

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6511

"I possess the Great Luo Golden Scripture."

The flames shifted from purple to gold, golden runes emerging from beneath his skin, forming a pale golden shield around him.

Dragon patterns faintly flowed across the shield, radiating an ancient and majestic aura.

"I possess the power of chaos."

The golden runes were once again engulfed by the purple flames, the two powers merging within him to form a third color—a deep, almost black, purple.

"I possess the cultivation of a sixth-grade True Immortal."

He spoke this with a calm tone, as if stating an undeniable fact. "In the Sixteenth Heaven, those so-called peak ninth-grade True Immortals are nothing more than larger ants before me. Whether it's Venerable Han Yuan or Wei Pengkun, killing them requires no second sword strike."

His voice wasn't loud, but every word resonated deeply.

It wasn't boasting, arrogance, or bravado; it was the confidence forged through countless life-or-death battles, the understanding gained after traversing mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

This understanding was ingrained, becoming part of his instincts, so when he spoke it, it was as natural as saying "the sun rises in the east."

Qingqiu remained silent.

She knew David was telling the truth.

The power of chaos restrained all other powers—immortal power, demonic power, monster power, holy light—no power could gain an advantage before chaos.

The physical body cultivated by the Great Luo Golden Scripture was indestructible, and combined with his cultivation at the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm, David truly had no rivals in the Sixteenth Heaven.

Those so-called peak ninth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivators were like paper before the power of chaos, shattering with a single blow.

More importantly, she knew she couldn't stop him.

Once such a person made up his mind, not even the collapse of the sky could stop him.

"Young Master, but the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge needs you."

Gui Yuanzi was still unwilling, his voice almost pleading, "The army of the Heavenly Supreme Venerable will be at the city gates in at most half a month. If you are not here, the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge will be leaderless..."

David interrupted him.

"Gui Yuanzi."

He walked up to Gui Yuanzi and patted his shoulder.

His hand was steady, and the warmth from his palm gradually calmed Gui Yuanzi's trembling. "The Heavenly Venerable's army will need another half month to assemble. I'll return to the Sixteenth Heaven, a round trip of seven days at most. I will return within seven days."

He paused, his gaze sweeping over Gui Yuanzi's bloodshot eyes. "Tell me, can Wan Yao Ridge hold out in seven days?"

Gui Yuanzi opened his mouth, then closed it again.

Seven days, Wan Yao Ridge could certainly hold out.

Qing Qiu was here, along with the sect leader of the Qingyun Sword Sect, the deputy sect leader of the Wanfa Sect, and their Gui Yuan Sect. These people could easily resist for a few days.

Seven days?

More than enough.

"Seven days,"

Qing Qiu spoke.

She slowly walked to David's side, her white robes fluttering in the air, her long hair cascading down like a waterfall.

Her face was still somewhat pale, but her fox-like eyes had regained their former sharpness. "I can give you seven days. Within seven days, whether you rescue that woman or not, you must return."

She paused, her voice now carrying an undeniable air of authority. "The Celestial Venerable will not give you any more time. If he attacks prematurely, although Ten Thousand Demon Ridge can be defended, the cost will be significant."

David nodded. "Seven days is enough."

He didn't say "thank you," nor "I will definitely return," nor anything superfluous.

He simply nodded slightly to Qingqiu, then turned and walked out of the hall. Gui Yuanzi took two steps forward, then stopped.

He knew that once the young master made a decision, no one could stop him.

The only thing he could do was kneel down and kowtow three times to David's retreating figure.

The young man's silhouette stretched long at the palace gate, the rays of the three blazing suns bathing him in a pale gold light, turning his azure robe a pale gold.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword at his waist trembled slightly, a wisp of purple light flowing across its blade.

The figure stood tall and straight as a pine tree, his steps steady as a mountain, walking step by step toward the secret realm.

Qingqiu watched his retreating figure, remaining silent for a long time.

No one knew what she was thinking at that moment.

