

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6406

"Get up quickly, no need to kneel." David gently helped him up, his voice gentle.

"There are countless others trapped behind us. Time is of the essence, we must rescue them quickly."

With that, David moved between the cells.

Chaotic fire flowed between his fingertips; with a wave of his hand, shackles snapped, runes dissolved, and cell doors shattered.

One after another, the closed, despairing prisons were opened, and the chains that bound freedom were melted.

One after another, tormented figures were reborn.

More than three hundred trapped human cultivators were successively released from their seals and freed from their shackles.

Some curled up on the ground, weeping bitterly, releasing years of despair and pain.

Some laughed loudly, tears streaming down their faces, feeling the long-lost breath of freedom.

Some trembled, touching their meridians as their spiritual energy recovered, unable to calm down for a long time.

Depleted spiritual energy slowly revived, and decaying bodies gradually warmed.

Empty eyes regained their light, and numb souls awakened once more.

In the blink of an eye, the first level of the prison was liberated.

Over three hundred newly freed cultivators wiped away their tears, enduring their physical pain, and bent down to pick up the weapons left behind by the divine race cultivators.

Their eyes blazed with intense anger and a burning desire for revenge.

The hatred accumulated over years of imprisonment and torture by the divine race, the rage from enduring countless humiliations, all coalesced in their hearts.

"The divine race bound my body, humiliated my dignity, and maimed my kin! Today, this blood feud will be avenged with blood!"

"We are willing to follow Leader Lin, follow Mr. Chen, storm the second level, rescue more compatriots, and raze the Crimson Flame Prison to the ground!"

"Slay the divine race, overthrow oppression, and resist to the death!"

A series of impassioned roars echoed through the prison, instantly replenishing the ranks of fighters, and the resistance grew ever stronger.

Lin Yuan wiped away the tears from the corners of his eyes, gazing at the rescued cultivators behind him, their morale soaring and their fighting spirit boundless. His blood boiled. He raised his arm

and shouted, his voice resounding across the land.

"Fellow countrymen, the suffering is over, the shackles are broken! Follow me to charge into the second level and rescue more imprisoned warriors of all races!"

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!"

"Charge into the second level! Crush the Crimson Flame Prison!"

A deafening roar echoed throughout the prison, as countless figures followed closely behind, a mighty force charging swiftly towards the entrance to the second level.

The flames of war spread, the carnage escalated, and the horn of liberation resounded throughout the fiery cage.

Passing through the narrow connecting passage of the first level, the barrier of the second level suddenly appeared.

Compared to the rudimentary defenses of the first level, the defenses of the second level of the Crimson Flame Prison were doubled, with much stricter security and a more elite fighting force.

Two hundred elite cultivators of the Divine Race stood in formation, guarding the entrance, each with a cultivation level firmly established at the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm or higher.

Coordinated with their exclusive trapping and killing formations, offense and defense were integrated, and their attacks were coordinated.

The second-level warden, leading the group, possessed a cultivation level of the seventh rank of True Immortal. Ruthless and skilled in imprisonment techniques, he was one of the most formidable figures among the divine race.

A thick, golden barrier of light blocked their path.

The barrier was far thicker than the first level, its surface inscribed with ancient and complex runes of the ancient divine kings.

The golden light was heavy and condensed, radiating a vast and powerful ancient divine might.

The barrier stood before them, blocking all escape routes, its oppressive force inspiring awe.

The seventh-rank warden, wielding a holy light staff, stood before the barrier, his expression arrogant and cold.

His gaze towards David was full of mockery and contempt as he coldly sneered,

“David, you’re merely a second-rank True Immortal. You relied on strange secret techniques and unorthodox methods to barely manage to take the first level, and now you think you’re invincible?” “This second layer of the God-King’s Sealing Light Barrier was personally crafted and reinforced by an ancient God-King, containing the power of a God-King’s origin, making it sturdy and indestructible.”

“Don’t even mention a low-level cultivator like you; even a top-tier expert at the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm couldn’t break it in a short time with a full-force attack!”

“Today, you are destined to stop here, to perish in the Crimson Flame Prison!”

David’s expression was indifferent, ignoring the opponent’s mockery and taunts. He slowly stepped forward, placing his palms directly on the cold, hard surface of the golden light barrier.

Vast and boundless chaotic power surged forth from his palms.

The dense purple light collided violently with the golden God-King’s Light Barrier.

Sizzling...

The black and white primal forces clashed fiercely, producing a series of ear-piercing sounds of erosion.

The purple chaotic power frantically devoured and disintegrated the golden holy light, causing the surface of the light barrier to tremble violently, and the runes to flicker and oscillate wildly.

