

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6401

Many Free Valley cultivators paled, instinctively gripping their weapons.

The mere mention of the Shadow General's fearsome reputation sent chills down their spines.

David stared intently at the Crimson Flame Prison mark on the map, purple chaotic spiritual energy swirling slightly at his fingertips.

After a long period of silent contemplation, his clear, cold voice slowly rang out, outlining the overall battle plan.

"This battle will have a clear division of labor, each fulfilling their duties without interfering with others."

"The Shadow General, a ninth-rank warrior, is unstoppable by assassination; I will handle him alone."

"The publicly known eighth-rank prison warden will be suppressed by Elder Qingxuan."

"All other divine race guards, sentry posts, and mid-level cultivators will be jointly wiped out by the Free Valley and Spirit Race allied forces, advancing layer by layer, breaking through each level."

As his words fell, Elder Qingxuan nodded slightly, his expression calm and composed, without a trace of fear in his eyes.

“Leave the eighth-rank prison warden to me. Ten thousand years of cultivation have perfected my wood-based imprisonment and trapping techniques.”

“Dealing with a fellow divine race cultivator of the same rank is a sure thing, without a single mistake.” Elder Qingxuan was very confident.

Lin Yuan, standing nearby, immediately frowned, his face filled with anxiety and worry, and quickly tried to dissuade him.

“David, you absolutely mustn’t be impulsive! Your current cultivation is only at the second rank of True Immortal Realm. To cross several realms and single-handedly confront a ninth-rank Shadow Warrior is far too dangerous!”

“That Shadow Warrior has killed countless people, his movements are unpredictable, his assassinations are unstoppable, and he’s practically invincible among those of the same rank.”

“To confront a top-tier ninth-rank expert with low-level combat power is tantamount to putting yourself in danger; it’s far too reckless!”

The leaders of the Free Valley and the Spirit Race around him also nodded in agreement.

Their gazes were filled with worry as they looked at David, all disapproving of this extremely risky arrangement.

Despite the crowd’s attempts to dissuade him, David remained unmoved, calmly interrupting them with a resolute tone, “I understand the difference in cultivation levels, and I know the terror of the Shadow Warrior.”

“But I possess the innate power of chaos, impervious to all laws, and able to counter the divine light, shadow killing techniques, yin-yang magic, and all other fundamental powers.”

"I control the Demon-Suppressing Tower, possessing multiple supernatural abilities such as spatial traversal, spatial sealing, and illusionary imprisonment."

"If I can't win, I can instantly teleport away, more than enough to protect myself, and won't be trapped in a deadly situation."

He turned to look at the white-clad woman sitting quietly beside him, his expression softening slightly.

"Moreover, I'm not alone in this battle. Xue Lan cultivates the extreme cold ice path, freezing thousands of miles and imprisoning her body, perfectly countering the Shadow Warrior's shadow movement techniques."

"With her assisting and restraining him, the odds of victory are high enough."

Jiang Xue Lan sat quietly beside David, her snow-white dress spotless, her beautiful, aloof face devoid of any superfluous emotion.

A chilling, icy blue spiritual energy enveloped her, its coldness subtly spreading.

She remained silent, only slightly raising her eyes, her gaze upon David unwavering. Her

clear, cold eyes held an unyielding resolve, silently proclaiming her determination to fight side-by-side.

Lin Yuan opened his mouth, wanting to continue his persuasion, listing the dangers involved.

But when he met David's calm, resolute eyes, all his words of advice stuck in his throat, unable to be uttered.

He sighed deeply, knowing David's stubborn nature; once a decision was made, it would not be easily changed.

He could only pat David's shoulder heavily, his expression grave, his tone heavy.

"Alright. I believe you. Since your mind is made up, then so be it." "Rest tonight, at dawn tomorrow, the entire army will be fully equipped and immediately march to the Western Regions to launch a fierce attack on the Crimson Flame Prison and begin a bloody battle."

As night deepened, the campfires still burned brightly, and the lively banquet slowly came to an end.

In the turbulent Western Regions, a bloodbath destined to leave a trail of blood and corpses was about to begin.

At dawn the next day, while the sky was still shrouded in a thick layer of darkness, with only a faint glimmer of light appearing on the eastern horizon, the entire Valley of Freedom had already fully awakened.

On the central square, everyone had already assembled, and a chilling atmosphere enveloped the area, completely replacing the liveliness and clamor of the previous night.

David, Jiang Xuelan, Lin Yuan, and Elder Qingxuan, the four core leaders, stood side by side at the forefront of the formation, their aura imposing.

Behind them, three hundred Valley of Freedom warriors, their armor gleaming and weapons drawn, were covered in blood and blood, exuding a murderous aura.

Three hundred elite spirit race soldiers stood solemnly, their plant-based spiritual energy gathering, their vine-based magical artifacts concealed around them, ready to unleash their power.

Among the ranks, all the core experts were present.

