A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6601

Wu Yuan stopped ten feet away from Yan Huo, slowly raising the Dark Abyss Sword, its tip aimed at Yan Huo's throat.

"Vice Palace Master Yan, prepare to die."

Just as he was about to attack, he suddenly felt a bone-chilling coldness behind him.

That coldness didn't come from the northern ice plains, but from the gaze of a person.

Wu Yuan whirled around.

David stood less than three feet behind him, the Dragon-Slaying Sword already drawn, purple chaotic fire burning on its blade, slightly distorting the surrounding space.

His purple eyes stared at Wu Yuan, devoid of emotion, like an executioner looking at a prisoner about to be executed.

"Mr. Chen, you..." Wu Yuan's voice trembled slightly, "What are you doing?"

David didn't speak.

He simply raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Purple sword energy condensed on the blade, growing longer and brighter, finally solidifying into a purple blade of light over ten feet long.

The blade contained terrifying power, the destructive light released after the power of chaos was compressed to its limit.

“Mr. Chen! We’re friends!” Wu Yuan took a step back, his face deathly pale. “Listen to me…”

David didn’t listen.

The sword fell.

A purple blade of light sliced across Wu Yuan’s chest, from his right shoulder to his left abdomen, cutting diagonally.

His silver-white armor was like paper before the Chaos Fire, easily torn apart.

Dark red blood gushed from the wound, splattering onto the grayish-white sand with a hissing sound.

Wu Yuan’s body stiffened.

He looked down at the wound on his chest, his crimson-gold eyes filled with disbelief.

“You… how could you…” His voice was hoarse to the extreme, each word as if using the last of his strength.

David sheathed his sword, stood before Wu Yuan, his purple eyes looking down at him.

“I heard your conversation.”

His voice was calm, as if he were talking about something trivial. “From the beginning, you never intended to be my friend. You were just using me, but I’m not stupid.”

“Besides, I’m someone who likes to choose the side that benefits the most. Now it’s obvious that I can get more resources by getting rid of you, so why should I share them with you?”

Wu Yuan’s eyes were wide open.

A trickle of dark red blood spilled from the corner of Wu Yuan’s mouth, dripping down his chin.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

His body slowly fell, crashing onto the grayish-white sand, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Dark red blood gushed from the wound, pooling into a small puddle beneath him.

His crimson-gold eyes remained open, frozen with regret and resentment.

He didn’t close his eyes until his death.

Wu Yuan was dead.

The cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild turned deathly pale upon seeing their guild leader killed.

Some turned and ran, some knelt and begged for mercy, and some stood frozen in place, at a loss.

David neither chased after those who fled nor killed those who begged for mercy.

He simply stood there, the Dragon-Slaying Sword held horizontally before him, his purple eyes fixed on the remaining people.

“Put down your magical artifacts, cripple your cultivation, and you may leave alive.” His voice was calm, yet exceptionally clear in the silent battlefield.

The cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild exchanged glances.

Then, one by one, they lowered their magical artifacts.

Golden, silver-white, and cyan artifacts clattered to the ground.

They circulated their spiritual power, shattering their meridians.

Silver-white spiritual power dissipated from their bodies, their cultivation rapidly declining from the Golden Immortal Realm to the True Immortal Realm.

They had once been elite cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild, powerful Golden Immortals.

Now, they were nothing.

But at least they were alive.

David did not pursue those who fled.

In the perilous ancient battlefield, those who fled would not survive a day.

They would either be killed by ancient remnant souls, swallowed by spatial rifts, or trapped in some trap, never to escape.

He didn’t need to lift a finger.

David sheathed the Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned to look at Yan Huo.

Yan Huo stood there, his hand gripping the golden spear trembling, his crimson-gold eyes filled with terror. He witnessed the entire process of Wu Yuan's death.

David killed Wu Yuan, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, with a single sword strike, leaving him no chance to resist.

And he, too, was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

Moreover, he was injured.

If David attacked him, his fate would be the same as Wu Yuan's.

"Chen… David…"

Yan Huo's voice trembled, "Our divine race… will no longer be your enemy… Today's events… will be as if they never happened… Let us go… We'll keep to ourselves from now on…"

David looked at Yan Huo, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

"Keep to ourselves from now on?"

His voice was soft, but exceptionally clear in the silent battlefield, "You divine race chased me all the way to the Eighteenth Heaven. You wanted my life, you wanted my Great Luo Golden Scripture, you wanted my Chaos Power. And now you're telling me to keep to ourselves?"

Yan Huo's face was deathly pale.

"Then… then what do you want?"

David drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple Chaos Flames burning on its blade.

"Strike while the iron is hot. You gods should understand this better than I do."

