

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6446

Time ticked by, second by second.

An hour passed, the grand formation operated at full power, flames raging, yet to no avail.

Two hours later, spiritual energy continued to deplete, the auras of the eight immortals weakened slightly, but the golden light remained as steadfast as a mountain.

The atmosphere within the Soul Refining Hall grew increasingly heavy, deathly silent, save for the low rumble of flames scorching the void.

The composure on the face of the Heavenly Venerable gradually faded, first transforming into solemn reverence, then into utter astonishment, and finally into utter shock, his eyes filled with disbelief.

“Impossible, absolutely impossible!” the Heavenly Venerable murmured to himself, utterly shaken and unable to accept the reality before him.

“Nine Golden Immortals joined forces to form an array, fully unleashing the top-tier Soul Refining Fire. Even a late-stage Golden Immortal’s soul could be forcibly melted away. How could they possibly fail to break through the soul protection of a lower-realm True Immortal? This defies the norms of cultivation and is utterly inconceivable!”

Filled with bewilderment, he couldn’t suppress his curiosity and restlessness. He personally stepped forward and walked to the edge of the stone platform.

Suppressing his inner apprehension, he carefully probed the outer edge of the purple soul with his powerful and refined Golden Immortal divine sense, attempting to penetrate the golden barrier, see the true form of the treasure deep within the soul, ascertain its details, and find a way to break through the impasse.

His divine sense slowly approached, piercing through layers of fire, and approaching the golden barrier.

The next instant, he clearly saw it.

Deep within the soul, quietly floating, was an ancient book, entirely gilded, with a simple and heavy cover and mysteriously flowing patterns.

The ancient text was enveloped in an endless, warm golden light, neither ostentatious nor dazzling, yet possessing an unparalleled aura of ancient majesty, impervious to all laws and repelling all evil. It stood firm as a mountain, serene and unmoving, as if it had existed there since the beginning of time, unshaken through countless ages.

Just as the Celestial Venerable's divine sense touched the edge of the text's golden light, a terrifying backlash originating from the ancient Dao, transcending all realms, suddenly erupted. Without warning, swift and fierce, it instantly and violently struck his sea of consciousness.

Bang!

The Celestial Venerable shuddered violently, his soul wracked with excruciating pain. He couldn't help but groan, staggering back two steps, a trickle of golden primordial blood spilling from the corner of his mouth. His aura instantly became disordered, suffering a significant internal injury to his soul.

"Palace Master!" The Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable on either side were startled upon seeing this and quickly stepped forward,

exclaiming in alarm, fearing that the Palace Master's serious injury would be a consequence of his actions.

The Celestial Venerable raised his hand, coldly stopping the two from approaching. He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, enduring the excruciating pain in his soul. The shock in his eyes was intense, quickly replaced by a deep sense of dread and intense greed, his emotions complex and difficult to calm.

"This item is no ordinary Golden Immortal treasure,"

the Celestial Venerable said in a deep voice, his tone extremely solemn, each word heavy. "Its level far exceeds my expectations, its power surpasses the understanding of Golden Immortals, and has even completely surpassed the level of a Great Luo Golden Immortal. It is a supreme opportunity among the top in all the heavens." As soon as the words fell, the Soul Refining Hall fell into an eerie silence, so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

The eight Golden Immortals trembled in unison, their faces filled with shock and disbelief.

Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss exchanged a glance, both seeing deep apprehension and lingering fear in each other's eyes.

What kind of concept was a treasure surpassing

even a Grand Luo Golden Immortal? Even at the Divine Clan's headquarters, Grand Luo Golden Immortals were extremely rare, top-tier experts who held sway over their respective regions. Ordinary cultivators would never even see one in their lifetime. A treasure surpassing a Grand Luo Golden Immortal was practically a legendary artifact of heaven and earth, something that could be encountered but never sought.

The Celestial Venerable remained silent for a long time, suppressing the agitation in his heart. After weighing the pros and cons, he slowly spoke, his

tone forceful and resolute: "This item is far too heaven-defying. Forcibly refining it will only bring humiliation upon oneself.

It might even trigger a backlash from the treasure, damaging one's own essence, resulting in a net loss. But with such an opportunity before us, we must not easily let go and miss it."