The veteran Zhao carried a heavy battle axe on his back, his muscles bulging, the axe's blade gleaming coldly, exuding a fearless, bloodthirsty spirit.

The tall, thin strategist casually waved a folding fan, seemingly relaxed, but his eyes held endless calculations; spells and talismans were always at his side, ready to aid in breaking the deadlock at any moment.

The middle-aged female cultivator gripped double-edged short swords tightly, the blades gleaming with a chilling light; her movements were swift, her close-combat skills extremely fierce.

Xu Bai, with his white hair and beard, possessed an air of otherworldly elegance; his fingertips subtly formed incantations, defensive, healing, and support spells ready to be deployed at any time.

Zhao Tieshan had been severely injured in the previous battle, his bones broken, his spiritual energy damaged; his injuries had not yet fully healed, his face still pale and weak, even struggling to circulate his spiritual energy normally.

Yet he still refused to stay behind, forcing himself to lean on a sturdy ironwood cane, enduring the pain to come to the square to see him off.

His cloudy eyes were fixed on David, red-rimmed, filled with concern and worry.

"Mr. Chen, the Western Regions are extremely dangerous. The Crimson Flame Hell is teeming with powerful warriors, and the Shadow Warriors are infamous. This journey is fraught with peril,"

Zhao Tieshan said hoarsely, his tone earnest. "You must be extremely careful, act within your limits, and never recklessly engage in battle. You must return safely."

David turned to look at this loyal, comrade-in-arms, a warmth flickering in his eyes.

He stepped forward, gently patting Zhao Tieshan's shoulder, his tone steady and resolute.

"Don't worry. I promised everyone I would return safely."

"Once this battle is over and the Crimson Flame Hell is liberated, I will return to drink with you until we are thoroughly drunk."

After reassuring everyone, David waved his hand, and the ancient, heavy Demon-Suppressing Tower floated in his palm.

The tower, weathered and ancient in its patterns, contained boundless spatial power.

He channeled spiritual energy into his fingertips, gently lifting the tower, and a surge of immense spatial power erupted.

A dazzling white beam of light shot into the sky, piercing the clouds and instantly enveloping all the soldiers on the plaza.

Everyone was enveloped by the gentle yet domineering spatial power, their bodies stable and unaffected by the tearing force of space.

"Full-domain spatial traversal, lock coordinates, target—Western Region Flame Mountain, Crimson Flame Prison!"

David shouted, his divine sense locking onto the coordinates of the Western Region's perilous realm a thousand miles away, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower's light intensified.

The dazzling white light suddenly contracted, instantly swallowing over a thousand people.

The next second, the plaza was empty; the densely packed army, along with the four leaders, had vanished into the Valley of Freedom without a trace.

Space was traversed in an instant, ignoring mountains and rivers, ignoring geographical distances.

Chapter 6402

The next instant, the violent spatial tremors subsided, and the group landed firmly on their feet, finding themselves in a vast, desolate Gobi Desert of the Western Regions. A

wave of intense heat and the pungent stench of sulfur assaulted their senses. Dry, scorching

winds howled past, whipping up countless fine, reddish sand grains that rustled against their clothes.

Looking out, the landscape was a desolate wasteland, barren of vegetation, a landscape of cracked, scorched earth and scorching volcanic rocks—a scene of utter desolation and lifelessness.

At the horizon, a colossal volcano rose abruptly, its surface a deep crimson, its walls jagged and cracked, layers of volcanic rock exuding an aura of destruction and fury.

From its summit, a massive crater continuously spewed billowing black smoke, blotting out the sun.

The thick black smoke swirled upwards, painting the entire sky a dark, oppressive red.

From countless cracks in the mountain, scorching red lava flowed slowly, meandering down the rock walls and dripping onto the ground, emitting plumes of white smoke.

From the depths of the earth came the faint rumble of surging lava, the earth trembling slightly, constantly radiating a terrifyingly high temperature that scorched the heavens and earth.

The air was suffocatingly hot; each breath felt like inhaling scalding fire, burning the throat and lungs.

Ordinary cultivators, without circulating their spiritual energy to resist, would be burned by the intense heat and their spiritual energy depleted in moments.

Looking into the distance, the massive black cage embedded in the volcano's belly stood impenetrable, deathly still.

This was their final destination—the Crimson Flame Prison.

Danger lurked everywhere, killing intent permeated the air, the perilous prison was close at hand.

David slowly crouched down, his fingertips lightly touching the scorching volcanic rocks beneath his feet, the burning heat radiating through his fingertips.

His expression remained unchanged as he calmly retrieved a detailed map from his robes, his fingertip precisely pointing to twelve faint points of light on the outer perimeter of the volcano's base.

"Twelve ring-shaped outposts surround the Crimson Flame Prison, interwoven with both light and shadow, forming a defensive network, each garrisoned by a hundred men."

"Combined with early warning arrays and holy light restrictions, if any one of them raises an alarm, the entire Crimson Flame Prison will instantly go on full alert, sealing off all entrances and exits."