His voice was calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it. “You are all injured now, the perfect time to kill you.

If I let you go now, you’ll come back to me once you’ve recovered. Then another battle will begin.

Rather than waiting for you to heal, I’d rather kill you now and be done with it.”

Yan Huo’s body trembled violently.

He knew David was telling the truth.

The enmity between the gods and David was irreconcilable.

From the very beginning, back in the Celestial Realm, David had harbored hatred for the gods.

Every step was initiated by the gods.

Every step deepened David’s hatred for them.

How could David believe the talk of “keeping to ourselves”?

“Everyone, listen to my command!” Yan Huo roared. “Fight! We’ll die if we don’t, but if we fight, there’s a glimmer of hope!”

Hearing Yan Huo’s words, a glint of madness flashed in the eyes of the gods’ cultivators.

They gripped their magical artifacts tightly, golden holy light burning upon them, dyeing the entire sky gold.

More than twenty people charged towards David simultaneously.

David looked at the approaching divine race, his purple eyes showing no fear.

He did not retreat.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple sword energy condensing on its blade. He

swung the sword.

The purple sword energy struck the leading divine race cultivators, cleaving their bodies in two, golden blood and entrails splattering everywhere.

Another strike.

Several more divine race cultivators fell. Another strike. Another strike.

David swung his sword again and again, each strike taking the lives of one or more divine race cultivators. His sword was not fast, even slow, each strike clear and precise, without any frills or unnecessary movements. But it was precisely this extremely concise swordsmanship that gave the divine race cultivators no chance to dodge, killing them instantly. In less than half an incense stick's time, all twenty-odd divine race cultivators lay in pools of blood. Golden blood flowed across the grayish-white sand, forming dark golden streams. The air was thick with the pungent, nauseating stench of blood. Only Yan Huo remained standing. He gripped his golden spear, his body covered in blood, the wound on his left arm reopened, golden blood gushing from it and dripping down his arm. His face was deathly pale, his crimson-gold eyes filled with fear and resentment. He was the Vice Palace Master of the Flame God Palace, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal. In the Eighteenth Heaven, apart from Yan Wuji, no one was his match. But before David, he didn't even have a chance to retaliate. This ninth-grade True Immortal youth was too strong. So strong that he filled Yan Huo with despair.

Chapter 6602

David…"
Yan Huo's voice was hoarse to the extreme, "You killed me… Yan Shen Palace

will not let you go… The Palace Master will avenge me…"
David walked up to him and stopped three steps away. His
purple eyes looked down at him, devoid of any emotion, like an executioner looking at a prisoner about to be executed.
"Yan Wuji?"
His voice was calm, "He will come for me. But not to avenge you, but for himself. Because I will go to him."
Yan Huo's pupils suddenly contracted.
"You… you're going to go to the Palace Master?"
David did not answer.
He simply raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword.
Purple sword energy condensed on the blade, illuminating Yan Huo's pale face.
"Do you have any last words?" David's voice was calm.
Yan Huo opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.
He knew that in front of David, nothing he said would make a difference.
He closed his eyes.
The sword fell.
The purple sword energy sliced across Yan Huo's neck, and a head flew off, tumbling several times in the air before landing on the ground and rolling a long way.
The headless body stiffened for a moment, then slowly collapsed, crashing onto the grayish-white sand with a dull thud.
Golden blood gushed from its neck, staining the sand a dark gold.
Yan Huo, the Vice Palace Master of the Flame God Palace, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, had fallen.
Silence returned to the battlefield.
Only the whistling of the wind through the sand and the distant, low howls of ancient remnants of souls could be heard.
More than thirty corpses lay on the ground, golden and dark red blood mingling, creating a bizarre and bloody scene on the grayish-white sand.
David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, standing in the center of the battlefield. His purple eyes swept over the corpses, devoid of any emotion.
He was not a bloodthirsty man.
But some people deserved to die.
Killing members of the Divine Race was his due.

