

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6546

Three this time."

David drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic fire slowly burning on its blade, distorting the surrounding air.

"Two last time, three this time." Jiang Xuelan also drew her longsword, its silver blade gleaming coldly. "The people of the Divine Race are truly generous."

"Not generous, but arrogant."

David's gaze passed over the approaching golden lights, landing on a distorted space further away.

The spiritual energy fluctuations in that space were different from the surroundings, faintly forming a semi-transparent vortex, with something shimmering with a faint golden light at its center.

"Someone is observing us from the shadows over there,"

he whispered. "Not highly cultivated, third-grade Golden Immortal, but carrying some kind of magical artifact that can shield them from divine sense. Not a member of the Divine Race, nor a member of the Daoist sect."

Jiang Xuelan followed his gaze but saw nothing.

But she trusted David's judgment.

"Should we deal with her?"

"No rush." David withdrew his gaze and refocused on the golden lights that had closed to within three hundred miles. "Take care of these first."

Three hundred miles.

Two hundred miles.

One hundred miles.

The golden lights grew larger and clearer, revealing three figures in front and thirty slightly smaller figures behind. Each figure was engulfed in golden holy flames, resembling thirty-three falling meteors against the dark red wasteland.

The leading figure was the largest, his body like a moving iron tower. The holy flames on his body solidified into a solid armor, its surface swirling with dense war runes.

He stopped thirty miles from David, and the thirty-two golden lights behind him stopped simultaneously, forming a fan-shaped battle formation in the air, blocking all of David and Jiang Xuelan's escape routes.

Thirty miles.

For a Golden Immortal cultivator, this distance was no different from being face-to-face.

Yan Po looked down at the two teenagers on the dark red sand, a hint of contempt flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

Eighth and ninth rank True Immortals.

These two ants had killed Yan Lie and severed Yan Wu's arm?

"You're David?" His voice, like muffled thunder, echoed across the wasteland.

David raised his head, his purple eyes meeting Yan Po's crimson-gold gaze.

He didn't speak, only slightly raising his chin in response.

Yan Po frowned.

He had seen many arrogant young people, but none dared to face him with such an attitude.

Even a first-rank Golden Immortal had to treat him with utmost respect; what right did a mere eighth-rank True Immortal have?

"The Palace Master has ordered," Yan Po's voice held a hint of impatience, "that we see you alive or dead. Will you come with us, or will we take action?"

David remained silent.

He simply held the Dragon Slayer Sword horizontally in front of him, and the purple chaotic fire on the sword suddenly surged higher, its flames hissing as they burned the surrounding holy light.

Yan Po's pupils contracted sharply.

He sensed it—that power that was completely opposed to, and even countered, the holy light. The power of chaos.

Not a legend, not some heretical path, but the genuine power of chaos.

"Attack!"

Yan Po stopped talking nonsense, his figure shooting out, a halberd burning with golden holy fire materializing in his hand, slashing down at David with the power to cleave a mountain.

Yan Hu and Yan Bao attacked simultaneously from the left and right flanks. Yan Hu wielded twin blades, their blades flowing with dark red flames—the

“torture fire” specially used by the Punishment Hall to interrogate prisoners, burning not only flesh but also soul.

Yan Bao silently circled around to David’s back, holding a slender rapier, its blade devoid of flames, only a thin layer of silver light—the “Spirit-Breaking Thorn,” specifically designed to break through protective spiritual energy.

Thirty Flame Dragon Guards simultaneously dispersed, forming a massive encirclement in the air, each wielding a standard flaming longsword, the holy fire on their blades merging together to form a fiery cage descending from the sky.

David moved.

He didn’t dodge, didn’t retreat, didn’t even parry.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword rose from below, its purple sword energy drawing an arc in the air, colliding head-on with Yan Po’s golden halberd.

Boom!

A shockwave even more powerful than the one before the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge gate spread outwards, hurling dark red sand and soil within a radius of dozens of miles into the air, revealing the dark brown rocks beneath.

The rocks were covered with ancient battle marks, left by ancient powerhouses tens of thousands of years ago, still untouched by the wind and sand.

Yan Po’s body was sent flying dozens of feet backwards, his arms numb, his tiger’s mouth split open, golden blood seeping from the cracks and dripping onto the dark red sand.

His eyes widened, his face filled with disbelief.