"At that point, the difficulty of a direct assault will increase several times over."

"We must silently eliminate all twelve outposts before the Divine Race detects anything amiss and sends out warnings."

"Slay all the outer garrisoned cultivators, cut off all early warning channels, launch a perfect surprise attack, and give the enemy no chance to react,"

David said with a sharp gaze.

Lin Yuan's brows furrowed tightly as his gaze swept over the densely packed outposts on the map, his face showing difficulty.

"The twelve outposts are scattered throughout the Flaming Mountains, far apart and isolated from each other."

"If we split up, our forces will be too dispersed and easily defeated one by one."

"If we concentrate our forces to attack them one by one, it will be too slow, and prolonged delays will inevitably expose our location and trigger alarms."

"The allied forces are too scattered to conduct a simultaneous cleanup."

"There's no need for a full-scale mobilization, no need for a simultaneous attack."

David slowly put away the map, stood up, and purple chaotic power quietly flowed around him, his aura completely concealed.

He seemed to merge with the surrounding scorching darkness, silent and still.

He raised his eyes to the distant, continuous volcanic outposts, his tone indifferent.

"Twelve outposts, twelve hundred Divine Race cultivators—I alone am enough."

A simple sentence, calm and composed, yet carrying an unparalleled confidence that looked down upon all, shook the hearts of everyone present.

Lin Yuan's pupils instantly shrank, his face filled with disbelief, and he uttered a stammering cry.

"You alone? Twelve outposts spanning a hundred miles of territory, heavily fortified, with numerous restrictions, and a thousand guards, each with considerable cultivation."

"How could you possibly wipe them all out so quickly by yourself? That's insane!" Lin Yuan's face was full of disbelief.

"My Chaos Power can completely conceal my aura, shield me from divine sense detection, and ignore the perception of the divine race's warning array."

"With the Demon Suppression Tower enhancing my spatial teleportation ability, I can travel a hundred miles in a single step, instantly changing locations, leaving no trace." David explained calmly, his aura growing increasingly ethereal.

"When it comes to silent assassinations and surprise attacks, no one in the entire outer perimeter of Crimson Flame Prison can stop me."

"A thousand-strong garrison, layers of restrictions—to me, they are nothing but chickens and dogs."

Before his words finished, David's figure swayed slightly, fading and disappearing without warning.

His aura vanished completely, as if evaporated from the face of the earth, instantly disappearing from everyone's sight.

Space folded, a thousand miles in an instant, traversing a hundred miles of mountains and rivers in a single step.

The next moment, David's figure silently appeared in the shadows behind the first outer outpost.

This outpost was built atop a massive volcanic rock, its high position offering a commanding view and perfectly blocking one side of the mountain road.

The outpost was surrounded by densely packed golden divine light restrictions, runes flowing, golden light flashing, the warning range covering a radius of a thousand meters.

Any approaching enemy would instantly trigger an alarm.

Inside and outside the outpost, a hundred divine cultivators, clad in golden standard light armor and wielding holy light longswords, patrolled in pairs, alternating shifts.

Their expressions were cold and vigilant, their divine senses constantly scanning the surroundings, maintaining a tight security.

The outpost commander, clad in exquisite scale armor, exuded a powerful aura, possessing the cultivation of a fifth-grade True Immortal, and wielded a heavy holy light longsword.

Standing atop the highest point of the outpost, his cold gaze swept across the entire Gobi Desert, not daring to relax for a moment.

A scorching wind howled, masking all subtle movements.

Unbeknownst to anyone, a deadly shadow had silently descended.

David lay dormant in the darkness, his eyes icy, slowly drawing the Dragon-Slaying Sword from his back.

The long, black blade gleamed with a chilling light in the dim sky.

A vast, dense purple chaotic power surged into the sword like a tidal wave, swirling and layering around it.

The domineering and unparalleled chaotic aura remained contained within the sword, causing no fluctuations in spiritual energy.

He slightly raised his wrist, his arm swung lightly, the movements fluid and effortless.

A purple chaotic sword beam, condensed to its extreme and as thin as a hair, silently pierced the void.

There were no earth-shattering phenomena, no deafening roars, not even a ripple in the air.

Extremely restrained, extremely deadly.

Swoosh

—only a barely audible, faint sound dissipated in the gale.

The purple sword beam instantly pierced through the entire outpost, precisely grazing the vital point between the brows of every divine cultivator.

The next second, all one hundred divine cultivators at the outpost froze in unison.

Their eyes widened, pupils contracted, their faces still bearing the cold expression of patrol and vigilance, but their bodies had completely lost all life.

The holy light source, spiritual energy meridians, and divine soul foundation within their bodies were instantly disintegrated, torn apart, and dissolved by the power of chaos.

The power of chaos restrains all laws; the holy light power that the gods were so proud of was utterly fragile before the pure source of chaos.

