

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6536

The void passage behind the bronze gate slowly rotated, spatial power surging silently within like an undercurrent in an abyss.

No sound rang out.

That gate had existed for countless millennia; every rune on its frame was etched with the lifeblood of a powerful figure from the ancient Fire God lineage, containing the power of laws connecting the two realms.

Each opening signified the rise and fall of the Fire God lineage on this land.

And this time, it was a gate of supplication.

The Celestial Venerable, a member of the Fire God lineage, knelt before the bronze gate, his forehead pressed against the cold bronze, his posture utterly humble.

He had been the Lord of the Celestial Palace for tens of thousands of years, accustomed to his high position, and hadn't faced anyone with such deference in a long time.

But now, his kneeling was devout, not out of loyalty to the gods, but out of a thirst for revenge.

He was willing to pay any price to summon a powerful figure from the upper realm, to flatten the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, to tear that purple-eyed youth apart with his own hands.

Deep within the void passage, the ancient will remained silent for a long time.

So long that Venerable Tianji began to doubt whether the other party simply disdained to respond to a defeated general from the lower realm.

The elders behind him also held their breath, daring not to make a sound.

Then the will spoke again.

The voice was cold and majestic, devoid of any emotion, each word like a muffled thunderclap from the clouds.

"Why is your cultivation so low?"

Venerable Tianji's brows furrowed even lower. "Your subordinate is incompetent. A monster emerged from Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, possessing the power of chaos and protected by the Daoist inheritance.

Your subordinate burned his essence blood to fight him, and his cultivation plummeted from the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm to the first rank. The Divine Abyss Pavilion and the Heavenly Saint Palace stood by and watched me die, and your subordinate was outnumbered, which is why I have fallen to this state." "

The power of chaos? The Daoist inheritance?" A slight fluctuation appeared in the voice of the will, a kind of wariness caused by the stirring of long-forgotten memories. "Tell me in detail."

Venerable Tianji took a deep breath, shifted his knees on the ground, and began to speak from the beginning. He recounted

in detail how David, with his cultivation at the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm, traversed the void passage to descend

to the sixteenth heaven. He described how he single-handedly annihilated the entire Divine Race Alliance, how he returned to the seventeenth heaven with

the black stone token of the Chaos Dao Palace, and how he single-handedly withstood the full-force attack after David burned his essence blood.

He spoke meticulously, without embellishment, knowing that lies were meaningless and would only backfire in the face of such an existence.

A long silence followed from the other end of the void passage.

The Heavenly Venerable could sense that the will seemed to be deep in thought, or perhaps discussing something with someone.

After a long while, the will spoke again.

"What is the strength of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge?"

"Less than 1,500 men. But the Divine Abyss Pavilion has defected, and 500 disciples of the Ice God lineage have joined. With the three forces combined, their strength is not to be underestimated," the Heavenly Venerable stated truthfully. "How many fighting forces does the Heavenly Extreme Palace have left?"

"Less than eight hundred. But the Holy Light Venerable of the Heavenly Saint Palace is still alive, and the Heavenly Saint Palace still has eight hundred disciples. Although the Holy Light Venerable refused to help, he is still a member of the Light God lineage among the seven lineages of the God Clan, and he will not sit idly by and watch the God Clan's foundation be swallowed up by the Myriad Demon Ridge." The other

end of the void passage fell silent again.

This silence lasted longer than before, so long that the Heavenly Extreme Venerable thought the other party had severed the connection.

Then the will finally spoke, its voice carrying an undeniable determination.

"Head of the Heavenly Extreme Palace, the Upper Realm has decided to send two envoys down to the lower realm. Both are at the peak of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, wielding the Fire God's magic weapon. They will arrive at the Seventeenth Heaven within ten days. During this time, you must guard the Heavenly Extreme Palace and there must be no further mishaps."

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable suddenly raised his head, his eyes bursting with wild joy.

Two peak third-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivators. In the Seventeenth Heaven, Qingqiu was only at the mid-stage of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and the Heavenly Extreme Venerable himself was also at the peak of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm at his prime.

Two peak-level Golden Immortals at the third rank descending to the mortal realm simultaneously were enough to crush any force in the entire Seventeenth Heaven.

