

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6356

"The Hall of Judgment has been operating for thousands of years; their treasury must still hold a vast amount of resources."

Feng Qingzi's voice was somewhat excited. "If we could obtain those resources..."

"Not just resources." David interrupted him.

All eyes were on him.

"There's something else in the Hall of Judgment that's more important than resources." David's voice was calm, but every word was heavy. "The Netherworld Lamp."

The council hall fell silent.

Yun Quan's pupils contracted slightly.

He sat in the corner, silent all along.

His injuries hadn't healed; his face was pale, and his eyes were full of exhaustion.

But at this moment, his body suddenly trembled, as if struck by lightning.

"The Netherworld Lamp..." His voice trembled. "Mr. Chen, you mean..."

"We already have the Core of Reincarnation and the Soul-Guiding Fire. We only lack the Netherworld Lamp."

David looked at Yun Quan. "Gathering these three treasures and lighting the Netherworld Lamp will open the Path of Reincarnation and release all the trapped ghost souls in the Reincarnation Division."

Tears welled up in Yun Quan's eyes.

He struggled to his feet, walked to David, and knelt down with a thud.

"Mr. Chen! On behalf of the Youyue Kingdom and all the Ghost Clan, I thank you for your great kindness!"

David quickly helped him up. "King Yunquan, please don't be like this. This is what I promised Yunxi."

Yunxi stood to the side, her eyes also red.

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

She remembered the way David looked when they first met, remembered his words, "I will help you." She thought it was just a polite remark, that David was just saying it casually.

But David hadn't forgotten.

He had been doing it, one thing at a time.

From the Core of Reincarnation to the Soul-Guiding Flame, from the Northern Mine to the Sirius Tribe, from the three-day, three-night battle with the Judgment Venerable, to now going to retrieve the Netherworld Lamp.

He had never forgotten his promise.

"David..." Her voice was very soft, almost inaudible.

David turned around and looked at her. "Come, come with me to the Judgment Hall."

Yunxi nodded vigorously.

...

The Judgment Hall was located in the central area of the Fifteenth Heaven, a huge palace built on a mountaintop.

The palace, built of white jade, was magnificent and resplendent.

But now, it was a ghost town.

David and Yun Xi landed on the plaza in front of the palace.

Various debris was scattered across the plaza: weapons, armor, elixir bottles, jade slips—everything was strewn about.

A wind blew from the mountaintop, whipping up dust and scraps of paper that swirled in the air.

The fallen tree had scattered the monkeys; the Judgement Venerable was dead, and all the cultivators of the Judgement Hall had fled.

"The Netherworld Lamp should be in the Judgement Venerable's secret chamber," David said.

"Where is the secret chamber?" Yun Xi asked.

"Behind the main hall." David pushed open the door of the main hall and went inside.

The main hall was empty; the golden throne stood alone at the front, the golden robe still on it, but its owner was gone.

Sunlight streamed through the skylight in the dome, illuminating the throne and reflecting a blinding light.

David didn't linger. He crossed the main hall and came to the corridor at the back.

The corridor was lined with stone chambers, some bedrooms, some cultivation rooms, and some libraries.

He walked to the end of the corridor, where there was a stone door.

The door was covered with restrictive runes.

The runes shimmered with a faint golden light in the darkness, like countless eyes.

David raised his right hand, and a ball of chaotic fire condensed in his palm. The purple flames burned through, melted, and dissipated the runes layer by layer. The stone door slowly opened.

The secret chamber was small, only a few feet in diameter.

The walls were forged from meteorite iron from outer space, covered with defensive runes. In the center of the chamber was a stone platform, on which sat a golden lamp.

The Netherworld Lamp The lamp was small, only about the size of a fist, entirely golden, and covered with ancient runes.

The space around the lamp was slightly distorted, as if something was flowing.

Yunxi's breath caught in her throat. "This is... the Netherworld Lamp..."

David walked to the stone platform and picked up the lamp.

It felt heavy and cold in his hand, and the flame inside danced in his palm, as if responding to his chaotic power.