His cultivation was more than one level higher than Yan Lie’s, and the halberd in his hand was an ancient magic weapon inherited from the Fire God lineage,

yet he was actually repelled by a single sword strike from a junior at the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm?

What kind of power was this?

David didn't give him time to think.

The second sword strike had already come.

This sword strike was no longer a passive parry, but an active attack.

The purple chaotic fire on the Dragon-Slaying Sword condensed into a hundred-foot-long sword aura. Wherever the sword aura passed, the holy light and flames seemed to encounter their natural enemy, automatically dodging to the sides.

Even the war runes on Yan Po's body began to flicker, as if warning their master that the threat before them had exceeded the runes' tolerance.

Yan Po gritted his teeth, unleashing the full power of the holy light within his body. The golden flames on his halberd suddenly surged upwards, condensing into a hexagonal holy light shield in front of him.

On the shield, the phantom of an ancient fire god appeared, its eyes crimson, spewing out a stream of golden divine fire that merged with the shield.

This move was the Fire God lineage's life-saving technique, "Divine Fire Shield," said to be able to withstand even the full-force attack of a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

But when David's sword aura struck the Divine Fire Shield, the ancient fire god phantom on the shield let out a shrill scream. The golden divine fire, as if encountering its nemesis in the face of chaotic fire, was instantly devoured.

The shield shattered.

The sword aura, undiminished, hurtled straight for Yan Po's chest.

At the critical moment, Yan Hu's twin blades slashed from the side, the dark red fiery blades clashing with the purple sword aura, producing a piercing metallic scraping sound.

Yan Bao's Spirit-Piercing Thorn silently pierced towards David's nape, its silver light almost invisible amidst the purple radiance of the sword aura.

David slightly shifted his body, the Spirit-Piercing Thorn grazing his ear, lifting a strand of black hair.

He struck out with his left palm, chaotic power condensing into a fist-sized purple orb in his palm. The orb flew out, striking Yan Bao's chest.

Yan Bao groaned, blasted hundreds of feet away, crashing into a pile of bones, scattering ashes and sand everywhere.

A fist-sized crater appeared in his chest, golden blood oozing from the corner of his mouth, his chest armor completely shattered, revealing the charred flesh beneath, burned black by the chaotic power.

Chapter 6547

At the same time, David's sword flashed, slashing at Yan Hu.

Yan Hu crossed his twin blades in front of him, dark red flames of punishment burning wildly on the blades, attempting to resist the erosion of the chaotic power.

But the chaotic fire directly devoured the flames of punishment, burning through the twin blades, charring Yan Hu's hands black, and finally leaving a deep, bone-revealing sword wound on his chest.

Yan Hu screamed and flew backward, landing next to Yan Bao, golden blood gushing uncontrollably from the gaping wound in his chest.

The fiery cage of thirty Yan Long Guards finally descended, and golden holy fire pressed down on David from all directions.

David raised his head, his purple eyes reflecting the golden flames filling the sky.

He took a deep breath, raising the Dragon Slayer Sword high above his head, the purple chaotic fire on the blade exploding violently, transforming into concentric purple ripples spreading outward.

Wherever the ripples passed, the golden holy fire extinguished layer by layer, like candle flames blown out by a gale.

Thirty Flame Dragon Guards simultaneously coughed up blood, sent flying backward by the backlash of spiritual energy, their flaming longswords shattering into countless golden fragments.

From the moment Yan Po gave the order to attack to the complete annihilation of the Flame Dragon Guards, less than ten breaths had passed.

Yan Po stood rooted to the spot, looking at the Flame Dragon Guards howling in agony, at the Flame Tiger with its gaping wound in its chest, at the Flame Leopard with its sunken chest, his hand gripping his halberd trembling.

Not from fear, but from rage.

The Flame God Palace's hundreds of thousands of years of prestige, the peak cultivation of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, thirty elites of the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm—all were like paper before this youth of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

He roared, burning his essence blood, holy light surging wildly within his body, forcibly pushing his cultivation to the threshold of the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The golden flames on his halberd turned blazing white, the color that only appears when holy light is compressed to its extreme, the temperature so high that even the air seemed to ignite, and the space within a hundred feet began to distort and deform.

“Die!”

The halberd, carrying a power capable of destroying the heavens and earth, thrust towards David. A blinding white holy light condensed at the halberd’s tip into a thin, hair-like beam—the strongest strike, compressing all power into a single point.

David raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword, its tip aimed at the incoming halberd.

He didn’t dodge, didn’t gather strength, and didn’t even mobilize more chaotic power.

He simply thrust out a single sword strike.

The sword tip collided with the halberd tip.

In that instant, the spatial laws within a hundred miles trembled violently. The ancient remnants of souls deep within the Fallen God Wasteland simultaneously let out a low sigh, as if awakened from their slumber by the power of this sword strike.

Then, all fell silent.

Yan Po lowered his head, looking at his chest.

The tip of the Dragon-Slaying Sword pierced through his chest and emerged from his back. Purple chaotic fire burned within his body, devouring his holy light, essence blood, meridians, and bones, one by one.

He didn't even feel pain, only a chill surging from the depths of his bone marrow—the aura of death.

"You..."

He tried to say something, but the Chaos Fire had already swallowed his throat, leaving only silent mouth movements. David drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, and Yan Po's body slowly collapsed, crashing onto the dark red sand, splattering a cloud of golden blood mist.

His crimson-gold eyes remained open until death, frozen in disbelief.

Yan Hu and Yan Bao struggled to their feet, trying to escape, but their injuries were too severe. The sword wound on Yan Hu's chest was still bleeding, and the dent in Yan Bao's chest made each breath feel like torture.

David walked up to them, looking down at them.

"Go back and tell your so-called Palace Master," his voice was calm, devoid of any emotion, "that the Eighteen Heavens are not his territory. Here, I call the shots."

Although David had just arrived at the Eighteen Heavens and didn't yet know the extent of its power,

he was confident that with his arrival, the Eighteen Heavens belonged to him.

Yan Hu and Yan Bao exchanged a glance, a complex expression flashing in their eyes.

They didn't speak, helping each other to their feet, and staggered towards the edge of the wasteland.

Behind him, the corpses of thirty Flame Dragon Guards lay scattered on the dark red sand, their golden blood seeping into the soil, staining that small patch of land a dark gold.

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned his gaze to the distorted space deep within the wasteland.

The golden light in that space had vanished; the person who had been secretly observing had left the instant the battle ended, leaving cleanly and swiftly without a trace.

But David remembered that person's aura—an aura that didn't belong to the gods, nor to the Daoist sects, but possessed an indescribable...merchant's scent.

"The Void Merchant Guild," David murmured, his brow furrowing slightly.

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side. "How did you know?"

"I guessed."

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword. "The president of the Void Merchant Guild in the Seventeenth Heaven is very interested in the Great Luo Golden Scripture. I have what he wants, and he won't let this opportunity pass him by."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes. "However, he's smarter than the Heavenly Venerable. He knows that force won't work, so he wants to try a different approach. First, observe; then make contact; then gain trust; and finally..." He didn't finish his sentence.

In the Seventeenth Heaven, David didn't attack Wu Heng not out of disdain or fear.

He knew that the Void Merchant Guild was a powerful force in many heavens, and David simply didn't want to create another enemy, perhaps for the future when he might need the Void Merchant Guild.

That's why he let Wu Heng go.

But now, it's clear that the Void Merchant Guild in the Eighteenth Heaven knows of his arrival; it must have been Wu Heng who sent the message.

Jiang Xuelan understood at this moment.

"Then what do we do?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

"Wait."

David turned and continued walking out of the wasteland. "Wait for the people he sent to come to me. Since he wants to be my friend, I'll give him a chance. As for who schemes against whom in the end..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but the cold smile on his lips said it all.

Chapter 6548

At the edge of the Fallen God Wasteland, the dark red sand began to thin, and gray-brown rocks and scattered withered grass gradually appeared on the ground.

David and Jiang Xuelan had walked for a whole day. Behind them, the wasteland had turned into a dark red line on the horizon, while ahead, the outline of a city was faintly visible in the twilight.

The city was not large, with walls built of black volcanic rock, about ten zhang high. Every hundred zhang along the walls was an arrow tower, its tops burning with dim yellow lights.

Above the city gate were three ancient characters—Fire Crow City.

There weren't many cultivators entering or leaving the city gate; most were dressed as rogue cultivators, wearing robes of various colors, with low-grade magic artifacts and storage bags hanging from their waists.

Their cultivation levels were generally below the True Immortal Realm. Occasionally, one could see one or two True Immortal Realm first or second grade cultivators passing by, who were already the highest-ranking beings in the city.

