

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6441

Chief Qingmu, leading the charge, wielded his spiritwood staff and charged into the battlefield. Thousands of vines burst forth from the earth, relentlessly entangled and killed the onrushing divine cultivators, and the bloody battle officially began.

Seeing this, the Mighty Warrior sneered, his face full of disdain, and unleashed a powerful punch.

The Pure Yang Undying Fist Qi transformed into a dark golden pillar, ruthlessly crushing down, instantly tearing apart the countless vines. Its remaining force slammed into Chief Qingmu's chest.

Chief Qingmu was sent flying back several steps, his chest wracked with pain, his blood churning, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Cracks spread across his spiritwood staff, and its spiritual light dimmed considerably.

Wood-type spiritual power was inherently countered by the Pure Yang Holy Light; although his cultivation was high, he was utterly powerless against a peak Mighty Warrior.

Yet, he gritted his teeth and held on, refusing to retreat an inch, turning back to fight again, vowing to protect his clan to the death.

The strategist, Zhi Zhan, flanked the enemy, deploying multiple layers of cleaving formations to precisely divide and kill the remaining Spirit Clan soldiers one by one.

The Spirit Clan's formation masters fought desperately, but were utterly helpless against the master formation expert Zhi Zhan. Their formations shattered instantly, offering no resistance.

The bloody battle raged from noon until sunset, a full day of carnage, leaving corpses strewn across the land and rivers stained with blood. By evening

, the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits was completely reduced to scorched earth and ruins. Towering ancient trees were burned to ashes, clear streams were stained red with blood, vegetation was withered,

spiritual energy was depleted, and the landscape was utterly devastated, devoid of any former vitality. The Green Wood Clan Chief, covered in blood and riddled with wounds, his spirit wood staff broken and unusable, knelt on the ground, his breath weak, his spiritual energy exhausted.

Only a hundred or so soldiers remained beside him, each wounded, missing limbs, blind, and swaying precariously, yet they still stood firm, refusing to surrender.

The mighty warrior slowly stepped forward, looking down at his superior position. His fists were stained with the blood of the Spirit Clan, and his tone was icy: "Lay down your weapons, surrender, and the remaining members of your clan may live. Resist to the bitter end, and today will be the day the Spirit Clan is annihilated, leaving no one alive."

The Azure Wood Clan Chief slowly raised his head, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, yet he smiled arrogantly, his spirit unyielding: "Our ancient ancestors surrendered, and were enslaved by the human race for thousands of years, suffering endless humiliation and torment.

Today, Azure Wood is here, and will never repeat that mistake, never allow the descendants of the Spirit Clan to be slaves again! If you want the Spirit Clan to be destroyed, then step over my dead body!"

The mighty warrior frowned, said no more, raised his hand to gather strength, and was about to deliver a fatal punch to end the clan chief's life.

"Stop."

Wei Pengkun stepped forward slowly, raising his hand to stop him. His gaze swept contemptuously over the heavily injured Qingmu Clan Chief, feigning to offer him a chance: "I'll give you one last chance.

If the entire Spirit Clan submits to the God Clan, offering up all their spiritual veins, cultivation techniques, and resources, becoming vassals and servants of the God Clan for generations, I will spare your entire clan's lives. How about it?"

"Vassals? Servants? It's just another way to enslave my clan!" The Qingmu Clan Chief's voice was hoarse, yet every word was resounding. "My Spirit Clan sons and daughters would rather die a bloody death than kneel as slaves!"

He suddenly stood up, squeezing out the last of his primordial spiritual power to condense a green wooden sword. With his last ounce of strength, he thrust the sword straight at Wei Pengkun's heart, determined to die.

Wei Pengkun's expression was disdainful, and he didn't move an inch.

In mid-air, a cold silver light flashed by. Venerable Hanyuan attacked from afar, his icy aura piercing through the body, instantly penetrating the Qingmu Clan Chief's chest.

Blood gushed forth, and a chilling aura enveloped him. The Greenwood Clan Chief's body rapidly solidified into an ice sculpture, standing firm and unyielding.

The next second, the ice sculpture shattered with a deafening crash. The Spirit Clan Chief had died a heroic death.

"Clan Chief—!"

Chapter 6442

The surviving Spirit Clan soldiers cried out in anguish, charging like madmen towards the Divine Clan army in a desperate attempt to avenge their fallen comrades, only to be surrounded and slaughtered, their blood staining the scorched earth.

Bing Xue'er, her spiritual power sealed, was forcibly restrained by two Divine Clan cultivators, unable to move, forced to watch helplessly as the Spirit Clan perished, tears streaming down her face, powerless to reverse the tide.

Bing Fenghan lay in a pool of blood, his eyes wide open, filled with resentment, vowing to die with his eyes open. Bing

Wuhen was also dead; these three members of the Ice God lineage could not escape their fate of being killed.

