

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel

### Chapter 6371

Lin Yuan pointed at David, "This is David, someone Master found from the Fifteenth Heaven. He says he can help us overthrow the God Clan Alliance."

Old Zhao opened his mouth, then laughed out loud, "Him? A second-grade True Immortal?"

He turned to look at Lin Yuan, his expression as if he were watching a joke, "Chief, are you sure you're not mistaken? Anyone from our Free Valley has a higher cultivation level than him. What can he do for us? Serve us tea and water?"

Several people followed into the hall, all key members of Free Valley.

A tall, thin man, a sixth-grade True Immortal, wore a gray cloth Taoist robe and held a folding fan, looking quite scholarly.

A middle-aged woman, a fifth-grade True Immortal, had two short swords hanging at her waist, and sharp eyes.

There was also an old man, with gray hair and a seventh-grade True Immortal, leaning against the doorframe, squinting at David.

They all laughed when they heard Old Zhao's words.

Not a malicious laugh, but a laugh of absurdity.

A young man at the second rank of True Immortal Realm came to the Sixteenth Heaven to say he wanted to help them overthrow the God Alliance. It was like an ant asking an elephant to move a mountain.

David didn't laugh.

He looked at Old Zhao, his voice calm, "You think the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm is that powerful?" Old Zhao was taken aback.

"What do you mean?"

David beckoned to him. "You make your move, with all your might."

The hall was silent for a moment, then Old Zhao's face darkened.

He couldn't stand being looked down upon, especially by a mere second-rank True Immortal Realm brat.

He rolled up his sleeves, his fists clenched so tightly they cracked.

"Kid, one punch from me and you might be bedridden for three months."

"You can't hit me."

Old Zhao didn't waste any more words.

He took a step forward, his fist enveloped in a layer of earthy yellow light, and slammed it towards David's chest.

His technique was earth-based, heavy and steady; a single punch could pierce even a city wall.

The air in the hall was stirred by the force of his punch, and the map on the table rustled.

David didn't dodge.

He didn't even raise his hand.

He simply stood there, watching the fist draw ever closer.

The fist stopped three inches from David's chest.

It wasn't that Old Zhao stopped on his own; he simply couldn't penetrate it.

His fist felt like it had struck an invisible wall, an impenetrable, unyielding wall.

His wrist was numb from the impact, the muscles in his arm trembled, but his fist simply wouldn't go in an inch.

Old Zhao's eyes widened.

He gritted his teeth, adding even more force, the yellowish-brown light in his eyes doubling in brightness.

The fist still wouldn't budge.

"This...this is impossible..." his voice trembled.

David looked at him, saying nothing.

He simply took a small step forward.

Old Zhao felt as if he'd been struck head-on by a mountain; he was sent flying, tumbling twice in the air before landing on his backside, sliding several meters away, overturning a chair in the corner.

The hall fell silent.

The tall, thin man closed his folding fan, his smile vanishing.

The middle-aged woman's hand rested on the hilt of her knife, her gaze turning serious.

The old man leaning against the doorframe opened his eyes, no longer squinting, but staring straight at David.

Old Zhao got up from the ground, dusted off his backside, and his expression changed from shock to disbelief.

He looked at his fist, then at David, his mouth opening and closing repeatedly before finally uttering, "You fu\*\*ing really are a True Immortal Realm Second Grade?"

David did not answer. He looked at the tall, thin man. "Want to try too?"

The tall, thin man hesitated.

He was a sixth-grade True Immortal, a realm higher than Old Zhao, and considered a prominent figure in Freedom Valley.

If he were intimidated by a young man at the second grade of True Immortal, how could he face anyone in the future?

He tucked his folding fan into his collar, stretched his wrists, and walked up to David.

"Brother Chen, my specialty is speed, so be careful." Before

he finished speaking, his figure vanished.

Not the slow kind of invisibility, but a speed so fast that it was impossible for the naked eye to detect.

Only a blurry shadow remained in the hall, darting from left to right, from right to left, like a ghost.

David stood still, not even blinking.

The tall, thin man appeared behind David and pointed a finger at the back of his neck.

This finger carried sharp spiritual power, enough to pierce a steel plate.