Like ice and snow meeting a raging fire, it melted and disintegrated instantly.

In a mere breath, the entire hundred-strong garrison perished.

Immediately afterward, the bodies of the divine cultivators began to slowly dissolve, turning into fragments of golden holy light that drifted away in the wind.

They dissolved into the scorching air, leaving not a single drop of blood or a complete corpse behind.

Clean, ruthless, and merciless.

The entire process was utterly silent; no one screamed, no one cried for help, and not a single alarm was raised.

Chapter 6403

David remained expressionless, sheathing his sword. His figure blurred once more, and using spatial power, he instantly teleported to the next outpost.

The second, the third, the fourth...

one outpost after another fell.

David was like a grim reaper wandering the darkness of the Western Regions, traversing the hundred-mile Gobi Desert.

His movements were seamless, and his attacks were deadly.

Each sword strike was concise and precise, aimed directly at the vital points, wasting not a ounce of spiritual power, nor revealing a trace of his aura.

Relying on his unparalleled stealth abilities and spatial powers, he perfectly avoided all restrictions and patrols.

No matter how tight the outpost's defenses were, or how powerful the commander's cultivation, they were powerless against David's chaotic sword light. Even

the most numerous fourth and fifth-grade True Immortal cultivators of the Divine Race could not withstand the crushing force of a power that transcended realms.

Time slowly passed, and in less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, all twelve outer outposts surrounding Flaming Mountain were annihilated.

Twelve hundred fully armed and heavily guarded Protoss soldiers were silently and completely wiped out.

David's figure slowly reappeared, landing back in front of the allied forces. His robes were spotless, his entire being clean and tidy, not a speck of dust on his clothes, nor a drop of blood.

It was as if the massacre of a thousand men was merely a trivial matter.

He reached into his storage ring and took out twelve golden tokens engraved with special Protoss runes, casually tossing them to Lin Yuan.

"Twelve core tokens for the sentry posts, controlling all the outer holy light defense arrays." "

With these tokens in hand, the outer layer of the Crimson Flame Prison's restrictions will automatically recognize us and prevent any attack, allowing us unimpeded access to the prison's main gate."

Lin Yuan instinctively reached out and caught the heavy golden tokens, their cool touch revealing a rich aura of Protoss holy light.

He looked down at the twelve tokens in his hand, recalling the horrific feat of slaughtering a thousand people in the short span of an incense stick's time.

His hands trembled slightly, a tidal wave of shock washing over him, his face filled with disbelief.

Twelve hundred regular Divine Race cultivators, twelve well-defended outposts, layers upon layers of restrictions, and multiple layers of defense.

Yet, in David's hands, they couldn't even withstand the force of an incense stick's time before being completely annihilated, silently and without leaving any trace.

This was no longer a crushing defeat due to a difference in cultivation level, but a comprehensive dimensional reduction in power, supernatural abilities, and combat awareness.

Elder Qingxuan, standing to the side, gazed intently at David, his admiration and apprehension growing stronger.

He spoke slowly, his tone full of praise.

"Fellow Daoist David's strength is indeed well-deserved, and he has been hiding his true power."

"With the power of chaos enhancing his spatial techniques, his abilities in assassination, surprise attacks, and clearing out enemies have reached an unbelievable level."

"No wonder he was able to repeatedly inflict heavy damage on the Divine Race and crush powerful foes."

Elder Qingxuan was shocked.

David nodded slightly, without boasting, his gaze fixed on the towering, crimson Flame Mountain in the distance, his tone cold.

"The outer obstacles have all been cleared, and the path ahead is clear. The real bloodbath, the real formidable enemy, is still trapped in the Crimson Flame Prison."

"The real show has only just begun."

With that, he took the lead, steadily moving towards the foot of the scorching Flame Mountain. Thousands of allied soldiers followed closely behind, their steps steady and their killing intent palpable as they stepped into this fiery, deathly abyss.

The gates of the Crimson Flame Hell were slowly opening amidst the crimson light.

The closer they got to the Flaming Mountain, the more terrifying the surrounding temperature became.

The volcanic rocks beneath their feet were scorching hot; even through their thick combat boots, they could feel the bone-chilling heat.

If an ordinary cultivator lingered for even a moment, their soles would be

burned and cracked by the intense heat. The air was thick with the acrid smell of sulfur and burning lava, and the scorching air currents assaulted their senses, making their skin burn and their mouths dry.

The soldiers of Free Valley circulated their spiritual energy, forming a thin layer of spiritual energy shield around their bodies to insulate against the intense heat and flames.

Even so, walking for a long time in this fiery land was still extremely taxing.

Many cultivators had cold sweat on their foreheads and were breathing rapidly.

In contrast, the Spirit Clan members seemed much more composed.

Wood-type spiritual energy is inherently enduring and vibrant, though naturally countered by fire-type energy. However, Elder Qingxuan was prepared.

During their journey, he subtly formed hand seals, and a vast, rich power of all spirits slowly spread out.