However, the ancient God-King's primal power was too profound, its foundation too solid, far surpassing the holy light of ordinary gods.

While the power of chaos naturally counters all divine powers, its effectiveness is greatly reduced when facing the ancient origin of a God-King.

It can only continuously wear down the surface of the light barrier, unable to quickly shatter the core defenses.

The light barrier shook violently, yet remained firmly in place, showing no signs of breaking.

Seeing this, the seventh-rank warden's tense expression instantly relaxed, a cruel sneer curling at the corner of his mouth, his tone becoming increasingly arrogant.

"Useless! Completely futile!"

"Your chaotic power is indeed strange and domineering, countering the holy light of ordinary divine cultivators, but before the divine origin of an ancient God-King, it is utterly insignificant."

"The difference in realm, the difference in origin, cannot be bridged by unorthodox methods. You are destined to lose today!"

David slowly withdrew his hand, his brows slightly furrowed, a trace of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

It was indeed troublesome.

Ordinary holy light barriers could be instantly crushed by the power of chaos.

But this light barrier, forged with the residual origin of a God-King, had its defensive foundation increased exponentially.

Relying solely on one's own chaotic power, it would be difficult to break through the impasse in a short time.

Just then, Elder Qingxuan slowly stepped forward, his gaze fixed intently on the ancient divine king runes flowing on the light screen.

Carefully analyzing the patterns and veins, his expression gradually became solemn.

"Fellow Daoist David, this light screen is indeed troublesome,"

Elder Qingxuan said slowly.

"The divine king's primordial power is profound and of a transcendent level. Your chaotic power can restrain ordinary divine arts, but it is difficult to quickly penetrate the defensive barrier of a divine king."

"To forcibly break the formation, you must superimpose an even more powerful primordial power, borrowing its strength to amplify it, in order to tear apart the seal."

"What is a stronger borrowed strength?" David turned and asked.

Elder Qingxuan was silent for a moment, then raised his hand and took out a palm-sized, translucent, rhomboid spirit crystal from his robes.

The spirit crystal was pure in texture, its spiritual light extremely dense, and its surface was surrounded by layers of ancient grass and wood patterns.

Just holding it in one's hand, one could feel a vast, boundless, and endless ancient life force.

"This is the Myriad Spirits Ancestral Crystal, passed down through generations of my Spirit Clan, gathering the essence of the spiritual energy from the mountains, rivers, and vegetation of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest over ten thousand years."

"It embodies the very life force of the entire ancient forest; it is a supreme treasure of the Spirit Clan."

Elder Qingxuan solemnly handed the Ancestral Crystal to David.

"With the Ancestral Crystal's vast power of the Myriad Spirits' origin, you can enhance your Chaos Power, achieving a fusion of the two sources, complementing each other."

"A forced unleashing of ultimate destructive power is enough to break through this God-King's sealing barrier."

David reached out and received the cool, smooth Myriad Spirits Ancestral Crystal, instantly feeling a warm, boundless, and continuously flowing spiritual energy in his palm.

Pure, gentle, and infinitely profound.

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Without hesitation, he immediately poured the pure chaotic power within his body into the ancestral crystal.

In an instant, the lush, verdant spiritual light of the myriad spirit plants intertwined and merged with the domineering, profound purple chaotic light.

A beam of light, both blue and purple, shot into the sky, the two extreme powers perfectly merging, unleashing a terrifying power that shook the heavens and earth.

David braced his hands against the light barrier, channeling his spiritual power to its fullest extent, his divine sense urging the fusion power, and with a low shout, he shook the passage.

“Break!”

The violent beam of light, intertwined blue and purple, erupted with a deafening roar, crushing heavily onto the golden divine king light barrier.

Boom!

A deafening explosion suddenly erupted, the entire second level of the passage shook violently, and rubble fell from the walls.

The once incredibly stable divine king light barrier was instantly on the verge of collapse, its surface runes shattering in patches.

Countless cracks spread wildly at a visible speed, and the originally thick and condensed golden light rapidly dimmed.

The arrogant smile on the seventh-rank warden’s face froze instantly, his pupils contracted sharply, and his face turned deathly pale.

His eyes were filled with disbelief and panic.

“No...impossible...this is a God-King’s seal...how could it be forcibly broken by a low-level cultivator...”

Before his desperate roar could even finish, the incredibly sturdy golden light barrier collapsed with a deafening shattering sound.

A beam of destructive light, both blue and purple, swept across the two hundred elite Divine Race cultivators in front of him

with unstoppable force. Piercing screams instantly erupted.

