

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6516

David stood before the door.

His purple eyes swept over the complex sealing runes, his gaze as calm as if he were looking at a few scraps of paper.

He didn't study the restrictions, didn't deduce a way to break them, didn't use any tricks.

He simply made a movement.

He reached out and grasped the lock.

The lock was forged from ten-thousand-year-old cold iron, with a core rune the size of a thumb engraved on its body—the control hub of the seven layers of seals.

The lock head was icy cold, gleaming with a chilling blue light in the darkness.

Chaotic fire surged from his palm.

The purple flames spread from his hand to the lock, burning through the seven layers of restrictions one by one.

There were no earth-shattering sounds, no violent fluctuations of spiritual energy, only the faint hissing sound of flames burning gold paper.

The first layer of restrictions was like thin paper in the face of the chaotic fire, instantly curling, charring, and shattering.

The second layer, the third layer—the flames climbed the patterns of the restriction runes, burning along the direction of the flowing light, disintegrating the sealing structure constructed by those laws from the inside.

The moment the fourth layer of restrictions shattered, a blinding white light erupted in the passage—the backlash from the forced breaking of the seal.

But before that power could spread, it was devoured by the chaotic fire.

The fifth and sixth layers—the flames burned ever brighter, illuminating the entire passage with purple light.

The holy runes on the walls began to melt, flowing down like candle wax.

The seventh and final layer of restrictions—a seal left by an ancient god, containing the power of laws at the Golden Immortal level.

It withstood the chaotic fire for three breaths before shattering like an eggshell.

Seven layers of restrictions, fourteen breaths, all destroyed.

David flicked his wrist, and the lock, forged from ten-thousand-year-old cold iron, shattered into iron dust.

The door collapsed with a deafening crash, hitting the ground with a dull thud.

Behind the door was a small, damp, cold, and utterly dark cell.

There was only one lamp in the cell, the oil nearly burned out, a tiny flame, smaller than a bean, flickering on the wick.

The dim light barely illuminated a corner of the cell.

In the corner lay a pile of moldy straw, upon which sat a figure.

She wore a long white dress, but it was tattered beyond recognition. Her

exposed arms were so thin they were almost skin and bones, her skin covered in countless scars—whip marks, burns, and scalds left by some kind of magical artifact.

Her hands were bound by a jet-black chain, extending from the wall and securing her firmly to the cold stone.

The chain was engraved with sealing runes, constantly emitting a ghostly blue light.

Each flash of that light drained a portion of her spiritual energy to maintain the seal.

Her face was as pale as paper, her lips cracked and bleeding. Her

once flowing black hair was now disheveled, obscuring half her face.

She huddled in the corner, as if trying to shrink herself to ward off the cold.

Hearing the door collapse, she slowly raised her head.

Her disheveled black hair cascaded down, revealing a thin, stubborn face.

Her lips trembled, her eyes brimming with tears, yet she stubbornly held them back.

Those eyes, which should have been bright and full of life, were now covered with a layer of gray despair, like ashes that had burned away all light and warmth.

Then she saw the person in the doorway. He wore a long cyan robe, a long sword at his waist, and his figure remained as upright as ever.

His purple eyes shone brightly in the darkness, their light not cold but warm, like a purple sun dispelling all the chill and despair in the dungeon.

A faint purple aura surrounded him, not dazzling, yet it illuminated all the fear in her heart, leaving her nowhere to hide.

Jiang Xuelan was stunned.

"David..."

Her lips trembled, her voice so weak it was almost inaudible, "David... is that you? Am I dreaming?"

David didn't speak.

He strode over, each step firm and steady.

He crouched down and reached out to grasp the God-Locking Chain. The sealing runes on the chain sensed the intrusion and suddenly erupted with a blinding, eerie blue light, attempting to resist.

But chaotic fire surged from David's palm, instantly burning the runes and the chain to ashes.

The chain snapped and fell to the ground with a crisp clang.

The sound of the sealing runes shattering echoed in the cell, like shackles finally being broken.

Jiang Xuelan's hands were freed again, two deep bloody marks on her wrists, the skin worn raw by the chains, revealing the pink flesh beneath.

Ignoring the pain, she threw herself into David's arms, her thin arms tightly embracing his back, as if trying to melt into his body.

