

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6526

The Celestial Venerable stood atop his chariot, gazing down upon the Misty Forest.

His gaze pierced through layers of mist, landing on the majestic mountain gate deep within the forest.

The gate bore the three large characters "Ten Thousand Demon Ridge," each three zhang in size, their strokes sharp as knives.

He snorted coldly, raising his golden spear, its tip pointing towards the gate.

"Breakthrough Pearl."

A golden-armored cultivator behind him presented a fist-sized pearl.

The pearl was milky white, its surface covered with densely packed array-breaking runes, radiating a soft light.

This was an ancient array-breaking treasure left behind by the Divine Race, specifically designed to counter illusions and other restrictions that disturbed divine consciousness.

The Celestial Venerable tossed the Breakthrough Pearl upwards, his golden spear trembling, a beam of holy light striking the pearl.

The Breakthrough Pearl suddenly erupted with a dazzling light, like a blazing sun, illuminating the sky for dozens of miles around as bright as day.

Wherever the light reached, the mist melted away as if encountering ice and snow in a raging fire, vanishing without a trace.

Within ten breaths, the mist surrounding the Misty Forest was forced back hundreds of feet, revealing the forest's true form: ancient trees reaching for the sky, dense vines, jagged rocks, and bottomless ravines everywhere.

"Attack!" The Heavenly Venerable's voice boomed like thunder across the plain.

Three thousand Heavenly Palace cultivators shouted in unison, golden holy light coalescing into a torrent that surged towards the Misty Forest.

Their formation was wedge-shaped, with hundreds of heavily armored cultivators wielding massive shields, their shields engraved with defensive runes, forming a moving golden wall.

The center was a spear formation, the tips of which danced with holy flames, standing like a forest.

On the flanks were lightly armored cultivators wielding swords, fast and agile.

The wedge formation advanced with overwhelming force, snapping trees and cracking the ground in its wake.

Venerable Xuanbing and Venerable Shengguang each led their respective forces, slowly advancing from the flanks of the Heavenly Pole Palace.

Their pace was slow, their formation loose, clearly indicating they were prepared to retreat at any moment.

Venerable Tianji glanced back, a sinister glint in his eyes.

These two old foxes, as expected, wouldn't exert themselves easily.

But he said nothing, only gripping his golden spear tightly.

He could deal with these two old bas***s after he had flattened the Myriad Demon Ridge, obtained that supreme treasure, and experienced a surge in cultivation.

The first batch of Heavenly Pole Palace cultivators to rush into the Misty Forest quickly experienced the power of the Myriad Demon Ridge.

Although the mist was forced back several hundred feet by the Barrier-Breaking Pearl, deep within the forest, the demonic fog laid down by Qingqiu remained thick and impenetrable.

It wasn't ordinary fog, but a miasma condensed from demonic energy, capable of eroding divine sense and interfering with the flow of spiritual power.

The moment the Heavenly Pole Palace's vanguard shield formation stepped into the mist's range, they felt a wave of dizziness; the scenery before them began to distort and deform, the trees seemed to move, and the ground seemed to flip.

Years of training had kept them calm, but the advance of their formation had noticeably slowed.

Just then, the first wave of attack arrived.

Dozens of poisoned crossbow bolts shot from the depths of the dense forest, their shafts a dark green, coated with the unique bone-corroding poison of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

The bolts struck the heavily armored cultivators' shields with dull thuds, the poison corroding smoking dents into the shields.

One bolt pierced through a gap in a shield, striking a cultivator in the throat; the man screamed and collapsed, his body rotting into a pool of blood within moments.

The second wave of attack followed immediately, not with crossbow bolts, but with demonic beasts.

Dozens of shadow wolves pounced from the darkest corners of the forest, their movements as agile as ghosts, their speed leaving only afterimages. They targeted the weakest points in the formation, one biting a cultivator's leg and dragging him deep into the dense forest.

Screams echoed through the mist, then abruptly ceased.

Several Iron-Winged Eagles swooped down from the treetops, their talons like hooks, tearing a cultivator's helmet and skull off with a single swipe.

Two three-zhang-tall Stone Demon Apes leaped down from the mountainside, their massive fists slamming into the shield formation, sending several heavily armored cultivators, shields and all, flying like kites with broken strings, crashing into tree trunks, their bones shattered.

The Heavenly Pole Palace's formation began to crumble.

The vanguard shield formation was shattered by the demonic beasts, and the dense forest was filled with shouts of battle, screams, roars of demonic beasts, and the clash of weapons.

Blood stained the forest floor, severed limbs hung from branches, and the air reeked of blood.

But the Heavenly Pole Venerable didn't care.

His vanguard consisted of the lowest-ranking disciples of the Heavenly Pole Palace; how many died was of no consequence.