A smug smile appeared on his face, thinking that even if this finger couldn't knock David down, it would at least make him take a few steps back.

But when his finger touched the back of David's neck, he felt as if he had touched empty air.

It wasn't that he missed; rather, all the spiritual energy at his fingertips vanished, as if swallowed by something.

David's neck remained completely still, not even the skin dented.

The tall, thin man's smile froze.

He pointed again, with the same feeling.

He pointed again, still no reaction.

David turned around and looked at him, "Is that enough?"

The tall, thin man swallowed hard, quickly took two steps back, and cupped his hands, saying, "Enough, enough, Brother Chen, you have skill."

The middle-aged woman watched this scene, her lips twitching.

She was a True Immortal Realm Fifth Grade, the same realm as Old Zhao, and skilled with dual swords.

She had originally wanted to try as well, but seeing the fate of Old Zhao and the tall, thin man, she decided not to embarrass herself.

She lowered her hand from the hilt of her sword and took half a step back.

The old man leaning against the doorframe straightened up.

He cracked his neck, then slowly walked to David.

"Young man, my name is Old Man Xu, a seventh-grade True Immortal."

His voice was hoarse, like sandpaper rubbing together. "I cultivate fire-based techniques, and I have a bad temper. If you can't handle it, just say so."

David looked at him. "Please."

Old Man Xu didn't stand on ceremony.

He raised his right hand, and a ball of crimson flame condensed in his palm. The flame was extremely hot, so hot that the surrounding air began to distort, and the edges of the map on the table began to curl.

People in the hall retreated, some fanning themselves, others circulating their internal energy to resist the heat.

"Be careful." Old Man Xu struck out with his palm.

The crimson flame transformed into a fire serpent, baring its fangs and claws as it lunged at David.

Wherever the fire serpent passed, the air ignited, producing a series of crackling sounds.

The power of this palm strike was several times stronger than Old Zhao and the tall, thin man combined.

David looked at the fire serpent, a slight smile playing on his lips.

He raised his right hand, fingers spread, palm facing the fire serpent.

The fire serpent collided with his palm.

Then, the fire serpent vanished.

It wasn't blocked, nor was it scattered; rather, it seemed to be sucked in, silently disappearing into David's palm.

That crimson flame, along with all the spiritual energy it contained, was completely swallowed by David's hand, leaving not even a spark behind.

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Old Xu's pupils contracted.

He had cultivated his flames for thousands of years and had never encountered anything like this before.

His flames weren't extinguished, but devoured.

It felt as if his flames had encountered a higher-level flame, completely suppressed, swallowed, and assimilated.

"Your fire..." Old Xu's voice trembled slightly, "What kind of fire is this?"

David withdrew his hand, "Chaotic Fire."

Old Xu's expression changed.

He didn't attack again, but took two steps back and bowed deeply to David. "This old man was blind to your greatness, Mr. Chen, please forgive me."

The hall fell completely silent.

Three experts—a fifth, sixth, and seventh-grade True Immortal—each stronger than the last, yet none could withstand a single move from David.

Moreover, David hadn't launched an attack from beginning to end; he simply stood there, letting them beat him.

This kind of strength couldn't be measured by ordinary standards.

Lin Yuan's expression was complex.

He knew his master wouldn't lie to him, but witnessing this scene firsthand still felt somewhat unreal.

A young man at the second rank of True Immortal Realm stood there motionless, enduring the full force of an attack from a seventh-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, without even a tear in his clothes.

If word got out, the entire Sixteenth Heaven would be shaken.

"Anyone else want to try?" David looked around.

No one spoke.

Old Zhao lowered his head, his face flushed red.

The tall, thin man repeatedly pulled out and put back his folding fan.

The middle-aged woman crossed her arms, pretending to look at the map on the wall.

Old Xu had already retreated outside the door frame, hands behind his back, looking at the sky.

Lin Yuan took a deep breath and walked up to David. "I'll try."

Everyone in the hall looked up at Lin Yuan.

Old Zhao opened his mouth as if to say something, then closed it again.

The tall, thin man's folding fan fell to the ground with a thud.