Wu Yuan had been using him from the very beginning.
In Wu Yuan's eyes, he was merely a pawn, a valuable pawn.
When the value of a pawn outweighs the risk, Wu Yuan will protect him;
when killing him brings greater benefits, Wu Yuan will act without hesitation.
His killing of Wu Yuan is perfectly justified.
David picked up the Dark Abyss Sword from the ground.
The dark golden light on the sword had dimmed considerably, but it still radiated an astonishing sword aura.
He could sense an extremely powerful force dormant within the sword, a force that belonged not to Wu Yuan, not to anyone else, but only to the sword itself.
The sword spirit of the Dark Abyss Sword.
David stored the Dark Abyss Sword in his storage ring.
This sword was too powerful, so powerful that even the white-robed man, a half-step saint, said, "The one who wields it will surely be devoured by its master."
He couldn't use it yet; he needed to wait until his cultivation was higher before slowly studying it.
He then took the storage ring from Wu Yuan's finger and probed it with his divine sense.
The resources in the storage ring were even richer than the treasure vault of the Bright Hall.
Crystals, pills, magic weapons, cultivation manuals, jade slips, spiritual materials—everything was there.
Wu Yuan had served as the president of the Void Merchant Guild for tens of thousands of years, accumulating wealth far exceeding the imagination of ordinary Golden Immortal cultivators.
David then ransacked the storage rings of the deceased cultivators of the Divine Race. Although the resources in these ordinary cultivators' storage rings were limited, every little bit counted.
These resources, combined with those given to him by the white-robed man, were enough for him to break through from the ninth rank of True Immortal to the Golden Immortal realm.
David put away the storage rings and turned to walk towards the Void Passage.
After taking a few steps, he suddenly stopped and looked back.
The gray-white earth was a scene of devastation, littered with traces of battle.

Black smoke billowed from the ruins of the stone tomb under the gray sky, and the corpses of Divine Race and Void Merchant Guild cultivators were scattered on the ground, golden and dark red blood intertwined, forming a bizarre and bloody scene on the sand.
In the distance, gray mist flowed slowly, like gray rivers flowing silently. Further away, the slumbering ancient souls howled softly, like a mournful elegy for this battle.
David withdrew his gaze and continued walking towards the void passage. His steps were steady, each one firm and solid, like a traveler who had traversed countless mountains and rivers and finally found his way home.
He didn't know if he would ever have the chance to return to this ancient battlefield.
But he would never forget this place.
Because here, he obtained the white-robed man's inheritance, the Chaos Pearl, and the resources sufficient for him to advance to the Golden Immortal realm.
And because here, he killed Wu Yuan, killed Yan Huo, and severed the two hands of the Void Merchant Guild and the Divine Race in the Eighteenth Heaven.
From this day forward, no one in the Eighteenth Heaven could threaten him.
But this time, there was another enemy: the Void Merchant Guild.
Both the Divine Race and the Void Merchant Guild still had influence outside the Heavenly Realm. Thinking of this, David felt a headache coming on.
But things had come to this, and he could only deal with whatever came his way.
The entrance to the void passage was three hundred miles to the north.
After walking for about two hours, traversing swamps, bypassing forests, and crossing scorched earth, David finally saw the silvery-white gate of light.
The gate floated in the air, ancient runes on its frame slowly flowing, as if breathing.
Behind the gate was a void passage leading to the outside world.
David stood before the gate, took a deep breath, and stepped inside.
Within the void passage, spatial turbulence still roared wildly.
But this time, David walked much more easily
than before. His cultivation had broken through from the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm to the ninth rank, and his chaotic power was more condensed than before. The Chaos Pearl slowly rotated within his body, releasing a

continuous stream of chaotic power, making his protective shield thicker and more solid.
Spatial blades struck the shield, silently dissolving without even causing a ripple.
After walking for about fifteen minutes, he saw the exit of the passage.
It was a golden gate of light, behind which lay the sky of the Eighteen Heavens.
David stepped out of the gate and landed on a snow-covered ice plain.
Three blazing suns hung high in the sky, their golden, silvery, and crimson rays intertwining to paint the entire icy plain in a magnificent tricolor.
Silence reigned over the ice plain, broken only by the howling of the cold wind and the soft crackling of ice crystals.
In the distance, the floating islands of Tianlan City appeared and disappeared in the clouds, like celestial mountains floating in a dream.
David gazed in the direction of Tianlan City, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.
He would not return to the Void Merchant Guild.
Wu Yuan is dead, Su Jingqiu is dead, and the Void Merchant Guild's power in the Eighteenth Heaven has been severely weakened.
They won't bother him for a while,
but in the long run, they won't let it go.
Someone needs to be held responsible for Wu Yuan's death.
And that person is him.
David isn't afraid.
He killed Wu Yuan because Wu Yuan deserved to die.
If the upper echelons of the Void Merchant Guild come looking for revenge, he'll face them.
David withdrew his gaze and turned to walk south.
That was the direction of Qingyun Cave Heaven.
Jiang Xuelan was still cultivating in the Demon Suppression Tower, unaware of everything that had happened outside.
She didn't know he had gone to the ancient battlefield, didn't know he had obtained the white-robed man's inheritance, didn't know he had killed Wu Yuan and Yan Huo.
She knew nothing, only that he was waiting for her.
David quickened his pace.

He needed to return to Qingyun Cave Heaven, needed to go into seclusion to refine the Chaos Pearl, needed to break through to the Golden Immortal realm, and needed to go to the Twentieth Heaven to find the God King.
His journey was long, but he wasn't afraid.

