

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6346

"Everyone's here. Let me explain the current situation." His voice was calm, but every word carried weight.

All eyes were on him.

"Cloud City is our last stronghold. The walls are sturdy, the restrictions are numerous, making it easy to defend and difficult to attack. But we lack manpower and experts. The Judgment Hall has three thousand Divine Race cultivators, a Judgment Venerable, and five True Immortals at the eighth rank, pursuers from the Sixteenth Heaven. We..."

He glanced at Chu Tianxing.

"We have friends who escaped from the Sixteenth Heaven. But their injuries haven't healed, and not many can fight."

Chu Tianxing stood up, clasped his hands, and said, "Young friend David is right. Although our injuries haven't healed, if the Divine Race attacks, we won't stand idly by."

His voice was hoarse, but firm.

The dozens of human cultivators behind him nodded, their eyes filled with fighting spirit.

David nodded and continued, "Therefore, our strategy is defense, not offense. Hold Cloud City and wait for my strength to break through."

He paused, his voice calm and firm.

"I need to break through to the True Immortal Realm."

The council hall fell silent.

Everyone knew David was right.

Only his Chaos Power could restrain the Holy Light of the Divine Race, only he could fight against the Judgment Venerable.

If he couldn't break through, Cloud City couldn't be defended.

"What do you need?" Lang Hao was the first to speak.

His voice was loud, making the teacups on the table tremble slightly.

"Resources,"

David said, "Crystals, pills, spiritual herbs, anything that can improve cultivation." Chen

Ping knew that with his cultivation level rising, he needed a massive amount of resources.

Lang Hao stood up: "All the resources of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe are yours."

He took out a storage ring from his robes and placed it on the table.

The storage ring was old, covered in scratches, but what was inside was the Heavenly Wolf Tribe's savings accumulated over thousands of years.

Yun Xi also stood up: "All the resources of the Youyue Kingdom are yours."

She took out a black storage ring and placed it on the table.

That was the last remaining asset of the Youyue Kingdom. The Ghost Race had been hunted down for thousands of years, and there wasn't much left, but Yun Xi didn't hesitate.

Ying Wuji nodded: "The resources of the Shadow Palace are yours too."

He took out a silver-white storage ring from his sleeve and placed it on the table.

His fingers lingered on the ring for a moment; it represented ten thousand years of accumulation for the Shadow Palace, but he knew that if he couldn't protect it, these things would be useless.

Feng Qingzi sighed: "Although the Loose Cultivator Alliance is poor, we'll give you everything we can."

He took out a cyan storage ring from his robes and placed it on the table.

Most of the disciples in the Loose Cultivator Alliance were desperate rogue cultivators with little savings, but Feng Qingzi still turned the alliance's treasury upside down.

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak, but simply took out a storage ring from her sleeve and placed it on the table.

It contained all the resources of the Ice God Palace, gathered from the disciples who had awakened their bloodlines.

Her fingers gently caressed the ring, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes.

The Ice God Palace had just been rebuilt and had nothing; these resources were what she had painstakingly accumulated.

But she also knew that if she couldn't protect them, the Ice God Palace would truly be finished.

David stared at the storage rings on the table, remaining silent for a moment.

His gaze shifted from one ring to another, a complex mix of emotions welling up within him.

These resources represented the accumulated wealth of these forces over thousands, even tens of thousands of years. They had placed all their hopes on him.

"Thank you," he said softly, yet with profound weight.

He picked up the storage rings, turned, and left the council hall.

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David found a secret chamber beneath Cloud City.

The chamber was small, only a few feet in diameter, but its walls were thick, its defenses tight, and it was remarkably quiet.

The walls were forged from extraterrestrial meteorite iron, covered with defensive runes that shimmered with a faint blue light in the darkness. The ground was flat rock, covered with a thick carpet of animal hides, soft and silent underfoot.

He sat cross-legged, placing the Demon-Suppressing Tower before him.