He could feel that the lamp contained powerful reincarnation power, of the same origin and quality as the Core of Reincarnation and the Soul-Guiding Fire.

"Got it," David said.

Yunxi's tears finally fell.

David put the Netherworld Lamp into his storage ring and turned around.
"Let's go to the storeroom."

The two walked out of the secret room, through the corridor, and arrived at the storeroom.

The storeroom was mostly empty, but some scattered crystals were still piled in the corner, and some cultivation techniques and magical artifacts that had not been taken were still on the shelves.

David walked to the corner and put the crystals into his storage ring one by one.

Yunxi walked to the shelves and carefully collected the cultivation techniques and magical artifacts one by one.

"These techniques and artifacts, while not comparable to top-tier resources, are still excellent equipment for the warriors of Youyue Kingdom," Yunxi said, her voice trembling with excitement.

"Take them all," David said. "Leave nothing behind."

The two emptied the storeroom.

Leaving the storeroom, they crossed the corridor and returned to the main hall.

David stood in the center of the hall, looking around.

A golden throne, golden robes, a golden dome, golden sunlight.

Everything was golden, but its owner was no longer there.

"Let's go," he said, turning and walking out of the hall.

Yunxi followed behind him.

The two leaped into the air, transforming into two streaks of light, flying towards Cloud City.

Behind them, the Hall of Judgment stood silently in the sunlight, like a colossal tomb.

When David and Yunxi returned to Cloud City, it was already evening.

At the city gate, everyone was waiting.

Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, Chu Tianxing, and Yun Quan were there.

Yunquan's eyes were filled with anticipation, his hands trembling slightly.

David landed at the city gate and took out the Netherworld Lamp from his storage ring.

The golden lamp shimmered with a warm light in the setting sun.

The Netherworld light within the lamp danced, like countless ghost souls cheering.

Tears welled up in Yunquan's eyes.

He knelt on the ground with a thud and kowtowed three times to David.

"Mr. Chen! Your great kindness will never be forgotten by the Youyue Kingdom!"

David quickly helped him up. "King Yunquan, please don't do this. This is what I promised Yunxi."

He turned around and looked at everyone.

"The Core of Reincarnation, the Soul-Guiding Flame, and the Netherworld Lamp—the three supreme treasures are all gathered."

Cheers shook the heavens and the earth from the city wall.

"David! David! David!"

The ghost warriors raised their ghost blades and cheered.

Yunxi stood on the city wall, watching David's back, tears streaming down her face.

She remembered how David looked when she first met him, the words he had spoken, and the things he had done.

He had never disappointed her.

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

This man always treated others' affairs as his own, always valuing promises more than his own life.

David raised his hand, and the cheers gradually subsided.

"Tomorrow, light the Netherworld Lamps and go to the Reincarnation Bureau to release all the trapped ghost souls."

Yun Quan's tears flowed even more fiercely. "Thank you... thank you..."

David smiled, turned, and walked into the city.

Chapter 6357

The next morning, before dawn, the square of Cloud City was already packed with people.

In the center of the square stood a stone platform.

On the platform lay three supreme treasures: the Core of Reincarnation, as black as night; the Soul-Guiding Flame, as brilliant as day; and the Ancient Netherworld Lamp, as pristine as ever.

The light of the three treasures intertwined, illuminating the entire square.

David stood before the platform, purple chaotic power flowing around him.

Behind him were Yun Quan, Yun Xi, Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, Chu Tianxing, and the surviving warriors.

All eyes were fixed on him.

"Let's begin," David's voice was calm.

He raised his right hand and infused the chaotic power into the Core of Reincarnation.

The silver patterns on the Core of Reincarnation began to glow, like countless winding rivers, shimmering with an eerie light in the darkness. The power of

reincarnation surged from the bead, condensing into a cloud of gray mist above the platform.

He raised his left hand again, infusing the power of chaos into the Soul-Guiding Fire.

The golden flames of the Soul-Guiding Fire surged violently, transforming into a golden fire dragon that hovered above the stone platform.