Her body trembled violently, not from the cold, but from the release of emotions that had been suppressed for so long.

"I thought you were dead... I thought you would never come back..."

Her voice was broken, choked with sobs, "Those divine cultivators outside the dungeon every day said that your physical body was destroyed, your soul was sealed, that your life was over... They talked about it every day, they laughed every day... I thought... I thought..."

She couldn't continue, she just buried her face in his chest and cried out loud.

It wasn't a soft sob, not a restrained tear, but a heart-wrenching cry.

She cried out all her grievances, fears, and despair.

All the tears she had held back in captivity, all the pain she had suppressed during torture, all the bitterness she had borne alone in despair—all poured out at this moment.

She cried uncontrollably, gasped for breath, her voice hoarse.

Her tears soaked David's clothes, but he seemed oblivious.

David didn't speak.

He simply held her.

One hand around her shoulder, the other gently patting her back.

The movement was light and slow, yet it carried a reassuring power. The

chaotic energy formed a thin layer of light enveloping her, warm, safe, and shielding her from the chill of the dungeon.

A long, long time passed.

Jiang Xuelan's sobs gradually subsided, from wailing to sobs, from sobs to choked sobs.

She looked up, her eyes blurry with tears, at David.

Her eyes were red like a rabbit's, her face was streaked with tears, and her lips were still trembling slightly, but a glimmer of light had appeared in her eyes.

"Your cultivation... how come it's only at the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm?" Her voice was still weak, but there was a hint of doubt in her tone, "You weren't before..."

"It's a long story."

David raised his hand and gently wiped away her tears with his knuckles. "We'll talk about it when we get back. Now, I'll take you out first."

He stood up and picked Jiang Xuelan up.

Her body was very light, unbelievably light.

After being imprisoned in the dungeon for so long, her spiritual power was sealed, her physical body was weak, and even her bones felt lighter.

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She wrapped her arms around David's neck, pressing her face against his shoulder. Through the fabric of his blue robe, she could feel the warmth of his body.

Her eyes welled up again. "I thought I'd never see you again."

"I'm back."

David's voice was as calm as ever, but Jiang Xuelan sensed something beneath that calm.

They had fought side by side for so long; he didn't need to say more, she understood everything.

"Hold me tight."

Purple chaotic energy formed a protective shield around them.

David strode out of the dungeon, walked through the rune-covered passage, passed through the empty hall, and returned to the plaza.

The plaza was even more spacious than when he entered.

He had casually killed off a group of the three thousand elite Divine Race soldiers with a single sword strike, but during his time in the dungeon, Wei Pengkun had gathered even more men.

The plaza surrounding the hall was once again filled with Divine Race cultivators, densely packed, numbering in the thousands.

Their holy light merged into one, dyeing the sky gold.

Although he had shattered the twelve layers of restrictions, new temporary restrictions had been set up, layer upon layer of golden light enveloping the entire hall.

While not as strong as the previous twelve layers, it was still enough to give a True Immortal Realm Ninth Grade expert a headache.

Wei Pengkun stood at the very back of the crowd.

He had donned his golden armor again, gripping the Spirit-Slaying Holy Sword in his hand.

But his lips were white, his hands trembled, and his eyes were uneasy.

He hid behind a group of elders and guards, not daring to face the young man holding the woman.

His voice trembled, but he still tried to maintain the last shred of dignity: "David, do you think you can leave here alive? This is the Divine Clan Alliance Hall, the power center of the Sixteenth Heaven!

You can kill a hundred people, a thousand people! But I can summon even more! Your True Immortal Realm Sixth Grade spiritual power is ultimately limited, do you think you can..."

David interrupted him.

"Three thousand?"

The corners of his mouth slightly curled up, revealing a very faint arc.

It wasn't a smile, but a condescending indifference.

His voice was calm, so calm that it sent chills down the spines of everyone who heard it.

"Not enough."

The words had barely left his lips when he drew his sword.

This time, everyone saw clearly how he drew it.

Because he deliberately made them see it.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword slowly emerged from its sheath, the purple light on its blade gradually intensifying, spreading from the hilt to the tip.

The purple light wasn't blinding, yet it made everyone squint.

Chaotic power condensed, compressed, and condensed again on the sword, finally transforming into a hundred-foot-long purple sword beam.