A massive, emerald-green protective shield of plant-based spiritual light enveloped the entire allied army.

The light was resilient and substantial, firmly isolating them from the scorching heat and burning air currents. This

greatly reduced the spiritual energy consumption of everyone, steadily protecting them all.

The group proceeded steadily, soon arriving at the foot of Flaming Mountain. The main gate of Crimson Flame Prison appeared before them.

It was a colossal black iron gate, ten zhang high, its surface pitch black.

Forged from a mixture of extraterrestrial cold iron and volcanic refined iron, it was incredibly hard, resistant to high temperatures, magic, and slashing.

Countless ancient divine sealing runes were densely engraved on the gate, their golden light subtly surging, suppressing evil energy.

It exuded an ancient and domineering divine pressure.

Directly in front of the stone gate stood two neat rows of divine race gatekeepers, twenty on each side, for a total of forty.

All were clad in heavy golden armor, wielding holy light greatswords, their auras chilling, and their minimum cultivation level was at least fifth rank of True Immortal.

Standing tall and straight, their eyes were cold and bloodthirsty, their bodies surrounded by holy light, exuding a menacing aura—they were the elite gatekeepers carefully selected by the divine race.

Behind the forty cultivators, a gigantic golden light screen, spanning the entire mountain pass, floated high in the air.

Countless intricate runes flowed rapidly across the screen, layering and overlapping to form an unbreakable defensive barrier.

This was the final, ultimate restriction on the outer perimeter of the Crimson Flame Prison, possessing immense defensive power, specifically designed to withstand large-scale attacks from external enemies. The

moment David and his group stepped into the restriction's warning range, the forty divine race gatekeepers instantly became alert.

Their holy light surged instantly, they gripped their weapons tightly, and approached step by step, their cold shouts suddenly ringing out, echoing throughout the mountain pass.

"Halt! This is the sacred ground of the Divine Alliance, the Crimson Flame Prison. Unauthorized personnel are strictly prohibited from approaching!"

"Those who trespass into the Heavenly Prison and defy the majesty of the Divine Race will be executed without mercy!"

The chilling warning fell, and forty Divine Race cultivators simultaneously raised their heavy swords.

Dazzling golden holy light flowed and converged along the blades, and a fierce killing intent locked onto all who approached; a great battle was imminent.

The atmosphere instantly became extremely tense.

Chapter 6404

David remained indifferent, ignoring the intimidation of the assembled divine cultivators. He silently raised his hand and slowly drew the Dragon-Slaying Sword from his back.

The moment the black blade was drawn, a violent and dense purple chaotic power erupted, sweeping across the area like a tsunami.

Wrapped around the sword, layers of blazing chaotic fire burned, its purple light soaring into the sky.

The domineering and unparalleled primal power instantly suppressed the golden holy light throughout the area.

There were no superfluous words, no pre-battle standoff.

David raised his arm high, his wrist slamming down with tremendous force.

With a single strike, the wind and clouds shifted.

The purple chaotic power, condensed to its extreme, coalesced into a gigantic blade of light a hundred feet long, tearing through the scorching air.

With terrifying destructive power, it swept towards the forty gatekeeper cultivators and the golden light barrier in front of him.

Wherever the blade passed, the surrounding scorching air was instantly torn apart and twisted.

The hard volcanic ground was ravaged by the sharp sword energy, carving a trench several meters deep and stretching for hundreds of meters, scattering rubble and lava everywhere.

The holy light power upon which the gods relied was as fragile as paper before the chaotic origin.

The moment it touched the surface, it was frantically devoured, torn apart, and dissolved, unable to even offer a moment's resistance.

Forty elite fifth-rank gods didn't even have time to activate their defensive spells, their armor, or utter a final scream.

Their bodies were instantly sliced and disintegrated by the chaotic light blade.

Their golden blood evaporated instantly, their bodies turning into countless golden specks of light that dissipated with the wind.

In an instant, the entire army was annihilated, leaving no trace of their remains.

The annihilation of the forty defenders took only a moment.

The hundred-foot-long purple light blade continued its momentum, carrying destructive power, and slammed heavily into the thick golden defensive light barrier.

Boom...

A deafening roar suddenly erupted, the entire Flaming Mountain trembled slightly, and a fierce wind raged at the mountain pass.

The golden light barrier trembled and shook violently, its surface runes flashing, dimming, and shattering at a visible speed.

Countless spiderweb-like cracks instantly covered the entire barrier.

The defensive barrier of the ancient restriction crumbled step by step under the frenzied erosion and crushing force of chaotic power.

In less than three breaths, accompanied by a deafening shattering roar, the incomparably sturdy ultimate restriction light barrier exploded.

Countless fragments of golden runes scattered and dissipated into the air.

The last outer barrier was completely shattered.

The thick, pitch-black giant stone door was exposed to everyone's eyes without any concealment.