Wherever the fire dragon passed, the gray mist ignited, turning into a golden sea of fire.

Then, he held up the Netherworld Lamp with both hands, pouring the power of chaos into it.

The ancient runes on the Netherworld Lamp lit up one after another, and the Netherworld Fire at the center of the lamp began to flicker, growing stronger and brighter.

The power of the three treasures converged above the stone platform.

The power of reincarnation, the Soul-Guiding Fire, and the Netherworld Flame intertwined, transforming into a pillar of light

that shot into the sky. The pillar of light was a hundred feet thick, soaring straight into the clouds, tearing a huge gash in the sky.

Sunlight streamed down from the crack, illuminating the plaza and casting long shadows on everyone.

Then, the pillar of light vanished.

Above the stone platform, a pitch-black crack appeared.

The crack was several feet wide, its edges smooth as a mirror, without a trace of residual spatial vibration.

On the other side of the rift, a hazy, gray world could be vaguely seen—the Reincarnation Bureau, a transit station for the souls of the Ghost Clan.

“The passage is open, but it can only last for thirty breaths,” David said.

He turned to look at Yun Quan and Yun Xi. “Let’s go.”

Tears welled in Yun Quan’s eyes, but he didn’t let them fall.

He took a deep breath, straightened his back, and was the first to step into the rift.

Yun Xi glanced at David, nodded, and followed behind her father.

David turned to look at Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, and Chu Tianxing.

“Guard Cloud City. Wait for our return.”

Lang Hao gripped his battle axe tightly. “Don’t worry. Anyone who dares approach Cloud City, I’ll chop them down.”

Ying Wuji nodded. “The disciples of the Shadow Hall will guard every gate.”

Feng Qingzi gripped his broken sword. “The restrictions of the Loose Cultivator Alliance have all been activated; not even a fly can get in.”

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

He turned and walked into the crevice.

Behind him, the crevice slowly closed.

David landed on a gray-white stone staircase.

The staircase was wide, dozens of feet across, with bottomless abysses on either side.

Gray mist churned in the abyss, and within the mist, countless blurry figures could be vaguely seen drifting—the ghost souls trapped in the Reincarnation Bureau, waiting for tens of thousands of years.

The staircase was long, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Every hundred feet along either side of the stone steps stood a stone pillar, its surface covered with ancient runes that shimmered with a ghostly blue light in the gray mist.

At the top of each pillar hung a bronze lantern, its flame burning with an eerie green light, illuminating the entire staircase.

Yunquan and Yunxi stood on the steps, tears streaming down their faces as they gazed at the figures in the gray mist.

“These...these are our people...”

Yunquan’s voice trembled. “For tens of thousands of years, they’ve been trapped here...unable to reincarnate, unable to leave...” Yunxi

gripped her ghostly blade tightly. “How can we save them?” David

walked to the center of the steps, looking around. “The seal of the Reincarnation Bureau is at the deepest point. We need to reach the end.”

The three of them began to walk up the steps.

The steps were long; after about an hour, they still couldn’t see the end.

Chapter 6358

The gray fog on both sides grew thicker, and the figures within it became clearer.

Some were weeping, some were shouting, some were silent, and some were praying.

Their voices intertwined, forming a low hum that echoed across the stone steps.

Yunquan's steps slowed.

His injuries hadn't healed, and his spiritual power hadn't fully recovered.

But he gritted his teeth and continued forward step by step.

"Father, rest a bit," Yunxi said, supporting him.

"No need," Yunquan shook his head. "I've waited too long for this day. I can't rest."

David remained silent.

He walked at the front, purple chaotic power flowing around him, dispelling the gray fog and clearing a clear path for Yunquan and Yunxi.

After walking for about an hour, the end of the stone steps finally appeared.

It was a massive stone gate.

The gate was about a hundred feet high and fifty feet wide, entirely black, and covered with complex runes.

The runes shimmered with a faint blue light in the darkness, like countless eyes.

At the very center of the stone gate were carved three large characters: "Reincarnation Bureau."

Before the gate stood two enormous stone statues.

