

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6351

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, blood still flowing from the wound on her left shoulder. Her ghost blade was broken in half, and her face was covered in blood.

Her eyes were red, but she didn't cry.

She looked at David and nodded slightly.

His gaze fell on Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the highest point of the city wall. The icy blue divine light had dimmed considerably. Her face was as pale as paper, and a trace of blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

She looked at David without speaking, but there was an indescribable emotion in her eyes—trust, expectation, or something else entirely.

David withdrew his gaze, lowered his head, and looked at his hands.

Purple chaotic power flowed in his palms, more condensed and pure than before.

He could feel an unprecedented power surging within him, like a sleeping dragon opening its eyes, like a volcano that had been suppressed for too long finally finding an outlet.

David raised his head and looked at the Arbiter Venerable.

The Arbiter Venerable stood in the void, his golden robe fluttering in the wind.

Behind him were three thousand elite members of the Divine Race, and beside him were five cultivators from the Upper Realm Divine Race.

His injuries hadn't healed yet; the wound on his chest still throbbed, but there was no fear in his eyes. He had three thousand soldiers and five powerful experts from the Upper Realm—what did he have to fear?

"David, you've finally emerged."

The Judgment Venerable's voice carried a hint of smugness. "You think breaking through to the second rank of True Immortal Realm is enough to win? I have three thousand soldiers and five eighth-rank True Immortal Realm seniors here. How many can you kill alone?"

He looked down at David condescendingly, his golden robes fluttering in the wind, confident in his control, his eyes filled with disdain for lower-realm cultivators and an arrogant sense of certain victory.

David remained silent.

Purple chaotic energy surged around him like a tide, his eyes as cold as ancient ice, the oppressive aura emanating from him growing stronger, causing the surrounding air to solidify and distort.

He drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The instant the sword was drawn, a purple sword beam shot into the sky, tearing a huge gash in the clouds.

Sunlight streamed through the crack, illuminating David and casting a long, long shadow.

The cracks on the Dragon-Slaying Sword had disappeared. While cultivating in the Demon-Suppressing Tower, he had nourished the sword with chaotic power, filling and repairing the cracks, making the blade smoother and sharper than before.

Purple light flowed across the blade, and the dragon patterns on the hilt were lifelike, as if they might fly off at any moment.

He gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly, purple chaotic power surging from his palm into the blade, making the light on the sword brighter and more dazzling, like a purple sun rising in his hand.

"Three thousand troops?" David's voice was calm. "I, one man and one sword, am enough."

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

The cultivators of the Divine Race changed their expressions. They sensed that this human cultivator at the second level of the True Immortal Realm possessed an aura even more terrifying than the Judgment Venerable.

It was an aura that suppressed all power, an aura that instilled fear in people to the very bone.

The Judgment Venerable's expression also changed. "You..." Before he could finish speaking, David moved. His

purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void, so fast that even a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank couldn't see it clearly.

Chaotic power erupted beneath David's feet, his figure transforming into a blurry purple shadow, breaking the sound barrier and spatial barriers with his speed.

Even the divine sense of an Eighth Rank True Immortal couldn't track his trajectory, leaving only a series of shattered spatial ripples. In the next instant,

he hovered above the three thousand divine army like a demon god, his pressure crashing down like an ancient mountain.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword high above his head, a hundred-foot-long purple sword beam condensing on its blade.

Golden flames burned on the sword beam, purple lightning flashed, and gray reincarnation power flowed.

“This sword is for the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.”

He slashed down.

The purple sword beam, like divine punishment, slashed towards the divine army.

Where the purple sword beam swept, the hard spatial barriers were easily torn apart like thin paper, and the dark, deep spatial cracks expanded wildly.

A violent spatial turbulence and annihilation power surged within the fissure. Nearby divine cultivators didn't even have time to scream before being shredded into a bloody mist by the turbulence, their very souls crushed, revealing a pitch-black crack.

Terrifying spatial turbulence erupted from the fissure, sucking in surrounding divine cultivators and tearing them to shreds.

Golden holy light was like paper before the sword light, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated.

Boom!

The sword light struck the ground, cleaving a thousand-foot-long chasm, its depths unfathomable. Lava gushed from the fissure, engulfing the surrounding divine cultivators.

Hundreds of divine cultivators turned to ashes under this single sword strike, without even a chance to scream.

Everyone was stunned.

The battlefield was deathly silent, save for the churning lava and the hissing of the spatial fissure. Everyone stood frozen, their minds blank, unable to believe the horrifying scene before them.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, staring wide-eyed at the sight.

He knew David was strong, but he hadn't known David was this strong.

With a single sword strike, hundreds of Divine Race cultivators at the True Immortal Realm level three or higher were slain.