Chapter 6603

The stone archway of Qingyun Cave Heaven gleamed faintly in the morning light, the four large characters "Qingyun Cave Heaven" on it standing out prominently in the golden sunlight.

David passed through the archway and stepped onto the stone avenue. The spiritual trees on both sides of the avenue were laden with colorful spiritual fruits, swaying gently in the morning breeze and releasing an alluring fragrance.

The temple gates were open, and two rows of Qingyun Cave Heaven disciples who remained on duty stood on either side of the gate, holding green lanterns in their hands, respectfully welcoming his return.

Their gazes were fixed on David, their eyes filled with awe.

The news of the destruction of the Bright Hall had spread throughout the entire Eighteen Heavens; everyone knew that it was this young man who had personally slain the fifth-rank Golden Immortal, the Holy Light Celestial Venerable.

David passed through the main hall, walked along the corridor, and arrived at the tea room.

Jade Void True Man was already waiting in the tea room.

He sat in the main seat, holding a teacup, his white hair and beard shimmering silver in the morning light streaming through the window.

His expression was calm, but David could see a trace of worry in his eyes.

Having lived for tens of thousands of years, Master Yuxu had witnessed countless people and events, and his intuition was always remarkably accurate.

He had been somewhat uneasy about David's trip to the Void Merchant Guild, and now that David had returned, he was even more eager to know what had happened.

David sat down opposite Master Yuxu, picked up the teapot on the table, and poured himself a cup of tea.

The aroma of the tea filled the air, fresh and elegant—it was Qingyun Wucha tea.

He picked up the teacup, drank it all in one gulp, then set it down, his purple eyes fixed on Master Yuxu.

"Master, this junior has killed Wu Yuan," David said calmly, as if he were discussing a trivial matter. Master Yuxu's

hand trembled slightly, the teacup in his hand wobbling, a few drops of tea splashing onto the table.

His pupils contracted slightly, but quickly returned to their usual calm.

He looked into David's eyes; those purple eyes held no ripples, no hesitation, only a matter-of-fact calm.

"Wu Yuan is dead?" Master Yu Xu's voice was somewhat hoarse. "The president of the Void Merchant Guild?"

David nodded. "And Yan Huo, the vice palace master of the Flame God Palace, and the more than thirty Divine Race cultivators he led. They're all dead." Master

Yu Xu remained silent for a long time.

He put down his teacup, his fingers tapping lightly on the table, making a soft thumping sound.

It was a habitual gesture he made when thinking, one David had seen many times before.

“Mr. Chen, please recount the events in detail.” Master Yu Xu’s voice was calm, but David could hear the gravity in his tone.

David recounted the events of the ancient battlefield from beginning to end.

From entering the void passage, to encountering Daoist Tai Xu, to obtaining the Chaos Pearl and the storage ring, to Wu Yuan and Yan Huo negotiating to kill him, to him killing Wu Yuan and annihilating all the Divine Race.

He spoke concisely, without embellishment or exaggeration; every word was the truth.

He didn’t need to hide anything from Master Yu Xu.

After listening, Master Yu Xu remained silent for a long time.

His brows furrowed into a deep frown, and his aged eyes flickered with a complex expression—shock, worry, and a hint of inexplicable relief.
“Mr. Chen, you killed Wu Yuan and offended the Void Merchant Guild. Things

won’t be easy for you in the future.” Jade Void Master’s voice carried a hint of worry. “The Void Merchant Guild’s influence spans the myriad realms, no less than that of the God Clan. Their influence in the Eighteenth Heaven is just the tip of the iceberg. They have branches in the Nineteenth Heaven, the Twentieth Heaven, and even the God Realm.

Although Wu Yuan was only the guild leader in the Eighteenth Heaven, the Void Merchant Guild will not let his death go unpunished.”

David picked up his teacup, took another sip, then put it down, his purple eyes fixed on Jade Void Master.

“Master, the Void Merchant Guild are all merchants; they’re all about business. Merchants pursue profit; it’s in their nature.”

His voice was calm, but every word was like a nail driven into the table. “Wu Yuan wanted to kill me because he felt killing me would bring him greater profits.

I killed him because killing him was more beneficial to me. If the upper echelons of the Void Merchant Guild come to seek revenge, they will weigh what they can gain by killing me and what they can gain by not killing me.”

Master Yu Xu looked into David’s eyes. In those purple eyes, there was no fear, no hesitation, only an extremely calm calculation.

That look didn’t seem like that of a young man; it was more like that of an old fox who had been navigating the business world for tens of thousands of years.

“Do you think they will choose not to kill you?” Master Yu Xu asked.

