A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6606

He wouldn't gain anything by going alone.

He needed help.

And the Flame God Palace was the best helper.

Han Qianshan led his men straight to the Flame God Palace.

…

The Flame God Palace.

Yan Wuji sat on the Flame God Throne, holding a newly delivered intelligence report, his crimson-gold eyes filled with shock.

The report stated that the Void Merchant Guild had sent a special envoy from the 19th Heaven to the mortal realm, led by Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, to investigate the deaths of Wu Yuan and Su Jingqiu.

They had already visited the outer reaches of the Azure Cloud Mountains and the Northern Netherworld Abyss, and were now on their way to the Flame God Palace.

Yan Wuji's head was about to explode.

David was already enough of a headache, and now there was another special envoy from the Void Merchant Guild.

Moreover, this special envoy was a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, a minor realm higher than him, and far stronger than him.

“Palace Master, what should we do?” An elder knelt in the hall, his face pale.

Yan Wuji remained silent for a long time.

“Let them come,” he finally spoke, his voice calm. “I want to see what the Void Merchant Guild is up to.”

Three days later, Han Qianshan arrived at the Flame God Palace with his entourage.

Yan Wuji personally came out of the palace to greet him, his face beaming with smiles, as warm as if he were seeing a long-lost brother.

“Special Envoy Han’s presence is an honor to the Flame God Palace!” Yan Wuji bowed respectfully, his posture extremely humble.

Han Qianshan looked at Yan Wuji, his crimson-gold eyes devoid of emotion.

“Palace Master Yan, I have come to investigate the cause of death of President Wu and Vice President Su. Vice President Su died at the hands of your Flame God Palace people. How do you intend to explain this?”

Yan Wuji’s smile froze for a moment, but quickly returned to normal.

“Envoy Han, I only learned of this later.”

His voice carried a hint of helplessness. “Vice President Su was killed by my Deputy Palace Master Yan Huo and his men. But Yan Huo is already dead, he died in the ancient battlefield. I have no way to hand him over.”

“Dead?” Han Qianshan frowned. “How did he die?”

Yan Wuji shook his head. “I don’t know. Yan Huo led his men to hunt down David, entered the ancient battlefield, and then never came out again. Like President Wu, he died inside.”

Han Qianshan was silent for a moment.

Yan Huo was dead too.

David came out, Wu Yuan was dead, Yan Huo was dead, dozens of elite cultivators of the Divine Race were all dead.

Only David came out alive.

Han Qianshan had a guess in his mind: the deaths of Wu Yuan and Yan Huo might have been done by David.

David killed them, seized their resources, and then left the ancient battlefield alone.

If this guess was true, then David’s methods were terrifying.

“Where is David now?” Han Qianshan asked.

“He’s in Qingyun Cave Heaven,”

Yan Wuji said. “He led three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven to destroy the Bright Hall and kill the Holy Light Celestial Venerable. Now the entire Eighteen Heavens knows his name. He will come to the Flame God Palace sooner or later, I know that.”

A cold glint flashed in Han Qianshan’s eyes.

“Palace Master Yan, let’s make a deal.”

Yan Wuji’s eyes narrowed slightly. “What deal?”

“The Void Merchant Guild and your Flame God Palace will join forces to kill David.”

Han Qianshan’s voice was calm, but it carried a chilling killing intent. “The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the power of chaos, and the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace on David’s person will all belong to the Void Merchant Guild. We will split the other treasures on David’s person. The Void Merchant Guild will guarantee the safety of the Flame God Palace.”

Yan Wuji fell silent.

He knew what Han Qianshan meant. The Void Merchant Guild wanted the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace, while the Flame God Palace wanted peace.

If they could kill David, the Flame God Palace could rest easy.

But was David easy to kill?

If an eighth-grade True Immortal could kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal like the Holy Light Celestial Venerable, what level would David reach now that his cultivation has broken through?

Yan Wuji dared not imagine.

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“Envoy Han, are you confident?” Yan Wuji asked.

Han Qianshan’s lips curled into a cold smile. “I am a sixth-grade Golden Immortal. Even if David breaks through, he’s only a first-grade Golden Immortal. I can crush a first-grade Golden Immortal with one hand.”

A sixth-grade Golden Immortal against a first-grade Golden Immortal is indeed overwhelming.

But David is no ordinary first-grade Golden Immortal.

Yan Wuji opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately said nothing.