"Fire Crow City." Jiang Xuelan uttered the name of the city gate, her gaze sweeping over the city wall. "The name is interesting."

"It's the territory of the Fire God lineage, so it's normal to name it after fire." David glanced at the guards at the city gate; they were just a few True Immortal Realm cultivators, not even at the Golden Immortal Realm, posing no threat to him. Just

as he was about to step into the city, a woman's voice suddenly came from behind him.

"Mr. Chen, please wait."

The voice wasn't loud, but it was clear and distinct, with a perfect sense of proportion, neither abrupt nor deliberate.

David stopped, not turning around immediately.

His divine sense had already locked onto the source of the voice. Thirty feet behind him, a woman in a light gray dress was walking from the direction of the Fallen God Wasteland.

She walked at a moderate pace, her steps light, the hem of her dress leaving shallow marks on the dark red sand.

Her face was beautiful, without makeup, her long hair casually tied up with a wooden hairpin, a few strands fluttering gently in the wind.

She appeared simple and clean, like an ordinary female cultivator who, despite her long journey through the Great Wilderness, remained dignified despite her travel-worn appearance.

However, David's purple eyes lingered on her for a moment before he noticed something amiss.

Her cultivation level fluctuated around the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm—neither too high nor too low, just enough to walk on the edge of the Fallen God Wasteland without attracting too much attention.

But the fluctuations were too stable, almost artificially controlled; the amplitude of her spiritual energy fluctuations was exactly the same with every breath, something almost impossible for a true cultivator.

More importantly, her aura was exactly the same as the "merchant's scent" he had sensed at the end of the battle.

It was the same person who had been secretly observing from the distorted space.

Su Jingqiu walked up to David and stopped five steps away.

This distance was subtle, neither offensive nor distant.

She didn't rush to speak but instead bent down and gently placed a storage bag on the ground beside David's feet.

The movement was natural, like placing a casually carried bundle by the roadside.

"The Void Merchant Guild wishes to befriend Mr. Chen. This is a small gift."

She spoke simply, her tone flat, without any unnecessary formalities or flattery. After speaking, she straightened up, nodded slightly to David, and then turned to leave.

From beginning to end, she left without her name, without any contact information, and without even glancing at David.

She came suddenly and left decisively.

Jiang Xuelan watched her departing figure, her brows furrowing slightly: "She just left like that?"

"Yes." David bent down and picked up the storage bag.

It was the most ordinary kind, a grayish-white cloth bag without any markings, the kind you could buy for a few low-grade spirit stones from a street vendor.

Chapter 6549

But the contents of the bag were anything but ordinary.

The moment David's divine sense probed into it, his pupils contracted slightly.

Inside the storage bag lay a jade slip and a silver-white token.

The jade slip was pure white, its surface shimmering with a faint spiritual light; it was clearly a high-grade recording jade slip.

He probed the jade slip with his divine sense, and a massive map unfolded in his mind.

The map's level of detail far exceeded his expectations.

The entire map radiated outwards from the Fallen God Wasteland, covering the entire Eighteen Heavens.

Mountains and rivers, cities and sects, spiritual veins and mines, forbidden areas and secret realms—everywhere was clearly marked.

The Flame God Palace was in the southwest, and the locations of the nine golden towers were pinpointed to the height and defensive range of each tower.

The Hall of Light was in the southeast, and below the coordinates of the floating altar was marked "Holy Light Restriction; those below the fifth rank of Golden Immortal should not approach."

The Void Merchant Guild's Heavenly City was in the far north, and the map marked the distribution of the thirty-six floating islands surrounding the city and the teleportation nodes between them.

The Azure Cloud Cave Heaven is located deep within the Azure Cloud Mountains in the northeast. The map doesn't mark its exact location, only stating in small print, "Daoist sect's stronghold, concealed by a great formation, exact location unknown."

Besides this, it lists the locations, territories, and cultivation levels of dozens of smaller forces. It

even includes a map of spatial rifts within the Fallen God Wasteland, meticulously marking their locations, sizes, and activity cycles, with some areas even marked with notes like, "This rift connects to the slumbering place of ancient remnant souls; approaching is risky."

The value of this map cannot be measured in spirit stones.

Maps of the Eighteen Heavens available on the market at most mark the approximate locations of a few major sects, their accuracy far inferior.