This was beyond mere "strength"; it was monstrous.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, her hand gripping the broken sword trembling slightly.

Her eyes were filled with shock, and a hint of indescribable emotion—pride.

Jiang Xuelan gazed at the purple sword light, a surge of inexplicable emotion welling up within her.

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

He always appeared at the most crucial moment, solving the most seemingly impossible problems in the most awe-inspiring way.

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

A glimmer of hope flashed in his eyes.

Five thousand years of hatred, five thousand years of resentment—perhaps today he could truly avenge them.

Feng Qingzi stood on the city wall, bare-handed, his body covered in wounds.

He looked at the purple sword light and smiled.

“Good lad.” His voice was soft, but carried an barely suppressed excitement.

Chu Tianxing was locked in combat with the captain when he saw this scene, and his longsword paused slightly.

A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes. A second-grade True Immortal Realm cultivator, slaying hundreds of cultivators at the third grade or higher with a single sword strike.

This young man was even stronger than he had imagined.

The captain’s face turned ashen. “You... just who are you?” David didn’t answer.

He turned around and looked at the five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators.

“You, come at me all at once.”

The captain’s eyes narrowed.

A strong unease rose in his heart. It wasn’t the pressure from the difference in cultivation level, but an absolute restraint on the level of life itself, the instinctive fear of encountering a natural enemy, as if he were facing not cultivators, but chaotic beasts.

He sensed a power within this True Immortal Realm Second Grade human cultivator that made him uneasy.

It wasn't the suppression of cultivation level, but something more fundamental, like a natural enemy, like destiny.

"Arrogant."

The captain sneered, pointing his spear at David, "You think killing a few small fry can make you stand against the five of us?"

The four behind him also gripped their weapons tightly.

One wielded twin swords, their blades shimmering with silver-white light; one wielded a greatsword, its blade engraved with ancient runes; one wielded a long whip, its surface covered in barbs; and one wielded a bow and arrow, a silver-white arrow nocked on the bowstring.

Five people, five True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivators, five powerful figures from the Sixteenth Heaven.

David looked at them, a slight smile playing on his lips. The smile was faint, almost imperceptible, but at that moment, everyone felt a chill.

"Five True Immortals at the eighth rank," David said calmly. "Not enough."

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

He thrust his spear forward, the silver-white spear light transforming into a silver dragon, baring its fangs and claws as it charged towards David.

Wherever the silver dragon passed, the air was torn apart, space distorted, and the ground was plowed with a deep trench.

David didn't dodge. He raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down.

The purple sword light collided with the silver-white dragon. There was no explosion, no loud noise. The silver-white dragon of laws crashed into the

purple sword light; there was no earth-shattering explosion, only silent crushing. The

Holy Light Laws of the Divine Race were like withered wood meeting a raging fire before the Chaos Origin, disintegrating, melting, and annihilating layer by layer. The silver dragon let out a mournful cry, shattering inch by inch, leaving not even a trace.

Instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated. The sword light continued forward, slashing towards the captain.

The captain's pupils contracted sharply. He strained to channel his spiritual power, conjuring a silver-white shield in front of him.

The sword light struck the shield, shattering it. He was thrown back dozens of steps, his hands split open, blood flowing down the shaft of his spear.

His face turned deathly pale. "You..."

Before he could finish speaking, the attacks from the four men arrived.

Twin blades unleashed two silver-white blade beams, attacking from both sides;

a greatsword unleashed a hundred-foot-long silver sword beam, cleaving down from the front;

a long whip transformed into a silver serpent, coiling around him from behind; an arrow, like a meteor, aimed straight for David's throat.

Four attacks, simultaneously from four directions.

David did not dodge. He stood still, the Dragon-Slaying Sword spinning in his hand, purple chaotic power surging from his body, forming a purple light shield around him.

The blade's edge shattered upon striking the light barrier; the sword's edge vanished upon hitting it;

the whip, coiled around the barrier, was scorched by the chaotic fire and broke inch by inch;

the arrow struck the barrier, turning into silvery-white powder.

Four deadly attacks, imbued with the full power of an eighth-grade True Immortal and the laws of the divine race, crashed down upon the purple light barrier. The blade's edge shattered, the sword's aura annihilated, and the whip was burned to ashes by the chaotic fire.

The arrow turned directly into specks of light. The light barrier remained unmoved; David stood within it, his robes unfurled, as if he had merely brushed away a few specks of dust...

The four men's faces turned deathly pale.

They had never seen such power before: a second-grade True Immortal, enduring the full force of four eighth-grade True Immortals, unscathed.

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David raised his head, looking at them. "I said, it's not enough."

He moved.

A purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing in front of the man wielding twin swords.

Before the man could react, the Dragon-Slaying Sword had already pierced his chest.

Purple chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting his body.

