealed wounds on his face, but his eyes were bright, as bright as stars in the night.

David stood in front of the map, his fingers lightly tapping the table.

His brows were slightly furrowed, his gaze wandering over the map, his mind racing.

His injuries had healed, and his Chaos Power had recovered most of its strength, but he knew that this was far from enough.

They had received news that the Divine Race had sent five True Immortals of the Eighth Rank from the Sixteenth Heaven.

The Judgment Venerable was a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank, as were the five Upper Realm Divine Clan cultivators. Although their cultivation levels were the same, the strength of the Upper Realm cultivators was far superior to that of the Lower Realm.

He, however, was only at the peak of the Ninth Rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. He

was a whole major realm below them.