

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel Chapter 6411

### Chapter 6411

David moved steadily forward, his footsteps treading across the cold, hard volcanic rock slabs of the third level of Black Rock Prison. Each step carried an aura of unwavering stability.

On both sides of the path were densely packed, rusty prison doors, their iron gates covered in millennia of accumulated blood and dark, malevolent energy.

Layers of sealing runes coiled around the doorframes and chains, radiating a faint, suppressed, binding light, firmly imprisoning the powerful cultivators within.

He raised his hand, focusing his mind, a wisp of pure, restrained chaotic power swirling around his fingertips. Driven by his will, a sharp, cold light erupted from his palm.

The instant he raised his hand to swing his sword, the sword light condensed into a sliver of starlight, the incomparably sharp blade instantly cutting through the heavy sealing chains.

A series of crisp, cracking sounds echoed through the dark corridor, echoing the ancient binding runes imbued by the gods.

The black iron chains, imperishable for millennia, could not withstand the destructive power of the primal chaos, snapping inch by inch, their fragments scattering to the ground.

The layers of binding arrays and spirit-locking runes attached to the chains and cell doors were instantly dissipated by the sword light, turning into lifeless ashes, completely shattering all restraints.

One by one, the tightly locked cell doors swung open, releasing a stench of blood and mildew from the millennia-old, stagnant air—a stark contrast to the vibrant, pure spiritual energy of the outside world.

The top experts of various races, trapped in these dark, sunless prisons for thousands of years, immediately broke free of their shackles and stepped out of their cells.

They greedily inhaled the long-awaited spiritual energy of freedom, rapidly expelling the stagnant, sealed energy and impure qi that had accumulated in their meridians for millennia.

The humiliation, resentment, repression, and despair that had been building up within their chests were all released with the turbid air.

These powerful figures included veteran cultivators of the human race, barbaric overlords of the beast race, iron-blooded warriors of the demon race, and sinister experts of the ghost race, all dressed in tattered clothes.

Their flesh was covered with hideous scars left by torture, their meridians had been sealed for many years and were mostly damaged, their cultivation had been suppressed for ten thousand years, and their bodies and minds had been ravaged.

But now, reborn, the light in their eyes, which had been dead for many years, suddenly revived, and their pride had not been worn away in the slightest by the hardships of imprisonment.

In unison, they all knelt down, their knees slamming heavily on the cold stone ground with a dull thud, and kowtowed deeply to David.

Their foreheads touched the ground, their posture extremely respectful, and every word was filled with heartfelt gratitude.

“Thank you so much, benefactor, for breaking free of our prison and rescuing us from this sea of suffering. We will never forget your kindness and will repay you with our lives!”

“Your benefactor’s virtue transcends heaven and earth. We have long suffered enough from the bullying and oppression of the gods. Today, we are willing to follow you to the death, rush to the front lines, and fight against the god alliance until we die!”

David’s expression was gentle and peaceful. He quickly stepped forward and used his gentle spiritual power to help the kneeling crowd to their feet. His gaze swept over the devastated corridor, and his voice was steady and powerful, reassuring everyone.

“Esteemed seniors, there’s no need for such formalities. Please rise. The divine race’s hegemony has not yet crumbled, and all races across the heavens still suffer under the oppression of powerful forces. The threat of war is ever-present, and countless cultivators are still enduring immense hardship.”

“We have no time for rest and recuperation. Quickly gather your strength, regulate your breathing, and stabilize your qi and blood. Come with me out of Black Rock Prison to aid our suffering compatriots outside, and together raise the banner of resistance.”

With that, he said no more, turning and striding towards the deepest part of the third level, his gaze fixed on the last and most heavily guarded cell in the entire prison—the ultimate cell, the highest-grade and most secure.

He raised his hand and pushed hard; the heavy, rust-covered iron door slowly emitted a dull, grating creak. The door slowly opened inward, releasing an aura of extreme cold, death, and desolation, several times more oppressive than any other prison cell nearby.

Within the dimly lit and damp final cell, not a ray of light shone, save for a faint wisp of malevolent energy lingering in a corner.

An elderly man with white hair and a emaciated body sat quietly cross-legged in the center of the floor.

His clothes were tattered and unrecognizable, the edges worn and torn, clinging tightly to his thin frame.