Perhaps she was recalling her own youthful exuberance, perhaps she was worried about her daughter's future, or perhaps she was simply touched by something about this young man.

"Let's go," she said softly, turning and walking toward the back mountain. "The opening of the void passage will take time."

The back mountain of the Demon Emperor's Palace.

This was a forbidden area, where even the elders of the demon race were not allowed to enter without permission.

The open space, a hundred feet in diameter, was paved with black jade stones.

These jade stones are no ordinary stones; they come from the deepest veins of the Seventeenth Heaven, each containing fragments of spatial laws.

The surfaces of the jade are covered with densely packed runes, their patterns ancient and complex, some resembling twisted snakes, others birds with outstretched wings, and still others the sun, moon, and stars.

A faint silver light flows between the runes—the purest spatial power.

In the center of the clearing, a three-foot-high stone platform stands silently.

The platform's material is unknown; it is entirely black, yet emits a faint luster.

Engraved on the platform is an even more complex magic array: forty-nine ring-shaped runes, nested layer upon layer, each rune composed of thousands of tiny spiritual patterns.

This is an interdimensional teleportation array left by a powerful being from the ancient Wan Yao Ridge, said to be a masterpiece completed over a century by the Demon Emperor, who gathered seventy-two array masters of the demon race to facilitate communication with the various heavens.

Qingqiu stands before the stone platform, taking a deep breath.

She slowly raises her hands, interlacing her fingers to form an ancient hand seal.

A pure, white light surged from her palm,

flowing gently into the magic array on the stone platform.

Her spiritual energy poured forth uncontrollably, so quickly that her face paled within breaths.

She knew perfectly well the immense strain of activating such a cross-dimensional array, yet she didn't hesitate.

Because David didn't hesitate.

The first rune lit up, its silver light spilling like mercury.

Then came the second, the third, the fourth—forty-nine ring-shaped runes lit up in a mysterious order, each accompanied by a deep hum.

The sound wasn't like a musical instrument, but rather like the resonance of the laws of heaven and earth, like space itself chanting.

The silver light grew brighter and brighter.

When the last rune was lit, the entire back mountain was illuminated as if it were daytime.

The light on the stone platform was so bright it was blinding, but Qingqiu's eyes remained unblinking, her hand seals constantly shifting.

She was manipulating the runes, guiding them along the correct path.

Space began to distort.

The air in the center of the magic circle was first compressed, then suddenly expanded outwards, forming a pitch-black vortex.

The vortex was only three feet in diameter, yet it gave the impression of being bottomless.

Chapter 6512

Starlight flickered faintly within the vortex.

These weren't stars in the sky, but rather gaps between different spatial planes, entrances to the endless void.

An ancient and desolate aura surged from the vortex—the aura of the void itself, an existence more ancient than any world.

"The void passage has opened."

Qingqiu slowly withdrew her hands, her voice paler than before, fine beads of sweat forming on her forehead. "It can only last thirty breaths. Any more, and I won't be able to hold on."

She paused, then added, "The exit of the passage is in the Northern Wilderness of the Sixteenth Heaven, about a thousand miles from the Divine Alliance's main hall. This distance won't alert their restrictions, nor will it allow you to travel too far."

She took out a silver-white token from her robes and handed it to David. "Use this token when you return."

The token was about the size of a palm, its material resembling jade but not quite, and it felt cool to the touch.

The front of the token was engraved with a nine-tailed fox, and the back with an intricate rune.

When David received the token, he could clearly sense the spatial power it contained. It was Qingqiu who had injected it to create a kind of spatial connection between them.

"Infuse your spiritual power into the token, and I will sense it in the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge and open the passage for you again. But remember..."

Qingqiu looked at him, her voice suddenly becoming serious, "The passage can only be opened once. The power contained in this token is only enough to support one interdimensional teleportation. If you encounter danger in the Sixteenth Heaven, use it to return. But if you are safe, stay there and continue your battle. Understand?"