Bing Fenghan and Bing Wuhen were somewhat better off, as both were dead.

But Bing Xue'er, captured alive, faced something far more terrifying than death.

Countless Divine Clan cultivators would ride upon her from afar.

Elder Qingxuan, severely wounded and unconscious, was forcibly dragged away by the Divine Clan, his fate unknown.

Wei Pengkun surveyed the scorched earth and corpses scattered everywhere, nodded in satisfaction, and coldly declared: "From this day forward, within the Sixteen Heavens, there will be no more Myriad Spirit Ancient Forest, no more Spirit Clan lineage, utterly wiped out."

The divine army, having finished its plunder, turned and withdrew, leaving behind only desolate ruins and a scene of utter desolation.

Night deepened, and the wind howled.

Deep underground, within decaying tree hollows, and in the crevices of spiritual veins, a few elderly and weak survivors of the Spirit Clan seldom

lurked, having narrowly escaped the slaughter. Only after the divine aura had completely dissipated did they dare to cautiously crawl out of their hiding places, gazing at their shattered homes, weeping silently.

A young female Spirit Clan cultivator, covered in dust, cradling a crying infant in her arms, stood amidst the sea of corpses, her tears dried.

Her loved ones had all perished, her home reduced to scorched earth, and the peaceful days of the past were gone forever.

She looked around blankly, her heart filled with confusion and regret, murmuring softly, "We were content with our lot, only wanting to live peacefully, why did we suffer this calamity of annihilation? If we hadn't helped David back then, would none of this have happened..."

Inside the tree hollow, the surviving elders sighed softly. Some blamed David for implicating their race, others were grateful for his life-saving grace. They argued and whispered, but in the end, only endless silence remained, their hearts filled with sorrow.

The war in the Sixteen Heavens had ended, leaving behind two tragic scenes and two unresolved entanglements.

In the dead of night, outside the secret chamber beneath the temple, Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss no longer lingered, silently arriving at the ancient inter-heaven teleportation array of the Divine Race with the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

The array's spiritual light surged, isolating the secrets of heaven, without disturbing anyone inside the temple.

The moment they stepped into the teleportation array, the power of the void enveloped them, plunging them into boundless darkness. Spatial storms roared and howled outside, but were completely blocked by the array's barrier, leaving them safe and sound.

Crimson Flame Venerable carefully put away the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, pondering the terrifying origin of the golden tome. He spoke in a deep voice, "Han Yuan, do you think that protective treasure might be a top-tier Dao artifact from the heavens?"

Han Yuan Venerable shook his head and pondered, "Dao artifacts are rare and precious, with only a handful in the Thirty-Six Heavens. What kind of opportunity would one have to possess one? How could a True Immortal cultivator from the lower realm be worthy of possessing one? It doesn't make sense, and it's hard to believe." "

We'll reach the Seventeenth Heaven and seek out a high-level expert to investigate the details."

Crimson Flame Venerable's eyes burned with greed. "If we can decipher the secrets of the tome and seize the opportunity of the Great Dao, we can transcend the Golden Immortal realm, ascend to a higher realm, and dominate the heavens."

The light of the teleportation array grew even brighter, and at the end of the void passage, the outline of a completely new world slowly emerged. With a whoosh,

a profound teleportation pattern spanning a hundred feet suddenly receded, the blinding spatial light fading layer by layer, collapsing and converging towards the center of the array like a tide.

In an instant, the teleportation power that had been roaring, trembling, and tearing through the void completely subsided, and the light and shadow on the spot dissipated.

Two tall and solitary figures stood steadily on the unfamiliar land, none other than the Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable, who had crossed

realms to reach this point. The moment their feet touched the ground, the two Golden Immortal powerhouses almost simultaneously and subconsciously focused their attention on guard, their spiritual energy quietly flowing around them to protect their meridians and souls, instinctively probing for any unusual activity in their surroundings.

Their instincts, honed by years of wandering through countless realms and conquering countless battles, meant they would never let their guard down in unfamiliar territory.

Especially when crossing realms to enter the higher-level Heavenly Realm, unknown risks were omnipresent.

Looking up, the layout of the Seventeenth Heaven was vastly different from the Sixteenth Heaven they had just left, like two completely different cultivation dimensions. The dual impact of sight and touch was overwhelming, making their hearts tremble.

Above, the vast dome of the sky was devoid of the usual blue sky and white clouds, replaced by an extremely deep, heavy, and boundless dark purple-blue canopy.

Layer upon layer of celestial patterns intertwined and spread, concealing high-level spatial laws, exuding an ancient and primordial pressure in its stillness, heavily covering the entire earth.

Above the canopy, three blazing suns of vastly different sizes and colors hung eternally high, never setting, arranged in an orderly fashion across the sky.