David shook his head. “I don’t know. But I know one thing: as long as I have what they want, they won’t kill me easily.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the Power of Chaos, the fragments of the key to the Chaos Dao Palace, the Chaos Pearl—these are all things they want. They won’t kill me until they get these things.”

He paused, a cold smile curving his lips. “Besides, Wu Yuan is dead. A dead guild leader versus a living collaborator who can bring enormous benefits—I don’t need to say more about how the upper echelons of the Void Merchant Guild will choose.”

Master Yu Xu remained silent for a long time.

He looked at David, a complex expression flashing in his aged eyes.

This young man was far smarter and calmer than he had imagined.

He could make the right judgment at the critical moment of life and death, maintain a clear head in the face of profit, and fight his way through an environment surrounded by powerful enemies.

This kind of person was the kind of leader the Daoist sect needed.

“Mr. Chen, what do you plan to do next?” Master Yu Xu asked.

David stood up, walked to the window, and looked out at the verdant bamboo forest and the distant, mist-shrouded mountain peaks.

The silvery moonlight spilled into the bamboo forest, enveloping the entire grove in a silvery glow.

The bamboo leaves swayed gently in the night breeze, rustling softly like an ancient melody.

“Seclude yourself in seclusion.”

His voice was calm. “Use the resources obtained from the ancient battlefield to break through to the Golden Immortal realm. Then go to the Flame God Palace, kill Yan Wuji, and destroy the Flame God Palace.”

Master Yuxu frowned slightly. “Yan Wuji is at the peak of the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, much stronger than the Holy Light Heavenly Venerable. Although Mr. Chen can kill the Holy Light Heavenly Venerable, a fifth-rank Golden Immortal, Yan Wuji has been operating in the Eighteenth Heaven for tens of thousands of years. The Flame God Palace’s foundation is much deeper than that of the Bright Hall. If Mr. Chen goes alone, I’m afraid…”

“Therefore, this junior needs Master’s help.”

David turned around, his purple eyes looking at Master Yuxu. “During this junior’s seclusion, please guard the area outside. Do not let anyone disturb this junior. When this junior emerges from seclusion, we will storm the Flame God Palace together.”

Master Yuxu looked at David, a blazing light flashing in his aged eyes.

“Alright.”

His voice was soft but firm. “This humble Daoist has been waiting for this day for tens of thousands of years.”

Chapter 6604

David nodded, turned, and walked out of the tea room.

He passed through the corridor, walked past the main hall, and arrived at the courtyard where Jiang Xuelan cultivated.

The courtyard was silent, save for the rustling of bamboo leaves in the night breeze.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower lay quietly on the stone table in the courtyard, its surface shimmering with a faint purple light, its surface reflecting a cold luster under the moonlight.

David walked to the stone table and placed his hand on the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Probing the tower with his divine sense, he sensed Jiang Xuelan’s presence.

She had been cultivating in the tower for nearly a month, and almost ten years had passed within it.

Her cultivation had broken through to the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and the Heart of the Cold Abyss was slowly rotating within her body, its icy blue light illuminating the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower.

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

He could feel that her Ice God Bloodline had been activated to its limit, and she was only one step away from achieving the Great Perfection of the Ice God Body.

David withdrew his divine sense, a satisfied smile curving his lips.

Jiang Xuelan did not disappoint him.

He turned and walked out of the courtyard to the Enlightenment Cliff.

The Enlightenment Cliff was the place with the densest spiritual energy in Qingyun Cave Heaven. Standing on the top of the cliff, one could overlook the entire valley and see the distant, continuous mountain peaks appearing and disappearing in the moonlight.

The night wind on the cliff top was strong, making David's robes flutter, but he was completely unaware.

He placed the tower in the center of the cliff top.

The Demon Suppression Tower stood quietly on the cliff top, its body flowing with a faint purple light, shimmering with a cold luster under the moonlight.

Inside the tower, David sat cross-legged on the stone platform, surrounded by dense chaotic energy, the gray-purple light illuminating the entire tower.

Before him, resources were piled up like mountains.

There were hundreds of millions of crystals, their multicolored lights intertwined, making the entire tower look like a dreamlike realm.

Hundreds of thousands of pills floated in the air, like a dazzling sea of stars.

Thousands of magical artifacts were piled up like small mountains, including swords, knives, spears, halberds, hammers, whips, ropes, and seals—everything imaginable.

Tens of thousands of jade slips containing cultivation techniques recorded various techniques, secret methods, formations, and pill formulas collected by the Daoist and Divine races over hundreds of thousands of years.

Spiritual materials were piled up like mountains, including all kinds of rare and precious herbs, demon beast cores, and spiritual medicines and fruits—a dazzling array.

These resources were what he had risked his life for in the ancient battlefield.