"The Soul-Suppressing Pearl remains in my possession, placed in a secret chamber of the Celestial Palace. I have been studying it day and night, slowly exploring ways to break

its defenses. Given time, one day I will be able to understand the treasure's patterns, break through its protective barriers, and seize the opportunity."

As soon as he finished speaking, the Crimson Flame Venerable's expression changed slightly, and dissatisfaction and wariness surged in his heart.

He had gone through countless hardships crossing realms, risking his life and staking favors, finally managing to bring the divine soul to the Celestial Palace. His original intention was to use the Palace Master's power to break the deadlock together and share the treasure, not to hand it over to the Celestial Venerable for himself.

If the treasure were to be monopolized, the two of them would end up with nothing, having worked for nothing and suffering a net loss.

"Palace Master, this item was escorted here by Han Yuan and me all the way, a journey filled with hardship and effort. We should discuss its disposal together and share the opportunity equally,"

Venerable Crimson Flame said, forcing himself to speak up and trying to secure his rights.

"I know perfectly well what you mean," Venerable Heavenly Extreme interrupted coldly, his tone domineering and authoritative, brooking no argument and exuding immense pressure.

“Precisely because you two worked so hard to deliver it, I will not treat you unfairly.

Once I unravel the secrets of this treasure and comprehend the Great Dao, I will naturally share a generous reward with you, without any shortcoming.

If you are dissatisfied and unwilling to comply, you are free to take the Soul-Suppressing Pearl and leave the Heavenly Extreme Palace to refine it yourselves. I will not stop you.”

Venerable Heavenly Extreme was extremely arrogant.

Chapter 6447

Crimson Flame Venerable was instantly speechless, his heart filled with resentment yet unable to refute.

He knew perfectly well that with his and Han Yuan’s combined strength, they were originally unable to break through the defenses. After leaving the Heavenly Extreme Palace, they would have nowhere to seek help or receive assistance, and in the end, they would only completely miss the opportunity.

Staying in the Heavenly Extreme Palace now, although it was highly likely that the Palace Master would take full advantage of them and monopolize the treasure, at least there was still a sliver of hope for sharing the opportunity. He had no other choice. With no

other option, Crimson Flame Venerable could only grit his teeth and endure, replying in a deep voice, “As the Palace Master says.”

Seeing this, a hint of satisfaction flashed in the eyes of the Heavenly Extreme Venerable. He waved his hand, resealing David’s soul within the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, and casually stored it in his personal storage treasure, firmly controlling it to prevent others from coveting it.

"You two have traveled a long and arduous journey. Please step back and rest in the guest rooms within the hall. The matter of the newly promoted Golden Immortals reporting for duty can be handled in a few days."

Venerable Tianji waved his hand dismissively, his tone distant, no longer caring about their feelings.

Venerable Chiyun and Venerable Hanyuan suppressed their dissatisfaction, bowed respectfully, and silently withdrew from the Soul Refining Hall.

The moment their figures completely disappeared and the hall doors closed, Venerable Tianji looked down at the Soul-Suppressing Pearl in his palm. All the gentleness in his eyes vanished, leaving only a cold glint and intense greed.

"Crimson Flame, Cold Abyss, you dare to flaunt your petty schemes before me? You think you can use me to break this deadlock, then sit back and divide the treasure, sharing the opportunity equally? Utterly delusional!"

"This supreme treasure, from this day forward, is mine alone. No one else can even touch a fraction of it."

The Celestial Venerable had already instructed his subordinates to properly house the Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable in their exclusive guest room area inside the Celestial Palace.

The two stone chambers were closely adjacent, their walls constructed of thick, soundproof divine stones, extremely airtight, impossible for ordinary cultivators to penetrate.

But for the two Venerables, who had already reached the Golden Immortal realm and whose spiritual perception far surpassed that of ordinary people, these walls were utterly useless, completely ineffective. They could hear each other's every move and word.

The Crimson Flame Venerable sat alone on the cold stone bed, his aura gloomy and oppressive, his face ashen and ugly, his anger suppressed deep within, refusing to subside.

The thought of the Heavenly Supreme Venerable's domineering and arrogant face, his desire to monopolize the treasure, filled him with barely suppressed rage.