"Your subordinate obeys!" His voice trembled slightly with excitement.

"Furthermore,"

the voice of that will grew even colder, "the Divine Abyss Pavilion betrayed the Divine Race, and the remnants of the Ice God lineage must be completely eradicated. The Heavenly Saint Palace failed to offer aid; though its crime doesn't warrant the destruction of the palace, the Holy Light Venerable must personally apologize to the upper realm. These matters will be handled by the envoy after he descends. You, cooperate well with the envoy."

"Your subordinate understands!"

The void passage slowly closed, and the ancient will dissipated into its depths.

The runes on the bronze door gradually dimmed, and silence returned to the stone hall.

Only the flickering candlelight and the heavy breathing of the Heavenly Extreme Venerable remained.

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable slowly stood up, the wrinkles on his face appearing particularly deep in the candlelight, but a flame reignited in his eyes.

He turned around, looking at the elders kneeling behind him, a twisted smile curving his lips.

"Did you hear that? The Upper Realm is sending envoys. Two peak third-grade Golden Immortals, wielding fire-divine artifacts."

His voice was hoarse yet powerful. "David, Qing Qiu, Xuan Bing, their deaths are imminent. They will all pay for their crimes in blood."

The elders trembled with excitement.

Some kowtowed on the spot, while others wept.

They had fallen from being the most powerful force in the Seventeenth Heaven to a position where everyone could bully them. Their eight hundred remaining soldiers hid in the main hall, licking their wounds, not even daring to venture out to attack a small sect.

Now, the Upper Realm was finally going to make its move.

"Pass down the order."

Venerable Tianji clenched his fist. "From today onwards, all defensive restrictions of the Tianji Palace are fully activated. All disciples are on high alert. Hold the main hall for ten days. When the envoys arrive, it will be the day the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge is destroyed."

Chapter 6537

Meanwhile, at the Demon Suppression Tower in Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, a day had passed outside the tower, while a hundred days had passed inside.

David sat cross-legged deep within the ninth level of the Demon Suppression Tower, his body surrounded by thick purple chaotic power.

The injuries from his battle with the Heavenly Supreme Venerable had completely healed; the cracks in his meridians had disappeared, and the marks of the holy light's scorching had been completely burned away by the chaotic fire.

His spiritual power had not only returned to its peak state but was also purer than before the battle.

The mountain of crystals before him had been mostly consumed; tens of thousands of crystals had had their spiritual power drained, turning into grayish-white powder that covered the tower's floor, making it feel like walking on snow.

Thousands of pills had all been refined, their medicinal power devoured, transformed, and integrated into his meridians by the chaotic power.

The resources he had absorbed in the past hundred days were enough to allow an ordinary True Immortal cultivator to break through to the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal.

But for him, who cultivated chaotic power, these resources only advanced his cultivation from the early stage of the seventh rank of True Immortal to the middle stage of the seventh rank.

The resources required for the power of chaos are enormous.

Each breakthrough requires dozens, even hundreds, of times more spiritual energy than other cultivators of the same level.

However, his combat power also far surpasses that of his contemporaries.

At the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, he can already directly confront a peak third rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator without being at a disadvantage.

David opened his eyes from meditation, a glint of light flashing in his purple pupils.

Although his cultivation had only increased by one minor realm, his power of chaos was more condensed than before. Every strand of spiritual energy was like divine iron that had been forged a thousand times, containing unimaginable power.

The protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture had also become denser under the nourishment of spiritual energy. The golden dragon patterns had already covered sixty percent of his skin. Once fully covered, it would be the day he achieved the Great Luo Golden Body.

He stood up and walked out of the Demon Suppression Tower.

Outside the tower, in the square of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, everyone was waiting for him.

Gui Yuanzi had recovered to his peak condition, his white beard and hair still damp with the residual spiritual energy from when he came out of the Demon Suppression Tower.

Qingyunzi's flying swords were all reforged, thousands of them hovering behind him, their light even more dazzling than before the battle.

The array masters of the Myriad Laws Sect repaired all the restrictions and used materials obtained from the Divine Alliance's treasury to set up several new killing arrays.