Each statue was about ten zhang tall, clad in armor, wielding spears, their faces

ferocious. Their eyes were blood-red, gleaming eerily in the darkness.

David walked to the stone gate and placed his hands on it.

Purple chaotic power surged from his palms, flowing into the runes on the stone gate.

The runes began to flicker, the blue light growing brighter and more dazzling. The stone gate slowly opened.

Behind the gate was a grayish-white space.

The space was vast, as vast as a plain.

On the plain stood countless gray figures, the ghost souls trapped in the Reincarnation Bureau.

Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions.

They stood there, motionless, their eyes blankly staring ahead.

Black chains bound them, one end attached to the ground beneath their feet, the other to their wrists and ankles.

Yun Quan's tears finally fell.

"My people... my people..." He knelt on the ground with a thud, sobbing uncontrollably.

Yunxi stood beside him, tears streaming down her face.

David walked to the center of the plain, looking at the souls bound by chains.

His fists clenched.

"How do we break the seal?" David asked.

Yunquan struggled to his feet and walked to David's side. "The core of the seal is at the deepest part. There is a Reincarnation Stone there, the eye of the seal. As long as the Reincarnation Stone is broken, all the chains will snap."

"Lead the way."

The three of them walked through the densely packed souls towards the deepest part of the plain.

The souls looked at them, a glimmer of light flashing in their empty eyes—hope, expectation, the first hope they had seen in tens of thousands of years.

At the deepest part of the plain, there was a huge stone.

The Reincarnation Stone.

The stone was ten zhang tall, pitch black, and covered with densely packed runes.

The runes shimmered with a faint blue light in the darkness, like winding rivers.

Around the stone stood four figures clad in black armor, guardians of the Samsara Division, each a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank.

They opened their eyes simultaneously upon seeing David and his companions.

Their blood-red eyes flickered eerily in the darkness, like four ghostly lamps.

"Those who trespass into the Samsara Division shall die," the foremost guardian declared, his voice cold and devoid of emotion.

David did not reply.

He drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power flowing across its blade.

"You all step back," he said calmly.

Yun Quan and Yun Xi retreated to a distance.

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The four guardians moved simultaneously.

Their speed was lightning-fast, their spears imbued with black, ghostly energy, thrusting towards David.

Wherever the spears passed, the air was torn apart, and deep furrows were carved into the ground.

David did not dodge. He raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down.

The purple sword light collided with the four spears, but there was no explosion, no loud noise; the spears, like rotten wood, shattered instantly before the power of chaos.

The sword light continued forward, blasting the four guardians away.

They crashed heavily to the ground, spitting blood.

"You..." The foremost guardian struggled to his feet, his eyes filled with shock.

David walked to him, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pressed against his throat.
"Open the seal."

A flicker of despair flashed in the guardian's eyes.

"The Reincarnation Stone was left behind by ancient gods; I cannot open it."
The guardian shook his head.

David said nothing more. He turned and walked to the Reincarnation Stone, placing his hands on it.

Purple chaotic energy surged from his palms, flowing into the Reincarnation Stone.

Runes began to flicker, the blue light growing brighter and more blinding.

Cracks on the Reincarnation Stone began to spread, like a withered flower.

"No..." the guardian's voice trembled, "You will destroy the Reincarnation Bureau..."

David ignored him.

He pushed the power of chaos to its limit, the purple light illuminating the entire plain.

The cracks on the Reincarnation Stone multiplied, becoming denser and denser.

Then, a deafening roar.

The Reincarnation Stone shattered.

Black fragments scattered and flew, turning into dust.

When the dust settled, only a pile of grayish-white powder remained where the Reincarnation Stone had been.

The chains broke simultaneously.

Millions of ghost souls opened their eyes at the same time.

The chains on their bodies snapped one by one, the black fragments falling to the ground and turning into dust.

Their bodies began to become transparent and glow.

Gray, white, gold, and silver lights intertwined on the plain, like an ocean of light.

They raised their heads, looking at the sky.

A huge crack appeared in the sky.