"What a Heavenly Supreme Venerable, what a Palace Master!"

the Crimson Flame Venerable said in a low voice, his tone icy and chilling, each word dripping with fury. "He's clearly using his superior cultivation to bully us, trying to monopolize this heaven-defying treasure. He's a treacherous bas***, discarding us after we've served our purpose! His intentions are utterly vicious!" In the adjacent stone chamber, Venerable Hanyuan leaned quietly against the cold stone wall, his silver robes trailing behind him. His expression remained aloof and indifferent, his silver eyes showing no emotion whatsoever, as if he were unconcerned about everything.

He was calm and composed, having long seen through the wickedness of human nature and the entanglements of power in officialdom.

"As expected, no need to be angry,"

Venerable Hanyuan said calmly. "Venerable Tianji is greedy, selfish, domineering, and narrow-minded. We heard about him years ago and are well aware of his nature.

He only knows how to benefit himself and never cares about the feelings of others. If there is a heaven-defying opportunity, he will definitely try to monopolize it and will never share it with others. His actions today were entirely predictable."

"Then what should we do now? Just watch him monopolize the opportunity, and all our efforts will be in vain, yielding nothing?" Venerable Chiyan asked in a deep voice, filled with resentment.

"There's only one word: wait." Venerable Hanyuan's tone was firm and calm.

Venerable Chiyan frowned, full of confusion: "Wait? Wait for what? Wait until he completely deciphers the treasure and his cultivation greatly increases, then we'll have even less say and will be completely out of luck!"

"No need to worry." Venerable Hanyuan explained slowly, his gaze far-sighted, seeing through the situation.

"That treasure's defenses are indestructible; even nine Golden Immortals working together couldn't break through it

. Even with Heavenly Venerable's power alone, and his secluded research, it's absolutely impossible for him to crack it in the short term." "His current forceful monopoly on the Soul-Suppressing Pearl is merely wishful thinking, an attempt to find a shortcut on his own.

Once he's exhausted his efforts, used all his secret techniques, origins, and cultivation methods, and still gained nothing, and his patience is completely worn out, he'll proactively turn to us to discuss cooperation."

"At that time, the initiative will be back in our hands, and we can then raise our demands, reasonably share the opportunities, and secure a place for ourselves."

Upon hearing this, Crimson Flame Venerable calmed his emotions slightly, pondered for a moment, and found this to be reasonable. He slowly nodded: "We can only endure and bide our time for now, patiently waiting for the right opportunity."

The two said no more, each closing their eyes to regulate their breathing, solidifying their Golden Immortal foundations, and resting the origin spiritual power depleted during their journey. On the surface, everything was calm, awaiting the changing situation.

But only they themselves knew that after today's events, a rift and distrust had already grown between them.

Originally allies under the same divine race, fighting side-by-side and bound by shared interests, they had become estranged because of a heaven-defying treasure, and their trust had completely vanished.

In the future, when their interests clashed, they would turn against each other; their alliance was now merely a name.

Chapter 6448

As night deepened, darkness enveloped the seventeenth heaven, the blazing sun's light waned, and the world fell into a dark and tranquil silence.

The rest of the Heavenly Palace was silent, cultivators resting and recuperating, except for the Soul Refining Hall in the heart of the palace

, where the lights remained burning brightly, its spiritual light ever-present, the atmosphere solemn and oppressive. The Heavenly Venerable dismissed all his Golden Immortals and guards, remaining alone in the Soul Refining Hall to study the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, preventing any disturbance, single-mindedly determined to be the first to decipher the secret of this supreme treasure and seize the unparalleled opportunity.

He placed the Soul-Suppressing Pearl steadily in the center of the Soul Refining Stone Platform, his expression grave, his gaze focused, relentlessly circulating his powerful divine sense, repeatedly probing and testing from different angles, trying to find the slightest flaw in the golden light barrier.

To break through, he didn't hesitate to use his own Golden Immortal's primordial fire to continuously burn the pearl, mobilizing the divine soul techniques he had painstakingly cultivated throughout his life to forcibly erode the protective shield, and urging the power of the ancient divine clan's

secret scriptures to crush and test it layer by layer, using every trick in the book, leaving no stone unturned.

No matter how ruthless, numerous, or powerful his methods were, the soul barrier remained as solid as a mountain, the golden light unwavering and unyielding, without a single crack. All his attacks were futile, sinking without a trace.