David carefully put the token away, storing it in the deepest part of his storage ring. "Thank you, Your Majesty."

Qingqiu shook her head.

She remained silent for a long time. The wind blew through her long hair, and the white strands fluttered in the void.

She seemed to want to say something, but in the end, she just looked into David's eyes and said, word by word, "Come back alive. I cannot live without you."

She paused, "I have just tasted the pleasures of being a woman, and I don't want to taste them only once."

David knew very well the weight of these words coming from the mouth of a fox queen.

He didn't say much, only nodded solemnly, "I will. After I return, I will let you taste the pleasures of being a woman every day."

Then he turned and walked towards the void passage. His

cyan robe fluttered in the wind.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword at his waist emitted a deep hum, the purple light on its blade growing brighter and brighter.

His steps were not fast, but each step was firm, like a king marching to the battlefield.

Gui Yuanzi stood at the edge of the passage, his eyes red with anxiety.

He took two steps forward, then stopped, then took two more steps forward, then stopped again, "Young Master! Are you really going? I'll go with you!"

His voice was almost a roar.

"No." David didn't turn his head, his voice as calm as an ancient well, "Ten Thousand Demon Ridge needs you. You stay here and help His Majesty guard this place. This is an order."

Gui Yuanzi's steps suddenly stopped.

An order.

The young master said this was an order.

He stood there, as if nailed to the spot.

He watched David's figure recede into the distance, watched the figure reach the edge of the void passage, watched David raise his right foot and step into the dark vortex.

The void passage suddenly contracted, and the vortex, as if coming to life, swallowed David's figure whole.

Purple light intertwined with the dark void, then gradually faded.

The silver runes extinguished one after another, from the last to the first, in perfect order.

After all forty-nine ring runes had dimmed, the stone platform returned to its original state, as if nothing had ever happened.

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Only Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi remained on the open ground.

Guiyuanzi knelt on the ground and kowtowed three times in the direction where the void passage had disappeared.

His forehead struck the jade floor with a loud thud. "Young Master, you must come back alive..."

His voice choked, and tears welled up again.

Qingqiu stood behind him, gazing at the empty sky, silent for a long, long time.

The three blazing suns still hung high, casting golden light on her white robes.

But she felt no warmth.

"He will come back," Qingqiu whispered, as if speaking to Guiyuanzi, yet also to herself, "This kind of person has a tough life."

...

The Sixteenth Heaven, the Northern Wilderness.

The sky was bluish-gray, like a rusty iron plate, heavily pressing down on the earth.

Two moons hung high, one silvery-white like frost, the other dark red like blood. The light of the two moons intertwined, dyeing the earth an eerie silver-red, like a pool of congealed blood.

A faint, decaying stench permeated the air, the traces of tens of thousands of years of war, slaughter, and enslavement, seeping into every inch of soil and every wisp of wind in this land.

The wasteland was deathly silent.

Nothing but the sound of the wind.

The spirit beasts that once inhabited this place had vanished, and the spirit herbs that once grew here had withered.

The Divine Alliance had ruled the Sixteen Heavens for so many years, squeezing this land dry, leaving only desolation and ruin.

Suddenly, the space above the wasteland abruptly tore open.

Not slowly, not quietly, but blasted open from within by a domineering force.

A pitch-black rift appeared out of thin air, like a wound cleaved by an invisible giant sword, tens of feet long.

Purple flames burned at the edges of the rift, leaping in the void and distorting the very space. Then, a beam of purple light shot out from the rift.

The light wasn't dazzling, but it carried a suffocating sense of oppression.

The moment it burst forth from the rift, the wasteland for hundreds of miles around trembled.

The rubble on the ground jolted, the air whistled, and even the two moons in the sky seemed to dim.

The light fell upon a low hill in the wasteland, slowly dissipating.

A figure stood steadily atop the hill. He wore

a long blue robe, a long sword at his waist.

His posture was as upright as a pine tree, his shoulders as steady as mountains.