Most importantly, Venerable Xuanbing, along with five hundred disciples of the Divine Abyss Pavilion, had already joined the battle formation of the Myriad Demon Ridge.

Their ice-blue robes mingled with the armor of the Myriad Demon Ridge cultivators, creating a unique sight.

The disciples of the Ice God lineage were initially somewhat reserved, after all, they were former enemies who had suddenly become allies, causing some discomfort.

However, the disciples of the Guiyuan Sect took the initiative to approach them, sharing spirit wine and pills, quickly breaking down the barriers.

Seeing David walk out of the Demon Suppression Tower, everyone simultaneously stopped what they were doing and stood up in unison.

Guiyuanzi clasped his hands in a fist salute, Qingyunzi nodded, and the Grand Elder of the Myriad Laws Sect bowed slightly. Venerable Xuanbing stood at the forefront, his ice-blue robes fluttering in the wind. He gave David a deep look, then slowly nodded.

David's gaze swept over every cultivator in the plaza.

The disciples of Guiyuan Sect were spirited, their eyes burning with fighting spirit.

The sword cultivators of Qingyun Sword Sect had brand-new flying swords hanging behind them, the sword energy on their blades condensed and unyielding. The disciples of Shenyuan Pavilion were clad in ice armor, their hands gripping their weapons tightly.

Everyone's face wore the same expression—a longing that had been suppressed for too long, finally awaiting the moment of counterattack.

"Everyone,"

David spoke, his voice not loud, but clearly reaching everyone's ears, "Tianji Palace still has eight hundred remnants. Tiansheng Palace still has eight hundred disciples. They thought we would wait at Wanyao Ridge, waiting for reinforcements from the Upper Realm to arrive, waiting for them to catch their breath before launching a counterattack. But today I want to tell you, we will not wait."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

"We must let them know that Wan Yao Ridge is not a place they can come and go as they please. Today, we will raze Tianji Palace to the ground. Tomorrow, the Seventeenth Heaven will be our domain!"

The plaza was initially silent, then erupted in a deafening battle roar.

Thousands of cultivators shouted in unison, their voices piercing the clouds and even dispersing some of the thick fog above Wan Yao Ridge.

The golden sun, the silver moon, and the crimson sun hung high simultaneously, their rays bathing the faces of every cultivator, turning them a magnificent golden-red.

As the army set off, the sky was transitioning from dusk to dawn.

The first golden sun had not yet risen; the light of the silver and red moons intertwined on the earth, paving a silver-red path for the departing cultivators.

David led the vanguard, with five hundred sword cultivators from the Guiyuan Sect, supported by the flying sword formation of the Qingyun Sword Sect, charging straight towards the Tianji Palace's mountain gate.

Qingqiu commanded the central army, leading the demon warriors of Wanyao Ridge and the array masters of Wanfa Sect, ready to provide support at any time.

Xuanbing Venerable led Shenyuan Pavilion to flank from the left, cutting off the retreat route of Tianji Palace.

The three armies, like three sharp swords, advanced swiftly towards Tianji Palace.

The outer outposts of Tianji Palace along the way were swiftly and decisively destroyed. The garrison troops in those outposts, already demoralized by the main force's defeat, collapsed without even putting up a semblance of resistance against the overwhelming force of the three armies.

The few who attempted to resist were shredded by the sword formations of Guiyuan Sect, pinned to death by the flying swords of Qingyun Sword Sect, and frozen into ice sculptures by the icy power of Shenyuan Pavilion.

The main hall of Tianji Palace was located in the easternmost part of the seventeenth heaven, backed by a towering mountain, much of which had been hollowed out to create a labyrinthine underground palace.

Before them stood nine towers in a row, their bodies forged from meteorite gold from outer space, their tops ablaze with an inextinguishable holy flame.

The Heavenly Palace, a foundation built over thirty thousand years, once the most powerful force in the Seventeenth Heaven, now reduced to a mere eight hundred remnants huddled within this cold stone palace.

The Heavenly Venerable stood atop the highest tower, watching the approaching army in the distance.

His eyes were bloodshot, his teeth grinding together. He had anticipated David's arrival, but not so quickly. How long had it been?