The tower doors opened, and an ancient aura surged forth.

The aura was desolate and heavy, like a call from the distant past.

He took a deep breath and leaped into the tower.

Inside, crystals were piled up like small mountains. Resources

from the Sirius Tribe, the Nether Moon Kingdom, the Shadow Palace, the Loose Cultivator Alliance, and the Ice God Palace—

all concentrated here, enough for a True Immortal cultivator to cultivate for thousands of years.

The light from the crystals illuminated the entire tower, crimson, ice blue, purplish-black, bluish-white, and golden—a kaleidoscope of colors intertwined, like a dreamlike fairyland.

David gazed at the crystals, silent for a moment.

Then, he closed his eyes and placed his hands on the pile of crystals.

Chaotic power circulated within him, and purple light surged forth, illuminating the entire tower.

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

This energy coursed through his meridians into his dantian, where it was absorbed, transformed, and fused with the power of chaos, becoming his own power.

One crystal, drained dry, turned into grayish-white powder, falling softly from between his fingers.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand. The powder piled up before him like a small mountain, grayish-white like snow.

His meridians expanded and strengthened under the impact of the spiritual energy.

Each surge of spiritual energy was like a flood roaring in a river, widening the banks little by little.

Pain was inevitable, but David had grown accustomed to it.

He gritted his teeth, remaining silent, letting the spiritual energy rampage through his body.

The vortex of chaotic energy in his dantian spun faster and larger.

What was originally the size of a fist had now become the size of a bowl, with purple light flowing within, like a rotating galaxy.

At the center of the vortex, the Chaos Flame burned silently, its purple and gold hues intertwined, its temperature high enough to melt everything, yet it remained serene within his dantian, like a sleeping phoenix.

Time flowed silently within the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Ten days, twenty days, thirty days.

His cultivation, starting from the peak of the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, began its ascent.

The thin membrane, under the constant impact of spiritual energy, began to crack.

With each impact, another crack appeared, each accompanied by a sharp pain, but David did not stop.

Fifty days later, the membrane shattered.

David's body shuddered violently, an unprecedented power surging forth from within him.

The purple chaotic energy transformed into a pillar of light shooting into the sky, causing the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower to vibrate and hum.

The runes on the tower walls flickered violently, as if cheering, or perhaps trembling.

True Immortal Realm.

He had finally broken through.

But he did not stop. There were still many resources. He was still absorbing crystals, spiritual energy was still flowing in, and his cultivation was still improving.

True Immortal Realm, First Grade, Early Stage, Middle Stage, Late Stage, Peak.

True Immortal Realm, Second Grade.

He opened his eyes and looked down at his hands.

Purple light flowed in his palms, more condensed and purer than before.

He could feel that every inch of flesh, every bone, and every meridian had been tempered by the power of chaos, as tough as refined steel.

He could feel that the vortex of chaotic power in his dantian was several times larger than before, rotating faster, and containing even greater power.

He could feel that the chaotic fire was more intense than before, and the source of lightning was more violent than before.

He clenched his fist, and purple light condensed in his palm, transforming into a purple fire sword.

Golden patterns flowed on the fire sword, and the temperature was so high that the surrounding air began to distort.

He sheathed the fire sword and took a deep breath. Just as David was in seclusion, the Judgment Venerable, accompanied by five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators, arrived at the Sirius Tribe.

Five silver-white streaks of light flashed across the sky, like five shooting stars, trailing long, fiery tails, landing on the ruins of the Sirius Tribe camp.

The man with long silver hair surveyed his surroundings, his brows slightly furrowed.

His spear twirled gently in his hand, the silver tip gleaming with a blinding cold light in the twilight.

"Empty?"

The Judgment Venerable's expression was grim.

His wounds hadn't fully healed; the gash in his chest still throbbed.

He stepped forward, looking at the dismantled tents, the toppled wooden fences, and the dried bloodstains, a bad premonition rising within him.

