

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6496

The Divine Abyss Pavilion sits atop a solitary peak at the northernmost tip of the Northern Region, covered in millennia-old ice.

This solitary peak, named "Ice Abyss Peak," is tens of thousands of feet high and perpetually blanketed in ice and snow.

Legend has it that in ancient times, a powerful ice-elemental cultivator passed away atop the peak, his life's cultivation transforming into eternal ice, freezing the entire mountain to this day.

The founder of the Divine Abyss Pavilion discovered that this place was rich in spiritual energy and contained a profound concentration of ice-elemental laws, so he established his sect here, which has been passed down to this day.

The palace is entirely constructed of black ice, crystal clear, refracting seven-colored light under the sun, like a crystal palace built in ice and snow.

The temperature here is extremely low; even True Immortal Realm cultivators would be frozen solid if they did not circulate their spiritual energy to protect themselves.

The cultivators within the palace wear white robes, their faces cold and stern, their aura chilling, all cultivating ice-elemental techniques.

Frost often adorns their brows and eyes, a result of years of practicing ice-elemental techniques.

Venerable Tianji arrived at Shenyuan Pavilion alone, without any attendants.

He landed before the mountain gate, gazing at the ice-blue stone door.

Two large characters were carved on the door – “Shenyuan” – the strokes powerful and chilling.

On either side of the door stood two ice sculptures, depicting the guardian beast of Shenyuan Pavilion – the Ice Qilin.

The Ice Qilins were lifelike, their eyes wide with fury, as if they might come to life at any moment.

The guarding cultivator recognized him and quickly went inside to report.

A moment later, the Pavilion Master of Shenyuan Pavilion – Venerable Xuanbing – personally came out to greet him. Venerable

Xuanbing was at the same cultivation level as Venerable Tianji, a peak third-grade Golden Immortal, cultivating ice-based techniques. He had a somber personality and disliked speaking much.

He wore an ice-blue robe, his long hair as white as snow, his face thin, with a hint of malevolence in his eyes.

His eyes were ice-blue, with snowflakes seemingly drifting in his pupils; he stood there like a millennia-old iceberg.

“Palace Master Tianji, your presence is an honor. I am deeply sorry for not welcoming you sooner.”

Venerable Xuanbing clasped his hands in greeting, his tone flat and devoid of any emotion. “May I ask what brings you here today?”

Venerable Tianji did not beat around the bush. “Palace Master Xuanbing, I have come today to discuss the matter of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.”

Venerable Xuanbing's eyes narrowed slightly. "Ten Thousand Demon Ridge? The territory of the demon race. What does it have to do with me?"

Venerable Tianji briefly recounted the events.

Of course, he concealed the matter of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, only saying that the purple divine soul contained a lost ancient treasure of the divine race, crucial to his breakthrough.

"The Demon Emperor Qingqiu of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge has joined forces with the Guiyuan Sect of the human race, intending to oppose my divine race. If we allow them to grow stronger, they will eventually threaten the safety of the Divine Abyss Pavilion. I hope the Divine Abyss Pavilion can send troops to join forces with me to jointly besiege the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge."

Venerable Xuanbing was silent for a moment, a barely perceptible glint flashing in his icy blue eyes.

"Lord of the Heavenly Pole Palace, neither of us is a newcomer to cultivation. There's no need for such formalities."

His voice was slow, each word seeming to emanate from an ice cellar. "You've come to me because you can't defeat the Myriad Demon Ridge alone, haven't you?"

"Besides, they only target your Heavenly Pole Palace. What does that have to do with my Divine Abyss Pavilion? We have never provoked the Myriad Demon Ridge or the human race."

The Heavenly Pole Venerable's expression darkened, but he didn't lash out. "Xuanbing, we are both members of the divine race. Are you just going to watch the demon race and the human race unite to bully our divine race?"

"Stop..." Venerable Xuanbing waved his hand. "Although our Ice God lineage is also a member of the divine race, have the other branches of the divine race

ever treated us as their own?" "Back then, our Ice God lineage was practically enslaved by the gods, our entire race nearly wiped out. I survived for ten thousand years in the Seventeenth Heaven, establishing the Divine Abyss Pavilion. Did you, my fellow gods, ever help me even once?"

Venerable Tianji frowned slightly. "Xuanbing, you know better than I why your Ice God lineage was suppressed by the God Emperor back then. In all these years in the Seventeenth Heaven, have I ever suppressed you?"

"Alright, enough said. You've asked me for help, and I can send troops. But I have one condition."