Nine thick, black iron chains crisscrossed, tightly binding and locking his limbs, neck, and dantian meridians.

Each chain was densely engraved with the supreme divine-locking runes and meridian-sealing array patterns of the divine race, layered and interlocked.

Day and night, they relentlessly drained his spiritual power, suppressed his cultivation, and imprisoned his soul, trapping a ninth-rank powerful being here for eight thousand years.

Sensing the movement outside the door, the old man slowly raised his heavy head. His eyes, cloudy and aged, were filled with the weariness of years and the trials of imprisonment.

In the depths of his eyes, silent for eight thousand years, a fleeting yet bright light suddenly flashed.

It landed directly on David, carrying a mixture of surprise, expectation, and disbelief.

“Young fellow, who exactly are you? How dare you venture alone into the heavily guarded prison of the Divine Race, breaking through layers of high-level sealing formations, risking your life to rescue us, the prisoners trapped here?”

The old man’s voice was hoarse and dry; his vocal cords had stiffened from prolonged silence, and every word carried the weight of years.

“David, the person in charge of Freedom Valley,” David replied calmly and composedly, neither humble nor arrogant, answering truthfully. His aura was clean and open, devoid of any ulterior motives.

Upon hearing this, the old man remained silent for a long time. A weathered yet relieved smile slowly spread across his gaunt face, a smile brimming with endless sorrow and anticipation. Tears welled in his eyes, and his voice trembled slightly.

“Free Valley... After ten thousand years, I never thought I would hear those three words again. Lin Yuan, that boy, was still young back then. Is he well now? Free Valley, is it well?”

Senior Lin Yuan is waiting outside the prison, safe and sound. Free Valley’s foundation is solid, the soldiers are united, and everything is well,”

David replied softly, his tone reassuring, giving the old man peace of mind.

Eight thousand years of imprisonment in darkness, eight thousand years of torment without seeing the sun, eight thousand years of having his spiritual power drained, his soul consumed, and being eroded and tormented day and night by runes—the old man had long since lost all hope, only wishing to quietly die in his cage.

Now, hearing that his old friend was well and his homeland was unharmed, the grievances, forbearance, and loneliness accumulated over ten thousand years instantly crumbled.

Turbid tears streamed down his deeply lined cheeks, each drop landing on the cold ground. He sobbed softly, filled with the relief of surviving a catastrophe.

“Eight thousand years... I’ve been trapped here day and night, enduring the tortures of the seal. I thought I was destined to die in this cage, never to see the light of day again, never to return to my homeland...”

"Unexpectedly, fate has given me a chance to escape and return to the world..."

David said no more. He raised his hand, focused his mind, and with a light flick of his Dragon-Slaying Sword, a refined and pure purple sword light burst forth. The sword light was sharp and swift, precisely slicing through the nine sealing iron chains.

Crackling sounds rang out one after another as the hard, black iron chains snapped and fell to the ground, scattering the countless binding runes. The layers of ten-thousand-year-old seal were completely released.

## Chapter 6412

He bent down and reached out, steadily helping the elderly man to his feet. The warmth in his palm helped stabilize the man's disordered qi and blood.

"Senior, the past hardships are over. There's no need to dwell on them anymore. Follow me out of this infernal prison. The long night will eventually fade, and the flames of our rebellion against the gods have already ignited. Everything is worth looking forward to."

A moment later, David personally led the way, followed closely by a group of top experts who had regained their freedom and thousands of rescued cultivators who had endured countless hardships, as they marched out of the third level.

At this moment, the vast wilderness was bathed in the first light of dawn. The morning sun pierced through the thick clouds, illuminating the entire land.

In the distance, a majestic cluster of volcanoes stood tall, their massive craters continuously spewing billowing black smoke.

A thick cloud of dust blotted out the sun, casting a dark, oppressive crimson hue over the sky. The howling wind and desolate wasteland only amplified the surging fighting spirit in everyone's hearts.

David stood alone at the forefront of the group, his back straight as a proud pine tree, his black robes fluttering in the wind. His posture was steady and imposing, as immovable as a mountain.

Behind him stood thousands of cultivators from various races, reborn from the dead. Humans were known for their propriety and resilience, beastmen for their ferocity and fearlessness, demons for their iron will and fortitude, ghosts for their forbearance and determination, and spirits for their gentleness and unity. All races were gathered together, united in purpose.

