

A Man Like None Other

Novel Chapter 6521

Chapter 6521

Back in Freedom Valley, David placed the Demon-Suppressing Tower in the center of the plaza.

He channeled his spiritual energy into the tower, and its black body began to tremble.

The trembling intensified, and then the tower began to expand, growing from the size of a palm to about a foot, then to about ten feet, and finally to over ten feet. The

tower rose majestically from the ground in the center of the plaza, like a small mountain.

The runes on the tower glowed with a dim light, and the aura of the time law surged from within, causing those around to involuntarily take a few steps back.

"The Demon-Suppressing Tower can accelerate time. One day outside is equivalent to a hundred days inside. I will place the resources from the treasure vault into the tower, and everyone will enter in batches to cultivate."

Elder Qingxuan and the others, knowing the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, had eyes gleaming with excitement.

With so many resources, coupled with the time law of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, cultivation would undoubtedly be twice as effective.

All the resources from the treasure vault were moved into the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Mountains of crystals, rows of pills, a dazzling array of magical artifacts, and walls of cultivation manuals and jade slips were all moved into the tower, filling every inch of its interior space.

The moment the tower doors closed, a dim light began to flow across its surface, the laws of time began to activate, and the flow of time within the tower rapidly increased—one day outside was equivalent to a hundred days inside.

Cultivators entered the Demon-Suppressing Tower in batches, cultivating, healing, and breaking through to higher levels.

One group went in, another came out, in a continuous cycle.

A hundred days inside the tower equaled one day outside; this time difference allowed everyone's cultivation speed to reach an unbelievable level.

Cultivation that would normally take decades to recover could be restored in just a few days inside. Those with serious injuries secluded themselves to heal within the tower, emerging fully recovered.

Old cultivators whose cultivation had stagnated for years broke through bottlenecks within the tower, emerging at a higher level.

David himself also entered the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He sat cross-legged on the ninth floor, surrounded by piles of crystals and pills.

He circulated the Mind-Concentrating Technique, extracting the spiritual energy from the resources and absorbing it into his meridians, transforming it into chaotic power.

One crystal after another was drained, their once brilliant colors fading into grayish-white powder.

One pill after another was refined, their immense medicinal power surging into his meridians, devoured, transformed, and absorbed by the chaotic power.

He sat in the tower for a hundred days, while only one day passed outside.

Mid-stage, late-stage, peak of the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm.

Seventh rank of True Immortal Realm.

He opened his eyes. The chaotic energy in his purple eyes was even denser, as if they contained the primordial chaos of the entire universe.

With his cultivation breaking through to the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, the chaotic power in his meridians became even more abundant and condensed, increasing several times over.

The protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture were also evolving simultaneously, the golden dragon patterns becoming denser than before, covering every inch of his skin.

But it wasn't enough.

He sensed a bottleneck. Breaking through from the seventh to the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm wasn't something that could be achieved simply through the accumulation of spiritual energy.

He needed time to mature, to gain real combat experience, and to hone his skills on the brink of death.

He stood up and walked out of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

After leaving the tower, David stood on the walls of Freedom Valley for a long time.

The walls had been rebuilt, higher and thicker than before.

They were covered with protective runes of the Daoist sect and restrictions of chaotic power. The runes shimmered with a pale golden light, intertwining with the pale purple chaotic power to form a defensive line that no one could ignore.

Every stone in the walls had been carefully selected, and every gap had been filled with an adhesive made from spirit ore powder.

He personally inspected every rune and every array point to confirm that the restrictions were functioning properly. Outside the city walls, new houses were rising from the ground.

These were no longer temporary thatched huts and simple stone houses, but formal residences meticulously built with materials obtained from the treasury of the Divine Alliance.

The streets had been redesigned, with wide, smooth stone slabs replacing the previous dirt roads.

In the training grounds, cultivators were practicing, the crisp clash of weapons and shouts of techniques rising and falling.

The cultivators of Free Valley were practicing in the square.

They stood in neat rows, practicing sword formations under the guidance of an old cultivator.

Sword energy crisscrossed, spiritual light flashed, and the sword formation of dozens of people moved like a giant, sharp sword.

Seeing David emerge from the Demon-Suppressing Tower, everyone stopped what they were doing and bowed in unison.

"Mr. Chen!"

The voices were uniform and full of vigor.

Their eyes were full of reverence; their expressions were not like looking at a person, but more like looking at a living god.

David nodded.

"The Divine Alliance has been destroyed,"

he said, his voice calm, yet every word was clear to everyone. "But our enemies are not only the Divine Race. Many other forces in the Sixteenth Heaven are watching. They don't know how strong we are, so we must let them know."