The middle-aged woman's hand returned to the hilt of her knife.

Old Xu poked his head in from outside the door frame, his eyes wide like copper bells.

Lin Yuan was at the peak of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, the number one expert in Freedom Valley, and the strongest person in the entire resistance army.

He cultivated a pure Yang technique, extremely powerful and fierce, each punch and kick carrying earth-shattering force.

He rarely fought personally, because no one in the entire Free Valley could withstand three of his moves.

"Leader, are you going to fight personally?" Old Zhao couldn't help but ask.

Lin Yuan ignored him.

He looked at David, his eyes serious, "David, I won't hold back."

David nodded, "No need to hold back."

Lin Yuan said nothing more. He raised his right hand, a ball of golden light condensing in his palm.

That light wasn't the holy light of the gods, but a purer, more powerful force, like the blazing sun, like thunder.

The temperature in the hall instantly rose several degrees, the map on the table began to smoke, and dust on the walls was shaken off.

Old Zhao, the tall, thin man, the middle-aged woman, Old Xu—everyone held their breath.

They had never seen Lin Yuan so serious.

In the past, Lin Yuan would just casually wave his hand and send people away, but this time, he was gathering his strength, taking an opponent seriously.

The golden light grew brighter and more dazzling, bathing the entire hall in gold.

Lin Yuan unleashed a palm strike.

The golden palm print hurtled towards David's chest with lightning speed, tearing the air apart and emitting a piercing shriek.

The palm print was covered in densely packed runes, each containing pure Yang energy, enough to pulverize a small mountain.

David did not dodge. He didn't even raise his hand.

He simply stood there, watching the golden palm print, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Purple chaotic power surged from his body, condensing into a thin shield of light before him.

The shield was incredibly thin, almost transparent, yet it shimmered with a quiet, profound purple light, like a bottomless lake. The

golden palm print struck the shield.

There was no explosion, no loud bang. The palm

print was like a mud ox entering the sea before the chaotic power, instantly swallowed, absorbed, and dissipated.

The shield remained completely still, and David stood rooted to the spot, not even a flicker of his clothes.

The hall was deathly silent.

Lin Yuan's hand was still raised in mid-air, his expression shifting from seriousness to shock.

His palm print, his full-force strike, was enough to send anyone below the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm flying.

But David hadn't even moved.

Old Zhao's mouth gaped open, wide enough to fit a fist.

The tall, thin man's folding fan fell to the ground; he forgot to pick it up.

The middle-aged woman's hand slipped from the hilt of her knife, and she froze, completely stunned.

Old Xu walked in from outside the doorway, his eyes fixed on David, muttering to himself.

Bing Wuhen's hands trembled. He knew David was strong, but this was the first time he had witnessed David in action.

A peak second-grade True Immortal, he withstood a full-force attack from a peak eighth-grade True Immortal, unscathed. This wasn't just strong, this was monstrous.

Bing Xue'er's mouth gaped open enough to fit an egg.

Bing Fenghan's eyes widened, his ice spear nearly falling to the ground.

Jiang Xuelan watched David's retreating figure, a slight smile playing on her lips.

She had witnessed David's three-day, three-night battle with the Judgment Venerable in the Fifteenth Heaven, witnessed him single-handedly slaying five

Upper Realm God Clan cultivators, witnessed him crushing spies into dust with the Origin of Space.

But every time she saw him in action, she was still awestruck.

David withdrew his light shield and looked at Lin Yuan, "Is that enough?"

Lin Yuan remained silent for a long time.

His hand slowly lowered, the golden light in his palm gradually dissipating.

He took a deep breath, exhaled, and then smiled.

There was bitterness, relief, and more of an indescribable emotion in that smile.

"Enough." His voice was a little hoarse. "Master was right, you really are the person we need."

Old Zhao picked up the chair that had fallen to the ground, plopped down, and buried his head in his hands. "My god, a True Immortal Realm Second Rank, withstood the leader's full-force palm strike. I've wasted these thousands of years of my life."

The tall, thin man bent down to pick up the folding fan, opening and closing it repeatedly, his expression as if he were dreaming.