The two hundred elite Divine Race cultivators, all above the fifth rank, were utterly powerless against the ultimate power of the dual-source fusion.

Their bodies were instantly torn apart, dissolved, and crushed, golden blood splattering everywhere.

In an instant, they were all annihilated, leaving not even a complete skeleton behind.

The intense light slowly dissipated, leaving the passage deathly silent and littered with devastation.

David slowly withdrew his hand, his face slightly pale, his breathing slightly uneven.

The 100,000-year-old spiritual essence contained within the Myriad Spirit Ancestral Crystal had been largely depleted in the previous attack, its luster dimmed, and its spiritual energy severely depleted, a devastating loss.

He handed the dimmed crystal back to Elder Qingxuan, bowed slightly, and solemnly clasped his hands in thanks.

"Thank you for your great help, Elder. I will remember this kindness."

Elder Qingxuan gently shook his head, his expression indifferent. "Allies should help each other out; there's no need for thanks."

"Overthrowing the tyranny of the gods and saving all living beings is the wish of my Spirit Clan."

The barrier was broken, and the guards were all wiped out.

The crowd immediately surged into the second level of the prison area.

Compared to the single human prisoners on the first level, the second level held powerful rebels from all corners of the world and all races. There were

veteran human cultivators, powerful beastmen generals

, unpredictable demon cultivators, and powerful ghosts with refined spirits.

The groups were diverse, all suffering equally cruel imprisonment and torture.

As the prison doors were broken open one by one, and the shackles were melted away, the moment countless alien cultivators regained their freedom, their suppressed grief and anger erupted completely.

The powerful figures from all races bowed deeply, kneeling before David, Lin Yuan, and Elder Qingxuan, expressing their gratitude for being saved. David remained silent, rescuing people as he cleaned each cell and broke each shackle.

He gently comforted cultivators of various races, gathering all forces of resistance.

Over two hundred top cultivators from various races, reborn, joined the resistance army, following closely behind, their killing intent palpable.

They steadily advanced towards the final, third level of the death row.

The decisive battle was just around the corner.

Their path was clear, eliminating any remaining scattered guards along the way.

Finally, they arrived at the core, the most sinister, and the most terrifying area of the Crimson Flame Prison—the third level of the death row.

This was the ultimate forbidden area of the Crimson Flame Prison, one of the most terrifying prisons in the entire Sixteen Heavens.

The air was icy cold, thick with the stench of blood, decay, and death, making it hard to breathe.

The rock walls were black and cold, covered with sealing runes, having imprisoned high-level experts for years. The spiritual energy of heaven and earth was thin, and the pervasive death aura made everyone feel oppressed.

In the center of the spacious hall at the entrance to the third level, a solitary and towering figure in black stood silently, blocking all paths.

He was slender and upright, shrouded in a dense, cold, pure black armor.

The armor's patterns were dark and intricate, carved with shadowy runes, radiating a chilling, bloodthirsty aura.

His face was sharp and angular, his skin pale, and his vertical pupils were an eerie deep purple.

Endless darkness and slaughter flowed within his pupils, as if containing ancient shadows, sinister and terrifying.

He gripped a long, dark spear in his hand, its slender, cold shaft wreathed in dense dark aura and murderous intent.

The spearhead gleamed with a poisonous, chilling light; a single glance would pierce the soul and instill fear.

He exuded no outwardly violent aura, appearing unremarkable,

yet concealed an immeasurable, all-consuming shadow power, his entire being perfectly integrated with the surrounding darkness.

A True Immortal Realm Ninth Rank, Shadow Warrior.

Behind his tall, cold back stood fifty elite warriors of the Divine Race, their ranks impeccable, their auras heavy and imposing.

Each Divine Race cultivator was clad in gilded holy armor, surrounded by dense, heavy golden holy light. Their cultivation levels were all firmly above the True Immortal Realm Seventh Rank, their blood and qi surging, their divine power profound.

Each held a long, narrow sword with holy runes, its blade flowing with intense, holy golden light. Their divine pressure was overwhelming, their eyes indifferent as frost, devoid of joy or sorrow, filled only with killing intent and loyalty, like a group of ruthless weapons who only knew how to obey orders and slaughter.

The Shadow Warrior's indifferent gaze pierced through the dim corridor, locking onto David as he slowly approached. A cold, mocking smile slowly curved his thin lips, chilling to the bone.

"David, you've finally set foot here. I've been waiting for you for a long time on the third level of Black Rock Prison."

David stopped, his aura calm and composed, his gaze fixed on the top warrior of the Divine Race before him, his tone indifferent: "You've been waiting for me here specifically?"

"That's right."