A blinding white light surged from the crack, containing the power of reincarnation—a passage to the path of rebirth.

“Free...”

“We are free...” Tens of thousands of years... finally...”

Voices surged from all directions—crying, laughing, shouting, praying.

Millions of voices intertwined, transforming into a deafening hum that echoed across the plains.

Yunquan knelt on the ground, looking at the souls, tears streaming down his face. “Go... all of you go... go to reincarnate... go to be reborn... go live the lives you desire...”

An old man's soul floated before him, bowed deeply, "Your Majesty, thank you."

Yunquan raised his head, looked at the old man, and recognized him—his grandfather, the ruler of Youyue Kingdom thirty thousand years ago.

"Grandfather..." His voice trembled.

The old man smiled. "You did well, better than me."

Then, he turned and flew towards the crack in the sky.

His body grew brighter and brighter, more and more transparent, finally transforming into a white light and disappearing into the crack.

One soul after another flew towards the crack.

Among them were the elderly, the young, the children, the warriors, and the commoners.

Some were laughing, some were crying, some were waving goodbye, and some were praying silently.

Millions of rays of light rose from the plain, like a reversed meteor shower.

Yunxi stood beside David, watching the rays of light, tears streaming down her face. "Thank you."

David looked at her and smiled. "You're welcome. This is what I promised you."

He turned away, looking at the rays of light, a surge of indescribable emotion welling up inside him.

Tens of thousands of years of waiting, tens of thousands of years of hardship, tens of thousands of years of despair.

Today, it was finally over.

The guardian knelt on the ground, his eyes filled with despair.

Yun Quan looked at the guardian and angrily rebuked him: "As guardians of the Ghost Clan's Reincarnation Division, why did you deliberately seal these souls, preventing them from being reborn?"

The guardian shook his head: "The Heavenly Dao, this is the Heavenly Dao's command. Now that you have forcibly released these souls, you will be punished by Heaven. The calamity of the Ghost Clan will eventually come."

The guardian's body slowly disappeared.

"The Heavenly Dao? What's going on?" David asked hurriedly, somewhat surprised.

But the guardian's body had vanished, completely disappeared.

Listening to the guardian's words, Yunquan and Yunxi fell into deep thought. They didn't know if releasing these souls was the right thing to do.

Although these souls were trapped in the Reincarnation Bureau and couldn't be reborn, they were safe.

But now that they were all released and returned to their respective worlds to be reborn...

then they might face a dangerous situation, possibly being completely annihilated, without even a chance to be reborn.

"Let's go. Since we've already done it, let's not think about it so much,"

David said, seeing the father and daughter's worries.

It was already late at night when David, Yunquan, and Yunxi left the Reincarnation Bureau.

Chapter 6360

At the city gate of Cloud City, everyone stood waiting.

Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, Chu Tianxing, and the surviving warriors.

Their eyes were filled with anticipation and worry.

Seeing David and the other two emerge, Lang Hao was the first to rush forward. "How did it go?"

David smiled. "We succeeded."

Cheers erupted from the city walls.

Yun Quan stood at the city gate, watching the cheering crowd, tears streaming down his face.

He had waited for this day for far too long.

For tens of thousands of years, his people had been hunted, enslaved, and imprisoned.

He thought he would never see hope again.

But now, hope had arrived.

He turned to David and bowed deeply.

"Mr. Chen, your kindness and virtue will be forever remembered by the Youyue Kingdom."

David helped him up. "King Yun Quan, please don't do this. This is what I promised Yun Xi."

He turned to face everyone.

"The era of the Judgment Hall has ended. The suffering of the Ghost Clan has ended. But our battle is not over yet."

The cheers gradually subsided.

"The Divine Alliance of the Sixteenth Heaven won't let this go. They've lost five people, they'll definitely send more. True Immortal Realm Ninth Grade, or even higher."

Everyone's expression turned solemn.

"So, we must prepare." David's voice was calm. "Train, prepare for battle, improve our strength. When they come, we'll make sure they don't return."