He paused, his purple eyes sweeping over everyone in the square.

"From today onward, Free Valley will be renamed Free City."

A moment of silence fell over the square.

Then, a deafening roar erupted.

"Free City!"

"Free City!"

"The Sixteenth Heaven is ours to rule!"

The cheers echoed through the valley, soaring into the sky.

Those remnants who had once hidden in the deep mountains and forests, those survivors who had eked out a living in underground caves, those

cultivators of various races who had passively accepted their fate under the Divine Race's rule, now stood in the square, roaring to the heavens.

Their voices merged into a torrent, releasing all the humiliation and despair brought on by tens of thousands of years of oppression.

Jiang Xuelan stood beneath the city wall, watching the young man surrounded by the crowd, a slight smile playing on her lips.

Her complexion had regained its rosy hue, her spiritual energy had recovered to eighty or ninety percent, and she was radiant. She looked at David, her eyes full of smiles.

David felt her gaze and turned his head.

Their eyes met in the air; he said nothing, only nodded slightly. She also nodded.

That was enough.

That night, David entrusted the affairs of Freedom City to Elder Qingxuan and Lin Yuan's disciple, Zheng Yuan.

Zheng Yuan was Lin Yuan's most prized disciple; while not exceptionally talented, he was steady and reliable, his character as calm as a rock.

David gave him many instructions.

These instructions included maintaining Freedom City's formations, allocating resources, cultivation plans, and strategies for dealing with powerful enemies.

He inscribed the ultimate protective runes of the Daoist sect on the city walls and set up a protective barrier of chaotic power around the city.

These runes and barriers were powerful enough to withstand attacks from a peak ninth-grade True Immortal.

He also took a large sum of resources from the treasury of the Divine Alliance and distributed them to the cultivators of Free City for daily cultivation and emergency needs.

Chapter 6522

Elder Qingxuan.”

He stood on the city wall, looking at Freedom City in the night.

The city lights twinkled, warm glow streaming through the windows onto the streets.

Elder Qingxuan bowed, his white beard fluttering in the night breeze. “Mr. Chen, rest assured, this old man will protect Freedom City. As long as I have a breath left, I will not let this city fall again.”

David patted his shoulder, saying nothing more.

In the side hall, Jiang Xuelan had changed into a clean white dress.

Her long, ink-black hair was simply tied up with a silver hairpin.

Her complexion was rosy, her spiritual energy abundant; the damage to her soul had largely healed. She stood by the window, looking at the night sky outside, her eyes full of anticipation.

Two moons hung high, one silver, one red, their light streaming through the windowpanes onto her.

Her shadow was long, cast on the wall behind her.

“Are you ready?” David entered the side hall.

Jiang Xuelan turned and smiled at him. “Ready.”

Her tone was soft, but firm.

She knew where David was going: the Seventeenth Heaven, a place a hundred times more dangerous, but also a hundred times more exciting, than the Sixteenth Heaven.

She might not be able to offer much help, but at least she wanted to stand by his side.

David took out the silver-white token from his robes.

The token felt warm in his palm, the nine-tailed fox pattern glowing faintly, and the runes on the back began to slowly flow.

He infused it with spiritual power, and silver-white light surged from the token, growing brighter and stronger.

A moment later, a void passage opened above Freedom City.

It was a pitch-black vortex, within which starlight flickered faintly.

Ancient spatial power surged from the vortex, carrying an aura of vastness and majesty.

The cultivators of Freedom City stopped what they were doing, looking up at the sky with awe in their eyes.

"Let's go," David said, taking Jiang Xuelan's hand.

Her hand was warm, her palm pressed against his, their fingers intertwined tightly.

The two leaped into the air, transforming into a purple streak of light, and plunged into the void passage.

The vortex slowly contracted, swallowing the purple light.

Then it shrank, and shrank again, finally dissipating into the night sky, leaving only a faint silver light, like a few falling meteors.

Elder Qingxuan stood on the city wall, watching the direction where the void passage disappeared, remaining silent for a long time.

The night wind ruffled his white beard and hair, and the moonlight stretched his shadow long.

Behind him was the brightly lit Free City, from which came the sounds of cultivators laughing, training, and singing. This city was coming alive.

"Mr. Chen, take care," he said softly.

Then he turned around and shouted to the cultivators below the city wall, "Continue training! Don't slack off! When Mr. Chen isn't here, you must work even harder!"

In the void passage, David and Jiang Xuelan's figures were enveloped by spatial power, flying towards the Seventeenth Heaven at an unimaginable speed.