They were all ragged and emaciated, their skin covered with old and new scars from torture, their energy still weak, yet not one of them hunched over or showed any fear.

Eyes once filled with despair and numbness now shone like stars in the dark night, burning with the raging flames of resistance against tyranny.

They were brimming with the burning gratitude of surviving a catastrophe, and bound by an unwavering, indomitable will.

Gazing at the young figure ahead, alone, carrying the banner of resistance against all races, they placed their trust and utter reliance on him.

David slowly turned, his gaze sweeping over the countless cultivators behind him, oppressed by the gods and suffering endless imprisonment. His eyes were calm and undisturbed, his conviction as unbreakable as steel.

He slowly walked, braving the howling wind, step by step, to the charred, mangled corpse of Shadow Warrior not far away.

The body had long been burned beyond recognition by the chaotic flames, its bones charred and withered, its murderous aura completely dissipated.

Only the cold, glaring alliance emblem engraved with the divine totem on its chest remained intact.

The metal, gleaming with a chilling arrogance and cold in the dim sunlight, seemed to stubbornly still display the former supreme authority and majesty of the divine race.

David's expression was icy as he slowly raised his foot, carrying the wrath of all races and the will of a thousand hearts, and stomped down heavily, crushing the mangled corpse of the Shadow Warrior.

Inch by inch, he crushed and shattered the last vestiges of the divine race's arrogance and illusory majesty, shattering the shackles of power and oppression.

The howling winds of the wasteland suddenly intensified, sweeping across the vast wilderness, stirring up clouds of dust and debris.

David stood tall, his chest heaving with a surge of battle intent, his voice rising sharply, like a thunderclap from the heavens.

It carried the overwhelming rage and indomitable will of all the cultivators of all races, resounding across the thousand miles of wasteland, shaking the heavens and earth, its penetrating power lingering for a long time.

"The Divine Alliance, relying on its strength to bully the weak, has run rampant throughout the heavens, needlessly imprisoning cultivators of all races, wantonly trampling on the lives of living beings, forcibly defining the rules of heaven and earth with its power, and crushing weaker races with its force. Its tyranny is boundless and its crimes are heinous!"

"Today, I, David, join forces with the power of cultivators from all races to break through the Divine Alliance's infernal prison, publicly slay a high-ranking Divine Alliance general, and tear apart the hypocritical mask of the Divine Alliance!"

"From this day forward, we will defy the heavens, rise against the tide, and never bow to power or bend to hegemony!"

"Today, I, David, act on behalf of heaven, leading cultivators of all races to personally dismantle the heavens that have held you, the Divine Alliance, so high and mighty, oppressing all living beings!" The moment the words fell, thousands of cultivators from all races behind him roared in unison, their voices rising in layers, soaring into the heavens, their overwhelming power shaking the entire desolate wasteland.

"Tear down the gods' heaven!"

"Tear down the gods' heaven!"

"Tear down the gods' heaven!"

The continuous roars echoed across the crimson wasteland, reverberating for a long time, forcefully breaking through the thick clouds and scattering the billowing black mist.

Each roar, carrying boundless resentment, fervent anger, and a determination to resist to the death, officially announced the beginning of the collapse of the gods' millennia-long hegemony, resounding throughout the entire Western Regions of the Sixteenth Heaven.

In the distant sky, rolling dark clouds surged and converged wildly, with faint winds and thunder rumbling.

The entire world seemed deeply shaken by this indomitable will to resist, trembling slightly, and strange phenomena arose in response.

Amidst the crowd, Lin Yuan stood quietly, his gaze fixed on David's solitary yet imposing figure.

Thousands of years of pent-up grievances, forbearance, torment, and anticipation transformed into scalding tears, silently streaming down his face and soaking his clothes.

To overthrow the brutal rule of the gods, to protect the peace of Free Valley, to preserve the last glimmer of hope for all races,

he had endured and borne burdens for far too long. Today, he had finally awaited the breaking of the long night and the arrival of dawn. His heart was filled with a complex mix of emotions, overflowing with relief.

In the distance, beneath the mountains, the gates of Free Valley opened wide, their lights shining brightly through the night, piercing the darkness and providing warmth and brilliance.

When David led a group of top experts and thousands of rescued cultivators to the entrance of Free Valley, the entire valley erupted in cheers, echoing throughout its depths.