He let out a shrill scream, his body burning in the flames. Holy light was like paper before the chaotic fire, instantly swallowed up.

In the blink of an eye, he turned into a pile of ashes.

The first person, dead.

David pulled out the Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned to look at the man wielding the greatsword.

That man was terrified and hurriedly raised his greatsword to block.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword collided with the greatsword, and the greatsword, like rotten wood before the chaotic power, shattered instantly. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword continued downward, cleaving the man in two.

Golden blood gushed out, splattering on David's face, which he did not wipe away.

The second person, dead.

David turned around and looked at the man wielding the long whip.

The man was terrified and turned to run.

David raised his left hand, and a purple lightning spear materialized in his palm.

He hurled the spear, which moved with lightning speed, instantly catching up to the man, piercing his back and exiting through his chest.

The man's body froze in mid-air for a moment, then exploded into countless golden specks of light.

The third person was dead.

David looked at the last person, the one holding the bow and arrow.

The man had already drawn his bow, the arrow aimed at David's throat.

His hand trembled, his face filled with fear, but he still released the bowstring.

The arrow transformed into a silver-white light, shooting straight at David's throat.

David didn't dodge.

He raised two fingers and caught the arrow between them.

The arrow trembled at his fingertips, the silver-white light gradually dimming.

He casually tossed the arrow to the ground and looked at the man.

"Your turn."

The man's face turned deathly pale, his legs gave way, and he collapsed to the ground. "No...don't kill me...I surrender...I surrender..."

David looked at him and remained silent for a moment.

Then, he raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and brought it down.

The fourth person was dead.

Four True Immortals at the eighth rank from the Upper Realm God Clan were all killed in less than ten breaths from the moment David made his move.

From the moment he made his move to the moment he killed four eighth-rank True Immortals, it was so fast that even the divine senses of the crowd couldn't keep up. The purple figure darted across the battlefield, like a reaper of death, leaving no room for mercy.

The battlefield was deathly silent.

The wind stopped and the sound ceased, leaving only the sound of dripping blood and scattering ashes. The God Clan cultivators were ashen-faced, their fighting spirit completely shattered, and only endless fear remained in their hearts.

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

The God Clan cultivators' legs went weak; some collapsed to the ground, some turned and ran, and some knelt and begged for mercy. The Beast Clan warriors

gripped their battle axes tightly, their eyes filled with fanaticism.

The demon warriors straightened their backs, their eyes filled with excitement.

The demonic energy surging around the demon cultivators calmed, their eyes filled with admiration.

The human cultivators gripped their longswords tightly, their eyes filled with hope.

The long-suppressed resentment and despair vanished, the veins on their arms bulging as they gripped their battle axes, their eyes burning with the flames of revenge, as if they saw the dawn of victory.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, watching David's retreating figure, tears streaming down his face, "Good lad... good lad..."

His voice trembled, but he smiled. Yunxi stood on the city wall, her hand gripping the broken sword trembling slightly.

Her eyes were filled with tears, but a smile played on her lips. "You finally...finally..."

she murmured, unable to finish.

Jiang Xuelan watched David's retreating figure, a complex mix of emotions welling up within her.

Ying Wuji looked at David's back, a glint of light flashing in his dark eyes. "He is the hope of all of us."

Feng Qingzi stood on the city wall, bare-handed and covered in wounds.

He looked at David's back and smiled.

Chu Tianxing looked at David's back, his eyes filled with relief.

"The power of chaos...truly lives up to its reputation." His voice was soft, yet tinged with emotion.

The captain stood rooted to the spot, staring at the ashes and corpses of the four men, his face deathly pale.

His spear was still in his hand, but his grip trembled.

He had never seen anyone like this before—a second-grade True Immortal, slaying four eighth-grade True Immortals in less than ten breaths.

From the moment he made his move to the slaying of four eighth-rank True Immortals, it was so fast that even the divine senses of the crowd couldn't keep up. The purple figure darted across the battlefield like a reaper, leaving no survivors.

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

David turned around and looked at him.

"David."

The captain's pupils contracted slightly.

"You can't kill me."

The captain's voice trembled. "I'm from the Divine Alliance. If you kill me, the Divine Alliance won't let you go.

The experts from the Sixteenth Heaven will come down and slaughter you and all your friends."

David looked at him and remained silent for a moment.

Then, he smiled.

The smile was cold, so cold that it lowered the temperature around him.

"The Divine Alliance?" David's voice was calm. "When I go to the Sixteenth Heaven, I will go find them."

The captain's face changed completely. "You..."

Before he could finish speaking, David moved.

The purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void and instantly appeared in front of the captain.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword, carrying purple chaotic fire, pierced towards the captain's chest.

The captain desperately raised his spear to parry, the spear clashing with the Dragon-Slaying Sword with a deafening roar.