Venerable Xuanbing smiled faintly. "After it's done, I want a share of the treasure within that purple divine soul." Venerable

Tianji's pupils contracted slightly.

He hadn't expected Venerable Xuanbing to also know about that supreme treasure.

Had the news leaked?

Or... He asked calmly, "What treasure? I don't know what you're talking about."

Venerable Xuanbing smiled.

That smile was cold, so cold that it lowered the surrounding temperature.

"Lord of the Heavenly Pole Palace, do you think I'm deaf? Although it wasn't mentioned in your bounty, the Void Merchant Guild has already spread the news.

Hidden within that purple divine soul is an ancient treasure, surpassing even the Golden Immortal level, which even the combined efforts of your nine Golden Immortals from the Heavenly Pole Palace couldn't refine.

You sent four Golden Immortals to pursue it, and even personally went to the Guiyuan Sect to demand its return. Do you think I don't know?"

He paused, his tone laced with sarcasm. "You traveled a thousand miles to the Divine Abyss Pavilion to find me, isn't it because you can't handle it all alone and need help?"

Since you need help, you have to pay the price. There's no such thing as a free lunch."

The Heavenly Pole Venerable's fists clenched.

His worst fears had come true; the news had leaked.

The secret of that treasure was no longer known only to him, Han Yuan, and Chi Yan.

Now, the Xuanbing Venerable knew, and the Heavenly Saint Palace probably knew as well.

"How much do you want?" The Heavenly Pole Venerable's voice was cold.

"Thirty percent." Venerable Xuanbing held up three fingers. "I want thirty percent of that treasure. I also want thirty percent of the resources of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge."

"Thirty percent?" Venerable Tianji's face turned ashen. "You only sent five hundred soldiers, and you want thirty percent?"

"Pavilion Master Xuanbing, five hundred soldiers is not a small force. Moreover, without the help of Shenyuan Pavilion, you cannot conquer Ten Thousand Demon Ridge alone. You know that yourself."

Venerable Xuanbing's tone left no room for argument. "Thirty percent, not a penny less. If you don't agree, I will pretend I never met you today. Please leave."

Venerable Tianji remained silent for a long time.

He was calculating, weighing the options.

Thirty percent, plus the possible share from Tiansheng Palace, how much would he ultimately get?

But without cooperation, he wouldn't get even one percent.

"Fine. Thirty percent." He gritted his teeth and said each word clearly.

Venerable Xuanbing laughed, "Excellent. The Divine Abyss Pavilion will send five hundred troops, led by myself. When will we make our move?"

"We'll discuss it when I return from the Heavenly Saint Palace." Venerable Tianji turned and left, his eyes filled with killing intent.

Chapter 6497

The Heavenly Saint Palace is located in the central part of the Northern Region, built atop a range of rolling hills.

These hills are called "Holy Light Ridge," with gentle terrain and abundant spiritual energy.

The founder of the Heavenly Saint Palace discovered an ancient holy light array here, and thus established the sect, based on holy light, a tradition that continues to this day.

The palace is entirely constructed of white jade, resplendent and magnificent.

The roof is covered with golden glazed tiles, shimmering in the sunlight, resembling a sun built on the earth from afar.

In the plaza in front of the palace stands a massive white jade pillar, atop which floats a golden sphere of light—the Heavenly Saint Palace’s most prized treasure—the Eye of Holy Light, said to be able to perceive everything a thousand miles away.

The cultivators here practice light-based techniques, inheriting the holy light of the Heavenly Extreme Palace, yet with differences.

The Heavenly Extreme Palace’s holy light emphasizes attack and defense, while the Heavenly Saint Palace’s light-based techniques emphasize perception and purification.

Their cultivators wore long white robes embroidered with golden sun patterns at the hem, exuding a pure and untainted aura.

When Venerable Tianji arrived at the Heavenly Saint Palace, Venerable Shengguang was meditating in the main hall.

The hall was softly lit, its ceiling inlaid with countless luminous crystals, illuminating the entire space. A faint sandalwood incense filled the air, bringing tranquility to the mind.

Venerable Shengguang was a middle-aged man who appeared to be in his forties, with a gentle face and a detached, otherworldly air about him.

He wore a long white robe, his long hair tied up with a jade hairpin, and a faint golden halo surrounded him.

His cultivation level was mid-stage of the third rank of Golden Immortal, slightly lower than Venerable Tianji’s.