The wind whipped his robes, making a rustling sound, but he remained motionless, like an ancient stone statue.

He raised his head, revealing a cold, handsome face, his features sharply defined, as if carved by a knife.

Most striking were his eyes—not the usual black or brown, but a pair of purple eyes, deep as a bottomless abyss, within which chaotic energy flowed.

A faint purple aura surrounded him, an understated yet intimidating light.

It wasn't a deliberately released pressure, but a natural, emanating aura.

These were the aftershocks of chaotic energy flowing through the body.

These aftershocks alone exerted immense pressure on the surrounding wasteland, which stretched for hundreds of feet.

Fine cracks appeared in the ground, as if it had been crushed by some invisible force. All impurities in the air were expelled, forming a pure spatial realm.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, the ancient patterns on its scabbard gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

The sword trembled slightly, emitting a low hum—the sword spirit was excited, sensing its master's change, sensing the power several times greater than before.

David closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The spiritual energy of the Sixteenth Heaven surged into his meridians.

Thin, indeed thin, more than ten times weaker than the Seventeenth Heaven.

Fragments of laws were pitifully few, almost negligible.

But he knew this air, this aura, every inch of this land intimately.

Free Valley.

The Divine Alliance.

Black Rock Prison.

Crimson Flame Prison.

Northern Underworld Prison.

Every inch of this land bore his footprints.

Every city held his enemies.

Every battle was stained with his blood.

He had been hunted, wanted, and besieged here.

His comrades had died here, his body shattered here.

Now, he had returned.

He slowly opened his eyes. In his purple pupils, there was no anger, no killing intent, only absolute calm.

That calm was more chilling than any violent killing intent, for it meant that everyone who stood in his way had already been sentenced to death in his heart.

The power of chaos circulated within him, an invisible wave spreading outwards from him.

His divine sense spread like a tide, covering a radius of a thousand miles.

Every stone, every inch of land, every wisp of wind in the Northern Region of the Sixteenth Heaven was within his perception.

He sensed many auras.

Some were dense, like the direction of the Divine Alliance's main hall, where holy light converged into a golden ocean, its nauseating sacred aura permeating hundreds of miles.

Others were faint, scattered throughout the wasteland, hidden in deep mountains, concealed in caves—the remnants of the lost soldiers of Freedom Valley, the survivors of the Spirit Race, those cultivators suppressed by the Divine Race yet still holding onto hope.

His divine sense swept across the Divine Alliance's main hall, penetrating layers of restrictions, reaching its very depths.

Then he sensed that aura.

Very faint. So faint it was almost extinguished, like a candle flickering in the wind.

That aura contained too many things: pain, exhaustion, despair, but the core remained—that indomitable spirit, that person's will, still waiting.

Jiang Xuelan.

She was still alive.

David withdrew his divine sense, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

The next moment, he leaped into the air.

No gathering of power, no hand seals, no use of any techniques.

He simply touched the ground with his toes, and his entire body transformed into a purple streak of light, piercing the sky.

The speed was extreme, leaving only a faint purple afterimage on the wasteland.

The afterimage vanished in less than a breath, and he himself had disappeared into the horizon, flying towards the direction of the Divine Alliance's main hall.

The speed was so fast it tore through the air.

A sharp sonic boom exploded in the air, like countless thunderclaps simultaneously roaring.

The clouds were forcibly cleaved in his wake, forming a straight passage within which lingered a purple, chaotic power.

Chapter 6514

On the ground, several rogue cultivators hidden in the valley were secretly cultivating.

They heard the earth-shattering sonic boom, looked up, and only saw a purple streak of light flash across the sky, moving so fast that they could only see a faint purple line.

"What...what was that?" a young cultivator asked in a trembling voice.

The older cultivator squinted and stared for a long time, his expression suddenly changing.

His lips trembled, and after a long while, he finally uttered two words.

"Chen...Ping."

...

The Great Hall of the Divine Alliance.