The spear, like rotten wood before the chaotic power, shattered instantly.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword continued forward, piercing the captain's chest.

Purple chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting the captain's body.

He let out a piercing scream, his body burning in the flames. His holy light, like paper before the chaotic fire, was instantly swallowed.

His eyes were wide open, unable to believe it even in death.

"You...you'll regret this..." His voice grew weaker and weaker, finally fading completely.

David pulled out the Dragon-Slaying Sword, turned around, and looked at the Judgment Venerable.

The Judgment Venerable stood in the void, his face deathly pale.

Behind him were three thousand elite Divine Race soldiers, but now, only two thousand remained.

David's sword had killed hundreds. Beside him were five Upper Realm Divine Race cultivators.

But now, all five were dead.

He held a golden longsword in his hand, but his hand trembled.

He never imagined he would fall to this state.

He was the number one figure in the Fifteenth Heaven, a powerful eighth-grade True Immortal.

He had ruled the Fifteenth Heaven for thousands of years, and no one had ever dared to challenge his authority.

But now, he had encountered David, a human cultivator at the second grade of the True Immortal realm, who had destroyed all his trump cards in less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn.

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"David..."

His voice trembled, "You can't kill me. I am the Lord of the Judgment Hall, I am the representative of the Divine Race in the Fifteenth Heaven. If you kill me, the Divine Race will not let you go."

David looked at him, silent for a moment.

His eyes were full of coldness, so cold that the Judgment Venerable's body trembled violently.

"The Divine Race will not let me go?" David's voice was very calm, "When did your Divine Race ever let me go?"

He raised the Dragon Slayer Sword, pointing it at the Judgment Venerable.

"From the moment you oppressed the Ghost Race in the Heavenly Fire Pit, from the moment you enslaved the Ice God lineage in the North Mine, from the moment you sent a large army to besiege the Heavenly Wolf Tribe, from the moment you killed so many innocent people, you should have known that this day would come."

The Judgment Venerable's face was pale.

"David, I can give you whatever you want. Crystals, pills, cultivation techniques, territory, whatever you want, I can give you. Half of the Judgment Hall's resources, no, all of them, I'll give them to you, just spare my life."

The Judgment Venerable began to beg for mercy.

The once high and mighty number one of the fifteen heavens was now deathly pale, his voice trembling, his posture humble, devoid of any dignity, wanting only to survive.

David shook his head, "I don't want your resources."

"Then what do you want?"

"I want your life."

A trace of despair flashed in the eyes of the Judgment Venerable.

He knew he couldn't escape today. But a ruthless glint also flashed in his eyes; since he couldn't escape, he would fight to the death.

"David, do you think you've already won?" The Judgment Venerable's voice became frantic, "I am a True Immortal of the eighth rank, and you are only a True Immortal of the second rank. Even if your Chaos Power restrains my Holy Light, I will not sit idly by and wait to die!"

He raised his golden longsword, and the holy light around him surged.

Golden light poured out from his body, dyeing the entire sky gold.

His hair turned golden, his eyes also turned golden, and his aura rose again, reaching the peak of the True Immortal of the eighth rank.

"Sword of Judgment, cut down all heretics!"

He swung his sword down, the golden sword light transforming into a thousand-foot-long blade of light, slashing towards David.

Where the blade of light passed, space was torn apart, revealing a pitch-black rift.

Terrifying spatial turbulence surged from the rift, sucking everything in its path and shredding it to pieces.

David did not dodge.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power condensing on its blade.

Chaotic fire, the source of lightning, and the source of space intertwined, transforming into a purple-gold sword beam.

Golden flames burned on the sword beam, purple lightning flashed, and gray spatial energy flowed.

"This sword is for all those you have killed,"

he said, slashing down.

The purple-gold sword beam collided with the golden blade of light.

There was no explosion, no loud noise; the golden blade of light was like paper before the chaotic power, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated. The

purple-gold sword beam continued forward, slashing towards the Judgment Venerable.

The Judgment Venerable's pupils suddenly contracted.

He exerted all his strength to activate his holy light, condensing a golden light shield before him.

The light shield had seven layers, each containing the supreme laws of the divine race.

The purplish-gold sword light struck the light shield.

The first layer shattered. The

second layer shattered.

The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh layers.

The sword light, like a red-hot iron rod piercing through butter, silently pierced through all seven layers of the light shield.

The purplish-gold sword light was unstoppable; each layer of the light shield, imbued with the supreme laws of the divine race, was pierced like paper, cracks spreading, laws collapsing, offering no resistance whatsoever.

Then, the sword light struck the Arbiter Venerable.

“Ah!”

The Arbiter Venerable let out a shrill scream.

His body burned in the chaotic fire; the holy light before the chaotic fire was like paper, instantly swallowed up.