He merely watched coldly, waiting until the vanguard shield formation had established itself deep within the dense forest and forced back the demonic beasts before brandishing his golden spear and ordering the main force to continue the advance.

His voice was icy cold: "Vanguard, hold your ground! Central army, advance! Those who block the way, kill without mercy!"

The central army of the Heavenly Pole Palace began its advance. The spear-wielding cultivators formed a dense spear formation, holy light condensing into sharp blades at the spear tips.

They pushed their spear formations forward, snapping ancient trees in half wherever they went, and demonic beasts were pierced by the spear blades and pinned to the trunks.

Holy flames spread from the spear tips, igniting the withered branches and fallen leaves in the forest, turning the entire misty forest into a sea of fire.

The demon warriors fought desperately, but the Heavenly Pole Palace's numerical advantage was too obvious.

The three thousand-strong army was like a giant meat grinder, crushing all resistance in the forest.

The corpses of demonic beasts piled up like mountains, and the severed limbs of demons were scattered among the charred trees.

Hundreds of Shadow Wolves fell before the Golden Spear Formation, their corpses charred by the holy light.

Dozens of Stone Demon Apes were simultaneously pierced by dozens of golden spears, their massive bodies crashing to the ground, sending ash billowing everywhere.

The corpses of Iron-Winged Eagles hung from charred branches, their wings burned away by the holy light, leaving only charred skeletons.

After suffering heavy losses, the defenders of the first layer of the barrier began an orderly retreat according to David's plan.

Using the cover of the dense forest, they withdrew through pre-dug tunnels, detonating spiritual energy bombs buried in the forest before leaving.

The bombs exploded deep within the forest, sending dozens of the pursuing Heavenly Palace vanguard flying.

The defenders of the second layer of the barrier were already on high alert.

The second wave of demonic beasts sent by Qingqiu leaped down from the mountainside and pounced on the flank of the Heavenly Palace.

Hundreds of Ice-Scaled Pythons emerged from the ground, their bodies as thick as buckets sweeping across, engulfing dozens of cultivators and crushing them into pieces.

Dozens of thunder eagles swooped down from the clouds, lightning crackling on their beaks, each peck leaving a charred hole.

A swarm of poisonous spiders spun a dense web through the forest, the sticky webbing further slowing the advance of the Heavenly Palace.

The Heavenly Palace's casualty count continued to rise.

By the time the third layer of the barrier was breached, over three hundred cultivators had perished, and more than two hundred had sustained varying degrees of injury.

Yet, the Heavenly Venerable remained unmoved. His face was expressionless, even showing a hint of impatience. He

activated the Barrier-Breaking Pearl again, shattering the core array eye of the second layer of the barrier.

The backlash of spiritual energy instantly killed dozens of demon warriors guarding the second layer; their bodies were torn to shreds by the spatial tearing force, leaving not even a complete bone behind.

"Those who block my way shall die," the Heavenly Venerable's voice echoed through the forest, cold and devoid of any emotion.

Chapter 6527

At noon, three blazing suns shone brightly in the sky.

The army of the Heavenly Pole Palace finally broke through the ninth layer of restrictions and arrived at the foot of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. Of

the three thousand cultivators, nearly eight hundred had perished. The remaining two thousand two hundred remained in perfect formation, their holy light shining as they arrayed themselves in an attack formation before the mountain gate.

However, their armor was stained with blood and mud, their weapons were riddled with holes, and many had already exhausted more than half of their spiritual energy.

The repeated breakthroughs through the nine layers of restrictions had come at a heavy price. With each layer they broke through, they faced increasingly fierce resistance, and the defenders of each layer were using their lives to delay their advance.

The plaza in front of the mountain gate had been cleared, leaving an unnatural emptiness across several thousand feet of open ground.

On the mountain walls flanking the plaza, the elders of the Qingyun Sword Sect stood suspended in mid-air, each with at least a hundred flying swords hovering beside them. Thousands of flying swords formed the Ten Thousand Swords Returning to the Origin Formation, their tips pointing outwards, their cold light shimmering like an inverted galaxy, dyeing the entire sky a steely blue.

The array masters of the Wanfa Sect were distributed around the plaza, each standing on a core array eye.

All eighteen layers of superimposed restrictions were activated, layers of light curtains like inverted glass bowls, completely covering the mountain gate.

Only one person stood before the mountain gate. He wore

a long blue robe, his figure upright, like a sharp sword stuck in the center of the plaza.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, its scabbard shimmering with a faint purple light.

David raised his head, looking at the golden chariot that was pressing down from the horizon.

The Heavenly Supreme Venerable's chariot emerged from the dense forest, the hooves of eight celestial horses leaving charred hoofprints on the stone slabs of the plaza.