Just a few days?

The cultivators of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge had not only recovered from their injuries but had also integrated the power of the Divine Abyss Pavilion, actively launching an attack.

Chapter 6538

"Palace Master!"

An elder stumbled up the tower, his face filled with panic. "The army from Ten Thousand Demon Ridge is already a hundred miles away! David is personally leading the vanguard, with Xuan Bing from the Divine Abyss Pavilion on the left, and the Qingqiu army in the rear! The total force exceeds two thousand!"

"What's the panic!"

Venerable Tianji slammed his hand on the stone railing. "Tianji Palace's 30,000-year foundation, its nine-layered protective array, and its 360 defensive barriers can't even stop two thousand people?"

Issue the order: activate all barriers, and have all disciples take their battle positions! Just hold out for a few days, and the envoy from the Upper Realm will arrive! Then, it will be their death day!"

The nine-layered protective array was activated instantly.

Nine golden light curtains appeared around Tianji Palace, each composed of thousands of runes, layered upon each other, like nine insurmountable shields.

The 360 defensive barriers meshed together like gears, forming a fearsome war fortress.

Holy light and flames erupted from the nine towers, dyeing the entire sky gold.

But David merely raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Purple chaotic fire extended from the sword, transforming into a hundred-zhang-long purple sword aura.

He didn't gather his strength, nor did he use any fancy sword techniques; he simply slashed down with his sword.

The sword aura struck the nine-layered protective array of the Heavenly Palace as if it were a paper lantern.

The first layer of light barrier shattered into countless specks of light, followed by the second and third layers—the chaotic fire, like a hungry wolf pouncing on its prey, devoured the power of laws contained within the holy light barrier layer by layer.

The nine-layered protective array of the Heavenly Palace, which had never been breached since its founding, shattered completely before David in less than three breaths.

Golden specks of light rained down, revealing the true face of the Heavenly Palace to everyone.

The Heavenly Palace cultivators guarding behind the array stared in disbelief at this scene, their weapons trembling.

Thirty thousand years of foundation, three hundred and sixty defensive restrictions—all of this was as if it didn't exist before one person.

"Kill!" David's voice wasn't loud, but it evoked a roar from the two thousand cultivators.

The Guiyuan Sect's sword formation was the first to charge in. Five hundred Guiyuan Sect disciples formed thirty-six sword formations, like sharp knives simultaneously piercing the Tianji Palace's defenses.

The remnants of the Tianji Palace fought desperately, holy light and sword energy clashing fiercely in the air, each collision resulting in casualties.

But the Guiyuan Sect's sword formation operated flawlessly, the thirty-six formations working in perfect harmony, their offense and defense seamless, tearing the Tianji Palace's defenses apart piece by piece.

The Qingyun Sword Sect's flying sword formation followed closely behind.

Behind Qingyunzi, thousands of newly forged flying swords rained down like a storm, pinning the Tianji Palace cultivators to the ground.

The flying swords wove an impenetrable net in the air; no one could escape its grasp.

The disciples of Shenyuan Pavilion attacked from the left, their icy power freezing the holy light of Tianji Palace into ice. The icy blue aura intertwined with the golden holy light, forming a magnificent yet deadly domain.

Tianji Venerable stood atop the tower, watching his disciples being utterly slaughtered by the three armies, his eyes burning with madness.

He drew his golden spear, wanting to rush down and fight David to the death. But his hand was held tightly by an elder.

"Palace Master! You can't go!"

The elder's voice was choked with sobs. "Your cultivation is only at the first level of the Golden Immortal Realm; you're no match for David! The envoy from the Upper Realm is about to descend; you can't die here! The Tianji Palace's legacy cannot be broken!"

Tianji Venerable's arm froze in mid-air, his fingers gripping the golden spear shaft, his knuckles white.

He looked at the fallen disciples below, at the elders pinned to the ground by Qingyun Sword Sect's flying swords, at the guards frozen into ice sculptures by Shenyuan Pavilion's icy power, and emotions he had never shown before welled up in his eyes.

But in the end, he let go. The golden spear clattered to the ground. "Withdraw." His voice was hoarse to the extreme. "Retreat to the underground chamber. Await the arrival of the envoy."