His left arm was severed, his right leg charred, and his chest pierced through.

Golden blood gushed from the wounds, evaporated into golden mist by the flames.

His body plummeted from the sky, crashing heavily to the ground and creating a large crater.

His eyes remained open, staring at the sky, filled with resentment and fear.

“No... impossible...” His voice grew weaker and weaker, “I am the number one person of the Fifteenth Heaven... how could I...”

David landed beside him, looking down at him.

The purple light on the Dragon-Slaying Sword gradually dimmed, but the tip of the sword was still pressed against the Judgment Venerable’s throat.

"You are not the number one person of the Fifteenth Heaven." David's voice was calm, "You are just a coward who bullies the weak."

A trace of despair flashed in the Judgment Venerable's eyes.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

David raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and thrust it down.

Golden blood gushed from the Judgment Venerable's throat, staining the ground a dark gold.

His eyes were wide open, unable to believe it even in death.

The number one person of the Fifteenth Heaven, the Lord of the Judgment Hall, a powerful expert of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm—was dead.

The battlefield was deathly silent.

The wind died down, leaving only the sounds of dripping blood and scattering ashes. The divine cultivators were ashen-faced, their fighting spirit utterly shattered, replaced by boundless terror.

Everyone stared at David, at the young man standing beside the corpse of the Judgment Venerable.

His blue robes were stained with golden blood, his face smeared with blood, but his eyes shone brightly.

The divine cultivators collapsed.

They threw down their weapons and turned to flee.

Golden holy light scattered across the wasteland like startled fireflies.

No one chased them; they were no longer a threat.

The Judgment Venerable was dead, five upper-realm divine cultivators were dead, more than half of the three thousand-strong army had perished, and the Judgment Hall was finished.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, watching David's retreating figure, tears streaming down his face.

"We won...we won..." His voice trembled, but tinged with a smile.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, watching David's retreating figure, tears finally falling.

She bit her lip, trying not to cry out, but the tears flowed uncontrollably.

David stood in the center of the battlefield, watching the fleeing divine cultivators, the corpses lying in pools of blood, and his comrades still cheering.

His face was expressionless, his eyes devoid of joy.

He simply stood there, gripping the Dragon-Slaying Sword, gazing at the sky.

The setting sun dyed the entire wasteland a golden-red.

The wind swept across the battlefield, swirling up ashes and dust, like countless silent sighs.

"It's over," he said softly.

He turned and walked towards Cloud City.

On the city walls, Lang Hao, Yun Xi, Jiang Xuelan, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Chu Tianxing, and the surviving warriors all watched him.

Their eyes were filled with respect, gratitude, and hope.

David reached the foot of the city wall, raised his head, and looked at them.

"We won," he said softly, but every word carried weight.

On the city walls, cheers shook the heavens and the earth. The

roars of the beastmen, the shrieks of the ghosts, the growls of the demons, and the shouts of the humans—countless voices converged, soaring into the sky, shattering the remaining clouds, and echoing throughout the wasteland and the Cloud City.

"David! David! David!"

Beastmen warriors raised their battle axes, ghost warriors raised their demon blades, demon cultivators raised their longswords, and human cultivators raised their broken swords.

The voices of different races blended together, resounding across the entire wasteland.

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

Then, he walked into the city.

Behind him, the setting sun dyed the entire world golden-red.

The era of the Judgment Hall had ended.

Meanwhile, in the main hall of the Divine Alliance on the Sixteenth Heaven, five dim beams of light streaked across a curtain.

"Dead? They actually perished on the Fifteenth Heaven?" Wei Pengkun, the leader of the alliance, was filled with surprise and astonishment.

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Wei Pengkun sat in the main seat, his fingers lightly tapping the table.

He appeared to be in his forties, with a resolute face, sharp eyebrows, and bright eyes, his long black hair tied back.

He wore a deep purple robe embroidered with the emblem of the Divine Alliance, and carried a golden longsword with a silver dragon coiled around its blade.

His cultivation was at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, half a step into the legendary Golden Immortal Realm.

Wei Pengkun's eyes were filled with surprise and astonishment.

He couldn't understand it. In a place like the Fifteenth Heaven, the highest level was only the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, and the cultivators in the lower realms, whether in terms of cultivation techniques, magical treasures, or combat experience, were inferior to those of the same level in the Sixteenth Heaven.

The five people he had sent were all top-tier eighth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivators, each having experienced countless life-and-death battles.

How could they have died?

At whose hands did they die?

He closed his eyes, the images of those five people flashing through his mind.

The captain's cold, stern face, his silver-white spear; the dual-wielder's sharp swordsmanship; the greatsword master's ferocious strength; the whip-wielder's insidious moves; the archer's precise archery.