The chariot stopped a hundred feet away from David, with the Celestial Venerable looking down at him.

His golden robes fluttered, his golden spear held horizontally, and holy light surged around him like flames.

The pressure of a peak third-grade Golden Immortal was released without reservation, causing the stone slabs on the plaza to crack.

The Profound Ice Venerable and the Holy Light Venerable also arrived with their respective troops, positioned on either side of the Celestial Palace.

The Profound Ice Venerable stood on the Profound Ice Chariot, his ice-blue robes billowing in the wind. He glanced at the formation before the mountain gate, his brows furrowing slightly, but he showed no intention of attacking.

The Holy Light Venerable sat high on the floating divine platform, his white robes motionless, the enigmatic smile still playing on his lips. His gaze lingered on David for a moment before shifting away.

"David,"

the Celestial Venerable's voice boomed like thunder across the plaza, "You destroyed my branch hall, killed my elders, and slaughtered my disciples. Today, I have come personally to settle this score."

David remained silent. He raised his right hand and slowly drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The moment the sword was drawn, a purple chaotic flame ignited from its blade. It wasn't intense, but it caused the Heavenly Venerable, a hundred feet away, to twitch slightly at the corner of his eye.

"Those who block my way shall die."

The Heavenly Venerable stood with his spear held horizontally, holy light gathering at the spear tip into a fist-sized, blazing white sphere. Though small, the sphere contained enough power to flatten a mountain.

"These words,"

David finally spoke, his voice soft, his tone as indifferent as if discussing a trivial matter, "I return them to you as they are."

He moved.

Without charging, without a preparatory stance, David vanished from his spot, appearing a moment later above the Heavenly Venerable's chariot. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword descended with the simplest of slashes, its speed not fast, even slow, but along the trajectory of the falling blade, space was torn open by a dark rift. That wasn't sword energy tearing through space, but rather the inherent characteristic of chaotic power. All things in heaven and earth must return to their origin before chaos, and space itself is no exception. A

piercing spatial explosion echoed in the sky, as if even this entire world trembled at the sight of that sword strike.

The Celestial Venerable's pupils constricted sharply.

He hadn't expected David to be so fast, nor had he anticipated the terrifying power of that sword strike.

He gripped the shaft of the golden spear with both hands, parrying upwards.

Holy light condensed into a semi-transparent shield on the spear. The instant the spear shaft collided with the sword's edge, the entire chariot sank with a deafening roar. The eight celestial horses simultaneously let out mournful cries, their hooves buckling to the ground, their leg bones shattering with a series of crisp cracking sounds.

The chariot's chassis, crafted from meteorite gold, was twisted and deformed by the immense force, emitting a piercing metallic groan.

A visible shockwave spread outwards from the point of impact, blasting the stone slabs of the plaza into the air, where they tumbled and flew hundreds of feet before crashing into the mountainside and shattering into dust.

The protective light barriers of the Qingyun Sword Sect and the Wanfa Sect flickered violently from the shockwave. Several array masters responsible for the core array eyes groaned in unison, blood trickling from the corners of their mouths.

The Heavenly Venerable swayed, the recoil from the spear shaft causing the tiger's mouth of both hands to split open simultaneously, golden blood seeping from between his fingers.

A hint of shock flashed in his eyes, but more so, rage.

He roared, holy light erupting from his body, dyeing his entire body golden. "Is that all you've got?"

The golden spear swept across, a hundred-zhang-long holy light spear aura traversing the plaza.

Wherever the spear aura passed, the air ignited, and space was distorted and warped by the heat.

Dozens of Wanyao Ridge cultivators who couldn't dodge in time were grazed by the spear aura, their armor instantly melting, their flesh turning to charcoal in the holy light.

David didn't take the hit head-on. His figure twisted in the air, using the void as leverage to avoid the direct impact of the spear aura.

The spear's aura swept past his side, blasting a hole over ten zhang deep into the mountainside behind him, sending debris raining down.

Chaos Fire extended from the Dragon-Slaying Sword, transforming into a purple sword aura that slashed diagonally towards the Heavenly Venerable's right arm.

The sword aura's trajectory was unpredictable; one moment it was on the left, the next on the right.

The Heavenly Venerable parried with his spear, resulting in another head-on collision.

This time, neither retreated; the sword and spear auras clashed wildly between them, each impact unleashing blinding flashes and deafening roars.

The stone slabs of the plaza were shattered, the ground riddled with cracks several feet deep and charred craters.

The air reeked of ozone and sulfur—an anomaly produced by the annihilation of Chaos Fire and Holy Light.

While the two fought fiercely, forces from all sides of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge launched a full-scale attack.

Guiyuanzi led his Guiyuan Sect disciples in a charge from the left, while Qingyunzi, the sect leader, led his Qingyun Sword Sect disciples in a charge from the right. The Wanfamen's array masters activated their restrictions, cutting off the Tianji Palace army's retreat.