He needed the help of the Void Merchant Guild.

Without the Void Merchant Guild, he couldn't deal with David alone.

The three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven, plus David who could kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, were simply too much for the Flame God Palace to handle.

"Alright." Yan Wuji nodded. "I agree. The Void Merchant Guild and the Flame God Palace will join forces to kill David."

Han Qianshan nodded in satisfaction.

"Then we'll wait. We'll wait for David to come to us."

…

Meanwhile, at Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower, David opened his eyes, a glint of light flashing in his purple pupils.

Nearly ten years had passed inside the tower, while almost forty days had passed outside.

His cultivation had broken through from the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm to the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. His chaotic power was several times more refined than before, and the seed of the spatial laws had already sprouted within his body.

It was time to emerge from seclusion.

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

He put away the Demon-Suppressing Tower and stepped out.

On the Enlightenment Cliff, silvery moonlight bathed the cliff top, enveloping the entire cliff in a silvery glow.

A night wind blew from the north, carrying a chill—the cold air emanating from the Northern Abyss, which could still be felt even thousands of miles away.

Jade Void True Man sat cross-legged on the edge of the Enlightenment Cliff, his white hair and beard fluttering in the night wind, his blue Daoist robe gleaming faintly in the moonlight.

His eyes were closed, as if in deep meditation, but David knew that his divine sense covered the entire Enlightenment Cliff, and no movement could escape his perception.

Sensing David's aura, True Man Yu Xu opened his eyes and turned his head.

His gaze fell on David, a hint of shock flashing in his aged eyes.

First Rank Golden Immortal.

Forty days ago, when David entered the Demon Suppression Tower, he was only at the Ninth Rank True Immortal.

Forty days later, when he came out, he was already at the First Rank Golden Immortal.

Forty days, he had crossed a major rank.

Such a cultivation speed had never appeared in the history of the Daoist sect.

Even the ancestors of the Daoist sect had not been this fast.

“Mr. Chen, you…” True Man Yu Xu’s voice was a little hoarse.

David nodded, “First Rank Golden Immortal. Thank you for guarding the pass, True Man.”

True Man Yu Xu stood up, walked to David, and looked him up and down.

He could sense that the chaotic power within David’s body was several times stronger than before. That power was as deep as an abyss and as heavy as a mountain; even he, a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, felt a sense of oppression.

“Mr. Chen, what level of combat strength do you possess now?” Jade Void Master asked.

David was silent for a moment, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

“Below the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, one sword strike. Above the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm…” He paused, “I haven’t fought them, so I don’t know.”

Jade Void Master’s lips twitched slightly.

Below the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, one sword strike.

In the entire Eighteenth Heaven, only David dared to say such a thing.

“Where is Miss Jiang?” David asked, “Has she emerged from seclusion?”

Jade Void Master nodded, “Miss Jiang emerged from seclusion three days ago. She broke through to the third grade of the Golden Immortal realm. She is currently cultivating in the back mountain, saying she’s waiting for you to emerge.”

Third grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

A slight smile curved David’s lips.

Jiang Xuelan had not disappointed him.

He turned and walked towards the back mountain.

Behind the mountain is a lush bamboo forest, through which flows a clear stream. The stream water flows down from the mountain, splashing white water droplets on the pebbles. Deep within the bamboo forest stood a simple bamboo hut, in front of which lay a clearing paved with moss-covered flagstones.

Jiang Xuelan stood there, her long, icy-white dress billowing gently in the morning breeze, her ink-black hair tied back with an icy-blue hairpin.

She was surrounded by an icy-blue light, a chill emanating from her that seemed to freeze the surrounding air into tiny ice crystals.

Her eyes were closed, as if in deep meditation.

Sensing David's presence, she opened her eyes, a glint of light flashing in her icy-blue pupils.

"You've emerged from seclusion?" Her voice was soft, yet carried an undisguised joy.

David walked up to her, scrutinizing her from head to toe.

Golden Immortal Realm, Rank Three.

Her aura was several times stronger than before; her Ice God Power was more refined and purer.

The Ice God Bloodline within her had been activated to its peak, just one step away from achieving the perfect Ice God Body.

"Not bad." David nodded. "Golden Immortal Realm, third rank. What level of combat strength do you have now?"

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, a thoughtful look flashing in her icy blue eyes.