"My finger touched his neck, and all my spiritual power vanished. Vanished, you understand? It was like... like his body was a bottomless pit, swallowing all my spiritual power."

The middle-aged woman finally removed her hand from the hilt of her knife. She leaned against the wall and let out a long breath. "Luckily, I didn't go. Otherwise, I would have been utterly humiliated."

Old Xu walked up to David and bowed respectfully. "Mr. Chen, I have cultivated fire-based techniques for three thousand years and considered myself to have reached a high level. But after seeing your Chaos Fire today, I realize what it means to be outmatched. I admire you, I admire you."

David helped him up. "Old Xu, you're too kind."

Lin Yuan walked to the table and pointed to a mark on the map.

"The Divine Alliance has three major prisons in the Sixteenth Heaven, holding tens of thousands of non-divine cultivators.

Some of these people are resistance fighters, some are captured rogue cultivators, and some are survivors of extermination. They are treated like slaves in the prisons, and many die every day."

His finger touched the red mark.

"This is the closest prison to Freedom Valley, called Black Rock Prison. It holds at least five hundred human cultivators.

We want to rescue them, but the prison guards are too strong. The warden is an eighth-grade True Immortal, and he has thousands of divine cultivators under his command. There are also ancient restrictions surrounding the prison.

We've tried three times, and all three times we failed, and many people died."

He looked up at David.

"Master said you can help us. If you can help me rescue those people, I will trust you."

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David stared at the red marker on the map, remaining silent for a moment. "How many people do you need?"

Lin Yuan was taken aback. "What?"

"How many people do you need to rescue those people?" David looked at him. "How many people are you planning to take?"

Lin Yuan thought for a moment. "At least two hundred. There are too many guards in the prison. We need someone to hold them off, someone to break the restrictions, and someone to rescue them."

David shook his head. "Not two hundred. Me, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen—three people are enough."

Lin Yuan frowned. "Three people? Are you crazy? That's a prison for the gods. There are thousands of guards, including a warden at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm..."

"I know,"

David interrupted him. "But taking two hundred people will be too conspicuous. We'll be discovered before we even get close to the prison. Three people are smaller targets, faster, and easier to infiltrate."

He looked at Lin Yuan, his voice calm.

"You just need to tell me the layout of the prison, the guards' shift changes, and the weaknesses in the restrictions. Leave the rest to me."

Lin Yuan looked into his eyes and remained silent for a long time. He saw many things in those eyes: confidence, but not arrogance; calmness, but not indifference; determination, but not impulsiveness.

"Okay," Lin Yuan nodded. "I'll give you the map. But you have to promise me one thing."

"Say it."

"Come back alive."

David smiled. "Okay."

That night, David, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen left Free Valley, heading towards Black Rock Prison.

Bing Xue'er and Bing Fenghan stayed in Free Valley, waiting for their return.

Lin Yuan stood at the entrance of Free Valley, watching the three figures disappear into the night, silent for a long time.

"Master, what is the background of this person you're looking for?" he murmured.

No one answered.

Only the sound of the wind blowing through the valley, sobbing and lamenting, as if telling a story.

Behind them, the lights of Free Valley flickered in the night, like a small starry sky.

Thousands of people, hunted, driven, and oppressed by the gods, lived in those lights.

They had found a home here, a home where they didn't need to hide, didn't need to fear, didn't need to bow their heads.

But David knew that this home wasn't safe enough.

As long as the Divine Alliance exists, as long as those prisons exist, and as long as the order of the Sixteen Heavens is still controlled by the Divine Race, this home will forever remain an isolated island, vulnerable to being submerged at any moment.

Therefore, he was going to Blackrock Prison.

Not to prove himself, not to win Lin Yuan's trust, but because those imprisoned there also deserved a home.

That was all.

...

Blackrock Prison was even more heavily guarded than Lin Yuan had described.

David, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen lay prone on a hill thirty miles away, staring at the black rocky mountain. The number

of Divine Race cultivators on the watchtowers was twice as many as marked on the map, and the patrol teams had increased from three to five.

Several more new corpses lay on the wooden stakes outside the iron gate, their blood still damp, gleaming a dark red in the moonlight.