Two thousand Wanyao Ridge cultivators and two thousand two hundred Tianji Palace cultivators clashed in the plaza, their shouts, screams, and the clash of weapons weaving a blood-and-fire battle hymn.

The roars of spirit beasts mingled with the furious cries of cultivators; the golden light of holy light, the silver of sword energy, and the crimson of demonic power intertwined in a chaotic yet magnificent spectacle.

The Guiyuan Sect disciples formed the Guiyuan Grand Array, thirty-six in a group, their spiritual energy flowing as one, like thirty-six sharp blades simultaneously piercing the Tianji Palace's formation.

Each strike was perfectly synchronized, their sword light forming silver torrents that reaped the Tianji Palace cultivators one after another.

Gui Yuanzi himself charged at the front of the battle, his longsword flashing like a dragon, each strike bringing down a Tianji Palace cultivator.

His white beard and hair were stained with the blood of his enemies, but his eyes grew ever brighter and sharper.

Chapter 6528

The sword cultivators of the Qingyun Sword Sect were in their element.

Qingyunzi's Myriad Swords Returning to One Formation erupted in full force, and thousands of flying swords suspended in the air rained down like a storm, tearing the Tianji Palace's formation into pieces.

The rain of swords was so dense it was suffocating; each flying sword was imbued with the unique Qingyun Sword Qi of the Qingyun Sword Sect, incomparably sharp.

The cultivators of the Tianji Palace raised their shields to block, but the flying swords fell from all directions, leaving no way to dodge.

Wave after wave of sword rain, each more intense than the last, pierced countless holes in the Tianji Palace's defenses.

The array masters of the Wanfa Sect applied constant pressure from the outside, their enchantments tightening like an invisible giant net.

The enchantment's light curtain compressed from one direction, driving the Tianji Palace cultivators into predetermined traps.

They also continuously used spells to seal off the Tianji Palace's retreat routes, burying spiritual energy bombs and deadly traps along each one.

Several elders of the Heavenly Pole Palace, attempting to break out of the encirclement, stepped into a forbidden trap. The stone slab beneath their feet suddenly collapsed, revealing a bottomless shaft. The bottom of the shaft was lined with poisoned spikes, and screams echoed from the bottom before abruptly ceasing.

Casualties at the Heavenly Pole Palace began to rise rapidly.

Without the cover of the Misty Forest and the obstruction of the restrictions, in a direct confrontation, the two thousand cultivators of the Myriad Demon Ridge, relying on their terrain advantage and formations, were actually overwhelming the two thousand-plus cultivators of the Heavenly Pole Palace.

The Heavenly Pole Palace cultivators retreated continuously, their formation compressed smaller and smaller, forced from the plaza in front of the mountain gate all the way to the edge of the plaza, and any further retreat would plunge them into the Misty Forest.

The Heavenly Pole Venerable sensed the rout of his subordinates. He wanted to withdraw to reinforce them, but each attempt to break free from his entanglement with David was met with a purple sword beam that forced him back.

Although David's cultivation was only at the seventh rank of True Immortal, his chaotic power was too strange. Every time his sword energy collided with the holy light, a portion of the holy light was devoured by the chaotic fire. With this ebb and flow, the Heavenly Venerable's spiritual energy consumption rate far exceeded expectations.

Worse still, Gui Yuanzi, Qing Yunzi, and the Grand Elder of the Myriad Laws Sect were able to attack the Heavenly Venerable's golden-armored guards from three directions simultaneously.

Gui Yuanzi severed the right arm of one of the golden-armored guards with a single sword strike. The guard screamed and retreated, blood gushing from the severed arm like a fountain.

Qing Yunzi's flying swords pierced through another guard's armor like a torrential rain, leaving dozens of bloody holes in his body.

The Grand Elder of the Myriad Laws Sect's restrictive spell trapped a third guard in a distorted space. The guard struggled desperately within the space, his limbs twisted into pretzels by the distorted space.

Although the golden-armored guards were all peak ninth-rank True Immortals, they suffered heavy casualties under the combined attack of the three experts.

The remaining guards began to tighten their defensive line, staying close to the Heavenly Venerable's chariot, not daring to leave. The Heavenly

Venerable's face was ashen.

While parrying David's sword energy, he turned back and roared at the two flanks, "Palace Master Xuanbing! Palace Master Shengguang! How long are you going to stand there? Make your move now!"

The Xuanbing Venerable stood on the Xuanbing chariot, his ice-blue robes motionless.

He glanced at the battle in the square, then at the Shengguang Venerable.

The Shengguang Venerable was also looking at him, the enigmatic smile still playing on his lips.