He didn’t rise to greet him, but merely glanced at Venerable Tianji indifferently, his tone distant: “Palace Master Tianji, long time no see. The last time we met was at the Northern Region Dao Discussion Conference three thousand years ago. Back

then, we sparred a few moves, ending in a draw. Now that your strength has increased, you haven't come here today to challenge me, have you?"

Venerable Tianji suppressed his displeasure and clasped his hands in greeting: "Palace Master Holy Light, I've come today to request that the Heavenly Saint Palace send troops to join forces with me to besiege the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge."

Venerable Holy Light frowned slightly. "Ten Thousand Demon Ridge? The territory of the demon race, what does it have to do with me?"

Venerable Tianji repeated the same words.

This time, he didn't hide the matter of that supreme treasure—because Venerable Holy Light already knew, and there was no point in hiding it.

"Qingqiu, the Demon Emperor of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, has joined forces with the Guiyuan Sect of the human race, intending to oppose my divine race.

They possess a purple divine soul, within which lies an ancient treasure, surpassing the level of a Golden Immortal.

I want that treasure, and the resources of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge can be shared with you."

Venerable Saint Light paused for a moment, a meaningful smile playing on his lips.

"An ancient treasure, surpassing the level of a Golden Immortal..." he murmured, "Lord of the Heavenly Pole Palace, you're quite willing to part with it."

"It's not that I'm willing, it's that I have no choice." Venerable Heavenly Pole's voice was cold. "Venerable Xuanbing has already agreed to send troops, on the condition of receiving 30%. What about you? How much do you want?"

Venerable Saint Light smiled.

The smile was gentle, but Venerable Heavenly Pole knew that behind it lay greed. Fifty percent." Venerable Holy Light held up five fingers. "That treasure, I want fifty percent. The resources of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, I also want fifty percent." Venerable

Heavenly Extreme's face darkened completely. "Fifty percent? Why don't you just rob it?"

"Palace Master Heavenly Extreme, calm down."

Venerable Holy Light's tone remained gentle. "Think about it, the Divine Abyss Pavilion only sent five hundred soldiers, while the Heavenly Saint Palace sent a thousand, twice as many. My fifty percent is fair."

"Fair?" Venerable Heavenly Extreme sneered. "Palace Master Holy Light, your appetite is too big."

"Big?"

Venerable Holy Light stood up, walked to Venerable Heavenly Extreme, and looked him directly in the eyes. "Palace Master Heavenly Extreme, let me ask you a question. Without the help of the Heavenly Saint Palace, could you have conquered Ten Thousand Demon Ridge?

Even if you had, how many people would your Heavenly Extreme Palace have left? Could you bear the losses?"

Venerable Heavenly Extreme fell silent.

Venerable Holy Light was right; he couldn't bear it.

Without the help of the Heavenly Saint Palace, even if he managed to conquer the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, the Heavenly Extreme Palace would be severely weakened. Would the Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint

Palace take advantage of the situation? Would those smaller forces that had always coveted the Heavenly Extreme Palace's territory kick him

while he was down? He dared not gamble. "Forty percent," the Heavenly Extreme Venerable gritted his teeth, "Forty percent of the treasures, forty percent of the resources." "Fifty percent," the Holy Light Venerable did not budge, "Not a single penny less." "Forty -five percent." "Fifty percent." The Holy Light Venerable's tone remained gentle, but the smile in his eyes had vanished. "Heavenly Extreme Palace Master, I have already given you a chance to bargain. Now, I will not yield. Fifty percent, if you agree, I will send troops. If not, then so be it. I don't mind cleaning up the mess after you've both been severely weakened. At that time, I won't need to send troops; I can take everything." The Heavenly Extreme Venerable's fists clenched so tightly they cracked, veins bulging. He knew the Holy Light Venerable was right. If he didn't agree, Venerable Holy Light would truly sit back and watch them fight, waiting until they were both weakened before reaping the rewards. At that point, he wouldn't even get forty percent. "Fine. Fifty percent." Venerable Heavenly Extreme gritted his teeth, saying each word as if squeezed out from between them. Venerable Holy Light laughed, "Excellent. Heavenly Saint Palace will send eight hundred troops, led personally by me. When to make our move?" "Wait for my notification." Venerable Heavenly Extreme turned and left, nearly bursting with anger. Venerable Holy Light watched his retreating figure, a meaningful smile playing on his lips, "Venerable Heavenly Extreme, I hope you won't disappoint me."

Chapter 6498

When Venerable Tianji returned to the Tianji Palace, it was already late at night.

The hall was brightly lit, and the four Golden Immortal elders remained standing, not moving an inch.