He had concentrated all the resources from Wu Yuan's storage ring and those of dozens of Divine race cultivators here.

David took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and fully activated the Mind Concentration Technique.

The chaotic fire in his dantian surged high, the purple flames burning fiercely, drawing in all the surrounding spiritual energy.

The chaotic power surged through his meridians, several times faster than before, widening, strengthening, and reshaping every meridian.

The protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture all lit up, and golden dragon patterns emerged from beneath his skin, slowly moving across his body.

The Chaos Pearl rotated slowly within him, gray light surging from it, merging with the Chaos Fire to release an even purer and more powerful chaotic force.

He began to absorb resources.

Crystals shattered one after another.

Thousands upon thousands of crystals were simultaneously drained of their spiritual power, turning into grayish-white powder that accumulated around him in a ring of white powder.

Spiritual liquid surged into his meridians like a burst dam, then was devoured, transformed, compressed, and devoured again by the chaotic force.

Pills exploded one after another. The medicinal power surged into his body like a torrent, its ferocity threatening to tear his meridians apart. However, the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture instantly activated, locking the medicinal power firmly within his meridians.

Golden dragon patterns coursed across his skin, compressing every wisp of medicinal power into his dantian, ensuring no waste whatsoever.

The Chaos Fire burned within his dantian, fusing all spiritual energy, medicinal power, and fragments of laws into the purest Chaos Power.

The flames burned ever brighter, changing from purple to deep purple, then to grayish-purple, and finally to an almost transparent gray.

This was a sign of the Chaos Power becoming more condensed, a marker of approaching the origin of chaos.

His cultivation was rapidly increasing.

Time flowed a hundred times faster inside the Demon Suppression Tower than outside.

A hundred days inside the tower were equivalent to only one day outside.

This time difference gave David ample time to cultivate.

Early stage of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, mid-stage of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, late stage of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm…

The chaotic power in his dantian grew increasingly dense, and the spiritual power in his meridians became increasingly abundant.

He could feel that the invisible barrier was right in front of him, like a tightly closed stone door, blocking him from the Golden Immortal Realm.

The bottleneck began to loosen.

A faint cracking sound came from deep within his body, like ice melting under the first rays of spring sunlight, or like dormant seeds sprouting in spring rain.

The sound was very soft, almost inaudible, but David heard it clearly.

It was a sign of a breakthrough.

He did not rush to break through the bottleneck, but instead accumulated power bit by bit.

The Chaos Pearl slowly rotated within his body, gray light constantly surging out, merging with the Chaos Fire, transforming into a purer chaotic power.

He pressed all this power into his dantian, compressing, condensing, and purifying it little by little.

Time passed within the tower.

One month, two months, three months…

David sat cross-legged on the stone platform, motionless, like a statue.

Only the aura emanating from his body constantly changed, growing stronger, deeper, and more unpredictable.

Resources were rapidly depleting, the pile of crystals was shrinking, the pills were decreasing, and the spiritual materials were drying up.

In the tenth month of cultivation within the tower, the bottleneck finally loosened completely.

At that moment, a crisp cracking sound emanated from David's body, as if something had been broken.

The chaotic fire in his dantian surged several feet high, the gray-purple flames burning wildly within, devouring, melting, and transforming all the spiritual power, medicinal power, and fragments of laws that had flooded into his body.

The chaotic power in his meridians, like a flood bursting its banks, surged through the bottleneck with unstoppable force, rushing, roaring, and cheering within his meridians.

Golden Immortal Realm, First Grade.

David opened his eyes.

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

Deep within his pupils, a grayish-purple flame slowly burned—a projection of the Chaos Fire within his eyes, an outward manifestation of the ultimate condensation of chaotic power.

In that instant, the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower trembled.

Not because of his oppressive aura, but because his very presence caused the tower's time laws to groan under unbearable strain.

The runes on the tower flickered wildly, as if enduring a force beyond its capacity.

Chapter 6605

All the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture were activated.

Golden dragon patterns emerged from beneath his skin, covering his entire body, intertwining with the gray-purple chaotic power, making him appear like a god emerging from the primordial chaos.

These dragon patterns were no longer faintly visible, but had become clear, deep, like ancient marks etched into his skin.

David looked down at his hands, the gray-purple chaotic power flowing in his palms, more condensed and pure than before.

He clenched his fist, the space within his palm slightly distorted, emitting a faint cracking sound.

It wasn't the sound of air being compressed, but the groan of space itself bearing his power.

First Grade Golden Immortal.

It took him nearly a year, consuming most of the resources obtained from the ancient battlefield, to break through from the ninth grade of the True Immortal Realm to the first grade of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The resources required for chaotic power were enormous; each breakthrough required dozens, even hundreds, of times the spiritual energy of cultivators of the same level.