The surrounding scenery constantly changed, sometimes a brilliant sea of stars, sometimes distorted spatial folds, sometimes a fleeting unknown world.

The void passage was silent, save for the hissing sound of spatial energy flowing through it, like wind whistling through a canyon.

It was Jiang Xuelan's first time traversing a void passage, and she was somewhat nervous.

Her hands gripped David's arm tightly, her knuckles white.

The constantly shifting scenery around her made her dizzy, and the oppressive feeling of the spatial energy made it hard to breathe.

David looked down at her.

His purple eyes shone brightly in the darkness of the void, the light not dazzling, but gradually melting away her unease.

"Don't be afraid," he said calmly, "I'm here."

Jiang Xuelan nodded. She took a deep breath, the turmoil in her heart gradually subsiding.

Yes, he was there.

He had never let her down.

The Divine Alliance of the Sixteenth Heaven had been wiped out by him alone.

What did she have to fear?

A white dot of light appeared ahead.

The dot of light grew larger and brighter, from the size of a fist to the size of a washbasin, then to the size of a door.

Finally, it transformed into a huge exit, a vortex filled with white light, the other end of which was a deep purple sky.

David and Jiang Xuelan rushed out of the void passage and landed on the land of the Seventeenth Heaven.

The sky was deep purple, with three blazing suns hanging high, their golden, silver, and crimson rays spilling across the earth, dyeing the distant mountains, the nearby forests, and the ground beneath their feet with magnificent hues.

The spiritual energy in the air was so dense it was almost impenetrable, dozens of times denser than in the Sixteenth Heaven.

Each breath felt like swallowing a pill, spiritual energy automatically circulating in her meridians, nourishing her limbs and bones.

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes. "The spiritual energy here... is so dense."

Gui Yuanzi stood at the exit of the void passage, having waited for a long time.

He knew the young master would return today; Qingqiu sensed the fluctuations of the token and informed him.

He had been waiting here since early morning, from the first golden glimmer of dawn until the sun was high in the sky.

Seeing David's figure emerge from the void passage, his eyes instantly reddened.

He stepped forward, opening his mouth to say something, but his throat felt blocked, and he couldn't utter a single word.

The young master had returned.

Safe and sound.

"Young master! You've finally returned!" Gui Yuanzi's voice trembled with tears, and he tried to kneel and kowtow again.

David reached out and stopped him from kneeling. "Gui Yuanzi, this is Jiang Xuelan."

He turned to look at Jiang Xuelan. "Xuelan, this is Gui Yuanzi, the sect leader of Gui Yuan Sect."

Jiang Xuelan bowed slightly. "Sect leader Gui Yuan, I've long admired you."

Gui Yuanzi hurriedly returned the greeting, his movements as awkward as a young boy's. "Miss Jiang, you're too kind. Young Master has been fortunate to have your care along the way."

Jiang Xuelan shook her head, a faint smile on her lips. "He's the one who took care of me."

Gui Yuanzi paused for a moment, then smiled.

As he smiled, tears welled up again.

He raised his sleeve to wipe his eyes, laughing as he did so, "I'm losing my composure, I'm losing my composure. I'm getting old, I'm so easily moved to tears."

David didn't say anything more.

His gaze passed over Gui Yuanzi, looking into the distance.

There, the dark clouds surrounding the Heavenly Extreme Venerable were still gathering, thicker and lower than seven days ago, almost pressing down from the sky to the ground.

Countless figures could be vaguely seen moving within the clouds, the cold glint of armor piercing through the clouds, the sharpness of swords cutting through the sky.

The Holy Light cultivators of the Divine Abyss Pavilion stood in formation like mountains, the sword cultivators of the Heavenly Saint Palace had their banners blotting out the sun, and the Venerables of the Heavenly Extreme Palace were shrouded in mist.

The three armies had merged, and their combined forces had begun to attack the strongholds at the forefront of the Myriad Demon Ridge.

"Guiyuanzi, what's the situation with Venerable Tianji?"

Guiyuanzi's expression turned serious, and he forcibly suppressed his tears. "The armies of Shenyuan Pavilion and Tiansheng Palace have joined forces with Tianji Palace, totaling over 4,500 men, and have begun attacking several strongholds on the outskirts of Wanyao Ridge.

His Majesty Qingqiu has sent two batches of reinforcements, temporarily stabilizing the situation. But Venerable Tianji himself hasn't made a move yet; he seems to be waiting for something."

David nodded. "Let him wait."

His voice was calm, but every word exuded a chilling confidence.