Upon hearing the news, Old Zhao, the guard of the valley, immediately dropped his warm wine bowl and, ignoring the slippery ground, stumbled and ran out, his eyes red and swollen, his voice choked with emotion.

“Mr. Chen! You’re back safe and sound! Everyone’s back safe and sound!”

The usually composed and slender strategist, who often waved his folding fan, now had trembling fingers. His

fan fell heavily to the bluestone ground with a clatter, but he didn’t notice, only focusing on gazing at the returning group, his eyes filled with tears and joy.

The middle-aged female cultivator on duty on the city wall gripped her twin swords tightly, the blades trembling slightly.

Her usually sharp and cold features relaxed completely, her lips parted in a wide grin, a hearty and genuine smile, her heart overflowing with the joy of reunion after a calamity.

The venerable old man Xu stood quietly at the valley entrance, slowly stroking his white beard. Hot tears streamed down his face, etched with deep and shallow wrinkles, each drop landing heavily on the thick city bricks, silently expressing his heartfelt relief.

Zhao Tieshan, the most senior and oldest among them, leaned on his sturdy cane, his steps unsteady as he quickly stepped forward, his voice choked with emotion.

"Mr. Chen...you really did it...you really rescued all our trapped compatriots safely..."

David strode forward, steadily supporting the unsteady Zhao Tieshan, a gentle smile playing on his lips, his tone resolute and trustworthy.

"Rest assured, senior. What I promised you, no matter how difficult, I will fulfill it completely, without fail."

## Chapter 6413

As soon as the words were spoken, thousands of rescued cultivators poured into Freedom Valley in an orderly fashion. The cultivators of

various races were ragged, covered in wounds of varying depths, and still weak, yet their eyes shone like stars, their hearts filled with the reassurance and warmth of a safe haven.

The warriors of Freedom Valley stepped forward, carefully helping the weak and wounded, quickly distributing clean water, warm rations, and warm clothing.

Their efforts were efficient and orderly, creating a warm and welcoming atmosphere. Children in the valley curiously and kindly gathered around, offering soft greetings;

the women of the valley took out their treasured soft fabrics and worked through the night to make new, well-fitting, and warm clothes for their new comrades from various races.

Throughout the valley, the cries of reunion, joyful laughter, and friendly greetings mingled together, filling the air with a cacophony of sounds.

It was impossible to distinguish between sorrow and joy; only the warmth of the valley dispelled all the hardship and chill.

Lin Yuan stood alone on the high ground, gazing at the bustling, harmonious crowd, tears blurring his vision once more. His heart was filled with countless emotions; he had truly waited far too long for this day.

As night fell, a grand banquet was laid out overnight in Free Valley Square, unprecedented in scale, surpassing any previous celebration in the valley.

The existing stone tables and benches in the square were insufficient, so the Free Valley warriors, without a word, dismantled thick, flat wooden door panels and placed them on stone stools to serve as makeshift tabletops.

When bowls and chopsticks were scarce, everyone brought out rustic wooden bowls and natural bamboo chopsticks they always had at home, making do without complaint.

When there wasn't enough fragrant wine, the Spirit Clan warriors joined forces, channeling pure natural spiritual energy to quickly ripen the naturally growing, sweet wild fruits in the valley.

They brewed jars of refreshing, sweet natural fruit wine overnight, its delicate aroma soothing and delightful.

In the center of the square, a roaring bonfire burned through the night, its warm orange flames flickering and gently reflecting on everyone's faces, dispelling the chill of the night and spreading warmth throughout the valley.

Surrounded by the sincere support of the crowd, David sat regally in the main seat, his posture calm and composed. Jiang Xuelan, dressed in blue, with a cool and gentle demeanor, sat quietly beside him, silently accompanying and steadfastly protecting him.

Lin Yuan raised a thick wooden bowl filled with fruit wine, his voice booming like thunder, his shouts echoing throughout the entire area.

"The first bowl of wine is to Mr. Chen! To his selfless sacrifice, his courageous journey through hell, his lone battle against high-ranking generals, his willingness to risk his life to save countless compatriots, and to hold up the sky for us!"

"To Mr. Chen!" a thousand voices responded in unison, the sound deafening and the atmosphere overwhelming.

David raised his hand, picked up the wooden bowl, tilted his head back, and drank it all in one gulp. The wine warmed his heart, and his eyes were filled with the unwavering determination of the united people.