When the Celestial Venerable led his last remaining confidants into the underground chamber, the Celestial Palace's defenses had completely collapsed.

Six of the nine towers had been blasted down by the flying swords of the Azure Cloud Sword Sect, and holy light and flames lingered weakly amidst the ruins.

The plaza was littered with the corpses of Celestial Palace cultivators and the remains of their weapons; golden blood soaked the stone bricks, and the holy light and spiritual energy accumulated over thirty thousand years was rapidly dissipating.

David stood in the center of the ruins, his divine sense sweeping across the entire Celestial Palace.

He sensed the location where the Celestial Venerable was hiding—deep within the mountain, a chamber enveloped by dozens of layers of restrictions.

He also sensed the fluctuations of the void passage deep within the chamber; the fluctuations were faint, yet they carried a law-like aura that did not belong to the seventeenth heaven.

It was a passage leading to the eighteenth heaven.

"Guiyuanzi, take men and guard the exit of that void passage. If anyone comes out, kill them without mercy," David transmitted his voice.

"Understood."

David walked towards the secret chamber deep within the mountain.

Dozens of layers of restrictions were like waste paper before him, the chaotic fire burning through them one by one.

The door to the secret chamber was a single piece of extraterrestrial meteorite iron, three feet thick, but it was cleaved in two by the purple sword light of the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Inside

the secret chamber, the Celestial Venerable sat on a cold stone seat, with only a few trusted elders beside him.

He looked as if he had aged tens of thousands of years overnight; his hair was completely white, the wrinkles on his face were as deep as knife marks, his eyes were sunken, and his eye sockets were dark.

The aftereffects of burning his essence blood had hollowed out his body.

Seeing David enter the secret chamber, the Celestial Venerable slowly raised his head.

There was no fear or anger in his eyes, only an indescribable weariness.

"You've come." His voice was hoarse, like sandpaper grinding iron.

David didn't speak, but just looked at him.

"I have lived for tens of thousands of years. From the eighteenth heaven, I laid the foundation for the Heavenly Palace, ruling the seventeenth heaven for ten thousand years."

The Heavenly Venerable's voice was soft, as if speaking to himself. "I have imagined countless ways to die: at the hands of a stronger being, in an ancient secret realm, or when I suffer a cultivation deviation. But I never imagined I

would die at the hands of a youth whose cultivation is below the Golden Immortal realm."

He paused, then suddenly laughed.

The laugh was ugly, full of self-mockery. "David, who exactly are you?"

David walked up to him, looking down at him. "Who I am is unimportant. What matters is that you could have lived."

The Heavenly Venerable's smile froze.

"You attacked the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge because you coveted that supreme treasure. You burned your essence blood because you were unwilling to accept defeat. You contacted the upper realm because you wanted to seek revenge with external forces. Every step was your own choice." David's voice was calm. "No one forced you."

The Heavenly Venerable remained silent for a long time. Then he slowly closed his eyes.

"Make your move."

A purple sword light flashed and disappeared in the secret chamber.

When David stepped out, only a pile of ashes remained behind him.

The Palace Master of the Heavenly Pole Palace, the 137th generation successor of the Fire God lineage, had fallen.

Chapter 6539

News of the destruction of the Heavenly Pole Palace spread throughout the Seventeenth Heaven.

When the news of the Heavenly Pole Palace being leveled and the Heavenly Pole Venerable's death reached the Heavenly Saint Palace, the Holy Light Venerable was meditating on the altar.

He sat cross-legged in the center of ninety-nine luminous stones, his white robe as white as snow, his face calm, looking like a transcendent deity.

But upon closer inspection, one could see that his fingers were trembling slightly.

"David... leveled the Heavenly Pole Palace?" His voice remained calm, but the rising chill in his tone could no longer be concealed.

"Yes."

The disciple kneeling below the altar was pale-faced, "The nine-layered protective array of the palace was cleaved open with a single sword strike. The Heavenly Pole Venerable led the last elders to hide in the underground secret chamber, where he was personally killed by David. The Heavenly Pole Palace... no longer exists."