This map, however, is as if it lays bare the entire Eighteen Heavens' trump card before David.

Beyond the jade slip is a silver-white token.

The token is palm-sized, with a treasure ship traversing the void engraved on its front, its lines flowing, its sails billowing, as if it might sail out of the token at any moment.

The reverse side bore the Void Merchant Guild's emblem—a vortex composed of nine arcs, with the ancient Chinese character “虚” (Void) at its center.

A faint silver light shimmered across the token's surface. David could sense an extremely subtle spatial law contained within it, connected to a certain array within the Void Merchant Guild. The token's holder could activate it in a moment of crisis, instantly teleporting them back to the guild's safe zone.

This was a guest elder token of the Void Merchant Guild.

Moreover, judging from the token's material and the complexity of its runes, its rank was quite high, at least second only to the guild leader.

David flipped the token in his palm, remaining silent for a moment.

Jiang Xuelan leaned closer for a glance, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes: “A guest token from the Void Merchant Guild? They want to win you over?”

“Not to win you over.” David put the token and jade slip back into his storage bag and tied it to his waist. “It's a long-term strategy to catch a big fish.”

“What do you mean?”

“A map, a token, nothing else asked, not even a name. This gift is too clean, so clean that it feels wrong not to accept it.”

David looked up at the direction Su Jingqiu had left in; that bluish-gray figure had already disappeared into the twilight of the Fallen God Wasteland.

“Accepting the gift means owing a favor. And favors must be repaid sooner or later.”

"Then why are you still accepting it?"

"The map is something I need. The token..." David paused, "I'll keep it for now, whether I need it or not is another matter."

He turned and walked towards Fire Raven City, Jiang Xuelan following beside him. As soon as the two entered the city gate, the bustling atmosphere of the city hit them.

Fire Crow City wasn't large, but it was very lively.

Stalls lined both sides of the streets, selling magical artifacts, elixirs, spiritual materials, and monster beast materials, their shouts rising and falling.

Pedestrians thronged shoulder to shoulder, mostly independent cultivators; occasionally, a few sect disciples in uniform robes would walk by, and the surrounding vendors and cultivators would automatically make way.

The most conspicuous building in the city was a three-story stone tower in the center, with a flag atop it embroidered with a three-legged golden crow engulfed in flames—the symbol of the Fire God lineage.

The tower's doors were open, and the sounds of noisy conversation and the aroma of wine and meat wafted from within—it was a tavern.

David didn't enter the stone tower in the city center, but instead found a secluded little inn to stay in.

The inn was small, only two stories high; the first floor was a simple dining hall, and the second floor had several guest rooms. The innkeeper was an elderly cultivator at the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, with gray hair and a slightly hunched back. A flicker of wariness crossed his eyes when he saw two strangers enter, but he quickly replaced it with a businessman's smile.

"Gentlemen, would you like to stay or eat?"

"Stay. Two rooms." David placed a few spirit stones on the counter.

The elderly cultivator accepted the spirit stones and handed over two wooden keys with a smile. "The two innermost rooms on the second floor are quiet and undisturbed."

David took the keys and casually asked before going upstairs, "Has anything happened in the city lately?"

The elderly cultivator's smile froze for a moment. He looked around and lowered his voice, "Sir, you must be from out of town. Fire Raven City has been rather unsettled lately. A few days ago, the Flame God Palace sent people to collect taxes and took away most of the spiritual materials from several shops.

Yesterday, another group came, not from the Flame God Palace, but wearing white robes. I heard they're from the Hall of Light, saying they want to set up a missionary point here. The two groups almost got into a fight at the city gate."

He paused, lowering his voice even further, "Sir, please be careful. There have been quite a few unfamiliar faces in the city recently. I wonder who they are."

David nodded and went upstairs.

The guest room was small and simply furnished: a wooden bed, a wooden table, a wooden chair, and a dusty futon in the corner.

But for someone who had spent a whole day wandering through the Fallen God Wasteland, it was enough.

David closed the door, sat cross-legged on the futon, and took out the map jade slip from his storage bag again. He probed it with his divine sense and examined it carefully once more.

This time, he looked even more closely, his gaze lingering on every corner of the map, memorizing every mark.

His gaze lingered for a moment on the locations of the Flame God Palace and the Hall of Light, then swept over the approximate locations of the Void Merchant Guild's Heavenly City and the Azure Cloud Cave, finally settling on a place that made him frown slightly.