Time slowly passed, and night approached. The Heavenly Venerable's patience was gradually exhausted, his anxiety growing stronger, and his face becoming increasingly gloomy and unsightly.

He, the dignified Lord of the Heavenly Palace, a top-tier Golden Immortal of the fifth rank, who held sway over the Northern Region, had never suffered such a defeat.

He couldn't even break through the protective barrier of a wisp of a lower realm True Immortal's soul. If word got out, he would only become a laughingstock throughout the heavens, losing all face.

"Damn it! A mere lower realm cultivator's protective treasure dares to resist me so stubbornly!"

The Heavenly Venerable cursed in a low voice, unable to suppress his anger. He raised his hand and slammed his fist hard onto the hard Soul Refining Stone Platform, venting his anxiety and resentment.

The stone platform remained unmoved, as hard as ever, yet the force of the impact surged upwards along his arm, numbing his fist, aching his arm, and intensifying his agitation.

At that moment, a sudden change occurred.

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl on the stone platform, the previously tranquil and dormant purple divine soul suddenly began to glow faintly on its own.

It wasn't a weak flicker caused by external force or forced trembling, but a glimmer of light, quietly yet strikingly clear, bursting forth with a distinct consciousness.

The Celestial Venerable's gaze sharpened, his heart leaping in surprise as he instantly detected the anomaly, his eyes filled with astonishment: the consciousness within his divine soul had actually awakened on its own?

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, David slowly opened his divine soul eyes, and with the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture protecting him, he saw everything clearly in the Soul Refining Hall outside, and all of the Celestial Venerable's expressions and emotions, without missing a single detail.

He clearly saw the greed, anxiety, and resentment in the high-level Golden Immortal's eyes, and saw through the other party's vicious intention to seize the treasure and refine him.

But David felt no fear, remaining as steady as a mountain.

With the Great Luo Golden Scripture protecting him, he was impervious to all magic and invincible. No matter how powerful or greedy this third-grade Golden Immortal was, he couldn't do anything to him.

David smiled coldly to himself, remaining calm and collected. He then suppressed his emotions, hibernating his soul as if he hadn't awakened, continuing to observe the situation and not actively provoke any trouble.

He didn't take the initiative to attack, nor did he deliberately provoke anyone, but the Great Luo Golden Scripture deep within his soul had already accurately sensed all the malice, greed, and scheming and killing intent directed at David.
Treasures

possess spirits and are inherently protective of their masters. Sensing that its master was being coveted and schemed against, and that the high-level Golden Immortal had repeatedly and forcefully offended it, it naturally reacted accordingly.

A

soft hum resonated for a moment, almost imperceptibly, before slowly releasing an extremely subtle and faint ancient and primordial aura. This aura was so faint, like a gentle breeze, that ordinary cultivators would be completely unaware of it, even if they tried to investigate closely.

However, the Celestial Venerable was a top-tier Golden Immortal of the fifth rank, his divine sense far surpassing that of ordinary people. He was extremely sensitive to high-level primordial auras, and the moment it appeared, he accurately detected it.

The next second, the Celestial Venerable's expression of inquiry, anxiety, and greed vanished, replaced by an extreme fear originating from the depths of his soul, his entire being trembling instinctively.

The primordial law power contained within this aura was vast, ancient, and supreme, completely transcending the Golden Immortal level and the Xuan Immortal dimension.

It was the most fundamental and ancient power of the Great Dao in all the heavens and myriad realms, far exceeding his entire understanding and the scope of all cultivation systems in the seventeenth heaven.

This was not fear, but the innate, instinctive submission and soul-shaking tremor of lower-level beings facing an unparalleled primordial Dao, utterly powerless to resist.

Before the Celestial Venerable could even react, that faint wisp of supreme aura, like an invisible divine needle of the Great Dao, suddenly pierced through the air and went straight into the core of his sea of consciousness.

"Ah—!"

A shrill, painful scream suddenly echoed throughout the entire Soul Refining Hall, the reverberation reverberating through the walls.

The Celestial Venerable's body convulsed violently, and he was sent flying backward, crashing heavily against the thick, hard stone walls of the Soul Refining Hall.

The high-level sealing runes engraved on the walls instantly flashed brightly, passively triggering the defense, and violently rebounding his heavily injured body.