That sword beam spanned the heavens and earth, hanging high above the plaza, like a purple divine punishment hanging over everyone's heads.

The first strike landed.

The purple sword beam swept across the plaza, melting away the golden holy light like ice and snow wherever it passed.

The armor, weapons, and flesh of hundreds of divine cultivators shattered.

There were no screams, no wails; everything happened in silence.

The chaotic fire devoured everything, turning holy light, spiritual power, divine souls, physical bodies, armor, and weapons into nothingness.

Hundreds of people were killed with a single sword strike, leaving nothing behind but a scattering of golden light in the air, like a silent golden snowfall.

The second sword strike descended.

Another hundred-foot-long sword beam swept across.

This time, even before the beam landed, the sheer power of the sword energy was enough to knock hundreds off their feet.

The lower-level Divine Clan cultivators were directly blasted away by the sword energy, tumbling and crashing into their companions in the air. The sword light followed closely, slicing them, along with their weapons, formations, and restrictions, into fragments.

Hundreds more perished.

The third sword struck.

The last batch of divine cultivators finally collapsed.

They weren't the lowest-ranking soldiers of the divine race; each was a carefully selected elite, each had experienced countless battles.

But at this moment, their will was utterly destroyed.

Some began to flee, some knelt in surrender, some collapsed to the ground trembling.

But the purple sword light did not stop; it swept across, devouring everything.

In less than ten breaths.

Three thousand elite soldiers, all wiped out.

Only one person remained standing in the plaza—Wei Pengkun.

Wei Pengkun stood amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, trembling all over.

His golden armor was splattered with the blood of his comrades, and the Spirit-Slaying Holy Sword lay on the ground, its blade broken in two.

His legs were weak, his knees trembled, and finally, unable to support him, he collapsed to the ground.

He looked up at the boy holding the woman, his eyes filled with indescribable terror.

Ten breaths.

Three thousand elite soldiers, all dead.

This wasn't a battle; it was a massacre.

"Any last words?"

David walked up to him, looking down at him.

His purple eyes were unwavering, as if he were looking at an ant.

Wei Pengkun's lips trembled, his teeth chattered.

He wanted to say something, but only gurgling sounds came from his throat.

After a long silence, he finally managed to squeeze out a few words: "David, you can't kill me. I am the leader of the Divine Alliance. If you kill me, the Divine Race will not let you go. The two Supreme Elders are Golden Immortals; they will..."

"They are already dead."

David's voice was calm, as if he were discussing something insignificant.
"Besides, even if they were here, they couldn't save you."

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its tip pressed against Wei Pengkun's chest.

Wei Pengkun's eyes widened, the purple sword light reflected in his pupils.

He felt the aura of death, something more primal than any power, chaos, nothingness, the end of all living beings.

He opened his mouth, wanting to beg for mercy, to negotiate, to threaten, to say anything that would allow him to live.

But David didn't give him any more time.

The sword tip gently extended.

Chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting Wei Pengkun's entire body.

Purple flames began to spread from his chest, devouring flesh and blood, devouring holy light, devouring his soul.

Wei Pengkun let out a shrill scream, a sound that pierced through the hall, through the plaza, and through the clouds.

His body twisted, struggled, and dissipated in the flames.

The power of holy light was like ice and snow encountering the scorching sun before the chaotic fire, unable to withstand it for even a moment.

In less than a breath, the screams abruptly ceased.

Wei Pengkun, the leader of the Divine Alliance, the helmsman of the strongest force in the Sixteenth Heaven, who had commanded hundreds of thousands of cultivators and ruled the Northern Region for tens of thousands of years, had turned into a pile of ashes. A gust of wind blew by, scattering the ashes away, leaving nothing behind.

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, glanced at the pile of ashes scattering in the wind, and turned to walk out of the main hall.

Behind him, the Divine Alliance's main hall began to collapse under the burning Chaos Flames.

Golden holy light runes exploded in the flames, tens of thousands of years of accumulated formations were reduced to ruins, and the intricately carved murals and statues symbolizing the glory of the Divine Race were all engulfed by the flames.

The flames soared into the sky, dyeing the entire sky golden-red, and the towering fire could be seen for hundreds of miles around.

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Jiang Xuelan, clinging to his back, looked at the sea of fire behind them, her lips moving slightly, "He killed...how many people..."