His steps faltered; the battle three days prior had severely depleted his spiritual energy, and he hadn't recovered yet.

"They...ran away."

The captain's eyes narrowed. "Ran away?"

"Yes...yes." The Judgment Venerable's voice trembled, cold sweat beading on his forehead. "They probably received word and moved ahead of time."

The captain was silent for a moment, then let out a cold laugh.

The smile was cold, so cold it seemed to lower the surrounding temperature. "You've gone through all this trouble just to show us an empty camp?"

Cold sweat beaded on the Arbiter's forehead as he quickly bowed, saying, "Senior, please calm down. They must still be in the Fifteenth Heaven. I know where they might be..."

"Then lead the way." The captain's voice was icy. "Don't waste any more of our time."

The Arbiter nodded hastily and led the five towards the Shadow Palace.

The Shadow Palace was empty.

The underground palace of Shadow Abyss was deserted.

The secret chambers had been emptied, the restrictions closed, and even the stone doors remained ajar.

The black throne stood alone in the empty hall, as if mocking them.

The mineral stones embedded in the dome still glowed, their eerie blue light illuminating the deserted corridors.

The Arbiter's expression darkened further. "They... they've even abandoned the Shadow Palace."

The captain's patience had reached its limit. "Where else?"

"The Nethermoon Kingdom... there might still be people in the Nethermoon Kingdom."

The Arbiter, leading his five companions, flew to the Nethermoon Kingdom deep within the Netherworld Mountains.

The ancient city was empty.

The streets were deserted, the stone halls were empty, even the runes on the city walls had faded.

Only the sound of the wind blowing through the ruins, a mournful wail, like weeping.

A black flag still flew at the city gate, embroidered with the emblem of the Nethermoon Kingdom, fluttering in the wind, as if saying: We've left, but we will return.

The captain's face turned completely grim. "Arbiter, are you playing us?"

The Arbiter knelt on the ground with a thud, trembling all over.

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His forehead pressed to the ground, he dared not raise his head.

"Senior, this junior dares not! They must still be in the Fifteenth Heaven! They must have gone to the Loose Cultivator Alliance! The headquarters of the Loose Cultivator Alliance is in Cloud City, a city floating in the air! That must be their last stronghold!" the Judgment Venerable said respectfully.

The captain looked at him, silent for a long time.

Then, he turned around and said to the four people behind him, "Let's go.

To the Loose Cultivator Alliance." Five silver-white streaks of light streaked across the sky again, flying towards the direction of the Loose Cultivator Alliance.

The Judgment Venerable got up from the ground, wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and hurriedly followed.

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Cloud City.

Feng Qingzi stood on the city wall, looking at the distant horizon.

His brows were furrowed, and the broken sword in his hand trembled slightly. His hand was shaking, not because of fear, but because he knew that it had come.

In the distance, golden light was shining.

That was not the light of the sun, but holy light, the holy light of the divine cultivators.

Thousands upon thousands of holy lights gathered together, dyeing the entire sky a dazzling gold.

The golden light rose from the horizon, growing brighter and closer, like a golden ocean surging towards them.

The Arbiter stood at the forefront, his golden robes fluttering in the wind.

Behind him were three thousand elite divine warriors, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the third rank of True Immortal, their armor gleaming, their spears sharp.

Behind them were five upper-realm divine cultivators, their silver armor gleaming in the sunlight, their weapons gleaming with a blinding cold light.

They were unscathed, their clothes not even wrinkled; these were sixteenth-level Heavenly experts, their strength indeed far surpassing that of those in the lower realms.

Feng Qingzi's face turned deathly pale.

He had lived for thousands of years, witnessing countless storms, but at this moment, his legs trembled slightly.

"Three thousand troops... and five from the upper realm..." His voice trembled, but he took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

He turned and shouted to the cultivators on the city wall, "Everyone, prepare for battle!"