"The second bowl of wine is to Elder Qingxuan! To the Spirit Clan of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest, for their profound understanding of righteousness, their selfless act of helping others, and their unwavering support in fighting alongside our Free Valley, weathering storms together to resist tyranny!"

"To the Spirit Clan!" The entire audience shouted in unison once more, their hearts united.

Elder Qingxuan nodded slightly in acknowledgment, his heart open and honest. He raised his bowl and drank it all in one gulp, displaying the demeanor of an elder.

"The third bowl of wine is to all our brothers and sisters who have escaped death and returned from the ashes! From this day forward, we will be united as one, sharing life and death, never abandoning each other, fighting together against the Divine Race, and protecting our homeland!"

"Sharing life and death! Never abandoning each other!" The shouts echoed through the valley, uniting the hearts of all.

After several rounds of wine and dishes, the atmosphere of the banquet grew increasingly warm and harmonious. Old Zhao pounded on the door and table, shouting loudly, insisting on hearing David recount the entire fierce battle of slaying the Shadow Warrior on the third level, which stirred the blood of everyone present.

The tall, thin strategist, fanning himself with a folding fan, smiled gently as he surrounded Elder Qingxuan, humbly seeking knowledge of the strange tales and cultivation secrets of the Spirit Clan's ancient forest.

A middle-aged female cultivator, holding the hands of several newly rescued female cultivators, sat together, chatting quietly about their peaceful lives in the valley. They exchanged warm smiles, their hearts overflowing with joy.

Old Xu sat alone in a corner, quietly watching the lively and harmonious scene before him, silently wiping away tears of contentment.

Zhao Tieshan, slightly drunk, clung tightly to Lin Yuan's arm, reminiscing about the difficult years of forbearance and hardship, and expressing gratitude for the hard-won peace they now enjoyed.

The newly arrived, rescued cultivators from various races gradually let go of their guard and unease, fully integrating into the warm and harmonious family of Free Valley. Long-lost smiles of peace finally appeared on their faces. As

night deepened, the lights of Free Valley shone brightly, their warm glow filling the sky, brighter and more captivating than any other night before.

The lively banquet ended, the night deepened, and all was quiet.

David left the noisy crowd alone and went to find Elder Qingxuan, who was resting alone. With a solemn expression, he got straight to the point, discussing important matters.

“Elder, as I mentioned before, the Spirit Clan warriors have lived in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits for many years, relying on the rich natural spiritual energy of the forest to nourish their bodies and regulate their cultivation.

Now that everyone has left their homeland and is in the valley, the spiritual energy is thin, their recovery speed has slowed down significantly, their combat strength is difficult to recover quickly, and their cultivation is much less effective.

I will completely solve this hidden danger for everyone today.”

Upon hearing this, Elder Qingxuan’s expression instantly became solemn, his brows furrowed slightly, and he asked earnestly, “Fellow Daoist David, this operation has depleted the blood and energy of the entire team, and their combat strength has also decreased considerably. If a sudden battle occurs, it will inevitably drag down the entire team. Do you already have a foolproof solution?”

David nodded silently, without saying anything more. With a wave of his hand, the ancient and heavy Demon-Suppressing Tower, surrounded by a warm and gentle light, slowly appeared in his palm. The tower’s patterns were ancient and weathered, possessing its own purifying and nourishing power, and its aura was calm and powerful.

“This tower is the ancient treasure, the Demon-Suppressing Tower, which I acquired in my early years. It forms its own independent cultivation space with unique spatial laws, and the flow of time is drastically different from the outside world.

A day passes peacefully outside, but a hundred days pass within the tower.

Spirit Clan warriors who enter to recuperate and cultivate in seclusion can accumulate in a hundred days in the time it takes to do in a single day outside—a double benefit, rapidly restoring their combat strength and replenishing their spiritual energy.”

Elder Qingxuan’s pupils suddenly contracted sharply, his gaze fixed on the Demon-Suppressing Tower, his eyes filled with utter shock, and he exclaimed in astonishment,

“This is the legendary ancient treasure, the Demon-Suppressing Tower, which possesses its own time laws?

I never imagined it would actually appear in the world, and be in your hands! Heaven’s will, heaven’s will indeed be on your side!”

“It is indeed this.” David nodded gently, his tone calm and confident.