The Celestial Venerable crashed heavily onto the cold ground, his whole body wracked with excruciating pain, his soul on the verge of collapse, golden primordial blood flowing from all seven orifices, his aura instantly weakening to the extreme, his face as pale as paper, his body utterly powerless, not even having the strength to lift a hand.

A mere wisp of the defensive aura emitted autonomously by a supreme treasure had severely injured a top-tier Golden Immortal of the fifth rank, its power terrifying beyond belief.

The Soul-Suppressing Pearl, unattended, rolled off the stone platform, landing on the ground. It spun a few times before settling quietly in a dark corner of the Soul Refining Hall. The commotion

, the piercing screams, and the chaotic aura of Golden Immortals within the Soul Refining Hall instantly alerted all the guards and Golden Immortal experts of the Heavenly Extreme Hall.

Crimson Flame Venerable and Cold Abyss Venerable were the first to break through the air and arrive, followed closely by eight other Golden Immortals from the hall. They rushed into the Soul Refining Hall at full speed, and the moment they saw the scene inside, they froze in place, their faces filled with horror and disbelief.

The renowned and powerful Heavenly Extreme Venerable was now collapsed on the ground, bleeding from all seven orifices, his aura weak and feeble, severely injured, showing no trace of the majesty of a top-tier expert.

"Hall Master!" Several Golden Immortals rushed forward, bowing to support him, their expressions panicked.

Crimson Flame Venerable's sharp eyes immediately locked onto the Soul-Suppressing Pearl rolling in the corner, his pupils contracting sharply as he instantly understood the source of the anomaly.

Han Yuan Venerable reacted even faster, his figure flashing as he reached the corner of the wall first. He steadily picked up the Soul-Suppressing Pearl and instantly stored it in his sleeve, firmly controlling it to prevent others from snatching it.

Chi Yan Venerable immediately flashed in front of Han Yuan Venerable, his body surrounded by crimson flames, his Golden Immortal aura spreading out, wary of the Golden Immortals of the Heavenly Extreme Palace, preventing them from forcibly taking it.

"What do you two intend to do? How dare you act so presumptuously in the Soul Refining Palace, coveting a treasure!" A Golden Immortal from the Heavenly Extreme Palace shouted angrily, his face showing rage, wanting to step forward to stop him.

"The Palace Master is seriously injured, his soul damaged, and urgently needs to go into seclusion to recuperate and heal. He should not be disturbed by external things." Chi Yan Venerable's tone was cold and forceful, neither

backing down nor yielding. "This Soul-Suppressing Pearl was brought by the two of us, and it is rightfully ours to keep it safe for the time being. Unrelated people have no right to interfere."

The two sides were on the verge of a confrontation. Just then, the heavily injured and weakened Celestial Venerable slowly raised his hand and whispered to stop them: "Stop! Let the two of them leave with the Soul-Suppressing Pearl."

The Golden Immortals were filled with resentment, but dared not disobey the Palace Master's order. They could only reluctantly back down, feeling utterly frustrated.

Celestial Venerable Crimson Flame and Celestial Venerable Cold Abyss said no more. They took the opportunity to turn around, quickly left the Soul Refining Hall, and evacuated the heart of the Celestial Venerable Hall overnight, decisively escaping.

After the two had gone some distance, a Golden Immortal, filled with confusion, asked in a low voice, "Palace Master, why didn't you order us to join forces to stop them and forcibly retrieve the Soul-Suppressing Pearl? That treasure is priceless;

we absolutely cannot let it go!" The Heavenly Supreme Venerable suppressed the excruciating pain in his soul, slowly shaking his head, his eyes filled with lingering fear and apprehension: "That treasure is far too terrifying, its level supreme, far beyond our reach.

Forcibly detaining them would only trigger the treasure's backlash again, leading to the destruction of the entire Heavenly Supreme Palace. It would be a losing proposition, only inviting disaster."

He paused briefly, a sudden glint in his eyes... A sinister glint flashed in his eyes, and he ordered in a deep voice, "Immediately dispatch trusted elite spies to secretly follow their movements from a distance, monitoring their every move. They are not to approach, not to alert them, and not to make a sound.