Lang Hao gripped his battle axe, standing at the very front of the city wall. His injuries hadn't fully healed; his left arm was still in a sling, but his eyes shone brightly.

Behind him stood over two hundred beastmen warriors, each one burning with fighting spirit.

Yun Xi stood beside him, her ghost blade twirling gently in her hand.

Her left shoulder still throbbed, but she didn't retreat.

Behind her were over a hundred ghost warriors, their armor tattered, their weapons worn, but each one stood ramrod straight.

Ying Wuji stood on the city wall, black chaotic demonic energy surging around him.

His eyes held no fear, only a fighting spirit suppressed for too long.

Behind him were over three hundred demon cultivators, each with a cultivation level above True Immortal.

Yun Quan led the ghost warriors of Youyue Kingdom, guarding the city gate.

His body trembled, but his back remained ramrod straight.

Behind him were the elderly, the weak, women, and children; they couldn't fight, but they refused to hide behind.

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Jiang Xuelan stood atop the highest point of the city wall, icy blue divine light swirling in her palm.

Behind her stood the 137 disciples of the Ice God Palace, each with a burning flame in their eyes.

They had only recently awakened their bloodlines, their cultivation still unstable, yet not one of them flinched.

Chu Tianxing stood at the entrance of the council hall, a cold glint flashing in his eyes as he looked at the five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators in the distance.

He gripped a longsword, its blade shimmering with a dazzling silver light.

Behind him were the dozens of human cultivators who had escaped from the Sixteenth Heaven, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of True Immortal.

Their wounds were still fresh, bandages wrapped around their bodies, but their eyes shone brightly.

"The Sixteenth Heaven... lackeys of the God Clan Alliance." Chu Tianxing's voice was soft, but each word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth.

He tightened his grip on his longsword, turning to the dozens of human cultivators behind him and saying, "Brothers, are you ready?"

"Ready!" The voices of the dozens of people were unified and resolute.

The Arbiter stood in the void, gazing at Cloud City, his voice booming like thunder, "David, hand over David! I might spare your lives!"

No one answered from the city walls.

Feng Qingzi gripped his broken sword, coldly staring at him. Lang Hao tightened his grip on his battle axe, his eyes filled with killing intent.

Yun Xi's Ghost Blade spun gently in her hand, black light flowing across its blade.

Ying Wuji's black chaotic demonic energy surged around him, like a sleeping black dragon.

The Arbiter's face darkened. "Don't hand him over? Then die."

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

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

"Attack!"

Three thousand divine cultivators attacked simultaneously, golden holy light surging towards Cloud City like a tidal wave.

From the city walls, Feng Qingzi shouted, "Defend!"

All the restrictions of the Loose Cultivator Alliance activated, a golden light curtain enveloping the entire city.

The runes on the light barrier were densely packed, like countless eyes, flickering under the impact of the holy light.

The first wave of attack was blocked. The golden holy light crashed into the barrier, unleashing a deafening roar; the barrier trembled violently, but did not shatter.

The second wave of attack caused cracks to appear in the barrier. The cracks spread outwards like a spiderweb, and golden light shone through, dyeing the entire sky a dark gold.

The third wave of attack shattered the barrier. Golden fragments scattered in all directions, like countless golden butterflies fluttering in the air.

Golden holy light poured down on the city walls like a torrential rain, sending debris flying and dust billowing into the sky.

The cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance hid behind the city walls, using shields to block the holy light. Some were struck and fell into pools of blood.

Some were blasted away, crashing off the city walls and landing heavily on the ground, never to rise again.

Lang Hao charged at the forefront.

His battle axe spun in his hand, shattering the holy light and severing the light blades.

His body was scorched by the holy light, his flesh charred black, but he did not retreat.

Behind him were his people, his brothers, and those who believed in him.

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

Her swordsmanship was cunning and ruthless, each strike aimed at the vital points of the divine cultivator. Blood still flowed from her left shoulder, her face as white as paper, but her sword moved swiftly.