"It doesn't matter anymore,"

David's voice was calm. "What matters is that no one else will die."

He leaped up, transforming into a purple streak of light, carrying Jiang Xuelan as they flew towards Freedom Valley.

The purple streak of light pierced the sky, illuminating the night sky of the Northern Wilderness.

Behind them, the Divine Alliance's main hall slowly collapsed in the sea of fire. The roof crumbled, golden tiles raining down, crashing onto the plaza with dull thuds.

The Divine Alliance, which had ruled the Sixteen Heavens for tens of thousands of years, was utterly annihilated at this moment.

...

Freedom Valley.

The ruins lay silent in the vast twilight, like a gigantic skeleton.

The once bustling valley was now nothing but broken walls and rubble.

Most of the stone walls had collapsed, their charred surfaces bearing the marks of swords and axes.

The city gates were gone, leaving only two crooked pillars, still bearing the marks of the divine light's scorching heat—remnants of the great battle months ago.

The air was thick with the smell of scorched earth and decay, mingled with a faint stench of blood.

The wind swept through the ruins, swirling ashes and dust like countless silent sighs.

The city's stone halls, wooden houses, training grounds, and meditation rooms were all reduced to ruins.

The meticulously carved stone pillars lay askew, their broken ends covered in moss.

Broken weapons and dried bloodstains lay scattered across the training grounds, the blood now a deep brown, seeping into the cracks in the stones, seemingly never to fade.

Skeletons lay scattered throughout the ruins, some belonging to Free Valley warriors, others to divine cultivators.

They were indistinguishable, lying there silently, exposed to the wind and rain.

To the east of Free Valley once stood the Elder Council, where the most sturdy stone hall had also collapsed halfway.

The remaining stone wall bore the motto of Freedom Valley: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Three of the five characters had been burned away by holy light, leaving only the word "no liberty."

The nunnery to the south had completely collapsed, and wild grasses grew from the cracks in the rubble, swaying in the twilight as if mourning the lives lost.

David carried Jiang Xuelan onto the ruins.

He looked around and remained silent for a long, long time.

He remembered the day he first came to Freedom Valley.

Back then, the valley was brightly lit, filled with cultivators and laughter.

Lin Yuan greeted him at the city gate, a burly man laughing like a child.

A tall, thin man duelled with others in the martial arts arena, refusing to admit defeat when he lost.

Old Zhao carried a bowl of wine around, seeking out drinkers and boasting to everyone that Freedom Valley's spirit wine was the best in the world.

A middle-aged woman busied herself in the kitchen, bringing out bowls of steaming spirit valley porridge, never mincing words, but filling everyone's bowl to the brim.

Old Xu dozed off in the library, studying the jade slips; Zhao Tieshan taught the new recruits swordsmanship in the training ground, demonstrating again and again until he was drenched in sweat.

Their voices and smiles were still so clear, as if he had seen them just yesterday.

But they were all gone.

To protect this land, to keep the flag of Freedom Valley flying under this sky, to protect their comrades, to protect him, they fell one by one. Never to wake again.

David clenched his fists.

His nails dug into his palms, piercing his skin and drawing blood.

Purple blood dripped from between his fingers, staining the scorched ground purple.

But he seemed not to feel any pain. He just stood there, silently looking at the ruins, at his former home.

"David..."

Jiang Xuelan leaned on his back, her voice weak.

She felt his body stiffen for a moment, and she felt the almost uncontrollable emotions surging from within him, "Freedom Valley... are there any survivors?"

David closed his eyes.

He spread his divine sense outwards, the power of chaos transforming into invisible ripples that spread outwards from him in all directions.

A hundred miles, a thousand miles, two thousand miles in radius—his divine sense covered the entire Northern Region, penetrating mountains and dense forests, penetrating the depths of the earth.

His divine sense swept through countless corners, searching for those familiar, faint auras.

Then he sensed them.

In a valley in the wasteland, dozens of faint auras gathered together, their auras mixed with fear, exhaustion, and despair, yet they were still alive, still waiting.

Further into the deep mountains and forests, scattered auras hid deep within ancient trees, afraid to make a sound.

Deep within abandoned mine tunnels, several faint auras lay hidden underground, surviving by consuming the residual energy of spirit ore.

There were still people alive.

David opened his eyes.

"Yes,"

he said, his voice soft but steady, "and many more are still alive."