David stepped forward, walking step by step to the ten-zhang-long stone door, his palms slowly resting on the cold, hard door panel.

Within his palms, a faint purple chaotic fire slowly rose and danced.

The domineering and eerie power of the fire rapidly spread and permeated along the sealing runes on the door panel.

The sealing runes, inscribed by the divine race for millennia, melted, cracked, and dissipated layer by layer under the scorching heat of the chaotic fire.

The domineering sealing power was gradually dismantled and broken.

The ear-piercing sound of shattering runes echoed continuously.

The heavy stone door, accompanied by the dull creak of mechanical turning, slowly opened inwards.

Beyond the stone door lay a deep, long mountain tunnel.

Countless glowing fluorite stones were embedded in the rock walls on both sides of the tunnel, their soft white light illuminating the narrow, winding passage.

The tunnel was dark and gloomy, a cold wind carrying the scorching heat of magma assaulting the senses.

The end was deep and unknown, faintly exuding the chilling, deathly atmosphere unique to prisons.

“Enter the city, advance layer by layer, beware of ambushes,”

David coldly instructed, gripping his Dragon-Slaying Sword, and led the way into the deep tunnel, his steps steady and unwavering.

Lin Yuan and Elder Qingxuan followed closely behind, and over a thousand soldiers entered in succession, their ranks orderly and their defenses impeccable. They

slowly surged into the Crimson Flame Prison.

This infernal prison, which had suppressed countless rebellious cultivators, was destined to be rewritten today by blood and fury.

The tunnel was winding and intricate, dark and oppressive throughout.

The cold, hard rock walls on both sides occasionally emitted scorching air from the cracks, mingling with the unique, decaying, and bloody stench of the prison, making everyone feel suffocated and uncomfortable.

The group moved forward steadily, remaining vigilant about their surroundings, wary of ambushes and traps hidden by the gods.

After walking for the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, passing through layers of winding paths, the view suddenly opened up ahead.

A much larger and heavier colossal stone gate stood before them—the entrance barrier to the first level of the Crimson Flame Prison.

This stone gate was even more imposing and imposing than the outer main gate, forged entirely from volcanic black iron mixed with sealing divine stone, doubling its defensive power.

The gate panels were engraved with dense, ancient binding runes, their golden light flickering dimly, radiating a heavy, oppressive force.

Simply standing there, one felt a suffocating sense of oppression.

Directly in front of the stone gate, a burly, tall figure stood proudly, blocking the way.

This divine cultivator wore a full set of refined golden heavy armor, its patterns intricate and its edges sharp.

He wielded a massive lava warhammer, taller than a man, its surface covered with ferocious spikes, wreathed in flames, heavy and domineering.

His aura was powerful and profound, his cultivation firmly locked at the sixth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

His muscles were bulging, his eyes fierce, exuding the aura of a hundred battles and slaughter.

Behind him, three hundred first-level divine guards were already lined up, layer upon layer, weapons drawn, holy light flowing.

With a cold, bloodthirsty expression, he was already prepared for a bloody battle.

Seeing David and his group break through the outer barrier and enter the heart of the prison, the sixth-rank divine race commander's eyes widened in fury.

Gripping his giant warhammer, he roared fiercely, the sound waves echoing through the tunnel.

"David! You defied the heavens, leading the rebels to destroy Black Rock Prison, slaughtering divine race soldiers, committing heinous crimes!"

"Now, unrepentant, you dare to invade Crimson Flame Prison alone, provoking the divine race alliance's authority!"

"Today, with me here guarding the first level, I will tear you to pieces, extract your soul, and offer your head as a sacrifice to the divine race, avenging the fallen kin of Black Rock Prison!"

"Today is your death day!" His

furious roar resounded across the land, his killing intent chilling.

David's gaze remained indifferent, completely ignoring the other's furious shouts. He turned to Lin Yuan and Elder Qingxuan beside him, calmly assigning tasks.

"I'll handle the three hundred guards on the first level, plus this sixth-rank commander, all by myself."

"You lead the Free Valley and Spirit Clan allied forces to immediately storm the prison area and prioritize rescuing the trapped prisoners."

"Don't linger here and delay the rescue."

David ordered.

"Can you do it?" Lin Yuan asked.

David slightly raised his eyebrows, his tone carrying a faint indifference and disdain.

"Three hundred cultivators below the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm are nothing but a rabble. Their combined strength is limited; they can't harm me in the slightest."

"Such opponents aren't even worth a single sword strike from me."

Lin Yuan looked at David's calm and composed expression, recalling the terrifying combat power of instantly killing a thousand people at the twelve outposts.

He knew that David's combat power had already surpassed the norm for those of the same rank; a combined attack by ordinary cultivators would be futile against him.

A second-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator who didn't even consider hundreds of cultivators below the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm a threat—who else in the entire Sixteenth Heaven would dare to do that?