They had been standing for a full day and night, their legs numb, their robes soaked with sweat, yet none of them dared to sit down.

Seeing Venerable Tianji enter the hall, the four bowed simultaneously, their eyes filled with anticipation.

"Palace Master, how did things go?" Elder Zhao spoke first, his voice hoarse and tinged with urgency.

Venerable Tianji did not answer immediately. He walked to the throne and slowly sat down. His

fingers tapped lightly on the armrest, once, then again.

His face was gloomy, but a barely perceptible glint of coldness flashed in his eyes.

"The Divine Abyss Pavilion agreed. Venerable Xuanbing will send five hundred troops, on the condition that they receive thirty percent of that supreme treasure, as well as thirty percent of the resources of the Myriad Demon Ridge."

His voice was calm, so calm that it sent chills down one's spine.

The four elders exchanged glances, a hint of dissatisfaction flashing in their eyes.

Elder Qian stepped forward, clasped his hands, and said, "Palace Master, demanding 30% of the 500 troops is too much..."

"I know,"

Venerable Tianji interrupted him, "but that old fox Xuanbing isn't easily fooled. He already knows about the treasure. If we don't give it to him, he won't send troops. We have no choice."

The four elders fell silent.

They knew the Palace Master was telling the truth.

Without the help of the Divine Abyss Pavilion, if Tianji Palace attacked Wan Yao Ridge alone, even if they won, it would be a Pyrrhic victory.

In the end, Tianji Palace itself would suffer even greater losses.

"What about Tian Sheng Palace?" Elder Zhao asked.

Venerable Tianji's face darkened further, "Venerable Sheng Guang wants 50%."

"50%?" Elder Li exclaimed in shock, "He's only a mid-stage Golden Immortal of the third rank, and he dares to ask for 50%? Palace Master, have you agreed?"

Venerable Tianji snorted coldly, "What can we do if we don't agree? Venerable Sheng Guang said he doesn't mind cleaning up the mess after we've both been weakened. At that time, he won't need to send troops to get everything."

The hall fell into a deathly silence.

The four elders' faces were grim.

Three percent plus five percent, that's already eighty percent.

Their Heavenly Pole Palace had been running around trying to get it all, only to end up with twenty percent.

This deal was a huge loss.

Elder Zhao gritted his teeth and whispered, "Palace Master, in this way, wouldn't our Heavenly Pole Palace only have twenty percent left..."

The Heavenly Pole Venerable waved his hand, signaling him to stop talking.

He leaned back on his throne, his fingers still lightly tapping the armrest, the rhythm slow and steady.

His eyes held no anger, no resentment, only a chilling calmness.

"Do you really think I would share the treasure with them?"

The four elders were simultaneously taken aback.

Elder Zhao's eyes lit up, "Palace Master, you mean..."

The Heavenly Pole Venerable sneered, a smile so cold it seemed to lower the temperature of the hall.

"The Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint Palace—I know exactly what they're up to. They simply want to take advantage of this opportunity to squeeze a piece out of me. But they've forgotten that I've never been one to be slaughtered."

He stood up, walked to the center of the hall, put his hands behind his back, and gazed at the glowing crystal on the dome.

Golden light shone on him, casting a long shadow.

"The Divine Abyss Pavilion, remnants of the Ice God lineage. Back then, they were suppressed within the Divine Race and fled to the Seventeenth Heaven to eke out a living. Does Venerable Xuanbing think that I haven't touched them all these years because I'm afraid of them? What a joke. I'm simply too lazy to bother with a bunch of stray dogs."

His voice was full of disdain. "This time, they've come to me willingly; how could I let them go?" Elder Zhao's breathing quickened. "Palace Master, you mean..."

"Use them first to conquer the Myriad Demon Ridge. Once the Myriad Demon Ridge is destroyed and their forces are nearly exhausted, I'll turn against them."

A cold glint flashed in Venerable Tianji's eyes. "By then, how many of the five hundred cultivators from the Divine Abyss Pavilion will be able to return alive?"

Even Venerable Xuanbing himself, whether he can leave the Myriad Demon Ridge alive is a question."

Elder Qian frowned. "Palace Master, what about the Heavenly Saint Palace? Although Venerable Saint Light's cultivation is not as high as yours, he is not easy to deal with."

Venerable Tianji snorted coldly. "Venerable Saint Light? He's nothing but a treacherous opportunist. Although the Heavenly Saint Palace has eight hundred soldiers, only half of them are truly capable of fighting.