Together, these five could hold their own against even a ninth-grade True Immortal.

But in the fifteenth heaven, they died.

"Someone come here." His voice wasn't loud, but it carried clearly throughout the hall.

A Divine Clan cultivator strode in and knelt. "Alliance Leader."

"Summon the strategist."

"Yes."

A moment later, an old man entered the hall.

He wore a grey robe, his hair was gray, his face was thin, and his eyes were small but bright, like those of an owl in the night.

He held a whisk in his hand, the white threads on it fluttering gently in the breeze.

His cultivation was not high, only seventh-grade True Immortal, but within the Divine Clan Alliance, his position was second only to Wei Pengkun. He was the strategist, Wei Pengkun's most trusted advisor, named Zhuge Ming.

"Alliance Leader, you summoned me?" Zhuge Ming walked to the table, his gaze falling on the light screen, his pupils slightly contracting.

"They're dead." Wei Pengkun's voice was calm, but Zhuge Ming sensed the anger beneath.

Zhuce Ming was silent for a moment, then reached out and summoned a jade tablet from the light screen, examining it closely.

Cracks on the jade tablet spread outwards from the center, like a withered flower.

He placed the jade tablet on the table, looked up at Wei Pengkun.

"The Fifteenth Heaven?" His voice was soft.

"The Fifteenth Heaven." Wei Pengkun nodded. "I don't understand, who could kill them in a place like the Fifteenth Heaven?"

Zhuge Ming didn't answer immediately.

He walked to the star map, looked at the location of the Fifteenth Heaven, and remained silent for a long time.

"Alliance Leader, although the Fifteenth Heaven is a lower realm, it is not without powerful individuals."

His voice was soft. "The people we sent were to hunt down those rebellious individuals like Chu Tianxing. Chu Tianxing is a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank, but he is severely injured and cannot possibly be a match for five people. Therefore, the one who killed them was not Chu Tianxing."

"Then who was it?"

Zhuge Ming turned around and looked at Wei Pengkun.

"Alliance Leader, do you remember? The Lord of the Judgment Hall once contacted us using a summoning technique.

He said he encountered a powerful enemy in the Fifteenth Heaven, possessing the power of chaos, someone even an Upper Immortal could fight against."

Wei Pengkun's eyes narrowed. "You mean..."

"The power of chaos restrains all power."

Zhuge Ming's eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze flashing with an all-seeing light. "If that person breaks through, combined with the power of chaos, he might be able to kill five True Immortals of the Eighth Rank."

Wei Pengkun remained silent for a long time. "The power of chaos... how many years has it been since we last saw it?"

"The last time the power of chaos appeared was thirty thousand years ago." Zhuge Ming's voice carried a hint of emotion. "That person almost destroyed the Alliance of the Gods."

Wei Pengkun clenched his fist. "What happened to that person afterward?" "They were suppressed by the combined forces of the Alliance's Supreme Elders. But the Supreme Elders also paid a heavy price and are still in seclusion healing their wounds." Zhuge Ming looked at Wei Pengkun. "Alliance Leader, this person with the power of chaos cannot be allowed to live."

Wei Pengkun nodded. "I know. But we can't send anyone down rashly again. Five True Immortals at the eighth rank are already dead. If we send more people and they just die again, our losses will be too great."

"Alliance Leader, you mean..."

"Investigate first."

Wei Pengkun stood up and walked to the star map. "Send people skilled in stealth and reconnaissance to the Fifteenth Heaven. Not to hunt them down, but to investigate.

Find out how those five people died, find out what the situation is like in the Fifteenth Heaven now, find out who this person with the power of chaos is, what their cultivation level is, and what their background is." Zhuge Ming

nodded. "I'll arrange it now."

"Also," Wei Pengkun turned around and looked at Zhuge Ming, "Tell the people you send not to alert the enemy. Find out the truth and come back. No fighting is allowed."

"Yes."

Zhuce Ming turned and left the hall.

Wei Pengkun stood before the star map, gazing at the location of the fifteenth heaven, remaining silent for a long time.

"The power of chaos... interesting." His voice was soft, but a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

...

Cloud City.

After the battle, the entire city was immersed in revelry.

The bloodstains on the city walls hadn't dried, and the corpses beneath them hadn't been cleared away, but the survivors had already begun celebrating.

Beastmen warriors huddled around campfires, devouring meat and drinking wine, singing ancient war songs.

Ghost warriors huddled together, crying and laughing, reciting the names of those who had died in the battle.

Demon cultivators sat silently in corners, but their eyes no longer held fear, only the relief of surviving a catastrophe.

Human cultivators raised their wine cups, shouting David's name, their voices shaking the heavens and earth.

Feng Qingzi brought out all the wine from the storeroom and laid it out in the square, allowing everyone to drink freely.