One strike, and a divine cultivator fell. Two strikes, two more. Three strikes, three more.

Ying Wuji's black chaotic demonic energy surged across the battlefield. With a single palm strike, a black palm print sent 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.

Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light bloomed on the city wall, freezing the charging divine cultivators into ice sculptures.

Her face was pale, her spiritual energy rapidly depleting, but she did not stop.

Behind her, the disciples of the Ice God Palace were also fighting, icy blue light rising and falling on the city wall like countless ice flowers blooming.

The battle lasted for an entire day.

The divine attacks came wave after wave, relentlessly.

The defenses of Cloud City were torn apart time and time again, only to be breached again and again.

Beneath the city walls, corpses piled up like mountains—gods, beastmen, ghosts, demons, and humans.

Blood stained the walls, turning the gray rocks a dark red.

Lang Hao had seven or eight new wounds.

His left arm was completely useless; he could only grip his battle axe with his right hand.

His chest was pierced by holy light, blood streaming down his armor and dripping onto the ground, forming a small pool.

But his eyes still shone brightly, and his battle axe remained in his hand.

Yun Xi's left shoulder wound reopened, blood staining most of her clothes.

Her ghostly blade was broken in half, but she continued fighting.

She pierced the throat of a god cultivator with the broken sword, then turned and pierced another.

Her face was covered in blood, indistinguishable between her own and her enemy's.

Ying Wuji's black robe was torn to shreds by holy light, his body covered in charred wounds.

His spiritual power was mostly depleted, but fear remained in his eyes.

He stood on the city wall like a black statue, striking out with each palm, sending the charging divine cultivators flying one by one.

Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light had dimmed considerably; her breathing was rapid and erratic, yet ice needles still coalesced in her hands.

A trace of blood trickled from the corner of her mouth; she too had been struck by the holy light, but she did not retreat.

The cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance suffered heavy casualties.

Almost all cultivators below the fourth rank of True Immortal were dead or wounded, and many cultivators above the fourth rank of True Immortal also suffered significant losses.

Feng Qingzi's broken sword was completely shattered; he stood bare-handed on the city wall, using his spiritual power to condense light blades to fight the divine cultivators.

His body was covered in wounds, but his eyes still shone brightly.

On the city wall, a young cultivator from the Loose Cultivator Alliance was pierced through the chest by a divine cultivator's sword and fell to the ground.

His eyes were still open, looking at the sky, a trace of resentment on his lips.

He still clutched a broken sword in his hand, its blade stained with golden blood.

Beside him, another cultivator from the Loose Cultivator Alliance rushed forward, grabbing the leg of the Divine Clan cultivator to buy time for his companion.

The Divine Clan cultivator slashed down with his sword, his head rolling to the ground, blood gushing out and splattering onto the city wall, leaving a long trail of blood.

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Seeing this, Lang Hao's eyes reddened.

His teeth clenched so tightly they rattled, and his fists clenched so hard they cracked.

"I'll fight you to the death!"

He raised his battle axe and charged towards the Judgment Venerable.

He staggered, his body swaying, but his eyes were filled with killing intent.

He wanted to kill the Judgment Venerable; he wanted revenge for his fallen brothers.

But before he could take more than a few steps, a silver-white light descended from the sky, blasting him away.

The light was as fast as lightning; Lang Hao didn't even have time to react before it struck him in the chest.

He felt his sternum shatter, his internal organs churning, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Lang Hao crashed heavily to the ground, blood gushing from his mouth.

His battle axe was stuck in the ground beside him, its blade chipped and broken.

His eyes were still open, but his body was paralyzed.

The captain with the long silver hair stood in the void, looking down at Lang Hao, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

His spear was still stained with Lang Hao's blood, the silver tip now dark red.

"Ants." His voice was cold, chilling to the bone.

He raised his spear, ready to end Lang Hao's life.

A blinding silver light condensed at the spear tip, growing brighter and brighter, illuminating the entire city wall.