Thinking of the countless beings of all races who had been ravaged by the gods, and the terrible price paid by the Valley of Freedom, his eyes instantly reddened, and his heart ached unbearably.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

"Fellow countrymen, do not be afraid. We are here, the Valley of Freedom is here!"

"Today, we will shatter the cage, break the seal, and bring you back to the light of day!"

Lin Yuan suppressed his grief and anger, strode to the door of the first cell, roared, and gathered his spiritual power in his fists, slamming them hard against the heavy black iron cell door.

The deafening roar shook the cell, the cell door trembled violently, and the runes flickered, but it remained unmoved.

The chains binding the prisoners were forged from extraterrestrial god-devouring iron, specifically designed to counter the spiritual power of cultivators, making them incredibly hard.

Layer upon layer of sealing runes were added, making them completely impervious to the brute force and magic of ordinary cultivators.

Lin Yuan's full-force attack landed on the chains, leaving only a shallow white mark, utterly useless.

"Brute force is useless, get out of the way."

A cold voice sounded from behind. David slowly walked into the cell, his gaze falling on the black chains that firmly bound the prisoner.

He raised his hand, extending two fingers and gently grasping the cold, heavy God-Devouring Iron chains.

A faint purple chaotic fire slowly rose from his palm.

The domineering chaotic power spread rapidly along the chains, eroding the sealing runes on them layer by layer.

Under the scorching heat of the chaotic fire, the incomparably hard God-Devouring Iron quickly softened, melted, and broke.

Crack...

A crisp breaking sound rang out, and the shackles that had imprisoned him for countless days and nights snapped and fell heavily to the ground. With

the shackles broken, the seal instantly collapsed.

The spiritual power, bloodline power, and divine soul essence that had accumulated within his body for countless days and nights instantly broke free of their restraints, surging and reviving wildly within him.

The human cultivator who had been imprisoned for several years trembled, his long-suppressed power suddenly erupting.

His weak body collapsed heavily to his knees, his hands gripping the cold ground tightly, and he wept bitterly.

Tears mingled with blood, he was utterly disheveled, yet also incredibly relieved.

"My benefactor... thank you so much for saving me... I will never forget your immense kindness..."

Chapter 6405

"All troops, listen to my command! Bypass the front lines, charge into the first level of the prison at full speed, break the shackles, and rescue the trapped cultivators of all races!"

Lin Yuan decisively raised his hand and issued the order.

The warriors of Free Valley and the elite of the Spirit Race immediately adjusted their formation, bypassing the main battlefield and rushing towards the passages on both sides of the stone gate.

They rushed to the prison area to carry out the rescue.

Seeing this, the three hundred Divine Race guards behind them immediately tried to split up to block them.

The sixth-rank commander was even more enraged. He roared and raised his giant lava warhammer high, his body radiating holy light.

A heavy force erupted, and he stepped forward to intercept the rescue army.

"Don't even think about rescuing people! Kill David first, then slaughter the rebels!"

Just as he took a step, David's figure suddenly flashed, using Spatial Flash to travel a hundred miles in one step, instantly traversing dozens of feet, and appearing directly in front of the sixth-rank commander.

The speed was so fast that not even a shadow was left behind.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword surged with purple light, engulfed in raging chaotic fire, its blade sharp and piercing.

Ignoring the opponent's heavy armor, it precisely pierced through a gap in the armor, striking a vital spot in the chest.

Thud...

The ear-piercing sound of a blade entering flesh rang out abruptly.

The sixth-rank divine race commander's pupils contracted sharply, his face filled with utter disbelief and despair.

His heavy armor offered unparalleled defense, his strength was immense, and he could easily overwhelm his peers in close combat. His prized physique and armor were like paper before David.

He hadn't even been able to unleash a single move, his warhammer barely able to fall, before the sword pierced his vitals.

His life force rapidly drained away, his holy light source instantly devoured and disintegrated by the chaotic fire.

His burly body froze heavily in place, unable to accept his defeat in a single move and his instant demise until his last breath.

David raised his hand and withdrew the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Golden blood dripped slowly from the blade, landing on the scorching ground and instantly evaporating.

"Kill,"

he uttered, a single word chilling to the bone.

David leaped forward, charging alone into the ranks of three hundred divine guards.

Purple sword light crisscrossed, flashing and exploding within the dim tunnel.

The longsword, imbued with chaotic power, carried an unyielding, primal suppression with every slash, thrust, and sweep.

The divine cultivators' holy swords, defensive spells, and holy shields shattered and crumbled before the purple sword light, utterly vulnerable.

The sharp blade reaped life after life.

Golden blood splattered freely, staining the cold ground crimson, forming thin streams of blood.

Screams, wails, the sounds of shattering weapons, and exploding spells mingled together, echoing throughout the first level of the passage.

Three hundred divine guards, numerous in number, surrounded David in layers, forming a united formation, attempting to trap him with sheer numbers.

However, faced with an absolute difference in strength and the restraint of their inherent power, all their struggles were futile.