Lang Hao's injuries hadn't healed; his left arm was still in a sling, but he had already drunk several bowls of wine, his face flushed red.

Yunxi sat on the city wall, watching the cheering crowd, a smile playing on her lips, but a hint of inexplicable weariness in her eyes.

Jiang Xuelan stood atop the highest point of the wall, icy blue divine light flowing in her palm. Her injuries hadn't fully healed, but she didn't rest; she watched David.

David hadn't drunk any alcohol.

He stood on the wall, gazing at the distant sky, his brow furrowed.

Yunxi walked to his side and softly asked, "What's wrong? Aren't you happy after winning?"

David didn't turn around. "Happy."

"Then why are you frowning?"

David was silent for a moment. "The Divine Alliance of the Sixteenth Heaven won't let this go easily."

Yunxi's smile froze.

"They lost five people; they'll definitely send people to investigate." David said calmly, "After they find out, they'll send even more—Ninth-Rank True Immortals, or even higher."

Yunxi fell silent.

She looked at the distant sky, at the gradually dissipating golden holy light, a nameless fear rising within her.

"Then what do we do?"

David turned to look at her. "Celebrate first. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

He walked down from the wall.

David found Chu Tianxing in the council hall.

The old man sat in a chair, his eyes closed, his silver-white hair somewhat disheveled, and several unhealed wounds on his face.

His hands rested on his knees, his fingers trembling slightly. The battle had greatly depleted his spiritual energy, and his injuries were not fully healed.

But he didn't rest; he was also waiting for David.

"You've come," Chu Tianxing opened his eyes and looked at David.

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David sat down opposite him. "Elder Chu, I want to ask you some questions."

Chu Tianxing nodded. "Go ahead and ask."

"What kind of person is the leader of the Divine Clan Alliance?"

Chu Tianxing's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Wei Pengkun, a peak ninth-grade True Immortal, is half a step into the Golden Immortal realm. He cultivates the supreme divine technique, the 'Heavenly Saint Technique,' which is said to allow one to communicate with

the Heavenly Dao and borrow the power of heaven and earth when cultivated to its peak. His strength ranks among the top three in the Sixteenth Heaven."

"What about his personality?"

Chu Tianxing thought for a moment. "Careful, suspicious, and ruthless. He doesn't like taking risks and will repeatedly rehearse before each action to ensure everything goes perfectly. But once he makes up his mind, he will stop at nothing."

David nodded. "What will he do after five people die?"

Chu Tianxing was silent for a moment. "He will first send people to investigate, not to attack, but to investigate. He will find out who you are, what your cultivation level is, and what your background is. Then, he will formulate a plan and send down even stronger individuals to annihilate you all in one fell swoop."

David frowned. "Stronger individuals? Ninth-grade True Immortal?"

"Maybe more than that." Chu Tianxing's voice was soft. "Wei Pengkun has three great generals under his command, each a ninth-grade True Immortal. He also has two Supreme Elders, who are said to have already entered the Golden Immortal realm. If he's truly determined, he might send his generals down."

David remained silent.

Ninth-grade True Immortal.

He was currently a second-grade True Immortal. Although the power of chaos countered all other powers, he was still a whole realm below that level. He didn't know if he could defeat them.

"There's one more thing,"

Chu Tianxing said, looking at David. "Wei Pengkun is very wary of the power of chaos. Thirty thousand years ago, a person possessing the power of chaos almost destroyed the God Alliance.

Although he was eventually suppressed, the Supreme Elders of the alliance paid a heavy price. Therefore, he will definitely do everything in his power to eliminate you."

David's pupils contracted slightly. "Thirty thousand years ago? A person possessing the power of chaos? Who was he?"

Chu Tianxing shook his head. "I don't know. That period of history was sealed by the Divine Alliance. We only know that this person existed, but we don't know his identity.

Some say he was a rogue cultivator from the human race, some say he was a traitor to the divine race, and some say he came from a higher realm. There are many different opinions, and there is no definitive conclusion."

David remained silent for a long time.

"If Wei Pengkun sends someone to investigate, what kind of person will he send?"

Chu Tianxing thought for a moment. "Someone skilled in concealment and reconnaissance wouldn't have a cultivation level that's too high, as that would make them easy to expose; nor would they have a cultivation level that's too low, as that would make it impossible to find anything. Probably a sixth or seventh rank True Immortal, skilled in concealment, disguise, and tracking."

David nodded. "How do we defend ourselves?"

Chu Tianxing stood up and walked to the map.

"First, strengthen defenses. Activate all the restrictions on Cloud City, and double the patrols on the city walls. Strictly check anyone entering or leaving."

“Second, conceal your strength. Don’t reveal your true cultivation level and chaotic power. If the Divine Race spies come, make them think you’re just an ordinary True Immortal Realm Second Grade.”