“Below the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, I should be able to win. Above the fourth rank…” She paused, “I might not be able to beat them, but I can run away.”

David’s lips curled slightly.

Being able to run away is also a skill.

Although you are now at the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, your aura is still unstable. I will use bloodline fusion to help you stabilize your aura.

Upon hearing this, Jiang Xuelan immediately smiled.

“You don’t need to do that. Just say you want to do it. Why make excuses…”

Jiang Xuelan said, slowly taking off her clothes.

David smiled and pounced on her.

Jiang Xuelan only felt waves of heat surging through her body, feeling extremely comfortable.

A day later, David got up.

“Let’s go. We’re going to the Flame God Palace.”

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, her icy white dress fluttering gently in the morning breeze, her long hair flying in the wind.

In the main hall of the Taoist temple, Master Yuxu had already gathered three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

The three hundred disciples stood neatly in the square in front of the main hall, their blue Taoist robes gleaming faintly in the morning light. Three hundred longswords were drawn simultaneously, their light flashing in the sunlight like a blue forest of swords.

Their faces wore solemn expressions, their eyes blazing with fierce fighting spirit.

The Bright Palace had been destroyed; next was the Flame God Palace.

If they could destroy the Flame God Palace, Qingyun Cave Heaven would be the strongest force in the Eighteen Heavens.

The Taoist sect could then rise again, breaking the suppression of the gods for hundreds of thousands of years.

Master Yuxu stood on the high platform, his white hair and beard fluttering in the morning breeze, his blue Taoist robe gleaming faintly in the sunlight.

His gaze swept over the three hundred disciples, a hint of satisfaction flashing in his aged eyes.

“Let’s go.” His voice was not loud, but it clearly reached everyone’s ears.

The three hundred disciples turned simultaneously and walked towards the mountain gate.

David walked at the head of the group, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, his purple eyes fixed on the southeast.

That was the direction of the Flame God Palace,

his target.

Unbeknownst to him, two groups were waiting for him within the Flame God Palace:

Han Qianshan of the Void Merchant Guild, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal; and

Yan Wuji of the Flame God Palace, a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal.

The two groups had joined forces, laying a trap, waiting for him to walk right into it.

But David didn't care.

He possessed the power of chaos, the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the protection of a fully-fledged Golden Body, and the seed of spatial laws.

A sixth-grade Golden Immortal? So what?

One sword wasn't enough, then two.

Two swords weren't enough, then three.

He refused to believe he couldn't kill him.

Chapter 6608

The gates of Qingyun Cave Heaven opened wide, with two rows of disciples standing guard on either side, each holding a green lantern, respectfully seeing off their sect leader as he embarked on his campaign.

The flames in the lanterns flickered in the morning breeze, tinging the golden morning light with a bluish glow, as if the entire mountain gate was praying for the departing warriors.

David passed through the gates and stepped onto the bluestone path, his steps steady and swift, each stride covering several meters, yet landing with an extremely soft sound, almost imperceptible.

Jade Void Master and Jiang Xuelan followed closely behind, followed by three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

The procession moved swiftly along the bluestone path, like a long, blue dragon winding through the mountains.

The morning breeze blew, causing their Daoist robes to flutter, and their longswords clinked lightly at their waists, producing a crisp, ringing sound that echoed through the silent forest.

The Flame God Palace was located in the Flame Mountain Range, southeast of the Eighteenth Heaven, a mountain range stretching for tens of thousands of miles, with towering peaks and treacherous terrain.

Beneath the Flaming Mountains, nine earth fire spiritual veins converge, their fire-attribute spiritual energy so dense it's almost tangible, making it an ideal place to cultivate fire-attribute techniques.

The Flame God Palace occupies the core area of the Flaming Mountains, where this spiritual energy is most abundant. Its palace grounds stretch for hundreds of miles, with pavilions and towers standing side by side. The magnificent palace, resplendent in gold, appears and disappears in the red spiritual mist, like a celestial palace burning in flames.

The entire Flame God Palace is shrouded by a massive protective array. The array's spiritual energy barrier shimmers with a crimson-gold light under the sunlight, like an inverted giant bowl, completely enveloping the entire palace grounds.

This array is called the Flame Heavenly Divine Fire Array, an ancient array set up by the ancestors of the Flame God Palace over tens of thousands of years, exhausting three of the nine earth fire spiritual veins.