I want to see where they can go next, and what escape route they have, now that they've lost the support of the Heavenly Pole Palace and hold this hot potato in their hands."

Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss dared not linger for a moment. They sped through the night at full speed, fleeing far from the Heavenly Pole Palace's territory, avoiding all guarded barriers and patrolling

cultivators, shaking off their spies and eagles, fleeing day and night without rest. They

flew for an entire night, until three blazing suns rose simultaneously on the horizon, bathing the earth in morning light, before finally leaving the Heavenly Pole Palace's sphere of influence.

Confirming that no pursuers were closing in or any powerful figures were intercepting them, they slowly descended, stopping on a vast, desolate wasteland.

This place is surrounded by rolling, barren mountains and steep hills, withered vegetation, swirling sandstorms, sparse spiritual energy, and no sign of human habitation. No sects or powerful figures are stationed here; it's remote and desolate, making it difficult to detect and track—an ideal temporary refuge.

Crimson Flame Venerable stopped, slowly turned around, his face ashen, his tone filled with malice: "That old man Tianji is a wolf in sheep's clothing, selfish and cold-blooded, ruthless and heartless. He only wants to monopolize the treasure, showing no regard for our arduous journey. I will remember this grudge."

Cold Abyss Venerable remained aloof, slightly nodding, and took out the Soul-Suppressing Pearl from his sleeve, examining it closely in his palm.

Within the pearl, the purple divine soul was calm and still, the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture flickering faintly, serene and without any unusual movement.

"The path of the Heavenly Palace is completely blocked."

Venerable Hanyuan calmly analyzed the situation, his reasoning clear and logical. "The Seventeenth Heaven is a vast territory with intertwined forces; the Heavenly Palace isn't the only Golden Immortal power in power. We need to find other allies and leverage their strength to break this deadlock."

"Allies? Where can we find allies?" Venerable Chiyan was filled with anxiety, letting out a cold laugh, utterly helpless.

"Among all the direct forces of the Divine Race in the Seventeenth Heaven, the Heavenly Palace is the largest, strongest, and most well-connected. The other smaller Divine Race forces are weak in cultivation and lack sufficient combat power; they are simply incapable of joining forces to activate a high-level Soul Refining Array and cannot offer any help."

"The various factions of the Human Race, Demon Race, and Ancient Remnant Race are all opposed to each other, constantly fighting each other. They have always been at odds with our Divine Race, only seeking opportunities to seize treasures and never offering genuine assistance. Right now, we are at our wits' end."

Chapter 6449

Venerable Hanyuan remained silent for a moment, surveying the vast wilderness around him. His gaze drifted to the distant horizon, and he slowly spoke, "If there's no way out, then settle down here, calm your mind, and recuperate your essence. We can then devise a long-term plan, slowly devising a way out. There's no need to rush."

Venerable Chiyan stared intently at the Soul-Suppressing Pearl in his palm, his eyes filled with a complex mix of resentment, anger, and frustration, his emotions turbulent.

He had traversed countless heavens, expended immense effort, staked favors, and taken risks, only to end up in this predicament. His opportunity seemed impossibly distant, his situation increasingly passive, filled with resentment yet powerless to change anything.

"I refuse to believe there's truly no way to break through your shell!"

he muttered through gritted teeth, his tone fierce. He secretly vowed to the Soul-Suppressing Pearl that one day he would forcefully break through its defenses and seize the treasure.

Within the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, David lay quietly, protected by golden light. His soul was at peace, completely shut out from the whispers, hostility, and schemes of the outside world.

At times, he was lucid, analyzing the situation and devising a plan to escape; at other times, his consciousness was blurred, allowing him to recuperate his soul's essence and accumulate power.

But regardless of his state of mind, he remained steadfast in one thing: he was still alive, and as long as he was alive, there was hope; lying dormant offered an opportunity.

The remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan also lay quietly dormant within the golden light, recuperating its depleted essence and silently accumulating power, working hand in hand with David, waiting for the best opportunity to escape and counterattack.

On the desolate plain, a cold wind howled, swirling up the withered yellow grass, the rustling sound continuous and desolate.

Three blazing suns hung high in the sky, their golden, silver, and crimson rays intertwining and scattering, dyeing the entire plain an eerie, dark color, creating a somber and oppressive atmosphere.