“Third, transfer resources. Hide all the crystals, pills, and cultivation techniques; don’t let them know our resources.”

Fourth, train our troops. The Divine Race Alliance will send a large army down sooner or later; we must be prepared.”

David nodded. “Anything else?”

Chu Tianxing turned to look at him. “Also, you need to improve your strength as quickly as possible. True Immortal Realm Second Grade isn’t enough, far from enough.

You need to break through to True Immortal Realm Third, Fourth, and Fifth Grade—the higher the better. Only when your chaotic power is strong enough will we have a chance of victory.”

David was silent for a moment. “We’re running out of resources.”

Chu Tianxing took out a storage ring from his robes and placed it on the table. “This is what we brought from the Sixteenth Heaven. It’s not much, but it should be enough for you to break through to the third rank of True Immortal.”

David looked at the storage ring and remained silent for a long time.

“Thank you.”

Chu Tianxing shook his head. “No need to thank me. You saved all of our lives. This little thing is nothing.”

He stood up, walked to the door, stopped, and didn’t look back.

“David, you are all our hope. Don’t let them down.”

Then he left.

In the following days, Cloud City entered a state of high alert.

Feng Qingzi activated all the restrictions of the Loose Cultivator Alliance, and the city walls were covered with defensive runes, which shimmered with a dazzling blue light in the sunlight. The number

of patrolling cultivators was three times that of before, and everyone entering and leaving had to undergo strict checks.

Checkpoints were set up at the city gates, and no one was allowed to enter or leave at will.

Lang Hao led the beastmen warriors in training day and night.

His injury had not yet fully healed, and his left arm was still in a sling, but every morning he would stand on the training ground, watching the beastmen warriors swing their axes, chop, and charge. His eyes were filled with anticipation and worry; he knew the real battle was yet to begin.

Yun Xi led the ghost warriors to set traps outside the city walls.

They condensed the ghostly energy of the Netherworld Ghost Domain into black threads, wrapping them around the wasteland outside the walls.

These threads were invisible to the naked eye, but once someone touched them, an alarm would be triggered, releasing dense ghostly energy to trap the enemy.

Ying Wuji led the demon cultivators of the Shadow Palace to dig secret chambers underground in Cloud City.

They hid crystals, pills, and cultivation techniques deep underground, sealing them with restrictions.

The secret chamber had three levels, each with different restrictions, making it impossible for outsiders to enter.

Jiang Xuelan led the disciples of the Ice God Palace to set up an ice-sealing restriction above Cloud City.

Ice-blue divine light intertwined in the sky to form a large net, enveloping the entire city.

Once an enemy attacked from the air, this net would fall, freezing the enemy into an ice sculpture.

Chu Tianxing, along with dozens of human cultivators, set up reconnaissance points around Cloud City.

Disguised as ordinary rogue cultivators, they mingled in the small towns of the wasteland, monitoring all movements in their vicinity.

If they spotted any spies from the Divine Race, they would immediately send a message back.

Everyone was incredibly busy.

Only David sat alone in the Demon-Suppressing Tower, a small mountain of crystals piled before him.

He took out the ring Chu Tianxing had given him from his storage ring and poured out its resources.

Crystals, pills, and spiritual herbs formed a new small mountain.

He looked at the resources, silent for a long time.

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

Chaotic power circulated within his body, 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.

One crystal was drained, turning into grayish-white powder.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand.

His cultivation began its ascent from the early stage of the second rank of True Immortal. He

was at the mid-stage, late-stage, and peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm.

Then, his resources ran out.

He opened his eyes, stared at the pile of grayish-white powder in front of him, and remained silent for a long time.

Peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm.

Just one step away from the third rank.

But his resources were insufficient.

David shook his head helplessly. With the increase in his realm, the speed at which he consumed resources increased exponentially .

He leaped out of the Demon Suppression Tower and headed towards the council hall.

Inside the council hall, Lang Hao, Yun Xi, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Chu Tianxing, and Jiang Xuelan were all present.

They sat around the table, looking at David.

"We're running out of resources," David stated bluntly.

Everyone's faces darkened.

"How much do we have left?" Lang Hao asked.

Feng Qingzi sighed, "The Loose Cultivator Alliance's treasury is empty. To support your cultivation, we've given you everything we could."

Yun Xi shook her head, "Youyue Kingdom is gone too. All the resources accumulated over thousands of years have been given to you."

Ying Wuji was silent for a moment, "The Shadow Palace has a little, but not much."

Lang Hao clenched his fist, "The Heavenly Wolf Tribe is empty too."

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak.

Her Ice God Palace had just been rebuilt and had nothing.

David looked at them, silent for a long time.

"I'm going to the Judgment Hall," he said softly.

Everyone's eyes lit up.