Once activated, the array can unleash divine fire capable of scorching the heavens and boiling the seas; cultivators below the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm are instantly killed upon contact, and even powerful experts

above the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm find it difficult to break the array in a short time.

At this moment, the Flame God's Divine Fire Array was fully activated. The crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier was several times thicker than usual, its light so dazzling that it was impossible to look directly at it.

In the plaza in front of the main hall of the Flame God Palace, thousands of disciples stood in neat formation. Their crimson armor gleamed with a blood-red light in the sunlight, and the spears, swords, and sabers in their hands gleamed coldly in the morning light.

Their faces were filled with a murderous expression, their eyes burning with fighting spirit, but deep within their eyes lay a trace of barely perceptible fear.

David's name had spread throughout the entire Eighteen Heavens.

An eighth-grade True Immortal had slain a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, the Holy Light Celestial Venerable, and led three hundred disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven to raze the Bright Hall, massacring the entire sect in blood.

Such achievements were enough to instill fear in anyone.

Yan Wuji stood on the high platform, his crimson-gold armor gleaming blindingly in the sunlight. The armor was covered with flame runes, each rune slowly rotating and releasing a scorching aura.

In his hand he gripped a crimson-gold longsword, its blade ablaze with flames—the Flame Emperor Sword, the treasure of the Flame God Palace, said to be the personal sword of the ancient Flame Emperor, imbued with a wisp of his divine will, possessing boundless power.

Beside him stood a burly middle-aged man, his face resolute, a silver mark between his brows—the insignia of a high-ranking

member of the Void Merchant Guild. Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal and Inspector of the Void Merchant Guild.

Behind Han Qianshan stood over thirty Void Merchant Guild cultivators in silver-white robes, each at least a third-grade Golden Immortal.

Their faces were expressionless, their eyes devoid of emotion, like a group of cold statues; only the oppressive aura emanating from them proved they were alive.

That oppressive aura coalesced into an invisible mountain pressing down on the plaza, making it almost impossible for the Flame God Palace disciples to breathe.

Yan Wuji wore a smug smile, his eyes gleaming with smugness.

Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal from the Void Merchant Guild, along with over thirty elite Golden Immortals, thousands of disciples and dozens of elders from his Flame God Palace, and the Flame Heaven Divine Fire Array.

With this lineup, he wouldn't fear even if the entire Azure Cloud Cave Heaven were to mobilize, let alone David.

"Palace Master, David has arrived."

A scout flew in from afar, landing before the high platform, kneeling on one knee, his voice trembling slightly. Yan Wuji's eyes narrowed slightly, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold pupils.

"How many people have come?"

"Over three hundred. All the disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven have been mobilized. David is leading the group."

A cold smile curled at the corner of Yan Wuji's lips.

“Over three hundred? With just this many people, you think you can raze my Yan Shen Palace to the ground?” His voice was filled with disdain. “I’d like to see what David is capable of.”

Han Qianshan stood to the side, his crimson-gold eyes gazing into the distance, saying nothing.

His divine sense had already sensed David’s aura—a deep, abyss-like, heavy, and oppressive aura that sent chills down one’s spine.

First-grade Golden Immortal.

Forty days ago, David was only eighth-grade True Immortal.

Forty days later, he had broken through to the first grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

This speed of cultivation even made Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, feel a chill.

But he quickly suppressed that chill.

Between the first and sixth ranks of the Golden Immortal Realm lies five minor realms, each a formidable chasm.

Even if David were incredibly powerful, he couldn’t possibly challenge someone across five minor realms.

He was a sixth-rank Golden Immortal, not a fifth-rank Golden Immortal like the Holy Light Celestial Venerable.

Thinking this, Han Qianshan felt reassured.

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David’s group stopped at the outer edge of the Flame Mountain Range.

Three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven lined up at the foot of the mountain, their azure robes standing out starkly against the red spiritual mist. Their longswords were drawn simultaneously, their light shimmering in the sunlight like a forest of azure swords.

David stood at the very front of the group, his purple eyes gazing at the Flame God Palace atop the distant mountain peak. His gaze pierced through the layers of spiritual mist, landing on the massive crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier. The

Flame Heaven Capital Divine Fire Array.

He had heard of this array before—an ancient relic, its power boundless. It was said that even a sixth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert would find it difficult to break it in a short time.

But David's lips merely curled into a cold smile.

A grand formation?

Before him, no grand formation was unbreakable with a single sword strike.