The Holy Light Venerable remained silent for a long time. The holy light on the altar was still warm, but he felt a chill seeping from his very bones.

He remembered those events: the Heavenly Pole Palace's three thousand-strong army marched out in a mighty force, only to suffer heavy losses before the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

The Celestial Venerable burned his life essence in a desperate fight, while he and Xuanbing

stood by and watched him perish. Xuanbing, because of the remnant soul of the Ice God lineage's ancestor's defection, led the Heavenly Saint Palace disciples and retreated without looking back.

Now, the Celestial Palace is destroyed, the Celestial Venerable is dead, and David, the instigator of all this, is leading a large army towards the Heavenly Saint Palace.

"Two thousand men... the Divine Abyss Pavilion has also joined... David is personally leading the army..."

His heart tightened, as if gripped by an invisible hand.

He knew very well that the eight hundred disciples of the Heavenly Saint Palace couldn't withstand David's sword; Xuanbing was on David's side, and Qingqiu was on David's side.

"Palace Master!" Another disciple rushed into the hall, his face filled with terror. "The army of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge has arrived outside the palace gates! David sent someone to deliver a message, saying..."

"What did he say?"

"He gave the Palace Master two choices. First, surrender, hand over all the resources of the Heavenly Saint Palace, abandon the Divine Race stronghold in the Seventeenth Heaven, and retreat to the Upper Realm. Second..." The disciple's voice trembled, "...following in the footsteps of the Heavenly Extreme Palace."

The Holy Light Venerable clenched his fists, his knuckles cracking, his nails digging into his palms, drawing a trace of blood.

He remained silent for several breaths.

He raised his head and swept his gaze over the panicked elders and disciples below the altar.

Their faces were filled with fear; the glory of the Seven Lineages of the Divine Race in the past was now worthless in the face of fear.

After a long while, he finally spoke.

"Surrender."

When these two words came out of his mouth, they carried a humiliation heavier than death.

The gates of the Heavenly Saint Palace slowly opened, and the Holy Light Venerable personally stepped out of the palace, handing over the accumulated wealth of the Heavenly Saint Palace over thirty thousand years.

Ninety-nine Bright Stones were removed from the altar, thousands of Holy Light Pills were sealed in jade boxes, mountains of crystals were stored in storage rings, and walls of cultivation technique jade slips were carefully moved back to Ten Thousand Demon Ridge by the array masters of the Myriad Laws Sect.

Adding to the treasure trove of the Heavenly Extreme Palace, the resources David had amassed had reached an astonishing level.

The entire accumulation of two Golden Immortal-level forces: hundreds of thousands of crystals, tens of thousands of pills, thousands of magic artifacts, and tens of thousands of cultivation technique jade slips.

These resources were enough for the four forces—Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, Guiyuan Sect, Qingyun Sword Sect, and Shenyuan Pavilion—to cultivate for thousands of years.

However, David did not distribute the resources equally among them. He left half for Ten Thousand Demon Ridge for reconstruction and defense. The remaining half was moved entirely into the Demon Suppression Tower.

He intended to break through to the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

Each small advancement in Chaos Power required dozens of times more resources than other cultivators of the same level, but this sacrifice was worthwhile.

Because on the other side of the Seventeenth Heaven, the void passage still existed. The envoy from the Eighteenth Heaven could arrive at any moment.

What he needed to do now was to maximize his combat power before the envoy's arrival. At the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, he had a fighting chance against the peak of the third rank of Golden Immortal Realm.

But that wasn't enough.

He needed to become stronger.

Inside the Demon Suppression Tower, David sat cross-legged in the center of a mountain of resources.

Hundreds of thousands of crystals formed a small mountain, engulfing him in multicolored light.

Tens of thousands of pills floated around him, like a dazzling sea of stars.

The dense spiritual energy had liquefied into a visible spiritual mist, slowly flowing within the tower.

With each breath, he inhaled pure spiritual liquid.

He closed his eyes, fully activating the Mind Concentration Technique.

The crystals began to shatter.

Not one by one, but batch after batch—thousands upon thousands of crystals were simultaneously drained of their spiritual energy, turning into grayish-white powder.