"We can't get in,"

Bing Wuhen said softly, a hint of frustration in his voice. "The patrols are too dense, there are restrictions everywhere; we'll be discovered before we even get close."

David remained silent.

He stared in the direction of the prison, his mind racing.

A direct assault wouldn't work; there were only three of them against thousands of guards. Infiltration

was also out of the question; the defenses and patrols had been strengthened—the Shadow Warrior had probably warned them.

That left only one option.

"Let's go straight there," David said.

Bing Wuhen was stunned for a moment. "What?"

"Just walk straight there. Let them arrest us."

Bing Wuhen's eyes widened. "Are you crazy? That's the God Clan's prison. Once we're in, we won't get out..."

"We can get out."

David interrupted him, his voice calm. "They don't know who we are. My Chaos Power can conceal our aura. In their eyes, we're just three rogue cultivators at the second or third rank of True Immortal Realm.

Being arrested and locked in ordinary cells is easier than us forcing our way in from the outside."

Jiang Xuelan looked at David, remained silent for a moment, and then nodded. "That's feasible. But what do we do once we're inside?"

"First, find the imprisoned human cultivators, find their leader. Then break through from the inside."

Bing Wuhen opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but when he met David's calm eyes, he swallowed his words.

He gritted his teeth. "Fine. Anyway, you saved my life, so I'll go crazy with you this once."

The three stood up from the hill, no longer concealing their presence, and swaggered towards Black Rock Prison.

The divine cultivators on the watchtower spotted them almost immediately.

A golden light shone down from the watchtower, illuminating the three.

A piercing alarm sounded, the iron gate opened, and a group of divine cultivators rushed out, surrounding them.

"Halt! Who goes there? How dare you trespass into Black Rock Prison?"

The leading divine cultivator was a sixth-grade True Immortal, with a cold face, his long sword pointed at David's throat.

His gaze swept over the three, lingering for a moment on Jiang Xuelan's face, but quickly shifting away.

David raised his hands, a look of fear on his face. "My lord, we...we are just wandering cultivators who got lost. We don't know where this is..."

"Lost?" The divine cultivator sneered. "Black Rock Prison is a forbidden zone for miles around. How could you get lost here? I bet you're spies for the resistance!"

"No, no, my lord, we really are just wandering cultivators..."

"Enough nonsense!" The divine cultivator waved his hand. "Search them! Take them in! Lock them in ordinary cells, and send them to work in the mines tomorrow!"

Several divine cultivators rushed forward and roughly searched them.

David had already hidden his storage ring in the temporary space created by the power of chaos, so they found nothing.

Jiang Xuelan's Ice God Sword was also hidden in the same place.

Bing Wuhen's Ice Sword was the same.

The divine cultivators only found some broken crystals and a few bottles of low-grade pills, further convincing them that they were just a few poor wandering cultivators.

"Take them in!"

The three were pushed and shoved into Black Rock Prison.

The interior of Black Rock Prison looked even more sinister than the outside.

A long corridor stretched across the mountainside, lined with cells on either side, their iron doors sealed with talismans.

The corridor reeked of decay and blood; torture instruments hung on the walls, and broken bones littered the floor.

The ordinary cells, located in the middle of the prison, held prisoners of lower cultivation levels and lesser crimes.

The three were wheeled into a large cell already filled with over a dozen people, all human, ragged, emaciated, and with numb eyes.

The iron door slammed shut, the chains rattling.

The footsteps of the divine cultivators faded into the distance.

The prisoners looked up at them, then lowered their heads again.

No one spoke, no one asked who they were or where they came from.

Staying here long enough would turn people into this—apathetic and hopeless.

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David sat down against the wall and closed his eyes.

The power of chaos flowed slowly within his body, and his divine sense pierced through the cell walls, spreading throughout the entire prison.

He needed to find the leader of the imprisoned human cultivators, to find those who hadn't given up hope.

His divine sense, like an invisible snake, slithered through the corridors, passing through each cell, sensing the aura of each person.

Most people had weak auras, their spiritual power sealed, their souls suppressed, making them indistinguishable from ordinary people.