“Elder, you may immediately summon all the brothers of the Spirit Clan and lead them into the tower for inspection.

I have already prepared a full range of essential resources for cultivation, including high-grade spiritual vein crystals, natural spiritual spring liquid, foundation-strengthening pills, and soul-nourishing herbs.

The spiritual energy inside the tower is rich and misty, warm and not dry, making it most suitable for the Spirit Clan’s physique to rest and cultivate in peace, without any hidden dangers.”

## Chapter 6414

Elder Qingxuan, without further hesitation, immediately responded and led the charge, gathering his three hundred elite spirit race warriors. They assembled

and, following David's steps, entered the secret realm within the Demon Suppression Tower.

Inside the tower, the view suddenly opened up, a pure white, tranquil expanse stretching to the horizon.

Pure and rich spiritual energy rushed towards them, so thick it almost condensed into liquid spiritual mist, seeping into the cultivators' meridians and pores, gently nourishing them silently.

The three hundred spirit race warriors, without a word, moved in perfect unison, sitting cross-legged, closing their eyes, and focusing their

minds on circulating their innate spirit race cultivation techniques. They greedily absorbed the surging spiritual energy around them, healing their damaged meridians and stabilizing their cultivation.

Elder Qingxuan stood in the center of the secret realm, calmly focusing his mind on circulating his cultivation technique.

Feeling his depleted spiritual energy rapidly recovering, his damaged meridians quickly repairing, and his primordial blood steadily replenishing, all fatigue vanished, and the shock in his eyes intensified. He was deeply moved.

"One day outside is a hundred days inside the tower; the difference in time and space is enormous.

With the blessing of this heaven-defying treasure, in just a few days, the entire Spirit Clan will have returned to their peak combat power, and even their cultivation will steadily improve. In the subsequent battle against the God Clan's army, our Spirit Clan will absolutely not hold them back!"

David smiled calmly, his tone steady and reassuring. "Elders, please stay here and lead the team to cultivate and recuperate peacefully. All defense, reconnaissance, and preparations outside the valley will be handled by me. You don't need to worry about them."

After speaking, David turned and slowly exited the Demon Suppression Tower. He raised his hand and cast a spell, steadily placing the ancient tower in the center of the Free Valley's central square.

The black tower stood silently in the plaza, neither ostentatious nor fierce, its body slowly radiating a gentle, warm protective light that steadily enveloped the entire valley, protecting all the cultivators within.

Lin Yuan strode forward, his gaze fixed on the towering Demon-Suppressing Tower, filled with emotion, and said in a deep voice,

"With this heaven-defying treasure guarding the valley, the combat strength of all our soldiers can quickly recover, our combat efficiency will be greatly improved, and our confidence in confronting the God Race will be completely solid."

David nodded solemnly, his gaze fixed on the direction of the God Race Alliance in the distance, a hidden fighting spirit in his eyes.

"It's not just about simply restoring combat strength. The ample time within the tower is enough for all soldiers to devote themselves to seclusion, hone their foundations, break through their current cultivation bottlenecks, and elevate the overall combat strength of the entire team, so that they will have a full chance of victory when facing high-level God Race experts."

From then on, all the warriors and rescued cultivators of Free Valley took turns entering the Demon-Suppressing Tower's secret realm for secluded cultivation.

Each day, the cultivators emerging from the tower possessed an aura several times stronger and more powerful than before they entered. Their foundations were increasingly solid and stable, and their minds more calm and resilient.

Throughout the valley, one could see pairs of cultivators sparring, practicing their techniques, and concentrating on solidifying their cultivation. Morale was

high, the atmosphere was uplifting, and it was a scene of flourishing prosperity and full-fledged preparation for battle.

Meanwhile, a thousand miles away, inside the core hall of the Divine Clan Alliance, the atmosphere was oppressive and deathly silent, chilling to the bone, a stark contrast to the warm and inviting Free Valley.

Alliance Leader Wei Pengkun sat high on a gilded throne, his magnificent golden robe accentuating his cold and aloof aura. His long, slender fingers tapped lightly on the cold armrests, the slow rhythm carrying an inherent sense of oppression.

In the very center of the hall, a low-ranking Divine Clan cultivator, trembling all over, his clothes disheveled, and his face filled with fear, knelt on the ground.