As long as we turn against them before the Divine Abyss Pavilion..." The Holy Light Venerable had no time to react. Even if he did react, would he dare to fight me?

Elder Zhao's eyes lit up. "Palace Master, you've prepared everything all along?"

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable didn't answer, only saying calmly, "Within the Divine Race, there are never eternal allies, only eternal interests. The Profound Ice Venerable and the Holy Light Venerable want to take advantage of me, and I will make them pay the price."

The four elders bowed in unison. "Palace Master is wise!"

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable turned around and looked at them. "Pass down the order: prepare for battle. One month from now, crush the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. Also, send people to closely monitor the movements of the Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint Palace. Report any abnormalities immediately."

"Yes!"

...

In the following days, the entire Heavenly Extreme Palace was busy.

On the training ground, Divine Race cultivators practiced day and night, with flashing swords and deafening battle cries.

Elder Zhao personally led the training of battle formations, dividing the three thousand elites into five large teams, each with six hundred men, equipped with different weapons and spells.

The first battalion, personally commanded by Elder Zhao, excels in frontal assaults;

the second battalion, commanded by Elder Qian, specializes in ranged attacks;

the third battalion, commanded by Elder Sun, excels in defense and trapping the enemy;

the fourth battalion, commanded by Elder Li, specializes in ambush and assassination;

and the fifth battalion serves as a reserve force, ready to support the front lines at any time.

In the storeroom, spirit stones, pills, and magical artifacts are continuously being moved out and distributed to each cultivator.

Each person receives ten high-grade healing pills, five bottles of spirit liquid to restore spiritual power, and twenty offensive talismans.

Armor and weapons have also been reforged, gleaming with spiritual light and incredibly sharp.

In the council hall, Venerable Tianji and the four elders sit around a massive sand table, repeatedly rehearsing the routes and tactics for attacking the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

"There are nine layers of restrictions surrounding the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. The first layer is the Misty Forest, where thick fog never dissipates, resulting in extremely low visibility,"

Elder Zhao pointed to the markings on the sand table. "The fog is riddled with traps and warning arrays laid by the demon race. Rushing in rashly will easily trigger alarms."

"How do we break through this Misty Forest?" Venerable Tianji asked.

Elder Sun stood up and took out a fist-sized golden bead from his sleeve. The bead's surface was covered with dense runes and emitted a dazzling golden light.

"Palace Master, this is the 'Barrier-Breaking Bead,' which I spent hundreds of years refining. It's specifically designed to counter fog and illusion arrays. Throwing it into the Misty Forest will dispel the dense fog within a hundred feet radius for an hour. As long as we can cross the Misty Forest within an hour, we can reach the gate of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge."

Venerable Tianji took the bead, examined it carefully for a moment, and nodded in satisfaction. "Good. The first hurdle depends on you."

"Your subordinate obeys," Elder Sun clasped his hands in a fist salute.

"Beyond the Misty Forest lies the gate of the Myriad Demon Ridge,"

Venerable Tianji said, pointing to the sand table. "The gate is personally guarded by Qingqiu, and further reinforced by ancient restrictions. Although Qingqiu's cultivation is only at the mid-stage of the third rank of Golden Immortal, with the blessing of the Myriad Demon Ridge, their combat power can be raised to the peak of the third rank of Golden Immortal.

Adding Guiyuanzi, they've likely also contacted Golden Immortals from the Qingyun Sword Sect and the Myriad Laws Sect; their high-end combat power is no weaker than ours."

Elder Qian frowned. "Palace Master, what do we do then?"

Venerable Tianji sneered. "We'll leave the high-end combat power to the Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly..." "The Holy Palace. Venerable Xuanbing is a third-grade Golden Immortal, Venerable Shengguang is a mid-stage third-grade Golden Immortal,

and with myself, the three of us can easily take on four of them. As for those miscellaneous soldiers, our three thousand elite troops are more than enough to crush them." He paused, then continued, "After breaching the mountain gate, we will split into three groups. Elder Zhao will lead the first and second battalions to attack the Demon Emperor's Palace from the front;

Elder Qian will lead the third battalion to circle around to the rear of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge and cut off their retreat;

Elder Sun will lead the fourth battalion to clear out the scattered demon soldiers on the outer perimeter. I will personally lead the fifth battalion to oversee the central army and provide support at any time."

"Yes!" the four elders responded in unison.

Chapter 6499

While the Heavenly Palace was preparing for battle, the Myriad Demon Ridge was not idle either.