Brightly lit and bustling with voices.

The entire hall covered thousands of feet, constructed entirely of white spirit jade, with countless bright pearls inlaid on the ceiling, illuminating the hall as if it were daytime.

The pillars inside the hall were carved with the achievements of the Divine Race, vividly depicting the suppression of all races, the rule of the sixteen heavens, and the spread of the Holy Light.

Every mural spoke of the strength and majesty of the Divine Alliance.

The palace's protective barrier remained active 24/7, nine layers of golden light enveloping the entire hall. Countless runes flickered on the barrier, radiating powerful defensive energy.

The plaza was densely packed with three thousand divine cultivators, all clad in armor and wielding weapons. Holy light swirled around them, turning the entire palace into a golden sea.

Wei Pengkun sat on a golden throne.

The throne, three zhang high, was cast from pure gold, with nine fist-sized stones of light embedded in its back.

From the throne, the entire palace was laid out before him. He was the leader of the Divine Alliance, the helmsman of the strongest force in the Sixteenth

Heaven, commanding hundreds of thousands of cultivators and countless powerful warriors.

Here, he was the supreme king.

But at this moment, his thin fingers were tapping rhythmically on the armrests, producing a monotonous, dull thud.

This sound echoed throughout the hall, instilling a strange sense of oppression in all the standing cultivators.

Wei Pengkun's expression was uncertain.

His brows were furrowed, his eyes were puffy, and his eyes were bloodshot. He hadn't slept for many days.

The two Supreme Elders had gone to the Seventeenth Heaven, and there had been no news from them for a long time.

His greatest threat, David, although his physical body had been destroyed by the two Supreme Elders, his soul was sealed in the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

As long as his soul remained, he wouldn't be at ease.

"Alliance Leader."

A Divine Clan cultivator strode into the hall, his footsteps echoing through the hall, carrying a hint of urgency.

The cultivator's face was pale, and he knelt on the ground, his forehead pressed against the cold floor tiles.

"A scout from the Northern Border has sent an urgent report."

His voice trembled, "A purple streak of light is flying towards the hall at an incredible speed. When the scout saw the light at Huiyan Peak, it was still five

hundred miles away. But just as he finished writing the report, the light was already within three hundred miles."

The hall fell into a deathly silence.

All the standing cultivators stopped what they were doing, and all the elders raised their heads.

The golden holy light continued to flicker, but for some reason, the hall suddenly felt cold.

Wei Pengkun's fingers, which were tapping on the armrest, abruptly stopped.

His index finger hovered in mid-air, trembling slightly.

"Suspected of what?" His voice was cold, so cold it didn't sound like it came from a living person.

"Suspected of..." The cultivator swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing three times, "Suspected of David."

David.

These two words were like an ice knife, piercing everyone's hearts.

Wei Pengkun's face instantly turned deathly pale.

Fine beads of sweat appeared on his forehead, sliding down his cheeks and dripping onto the golden throne. David?

Impossible.

David's physical body had been shattered by the combined efforts of the two Supreme Elders, and his soul was sealed within the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, taken to the Seventeenth Heaven.

How could he possibly return to the Sixteenth Heaven with his physical body intact?

But if that wasn't David, then who was it?

In the Sixteenth Heaven, who would dare to brazenly fly towards the Divine Clan Alliance Hall?

Especially with that purple light—David's signature color.

Wei Pengkun abruptly stood up, his golden robes billowing without wind. "Pass down the order! All troops on alert! Activate all restrictions! Immediately activate the ultimate form of the Mountain-Protecting Array!"

He practically roared the command. "No matter who comes, anyone who trespasses into the Divine Clan Alliance Hall will be killed without mercy!"

"Yes!"

A long horn sounded in the hall, the voice deep and urgent, carrying a sense of oppression that made all the Divine Clan cultivators uneasy.

The order spread throughout the hall at top speed.