If one couldn't, then two strikes would suffice.

"Let's go."

David lifted his foot and walked up the mountain, his pace neither fast nor slow, each step firm and heavy.

Jade Void Master and Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, one on each side. Three hundred disciples filed forward, a long, cyan dragon winding its way along the red mountain path, their Daoist robes fluttering in the spiritual mist, their longswords jingling at their waists.

The spiritual trees lining the mountain path were laden with fiery red spiritual fruits, appearing and disappearing in the spiritual mist, radiating a scorching heat.

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The branches and leaves of the spirit tree swayed gently in the morning breeze, rustling softly, like whispers or a prelude to the impending slaughter.

The procession moved smoothly without encountering any obstacles.

The Flame God Palace was clearly prepared; all its disciples had retreated into the palace grounds, waiting for David to walk right into their trap.

Moments later, David's group arrived at the Flame God Palace's mountain gate.

The gate stood dozens of feet tall, crafted entirely from crimson-gold flame crystal. Lifelike fire beasts were carved into the pillars, each beast's eyes made of genuine, top-grade fire spirit crystal, shimmering with intense heat in the sunlight.

Above the gate hung a massive plaque bearing three large characters—Flame God Palace.

The characters were carved with the power of the laws of fire, each one slowly burning, releasing a scorching aura.

The mountain gate was tightly shut, a crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier completely enveloping the entire palace. Countless fiery runes flowed across the barrier, each slowly rotating and releasing terrifying heat.

David stopped before the gate, his purple eyes fixed on the spiritual energy barrier, devoid of any emotion.

“Yan Wuji, come out.”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it clearly reached the ears of everyone in the Flame God Palace, like an invisible sword piercing through the spiritual energy barrier of the Flame Heavenly God Fire Array, echoing across the plaza in front of the main hall.

A moment later, a crack slowly appeared in the spiritual energy barrier on the mountain gate, and Yan Wuji emerged, followed by Han Qianshan and a group of cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild, and behind them, dozens of elders and thousands of disciples of the Flame God Palace.

Yan Wuji stood before the gate, his crimson-gold armor gleaming blindingly in the sunlight. He gripped the Flame Emperor Sword, its blade ablaze with flames that distorted the surrounding air.

A smug smile played on his lips, his eyes gleaming with pride as he sized David up and down, a contemptuous curve forming at the corner of his mouth.

“David, you’ve finally arrived,” Yan Wuji said, his voice thick with disdain. “I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

David stared at Yan Wuji, his purple eyes utterly still, like a stagnant pool.

“Yan Wuji, I’ve come to kill you.”

His voice was calm, so calm it didn’t sound like a declaration of war, but rather a statement of fact.

Yan Wuji paused, then burst into laughter, the sound echoing before the mountain gate, causing the surrounding spiritual trees to tremble.

“Kill me?”

Yan Wuji laughed breathlessly. “David, what do you think you can use to kill me? Just these three hundred pieces of trash behind you?”

His gaze swept over the Qingyun Cave disciples behind David, his contempt deepening.

“Three hundred juniors below the third rank of Golden Immortal, plus you, a first-rank Golden Immortal, and Jade Void True Person, a fifth-rank Golden Immortal, and you think you can flatten my Flame God Palace?”

Yan Wuji’s voice was filled with sarcasm. “David, aren’t you overestimating yourself?”

He raised the Flame Emperor Sword in his hand, the tip pointing at David. The flames on the sword suddenly shot up several feet, and the scorching heat swept in all directions, burning the surrounding spiritual wood branches and leaves until they were charred and curled.

“Look behind me!”

Yan Wuji’s voice was filled with an almost manic smugness. “Thousands of disciples of the Flame God Palace, dozens of elders, nearly a hundred experts above the third rank of Golden Immortal! Envoy Han, a sixth-rank Golden Immortal from the Void Merchant Guild, and more than thirty elites of the Golden Immortal realm! And the Flame Heaven Capital Divine Fire Array!”

His voice grew louder and more smug, and his crimson-gold eyes flashed with a mad light.

“David, do you think you still have a chance of winning? Do you think you can leave alive?”

David looked at Yan Wuji, his purple eyes still devoid of any emotion. His gaze shifted from Yan Wuji to Han Qianshan.

Han Qianshan stood half a step behind Yan Wuji, his crimson-gold eyes also scrutinizing David. His eyes showed no emotion, but David could sense a hint of apprehension deep within them.