A chilling glint flashed in the Shadow Warrior's eyes, his dark aura surged, and suppressed killing intent instantly enveloped the entire space.

"You killed the Divine Race general Jin Lie, slaughtered the guards, and destroyed the impregnable first two levels of Black Rock Prison, committing heinous crimes. The Divine Race Alliance Leader is furious." "

He specifically ordered me to guard this place, to block your path, to see you alive or dead. Today, you have no way to escape."

He paused slightly, his sharp gaze sweeping over the group of Spirit Race warriors accompanying David, his brows furrowing, a deep contempt and impatience appearing between his brows.

"The Spirit Clan has always lived a life of peace, dwelling in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. Why would you so rashly meddle in the feud between the Divine Clan and you?"

Elder Qingxuan stepped slowly out of the ranks, his body shimmering with azure light. His expression was calm and composed, neither arrogant nor humble, displaying the dignified bearing of an elder.

"The Spirit Clan has long since formed an alliance with the Valley of Freedom, sharing both glory and ruin. Shadow Warrior, the sea of suffering is boundless; turn back before it's too late. Immediately lead your elite Divine Clan troops away from this place, and we may spare your life," Elder Qingxuan said.

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"Hahaha, utterly absurd!"

Shadow Warrior suddenly let out a chilling, bone-chilling laugh, the sound carrying a dense, malevolent aura that sent dust flying from the surrounding rock walls.

"You mere weaklings of the Spirit Race, cowering in the dense forest, dare to presume to beg for mercy before my Divine Race? A bunch of reclusive, cowardly trash, worthy of negotiating with me and spouting nonsense?"

His aura suddenly plummeted, his icy voice carrying a bone-chilling killing intent, echoing throughout the entire dark floor.

"I'm giving you one last chance. Immediately take these monsters and disappear. I can forgive and forget what happened today."

"If you insist on obstructing me, when the Divine Race Alliance's million-strong army crushes the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits and slaughters the entire Spirit Race, then you'll regret it!"

Shadow Warrior threatened Elder Qingxuan.

Elder Qingxuan's expression suddenly turned solemn, a fierce aura surging between his brows, yet he forcefully suppressed his anger, refraining from rash action. He simply turned his gaze to David, awaiting a decision. Chen

Ping ignored the menacing Shadow Warrior and slowly stepped aside.

His gaze swept over the tense Jiang Xuelan beside him, the composed and solemn Lin Yuan, the dignified and steady Elder Qingxuan, and the group of captured cultivators who had just broken free of their shackles after enduring hardship.

His voice was not loud, but it carried a power that struck straight to the heart: "Faced with the oppressive power and the threat of death from the Divine Race, are you afraid?"

A brief silence enveloped the crowd; no one answered, only heavy breathing echoed in the air.

The next second, Lin Yuan clenched his fists, his fighting spirit soaring to the sky, and roared first, his voice booming like thunder: "We cultivators would rather die than surrender, we are not afraid!"

"Not afraid!"

All the warriors of Free Valley raised their arms in unison, their roars thunderous, their fighting spirit blazing like wildfire.

"Fearless!"

The Spirit Clan warriors shone brightly, shouting in unison, their pride unyielding.

"Fearless!"

The long-suppressed anger and resentment of the captured cultivators, who had endured torture and escaped death, erupted completely, their roars shaking the heavens and earth.

Thousands of shouts converged, a powerful will to resist breaking through the darkness and crushing the surrounding divine pressure.

David slowly turned around, his back as straight as a pine tree, his indifferent eyes staring directly at the shadow warrior with a livid face. He spoke each word clearly and coldly: "Did you hear that? No one fears the might of your divine race."

In an instant, David's right arm trembled, a clanging sound rang out, and the long-sheathed Dragon-Slaying Sword was suddenly drawn.

On the gleaming sword, a vast and boundless purple chaotic power surged and churned.

Layers of chaotic flames coiled around the sword, burning fiercely, the purple flames eerily domineering, releasing a terrifying aura capable of destroying all things.

"Attack!"

With a command, the battle instantly erupted.

David's figure suddenly transformed into a purple afterimage, the void beneath his feet exploding, and the air currents violently tearing apart.

Like an arrow released from a bow, he was enveloped in chaotic flames capable of scorching the heavens and destroying the earth, wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword straight at the Shadow Warrior's vital chest.

The blade sliced through the air, leaving a ferocious, narrow purple sword light, the chaotic flames burning the air along its path, waves of heat rolling in, the destructive power overwhelming.

The Shadow Warrior's expression hardened, not daring to underestimate him, and his jet-black spear instantly blocked his chest.