On the distant horizon, a vast city, its outline blurred, emerged, standing at the juncture of heaven and earth.

This was the renowned gathering place of rogue cultivators in the Seventeenth Heaven—the City of Rogue Cultivators.

A melting pot of all sorts, from the most powerful to the most destitute, without the control of any top-tier force or the presence of any high-ranking

expert, its rules were loose, allowing for free rein. It was an ideal refuge for desperate cultivators, fallen powerhouses, and solitary practitioners.

Venerable Hanyuan pointed to the distant city and said in a deep voice, "The City of Rogue Cultivators is uncontrolled by any top-tier force, and without the pressure of a Golden Immortal, making it extremely difficult for the Heavenly Palace to track us down. Our safest course of action is to enter the city, conceal our presence, secretly devise a plan, and proceed cautiously."

Venerable Chiyan looked up, pondered for a moment, and reluctantly nodded in agreement: "For now, this is the only option."

The two put away their Soul-Suppressing Pearls, suppressed their emotions, and leaped into the air, speeding towards the City of Rogue Cultivators, their figures quickly merging into the vast sky.

In the distance behind them, several hidden dark figures followed low in the air, their auras concealed, their movements stealthy, staying neither too close nor too far—these were spies sent by the Heavenly Palace, monitoring them closely to ensure they wouldn't lose sight of them.

Within the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, golden light shone eternally, protecting a wisp of divine soul.

The road ahead was unknown, the storms unresolved; David lay low, patiently awaiting the day he would awaken and break the deadlock, waiting for the moment to turn the tide.

Chapter 6450

The outline of the Loose Cultivator City gradually became clear on the horizon.

Three blazing suns hung high in the sky, their golden, silver, and crimson rays weaving and scattering, dyeing the massive city standing on the wasteland a strange dark gold.

The city walls, built of rough gray stone, stood about ten zhang high, covered with densely packed defensive runes.

The runes' light was chaotic and disorderly, some bright, some dim, clearly the work of different cultivators, each with its own style and no unified pattern.

This was unimaginable in the orderly and strictly governed cities of the Divine Race, but this was the Loose Cultivator City—no rules, no order, everyone had their own runes, everyone had their own formations, and no one could control anyone else.

The city gates were wide open, without guards, without checks, anyone could freely enter and exit at any time.

Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss landed before the city gates, concealing their Golden Immortal aura and suppressing their cultivation to around the ninth rank of True Immortal.

The two stepped through the city gate one after the other. The stone pavement beneath their feet was uneven, stained with rainwater and unknown dirt, exuding a damp, musty smell.

Shops lined both sides of the street, selling everything from elixirs and magical artifacts to intelligence and talismans.

The signs were a motley collection: some carved from spirit wood, some painted on animal hide, and some simply a few words written on a tattered cloth.

The street was crowded with people—humans, demons, monsters, even ghosts, and other races David couldn't name.

They wore all sorts of clothes, some luxurious, some tattered, some in gleaming armor, some ragged.

As they passed each other, they would even sized each other up with their storage rings and magical artifacts, their eyes filled with undisguised greed and wariness.

This was a place where the strong preyed on the weak; there were no rules, no laws, only might.

Crimson Flame Venerable remained expressionless, his gaze sweeping across the city, taking in the layout, the distribution of cultivators, and the strength of their auras.

Cold Abyss Venerable followed behind, his silver eyes unwavering, seemingly indifferent to everything.

The two walked through several streets and stopped in front of an inconspicuous inn.

The inn's facade was small, the paint on the doors peeling away to reveal the grayish-black wood beneath.

A wooden sign hung at the entrance, bearing four crookedly carved characters—Anlai Inn.

"This is it," Cold Abyss Venerable said softly.

Crimson Flame Venerable nodded and pushed open the door, entering.

The inn's lobby was small, containing only a few tables and a counter.

Behind the counter stood an old man with gray hair, a True Immortal Realm Ninth Grade cultivation level, squinting as he sized up the newcomers.

His gaze lingered on the two for a moment, asking nothing, but simply holding up two fingers.

"Two superior rooms, ten mid-grade spirit stones per night."

Venerable Hanyuan took out twenty mid-grade spirit stones from his sleeve and placed them on the counter.

The old man put away the spirit stones, took two keys from the wall, and threw them on the counter.