One sun was entirely golden, its radiance warm and heavy, scattering the orthodox golden light of the Heavenly Dao;

another was as cold as silver, its chilling light piercing to the bone, carrying an aura of extreme cold and killing intent;

the third was as red as blood, its flames surging endlessly, possessing the power to burn the heavens and scorch the earth.

The rays of the three blazing suns, uninterrupted yet intertwined and merging, poured down, bathing the boundless earth beneath their feet in a thick, dark, ancient-looking golden hue.

As far as the eye could see, mountains, rivers, and wilderness were all bathed in flowing light, the majestic aura of the celestial realm overwhelming, a hundred times more magnificent and awe-inspiring than the Sixteenth Heaven. With each

breath, an intensely dense spiritual energy of heaven and earth rushed in, flowing through the mouth, nose, and meridians into every limb and bone.

The concentration of spiritual energy here was far beyond that of the Sixteenth Heaven, exceeding that of the lower realms by dozens of times. A deep breath sent a surge of spiritual power washing over the body's meridians, nourishing the foundation of cultivation.

But this dense spiritual energy was not a gentle, nourishing substance; its texture was extremely sharp and domineering. Each wisp of spiritual energy contained tiny, sharp fragments of the Golden Immortal's primordial laws, invisible to the naked eye, formless and colorless, yet containing the primordial pressure of the high-level cultivation world.

These fragments of laws, drifting between heaven and earth, are a unique gift from the Seventeenth Heaven, yet also invisible blades concealing deadly intent.

If an ordinary True Immortal cultivator rashly steps into this place, even without a powerful enemy, merely standing here for half an hour will result in

their meridians being forcibly torn apart by the violent and fierce fragments of laws.

Their spiritual power will become uncontrollable and run rampant, ultimately leading to their physical body shattering, their soul dissipating, and their instant death, leaving no room for even a cry for help or struggle.

Even ordinary first- or second-grade Golden Immortals, if they stay here for a long time, must constantly circulate their primordial spiritual power to protect their bodies, carefully guiding the laws into their bodies, daring not to be the slightest bit negligent. Venerable

Crimson Flame slowly stretched the tense muscles and bones around his body, slightly tilted his head back, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath of the rich spiritual energy containing the laws of Golden Immortals, allowing the fierce spiritual power to wash over his Golden Immortal foundation.

Feeling the complete primordial laws flowing freely between heaven and earth, a trace of ultimate comfort and intense satisfaction flashed deep in his eyes. He had cultivated diligently for ten thousand years, breaking through the shackles of the Golden Immortal realm. What he sought was never the barren and cramped cultivation ground of the Sixteenth Heaven, but rather the orthodox celestial realm of the

Seventeenth Heaven, with its complete laws, abundant spiritual energy, and suitability for Golden Immortal cultivation. The Sixteenth Heaven, in essence, was merely a peripheral, subordinate realm of the lower realms, lacking in spiritual energy, with incomplete laws of heaven and earth, hindering the path of cultivation, and slowing down progress. It simply could not accommodate a dignified Golden Immortal cultivating there for long; it was purely a waste of cultivation and time.

Only the Seventeenth Heaven was the proper place for a Golden Immortal to establish themselves, the orthodox realm that could help steadily advance their cultivation.

“Finally, I’ve stepped into the orthodox realm. All the previous struggles and battles have not been in vain,”

the Crimson Flame Venerable murmured to himself, his crimson flames subtly flowing around him, naturally resonating and merging with the surrounding spiritual energy, his mind becoming increasingly calm and resolute.

Beside him, the Cold Abyss Venerable remained indifferent, showing no emotion whatsoever.

His silver robes fluttered slightly in the wind, his silver pupils as cold and still as a deep pool, undisturbed by any ripples.

His gaze, sharp as a drawn divine weapon, swiftly scanned the surrounding landscape, the aura of heaven and earth, precisely checking for any lurking powerful enemies, restrictions, or traps.

For a Golden Immortal crossing realms, safety was always paramount; there was no room for carelessness.

After a brief investigation, confirming that there were no unusual movements, no ambushes, and no dangerous restrictions, Venerable Hanyuan withdrew his external divine sense.

Turning his face, his tone was icy and direct, devoid of any superfluous emotion, he cut to the chase: “No need for further reflection; resting is pointless.

The Heavenly Pole Palace is located in the heart of the Northern Region of the Seventeenth Heaven, a considerable distance away. We should set off immediately to report for duty and settle down before discussing further important matters.”

The Heavenly Pole Palace was the Divine Race’s power in the Seventeenth Heaven.

Venerable Chiyan suppressed his emotions and nodded in agreement.

Without further ado, the two leaped into the air side by side, their figures soaring through the air without the slightest hesitation.

In an instant, a crimson flame and a silver-white gleam, two streaks of extreme light, pierced the dark golden sky.