The spear's dark, malevolent energy erupted fully, dense black mist swirling around its body, forcefully withstanding this thunderous, fatal blow.

"Clang!!" A deafening clang of metal clashing suddenly erupted, the terrifying force of the collision unleashing a violent shockwave that swept wildly around the two figures.

Debris flew, rock walls cracked, and black malevolent energy and purple chaotic power clashed and annihilated each other, sending sparks flying everywhere.

The two extremely domineering forces collided violently, and both were simultaneously struck by the immense backlash, their steps thrown back several meters, the hard volcanic rock beneath their feet cracking and sinking.

Shadow Warrior's grip on his spear trembled violently, a slight numbness spreading through his body, his eyes filled with disbelief and horror as he stared intently at David.

"A mere second-grade True Immortal Realm cultivator, yet his physical explosiveness and cultivation technique rival those of an eighth-grade True Immortal Realm expert."

"The legendary chaotic power, capable of overcoming all laws and destroying everything, truly lives up to its reputation; extremely troublesome,"

Shadow Warrior said.

David's expression remained cold, offering no further words, he exerted force once more, his figure surging forward again.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword danced in his hands, unleashing a flurry of sword shadows. Seven consecutive strikes, each layer building upon the previous one, faster and more ruthless than the last, tore through the air.

The sword winds tore through the void, countless purple sword energies crisscrossing and sealing off all avenues for the Shadow Warrior to evade. Every strike aimed

directly at vital points, ruthless and merciless. The Shadow Warrior's expression was utterly solemn, his black spear spinning rapidly in his palm.

The spear shadows were impenetrable, dense dark energy condensing into a tangible spear curtain, precisely parrying every strike.

Spear and sword clashed wildly, the ear-piercing clashes continuous, and violent energy shockwaves exploding outwards.

Two incredibly fast figures darted and weaved through the dim void, their speed too fast for the naked eye to follow.

Only the flashing purple and black lights clashed and intertwined, the terrifying aftershocks of the battle relentlessly destroying surrounding buildings. Thick walls crumbled inch by inch, and fragments of stone and metal flew everywhere.

On the other side, Jiang Xuelan had already made her move simultaneously, refusing to stand idly by.

Her jade-like hands flew, her ten fingers rapidly forming intricate and profound ice-sealing hand seals. Instantly, a vast and piercingly cold blue

divine light surged around her, the extreme cold power freezing the surrounding airflow.

Countless fine and sharp ice-sealing needles condensed from the divine light, densely packed and overwhelming.

Carrying extremely cold air that tore through bones, they shot towards Ying Zhanjiang's vital points like a torrential rain, sealing his movements and injuring his body.

Ying Zhanjiang was focused on resisting David's storm of sword attacks and could not dodge in all directions.

Even though he twisted his body at lightning speed to avoid most of the ice needles, several extremely condensed ice-sealing needles still pierced deep into the flesh of his shoulder blade.

The piercingly cold power instantly invaded his meridians and flesh through the wounds, spreading and circulating, freezing his divine power, stagnating his blood and qi, instantly slowing down his movement rhythm and attack speed, causing his actions to suddenly lag by half a beat.

This fleeting opening was enough to be fatal.

David seized this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, channeling all the chaotic power within his body into the sword.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword's light surged several times over, advancing with the momentum. The incomparably sharp blade, wreathed in raging purple flames, pierced fiercely into the Shadow Warrior's left ribs!

"Pfft!"

The dull thud of the blade entering flesh was incredibly jarring.

The Shadow Warrior shuddered violently, a metallic taste rising in his throat, and he couldn't help but let out a muffled groan.

Excruciating pain swept through his body. He endured the injury, his eyes bloodshot. In a fit of rage, his spear, imbued with dark, malevolent energy, swept out fiercely, the overwhelming force forcing David back several feet.

He lowered his head, staring intently at the wound piercing his ribs. Thick, golden divine blood flowed continuously, soaking his black armor.

The divine power was constantly being burned and eroded by the chaotic flames, the wound stinging unbearably and slow to heal.

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Extreme rage and humiliation instantly overwhelmed his reason. Shadow Warrior's eyes blazed with murderous intent, his ferocity surging wildly: "You lowly wretch, daring to harm me, you're courting death!"

Before his words even finished, the dark aura around him suddenly contracted violently, and the next second, his entire body vanished into the darkness.

This wasn't ordinary concealment; it was a complete merging into the dark laws of heaven and earth.

His physical body, aura, divine power, and soul fluctuations were all annihilated, completely dissipating into the dark space, leaving no trace.