In the northeast corner of the map, further north of the Azure Cloud Mountains, there was an area marked "Northern Netherworld Cold Abyss."

The area wasn't marked in detail on the map, only described in a few lines of red text:

"Extremely Cold Forbidden Land, perpetually frozen, with temperatures so low that even Golden Immortal cultivators cannot stay there for long."

"Extremely unstable space; teleportation arrays cannot locate it, and flying artifacts cannot approach."

"Site of the ancient Ice God lineage, suspected to contain remnants of the Ice God's legacy."

"Danger Level: Unknown."

David's gaze lingered on these lines for a long time.

The Ice God lineage.

The remnant soul of the Ice God lineage's ancestor still slumbered in his sea of consciousness.

And this "Northern Netherworld Cold Abyss" in the Eighteenth Heaven, marked "Site of the Ancient Ice God Lineage," indicated that the Ice God lineage once had a stronghold in the Eighteenth Heaven. He

just didn't know if any members of the Ice God lineage remained there.

David put away the map jade slip, got up, and left his guest room, knocking on Jiang Xuelan's door next door.

The door opened quickly, and Jiang Xuelan had changed into clean white clothes, her long hair tied back up, holding a cup of hot tea.

"What's wrong?" She noticed the strange expression on David's face.

David handed her the jade slip with a map. "Take a look at this."

Jiang Xuelan took the jade slip, probed it with her divine sense, and after a moment, looked up, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes: "The Northern Abyss? The ruins of the Ice God lineage?"

"You know this place?"

Jiang Xuelan shook her head. "No. Although I am a descendant of the Ice God lineage, I don't know anything about the ruins of a place like the Eighteenth Heaven."

She paused. "You want to go?"

Chapter 6550

Just as David was about to speak, a frail and aged voice suddenly echoed in his mind.

"Bei Ming Han Yuan..."

The voice was soft, as if coming from a distant place, carrying a weariness born of countless vicissitudes.

It was Bei Ming Yuan, the remnant soul of the Ice God lineage's ancestor.

"Senior?" David responded in his mind.

"That place... was once a branch altar of the Ice God lineage in the Eighteenth Heaven."

Bei Ming Yuan's voice was broken, as if he were trying to recall, "The Ice God lineage once had influence in every heaven, was incredibly prosperous, and was highly revered among the gods. I once stayed in Bei Ming Han Yuan for a time, but alas... alas, the Ice God lineage now..."

His voice carried an undisguised pain.

"Is the Ice God's legacy still there?" David asked.

Bei Ming Yuan remained silent for a long time.

So long that David thought he had fallen into a deep sleep again.

Then his voice rang out again, even weaker than before: "I don't know. So many years have passed, who could know..."

He paused, "However... I sensed a trace of the Ice God's bloodline deep within the Northern Abyss. It's very faint, like... there are still members of the clan alive."

David's heart skipped a beat.

There are still members of the clan alive?

"Senior, are you sure?"

"Not sure."

Bei Mingyuan's voice grew softer and softer, as if he were speaking with his last strength, "That trace of aura is too weak. It could be an illusion, a remnant soul, or... a seal. But in any case, there must be something of the Ice God's lineage there. Otherwise, my remnant soul wouldn't have sensed it."

After saying this, Bei Mingyuan's voice completely disappeared, and his sea of consciousness fell silent again.

David opened his eyes and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan was staring at him, her eyes questioning.

"Senior Bei Ming said," David repeated Bei Mingyuan's words, "that there is still a trace of the Ice God lineage's bloodline deep within the Bei Ming Cold Abyss, and some clansmen may still be alive."

Jiang Xuelan's hand trembled slightly, the teacup in her hand swayed, and a few drops of tea splashed onto the back of her hand.

She didn't speak, but David could see the turmoil in her eyes.

In the seventeenth heaven, only the branch of the Ice God lineage, the Divine Abyss Pavilion, and the lineage of the Profound Ice Venerable, numbered no more than a few hundred people.

If there were still clansmen alive in the eighteenth heaven, it would be of great significance to the Ice God lineage.

"The map says that the Bei Ming Cold Abyss is an extremely cold forbidden land, where even Golden Immortals cannot stay for long,"

David said thoughtfully, "but we have the bloodline and cultivation techniques of the Ice God lineage, so we should be able to withstand it. Whether you go or not is your decision."