He put Jiang Xuelan down from his back, letting her lean against a broken stone pillar.

The stone pillar still bore the marks of the holy light's scorching, but it had cooled.

He took off his blue robe and draped it over her shoulders.

The robe still retained his body heat, and Jiang Xuelan wrapped it tightly around herself, the warmth relaxing her tense body.

"Wait for me here," David said.

"Where are you going?" Jiang Xuelan's voice was slightly panicked.

"I'm going to find them." David turned, looking at the boundless wasteland in the twilight, "To bring the people of Freedom Valley home."

Jiang Xuelan didn't ask any more questions. She knew that no one could stop David from doing what he was going to do.

She also knew that he would definitely return. He had never let her down.

David leaped up, transforming into a purple streak of light, rushing into the vast twilight.

Deep in the Northern Wasteland, a hidden valley.

This valley was nestled between two high mountains, its entrance extremely narrow, allowing only one person to pass sideways.

The entrance was mostly blocked by collapsed boulders, covered with vines and shrubs, making it impossible to tell from the outside that a hidden world lay within.

In the valley, there was a small clearing with several dilapidated thatched huts.

Dozens of remnants of the Free Valley army hid there.

They had been hiding there for who knows how long.

When they first arrived, they thought the gods would soon find them, and they lived in constant fear, taking turns keeping watch and never closing their eyes.

After several days, the gods didn't come, and they began to wonder if they could ever return to Free Valley.

After several more days, their comrades sent out to scout hadn't returned, and they began to despair.

Later, they dared not send anyone out anymore.

For every person sent out, there was one less.

Their clothes were tattered, their once uniform battle robes reduced to scraps of cloth barely covering their bodies.

Everyone bore wounds; some were dried wounds covered in black scabs; others were festering wounds, emitting a putrid stench.

Their weapons were broken; some swords had broken tips, some knives were chipped, and some were reduced to half-broken spear shafts.

Many people's cultivation was regressing due to the lack of spiritual energy replenishment and the excessive strain on their bodies.

Their eyes were filled with fear and despair. They

lived in constant fear, listening intently for any sound outside, terrified of hearing the horns of the divine race's search.

Every time the wind blew the leaves, someone would reflexively grip their weapon.

Every night before falling asleep, some worried whether they would wake up the next day.

They thought Free Valley was finished.

They thought David was dead.

They thought there was no hope left in this life.

Until someone saw that purple streak of light on the horizon.

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"What's that?"

A sharp-eyed young cultivator was the first to notice. He stood at the valley entrance, looking at the sky through the gaps in the vines.

His voice drew the attention of the others, and everyone looked up.

A purple streak of light was flying in at incredible speed across the sky.

It trailed a long, fiery tail, seemingly splitting the sky in two.

The purple light wasn't blinding, yet it possessed a captivating allure.

It paused for a moment in the sky, as if sensing something, then suddenly changed direction, flying straight towards the valley.

Its speed was too fast for anyone to react.

The purple light landed on the clearing in the center of the valley. The light dissipated, revealing a figure before everyone. He wore

a blue inner robe, his figure tall and straight. A long sword hung at his waist, its scabbard ancient and simple. His face was stern, and his purple eyes shone brightly in the twilight.

A faint purple aura surrounded him, a subtle yet warm glow that enveloped the entire valley.

David.

Everyone was stunned.

As if frozen in place, as if struck by lightning, as if witnessing a hallucination.

No one spoke, no one moved, no one could believe their eyes.

The valley was silent except for the sound of the wind.

A young warrior was the first to recover.

His lips trembled violently, and large tears welled up in his eyes.

He recognized that person, the one who had led them in battle, the one who had fought his way through the army of the gods, the one who had been

besieged by two supreme elders of the gods and whose physical body had been destroyed in the end.

"Mr. Chen...?"

His voice trembled, incredulous yet filled with an overwhelming sense of anticipation. "Is it really Mr. Chen? Mr. Chen has returned?"

David looked at them, at his comrades covered in wounds, their eyes filled with fear, their clothes stained with blood.

His gaze swept over each face, some he knew by name, some he had only met a few times, some complete strangers.

But their eyes were the same, the eyes of those who had suddenly seen the light of dawn after a long and desperate ordeal.

He remained silent for a moment.