Qingqiu, her injuries not yet fully healed, forced herself to personally inspect every defensive line of the Myriad Demon Ridge.

Her face was still pale, and her steps were somewhat unsteady, but her eyes remained resolute. Guiyuanzi followed behind her, his left arm still in a sling, his chest wound not yet fully healed, but he could already walk.

Along the way, demon warriors bowed their heads in respect upon seeing Qingqiu, their eyes filled with reverence.

"Your Majesty, your injury..." Guiyuanzi said softly, his voice full of worry.

"It's nothing." Qingqiu waved her hand, her voice weak but undeniably firm, "The Heavenly Venerable won't give us much time. We must make all preparations before he arrives."

She walked to the edge of the Misty Forest, looking at the perpetually thick fog.

The fog surged and billowed, like a living thing, occasionally revealing faint glimmers of light from its depths—traps and warning arrays laid by the demons.

She reached into the mist, feeling the cool, damp air, and remained silent for a moment.

"The Misty Forest is the first line of defense. As long as we hold this place, the Heavenly Palace army can't get in. But the Heavenly Venerable is no ordinary person; he must have a way to break through the mist. We need to set up more traps and ambushes in the Misty Forest."

Gui Yuanzi nodded. "I've already arranged for Gui Yuan Sect disciples to set up hundreds of warning arrays and offensive rune arrays in the mist.

As soon as a Divine Race cultivator steps into the Misty Forest, these arrays will be triggered. The arrays are based on spirit stones and use talismans as catalysts; once triggered, they can injure at best and kill at worst."

Qingqiu shook her head. "It's not enough. The Heavenly Palace has three thousand elite troops, plus the people from the Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint Palace, at least four thousand five hundred.

A few hundred arrays won't stop them. Even if each array can kill ten people, it'll only be a few thousand. Moreover, once an array is triggered, its location will be exposed, and subsequent enemies can easily bypass it."

"Then what do you mean, Your Majesty?"

Qingqiu was silent for a moment, "Send the demon warriors into the Misty Forest, using the fog as cover to ambush the gods. The goal isn't to kill them, but simply to buy time.

Every day we can hold them off is a day in the future. The demons have lived in the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge for generations, and they know this mist like the back of their hand. They can move freely through it, while god cultivators are like blind men once inside."

Guiyuanzi frowned, "Your Majesty, while the demon warriors have an advantage fighting in the mist, they will also suffer heavy casualties..."

"I know,"

Qingqiu interrupted him, her voice tinged with reluctance but even more so with determination. "But this is the only way. We cannot allow them to easily cross the Misty Forest. Every day we delay, we have one more day to prepare, one more chance of victory.

The demon warriors are not afraid of death; they fear the destruction of their homes, the enslavement of their descendants by the gods."

She turned to Guiyuanzi. "Guiyuanzi, go and invite the leaders of the Qingyun Sword Sect and the Wanfa Sect. Tell them that the survival of Wanyao Ridge hinges on this battle.

If Wanyao Ridge falls, then it will be the time for your human forces to be wiped out. You are both human forces; they should not stand idly by."

Qingqiu knew that the demons alone were no match for the alliance of the gods; only by uniting with the humans could they have a glimmer of hope.

"Yes," Guiyuanzi clasped his hands and turned to leave.

Guiyuanzi's injuries had not yet fully healed, but he forced himself to go to the Qingyun Sword Sect and the Wanfa Sect himself.

He dared not delay, as the Celestial Venerable might attack at any moment. The sooner they joined forces, the greater their chances of victory. The Qingyun Sword Sect is nestled in a mountain range in the eastern part of the Northern Region. Its majestic gates radiate sword energy that soars into the sky.

From afar, the entire gate is shrouded in a layer of pale blue sword light—the sect's protective array, said to be composed of tens of thousands of longswords. Once activated, these swords unleash their full power.

The stone steps leading to the gate number nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, each engraved with sword runes. Walking on them, one can feel the sharp sword intent rushing towards them.

The sect leader, Qingyunzi, is an elderly man with white hair, a Golden Immortal of the third rank, and a long-time friend of Guiyuanzi.

He wears a blue Daoist robe, a long sword at his waist, and has a lean face and an air of otherworldly elegance.

Upon seeing Guiyuanzi covered in wounds and pale-faced, his expression instantly changes.

"Guiyuanzi, what happened to you? Who injured you?"

Qingyunzi quickly steps forward, supporting Guiyuanzi's arm, his palm radiating warm spiritual energy to stabilize the disordered energy within him.