His forehead pressed against the cold palace floor, cold sweat pouring down his body, he dared not look directly at Wei Pengkun on the throne, his heart filled with extreme fear.

"Say it again. Shadow Warrior... really died on the third level of Black Rock Prison?"

Wei Pengkun's voice was calm and even, revealing no emotion whatsoever.

Yet, every powerful member of the Divine Race on duty in the hall felt a chill run down their spines.

Everyone knew that beneath this calm lay a raging fury that was about to engulf the world, and the slightest carelessness would bring disaster upon them.

"Yes...yes, Alliance Leader, it's absolutely true!" The kneeling cultivator's teeth chattered, his voice trembling and incoherent, each word a testament to his fear.

“David led the forces of Freedom Valley, in conjunction with the elite cultivators of the Spirit Race, and forcefully broke through the entire defense line of Crimson Flame Prison, unstoppable in their advance!”

“ Lord Shadow Warrior personally oversaw the rebellion, fighting fiercely for a long time, but was ultimately killed by David’s own hands, leaving no trace of his body!”

“The fifty elite guards of the Divine Race who accompanied him were

all wiped out, with not a single survivor! The two Heavenly Prisons, Black Rock Prison and Crimson Flame Prison, have both fallen. All the high-ranking prisoners and suffering cultivators imprisoned there have been rescued by David and his group. Our Divine Race has lost all face, and our defenses have collapsed!” “

A few short sentences in the report, each word piercing to the heart.

The hall instantly fell into a deathly silence, so quiet you could hear a pin drop. All the high-ranking experts of the Divine Race held their breath, not daring to speak or breathe, their hearts filled with fear and unease.

Wei Pengkun’s fingers, which were tapping on the armrest, suddenly stopped, his movements abruptly halting. A chilling aura emanated from him, making it hard to breathe.

A long, suffocating silence enveloped the hall for a long time.

After a long while, Wei Pengkun slowly rose, his gilded robe trailing on the ground, making a low, rustling sound. He

walked step by step to the giant interstellar sand table star map in the hall, his gaze fixed on the two dim points of the Crimson Flame Prison and Black Rock Prison in the Western Regions. His eyes revealed a cold glint, and killing intent surged.

“Of the three Heavenly Prisons of the Divine Race, now Black Rock Prison is gone, and Crimson Flame Prison is gone too.”

His tone was icy and piercing, each word deliberate and chilling. “Looking at the entire Western Regions, only the last barrier remains—the Northern Underworld Prison.”

He slowly turned around, his cold gaze sweeping across the group of fearful divine race powerhouses in the hall. He issued his orders in a deep voice, brooking no argument. “

Immediately issue the order to the entire region! Warrior General and Wisdom General, heed my command!”

Two ninth-rank powerhouses, with completely different physiques and auras, immediately rose, bowed respectfully, and said, “Your subordinates are here!”

“You two will immediately lead three thousand elite divine race troops to the Northern Underworld Prison at full speed. Double-guard it, maintain strict vigilance, and allow no oversights!

Without my personal order, you are not to leave the prison area even a step. Hold it to the death, and absolutely do not allow David to set foot near the Northern Underworld Prison!”

Wei Pengkun ordered sternly, his killing intent chilling.

“Your subordinates obey! We swear to defend the Northern Underworld Prison to the death and live up to the Alliance Leader’s trust!” “The two generals accepted the order in unison, their fighting spirit blazing, and immediately withdrew to prepare for defense.

Wei Pengkun’s gaze shifted, landing on the strategist Zhuge Ming beside him, his eyes narrowing slightly, a chilling aura hidden within.

"The scouts report that the Spirit Clan has also openly interfered in this matter, siding with Free Valley and becoming an enemy of our Divine Clan?"

Zhuge Ming quickly stepped forward, bowed, and reported solemnly, "Reporting to the Alliance Leader, it is indeed true.

The Spirit Clan Elder Qingxuan personally led three hundred of his clan's elite troops, cooperating with David throughout the entire battle, launching a frontal assault on our Divine Clan's prison defenses.

They have genuinely formed an alliance with Free Valley, openly betraying the Divine Clan alliance and challenging the Alliance Leader's authority."

"The Spirit Clan... what a reckless, self-serving bunch they are." Wei Pengkun chuckled coldly, his eyes filled with murderous intent and impatience. "

Send the order: immediately dispatch more spies to monitor the entire Wanling Ancient Forest 24/7. Every move of the Spirit Clan, every troop movement, must be reported back to the main hall in real time, without delay."