With the chaotic power of a seventh-grade True Immortal, Venerable Tianji, although a peak third-grade Golden Immortal, possessed his current strength, combined with the Great Luo Golden Scripture and chaotic power, made the outcome uncertain.

Chapter 6523

Qingqiu approached from afar.

Her white robes were as white as snow, her long hair as black as ink, and her steps were as light as if she were walking on the wind. She

looked more energetic than seven days ago; her complexion had regained its rosy hue, and her eyes had regained their sharpness.

She looked at David, then at Jiang Xuelan beside him, a playful smile flashing in her fox-like eyes.

"I thought you weren't coming back," she said, but there was no blame in her tone.

David smiled. "I will definitely keep my promise to His Majesty."

Qingqiu's gaze lingered on Jiang Xuelan for a moment.

The two women's eyes met in the air, Qingqiu nodded slightly, and Jiang Xuelan nodded slightly as well.

There were no extra words, but they both understood.

"Let's go."

Qingqiu turned around and walked towards the Demon Emperor's Palace. "There are still many things to do. The Heavenly Venerable's army is already at the gate. If we don't return soon, I will have to personally take to the battlefield."

David and Jiang Xuelan followed behind her.

Behind him, three blazing suns hung high, their golden, silver, and crimson rays intertwining to paint the mountains of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge a magnificent golden-red hue.

In the distance, dark clouds continued to gather, blood-red light churning within them, killing intent coalescing into countless sharp blades.

The Heavenly Venerable's camp was situated on a hill three hundred miles north of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. The camp stretched for miles, its golden holy light banners fluttering in the wind. Standing atop the hill, the outline of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge was clearly visible; the mountain range, shrouded in thick fog, was now brightly lit, as if mocking him.

The Heavenly Venerable sat within his tent, his fingers lightly tapping the table.

The tent flap opened, and Elder Zhao strode in, clasping his hands in greeting, "Palace Master, Venerable Xuanbing and Venerable Holy Light have arrived."

The Heavenly Venerable stood up, a forced smile on his face. "Please."

The tent flap opened again, and two figures entered one after the other.

Venerable Xuanbing walked ahead, clad in an ice-blue robe, his long hair as white as snow, his face thin, with a hint of gloom in his eyes.

Upon entering the tent, he immediately surveyed the surroundings, his gaze lingering on each item as if assessing their value in spirit stones.

Venerable Shengguang followed behind, dressed in a white robe embroidered with golden sun patterns at the hem, his face gentle and his smile amiable; he didn't look like

someone who had come for war at all. Venerable Tianji invited the two to sit and ordered spirit tea to be served.

Venerable Xuanbing picked up his teacup, took a sip, his brow furrowing slightly before setting it down. "Palace Master Tianji, you summoned us in such a hurry just for tea?"

Venerable Tianji's smile faltered. "Palace Master Xuanbing, I have received news that David has returned to Ten Thousand Demon Ridge."

Venerable Xuanbing's fingers paused, a barely perceptible hint of apprehension flashing across his face. Venerable Shengguang's smile also faded, his teacup hovering in mid-air.

"David? Is that the owner of that purple divine soul?" Venerable Holy Light asked.

"Indeed."

Venerable Heavenly Extreme nodded. "He not only returned, but also brought a woman with him. According to our scouts, his cultivation has recovered to the seventh rank of True Immortal. The aura of chaotic power is even stronger than before." A brief silence fell over the tent.

Venerable Xuanbing glanced at Venerable Shengguang, who was also looking at him. Their gazes met briefly in the air before quickly separating.

"Palace Master Tianji,"

Venerable Xuanbing spoke, his voice slow and each word seeming to drift from an ice cellar, "If you want to fight, then fight. But you must tell us how."

Venerable Tianji stood up, walked to the map hanging on the tent wall, and pointed to the Myriad Demon Ridge. "The Myriad Demon Ridge has nine layers of restrictions around its perimeter. The first layer is the Misty Forest. I have the Barrier-Breaking Pearl, which can dispel the mist.

Breaking through the Misty Forest will lead to the gate of the Myriad Demon Ridge. The gate is guarded by Qingqiu, as well as the Guiyuan Sect, Qingyun Sword Sect, and Wanfa Sect, so we cannot underestimate it."

He turned to look at Venerable Xuanbing and Venerable Shengguang. "Therefore, I need your combined efforts."

Venerable Xuanbing was silent for a moment, then shook his head. "Palace Master Tianji, what you said is incorrect."

"In what way?"

"I think there should be a hierarchy in attacking the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge; we can't just rush in all at once." Venerable Xuanbing's voice was cold, so cold that the temperature in the tent seemed to drop several degrees.