The liquefied spiritual mist formed a huge vortex around him, and the spiritual liquid surged into his meridians like a burst dam, then was devoured, transformed, compressed, and devoured again by the power of chaos.

Under the repeated cleansing of spiritual energy, his meridians widened continuously, transforming from rivers into vast oceans.

The power of chaos increased at a visible rate, advancing from the mid-stage of the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm to the late stage, and then from the late stage to the peak.

Still not enough.

He began to absorb medicinal pills.

Tens of thousands of pills exploded simultaneously, their medicinal power converging into a torrent that rushed into his body. The power was so violent it almost tore his meridians apart, but the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture instantly activated, firmly locking the medicinal power within his meridians.

The chaotic fire burned in his dantian, melting all the spiritual energy, medicinal power, and fragments of laws into the purest chaotic power.

The chaotic power within his meridians grew increasingly concentrated, its color gradually changing from pale purple to deep purple, and finally to an almost blackish purple.

The bottleneck loosened.

An invisible barrier within his body emitted a faint cracking sound, as if a stone door sealed for ten thousand years had finally been pushed open.

The chaotic power, like a flood breaking through a dam, instantly surged past the bottleneck.

His cultivation level jumped from the peak of the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm to the eighth rank in one fell swoop.

David opened his eyes.

The chaotic energy in his purple eyes was so dense that it almost overflowed.

In that instant, the entire Demon Suppression Tower trembled, not because he deliberately released his pressure, but because his very presence caused the tower's time laws to groan under the unbearable burden.

All the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture were activated, golden dragon patterns covered his entire body, reflecting the purple chaotic power, making him look like a god who had emerged from the primordial chaos.

Eighth rank of True Immortal Realm.

He clenched his fist.

The chaotic power in his meridians was several times more powerful than before, each strand condensed to the extreme.

He had a feeling that now, when facing the Heavenly Venerable who was burning his essence blood, he would not need to fight protractedly.

One sword would be enough.

Chapter 6540

When he stepped out of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, Qingqiu, Venerable Xuanbing, Guiyuanzi, and Qingyunzi were all waiting outside.

They had sensed the terrifying spiritual energy fluctuations within the tower and had long since stopped what they were doing.

The moment David emerged from the tower, everyone held their breath. Not because his cultivation had improved again, but because his aura had changed.

It wasn't the aura of a True Immortal cultivator; it had transcended the True Immortal realm, even making Qingqiu, a third-grade Golden Immortal, feel a sense of oppression.

"Eighth-grade True Immortal,"

Qingqiu said, scrutinizing him, a complex expression flashing in his amber eyes. "I have lived for tens of thousands of years and have never seen a True Immortal cultivator exude such an aura. David, what kind of monster are you?"

David didn't answer the question.

He looked at the sky; three blazing suns hung simultaneously in the heavens.

Golden, silver, and crimson light intertwined, dyeing the Myriad Demon Ridge a magnificent golden-red.

His gaze then shifted to the east, the direction of the Heavenly Pole Palace, and also the direction of the void passage.

"The envoy should be arriving soon," he said calmly.

As soon as he finished speaking, a deep rumble echoed from the eastern horizon.

The sound was like a thousand thunderbolts exploding simultaneously in the sky, or the muffled breath of an ancient beast awakening.

A golden pillar of light shot into the sky from the depths of the Heavenly Palace, piercing through the clouds, the firmament, and the spatial barrier between the seventeenth and eighteenth heavens.

Within the pillar of light, two figures descended from the sky.

Both figures wore golden armor, their bodies engulfed in blazing holy flames.

These flames were completely different from the holy light of the Heavenly Venerable; they were purer, more ancient, and closer to the origin of the laws of holy light. Their

armor was inscribed with war runes of the ancient Fire God lineage, each rune radiating the pressure of a peak third-grade Golden Immortal.

Their faces were obscured by the holy light, only blurry outlines visible, but even those outlines were enough to suffocate one.

They descended upon the plaza of the ruins of the Heavenly Palace, their feet trodden upon corpses and crumbling walls.

All nine towers had collapsed, the holy flames extinguished, the stone slabs of the plaza soaked in blood, and the air thick with the stench of decay.