Jiang Xuelan lowered her head, looking at the swaying teacup in her hand, and remained silent for a moment.

Then she raised her head, her eyes devoid of emotion, only resolute: "Go."

"Alright."

David stood up from the futon, carefully putting away the map jade slip and the guest elder token. "Rest tonight, we'll set off early tomorrow morning."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, taking her teacup back to her room.

David closed the door, sat back down on the futon, but didn't enter meditation.

He took out the silver-white guest elder token, turning it over and over in his palm for a long time.

The Void Merchant Guild's timing for this gift was impeccable.

Just when he had finished a tough battle and needed rest and intelligence, they delivered a map so precise it was chilling.

Every piece of information marked on this map seemed to be telling him—look, the Eighteen Heavens are vast, the enemies are numerous, and danger is everywhere. But it's alright, we have all the information you need, and if you're willing, we can become your most reliable friend.

"Friend," David murmured, a meaningful smile curving his lips.

He put the token back into his storage bag, closed his eyes, and slowly activated the Mind Concentration Technique, circulating spiritual energy through his meridians to replenish the chaotic energy consumed in today's battle, bit by bit. Ten miles outside Fire Crow City, in an abandoned mountain god temple,

Su Jingqiu sat beneath a broken statue, toying with a silver-white teleportation jade talisman.

A faint spatial power flowed within the talisman; if she infused it with spiritual energy, it could instantly teleport her to a safe area tens of thousands of miles away.

She didn't use it.

Not because she wasn't worried about danger, but because she knew David wouldn't harm her.

At least not now.

"The things have been delivered," she murmured to herself, her voice echoing in the temple.

She took a bronze mirror from her storage bag, its surface reflecting Wu Yuan's face.

"Guild Master, the gift has been delivered."

"He accepted it?" Wu Yuan's voice came from the mirror.

"He accepted it. The map and the token." Su Jingqiu paused, "But he accepted them calmly, without asking any questions or showing any emotion. This person... is more difficult to deal with than we expected."

Wu Yuan on the other side of the mirror was silent for a moment, then smiled.

"If he's not difficult to deal with, I'll find it boring. Continue to observe, don't reveal your identity, and only appear when he needs help."

"Understood."

Su Jingqiu put away the bronze mirror, stood up from under the dilapidated statue, and dusted off her skirt.

She walked to the entrance of the mountain god temple, gazing at the lights of Fire Crow City in the distance, a complex expression flashing in her eyes.

She was the vice president of the Void Merchant Guild, a third-grade Golden Immortal, skilled in disguise and social interaction, and had carried out countless missions without ever failing.

But this time, she felt an inexplicable unease.

The boy's eyes were too calm.

Calm like a hunter patiently waiting for his prey to walk into the trap, rather than a prey being targeted by three major forces simultaneously.

...

Meanwhile, in an inconspicuous house on the other side of Fire Crow City.

Yun Yi sat cross-legged on a simple wooden bed, a wooden sword resting on his lap, his eyes slightly closed.

His divine sense was like an invisible net, covering the entire Fire Crow City, and the aura of every cultivator in the city was within his perception.

David's aura was steady and deep in the small inn north of the city; he was cultivating.

Jiang Xuelan's aura was in the next room; she was also cultivating.

The woman who delivered the storage bag had already left Fire Crow City, lingering briefly at the Mountain God Temple ten miles outside the city before heading south towards the Void Merchant Guild's Heavenly City.

People from the Void Merchant Guild.

Yun Yi opened his eyes, his handsome face expressionless.

He had witnessed the entire battle between David and the Flame God Palace in the Fallen God Wasteland, from Yan Po's arrival with his army to David's

slaying of Yan Po with a single sword strike, repelling the Flame Tiger and Flame Leopard, and annihilating thirty Flame Dragon Guards—he saw every detail clearly.

He didn't show himself.

Not because he didn't want to, but because he couldn't.

The Flame God Palace had planted spies in the Fallen God Wasteland, and the Void Merchant Guild was also secretly observing.

If he had appeared at that time, with representatives from all three major forces present, the situation would have become extremely complicated, potentially even triggering an uncontrollable conflict.

That was not what True Immortal Jade Void wanted to see.