David immediately focused his mind on guard, his divine sense spreading out in all directions, frantically scanning the entire third layer of space.

However, he couldn't detect even a trace of Shadow Warrior's aura, as if this person had never existed.

“Not good! He has mastered the Dark Escape Technique, merging into the dark laws, invisible and shadowless, harboring deadly intent. Everyone, be extremely careful of a sneak attack from behind!”

Lin Yuan shouted sharply, warning everyone to be on guard.

Before the roar had even faded, a chilling, bone-piercing sound suddenly erupted from the deathly darkness behind David.

A jet-black spear light, condensed to its utmost, gathering all its killing intent, silently and ruthlessly aimed straight for David’s vital heart.

Sensing the deadly danger, David instinctively dodged to the side, barely avoiding his heart, but the sharp spear light still tore through his shoulder flesh, revealing bone, and scalding golden blood instantly splattered onto the ground.

Having landed a blow, the Shadow Warrior’s shadow flashed and disappeared, sinking back into the boundless darkness, vanishing without a trace, waiting for its next hunt.

In this critical moment, Elder Qingxuan no longer remained behind, decisively unleashing his full power.

His aged hands rapidly formed hand seals, and a vast and boundless azure-green natural spiritual energy surged forth from within him.

In an instant, it transformed into thousands of thick, resilient ancient vines, crisscrossing and spreading out, densely covering the entire third level of space.

Each vine shimmered with a lustrous emerald light, containing the unique all-pervading perception of the Spirit Race, penetrating every nook and cranny of the entire space.

“So what if he hides in darkness? The laws of nature are all-seeing!”

Elder Qingxuan roared, his divine sense urging the countless vines to tighten abruptly, binding and restricting a strangely fluctuating void barrier.

The Shadow Warrior, concealed within, had no escape and was forcibly dragged from the dark laws, his form forced to reveal itself.

His face darkened, and with a furious roar, he slashed with his black spear with all his might, the violent aura instantly severing the vines binding him.

But this brief moment of stagnation and exposure gave David the perfect opportunity to attack.

David stepped into the void, his figure charging forward, the Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with the chaotic fire of destruction, aimed directly at the Shadow Warrior's throat.

Shadow Warrior hastily raised his spear to parry, but the instant spear and sword clashed, Jiang Xuelan's Ice-Sealing Needles struck again, precisely locking onto his eyes, their chilling aura impossible to defend against.

Forced by the danger, Shadow Warrior could only hastily turn his head to dodge, completely exposing his weakness.

David seized the opportunity, his sword shifting, the sharp blade piercing deeply into Shadow Warrior's right shoulder. Chaotic flames surged wildly through the wound, scorching his meridians and disintegrating his divine power.

"Ah!"

Shadow Warrior roared furiously, the extreme pain driving him to madness.

His black spear suddenly erupted with a blindingly dark light, its surging killing intent exploding.

The terrifying shockwave transformed into a circular shockwave, instantly sweeping across the entire area.

David, Jiang Xuelan, and Elder Qingxuan were caught off guard, all violently blasted back by the ferocious power, their blood churning, their chests feeling tight.

At this moment, Shadow Warrior was covered in wounds, holy blood, and his armor was broken in many places, with wounds all over his body. But in those purple eyes, only madness and bloodlust remained. His combat power didn't decrease but increased, and the oppressive aura grew even more terrifying.

"You think you can kill me with just the three of you joining forces?"

His chest heaved violently, his divine might overwhelming, and his roar shook the entire building.

"I am a ninth-grade True Immortal Realm expert, a Shadow Warrior personally appointed by the Divine Alliance! I have fought countless battles and killed countless people. The number of powerful figures who have died by my spear far exceeds what you have ever seen in your lives! You mere ants joining forces, do you think you can shake my foundation?"

In extreme rage, the Shadow Warrior clenched his teeth, biting his tongue hard, and spat out a mouthful of pure golden divine blood.

The golden blood hung in mid-air, instantly swallowed and assimilated by the dense dark evil energy, transforming into a churning, pitch-black mist.

Deep within the mist, countless shrill and desperate wailing souls echoed endlessly.

Resentment soared to the sky, and the killing aura solidified into substance. Thousands of remnant souls twisted and struggled within the mist, eerie and terrifying.

“Shadow Kill Forbidden Technique – Shadow Killing Art!”

The pitch-black mist exploded, transforming into thousands upon thousands of ferocious, black ghostly shadows, baring their fangs and claws, carrying a bone-chilling resentment and a murderous intent, swarming towards David, Jiang Xuelan, and Elder Qingxuan.

Each ghostly shadow condensed the lifelong killing power of a Shadow Warrior, its soul attack vicious and insidious.