The two stared at each other for a moment, then simultaneously turned to look at the Heavenly Venerable.

"Palace Master of the Heavenly Pole Palace,"

Venerable Xuanbing's voice was as cold as ancient ice, "Didn't we agree? You would lead the charge, and we would support you. You haven't even broken in yet, and you're

already asking us to intervene? That's not quite what we agreed on."

Venerable Shengguang nodded, his tone as gentle as a kind old neighbor,

"The Pavilion Master is right. Palace Master of the Heavenly Pole Palace, you said you could break in. If we were to intervene rashly, it would be against the rules. Just hold on a little longer, and once you've broken in, we'll naturally follow."

"You..." Venerable Tianji's eyes almost spit fire, "If I lose, none of you will escape!" Venerable Xuanbing didn't answer, only smiled.

That smile was cold, colder than his ten-thousand-year-old Xuanbing.

The fighting on the plaza continued.

The Heavenly Pole Palace's casualties had exceeded 1,200, and the remaining less than 1,800 were compressed into a corner of the plaza, surrounded on all sides.

Guiyuanzi, Qingyunzi, and the Grand Elder of the Myriad Laws Sect joined forces, tearing apart the Heavenly Pole Palace's last line of defense layer by layer.

Breakout was impossible; the encirclement tightened, and every Heavenly Pole Palace cultivator attempting to break through would be hit by at least three different attacks simultaneously within three breaths.

Meanwhile, Venerable Xuanbing himself was being relentlessly entangled by David.

The holy light on his golden spear had dimmed somewhat, and the spearhead was riddled with dents and chips from the scorching of chaotic fire.

The power of chaos was eroding his holy light, weakening his defenses, and depleting his spiritual energy with each exchange.

Sweat beaded on his forehead. A peak Golden Immortal of the third rank, forced to this point by a mere True Immortal of the seventh rank—this was the greatest humiliation he had suffered in tens of thousands of years.

"Mysterious Ice! Holy Light!"

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable's voice had turned into a roar, hoarse and tinged with barely perceptible panic. "Are you really going to stand by and watch me die?!"

Mysterious Ice Venerable and Holy Light Venerable remained motionless.

They stood silently at the edge of the battlefield, watching the Heavenly Extreme Palace's army struggle in pools of blood, watching the Heavenly Extreme Venerable being driven step by step into a desperate situation by David's Chaos Fire.

Their faces were expressionless, but their eyes gleamed with the same cunning—the light of calculation, the patience of waiting for an opportunity, the ruthlessness of the mantis stalking the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind.

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable finally understood.

These two old foxes had never intended to help him from the beginning.

They were waiting for him to die.

Once he was dead, the Heavenly Extreme Palace's territory, resources, cultivation techniques, and the supreme treasure he had coveted on Ten Thousand Demon Ridge would all become theirs.

But he realized it too late.

The Celestial Venerable stood atop the shattered chariot, his golden robes scorched with dozens of blackened holes by the chaotic fire, revealing equally tattered golden armor beneath.

His hands were split open, golden blood dripping down his spear shafts, hissing as it fell onto the cracked stone slabs.

All eight celestial horses were dead; some had their internal organs shattered by the shockwave, others were reduced to ashes by the chaotic fire, and the last horse's corpse hung half-dangling from the broken chariot shaft, its eyes wide open in death.

Behind him, the Celestial Palace's formation had been compressed to less than three hundred feet.

Of the two thousand two hundred cultivators, more than half had perished under the three-sided attack from Ten Thousand Demon Ridge; less than a thousand remained, huddled back-to-back, their shields shattered, their spears broken, their spiritual energy nearly depleted.

Their armor was smeared with blood and mud, indistinguishable between their own and their companions'.

The plaza was littered with their corpses. Some had been shredded to pieces by the Guiyuan Sect's sword formation, others pinned to the ground by the Qingyun Sword Sect's flying swords, and still others charred to a crisp by the Wanfa Sect's restrictions.

Blood trickled through the cracks in the stone slabs, eventually pooling in the low-lying areas of the plaza to form a thick, deep red pool of blood.

Dozens of severely wounded cultivators struggled in the pool, reaching out for help, but no one could pull them out.

Chapter 6529

A disciple of the Heavenly Pole Palace, dragging his legs severed by a flying sword, crawled laboriously toward his companions, his fingertips grinding bone into the stone slabs.

Before he reached halfway, an arrow, seemingly from nowhere, pierced the back of his neck. His body twitched twice, then lay still.

But the Heavenly Pole Palace had not yet collapsed.

Those who had survived were the most elite disciples of the Heavenly Pole Palace, each a high-level True Immortal cultivator forged in blood and fire.

Though their eyes were filled with fear, fear did not crush their fighting spirit.