On the plaza, three thousand elite members of the Divine Race swiftly formed ranks, golden holy light emanating from each cultivator, illuminating the entire plaza in a dazzling glow.

Layer upon layer of restrictions were activated—not nine, but twelve.

This was the ultimate defensive form of the Divine Race Alliance's main hall; twelve layers of holy light shields, each composed of hundreds of runes, were enough to withstand a full-force attack from a first-grade Golden Immortal.

The shields grew thicker and thicker, the golden light intensified, and the runes flashed wildly, enveloping the entire hall completely, making it impenetrable.

These twelve layers of restrictions were the foundation accumulated by the Divine Race Alliance over tens of thousands of years, never fully activated since the hall's founding, because it had never encountered an enemy requiring their complete activation.

But today was different.

Because David had arrived.

Wei Pengkun stood before the throne, staring at the sky outside the hall, his heart pounding as if it would burst from his chest, but he suppressed his fear, not letting anyone see it.

He was the leader of the Divine Race Alliance, the ruler of the Sixteenth Heaven; he could not panic.

The atmosphere within the hall grew increasingly oppressive. An elder couldn't help but speak up: "Alliance Leader, perhaps it's just a prank by some rogue cultivator, perhaps the scouts were mistaken. David's physical body has already been..."

"Shut up,"

Wei Pengkun interrupted him.

His voice was as cold as ice.

Because the purple light had already appeared at the edge of the sky.

It wasn't a beam of light, it was a shooting star, a shooting star that was swooping down.

It trailed a long purple tail, shattering all the clouds along its path.

The tail was hundreds of feet long, leaving a straight purple trail in the sky that lingered for a long time.

The speed was unimaginable; one moment it was a hundred miles away, the next it was within ten miles.

The entire Divine Clan Alliance Hall trembled.

It wasn't an earthquake, but the oppressive feeling brought by that light was too strong.

The twelve layers of restrictions simultaneously emitted a piercing buzz, and the runes on the light shield flickered wildly, as if sensing some kind of destructive threat.

The Divine Clan cultivators on the square began to tremble involuntarily, their weapons clanging in their hands.

They were well-trained, but in the face of this oppressive feeling, thousands of years of training became a joke.

The purple light landed precisely on the plaza directly in front of the main hall.

As the light faded, a figure appeared within the encirclement of three thousand elite divine warriors. He

wore a pristine blue robe, spotless and immaculate. A long sword hung at his waist, its scabbard ancient, the blade shimmering with a faint purple light.

He stood on the jade pavement of the plaza, his figure tall and imposing, like a mountain.

His face was cold and stern, carrying a composure beyond that of ordinary people.

Most striking were his eyes—

a pair of purple eyes.

That purple was no ordinary purple; it was the color of chaos, the color of the beginning of heaven and earth.

Chapter 6515

Purple light swirled in his pupils, like two bottomless purple abysses.

No one could read anything from those eyes; there was no anger, no killing intent, not even emotion.

Only an absolute, despairing calm.

A translucent purple aura surrounded him.

That aura was quiet, almost lifeless.

But it was this quietness that caused the twelve layers of restrictions to tremble.

The golden light shield before his aura was as fragile as paper.

His cultivation was at the sixth rank of True Immortal.

In the Divine Alliance's main hall, where True Immortals were commonplace, this might not seem high.

But none of the three thousand elite Divine Race warriors dared to step forward.

Because they sensed something—a fear from the depths of their souls, the instinctive reaction of a rabbit encountering a tiger, the despair of prey seeing its hunter.

That sixth-rank True Immortal cultivation, for some reason, was more terrifying than any peak ninth-rank True Immortal they had ever seen.

David.

It really was David.

Wei Pengkun stood in the main hall, looking through the light barrier at the lone figure in the plaza, his face ashen.

His lips trembled, his fingers trembled, even his heart pounded.

“You...you...how could you...”

His voice was hoarse, filled with disbelief, “Wasn’t your physical body destroyed? Wasn’t your soul sealed? How could you...”