Lang Hao gripped his battle axe tightly. "Yes! Make sure they don't return!"

"Make sure they don't return!" The beastmen warriors roared in unison.

"Make sure they don't return!" The ghost warriors shouted in unison.

"Make sure they don't return!" The demon cultivators shouted in unison.

"Make sure they don't return!" The human cultivators howled in unison.

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

"Alright. Let them come."

He turned and walked into the city.

Just as David and the others entered the city, a dark figure silently landed on the ruins of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.

It was a thin man, wearing a black bodysuit, his face covered with a black cloth, only his eyes visible.

His cultivation was at the sixth rank of True Immortal, but his aura was extremely weak, almost imperceptible.

He held a round magical artifact in his hand, its surface shimmering with a faint silver light.

He was a spy for the Divine Alliance, codenamed "Shadow."

Shadow stood on the ruins, surveying his surroundings.

He looked at the dismantled tents, the toppled wooden fences, the dried bloodstains, a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

He crouched down, dipped his finger in the bloodstain, and smelled it.

"Beast blood, ghost blood, demon blood, human blood... and divine blood."
His voice was soft. "The battle was fierce."

He stood up and flew 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, even the stone doors remained ajar.

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

Ying walked to the throne and reached out to touch the armrest. A faint warmth lingered on the armrest; someone had sat there not long ago.

He turned and flew towards the direction of Youyue Kingdom.

Youyue Kingdom was empty.

The ancient city was deserted, the stone halls were empty, even the runes on the city walls had dimmed.

A black flag, embroidered with the emblem of Youyue Kingdom, still flew at the city gate, fluttering in the wind.

Ying stood at the city gate, gazing at the flag, silent for a long time.

Then, he flew towards Yunzhong City.

He didn't approach Yunzhong City.

He stopped on a small hill a hundred miles away, took out a round magical artifact from his robes, and aimed it at Yunzhong City.

The silver light on the artifact grew brighter and brighter, projecting the image of Yunzhong City before him.

Ying observed Yunzhong City through the artifact, his brows furrowing.

There were three times more cultivators patrolling the city walls than usual, one every ten feet, weapons in hand, their eyes scanning the surroundings like hawks.

The city walls were covered in dense defensive runes, each radiating a blinding blue light, weaving together into an impenetrable net.

A gigantic, icy-blue net hung in the sky, enveloping the entire city, its chilling aura so intense even birds dared not approach.

On the wasteland, invisible black threads entwined among the withered grass and pebbles, like an invisible spiderweb, waiting for prey to walk into its trap.

He sheathed his magical artifact, leaned against a rock, and closed his eyes in thought.

Forcing his way in was impossible; once those restrictions were triggered, he wouldn't even have a chance to escape.

Disguising himself as a rogue cultivator and sneaking in?

That wouldn't work either; the checks at the city gate were too strict. Everyone entering or leaving was questioned, searched, and their identities verified.

Although his divine aura was concealed by a concealment technique, one of the checking cultivators was an elderly man at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, with incredibly sharp eyes; he might not be able to fool him.

He opened his eyes, looking in the direction of Cloud City, a cold glint flashing in them.

"Since we can't get in, we'll wait," he murmured. "Wait for the people inside to come out. Someone has to come out eventually."

Shadow waited for three days.

For three days, he lay motionless on the hill like a stone.

His aura was completely concealed, and even his body temperature dropped to the same level as the surrounding environment.

His eyes were fixed on the city gate of Cloud City, watching the people coming and going.

Beastman caravans, ghost messengers, demon patrols, and human rogue cultivators.

He memorized the faces, auras, and routes of each person.

On the morning of the fourth day, the opportunity came.

A group of beastman warriors came out of the city, escorting several carriages, heading south.

The carriages were loaded with crystals and pills, obviously being transported to a stronghold.

Shadow quietly followed them. He followed them from a great distance, so far that he couldn't see the group with the naked eye, and could only track them by sensing their auras.

His concealment skills were among the best in the Divine Alliance, and even a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade expert would have difficulty detecting him.