Venerable Tianji's face darkened. "Palace Master Xuanbing, what do you mean by this? Are you afraid?"

Venerable Xuanbing stood up and walked to the map. "It's not fear. It's calculation. War cannot be fought solely on brute force; one must weigh the gains and losses. Palace Master Tianji, do you want our Divine Abyss Pavilion to lead the charge?"

Venerable Tianji took a deep breath, suppressing his anger. "My idea is for the three parties to join forces and attack simultaneously. Divine Abyss Pavilion will flank from the left, Heavenly Saint Palace from the right, and Tianji Palace will launch a frontal assault."

Venerable Saint Light smiled.

The smile was gentle, but anyone could tell it was a fake. "Palace Master Tianji, your plan is too ambitious. You want us to flank from both sides while you reap the rewards from the front? You intend to keep that treasure all to yourself?"

Venerable Tianji clenched his fists. "Palace Master Shengguang, you're wrong. I said I'd give you 50% of the treasure, 30% to Shenyuan Pavilion, and I'd keep only 20%. I've already conceded."

Venerable Shengguang shook his head. "Dividing before and after the battle are two different things. Palace Master Tianji, you want us to fight first, and we'll talk about the division after we win. If we lose, we'll gain nothing and even lose disciples. I won't do such a losing proposition." Venerable Xuanbing

nodded. "I won't do that either. Palace Master Tianji, let Tianji Palace lead the charge, and we'll cooperate. We'll support you from behind. If you break through, we'll join in. If you can't break through, we'll retreat. That's fair."

Venerable Tianji's face turned ashen.

He stared at Venerable Xuanbing, then at Venerable Shengguang, wishing he could slap those two old foxes to death.

But he couldn't.

Of the 4,500 troops, the Heavenly Extreme Palace commanded 3,000, but without the Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint Palace, he dared not attack the Myriad Demon Ridge.

If both sides were to suffer heavy losses, the Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint Palace would not hesitate to turn on him.

He took a deep breath, suppressing his anger. "Alright. The Heavenly Extreme Palace will lead the charge. You will cooperate."

Venerable Xuanbing and Venerable Shengguang exchanged a glance and nodded simultaneously.

A brief silence fell over the tent.

Venerable Tianji returned to the table, picked up his teacup, which had gone cold.

He took a sip and put the cup down.

"Attack first thing tomorrow morning."

Chapter 6524

Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

Demon Emperor's Palace, side hall.

David, Qingqiu, Guiyuanzi, Qingyunzi, and the Grand Elder of the Myriad Laws Sect sat around a stone table.

A defensive map of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge was spread on the table; red markers indicated the camps of the divine army, and blue markers indicated the defensive lines of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

Qingqiu's finger moved across the map. "The Heavenly Extreme Venerable's army has advanced three thousand miles away. According to scouts, the two forces have joined together, with a total strength exceeding four thousand five hundred."

Guiyuanzi's expression was grave. "Four thousand five hundred, and we only have two thousand. Our strength is more than double."

"But we are on the defensive

," Qingqiu said. "Ten Thousand Demon Ridge has nine layers of restrictions, and demon warriors are lying in ambush in the Misty Forest. It won't be so easy for them to break in."

David remained silent.

He took a wooden box from his storage ring and placed it on the table.

Opening the box, a black stone lay silently on a blue silk cloth, the size of a fist, its surface entirely black.

It was so pure black that it didn't reflect light at all, as if all light had been swallowed up by it.

Its surface was devoid of any patterns, carvings, or spiritual energy fluctuations; it was like an ordinary pebble picked up from a riverbank.

But its weight was wrong.

"I got this from the treasury of the Sixteenth Heaven God Alliance. I don't know what it is. Take a look!" David said.

When Gui Yuanzi held it in his palm, his arm felt a slight heaviness; this fist-sized object weighed like a small mountain.

He examined it closely, turning it over and over, trying to probe it with his spiritual energy, but it was like throwing mud into the sea—it didn't elicit any reaction.

He then tried to probe it with his divine sense, but it bounced back as soon as it touched the surface of the black stone. The rebound was slight, but it caused a sharp pain in his sea of consciousness.

"I've never seen anything like this before."

Gui Yuanzi handed the black stone to Qingqiu, rubbing his temples. "The Guiyuan Sect's Scripture Pavilion contains three thousand volumes of ancient books, recording almost all the known rare and precious materials of the Seventeen Heavens. But none of them match this black stone.

Its texture is unlike stone, jade, gold, or wood; it's more like some kind of... some kind of space fragment compressed to its extreme."