David moved with agile grace, weaving through the flashing blades, advancing and retreating with ease, avoiding all attacks.

Every strike was deadly

, every move a fatal blow. There were no superfluous or flashy techniques; each sword strike was concise and ruthless, striking vital points with terrifying efficiency.

In the time it takes to brew a cup of tea, the three hundred divine guards, who had been densely packed and brimming with murderous intent, all lay dead in pools of blood.

All perished; not a single survivor.

Corpses and broken armor littered the ground, blood soaked the rock, and a thick, pungent stench of blood permeated the air—a horrifying sight.

David slowly sheathed his sword, the purple chaotic power around him gradually receding, his expression remaining calm, devoid of any trace of the ferocity that followed the battle.

It was as if the bloody massacre just moments before was merely a casual sweep of ants.

He raised his eyes to gaze into the dark passageway deep within the prison, then took light steps, walking unhurriedly towards the second level of the prison.

The bloody battle on the first level had ended, but the killing continued.

The vast prison area on the first level consisted of rows of sturdy stone cells closely connected, dark, damp, and chillingly cold, perpetually devoid of sunlight. The heavy, black iron prison doors were tightly locked, the interior filled with sealing runes.

Countless cold, black chains of god-devouring iron bound the prisoners' limbs and necks, inscribed with dense, suppressing arrays. These chains

forcibly sealed the cultivators' spiritual power, meridians, and soul, obliterating their foundation for cultivation.

Lin Yuan led the allied forces swiftly into the prison area, where a horrific scene unfolded before their eyes.

Over three hundred human cultivators from various races had been imprisoned here for years, enduring brutal torture. Their clothes were tattered, they were emaciated, and covered in wounds.

Their flesh was festering, old wounds compounded with new ones.

The long-term sealing, suppression, and torture had left their eyes numb and empty, their faces deathly pale, their bodies weak—like walking corpses.

They had long lost the strength to resist, left only with endless despair and numbness.

The ear-piercing clatter of dragging chains, weak coughs, and suppressed sobs echoed through the cells, a heart-wrenching sound.

When these prisoners, trapped in darkness and on the verge of despair, saw the warriors of Free Valley and the Spirit Clan, clad in armor and wielding weapons, rush in

, a faint glimmer of light flashed in their lifeless eyes.

Their dull gazes slowly focused, and upon recognizing Lin Yuan as their leader, the emotions suppressed for countless days and nights instantly crumbled.

Weak, hoarse sobs rang out one after another.

“Lin... Leader Lin... Leader Lin has come...”

“We... we haven’t been abandoned... someone has really come to save us...”

“Live on... we finally have a chance to live...”

Tears streamed down their weathered, withered faces, and in their despairing eyes, hope for life rekindled.

Lin Yuan looked at these fellow cultivators who had suffered so much torture and torment.

Thinking of the countless beings of all races who had been ravaged by the gods, and the terrible price paid by the Valley of Freedom, his eyes instantly reddened, and his heart ached unbearably.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

"Fellow countrymen, do not be afraid. We are here, the Valley of Freedom is here!"

"Today, we will shatter the cage, break the seal, and bring you back to the light of day!"

Lin Yuan suppressed his grief and anger, strode to the door of the first cell, roared, and gathered his spiritual power in his fists, slamming them hard against the heavy black iron cell door.

The deafening roar shook the cell, the cell door trembled violently, and the runes flickered, but it remained unmoved.

The chains binding the prisoners were forged from extraterrestrial god-devouring iron, specifically designed to counter the spiritual power of cultivators, making them incredibly hard.

Layer upon layer of sealing runes were added, making them completely impervious to the brute force and magic of ordinary cultivators.

Lin Yuan's full-force attack landed on the chains, leaving only a shallow white mark, utterly useless.

"Brute force is useless, get out of the way."

A cold voice sounded from behind. David slowly walked into the cell, his gaze falling on the black chains that firmly bound the prisoner.

He raised his hand, extending two fingers and gently grasping the cold, heavy God-Devouring Iron chains.

A faint purple chaotic fire slowly rose from his palm.

The domineering chaotic power spread rapidly along the chains, eroding the sealing runes on them layer by layer.

Under the scorching heat of the chaotic fire, the incomparably hard God-Devouring Iron quickly softened, melted, and broke.

Crack...

A crisp breaking sound rang out, and the shackles that had imprisoned him for countless days and nights snapped and fell heavily to the ground. With the shackles broken, the seal instantly collapsed.

The spiritual power, bloodline power, and divine soul essence that had accumulated within his body for countless days and nights instantly broke free of their restraints, surging and reviving wildly within him.

The human cultivator who had been imprisoned for several years trembled, his long-suppressed power suddenly erupting.

His weak body collapsed heavily to his knees, his hands gripping the cold ground tightly, and he wept bitterly.

Tears mingled with blood, he was utterly disheveled, yet also incredibly relieved.

"My benefactor... thank you so much for saving me... I will never forget your immense kindness..."