This apprehension wasn't due to David's cultivation level, but rather the unfathomable aura emanating from him.

A first-grade Golden Immortal cultivation level, yet it made David, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, feel uneasy.

This was abnormal.

"You're the special envoy of the Void Merchant Guild?" David asked Han Qianshan calmly.

Han Qianshan nodded slightly. "Inspector of the Void Merchant Guild, Han Qianshan."

David nodded, his purple eyes meeting Han Qianshan's directly, his gaze devoid of hostility, only a calmly scrutinizing gaze.

"Envoy Han, have you thought it through?"

Han Qianshan's brows furrowed slightly. "Thought it through what?"

"Thought it through cooperating with the Flame God Palace." David's voice remained calm. "Thought it through making me your enemy."

A cold glint flashed in Han Qianshan's eyes, but he remained silent.

David continued, his voice unhurried, as if chatting with an old friend.

"Envoy Han, I know your Void Merchant Guild is investigating Wu Yuan's death. I also know you suspect I killed Wu Yuan. That's right, I killed Wu Yuan."

Upon hearing this, the thirty-odd Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind Han Qianshan changed color simultaneously, their auras suddenly unleashed, like mountains pressing down on the plaza.

Han Qianshan's hands clenched slightly, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

David looked into Han Qianshan's eyes, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"But Envoy Han, have you considered one thing?"

"What thing?" Han Qianshan's voice was cold.

"Why did Wu Yuan want to kill me?"

David's voice was soft, but every word was like a nail driven into Han Qianshan's heart. "He's the president of the Void Merchant Guild, and I'm just a rogue cultivator. We have no enmity, no grudge. Why did he want to kill me?"

Han Qianshan was silent for a moment. "Because he wanted what you had. The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the power of chaos, the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace."

"That's right."

David nodded. "He wanted what I had, so he wanted to kill me. I killed him because I didn't want to die. That's perfectly normal; the strong prey on the weak, it's only natural."

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

"But now, Envoy Han, you want to avenge him. Have you considered what you'll gain by avenging him?"

Han Qianshan remained silent.

David continued, his voice carrying an irrefutable logic.

“If you kill me, you will obtain the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the Power of Chaos, and the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace. These things are indeed very precious, precious enough to tempt anyone. But Envoy Han, have you considered another possibility?”

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What’s possible?” Han Qianshan’s voice was somewhat hoarse.

“You won’t kill me,”

David’s voice was calm. “You’ll cooperate with me. I’ll give your Void Merchant Guild what you want, and your Void Merchant Guild will give me the protection I need. That way, you’ll gain more than you could from killing me.”

Han Qianshan’s pupils contracted slightly.

David looked into his eyes and continued,

“Killing me will only give you what I currently possess. But if you cooperate with me, what you can gain is limitless.

The Daoist sect has a total of one hundred and eight Daoist techniques, and the Great Luo Golden Scripture is just one of them. I’ve only unlocked a small part of the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace. The value of these things will continuously increase as my cultivation level improves.”

A cold smile curled at the corner of his lips.

“Killing me will give you inanimate objects. Cooperating with me will give you living things. Killing me will only give you the present.

Cooperating with me will give you the future. Envoy Han, you're a businessman; you should know better than me which choice is more worthwhile."

Han Qianshan fell silent.

His brows furrowed into a deep frown, and his crimson-gold eyes gleamed with complex emotions—hesitation, wavering, and struggle.

Every word David said was true.

Wu Yuan was dead; a dead guild leader was of no value to the Void Merchant Guild.

Offending a young man with limitless potential for the sake of a dead man was a bad deal no matter how you looked at it.

But if they let David go, what would become of the Void Merchant Guild's reputation?

Han Qianshan was caught in a dilemma.

Yan Wuji, seeing the hesitation on Han Qianshan's face, felt a sudden pang of unease.

He knew that if Han Qianshan was swayed by David, his Flame God Palace was finished.

He had to stop it.

"Envoy Han, don't listen to him!"

Yan Wuji's voice was filled with anxiety. "David is lying to you! He's telling the truth! He's trying to sow discord between us!"

Yan Wuji turned to look at Han Qianshan, his crimson-gold eyes filled with urgency.

“Envoy Han, think about it. David killed Wu Yuan, that’s an undeniable fact! If your Void Merchant Guild lets him go like this, how will you maintain your standing in the Heavenly Realm?