Tearing through layers of air currents, they sped towards the distant northern horizon, their speed reaching its limit, instantly traversing thousands of miles of mountains and rivers before disappearing into the horizon.

Outside, the world changed, and the mountains and rivers receded, but inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, a serene and tranquil peace prevailed, isolating most of the clamor and carnage of the outside world.

Within the sealed, lightless space of the pearl, a condensed and stable ball of purple divine soul light floated silently.

Surrounding the ball of light was a thick, pure, and eternally indestructible layer of golden light from the Great Luo Golden Scripture, firmly protecting the divine soul and isolating it from all external forces, the erosion of laws, and the probing of divine sense.

After an unknown amount of time, David, who had been lying dormant, stirred slightly in his divine soul, slowly awakening from his deep seclusion.

The moment his consciousness returned, David didn't act rashly, nor did he immediately probe the outside world. Instead, he instinctively tightened his spiritual power, stabilized his mind, and remained extremely vigilant throughout.

Having experienced several life-or-death crises, being captured and imprisoned by powerful enemies, having his physical body destroyed, and being left with only a wisp of his soul adrift in a foreign land, he had long since

developed a calm and composed temperament, capable of remaining calm and patient, and observing the situation carefully.

He could clearly sense that the atmosphere around him was completely different from before.

Although the internal space of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl was still sealed, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth that penetrated through the pearl's barrier and seeped in through the gaps in the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture had increased dozens of times in intensity, overwhelming him with a heavy and powerful force.

Chapter 6443

At the same time, the oppressive force within the spiritual energy grew increasingly powerful and fierce. It was no longer the gentle and weak spiritual energy of the sixteenth level of cultivation, but a top-tier energy carrying the high-level order of heaven and earth and the domineering rhythm of the origin, which invisibly made the soul feel slightly heavy.

More importantly, deep within the spiritual energy, there was a primordial power that transcended ordinary spiritual energy and mortal cultivation, flowing and spreading wantonly. It was ancient and majestic, with the binding force of high-level rules of heaven and earth.

David instantly understood and locked onto the source of the power. A solemn look flashed in his eyes: the Golden Immortal Law.

Although he had cultivated to the point of becoming a True Immortal but had not yet stepped into the threshold of the Golden Immortal realm, and had no chance to personally comprehend and cultivate the Great Dao of the Golden Immortal, he had gained extensive knowledge along the way, and with the old powerhouse Bei Mingyuan guarding his sea of consciousness, he already had a thorough understanding of the Golden Immortal Law and could accurately identify it at a glance.

At this moment, David had already made a precise judgment: he had long since left the Sixteenth Heaven and had been forcibly brought into the higher-level Heavenly Realm by the Golden Immortals Chi Yan and Han Yuan.

The situation was becoming increasingly perilous, and his predicament increasingly passive, but David remained calm and composed.

He knew that he was now only a wisp of divine soul, without a physical body to rely on, without external assistance, and unable to move. Rashly becoming anxious would only disrupt his mind, throw him into disarray, and increase the risk.

Only by calmly dealing with the situation could he find a glimmer of hope.

Without showing any emotion, with an extremely steady mind, he activated his weak divine sense, quietly transmitting a voice into the depths of his sea of consciousness, silently calling out: "Bei Mingyuan."

A moment after the words fell, from the depths of his sea of consciousness, a slightly illusory, weak yet still steadily condensed remnant soul consciousness slowly responded.

"I am here."

Bei Mingyuan's voice carried an undisguised weariness. Although protected by the Great Luo Golden Scripture, Bei Mingyuan's remnant soul was too weak, and the soul refining process had left him exhausted.

He paused briefly, his tone grave. "I've already surveyed the surrounding 天地气场 (heaven and earth energy field). The spiritual energy concentration has surged, and the level of the laws has increased dramatically.

The fragments of free-floating Golden Immortal laws are dense and abundant. Based on this comprehensive assessment, the place we are currently in is at least the seventeenth level of the Heaven and Earth Realm, without a doubt."

Seventeenth level.

David silently repeated this in his mind.

The Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable had previously joined forces to launch a powerful attack, using every means at their disposal, but they still couldn't break through the absolute defense of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, nor could they refine his divine soul and seize the treasure.

They were unwilling to give up and miss out on a heaven-defying treasure, yet they were also unwilling to kill themselves directly and extinguish their hope, and even less willing to expend their own essence for a prolonged and exhausting attack.

After much thought, their only plan was to cross over to the higher level of the seventeenth level, to seek refuge with the stronger Golden Immortal experts there, and use their help to break through the defense, refine his divine soul, and seize the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

Their calculations were meticulous, and their intentions extremely malicious.

"The situation is perilous, surrounded by powerful enemies. There are countless experts here, far exceeding the sixteenth heaven."

David whispered, his tone calm, yet concealing a hint of worry.

"Don't panic, no need to worry."