Because they knew that the Heavenly Pole Venerable was still alive, and the Palace Master was still fighting.

As long as the Palace Master was alive, the Heavenly Pole Palace had not been defeated.

The Heavenly Pole Venerable surveyed his surroundings, seeing the plaza strewn with corpses, the remnants of the formation compressed to their limits, and the ironclad defensive line of the Myriad Demon Ridge encircling them on three sides.

Every breath, someone fell; every breath, the encirclement shrank.

He then looked at the flanks; the Profound Ice Venerable's Profound Ice Chariot remained motionless, and the Holy Light Venerable's floating divine platform still hovered in mid-air.

The two watched silently as his disciples were slaughtered and his chariot was shattered.

Their eyes held no pity, no hesitation, only cold calculation.

The Xuanbing Venerable even picked up a cup of spiritual tea and slowly sipped it.

The teacup was carved from ten-thousand-year-old Xuanbing ice, its surface adorned with fine water droplets that shimmered in the sunlight.

Each droplet was like a tiny eye, reflecting the carnage in the square, and reflecting his indifference.

"Xuanbing...Holy Light..." The Tianji Venerable's teeth clenched so tightly he suddenly threw his head back and laughed, his laughter filled with madness and despair. "Good! Very good! You want me dead? I won't die! I'll make sure none of you escape unscathed!"

He bit his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of golden blood.

The blood mist turned, staining his golden spear a dark gold from end to end.

The golden spear trembled violently, emitting a sharp buzzing sound. The war runes on its shaft, stimulated by the essence blood, were fully activated, radiating a light more intense than the sun.

His eyes turned bloodshot, and golden veins surfaced beneath his skin. The blood within these veins, like boiling magma, seeped through his skin, making his face resemble that of an angry Vajra.

"Disciples of the Heavenly Pole Palace, heed my command!"

His voice was hoarse and frenzied, yet it exploded in everyone's ears like muffled thunder. "Today, it's a fight to the death! I will stand with you! Killing one is enough, killing two is a bonus! Let these demon scum know that disciples of the Heavenly Pole Palace die standing, not kneeling in life!"

Before his words were finished, his oppressive aura suddenly surged.

Burning his essence blood forcibly pushed his cultivation from the peak of the third rank of Golden Immortal to the fourth rank. Although it was only a temporary boost, the violent holy light, like a falling sun, enveloped the entire plaza.

The stone slabs on the plaza cracked into a spiderweb pattern under this oppressive aura, the cracks extending hundreds of feet away.

All cultivators below the ninth rank of True Immortal felt difficulty breathing; those with lower cultivation levels immediately knelt down, blood seeping from their ears and noses.

"Burning his essence blood?" Gui Yuanzi's expression changed drastically. "The Heavenly Extreme Venerable has gone mad! With his essence blood completely burned away, his cultivation will drop by a whole realm!"

"He doesn't intend to return alive," Qing Yunzi said in a deep voice, his swordplay continuing, but his expression had become extremely grave. "He wants to perish together with us."

The remnants of the Heavenly Extreme Palace had found their last foothold in this desperate situation.

Chapter 6530

With their Palace Master burning his life essence to fight the enemy to the death, what reason did they have to retreat?

Fear was swallowed by despair, and despair was replaced by madness.

Led by the Heavenly Venerable, who was burning his life essence, they launched a suicidal counterattack against the defenses of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

The Heavenly Venerable himself was at the forefront.

His golden spear swept across, and a spear aura several times thicker than before slammed into the sword formation of the Guiyuan Sect.

Thirty-six Guiyuan Sect disciples in the sword formation coughed up blood at the same time, and twelve of them were blasted away, crashing into the mountain wall behind them, the sound of bones shattering like popping beans.

Guiyuanzi swung his sword to block, and the moment his longsword collided with the spear aura, a piercing cracking sound came from the blade. He was knocked back dozens of feet, his feet carving two deep furrows in the stone slabs.

His arm holding the sword was numb, and his tiger's mouth was split open, blood dripping down the hilt of the sword.

The remnants of the Heavenly Palace followed closely behind, like a group of wounded beasts, launching wave after wave of attacks on the defenses of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

They ceased their defenses, their formations, and their conservation of spiritual power. Each individual compressed their last vestiges of holy light into fist-sized orbs, blasting them towards the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge's lines in a suicidal attack.

Though small, these orbs represented the culmination of a True Immortal cultivator's life's work, their power terrifying.

The Azure Cloud Sword Sect's sword formation bore the brunt of the first wave of impact.

Dozens of holy light orbs exploded within the formation, each shattering several flying swords into fragments and leaving several sword cultivators mangled beyond recognition.

Fragments of flying swords rained down, piercing the armor and bodies of cultivators who couldn't dodge in time.