He returned to his throne, his fingers tapping the armrest again with a chilling rhythm.

"First, concentrate all our forces to eliminate David and raze Freedom Valley.

After the storm has passed, immediately march into the Wanling Ancient Forest and annihilate the entire Spirit Clan.

I want all the races of the heavens to see clearly that anyone who dares to oppose my divine race and defy me will ultimately face the extermination of their clan and the loss of their entire being, leaving no trace of their bones."

# Chapter 6415

Zhugue Ming bowed respectfully, accepting the order: "Your subordinate will immediately deploy a secret network to monitor the Spirit Clan's movements closely, leaving no stone unturned."

Wei Pengkun slowly leaned back on the throne, his eyes slightly closed, a murderous aura swirling around him.

His fingertips rhythmically tapped the armrest, one tap after another, the sound particularly jarring in the deathly silent hall, like a silent countdown, silently calculating the moment of revenge.

Outside the window, two different moons hung high in the night sky, one silvery-white and cold, the other dark red and eerie. The two-colored moonlight spilled onto the gilded dome of the Divine Clan's palace, reflecting a chilling, sinister light, and a murderous aura permeated the entire area.

Wei Pengkun slowly opened his eyes, gazing at the two-colored night sky outside the window, muttering to himself, his killing intent piercing to the bone.

"David, you destroyed two of my Heavenly Prisons, killed two of my capable generals, and damaged the prestige of my Divine Race. I will settle this blood debt with you, penny by penny, interest, and all, without any leniency."

He clenched his fist tightly, his eyes filled with overwhelming ferocity.

"And the Spirit Race, daring to openly interfere in the internal affairs of the Divine Race and defy me, should prepare for the annihilation of their entire race and the extinction of their bloodline."

Outside the hall, a fierce wind howled in the dead of night, and dark clouds quickly obscured the moon, plunging the world into boundless darkness, oppressive to the extreme.

Ten thousand miles away, the lights of Freedom Valley were warm and bright, an inextinguishable beacon of hope in the face of despair.

But in Wei Pengkun's eyes, this light was a rebellious flame that had to be extinguished by his own hand, and it had to be completely eradicated.

More than an hour later, Zhuge Ming, having fully arranged the secret patrols and border defenses, quietly returned to the hall.

Looking at Wei Pengkun, whose face was ashen and filled with barely suppressed rage, Zhuge Ming lowered his voice and carefully stepped forward to report.

"Alliance Leader, I have already arranged for the defense of the entire region and the presence of secret agents.

However, David possesses innate chaotic power, making his combat strength beyond his level all the more extraordinary. Now, with the full support of the Spirit Clan, his power is growing stronger. It will be no easy task for us to eliminate him in

one fell swoop. We need to plan carefully." Wei Pengkun's eyes suddenly sharpened, and he coldly retorted, "What? Do you think that my Divine Clan's army is no match for a mere rogue cultivator like David?"

Zhuge Ming hurriedly bowed and explained, not daring to show the slightest disrespect.

"This is not my intention!

It's just that David's combat strength is strange, his trump cards are endless, and his foundation is unfathomable.

He most likely has a reclusive top expert secretly protecting him. A rash attack might deplete the elite forces of our Divine Race, which would be a loss."

"Hmph, so what if he has a powerful protector?" Wei Pengkun sneered with disdain and arrogance.

"Does he have a backer? Does our Divine Race Alliance have no trump cards?"

Our two Supreme Elders have been in seclusion for many days, focusing all their efforts on breaking through the Golden Immortal realm barrier. They are about to finish their seclusion.

Soon they will both break through the shackles and ascend to the high position of Golden Immortal."

"When the two elders emerge from seclusion, even if David really has a powerful backer, we will crush and tear him apart, expose his true form, and suppress him completely! He is just a mere ant, not worth mentioning!"

The two Supreme Elders are Wei Pengkun's greatest trump card and the core reliance of the Divine Race Alliance to stand firm in the Sixteenth Heaven.

Upon hearing this, Zhuge Ming instantly felt relieved and stopped trying to dissuade him.

Within the Sixteenth Heaven's territory, Golden Immortals were the pinnacle of combat power, overlooking all races and invincible.