Qingqiu took the black stone and held it in her palm.

Her fingers were long and slender, white, a stark contrast to the pitch-black stone.

She closed her eyes and probed the black stone with her divine sense.

Her divine sense felt like it was diving into the deep sea, growing darker and heavier the deeper it went.

The black stone wasn't solid; instead, it was composed of layers upon layers of spatial folds, each fold sealing in an extremely ancient aura.

That aura was older than any ancient ruin in the Seventeen Heavens, so ancient that even she, the fox queen who had lived for tens of thousands of years, felt a sense of awe.

She continued to probe deeper.

In the seventh spatial fold, she captured a fragment of information.

The information was so ancient, so ancient that even the laws that contained it were nearly vanished.

She could barely make out a few words—no, not words, but the remnants of a will more primal than written characters, the

obsession left behind by a person or some being in the distant past .

"Chaos... Dao Palace..."

"Eighteen... Heavens..."

"Shattered... Void... Ascend..."

The will ended there.

The rest dissipated into endless time, becoming unrecognizable.

Qingqiu's consciousness was pushed out of the black stone by a gentle yet irresistible force. She opened her eyes, a complex expression flashing in her amber pupils.

"Your Majesty?" Guiyuanzi asked.

Seeing the subtle change in Qingqiu's expression, he knew this black stone was no ordinary object.

Qingqiu placed the black stone back in the wooden box and remained silent for a long time.

The side hall was so quiet that only the rustling of leaves in the wind outside the window could be heard.

David looked at her, saying nothing, simply waiting. "This isn't from the sixteenth heaven, nor from the seventeenth heaven,"

Qingqiu finally spoke, her voice lower than usual. "It fell from the world above."

"The world above?" Guiyuanzi paused, "Your Majesty means... the eighteenth heaven?"

Qingqiu nodded. The

moment that name was uttered, the atmosphere in the entire side hall changed.

The eighteenth heaven—that was a legendary place, a world even a Golden Immortal of the third rank like Qingqiu could only look up to.

It was said that the laws of heaven and earth in the eighteenth heaven were completely different; the spiritual energy there was the primordial energy from the beginning of chaos; and the cultivators there were born immortals.

"I sensed several remnants of will within this black stone,"

Qingqiu said slowly, each word carefully chosen. "One mentioned 'Chaos Dao Palace,' another mentioned 'shattering the void' and 'ascending.'"

I suspect this black stone might be a relic left behind by an ancient powerful being, or a key to some other place. But its origin from the Eighteenth Heaven is beyond doubt."

Guiyuanzi gasped. "Something from the Eighteenth Heaven... how could it appear in the treasury of the Sixteenth Heaven God Alliance?"

"The Divine Alliance has ruled the Sixteen Heavens for tens of thousands of years, during which time they have annihilated countless sects and plundered countless treasures. It's not surprising that some of these items come from the Upper Realm,"

Qingqiu said, pushing the wooden box back to David. "You may not know, but there is an ancient lineage in the Eighteen Heavens called the Chaos Dao Palace. This lineage is extremely mysterious, rarely venturing into the mortal world, but every appearance is accompanied by a great upheaval in the heavens and earth.

If this black stone is truly related to the Chaos Dao Palace, then the secrets it contains are probably far beyond our imagination."

David picked up the black stone and held it in his palm.

The Chaos Dao Palace, the Eighteen Heavens, and the chaotic power that had mysteriously guided him to this point.

These clues were like a tattered spiderweb, held in his hand.

The chaotic power was the most primal force in the world, and the name Chaos Dao Palace also contained the word "chaos."

He didn't believe it was a coincidence.

Moreover, judging from the name, the Chaos Dao Palace seemed to be a Daoist sect.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture in his sea of consciousness was the possession of a Daoist ancestor.

Now, Chaos and Daoism have collided again. Was this all preordained?

The black stone felt slightly warm in his palm.

The chaotic power within him began to circulate automatically, creating a strange resonance with the black stone.

The resonance was very faint, almost imperceptible, yet it existed.

Purple spiritual energy overflowed from his palm, enveloping the black stone. On the seemingly smooth surface of the black stone, several fine lines, as thin as a hair, faintly appeared.

The lines flashed and disappeared, as fast as an illusion.

But David saw them.

Qing Qiu saw them too.

"As expected."

A knowing glint flashed in Qingqiu's fox eyes. "I guessed right. This black stone can only be activated by the power of chaos. It's not an ordinary token, but a guide left by the Chaos Dao Palace for the inheritor of the power of chaos."

"Guidance?" David asked. "Guidance for what?"