Bei Mingyuan immediately spoke to reassure David, his words calm and powerful, giving David confidence: "Remember, our greatest reliance has never been external forces or assistance, nor has it been luck or chance, but rather the supreme treasure, the Great Luo Golden Scripture, deep within our souls."

"Its defensive barrier is indestructible, possessing the power to withstand all magic and overcome all difficulties. Ordinary Golden Immortals can hardly

harm it in the slightest. Even high-level Golden Immortals of the Seventeenth Heaven, joining forces to launch a powerful attack, might not be able to shake it in the slightest, let alone completely break through it.”

He paused, then solemnly instructed, “The only thing you need to do right now is to gather all your divine sense, suppress all your emotions, and peacefully lie low to nourish your spirit and the origin of your divine soul.

Do not actively expose any unusual movements, and do not attract the attention of powerful figures outside. Calm your mind, patiently lie low, and wait for the best opportunity to escape and counterattack. When the time comes, we will have a way to break the deadlock.”

David nodded silently, without saying anything more, completely suppressing all distracting thoughts in his mind, gathering his weak outward divine sense, and stabilizing his divine soul form. He quietly

lay low within the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, isolating himself from all external prying eyes, silently sensing the movements of the outside world, observing the changes, and waiting for the right opportunity to break the deadlock.

Outside the pearl, a storm raged, powerful enemies gathered, but inside, the world remained steadfast, their resolve unwavering.

The Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable raced at full speed, refusing to pause or admire the scenery, their sole focus on reaching the Northern Region.

After two full hours of flight, traversing tens of thousands of miles of vast mountains and rivers, passing through desolate plains, treacherous peaks, misty valleys, and spiritual realms, a magnificent silhouette finally appeared on the horizon, piercing the clouds.

It was a supreme divine palace perched atop a solitary peak, its summit piercing the azure sky. The peak itself was steep and precipitous, its cliffs

shrouded in spiritual light, naturally exuding an aura of overwhelming power, isolating itself from mortal air, its aura supremely majestic.

Atop the peak, the palace stretched out in a grand and imposing manner, overlooking the vast land, awe-inspiring to all cultivators of the Northern Region—the core of the Northern Region of the Seventeenth Heaven

, the Heavenly Palace, the pinnacle of the divine race's power in the Seventeenth Heaven.

The entire Heavenly Palace is crafted from millennia-old warm jade and innate spiritual jade. The jade is warm and lustrous, constantly absorbing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, and having undergone countless ages of refinement, it possesses its own spiritual radiance.

The palace's beams and pillars, eaves and brackets, and the dome of the roof are all gilded. Sunlight streams down, shimmering and reflecting the golden light, creating a magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle, embodying both the grandeur of heaven and earth and the supreme authority of the divine race.

A single glance inspires awe and prevents direct eye contact.

Around the palace, nine layers of massive holy light barriers are intricately linked, stretching across the entire mountain peak.

Each layer of barriers is deeply engraved with Golden Immortal runes, infused with the pure power of Golden Immortal laws, offering both offense and defense, making it unparalleled in its destructive power.

Ordinary True Immortal cultivators, daring to approach within a hundred feet of the palace, would be instantly annihilated by the holy light erupting from the restrictions, their souls and bodies destroyed, leaving no trace

, without even the need for the guards to intervene. Even low-level Golden Immortals, if they rashly forced their way in, would be trapped and severely injured by layers of restrictions, unable to escape.

Above the Heavenly Palace, in the void, a perfectly round, dazzling golden sphere of light floated eternally, slowly rotating and flowing, its spiritual light illuminating all directions.

This was the Heavenly Palace's most precious treasure—the Heavenly Sacred Pearl, inherited from an ancient Xuanxian master, its power unfathomable after countless ages.

It could protect the palace, defend against enemies, amplify formations, and stabilize fortune; it was the core reliance that maintained the Heavenly Palace's millennia-long stability and its position as a top power in the Northern Region.

The two slowly withdrew their momentum, landing steadily on the ten-thousand-meter-long white jade plaza directly in front of the Heavenly Palace.

Chapter 6444

The plaza's surface was paved with ancient spirit jade, smooth and polished, subtly imbued with spirit-gathering runes, constantly accumulating the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to nourish the palace's fortune.

On either side of the plaza stood two rows of elite divine cultivators, their postures upright, their armor gleaming, their auras calm and refined, their gazes sharp as eagles, scanning all directions with impeccable vigilance.

These guards were all firmly established at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal, only a step away from the threshold of Golden Immortal.

Their combat power far surpassed that of cultivators of the same rank at the sixteenth level of the Heavenly Realm; they were all carefully cultivated, battle-hardened elites of the Heavenly Palace.

Sensing the approaching two powerful Golden Immortal auras, they raised their eyes to recognize the newcomers, daring not to show the slightest

negligence, immediately bowing in unison, their movements perfectly synchronized, their voices loud and solemn.