An ordinary eighth-grade True Immortal cultivator would have their soul shattered and their spirit scattered instantly if bitten at close range.

David’s expression suddenly turned cold and solemn, not daring to be careless, and the chaotic origin deep within his body boiled with all its might.

Vast and boundless purple chaotic power soared into the sky, transforming into layers of purple light shields that enveloped his body.

Chaotic power is the origin of all laws, inherently restraining all evil, resentment, darkness, and the laws of slaughter in the world.

The oncoming dark ghostly figures, upon touching the purple chaotic spiritual light, instantly emitted shrill, ear-piercing screams, their bodies melting away inch by inch, turning into wisps of black smoke that dissipated with the wind.

However, the number of ghostly figures was overwhelming, densely packed and endless, continuously surging forth from the black mist, relentlessly and fearlessly charging forward.

The intense use of chaotic power to resist the divine soul attack caused David’s spiritual energy to rapidly deplete, his aura steadily declining, his face growing increasingly pale, and fine beads of cold sweat appearing on his forehead.

Jiang Xuelan's body swirled with icy blue freezing divine light, the extreme cold power transforming into layers of ice walls, freezing all the attacking ghostly figures into crystalline ice crystals that shattered with a crash.

However, the continuous, large-scale release of the freezing divine technique severely depleted her spiritual energy; her arms trembled slightly, and her aura gradually became disordered.

Elder Qingxuan's thousands of defensive vines, under the frenzied attack of the massive number of ghostly figures, snapped and withered inch by inch, naturally resulting in a severe overextension of his spiritual energy.

A sharp pain shot through his chest, and a trickle of crimson blood slowly seeped from the corner of his mouth. His body swayed slightly.

"David, we can't stay in this stalemate any longer! The Soul Devouring Thousand Ghosts technique is extremely energy-consuming. If we drag this out any longer, all three of us will run out of spiritual power and we'll be defeated without a doubt. We must use an even stronger trump card to break this deadlock!"

Elder Qingxuan shouted urgently, enduring his injuries.

David gritted his teeth, knowing the situation was critical. Without the slightest hesitation, he quickly reached into his robes and took out the ancient and heavy Demon-

Suppressing Tower. He poured all the remaining chaotic power and primordial spiritual power within his body into the tower without reservation.

In an instant, the Demon-Suppressing Tower shone with a dazzling white light. A brilliant, milky-white pillar of light pierced through all the darkness, shooting straight into the sky and instantly illuminating the entire dark and oppressive third level of the Black Rock Prison.

The holy and powerful purifying power swept across the surrounding area, and wherever the pillar of light passed, the countless dark ghostly figures instantly melted away.

The churning, malevolent black mist was purified, disintegrated, and dissipated layer by layer, the eerie killing intent swept away.

Sensing this extremely pure purifying power, Shadow Warrior froze, his pupils contracting sharply, his face filled with disbelief and horror.

“The Demon-Suppressing Tower! The legendary treasure that suppresses all evil and purifies the heavens—you actually possess this ancient artifact!”

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David didn't respond, his divine sense firmly locking onto the Demon-Suppressing Tower, and he suddenly activated the power of the divine artifact.

“Full Domain, Spatial Seal!”

The soaring white pillar of light suddenly contracted and transformed, becoming an immense, boundless, sealed light shield that descended from the sky, instantly trapping Shadow Warrior within a small space.

The sealing power originated from the ancient divine artifact, its law-based restraint terrifying beyond compare. The dark laws and spatial power surrounding Shadow Warrior were forcibly sealed.

His limbs stiffened, his body stagnated, and the flow of his divine power was obstructed.

He couldn't move an inch, couldn't wield his spear to attack, and even his breathing was suppressed, each breath incredibly difficult.

Despair and panic instantly crept onto his face.

"No... impossible! I am a dignified ninth-grade True Immortal, a powerful being who controls the dark laws and roams the heavens. How could you, a second-grade cultivator, completely seal my movements and power with just a divine artifact?"

David walked steadily, step by step, to the imprisoned Shadow Warrior.

He raised his hand and gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly. The cold, sharp blade slowly pressed against his throat, its chilling edge piercing to the bone. Life and death hung in the balance.

"A ninth-rank True Immortal, with unparalleled talent and boundless power, you think you're superior, acting arrogantly and oppressing all races? Is that so great?"

"You, a divine warrior, do things even worse than those of demons, you deserve to die..."

David's eyes were filled with chilling killing intent.

The Shadow Warrior's eyes were filled with extreme fear and intense resentment. He struggled violently, but couldn't budge the spatial confinement even slightly. He could only roar and threaten, his voice weak and menacing.