The caravan traveled for about an hour before stopping in a valley.

The orc warriors began unloading, carrying the crystals and pills into a hidden cave.

Shadow lay prone on a distant ridge, watching the busy orc warriors, wondering if he should sneak in.

But just then, he felt a gaze.

The gaze was faint, as light as a feather touching his skin.

But Shadow's body stiffened abruptly; he had been discovered.

He lay motionless on the ground, even stopping his breathing.

His concealment spell was still active; his aura was completely hidden. He shouldn't have been discovered.

The gaze vanished. Ying waited a long time, making sure no one was chasing after him, before slowly raising his head.

A fine layer of sweat beaded on his forehead, and his hands trembled slightly.

"An illusion?" he murmured. "It must be an illusion."

He didn't notice that in the distance, in the valley below, a young man in a blue robe stood at the entrance of a cave, a slight smile playing on his lips.

David stood at the cave entrance, watching the faintly visible black figure in the distance, a cold glint in his eyes.

"They've arrived," he said softly.

Lang Hao walked to his side, following his gaze, but saw nothing. "Who's here?" "

A spy from the Divine Clan Alliance," David said, withdrawing his gaze. "A sixth-grade True Immortal, skilled in concealment. They've been lying in wait on the ridge for three days."

Lang Hao's pupils contracted slightly. "You already found out?"

"I found out on the first day." David smiled. "He's waiting for a chance to enter the city. We'll give him that chance."

Lang Hao frowned. "What do you want to do?"

"Let him in."

David turned to look at Lang Hao. "Pass down the order: starting today, relax the checks at the city gate by half.

Reduce the number of patrolling cultivators by one-third.

Close the ice seal in the sky for one incense stick's time every noon."

Lang Hao's expression changed. "Are you crazy? What if he..."

"He won't make a move."

David interrupted him. "He's just here to investigate, not to fight. Once he's found out, he'll go back and report. I want him to find out."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes. "Then, I'll make sure he can't go back."

Lang Hao looked into David's calm eyes, a strange emotion welling up inside him.

This young man usually seemed very gentle, loyal to his friends, and compassionate towards the weak.

But once he made up his mind to do something, he became ruthless, decisive, and unscrupulous.

"Okay." Lang Hao nodded. "I'll go arrange it now."

Ying noticed the change.

The checks at the city gates were relaxed.

What used to take the time it takes for an incense stick to burn now only requires a few words.

The number of patrolling cultivators decreased, and the figures on the city walls became much thinner.

Every day at noon, the giant ice-blue net in the sky would close for the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, as if someone was deliberately leaving a passage for him.

Shadow crouched on the small hill, watching the changes, a sense of unease rising in his heart.

"Too coincidental," he murmured, "Too coincidental." But he did not retreat.

He was the best spy of the Divine Alliance; he could not return empty-handed.

He had to go in, he had to find out the truth.

At noon on the fifth day, the giant ice-blue net closed precisely on time.

Shadow took a deep breath, activated his concealment technique, and transformed into a faint black shadow, rushing towards Cloud City.

His speed was as fast as lightning, but his aura was so weak that it was almost imperceptible.

He passed through the gap in the giant net, crossed the city wall, and landed in a secluded corner of the city.

The city was bustling.

Beastmen, ghosts, demons, and humans—cultivators of different races mingled together, some trading, some drinking, some training.

Shadow huddled in a corner, watching them, silently memorizing every detail.

Shadow's heart raced.

These were the enemies of the Divine Alliance.

He had to remember everything and report back.

Then, he saw David.

David stood on the city wall, his azure robe fluttering in the wind, the Dragon-Slaying Sword at his waist reflecting a faint light in the sunlight.

Purple chaotic power surrounded him, a light that wasn't violent, but quiet, like a sleeping dragon.

His eyes were purple, and stars seemed to swirl within their pupils.

Shadow's breath caught in his throat.

He sensed the young man's aura, a fear that pierced his very bones.

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

"Peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm..." Shadow murmured, "Possessing chaotic power... It's him. He's the one who killed those five people."