What will other forces think of you? They’ll say the Void Merchant Guild is nothing special, their guild leader didn’t even dare to seek revenge after being killed!”

Han Qianshan’s brows furrowed

even more. Yan Wuji was right.

If David were let go like this, the Void Merchant Guild’s reputation would suffer a severe blow.

“And Envoy Han, think about it,”

Yan Wuji continued, his voice growing increasingly urgent, “David is fickle and ruthless. He even dared to kill Wu Yuan, what wouldn’t he dare to do? If you let him go today, he’ll turn his back on you tomorrow! You can’t trust this kind of person!”

Han Qianshan remained silent for a long time, his crimson-gold eyes scanning back and forth between David and Yan Wuji.

David looked at Han Qianshan, his purple eyes showing no urgency, no tension, only an extreme calmness.

He was waiting for Han Qianshan to make a choice.

No matter what Han Qianshan chooses, he has a way to deal with it.

If Han Qianshan chooses to cooperate, that would be best, saving a bloodbath.

If Han Qianshan chooses to be an enemy, that doesn't matter either; killing one is killing, killing a group is killing too.

The silence lasted a long time.

The air in front of the mountain gate seemed to freeze; everyone held their breath, waiting for Han Qianshan's decision. Yan Wuji's palms were sweating, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on Han Qianshan, filled with anticipation and tension.

Behind him, the thousands of disciples of the Flame God Palace were also incredibly nervous, their weapons gripping so tightly they cracked.

The three hundred Qingyun Cave Heaven disciples behind David remained calm; with their sect leader standing in front, they feared nothing.

Finally, Han Qianshan spoke.

"David, what you said makes a lot of sense."

Yan Wuji's expression changed abruptly.

"However," Han Qianshan's tone shifted, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes, "Wu Yuan is a member of my Void Merchant Guild. He's dead, and we can't ignore it. Otherwise, where will the Void Merchant Guild's reputation be?" Yan

Wuji's face instantly lit up with wild joy, his eyes gleaming with the light of relief.

David looked at Han Qianshan, his purple eyes remaining completely unmoved.

“So, Envoy Han means to avenge Wu Yuan?”

Han Qianshan nodded. “David, I apologize.”

His voice carried a hint of apology, but it was so faint it was almost imperceptible.

David’s lips curled into a cold smile.

“Alright.”

His voice was calm, a calmness that sent chills down one’s spine.

“Envoy Han, I want you to wait a little longer.” Han Qianshan

frowned. “Wait for what?”

David raised his right hand, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

“Wait and see what my strength is. If you make a move and fail to kill me, and instead get killed by me, wouldn’t that be a huge loss?”

After David finished speaking, Han Qianshan was truly stunned.

He genuinely didn’t know David’s strength, but judging from David’s calm and collected demeanor, David must have a killing move, otherwise he wouldn’t be so composed.

Seeing that Han Qianshan didn’t move, David slowly drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

A purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, shot from David’s waist, slicing through the sky with a destructive force, and slashed towards the Flame God Palace’s Flame Heavenly Divine Fire Array.

Wherever the sword light passed, space was torn open with black rifts, from which surged violent spatial turbulence, engulfing all the surrounding spiritual trees and rocks.

The purple sword light collided with the crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier.

Boom—

a deafening roar erupted, the entire Flame Mountain Range trembled violently, rocks tumbled from the summit, trees were uprooted, and birds and beasts within a hundred miles scattered in terror.

On the crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier, countless flame runes simultaneously lit up, releasing terrifying temperatures in an attempt to withstand the purple sword light's attack.

But the chaotic power contained within the purple sword light was far too domineering.

Chaotic power is the source of all elements and the source of all laws.

The divine fire laws released by the Flame God's Fire Array were utterly powerless before the chaotic power, like a grandson before his grandfather, utterly unable to resist.

Crack—a

faint cracking sound emanated from the spiritual energy barrier, like the first crack appearing on ice.

Then, the cracks rapidly spread, from one to ten, from ten to a hundred, from a hundred to a thousand.

Dense cracks spread across the crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier, like a giant spider web, enveloping the entire array.

Boom—the

spiritual energy barrier shattered completely.

Crimson-gold fragments rained down from the sky like a storm, each fragment ablaze with flames, illuminating the entire Flame God Palace.