"I've come to take you home."

Five words, calm and brief, as if stating something utterly ordinary.

But those five words brought tears to everyone's eyes.

The young warrior knelt on the ground with a thud, trembling with sobs.

The old cultivator beside him pounded his chest, wailing as if releasing all the pent-up fear.

Two others clung to each other, weeping uncontrollably.

Some stood there, stunned, tears streaming silently down their faces.

Some knelt and kowtowed, their foreheads striking the cold earth, crying out, "Mr. Chen."

"Mr. Chen, you're alive...you're really alive..."

An old cultivator with gray hair walked shakily to David, his eyes filled with tears, his voice hoarse like a leaky drum, "I thought...I thought I'd never see you again in this life."

David reached out and supported the old man's swaying body. "The Divine Alliance has been destroyed by me."

All the weeping stopped abruptly.

The valley was silent for a moment, then erupted in chaos.

"Destroyed?!"

"The Divine Alliance has been destroyed? That forever superior Divine Alliance?"

"Where's Wei Pengkun? Where's that madman Wei Pengkun?"

David's voice remained calm: "Wei Pengkun is dead, dead by my sword. The Divine Alliance's main hall is now in ruins. From now on, no one will be able to bully you anymore."

He spoke as if he were discussing the weather.

But no one thought he was exaggerating.

Because they saw his cultivation level: sixth rank of True Immortal.

When David was at the third rank of True Immortal, he was practically invincible in the Sixteenth Heaven.

Now, this cultivation level was enough to make him stand out among the heroes of the Sixteenth Heaven.

More importantly, they sensed something from him, something indescribable.

It was absolute confidence, not arrogance, not pride, but a confidence forged through countless life-and-death battles.

A person with this kind of confidence doesn't need to speak loudly; every word carries the power of thunder.

The valley was silent for a moment.

Then, cheers erupted. It was hope bursting forth from despair, the flame of life rekindled from the brink of despair.

Cries, laughter, and cheers mingled together, echoing through the valley.

People embraced each other, knelt on the ground, looked up to the sky, and wept bitterly.

Some knelt and kowtowed to David, others knelt and kowtowed towards the east, the direction of Freedom Valley.

"Freedom Valley is still here! We are not dead!"

"Mr. Chen is back! Mr. Chen is back!"

"Home! Home!"

David looked at them, his purple eyes showing no emotion.

But he raised his right hand, and a chaotic power condensed in his palm, transforming into a pale purple light shield that enveloped everyone.

"Let's go," he said, "back to Freedom Valley."

In the following days, David traveled to every corner of the Northern Region.

He went to the deepest forests, stepping on wild grass taller than a person, pushing aside vines that blocked out the sky, searching in the darkest depths of the dense forests.

He went to the most dangerous cliffs, climbing the slippery rock walls, and found the remnants of the Spirit Clan who had been hiding in the caves for months.

He had traversed the abandoned underground palace and found the Free Valley cultivators, who fed on spirit ore residue, in the underground passages dozens of feet deep.

He brought back a group of people, then another group, and yet another group.

Each time a purple streak of light appeared on the horizon, a new group of people appeared on the ruins of Free Valley.

They emerged from the mountains and fields, from underground caves, and from the city of rogue cultivators.

More and more survivors gathered, and more and more people embarked on their journey home.

A continuous stream of people appeared on the wasteland—the former members of Free Valley who had come from all directions, those who had heard that “David has returned” and had emerged from their hiding places.

The news spread like wildfire throughout the Northern Region.

Those cultivators of various races who had once been oppressed, enslaved, and hunted by the gods emerged from their hiding places and converged on Free Valley.

Among them were rogue cultivators of the human race, remnants of the demon race, and survivors of the spirit race.

They were ragged and wounded, but in their eyes was a long-lost light—hope.

On the ruins of Free Valley, houses began to be rebuilt.

Lacking tools, they salvaged usable materials from the rubble.

Lacking timber, they felled spirit trees in the mountains.

Lacking stone, they mined from abandoned veins.

Lacking iron, they dismantled broken weapons from the ruins and reforged them. Lacking

spirit stones, the resources David brought back from the Divine Alliance's treasury were enough to support the entire reconstruction.

Stone halls, wooden houses, training grounds, and cultivation rooms—brick by brick, they were rebuilt.