Gui Yuanzi gave a bitter smile and recounted the entire incident.

From David's soul being taken to the Seventeenth Heaven, to the Heavenly Venerable's coveting of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, to the Guiyuan Sect's recognition of its master, to the Wan Yao Ridge's pursuit of the Eternal Soul Wood, to the Heavenly Venerable's forceful acquisition of the Primordial Divine Water, to the Chaos Secret Realm's pursuit of the Chaos Spiritual Liquid, to finally being intercepted by the Heavenly Venerable and Qingqiu's injury.

He became increasingly agitated as he spoke, almost shouting, his voice echoing throughout the hall, causing dust to fall from the ceiling.

"Sect Leader Qingyun, the Heavenly Venerable is going too far! He not only wants to steal the Young Master's Great Luo Golden Scripture, but also wants to destroy my Guiyuan Sect, destroy my Wan Yao Ridge, and destroy my human race!

Today I come to beg the Qingyun Sword Sect to send troops to fight against the God Race! If the Wan Yao Ridge falls, the God Race's next target will be my human race!"

Qingyunzi listened in silence for a long time.

He stood up, walked to the window of the hall, and looked at the sea of clouds outside.

The sea of clouds surged, mirroring his current state of mind.

With his back to Guiyuanzi, he spoke slowly, his voice low and heavy.

"Guiyuanzi, we've known each other for centuries, and I trust your character. The young master you speak of, though I haven't met him, I trust your judgment.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture you speak of, though I haven't seen it, I trust the legacy of the Daoist patriarch.

The Heavenly Palace has oppressed our human race for years, and my Qingyun Sword Sect has long held a grudge against them. It's just that in the past, our strength was insufficient, so we could only swallow our anger and watch the gods run rampant in the Northern Region."

He turned to look at Guiyuanzi, a resolute glint in his eyes—an anger that had been suppressed for centuries and had finally found an outlet.

"Guiyuanzi, rest assured. I will immediately gather the elites of our sect and personally lead the team to Wanyao Ridge.

Although our Qingyun Sword Sect is not as powerful as the Tianji Palace, all three hundred of our disciples are at least at the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, with sharp sword energy and fearless courage. The blood of our human race cannot be shed in vain."

Guiyuanzi's eyes reddened, tears welling up. "Sect Leader Qingyun, I cannot express my gratitude enough. If there is any need for your service in the future, the entire Guiyuan Sect will be ready to die for you."

"No need to thank me."

Qingyunzi waved his hand, walked up to Guiyuanzi, and patted him on the shoulder. "We are not doing this for you, but for the human race. To prevent the gods from defecating on our heads.

Three hundred years ago, my junior brother died at the hands of the Tianji Palace. I have always remembered this debt. Today, it is time to settle it."

Chapter 6500

The Myriad Laws Sect was located in the western part of the Northern Region. Its sect leader, Fa Yuanzi, was a middle-aged woman with a cultivation level of the third rank of Golden Immortal. She was forthright and had a fiery temper.

Her sect was built on a plain, without towering gates or imposing palaces, only ancient stone towers scattered across the plain in a pleasing arrangement.

Each stone tower was a magical artifact, capable of fighting alone or forming an array, possessing immense power.

When she met Gui Yuanzi, she was reprimanding her disciples in the training ground.

Her voice was loud and could be heard from afar. She wore a dark red robe, with a string of bells hanging from her waist, jingling as she walked.

Seeing Gui Yuanzi covered in injuries, she was first taken aback, then burst into laughter, her hearty laughter causing leaves to fall from the trees.

"Gui Yuanzi, you've been beaten? Who dared to do this? Tell me, and I'll beat them back! I'll see if I don't beat them to a pulp!"

Gui Yuanzi recounted the events once more.

This time, he spoke in greater detail, from the bounty placed on him by Venerable Tianji, to the pursuit of the young master by Venerable Chiyan and Venerable Hanyuan, to the process of Guiyuan Sect recognizing him as their master, to the dangers in the Chaos Secret Realm, to the circumstances of Qingqiu's injury.

His voice was hoarse, but every word was clear.

Fa Yuanzi's laughter gradually subsided, and the smile on her face disappeared, replaced by a solemn expression.

Her brows furrowed into a deep knot, and her fingers unconsciously rubbed the bell at her waist, making a crisp tinkling sound.

"The Celestial Venerable... that old bas***, I've disliked him for a long time. Relying on the support of the Divine Race, he runs rampant in the Northern Region, bullying my human cultivators.