Just then, an aged voice came from within the city.

"Stop!"

A silver-white sword beam flew out from the city, striking the captain's spear.

The sword beam collided with the spear, unleashing a deafening roar.

The captain was knocked back several steps, nearly dropping his spear.

A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes; the power of this sword was no weaker than his own.

Chu Tianxing walked out of the city.

His silver-white hair fluttered in the wind, and he held a longsword in his hand, its blade shimmering with a blinding silver light.

Behind him followed dozens of human cultivators, each with a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of True Immortal.

They were still bandaged, some bleeding, but their eyes shone brightly.

The captain's eyes narrowed. "Chu Tianxing? You really are here."

Chu Tianxing looked at him, his voice icy. "A lackey of the Divine Alliance, you're quick to catch me."

The captain sneered. "Traitor, you think you're safe just because you've escaped to the lower realm?"

Chu Tianxing didn't answer.

He raised his longsword, pointing it at the captain.

"Brothers, attack!"

Dozens of human cultivators attacked simultaneously. Silver-white sword light, black demonic energy, blood-red axe light, and icy blue divine light intertwined on the battlefield, creating a magnificent spectacle.

Although their cultivation was inferior to the five upper realm divine cultivators, their numbers and perfect coordination allowed them to entangle the five for a time.

The captain's face darkened. "You're courting death!"

His spear erupted with a blinding silver light as he thrust it towards Chu Tianxing's chest.

Chu Tianxing dodged to the side, slashing at his shoulder with his sword.

The two clashed, their figures flashing through the void, too fast to see clearly. Silver-white sword light clashed with silver-white spear light, each impact unleashing a deafening roar.

The situation on the battlefield temporarily stabilized.

But everyone knew this was only temporary.

The five upper-realm god-race cultivators were too powerful; Chu Tianxing and his group couldn't hold out for long.

Their injuries hadn't healed, and their spiritual energy was insufficient; they could only barely hold off the five.

If it dragged on, they would surely be defeated.

Just then, a purple light shot up from beneath Cloud City.

The light was dazzling yet warm, enveloping the entire city.

The cultivators on the city walls felt a warm power surge into their bodies; their wounds healed, their spiritual energy recovered, and their fatigue dissipated.

The light contained chaotic power, suppressing all forces and healing all wounds.

Everyone was stunned.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, watching the purple light, tears welling up in his eyes.

His chest wound was healing, the broken bone in his left arm was set, and his spiritual energy was recovering. He knew that David had emerged from seclusion.

"David..." His voice was hoarse, but tinged with a smile.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, watching the purple light, a slight smile playing on her lips.

The wound on her left shoulder was healing, her spiritual power was recovering, and her fatigue was dissipating. "Finally out of seclusion." Her voice was soft, but carried an indescribable sense of relief.

Jiang Xuelan looked at the purple light, a surge of inexplicable emotions welling up within her.

She remembered that night under the Tree of Life, remembered the man who almost died to save her.

He always appeared at the most crucial moment.

Ying Wuji looked at the purple light, a flicker of anticipation in his eyes.

He wanted to know what realm David had broken through to.

First Rank of True Immortal Realm?

Or Second Rank?

Could he defeat those five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators?

Feng Qingzi looked at the purple light and let out a long breath.

His broken sword was completely shattered; he stood empty-handed on the city wall, covered in wounds.

But at this moment, he smiled. He knew they had hope.

Chu Tianxing stared at the purple light, his pupils contracting slightly.

He could sense that the chaotic power contained within that light was several times stronger than before.

“Chaotic power... True Immortal Realm, Second Grade... Good lad.” His voice was soft, but tinged with a hint of satisfaction.

The purple light gradually dissipated.

David emerged from underground, his cyan robe fluttering in the wind, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist reflecting a faint light in the sunlight.

Purple chaotic power swirled around him; the light wasn't violent, but tranquil, like a sleeping dragon.