“Welcome Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss! The Palace Master foresaw your arrival and has been waiting for you in the main hall for some time. Please follow me into the hall.”

Venerable Crimson Flame nodded slightly, his expression composed and neither humble nor arrogant, exuding the majesty of a Golden Immortal. Without needing to say more, he strode towards the hall’s entrance. Venerable

Cold Abyss followed closely behind, his silver robe clinging to his body, his aura icy. He remained silent throughout, his gaze constantly scanning the surrounding layout of the hall, the nodes of the restrictions, and the movements of the guards, wary of any potential risks.

Stepping inside the hall, the interior layout and atmosphere were even more magnificent and awe-inspiring than what was seen from the outside. Immortal energy swirled

around, exuding an imposing aura. The hall’s dome reached a height of hundreds of feet, stretching as far as the eye could see. Inlaid on the dome were billions of innate luminous spirit crystals, arranged in a staggered pattern, interwoven with light and shadow.

Like an inverted, dazzling starry sky, the soft, non-glaring spiritual light illuminated the entire hall, creating a truly immersive atmosphere.

The ground is paved with top-grade golden divine jade, each piece meticulously engraved with the supreme runes of the divine race. These runes constantly shimmer with a faint light, gathering immense fortune to enhance the palace master’s majesty and suppress evil spirits from all directions.

On either side of the main hall stand dozens of colossal stone pillars, each hundreds of feet in circumference. These pillars are incredibly sturdy

, resisting pressure and maintaining order. Ancient divine patterns are carved on their surfaces, depicting the eternal achievements of the divine ancestors in conquering countless realms, sweeping across the land, quelling chaos, and expanding territories. The scenes are lifelike and awe-inspiring, silently showcasing the profound heritage, noble bloodline, and overwhelming power of the divine race.

Standing amidst them, one cannot help but feel a sense of insignificance and awe.

Deep within the main hall, atop a high platform, stands a supreme throne, entirely gilded, its intricate patterns and inlaid with spiritual treasures exuding majesty.

Seated atop the throne was a middle-aged man, his aura dominating the entire area, none daring to look him directly in the eye.

His face was resolute and cold, with sword-like eyebrows reaching his temples, and piercing, star-like eyes. He exuded an imposing presence without anger, his long, flowing golden hair cascading over his shoulders, surrounded by a faint golden halo of primordial light, radiating an ethereal, noble aura.

He was none other than the Lord of the Heavenly Palace, a renowned top expert in the Northern Region of the Seventeenth Heaven—the Heavenly Venerable.

The Heavenly Venerable's cultivation was unfathomable; he had already firmly established himself at the third rank of Golden Immortal, possessing a solid foundation, abundant primordial energy, and profound Daoist techniques.

Compared to the newly ascended Golden Immortals, the Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable, he was a full three minor realms higher, a vast difference in power, his oppressive aura overwhelming his peers.

His golden pupils were as deep as abysses, their depths concealing the shimmering light of stars.

His gaze swept over us casually, yet it was as sharp as a divine weapon, with extremely strong penetrating power. Just one glance was enough to make people tense up and feel cold in their souls, making them dare not meet his eyes. The atmosphere in the entire room instantly became solemn and heavy.

The Celestial Venerable spoke slowly, his voice deep and resonant, his pace deliberate and unhurried, exuding the composed and authoritative air of a superior: "Chiyan and Hanyuan, I have already received reports from my subordinates that you have successfully broken through the shackles of the Golden Immortal realm, solidified your Dao foundations, and crossed over to reside in the Seventeenth Heaven."

"According to the rules of the Celestial Realm of the Divine Race, newly promoted Golden Immortals must come to my palace to report their duties, have their Dao foundations verified, and be registered. Afterwards, I will uniformly allocate the territories to be guarded in the Celestial Realm and assign them duties.

However, you two previously sent a message to the palace stating that there was a matter of utmost importance concerning your cultivation breakthrough, requiring my personal assistance?"

The Crimson Flame Venerable immediately stepped forward, bowing respectfully, his manners impeccable, daring not to lose his composure before a high-ranking Venerable.

He raised his hand and took out an ancient, dark, and subdued round bead from his bosom—the Soul-Suppressing Bead that sealed David's soul. He held it steadily in his palm and presented it with both hands.

"Reporting to the Palace Master, this matter indeed concerns a heaven-defying opportunity. When the opportunity is ripe, it can be enough to help a powerful person break through their realm and ascend to a higher path."

Venerable Crimson Flame spoke sincerely, deliberately exaggerating the value of the treasure to suit Venerable Heavenly Extreme's request.

“Within this Soul-Suppressing Pearl, a wisp of a True Immortal Realm cultivator’s soul is sealed. This person’s cultivation is low and not to be feared. He was born a leader of the resistance army of the Sixteenth Heaven, without any sect, backing, or support. He is all alone and has no background whatsoever.”