"Guidance for you to ascend to the eighteenth heaven."

Qingqiu looked at him and said, word by word, "The Chaos Dao Palace is in the eighteenth heaven. The power of chaos within you may very well come from that lineage.

This black stone is the key, but which door it opens, and how to open it, I don't know. These answers will probably only be revealed when you truly step into the eighteenth heaven."

Guiyuanzi opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but then swallowed it back.

The eighteenth heaven was a place that even a third-grade Golden Immortal might not be able to reach.

Although the young master was exceptionally talented, the difficulty of ascending from the seventeenth heaven to the eighteenth heaven was no less than ascending from mortal to immortality in one step.

But then he thought, the young master had come from a wisp of remnant soul to where he was today; every step had been fraught with difficulties and dangers.

The sixteenth to seventeenth heaven, and the seventeenth to eighteenth heaven, were merely the next steps to be taken by the young master.

David put the black stone back into his storage ring, his purple eyes showing little emotion. "We'll talk about the eighteenth heaven later. Right now, let's deal with the Heavenly Venerable."

His voice was calm, but everyone could hear the certainty beneath that calm.

It wasn't arrogance, nor conceit, but a composure honed through countless battles.

He didn't say "block," he didn't say "repel," he said "deal with." In his eyes, the Heavenly Venerable was already dead.

Chapter 6525

Qingqiu glanced at him, a slight smile playing on her lips.

This young man was becoming increasingly interesting.

David stood up and walked to the map.

His gaze swept over the densely packed markings, his mind racing.

Two thousand against four thousand five, a numerical disadvantage of more than double.

But they were on the defensive, holding the advantage of terrain.

Wan Yao Ridge had nine layers of restrictions, and demon warriors were lying in ambush in the Misty Forest; they could hold them off, the key was how.

"Your Majesty," he pointed to the location of the Misty Forest, "How long can the Misty Forest hold them off?"

Qingqiu thought for a moment, "Two days at most. The Heavenly Venerable's Barrier-Breaking Pearl is an ancient divine artifact, specifically designed to counter mist-type restrictions. Coupled with their superior numbers and relentless attacks, the Misty Forest's defenses will be breached within two days."

"Two days,"

David repeated, then nodded. "That's enough. Our goal isn't to keep them out. No matter how strong the nine layers of restrictions are, they'll eventually be worn down by three times the force of our troops.

What we need to do is deplete their forces as much as possible before the restrictions are broken, and then eliminate the Heavenly Palace's main force in one fell swoop on a pre-arranged battlefield."

Qingyunzi stroked his white beard, a hint of approval in his eyes, "Mr. Chen's thinking coincides with mine. Defense is for attrition, and attrition is for counterattack. The question is, where should we choose the pre-arranged battlefield?"

David's finger traced down the map, stopping at an open area in front of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge gate, "Here."

"At the mountain gate?" The Grand Elder of the Myriad Laws Sect frowned. "The mountain gate is the last line of defense. If we fight a decisive battle here and suffer a defeat, the consequences will be unimaginable."

"We will not suffer a defeat." David's voice was not loud, but it was like an iron nail driven into everyone's heart. "Because Venerable Tianji will die here."

He paused and began to make arrangements.

"The first to third layers of restrictions will be defensive, not offensive. Utilize the natural barrier of the Misty Forest to deplete their vanguard at minimal cost.

The demon warriors are skilled in jungle warfare; have them ambush in the forest, attacking only isolated squads, striking and retreating without prolonging the fight." "

The fourth to sixth layers of restrictions will be defensive while retreating. Each retreat will inflict additional losses on them.

Drive the demon beasts of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge to the front lines, disrupting the Heavenly Palace's formation."

"The seventh to ninth layers of restrictions will be defensive, with no retreat. These are the final three barriers before the mountain gate, each heavily fortified.

Guiyuanzi will lead the Guiyuan Sect disciples to defend the seventh layer, Qingyunzi, the sect leader, will lead the Qingyun Sword Sect to defend the eighth layer, and the Wanfa Sect will defend the ninth layer.

The three layers will support each other; if one side is in trouble, both sides will provide simultaneous assistance."

"Your Majesty Qingqiu,"

David turned to Qingqiu, "you will oversee the mountain gate and control the overall situation. The demon warriors will harass from both sides, cutting off their retreat and supplies. Once the Heavenly Palace army is bogged down at the mountain gate, they'll be trapped like turtles in a jar."

Qingqiu nodded slightly. "And what about you?"

"Me?"

A very faint smile appeared on David's lips. "I'll wait for Venerable Heavenly Extreme at the mountain gate. If he wants to step into Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, he'll have to step over me."