David didn’t answer him.

He didn’t even look at Wei Pengkun.

He simply raised his right hand, palm up.

A wisp of purple flame danced in his palm.

The flame was only the size of a fist, yet it was very bright, casting a purple glow on his face.

The temperature of the flame was incredibly high, distorting and deforming the surrounding air, forming visible ripples.

The sound of the flame dancing was very soft, almost inaudible, but with each dance, it caused the twelve layers of restrictions to tremble.

The flame was not ostentatious; it could even be described as quiet.

But within that quietness lay a destructive power. The Chaos Fire, which restrained all power in the world.

David raised his eyes and looked at Wei Pengkun.

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

"Where is Jiang Xuelan?"

he asked, uttering six words.

There was no threat, no roar, no emotional fluctuation. His voice was as flat as asking about the weather.

But those six words made Wei Pengkun's heart almost stop beating.

Because he heard what was contained in that calmness—a death notice, the greeting of death itself.

David wasn't asking where he was; he was giving him a chance to leave his last words.

Wei Pengkun clenched his teeth.

His teeth ground together, veins bulging on his forehead.

He used all his willpower to keep from collapsing on the spot.

"David," he squeezed out the words through clenched teeth, each word trembling, but he forced himself to speak, "You think you can break into the

Divine Clan Alliance's main hall alone? There are three thousand elites here! Twelve layers of restrictions!"

His voice grew louder, as if using volume to mask his fear, "You, a sixth-grade True Immortal, even if it really is you, so what? Do you still think this is the same place as before? You..."

He didn't finish his sentence.

Because David made a move.No one saw how he drew his sword.

The instant the Dragon-Slaying Sword was unsheathed, a purple sword beam burst forth from its blade.

The beam wasn't long, only about three feet, but it was extremely condensed, its purple light as dazzling as a small sun.

There were no fancy moves, no complex sword techniques, no earth-shattering phenomena, only a pure, condensed, and incredibly fast purple blade of light.

The blade swept out horizontally.

When it touched the first layer of the protective barrier, it made no sound.

The golden holy light barrier was like ice and snow encountering the scorching sun, unable to withstand even a moment's resistance, silently melting away.

Chaotic fire danced on the blade, directly devouring the power of law contained within the golden holy light.

The second layer.

The third layer.

The fourth layer.

Each layer of the barrier shattered in the exact same way; the moment the purple blade touched the golden barrier, it collapsed silently, like a paper lantern being cut open by a knife.

The runes on the light shield flickered wildly, attempting to repair the damage, but the chaotic power had already devoured the laws themselves, making repair impossible.

Fifth layer.

Sixth layer.

Seventh layer.

The speed of the light blade didn't decrease at all; instead, the speed at which the restrictions shattered increased.

When the eighth layer of restrictions shattered, the three elders responsible for controlling the formation simultaneously coughed up blood.

Their meridians were shattered by the backlash, and their internal organs were churning.

Ninth layer, tenth layer, eleventh layer.

The light blade swept through everything in its path; the restrictions were like paper. The twelfth layer of ultimate defense couldn't even withstand three breaths before David.

The moment the twelfth layer of restrictions shattered, the entire hall shook violently.

The core of the formation maintaining the restrictions exploded, shattering into thousands of fragments.

The elders controlling the formation collapsed to the ground, spitting blood, and the few with the lowest cultivation levels died instantly.

The light blade continued forward.

It swept over the divine cultivators who had rushed out of the plaza.

There were no screams, no wails, no clanging of weapons.

Only a patch of golden light drifted in the air, the traces of holy light being burned by the chaotic fire.

Hundreds of elite members of the divine race, each a powerful figure at the seventh or eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, capable of dominating a region in the Sixteenth Heaven,

couldn't even withstand a single sword strike, turning into nothingness within the purple light blade.

The light blade continued its momentum, sweeping across the massive stone pillar in front of the hall.