No one complained, no one cried out in exhaustion.

Because everyone knew in their hearts that this time was different; this time, the Divine Race would not return.

The city walls were the first to be repaired.

The stone wall that had been blasted down by the Divine Race had been rebuilt, higher, thicker, and stronger than before.

The city walls were covered with protective runes of the Daoist sect, carved by David himself.

Each rune contained the power of the laws of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, several times stronger than the protective formation of Free Valley in the past.

He then set up a protective barrier of chaotic power, based on David's cultivation level. The chaotic power flowed constantly within this barrier, enough to withstand the full force of an attack from a Golden Immortal.

David stood on the city wall, watching all this.

Beneath his feet lay the rebuilt homeland, and in the distance stretched the vast northern wilderness.

The two moons still hung high in the sky, but today, their colors seemed less eerie.

Silver and red moonlight spilled onto the ruins of Freedom Valley, onto the busy people, casting long, long shadows.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him.

Her white robes had been replaced with clean ones, made of spirit silk that David had brought back from the Divine Alliance's treasury.

Her face was still somewhat pale, but she could already stand on her own. Her spiritual power was slowly recovering, her wounds were slowly healing, and although the damage to her soul still needed time to heal, it was no longer a major problem.

Fear and despair were gone from her eyes, replaced by a quiet determination.

"David."

She looked at the busy people, a slight smile playing on her lips. "Have you found the Spirit Clan?"

"I have." David nodded. "Elder Qingxuan is still alive, and Feng Xue'er is still alive too. There are still a few dozen remnants of the Spirit Clan hiding deep

within the Myriad Spirit Ancient Forest. I've already sent people to retrieve them."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, saying nothing more.

She simply gazed at the scene below the city, at the people rebuilding their homes.

Free Valley was alive again.

Chapter 6520

The day Elder Qingxuan

was brought back to Freedom Valley was perfect.

David's men arrived deep within the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest and located the remnants of the Spirit Race who had been hiding there for months.

The Spirit Race, naturally close to nature, found it easier to survive in the forest than humans, but also harder to detect.

They hid in the crevices between trees and in underground root caves, blending their presence into the surrounding vegetation.

Initially, they dared not emerge, only cautiously revealing themselves upon hearing the name "David." Each was emaciated, yet their eyes shone brightly.

Elder Qingxuan wore a tattered gray robe, his white hair even whiter than before, his face more wrinkled, yet his eyes remained bright.

When he emerged from the forest and saw Freedom Valley being rebuilt in the distance, he stopped.

He stood there, tears streaming down his face, his body trembling slightly, as if about to kneel.

David personally greeted him at the city gate.

Elder Qingxuan broke free from the Spirit Clan disciples who were supporting him, strode to David, and knelt down.

His knees struck the stone slab with a dull thud.

Had David not reached out to steady him, his forehead would have hit the ground.

"Mr. Chen..."

His voice trembled, and cloudy tears streamed down his deeply lined cheeks, dripping onto the stone slab. "I thought... I thought I would never see you again in this life... The Spirit Clan thought... I thought we would never see you return..."

He wept like a child, a Spirit Clan elder who had lived for hundreds of years now prostrate on the ground, sobbing uncontrollably.

The remaining members of the Spirit Clan behind him also knelt down, dozens of them knelt on the ground, kowtowing to David.

David helped him up, supporting his arm to steady him. "Elder Qingxuan, the Spirit Clan is not dead."

Elder Qingxuan raised his head, his cloudy old eyes filled with tears.

"As long as one person lives, the Spirit Race is not dead."

David's voice wasn't loud, but it was as steady as a rock. "Elder, from now on, no one can hunt you down anymore."

Elder Qingxuan nodded vigorously.

He raised his sleeve to wipe away tears, his cuff soaked.

He turned around and said to the remnants of the Spirit Race behind him, "The reconstruction of the Spirit Race begins today. Every brick, every tile of the reconstruction must remember who gave us this opportunity."

The Spirit Race people responded in unison.

Feng Xue'er stepped out from the crowd. Her face was pale, and she was much thinner than before, but her eyes were still as bright as ever.

She walked up to David, didn't kneel, but looked at him deeply, and then smiled.

"Mr. Chen."

David nodded to her.

She turned and walked towards the Spirit Race's area in the ruins, bent down, and picked up the first stone.