The night was as dark as ink, and the mountains of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge lay silent in the darkness, like a lurking beast.

A golden sun sank into the western mountains, and two suns, one silver-white and one crimson, rose in succession, casting eerie light upon the Misty Forest.

The mist shimmered with a ghostly silver-red hue in the moonlight, like an endless sea of blood.

From the depths of the forest came the low roars of demonic beasts, deep and long, echoing endlessly through the valleys.

The open space in front of the mountain gate had been cleared, and ancient runes were inscribed across a plaza several thousand feet in circumference.

These runes were personally carved by Qingqiu, each stroke imbued with the power of the demon race's bloodline.

On the mountain walls on either side of the plaza, the sword cultivators of the Qingyun Sword Sect had laid out the Ten Thousand Swords Returning to the Origin Formation, thousands of flying swords suspended in the air, their tips pointing outwards, their cold light shimmering like a galaxy.

The array masters of the Wanfa Sect had set up eighteen layers of overlapping restrictions around the plaza, layer upon layer, interlocking, turning the entire open space into an impregnable fortress.

David stood before the mountain gate, his azure robe fluttering in the night wind, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, its purple light intertwining with the moonlight in the night sky.

He closed his eyes, the chaotic power within his body flowing slowly.

His cultivation at the seventh rank of the True Immortal Realm was completely stable, every inch of his flesh, every meridian, every bone containing destructive power.

The protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture were faintly visible beneath his skin, the pale golden dragon patterns ready to be activated at any moment.

Jiang Xuelan stood behind him, her white robes as white as snow.

She had changed into the spirit armor David had brought back from the Divine Alliance's treasury, and held a silver-white longsword in her hand, its blade engraved with ancient runes.

Her face was calm, but her fingers gripping the hilt were slightly white.

"Are you afraid?" David didn't open his eyes.

"No," Jiang Xuelan's voice was soft, "I'm here."

At dawn, before the first rays of the sun had risen, only a silver moon and a red moon shone brightly in the sky, casting their silver-red light upon the Misty Forest.

The mist flowed slowly in the breeze, like an endless sea of blood.

A deep horn sounded from the horizon, its tone muffled and long, carrying an ominous aura that echoed through the valleys.

Before the horn had faded, a second horn sounded, followed by a third—three horns signifying the simultaneous movement of three armies.

At the other end of the Misty Forest, golden holy light tore through the pre-dawn twilight.

The Heavenly Supreme Venerable's golden chariot emerged from the camp, eight armored celestial horses galloping towards it, bathed in holy light.

The chariot was crafted entirely from meteorite gold, its surface inscribed with divine war runes.

The Heavenly Supreme Venerable stood atop the chariot, his golden robes fluttering, a three-zhang-long golden spear in his hand, its tip crackling with blazing holy flames.

Behind him, three thousand Heavenly Supreme Palace cultivators stood in a square formation, their holy light forming a continuous expanse that dyed the entire horizon gold. Their

golden armor reflected the dawn's light, like a golden tide surging towards the Myriad Demon Ridge.

To the left, the Profound Ice Venerable's Profound Ice chariot slowly emerged from another tent.

Forged from ten-thousand-year-old profound ice, the chariot froze the air in its wake, covering the ground with a thin layer of ice.

Behind him followed five hundred Divine Abyss Pavilion disciples, each clad in ice-blue robes, their weapons radiating a chilling aura.

To the right, the Holy Light Venerable's floating divine platform rose from the third tent.

The hexagonal altar, powered by ninety-nine luminous stones, hovered in mid-air, emitting a soft white light.

Behind him stood eight hundred disciples of the Heavenly Saint Palace, their ranks perfectly aligned, their faces ashen.

The three armies converged on the plain north of the Misty Forest, banners obscuring the sun, swords and spears like a forest.

The combined pressure of four thousand five hundred True Immortal Realm cultivators formed a visible shockwave.

This shockwave spread outward from the army, hurling up all the gravel and dust from the plain.

Birds took flight from the forest, only to be crushed by the oppressive killing intent before they could even spread their wings, turning into puffs of blood mist. Qingqiu glanced at him, a slight smile playing on his lips. This boy is getting more and more interesting.

David stood up and walked to the map.

His eyes swept over the dense markings, and his mind raced.

Two thousand against four thousand five thousand, a difference in troop strength of more than double.

But they were on the defensive, holding the advantage of terrain.

Ten Thousand Demon Ridge had nine layers of restrictions, and demon warriors were lying in ambush in the Misty Forest. They could hold them off; the key was how.

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