But correspondingly, his combat power far surpassed that of his peers.

When he reached the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, he could kill the Holy Light Celestial Venerable, a fifth-rank Golden Immortal.

Now, at the first rank of the

Golden Immortal Realm, what level could he reach? The sixth

rank? The seventh rank?

Or even higher?

David didn't know, but he knew one thing: Yan Wuji was no longer his match.

He wasn't in a hurry to leave seclusion.

After breaking through to the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, he began to consolidate his foundation.

The Golden Immortal Realm was different from the True Immortal Realm. The True Immortal Realm focused on the accumulation and refinement of spiritual power, while the Golden Immortal Realm focused on the comprehension and application of laws.

The reason why Golden Immortal Realm cultivators were stronger than True Immortal Realm cultivators was not because they had more spiritual power, but because they had begun to come into contact with and apply the power of laws.

The Holy Light Law, the Fire Law, the Ice Law, the Space Law, the Time Law.

Each law contained the ultimate principles of the operation of heaven and earth. Mastering one law would give one an absolute advantage in battle.

David cultivated the power of chaos, which was the source of all elements and also the source of all laws.

This meant he didn't need to specifically comprehend one or more laws like other Golden Immortal cultivators.

The power of chaos itself contained the seeds of all laws; as long as his cultivation was sufficient, the power of chaos would automatically evolve the corresponding laws.

This was the most powerful aspect of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, and also the most heaven-defying aspect of the power of chaos.

David continued his seclusion, consolidating his cultivation, refining the remaining power within the Chaos Pearl, and comprehending the seeds of laws contained within the power of chaos.

Time continued to pass within the tower.

David's power of chaos became more condensed than before, and his comprehension of laws deepened.

He could feel that the seed of the spatial law had already sprouted within him.

Although he couldn't yet tear through space and traverse the void at will like a Tai Xu Realm cultivator, he could already utilize spatial power in battle, making his sword faster, more accurate, and more unpredictable.

While David was diligently cultivating within the Demon Suppression Tower, the outside world was in turmoil.

…

Tianlan City, Void Pavilion.

The headquarters of the Void Merchant Guild in the Eighteenth Heaven was currently in chaos.

Wu Yuan took David to explore the ancient battlefield, and many days have passed without any news.

Su Jingqiu is also unreachable.

Initially, the deacons of the Void Merchant Guild didn't care.

Wu Yuan was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, Su Jingqiu was a third-grade Golden Immortal, and together with more than a dozen Golden Immortal elites, they were virtually unmatched in the Eighteenth Heaven. Even if they encountered danger, their strength would allow them to escape unscathed.

However, as time passed, unease began to spread in the void.

Wu Yuan's communication jade talisman was no longer usable.

Su Jingqiu's communication jade talisman was also unusable.

None of the elite cultivators they had brought could be contacted.

The Void Merchant Guild's interdimensional communication array was an extremely precious ancient relic, consuming hundreds of top-grade spirit stones each time it was activated, and was never used lightly unless absolutely necessary.

But this time, the deacons left behind couldn't care less.

A middle-aged man's face appeared in the communication array. He was refined, with the shrewdness characteristic of a merchant, but his eyes were deeper and more unfathomable than Wu Yuan's.

His robe was dark gold, embroidered with the Void Merchant Guild's mark, but surrounded by a ring of silver patterns.

That was the mark of the Nineteenth Heaven Void Merchant Guild.

Zhou Yuanqing, Vice President of the Nineteenth Heaven Void Merchant Guild.

A seventh-grade Golden Immortal.

“What is it?” Zhou Yuanqing’s voice was calm, but it carried an air of authority that commanded respect.

The steward, his forehead pressed to the ground, trembled, “Vice President Zhou, the president of the Eighteenth Heaven Branch, Wu Yuan, the vice president, Su Jingqiu, and the dozen or so elite cultivators they brought have all gone missing. There’s been no news of them.”

Zhou Yuanqing’s brow furrowed slightly.

“Missing? What happened?”

The steward recounted the events:

Wu Yuan had taken David to explore the ancient battlefield, while Su Jingqiu had led a group to intercept and kill the divine cultivators who were tracking them. Then, everyone lost contact.

The entrance to the ancient battlefield was inaccessible, and there was no news from the divine race.

Zhou Yuanqing remained silent for a long time.

His fingers tapped lightly on the armrest of his chair, producing a dull thud.

It was a habitual gesture when he was thinking, exactly like Wu Yuan’s.

“Send people to investigate,” Zhou Yuanqing finally spoke, his voice as cold as ice. “Find out the whereabouts of Wu Yuan and Su Jingqiu. Live or dead, find them.”

“Yes!”

The message ended.