...

The news of the destruction of the Divine Alliance caused a huge uproar in the Sixteenth Heaven.

No one could believe that the Divine Alliance, the strongest power ruling the Sixteen Heavens, had been destroyed so easily, until someone saw the burning palace with their own eyes.

The palace had been reduced to a charred skeleton; its once magnificent golden roof had collapsed to the ground, the molten gold solidified into twisted shapes.

The once invincible Holy Light cultivators had all turned to ashes, leaving not even bones behind.

Only purple chaotic flames still flickered on the ruins, slowly devouring the remaining Holy Light power.

Those who had witnessed the destruction stood before the ruins, exchanging bewildered glances. "The Divine Alliance... is truly destroyed."

"Destroyed by one man."

"David."

These two words stirred up a storm in the Sixteenth Heaven.

Deep within the ruins, David found the Divine Alliance's treasure vault.

The vault was hidden at the deepest part of the ruins, hundreds of feet underground, protected by seven layers of ultimate restrictions.

The chaotic fire used to destroy the main hall did not spread here, but the seven layers of restrictions did not survive because of their strong defenses, but because their paths were too deep and too hidden, thus avoiding the fire.

These seven layers of restrictions were the Divine Alliance's top-level protective formation, each layer containing holy light laws at the Golden Immortal level. The seven layers stacked together formed a barrier that even a Golden Immortal could hardly shake.

The light of the restrictions flowed in the underground passages, radiating an awe-inspiring and inviolable pressure.

Any True Immortal cultivator who approached would be devoured by the holy light laws within the restrictions, their meridians severed and they would die.

But David simply reached out and grabbed.

Chaos fire surged from his palm, transforming into seven purple fire dragons, each attacking one of the seven layers of restrictions.

These dragons were not large, only as thick as an arm, but they spewed the purest chaotic fire from their mouths.

The instant the flames touched the restrictions, the Holy Light Laws melted and collapsed rapidly, like thin snow meeting the scorching sun, without even a crisp sound.

The seven layers of restrictions held out for less than ten breaths against the chaotic fire.

A heavy door slowly opened, revealing the true face of the treasure vault before David. A

vast space, hundreds of feet in diameter, with an extremely high dome, almost invisible at the top.

Inside, it was filled with resources plundered from the Sixteenth Heaven by the Divine Alliance over tens of thousands of years.

Mountains of crystals were piled up, their multicolored light illuminating the entire treasure vault as bright as day.

Rows of elixirs, jade bottles, jade boxes, and jade gourds, were stacked on crystal shelves, their rich fragrance permeating the entire treasure vault. A single whiff was enough to feel spiritual energy surging through one's meridians.

A dazzling array of magical artifacts—weapons, armor, talismans, and spiritual treasures—radiated brilliant light.

Rows of cultivation manuals were embedded in the walls, ranging from the most basic True Immortal cultivation methods to Golden Immortal level secret

texts. Many of these manuals were yellowed with age, clearly artifacts from tens of thousands of years ago.

Deep within the vault stood a solitary stone platform, upon which rested a black iron box.

The box had no restrictions, yet the aura it emitted was the oldest in the entire vault.

David walked over and opened the box.

Inside was an ancient jade slip, its material unusual—not ordinary jade, but a black crystal he had never seen before.

David put the box away, intending to return to the Seventeenth Heaven and show Gui Yuanzi and the others what it contained.

He turned around, facing the mountain of treasure resources.

He no longer acted cautiously, picking up each item piece by piece.

He directly opened his storage ring and began stuffing in large quantities of crystals, pills, magical artifacts, and cultivation manual jade slips.

Tens of thousands of crystals, tens of thousands of pills, thousands of magical artifacts, tens of thousands of jade slips—the accumulated wealth of the Divine Alliance over tens of thousands of years, enough for all cultivators in Free Valley to cultivate for hundreds of years.

He collected them without hesitation, without reservation, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Because he knew that these things were the blood and sweat of the cultivators of all races in the Sixteenth Heaven.

How many people had the Divine Alliance killed, how much had they looted, to accumulate this treasure trove?

These things should have been returned to the people of this land long ago.

Now, no one in the Sixteenth Heaven could rival him.

He could take all the treasure resources with him, take them to Free Valley, and give them to those who needed them.