But the aura in one cell was different. That cell was at the end of the corridor, its iron door affixed with seven sealing talismans, twice as many as the other cells.

Inside was a person, a True Immortal of the seventh rank, whose aura, though sealed and suppressed, was still far stronger than the other prisoners.

David memorized the location of that cell.

After sensing for a while longer, confirming there were no stronger individuals, he withdrew his divine sense.

He opened his eyes, looking at the numb faces in the cell, a complex mix of emotions welling up within him.

These people, once cultivators, once had their own homes, their own families, their own dreams.

But now, they are merely livestock raised by the gods, waiting to be squeezed dry of their last bit of value.

"Everyone," David spoke, his voice not loud, but clearly reaching everyone's ears.

No one responded. Some didn't even look up.

"My name is David, I'm from outside. I've come to rescue you."

The cell was silent for a moment, then someone laughed.

The laughter was bitter, as if mocking David's naiveté.

"Rescue us?"

A middle-aged man looked up, a scar running from his forehead to his chin, his eyes empty. "Do you know where this is? Black Rock Prison. One of the three great prisons of the gods. No one who enters has ever left alive."

"Not before," David said, "but since then."

The middle-aged man looked at him, remained silent for a moment, then shook his head. "Young man, I've been here for three hundred years. I've seen countless people like you, coming in full of confidence, talking about escaping, talking about rebelling. Now their bones are still hanging on the wooden stakes outside the iron gate."

David didn't refute.

He stood up from the wall, walked to the iron gate, and reached out to grasp the chains on it.

Chaotic fire surged from his palm, instantly melting the chains and burning the sealing talisman to ashes.

The people in the cells simultaneously raised their heads.

Their eyes widened, their mouths gaped, and the numbness on their faces was replaced by shock.

The middle-aged man struggled to his feet, his legs almost giving way, and he steadied himself by holding onto the wall. "You...you can break the seal?"

David turned around and looked at them. "I said, I'm here to rescue you."

David didn't rush to open all the cells.

He needed to find the leader first, he needed to formulate a plan, and he needed to figure out the prison's troop deployment and the distribution of restrictions.

He left Bing Wuhen and Jiang Xuelan in their cell and walked alone down the corridor towards the cell with seven sealing talismans affixed to it.

The corridor was long, and the cells on both sides held all sorts of people:

humans, beastmen, demons, and even a few ghosts.

They all looked surprised to see David walking down the corridor; ordinary prisoners weren't allowed to move around in the corridor.

David stopped in front of the cell.

The seven sealing talismans on the iron door shimmered with golden light in the darkness, and the chains were twice as thick as those in ordinary cells.

He reached out and grasped the chains; the chaotic fire melted them, and the sealing talismans burned to ashes one by one.

The iron door opened.

Inside the cell, an old man sat in the corner. His hair was gray, his face was aged, and he wore a tattered gray robe.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, but it was suppressed by a seal,

and his aura was very weak. His eyes were closed, as if he were sleeping, or perhaps deep in thought.

"Who are you?" The old man didn't open his eyes, his voice hoarse.

"David. From outside."

The old man's eyelids twitched, and he slowly opened his eyes.

They were cloudy eyes, but deep in his pupils was a glimmer of light, the light of someone who had endured too much suffering yet still hadn't given up.

"From outside?" The old man looked at him, "A member of the Resistance Army?"

David nodded. "Lin Yuan sent me."

The old man's body trembled violently. "Lin Yuan? He's still alive?"

"Alive. He's in Freedom Valley."

Tears welled up in the old man's eyes.

He struggled to his feet, walked to David, grabbed his arm, and his voice trembled. "Lin Yuan... he's still alive... good, good..."

David supported him. "Senior, what's your name?"

"My name is Zhao Tieshan. I'm an old man from the resistance army, imprisoned three hundred years ago." The old man wiped away his tears, took a deep breath, and composed himself. "You came in alone?"

"Three people. Two others are in the outer cells."

"Three people?" Zhao Tieshan's face changed. "Are you crazy? Black Rock Prison has thousands of guards, and the warden is an eighth-grade True Immortal. How can you three rescue people?"

David looked at him. "I have a way. But I need your help."