His eyes were purple, his pupils seemingly containing swirling stars.

He walked to the city wall, looking at the cultivators still fighting, at the corpses lying in pools of blood, at the warriors still fighting desperately.

His fists clenched, his nails digging into his palms.

“I'm sorry, I'm late.”

His voice was soft, but every word struck like a hammer blow to everyone's heart.

He leaped into the air, transforming into a streak of purple light, and flew towards the center of the battlefield.

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A deep purple, chaotic stream of light tore through thick clouds like a doomsday comet, slicing through the deathly silence of the sky.

Its tail, carrying annihilating purple lightning and swirling gray mist, crashed towards the center of the battlefield, littered with corpses, like the furious roar of an ancient demon god awakening .

The air ignited from the high-speed friction, leaving a purple streak across the heavens and earth, even distorting spacetime slightly under its power.

Like a meteor falling to earth, it trailed a long, fiery tail as it flew towards the center of the battlefield.

The purple light was intensely bright, blindingly so, that all other radiance paled in comparison.

The golden holy light, the pride of the gods, paled in comparison, and the sharp, silvery spear light in the hands of cultivators appeared weak and feeble, as if it might be completely swallowed by this domineering purple power at any moment.

It was so bright that even the golden holy light paled in comparison, so bright that even the silvery spear light seemed dim.

In an instant, the entire sky was enveloped in a dense, impenetrable deep purple, like a purple sun bearing the essence of chaos rising from the depths of Cloud City, hanging high in the heavens. Its oppressive power swept across all directions, causing the laws of the entire fifteenth heaven to tremble slightly, as if paying homage to this supreme power.

It was as if a purple sun had risen from beneath Cloud City, hanging in the sky.

All the surviving beings on the battlefield, regardless of race, faction, or the severity of their injuries, all had their eyes uncontrollably drawn to that purple streak of light. Hearts stopped, breaths ceased, and only that purple trajectory that pierced through despair remained in the world...

The cultivators of the divine race stopped their attacks, raised their heads, and looked at the purple light, their eyes filled with terror.

Their legs trembled uncontrollably, their divine weapons trembled slightly, as if they were afraid of the world-destroying pressure brought by the purple figure, an irresistible surrender and despair rising in their hearts.

The warriors of the beast race gripped their battle axes tightly, their eyes filled with hope.

The long-suppressed resentment and despair vanished instantly. Veins bulged on his arms, gripping his battle axe, and his eyes burned with the flames of revenge, as if he saw the dawn of victory.

The demon warriors straightened their backs, their eyes filled with excitement. The demonic energy surging around the demon cultivators calmed, their eyes filled with anticipation. The

human cultivators gripped their longswords, their eyes filled with admiration.

David landed in the center of the battlefield, his feet slamming into the ground, creating two deep craters.

Debris flew, dust billowed, and a purple shockwave emanated from him, blasting away the surrounding divine cultivators.

Those divine cultivators tumbled several times in the air before crashing heavily to the ground, spitting blood, unable to rise again.

He straightened up, raised his head, and his purple eyes swept across the battlefield.

Wherever his gaze fell, the divine cultivators involuntarily took a step back.

His gaze held no emotion, only a chilling indifference that sent shivers down one's spine.

He stared at the corpses lying in pools of blood—beastmen, ghosts, demons, humans—old and young, some he knew, some he didn't.

His fists clenched, nails digging into his palms, blood dripping from between his fingers.

His knuckles turned white, sharp nails embedded deep in flesh, hot blood slowly dripping down, splashing onto the blood-stained ground, creating tiny sprays. An endless surge of rage and sorrow welled up within him.

His gaze fell on Lang Hao.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, covered in blood, his left arm severed, his chest pierced, his battle axe embedded in the ground beside him, its blade chipped and broken.

His eyes were still open, looking at David, a faint smile playing on his lips.

His lips moved, but no sound came out, yet David understood: kill.

His gaze then fell on Yun Xi.