"To kill a peak third-grade Golden Immortal with a single sword strike,"

Yun Yi murmured to himself, his fingers lightly tracing the blade of his wooden sword

. "An eighth-grade True Immortal, to kill an opponent a whole grade higher, and that's with the opponent burning their essence blood. This kind of combat power..." He didn't finish his sentence, but a rare hint of solemnity flashed in his eyes.

He was the most outstanding disciple of this generation of the Daoist sect, a second-grade Golden Immortal, already considered one of the top existences among the younger generation of the Eighteenth Heaven.

But if he were to face Yan Po, he was confident of victory, but he absolutely could not kill him with a single sword strike.

Nor could he annihilate thirty first-grade Golden Immortal elites within ten breaths. This young man named David was four minor realms lower in cultivation than him.

Yun Yi closed his eyes, withdrew his divine sense, and continued to wait quietly.

True Master Yu Xu had said he would appear by his side when he needed help.

Now was not the time, but he knew that moment was not far off.

The aftershocks of the battle in the Fallen God Wasteland would soon spread throughout the entire Eighteen Heavens. The Flame God Palace had lost its Grand Elder and thirty elites; this grudge could not go unavenged.

The Hall of Light was definitely watching too.

The Void Merchant Guild's true colors would be revealed sooner or later.

And David, this young man who had stirred up the entire Eighteen Heavens upon his arrival, would soon find himself being watched by countless eyes.

At that time, he would need not only force, but also allies.

And Qingyun Cave Heaven was his best choice.

Outside the window, two of the three blazing suns had already set, leaving only the last silvery-white moon hanging high in the sky.

The silvery moonlight shone on the black stone walls of Fire Crow City, enveloping the entire city in a cold, silvery glow.

In the distance, towards the Fallen God's Wasteland, the dark red sand turned a deep brown under the moonlight. Scattered skeletons and battle remnants loomed in the night, like a silent tombstone.

David opened his eyes in the inn.

His purple eyes shone in the darkness, like two burning purple flames.

He rose from the futon, walked to the window, and opened it.

The silvery moonlight shone on his face, outlining his features as if carved by a knife.

He gazed north, towards the direction marked "Northern Abyss of Cold Nether" on the map, his purple eyes reflecting the distant horizon.

There, the clouds hung low, and a faint, ethereal, icy blue halo could be seen, like the aurora frozen for millennia, silently flowing in the night.

The Ice God lineage.

He murmured these two words in his heart.

In his sea of consciousness, the remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan had completely subsided, without a trace of movement. However, David could sense that the remnant soul was still there, but it was too weak, and each awakening consumed his remaining strength.

"Bei Ming Han Yuan," David said softly, "I hope what you are looking for is really there."

He closed the window, sat back on the futon, and fully activated the Mind Concentration Technique, causing the chaotic power to surge through his meridians.

The next morning, as the first golden sun peeked over the eastern horizon, Fire Crow City awoke in the dawn.

The silvery moon had not yet fully set, and the crimson sun had just revealed half of its arc. The three suns hung in the sky simultaneously, enveloping the entire city in a magnificent golden, silver, and red light.

David opened his eyes from his meditation. After

a night of cultivation, the chaotic power had surged through his meridians for a full six hours. The barrier of the mid-stage of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm had shown signs of loosening, but there was still a distance to go before a breakthrough.

The resources required for the power of chaos are far too vast. Relying solely on meditation and cultivation, it would likely take years, even decades, to break through to a minor realm.

He needs more resources, more battles, and more opportunities.

And the Northern Abyss might just be the next opportunity.

David stood up, stretched his limbs, and his bones crackled slightly.

He walked to the window and opened it, the cool morning breeze carrying the bustling atmosphere of the city rushing in.

Many cultivators were already walking on the streets, and vendors were setting up their stalls, their shouts rising and falling.

Smoke curled from the chimney of the three-story stone building in the center of the city, filling the air with the aroma of roasted spirit beast meat and spirit wine.

A slight noise came from the next room; it was Jiang Xuelan getting up.

A moment later, a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in."

Jiang Xuelan pushed open the door, already dressed in clean white clothes, her long hair tied back up, and the silver-white longsword hanging at her waist.

Her complexion was much better than yesterday; a night's rest had helped her recover from the exhaustion of the Fallen God Wasteland, and her eyes regained their usual cool gleam.

"Let's go."

David checked the supplies in his storage bag; there were still quite a few pills left, and enough crystals as well.