"What kind of help?"

"Tell me, how many human cultivators are in the prison? In which cells are they? Who can still fight? Who can still move?"

Zhao Tieshan was silent for a moment, then turned around, walked to the wall, and drew a simple map on the wall with his finger.

The layout of the prison, the distribution of guards, the location of the restrictions, and the classification of cells were all marked.

"There are 537 human cultivators in total. They are distributed in twelve cells on the second floor."

His finger moved across the map. "Less than 100 are capable fighters. They have been imprisoned for too long, their spiritual power is sealed, and their bodies have collapsed. But as long as there is a way to break the seal, they can recover some of their strength."

David nodded. "I can break the seal. The power of chaos can overcome all seals."

Zhao Tieshan's eyes lit up. "The power of chaos? You possess the power of chaos?"

"Yes."

Zhao Tieshan was silent for a long time, then let out a long breath.

"No wonder Lin Yuan dared to send you. Good, good, good." He said "good" three times in a row, his eyes growing brighter and brighter.

"Here's the plan."

David squatted down, gesturing on the map on the wall with his finger.

"Tomorrow morning, the Divine Race cultivators will open the prison and take us to the mines.

That's our only chance. There are fewer guards at the mines, and the terrain is more open, making it easier to act.

You're in charge of contacting everyone and getting them ready. Once I give the signal, we'll all move in together."

Zhao Tieshan frowned. "There are also restrictions at the mines, and a warden is stationed there. We can't defeat an eighth-grade True Immortal."

"Leave the warden to me."

Zhao Tieshan looked at him, his eyes full of doubt.

A young man at the second grade of True Immortal Realm saying he could deal with a warden at the eighth grade of True Immortal Realm—it sounded like a fantasy.

But the way David broke the seal just now was indeed something an ordinary person couldn't do.

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"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Zhao Tieshan gritted his teeth. "Fine. I trust you."

The next morning, the iron gate to the prison cell was opened.

A divine cultivator stood in the corridor, whip in hand, shouting loudly,

"Get up! Get up! Go to work!"

One by one, the prisoners walked out of their cells, forming a long line, heading out of the prison.

Their feet were shackled, the shackles engraved with sealing runes, preventing the flow of spiritual energy.

They hung their heads, staggering, like a group of walking corpses.

David, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen mingled in the crowd, following the line out of the prison.

The mine was located to the north of the prison, a huge open-pit mine.

The bottom of the pit was piled with black ore, and the miners used pickaxes to strike the rocks, producing dull sounds.

Divine cultivators stood around the mine, longswords in hand, their eyes scanning the surroundings like hawks.

At the highest point of the mine, there was a stone platform, upon which sat a tall, imposing divine cultivator, the warden, a True Immortal of the eighth rank.

David was assigned to the deepest part of the mine, digging with a dozen or so other prisoners.

He took the pickaxe, bent down to strike the rock, his eyes scanning the distribution of guards around him.

The mine had fewer guards than the prison, but still over a hundred.

The warden sat high above, overlooking the entire mine; nothing unusual escaped his notice.

David wasn't in a hurry.

He was waiting for an opportunity.

At noon, the sun reached its highest point, its rays shining directly into the mine, creating waves of heat.

The guards began their shift change, and the warden closed his eyes, seemingly dozing.

David put down the pickaxe, straightened up, and walked towards the edge of the mine.

"What are you doing? Go back!" A divine cultivator approached him, his whip raised.

David didn't stop. He walked up to the divine cultivator, reached out, and placed his hand on his chest.

Chaotic fire surged from his palm, and the cultivator didn't even have time to scream before turning into ashes.

David turned around, looking at everyone in the mine. His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears.

"Attack."

Zhao Tieshan was the first to move.

He smashed his pickaxe against the divine cultivator beside him, the pickaxe hitting the cultivator's head, blood splattering.

He took the key from the cultivator's corpse and unlocked the shackles on his feet.

The sealed spiritual power surged within his body, and the aura of a seventh-grade True Immortal erupted, making the air in the mine tremble.

"Brothers, kill!"

Five hundred and thirty-seven human cultivators sprang up simultaneously.