An elder who had served Qingyunzi for three thousand years was struck by a holy light orb, his entire body exploding from the inside out. Golden holy fire incinerated his flesh and soul, leaving only a broken sword clattering to the ground, its blade still bearing the elder's name.

The eighteen layers of superimposed restrictions of the Myriad Laws Sect also began to crack under the continuous onslaught.

Several array masters responsible for the core array eyes were struck by the backlash, coughing up blood. One elderly array master with gray hair fell backward, eyes wide open, lifeless.

His hands remained in the hand seal posture, his finger bones shattered by the backlash.

The casualty figures at Wan Yao Ridge began to climb.

A vice sect master of Guiyuan Sect was severed at the waist by the spear aura of Tianji Venerable, his upper body flying out while still swinging his sword.

Seven core disciples of Qingyun Sword Sect were obliterated in the bombardment of Holy Light Bombs, leaving only seven charred craters where they had stood.

Three array masters of Wanfa Sect had their meridians shattered by the backlash and died instantly.

The fighting in the square became even more brutal, more bloody, and more unlike a human battle.

People fell every moment, and screams echoed every moment.

Blood soaked every inch of the square's stone slabs, and severed limbs were scattered in every corner.

The stench of blood in the air was so strong it was nauseating.

A young disciple of the Guiyuan Sect was thrown into the air by the explosion. When he landed, he discovered that his left arm was gone, the severed area a bloody mess, revealing white bone fragments.

He didn't cry out, but gritted his teeth, picked up the sword that had fallen to the ground with his right hand, and charged forward again. David hovered in mid-air, his purple eyes sweeping across the battlefield.

His divine sense covered the entire plaza; every fallen person, every torn defensive line, every desperate counterattack by the Heavenly Palace was clearly presented in his perception.

The Heavenly Venerable had gone completely mad after burning his essence blood.

Every swing of his golden spear was relentless, every move a suicidal attack.

He didn't defend, didn't block, didn't dodge. David's sword energy slashed at him, leaving deep, bone-revealing wounds, but he didn't care, letting golden blood spray in the air, his golden spear thrusting back with even more ferocity.

David could handle this style of fighting.

The power of chaos countered the holy light. Although his cultivation was inferior to the Heavenly Venerable's, if this dragged on, the Heavenly Venerable would surely die.

Burning one's essence blood comes at a price. He could clearly sense that the essence blood within the Heavenly Venerable's body was rapidly depleting. At most, the Heavenly Venerable could only hold on for another half an hour. Without his intervention, the Heavenly Venerable would exhaust his essence blood, suffer a drop in cultivation, and even die on the spot.

But the question was, could he wait half an hour?

Although the defenses of the Myriad Demon Ridge had not yet been breached, the casualties were already considerable.

The Guiyuan Sect's sword formation had been breached twice, and both times Guiyuanzi personally led his men to repel it, but each time it came at the cost of lives.

The Qingyun Sword Sect's Myriad Swords Returning to the Sect Formation was being gradually consumed by the Holy Light Bombs. The number of flying swords suspended in the air had decreased from several thousand to just over a thousand, and each falling sword meant the fall of a sword cultivator.

The restrictions of the Myriad Laws Sect had already developed seven or eight cracks. Although the formation masters were desperately trying to repair them, the repair speed could not keep up with the rate of destruction.

More importantly, the Xuanbing Venerable and the Holy Light Venerable were still watching.

The two old foxes had not made a move from beginning to end, but their armies were waiting outside the mountain gate.

Thirteen hundred fresh troops, brimming with spiritual energy, maintained their formation intact, without a single loss.

Once the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge and the Heavenly Pole Palace were both severely weakened, they would pounce without hesitation and devour both sides.

David could kill the Heavenly Pole Venerable.

But after he killed the Heavenly Pole Venerable, how much fighting power would the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge have left?

Could those people withstand the combined attack of Xuanbing and Holy Light?

The answer was self-evident.

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his figure flashing as he withdrew from the entanglement with the Heavenly Pole Venerable.

He hovered in the air, chaotic power flowing around him, his purple eyes calm as two deep pools.

He transmitted his voice to Qingqiu.

"Your Majesty, leave a way out for the Heavenly Pole Palace."

Qingqiu stood on the mountain gate wall, dressed in snow-white robes, manipulating the nine layers of restrictions on the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

Hearing David's voice transmission, her movements paused for a moment. "What did you say?"

"The Celestial Venerable has gone mad from burning his life essence. If we continue fighting, the Celestial Palace will be completely wiped out, but the Myriad Demon Ridge will also suffer heavy casualties."

David's voice remained calm, as if stating an indisputable fact. "The Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint Palace are still waiting. If the Celestial Palace is wiped out and the Myriad Demon Ridge is crippled, they can reap the benefits. We cannot afford it."