“However, deep within this person’s soul lies a heaven-defying treasure passed down from ancient times. The treasure’s power is vast and boundless, its grade is extremely high, and its explosive force far surpasses that of ordinary Golden Immortal spiritual treasures. It is definitely

not comparable to ordinary treasures of the Seventeenth Heaven.” “My subordinates and Han Yuan joined forces, fully activating the high-level ancient Soul Refining Array, exhausting our primordial spiritual power, and launching repeated attacks, but we still could not break through the protective barrier of that treasure, nor could we refine the soul and seize the treasure.”

“Out of sheer desperation, I have specially crossed realms to come here, earnestly requesting the Palace Master’s assistance.

If we can work together to refine this divine soul and retrieve its hidden treasure, the Palace Master, with its blessing, will surely see your cultivation steadily rise, breaking through your current limitations, reaching new heights in cultivation, and becoming an invincible figure in the Northern Region.”

These words were earnest, perfectly aligned with the Heavenly Extreme Venerable’s ambition, highlighting the preciousness of the opportunity while allaying the other party’s concerns, perfectly capturing their heart.

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable’s eyes flickered slightly, his golden eyes narrowing as his gaze instantly locked onto the Soul-Suppressing Pearl in Crimson Flame’s palm, a hint of inquiry and excitement flashing in his eyes.

He casually raised his hand, and a gentle yet powerful golden primal force emerged from the air, formless and intangible, steadily drawing the Soul-

Suppressing Pearl from afar, suspending it in mid-air in front of him, slowly rotating.

Immediately, he focused his mind and concentrated his power, circulating his powerful fifth-grade Golden Immortal divine sense, carefully penetrating the barrier of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl to probe its interior.

Soon, he could clearly see through the pearl the stable, suspended purple divine soul light within, and even detect a faint, warm, profound, and eternally undying golden light emanating from the depths of the divine soul's core.

With just one glance, the Heavenly Venerable's pupils contracted slightly, and his heart trembled violently.

That golden light was ancient, majestic, and imposing, far beyond the aura emanating from ordinary spiritual treasures or Golden Immortal artifacts.

Within the golden light, there was a faint trace of ancient primordial law, transcending the Golden Immortal dimension and surpassing the rules of the Heavenly Realm—an aura of ancient grandeur and unparalleled nobility, far exceeding any treasure he had ever seen in his life.

An opportunity, an unparalleled opportunity

Chapter 6445

A surge of intense greed welled up within Venerable Tianji, but he remained outwardly calm, forcibly suppressing his agitated emotions. A meaningful smile slowly curved his lips.

He then asked in a flat tone, "Interesting, truly interesting. A mere lowly True Immortal, a minor cultivator from the borderlands of the lower realm, could actually possess such a heaven-defying treasure within his soul. Inconceivable."

"I ask you, have you thoroughly investigated this person's background? Is there truly no powerful hidden figure backing him, no top-tier sect affiliation?"

"Palace Master, rest assured, his background has been thoroughly investigated, and there are absolutely no hidden dangers!" Venerable Chiyan quickly bowed and replied, his tone utterly certain, immediately allaying any concerns the other party might have.

"This person is merely a leader of a resistance force in a corner of the Sixteenth Heaven, fighting alone, without the protection of a master, the support of an elder, or the backing of a sect—a complete rogue cultivator.

My subordinates have already taken action, forcefully destroying his physical body, severing his foundation, and eliminating his followers. Now, only this wisp of his lonely soul remains trapped within the pearl.

He has nowhere to escape, nowhere to hide, and cannot cause any trouble. He will absolutely not provoke any top-tier powerhouses to pursue him. Just focus on refining him."

The Heavenly Venerable remained silent for a moment, lightly tapping the armrest of his throne. His gaze was deep as he quickly weighed the pros and cons, considering the gains and losses.

After a moment, he slowly stood up, the golden aura around him suddenly intensifying, and the pressure within the hall abruptly increased.

"Since their background is clear and the opportunity is before them, there's no need for further hesitation,"

Venerable Tianji commanded in a deep voice, his tone leaving no room for doubt. "Take the Soul-Suppressing Pearl to the core Soul Refining Hall at the rear of the palace.

Immediately issue the order to summon all active Golden Immortal experts in the palace to assemble at the Soul Refining Hall and jointly activate the ultimate complete version of the ancient Soul Refining Array.”

“Today, I will personally oversee and lead the operation. I want to see with my own eyes what kind of heaven-defying treasure is hidden deep within the soul of this lowly cultivator from the lower realm, and what kind of impenetrable barrier it possesses.”

Deep within the heart of the Tianji Palace, the barriers were formidable, with numerous restrictions, isolating the inside from the outside. Ordinary cultivators could never approach it in their lifetime.