"You can't kill me! I am a core warrior of the Divine Alliance, of noble status and high rank!"

"If you kill me today, the Divine Alliance Leader will surely use the entire nation's power to besiege you, hunt down everyone around you, destroy Freedom Valley, and ensure you never have peace again!"

David's eyes remained calm, his tone even yet resolute.

"I publicly slayed Jin Lie of the Divine Race, and I personally destroyed the impregnable Black Rock Prison. Your blood debts are countless, your sins are immeasurable. What difference does one more like you make?"

His gaze suddenly sharpened, revealing his ruthless nature.

"Moreover, from the moment your Divine Race wantonly imprisoned cultivators of all races and oppressed the heavens with your power, I had already made up my mind to crush the Divine Race Alliance sooner or later and end your brutal rule." As

his words fell, David suddenly exerted force with his wrist.

A purple sword light, wrapped in raging chaotic flames, suddenly erupted, piercing the Shadow Warrior's vital chest.

The domineering chaotic fire surged wildly along the sword, instantly engulfing his meridians and sacred bones, the raging flames scorching his divine body.

The supreme divine light was utterly fragile before the innately restrained chaotic fire, melting and shattering like paper in an instant.

The Shadow Warrior let out a heart-wrenching scream as his body rapidly burned and withered in the purple flames. His armor melted, his holy blood evaporated, and his immense divine power dissipated at an alarming rate.

"You...you will ultimately pay the price...the gods...will never let this go..." His final curse shattered weakly, his voice gradually fading and dissipating, his body completely incinerated by the chaotic flames.

The once mighty, slain shadow warrior of the divine race had fallen.

The fifty elite divine warriors guarding the third level witnessed David slay a ninth-rank shadow warrior with a single sword strike, burning his bones and

soul. Instantly, they were overwhelmed by extreme fear, their will to fight crumbling.

These divine warriors, who usually held themselves high and mighty, oppressing all races, turned deathly pale, trembling uncontrollably, their sacred faith collapsing.

They lost all will to fight, throwing away their holy-inscribed swords and armor, turning and fleeing desperately, wanting only to escape this land of death.

The killing intent had been raised; no survivors would be spared.

David's gaze was cold, devoid of any pity. Wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he plunged into the fleeing divine race.

Purple sword light crisscrossed, chaotic flames raged, each swing of the sword accompanied by gushing blood and screams of agony.

Every sword strike drew blood; each strike slain a man, each strike annihilated a soul. The moves were swift and decisive, ruthless and merciless.

Jiang Xuelan moved elusively across the battlefield, her hands constantly forming hand seals, unleashing a barrage of icy needles that covered a vast area.

One after another, fleeing divine cultivators were pierced by the ice, instantly becoming lifelike ice sculptures, frozen in place, only to shatter inch by inch the next second.

Elder Qingxuan channeled natural spiritual power, countless vines bursting from the earth, crisscrossing and binding the fleeing divine cultivators.

The resilient vines tore through armor, crushed flesh and blood, separating bone from flesh—a gruesome sight.

Lin Yuan led the elite of Freedom Valley, along with a group of captured cultivators who had broken free of their shackles and were filled with rage, swarming forward.

Long swords and sharp blades fell in unison, slaughtering the remaining divine remnants who had lost all power to resist and fled in panic.

Every strike was fatal, unleashing the pent-up rage of long-suppressed imprisonment and torture.

The brutal battle echoed throughout the third level of the prison, the stench of blood rapidly spreading.

In the short span of time, fifty elite members of the divine race, all at the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm or higher, perished without exception, their blood staining the prison city.

After eliminating all the remaining divine race members, David's gaze turned to the deepest layers of death cells on the third level.

This was the forbidden area of Black Rock Prison, imprisoning serious criminals, top-tier powerhouses from all corners of the heavens who had committed grave crimes or were considered a threat by the divine race.

The cells were sealed layer upon layer, densely covered with rune seals, the cages incredibly sturdy, each cell suppressing a terrifyingly powerful figure.

Among them were overlords at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, ancient monsters at the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, and in the deepest, ultimate prison, an extremely terrifying veteran powerhouse was suppressed.

It was an elderly man with white hair reaching his shoulders, weathered and aged, his body bound by nine thick, jet-black soul-locking chains.

Each chain was densely engraved with ancient sealing runes, layer upon layer, sealing his cultivation and imprisoning his soul for a full eight thousand years.

The old man appeared to have a weak and feeble aura, but the faintly emanating pressure was unmistakably that of a true ninth-grade True Immortal.