“Upstairs, on the left, the third and fourth rooms.”

The two took the keys and went upstairs.

The guest rooms were not large, but they were clean enough.

There was a wooden bed, a wooden table, a wooden chair, and a futon in the corner.

The window was on the south-facing wall, and through the window paper, one could see the gray sky and the blurry outlines of three blazing suns outside.

Venerable Chiyan sat on the bed, took the Soul-Suppressing Pearl from his sleeve, and held it in his palm.

The purple divine soul within the pearl remained still, its golden light flickering faintly. “What’s next?” His voice was hoarse, carrying the weariness of days of travel.

Venerable Hanyuan leaned against the window, gazing at the sky outside. “Let’s settle down in the Loose Cultivator City first, rest for a few days, and stabilize our cultivation. Then we’ll gather information and see which forces in the Seventeenth Heaven are worth our allegiance.” “

Allegiance?” Venerable Chiyan sneered. “We, dignified Golden Immortals, have fallen so low as to rely on others?”

Venerable Hanyuan shook his head. “It’s not allegiance, it’s cooperation. We need high-level Golden Immortals to work together to activate the Soul Refining Array; the two of us alone aren’t enough.

There must be other powerful figures like Venerable Tianji in the Seventeenth Heaven, we just don't know them. We need to find them."

Venerable Chiyan was silent for a moment, then put the Soul-Suppressing Pearl into his sleeve and closed his eyes. "Then let's rest for a few days."

The two stopped talking and closed their eyes to meditate.

Outside the inn, the street was bustling with people, noisy and chaotic.

Some were arguing, some were trading, and some were fighting. Amidst flashes of spiritual light, the clash of magical artifacts, and a cacophony of sounds, the noise reached the inn, seeping through the walls and into the ears of the two.

But the Golden Immortals' composure far surpassed that of ordinary people; these disturbances had no effect on them whatsoever.

Meanwhile, in the Heavenly Pole Palace.

The Heavenly Pole Venerable sat on his throne, his face still pale, his breath still somewhat weak.

The wisp of energy from the Great Luo Golden Scripture had severely damaged his soul. Although he had recovered after a night of healing, some discomfort remained within him.

His fingers tapped lightly on the armrest, the rhythm slow and carrying a suppressed anger.

Kneeling below him was a black-clad cultivator, his aura restrained, a first-grade Golden Immortal, the head of the Heavenly Pole Palace's secret service.

His forehead was pressed to the ground, not daring to raise his head.

"Report," the Heavenly Pole Venerable's voice was calm.

"Palace Master, Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss have left the Heavenly Pole Palace's territory and entered the City of Loose Cultivators."

The black-clad cultivator's voice was low and clear. "As instructed by the Palace Master, I followed them all the way, daring not to approach or disturb them."

The Heavenly Pole Venerable's fingers paused for a moment.

"The City of Loose Cultivators? They do have some sense, knowing to sneak into places like that."

A slight sneer curled his lips. "The City of Loose Cultivators is a mixed bag, without any major power controlling it; it's indeed a good hiding place. Too bad, they think they're safe just because they're in the City of Loose Cultivators?"

He paused for a moment, then his fingers began to tap lightly on the armrest again.

"Send word to Elder Zhao, Elder Qian, Elder Sun, and Elder Li to come see me."

"Yes."

The black-clad cultivator rose, bowed, and left the hall.

A moment later, four Golden Immortal elders filed in, standing in the center of the hall, bowing in unison.

"Palace Master."

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable looked at them, his gaze sweeping over each of their faces.

The four elders' cultivation levels ranged from Golden Immortal First Rank to Golden Immortal Second Rank; they were all core combat forces of the Heavenly Extreme Palace, having followed him for many years, utterly loyal.

"Elder Zhao, Elder Qian, go to the City of Loose Cultivators, find Chi Yan and Han Yuan, kill them, and retrieve the Soul-Suppressing Pearl." The Heavenly Venerable's tone was calm, as if he were instructing someone on a trivial matter.

Elder Zhao's brow furrowed slightly.

He was tall, with an ancient face and gray hair, and cultivated a metal-based technique, specializing in direct attacks.

He stepped forward and said in a deep voice, "Palace Master, there is something I do not understand."