The pillar, as thick as seven people could encircle, was covered with reliefs depicting the achievements of the divine race, and under the purple light blade, it was silently severed in two.

The break was smooth as a mirror, without a single burr, as if cut by the very laws of heaven and earth.

Wei Pengkun's expression completely changed.

He finally understood why the two Supreme Elders hadn't returned, while David had.

He turned and ran. He

ran without regard for anything else.

The dignity of the alliance leader, the glory of the divine race, the demeanor of a king—all became a joke in his heart.

All he wanted now was to survive, to escape this place, and get as far away as possible.

He activated a movement technique at the half-step Golden Immortal level, transforming into a golden streak of light and shooting towards the depths of the main hall.

David didn't give chase.

He didn't even look in the direction Wei Pengkun had fled.

He simply sheathed the Dragon-Slaying Sword and then walked up the steps one by one. His pace was slow, even deliberate.

Each step landed steadily on the jade steps, the sound echoing in the deathly silent plaza.

Three thousand elite members of the divine race parted to make way for him, three zhang away; no one dared to block his path, no one dared to step forward.

The cultivators' legs trembled, their weapons clanged in their hands, their eyes filled with undisguised fear.

David walked among them like a king passing through a court.

No, not a king; even kings must consider the expressions of their subjects.

He was the god of death, every step he took reaping lives.

Whether they knelt or not, whether they submitted or not, they all trembled before him.

He entered the main hall.

The divine race cultivators inside retreated like a tide.

Dozens of elders, hundreds of deacons, hundreds of guards—not one dared to make a move.

They retreated, desperately retreated, retreating to the walls, behind the pillars, to the corners of the hall.

Some trembled, some prayed, some fainted from fright.

David's gaze swept across the hall, calm as if he were surveying his own territory.

"Where is Jiang Xuelan?" he asked again.

A divine cultivator pointed tremblingly to the back of the hall.

His fingers shook so badly they almost missed their mark, his voice broken: "In...in the dungeon...the dungeon behind the hall..."

He collapsed to the ground, gasping for breath.

David ignored him, walking straight through the hall towards the dungeon.

He walked calmly, his back ramrod straight.

His azure robe stood out starkly against the golden light of the hall, like a purple sword slicing through a golden sea.

No one dared follow, no one dared utter a sound.

Only the rapid breathing and chattering of teeth filled the hall.

Only after David's figure disappeared into the depths of the hall did an elder slide down to the ground, drenched in cold sweat.

"He...he's back..."

That "he" was more terrifying than the word "death."

The dungeon of the Divine Alliance lies deep within the main hall, extending dozens of feet underground.

The passage leading to the dungeon is a narrow staircase, no more than three feet wide, allowing only one person to pass at a time.

The walls on either side of the passage are cast from extraterrestrial meteorite iron, three feet thick, and covered with sealing runes.

Every seven steps there is a rune; some are ancient divine light restrictions, others are sealing spells of the Yin-Yang School, layered upon each other, transforming the entire passage into an impenetrable cage.

There are no lights in the passage, but the runes on the walls emit a pale golden light.

That light is cold, bone-chillingly cold, like a chill seeping from the very marrow.

The air is filled with a damp, decaying stench, and a faint, almost impenetrable smell of blood.

It is the sweat, blood, tears, and the desperate breath left behind by countless prisoners in the dungeon before their deaths.

At the end of the passage is a door two feet high.

The door is forged from a single piece of extraterrestrial meteorite iron, incredibly thick, and impossible to push open.

The door was covered with a dense array of restrictions, not ordinary restrictions, but seven layers of overlapping seals.

Each layer of seal followed a different law, laid down by seven elders at the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, each layer interlocking with the others. Breaking one layer would trigger a backlash from the other six.

The seven elders took turns day and night to maintain the seal's operation.

These seven seals required the power of a Golden Immortal to forcibly open.

In the Sixteenth Heaven, Golden Immortals were practically legendary beings, so this door had never been opened from the outside.

But now, someone had come.