Some used pickaxes, some used stones, and some used their fists, rushing towards the divine cultivators beside them.

The divine cultivators were caught off guard and momentarily lost their composure.

But the warden reacted quickly.

He rose from the stone platform, golden holy light swirling around him, the pressure of an eighth-grade True Immortal pressing down like a mountain.

"Seeking death!" he roared, slamming his palm towards the mine.

The golden palm print blotted out the sky, crashing towards the crowd.

David blocked the palm print.

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

The purple sword light collided with the golden palm print, but there was no explosion, no loud noise. The palm print was like paper before the chaotic power, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated.

The warden's pupils contracted. "Chaotic power? You're the one who killed Jin Lie!"

David didn't answer.

He took a step forward, his purple figure leaving a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing before the warden.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with purple chaotic fire, pierced towards the warden's chest. The warden, with all his might, channeled his holy light, conjuring a golden shield before him.

The shield had five layers, each containing the supreme laws of the gods.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword pierced the first layer, shattering it.

The second layer, shattered. The third, fourth, and fifth layers—the Dragon-Slaying Sword, like a red-hot iron rod piercing through butter, silently pierced all five layers of the shield.

The warden's face turned deathly pale.

He tried to retreat, but David's sword was too fast.

A purple sword beam pierced his chest, and chaotic fire surged from the blade, igniting his body.

"No..."

His scream lasted only a breath before vanishing completely.

The warden was dead.

The divine cultivators in the mine, witnessing the warden's swift demise, utterly collapsed.

They threw down their weapons and fled.

Golden holy light scattered and fled through the mine like startled fireflies.

Zhao Tieshan led the human cultivators in pursuit, slaughtering the fleeing divine cultivators one by one.

Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light froze a group of divine cultivators into ice sculptures, while Bing Wuhen's ice sword cleaved another group in two.

In less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, all the hundreds of divine cultivators in the mine were dead.

David stood beside the warden's corpse, his blue robe stained with golden blood.

He looked at the cheering human cultivators, at his rescued comrades, and a slight smile played on his lips.

"Let's go. Back to Freedom Valley."

Five hundred and thirty-seven human cultivators formed a long line, following David towards Freedom Valley.

Their feet were still shackled, but the seals on the shackles had been melted by David's chaotic fire.

Their spiritual power was slowly recovering, their bodies were slowly growing stronger, and the numbness in their eyes was slowly fading.

Some cried, some laughed, some knelt on the ground and kissed the earth, some roared to the sky.

Zhao Tieshan walked steadily beside David. Tears still clung to his face, but his eyes shone brightly.

"Mr. Chen, when I was captured three hundred years ago, I thought I'd never get out,"

his voice hoarse. "I never imagined I'd survive."

David looked at him. "It's good you're alive. Go back and rest well. There are still battles to fight."

Zhao Tieshan nodded. "From now on, my life is yours."

David shook his head. "Not mine. It belongs to the human race."

Zhao Tieshan paused, then smiled. "Right. It belongs to the human race."

Behind them, five hundred and thirty-seven human cultivators formed a long line in the setting sun, heading towards Freedom Valley.

Their shadows stretched long, like five hundred and thirty-seven rekindled lifelines.

The lights of Freedom Valley flickered in the distance, like a small starry sky.

Those lights housed thousands of people hunted, driven, and oppressed by the gods. From today onward, the number doubled.

Lin Yuan stood at the entrance to Freedom Valley, watching the procession gradually appear in the distance, tears welling up in his eyes.

"They're back...they're back..."

He rushed forward and embraced Zhao Tieshan; the two old men wept bitterly.

Old Zhao, the tall, thin man, the middle-aged woman, Old Xu, and everyone else from Freedom Valley stood at the entrance, watching the rescued human cultivators, their eyes filled with tears.

David stood at the back of the crowd, watching all this, a complex emotion welling up within him.

He turned around, looking towards Black Rock Prison.

There, the black rocky mountain stood silently under the moonlight, like a gigantic tomb.

But there were no living people left in that tomb.

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side. "What are you thinking about?"

David shook his head. "Nothing. Let's go back."

The two walked side by side into Freedom Valley.