Here stood a special palace, ancient and solemn, exuding a chilling aura—the exclusive stronghold of the Tianji Palace—the Soul Refining Hall.

This place was vast and magnificent, its space far exceeding the previous secret chamber of the Divine Clan Alliance. The walls of the hall were cast from Soul-Suppressing Divine Stone.

Soundproof and soul-locking, light-proof and energy-sealing, this hall is specifically designed for interrogating prisoners, refining souls, and suppressing evil spirits. The atmosphere is sinister and oppressive, filled with malevolent energy that sends chills down one’s spine.

At the center of the hall stands a ten-zhang square natural black stone platform. The platform is incredibly hard, resistant to pressure, fire, and the erosion of laws.

Its surface is densely engraved with layers upon layers of ancient, top-tier soul-refining array patterns. The patterns are obscure and difficult to understand, forming closed loops that generate each other, their power far exceeding the low-level version of the sixteenth heaven, doubling its killing force.

Along the four edges of the platform stand eight tall, thick, jet-black soul-suppressing stone pillars.

These pillars are rooted in the earth, connected to the spiritual energy of the earth's veins. Beneath each pillar, a direct descendant of the Heavenly Palace, a Golden Immortal, already seated cross-legged, sits solemnly.

The eight Golden Immortals possess calm auras, solemn expressions, and their spiritual energy is poised to be unleashed, their cultivation levels arranged in a staggered manner. From Golden Immortal Rank 1 to Rank 2, they were all core members of the Heavenly Pole Palace, stationed there year-round, skilled in joint formations and refining divine souls.

The Heavenly Pole Venerable strode to the core position directly in front of the stone platform, his posture upright, his aura dominating the entire area. The Soul-Suppressing Pearl floated steadily in the center of the platform, its spiritual light restrained, remaining still.

Crimson Flame Venerable and Cold Abyss Venerable stood on either side, holding their breath, waiting silently, their eyes fixed on the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, hoping to break through the barrier together and seize the treasure.

"Fellow Daoists, there's no need to hold back your power. Go all out, activate the great formation, and refine your

divine souls!" the Heavenly Pole Venerable commanded in a deep voice, his tone authoritative. As soon as he finished speaking, the eight Golden Immortals simultaneously opened their eyes, their gazes sharp, and they raised their hands in unison, forming hand seals, drawing upon their own spiritual power, pouring it all into the Soul-Suppressing Stone Pillar beneath them.

Buzz—! In an

instant, the eight stone pillars simultaneously emitted a thick golden spiritual light. The light rapidly spread and flowed along the array patterns on the

platform, like a golden river, instantly covering the entire platform and forming a closed loop, activating the grand array instantly.

The next instant, a raging flame rose from the platform, its intensity overwhelming, yet without a trace of smoke.

This fire was no ordinary fire, nor was it common spiritual fire; it was a high-level, colorless soul-refining fire, refined to the extreme and imbued with the fundamental laws of a Golden Immortal.

The flame was almost transparent, formless and intangible, yet its temperature was terrifying, enough to distort the surrounding void, scorch the soul of a Golden Immortal, and melt high-level spiritual treasures.

Ordinary souls, once touched, would instantly dissolve and dissipate, without even a chance to struggle.

The Celestial Venerable raised his hand and pointed, a sharp golden finger gust of wind piercing through the air, accurately striking the outer shell of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

With a soft sound, the hard and durable outer shell of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl instantly melted and dissipated, the confinement completely released.

David's purple divine soul orb was completely exposed to the boundless, colorless sea of soul-refining fire, facing the excruciating pain of extreme burning.

The sea of fire surged and enveloped him layer by layer, with extreme heat and sharp laws simultaneously assaulting him.

David's purple divine soul instantly trembled violently and swayed precariously, its purple light flickering, as if it would be melted and torn apart by the sea of fire at any moment, looking extremely precarious and heartbreaking.

At this critical moment, a warm, unchanging golden light suddenly shone from the depths of his divine soul.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture responded and autonomously protected its master, its thick golden light instantly spreading out, firmly enveloping the entire purple divine soul, forming an indestructible golden barrier that completely isolated all the colorless soul-refining fire.

The surging and violent waves of soul-refining fire repeatedly crashed against the golden barrier, like towering waves crashing against ancient reefs, with terrifying force, yet they could not shake the barrier in the slightest.

The flames shattered, annihilated, and vanished the instant they collided with the golden light, leaving not a trace, let alone harming the soul within.

With one Golden Immortal presiding, eight Golden Immortals providing full support, and nine Golden Immortal powerhouses jointly activating the complete ancient Soul Refining Array, such terrifying power was enough to easily refine the soul of a peak Golden Immortal and sweep away all forces in the Sixteen Heavens.

Yet now, facing a mere wisp of a True Immortal's soul, and a single layer of golden shield, they were utterly helpless and their efforts were in vain.