I used to tolerate him because I couldn't beat him. Now, with your Guiyuan Sect, with the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, and with my Myriad Laws Sect joining forces, what are we afraid of?

No matter how strong his Celestial Palace is, he only has three thousand elites. The three of us combined have two thousand people, plus the ancient restrictions of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, we might not be unable to defeat him!"

She patted Guiyuanzi's shoulder, making him almost vomit blood, but her eyes were full of sincerity.

It was a sincerity born of experience and a deep understanding of the world.

"Guiyuanzi, rest assured. My Wanfa Sect is sending troops! Two hundred disciples, each proficient in magic and formations. Although we may not be as good as the Qingyun Sword Sect in a direct assault, when it comes to defense and support, the Wanfa Sect is second to none.

Don't worry, with me here, even the Heavenly Extreme Venerable will have to step over my corpse before he can flatten the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge!"

Guiyuanzi bowed deeply. "Sect Master Fayuan, your great kindness and virtue will be forever forgotten by the Guiyuan Sect."

"Stop with the formalities."

Fayuanzi waved his hand. "After the battle, have your young master invite me for drinks. I heard he has the Great Luo Golden Scripture, which belongs to an ancient Daoist patriarch. I'll have him tell me what the mysteries of the Great Luo Golden Scripture are all about."

The two sect leaders kept their word.

In less than three days, the Qingyun Sword Sect and the Wanfa Sect each arrived at the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge with their elite disciples.

Three hundred disciples from the Qingyun Sword Sect arrived, all with cultivation levels above the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm. Each of them wore a blue Daoist robe, with a long sword hanging at their waist, exuding a chilling aura.

Their steps were perfectly synchronized, and with each step, the ground trembled slightly. Leading the group was Qingyunzi, the sect leader of the Qingyun Sword Sect. He wore a blue Daoist robe, his white hair flowing, exuding an air of otherworldly elegance.

Two hundred disciples from the Wanfa Sect arrived, all at least at the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm. They wore various colored robes and carried a diverse array of magical artifacts, including whisks, bells, talismans, and array plates.

They huddled in small groups, discussing something in hushed tones, their eyes gleaming with shrewdness.

Leading them was the Grand Elder of the Wanfa Sect, a second-rank Golden Immortal, proficient in various spells and arrays.

Adding the three hundred disciples from the Guiyuan Sect and the demon warriors from Wanyao Ridge, the total force reached nearly two thousand.

Two thousand men, while still fewer than the four thousand five hundred of the Tianji Palace, were at least no longer defenseless.

More importantly, these three forces came from different races and sects, but their goal was the same—to protect their homeland and resist the gods.

Qingqiu stood in the plaza before the Demon Emperor's Palace, watching the reinforcements arriving from all directions, a warm feeling welling up inside him.

She had lived for tens of thousands of years, witnessing countless betrayals and deceptions, as well as countless acts of loyalty and sacrifice.

At this moment, she knew she had not chosen the wrong allies.

She turned to face everyone, her voice not loud, but clearly reaching the ears of each and every one of them.

Her voice carried the majesty of a demon emperor, and the hope of an entire race.

"Fellow Daoists, today, you have traveled thousands of miles to the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, for which I am deeply grateful.

The Heavenly Palace's divine race harbors wolfish ambitions, intending to unify the Northern Region and enslave all races. We refuse to be slaves, and have no choice but to rise up in resistance.

Today, we join forces not to seize power, not to expand our territory, but simply to survive, so that our descendants will no longer be enslaved by the divine race."

She paused, her gaze sweeping over every face—young and promising disciples, white-haired elders, and demon warriors with sharp eyes.

She took a deep breath, her voice suddenly rising in volume.

"I, the Emperor, am not good with empty words. I only know that whoever tries to oppress the demon race, whoever tries to oppress our allies, I will fight them to the death! Even if it means being shattered to pieces!"

Nearly two thousand cultivators on the plaza echoed in unison, their voices shaking the heavens and the entire valley.

Gui Yuanzi stood in the crowd, watching Qingqiu's retreating figure, then looked down at the jade bottle in his arms.

"Young Master, we have allies, we have troops. Now, we await your reshaping of your physical body."

David's soul flickered slightly within the jade bottle, but he remained silent.

He knew the true battle had not yet begun.

But he was not afraid.

Because he was not alone.

Behind him were the Gui Yuan Sect, the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, the Qingyun Sword Sect, and the Myriad Laws Gate.

He had all those who refused to be enslaved by the gods.