The Heavenly Palace, once a formidable force that had dominated the Seventeen Heavens for tens of thousands of years, was now nothing but ruins.

The envoy on the left slowly raised his head, his eyes beneath the holy light visor sweeping across the ruins.

His gaze lingered for a moment on each corpse, swept over each crumbling wall.

Then his voice rang out, cold as a poisoned blade: "Too late."

The envoy on the right bent down, reaching out to touch the dried golden blood on the ground.

The blood had congealed into a dark golden film, crumbling into powder at the slightest touch.

"The battle ended only a few days ago. The Heavenly Palace has indeed been destroyed." His voice was more composed than his companion's, yet carried the same chill. "True Immortal Realm, seventh rank? Or eighth rank?"

"Regardless of the rank, a mere ant from the lower realm could not possibly defeat the two of us working together." The envoy on the left straightened up, holy light erupting from his body, illuminating the ruins within a radius of several hundred feet. "Find him. Kill him. Then rebuild the Heavenly Palace."

The two looked up simultaneously, their gazes piercing through thousands of miles of space, locking onto the direction of the Myriad Demon Ridge. Then the two transformed into two golden streaks of light, flying towards the Myriad Demon Ridge at unimaginable speed.

Wherever the streaks passed, the air was ignited by holy light, leaving behind two golden trails of flame dozens of miles long that lingered for a long time.

...

Before the gates of the Myriad Demon Ridge, everyone was already on high alert.

David stood at the forefront, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist.

Gui Yuanzi led the Gui Yuan Sect's sword array on the left, and Qing Yunzi led the flying sword array on the right. The array masters of the Myriad Laws Sect had activated all the restrictions, layers of light completely covering the mountain gate.

The Xuanbing Venerable stood beside David, holding an ice-blue Xuanbing Pearl in his palm. An intense, almost unbearable, icy aura emanated from the pearl, freezing the ground into a thin layer of frost.

The two golden streaks of light landed before the mountain gate, and the holy light on the envoys slowly receded, revealing their true forms.

The two looked almost identical, both middle-aged, with resolute faces and the arrogance unique to the divine race between their brows.

The runes on their armor gleamed, and the magical weapons in their hands exuded a destructive aura.

The envoy on the left gripped a double-edged battle axe burning with holy flames, its blade engraved with war runes.

The envoy on the right held a blazing white spear, its tip crackling with compressed holy light laws.

"Who is David?" The voice of the envoy on the left was devoid of emotion, like an executioner confirming the identity of a prisoner before carrying out a sentence.

David stepped forward. His movements were calm, as if he had been called by name while taking a walk and had casually responded. "That's me."

The two envoys sized him up, a hint of contempt flashing in their eyes simultaneously.

Eighth-grade True Immortal Realm, although a small realm higher than the seventh-grade True Immortal Realm mentioned in the intelligence, was utterly insignificant in front of the peak third-grade Golden Immortal Realm.

This gap in cultivation could not be bridged by techniques, bloodlines, or any fortuitous encounters.

In their understanding, a True Immortal Realm cultivator didn't even have the right to make a move against a Golden Immortal Realm cultivator.

"Kill."

The envoy on the left didn't even bother to say more. His figure flashed, and his battle axe, crackling with holy light and flames powerful enough to flatten a mountain, cleaved down towards David.

The axe blade tore through the air, creating a deafening sonic boom, and the holy fire condensed on the blade into a blazing white blade tens of feet long.

David didn't dodge. He drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, the chaotic fire on its blade colliding head-on with the holy light.

Boom...

A visible shockwave spread outward from the point of impact, blasting a massive crater several feet deep into the ground in front of the mountain gate.

Cracks extended hundreds of feet away, and stone slabs, blown away by the aftershocks, tumbled through the air and crashed against the mountain walls.

The shockwave forced the flying swords of the Qingyun Sword Sect to retreat several feet, their blades flickering.

The envoy on the left's pupils suddenly contracted. His battle axe rebounded from the impact, his arms went numb, and a sharp pain shot through his tiger's mouth.

A mere ant in the True Immortal Realm had actually withstood his full-force attack without retreating a single step?

How was this possible?