Qingqiu was silent for two breaths.

She knew David was right.

The Guiyuan Sect had already suffered more than two hundred casualties, the Qingyun Sword Sect had lost more than one hundred flying swords and more than seventy sword cultivators, and the Wanfa Sect's array masters had died more than a dozen.

This price was already high enough for a two-thousand-strong allied army.

If the fighting continued, the price would only be higher. And the combined forces of the Xuanbing Venerable and the Holy Light Venerable were the real threat.

"You want to release a tiger back into the mountains?"

"The Heavenly Venerable's essence blood has already burned more than half of its power. After this battle, his cultivation will inevitably plummet, and it will take at least several hundred years to recover."

"A crippled Heavenly Venerable is more useful than a dead one. If he lives, Xuanbing and Shengguang won't dare to attack us with impunity. If he dies, the Heavenly Palace's territory and resources will all fall into the hands of those two old foxes."

Qingqiu was silent for a moment, then chuckled softly, "You're more cunning than I thought. Fine, give him a way out."

She raised her hand and cast a spell.

A crack quietly appeared in the barrier on the left side of the plaza. The crack wasn't large, only ten zhang wide, but it was enough for the people from the Heavenly Palace to rush out. Beyond the crevice lay the depths of the Misty Forest, beyond which lay the wasteland, and at the edge of the wasteland lay the direction of the Heavenly Palace.

The Heavenly Venerable was frantically pursuing David when he suddenly sensed a change in the restriction.

He abruptly turned and saw the crack, a faint path of retreat visible within the Misty Forest.

He froze for a moment.

Then he understood.

David wasn't trying to kill him; he was letting him go.

This feeling infuriated him even more than being defeated head-on by David.

He, the dignified Lord of the Heavenly Palace, a Golden Immortal, a powerful overlord of the seventeenth heaven, actually needed an enemy to grant him a way out?

His pride burned fiercely, more intensely than his lifeblood.

He almost wanted to recklessly charge forward, to perish together with David, to tear this purple-eyed youth to shreds with his last strength.

But then he heard the voices of his disciples behind him.

"Lord! There's a way!" "Lord

! Run!"

"Lord, your disciples will cover our retreat! You must retreat!"

The Heavenly Venerable turned to look behind him.

His long-time subordinates, those disciples he had personally taught, were now using their last ounce of spiritual energy to prop up a fragile defensive line.

Their eyes were filled with pleading, not for their own lives, but for their Lord to live.

One of his longest-serving elders, pierced through the abdomen by a flying sword, his intestines dragging on the ground, still used his sword to support himself, shouting, "Lord, run!" His

life essence was still burning, but his reason finally prevailed over his madness.

He couldn't let the entire Heavenly Palace perish here today.

He gritted his teeth and hoarsely roared out a single word: "Retreat!"

The remnants of the Heavenly Palace surged out from the cracks in the barrier like a burst dam, rushing towards the Misty Forest.

The cultivators of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge did not pursue; this was Qingqiu's order.

They stood on the defensive line, watching their blood-soaked enemies run further and further into the forest, until the last glimmer of gold disappeared into the depths of the dense woods.

The Heavenly Venerable was the last to leave. He stood at the edge of the crack in the barrier, glancing back at David.

Those blood-red eyes were filled with complex emotions: anger, resentment, humiliation, but more than anything, something indescribable.

He didn't speak, and neither did David.

The two stared at each other for a moment, a hundred feet apart, before the Celestial Venerable turned and vanished into the Misty Forest.

The last Celestial Palace cultivator ran out of the plaza, and the crack in the barrier slowly closed.

When the remnants of the Celestial Palace rushed out of the Misty Forest, less than eight hundred remained.

The three thousand-strong army had come in a mighty wave, but now only a quarter of them remained, dragging their wounded bodies as they staggered across the wasteland.

Every one of them was wounded; some had shattered armor, others had lost limbs.

Their holy light was dimmed to the point of being almost invisible, most of their weapons were lost, and even the Celestial Palace's holy light banner had been lost in the escape.

Some supported their fallen comrades, some used broken spears as crutches, and some coughed up blood as they walked.

Golden fragments of armor were scattered along the way, like a broken golden tear.

The Celestial Venerable walked at the very front.

His golden robe was completely burned away, revealing his scarred chest.

The aftereffects of burning his essence blood were beginning to show; half of his hair had turned white, several deep wrinkles had appeared on his face, and his steps were no longer as steady as a mountain.

With each step, sporadic bursts of holy light escaped from his wounds, a sign of excessive burning of his essence blood and unstable cultivation.

An hour ago, he was still a majestic peak Golden Immortal of the third rank; now his cultivation had plummeted to the second rank of Golden Immortal, and was still declining.