Three days later, a massive silver flying ship descended from the Nineteenth Heaven and landed on the platform of Tianlan City.

More than thirty cultivators dressed in silver-white robes disembarked, each with a cultivation level above the Golden Immortal realm.

Leading them was a middle-aged man, burly and with a resolute face, bearing a silver mark between his brows—a mark only high-ranking members of the Void Merchant Guild possessed. He was

a sixth-grade Golden Immortal .

He was Han Qianshan, a special envoy sent by Zhou Yuanqing to investigate the matter. He served as an inspector within the Void Merchant Guild, specifically responsible for investigating major events in the various Heavenly Branches.

Han Qianshan entered the Void Pavilion and sat in the seat Wu Yuan had once occupied. His crimson-gold eyes swept over the kneeling deacons before him.

“Tell me the whole story from beginning to end, without omitting a single word,”

the remaining deacon commanded. He dared not conceal anything and recounted in detail how Wu Yuan had met David, how he had invited David to cooperate in exploring the ancient battlefield, how he had set off with Su Jingqiu and the elite cultivators, and then how everyone had lost contact.

Han Qianshan listened and remained silent for a moment.

“Where is the entrance to the ancient battlefield?”

“Deep within the icy plains of the far north,”

the steward replied. “But that entrance is surrounded by spatial turbulence. Cultivators below the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm who enter will be torn apart, and even those above the third rank can only last a few dozen breaths. Only David, who possesses the power of chaos, can pass through.”

Han Qianshan stood up. “Take me to see it.” The group traveled by airship to the depths of the icy plains of the far north.

The enormous void rift still hung in the air, black spatial turbulence surging wildly within it like angry black dragons.

The space around the rift was extremely unstable, and the airship stopped dozens of miles away.

Han Qianshan stood at the bow, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on the rift, probing it with his divine sense.

The moment his divine sense touched the rift, it was repelled by a powerful spatial force.

That force was extremely strong; even he, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, could not force his way through.

“We can’t get into the entrance,”

Han Qianshan withdrew his divine sense, his expression grave. “But I sensed the lingering aura of Wu Yuan at the edge of the rift. He went in, but didn’t come out.”

His brows furrowed even more.

There were two possibilities for Wu Yuan's failure to emerge:

either he died inside, or he was trapped inside.

Either way, it would be a huge loss for the Void Merchant Guild.

"Find Su Jingqiu's whereabouts."

Han Qianshan turned and walked back to the cabin. "She was intercepting the Divine Race outside and didn't enter the Ancient Battlefield. We should be able to find her."

Over the next few days, Han Qianshan led his men to investigate.

They went to the outer edge of the Qingyun Mountains and found the valley where the Divine Race and Demon Race had fought.

Traces of the battle remained in the valley; dark red blood seeped into the sand and had solidified into a black film.

Scattered fragments of magical artifacts and broken armor shimmered dimly in the sunlight.

Han Qianshan carefully searched the valley with his divine sense and found several abandoned corpses.

They weren't Su Jingqiu's, but those of Divine Race cultivators.

He then went to the outer edge of the Northern Dark Abyss and found the place where the Bright Hall cultivators had been slaughtered.

Golden blood had solidified into a dark golden film, shimmering eerily in the sunlight.

The scattered fragments of magical artifacts and broken armor still retained the aura of chaotic power.

That was the aura left by David.

Han Qianshan crouched down, dipped his finger in the remaining aura of chaotic energy, and smelled it.

The aura contained extremely powerful law energy, causing even this sixth-grade Golden Immortal to feel a slight tremor in his heart.

“This is the power of chaos?” he muttered to himself, a complex emotion flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

The investigation lasted nearly ten days.

Finally, Han Qianshan drew some conclusions…

Su Jingqiu was dead.

Her aura disappeared in an area on the outskirts of the Qingyun Mountains, an area where the auras of numerous divine race cultivators remained.

Judging from the intensity and quantity of the auras, the divine race had mobilized at least fifty people, led by a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

The dozen or so people Su Jingqiu brought couldn’t possibly be a match for fifty divine race cultivators.

She was dead, and those she brought were also dead.

The cause of Wu Yuan’s death was not determined. He entered the ancient battlefield and never came out.

What happened in the ancient battlefield, no one knew.

But Han Qianshan noticed one thing: David came out.

David came out of the ancient battlefield alive.

Moreover, David's cultivation had broken through.

He had advanced from the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm to an even higher realm.

Han Qianshan didn't know what David had experienced in the ancient battlefield, but he knew one thing: Wu Yuan's death was definitely related to David.

Either David killed Wu Yuan, or

David failed to save him. Either way, David was implicated.

"David…" Han Qianshan uttered the name, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

But he didn't immediately go to find David.

Because David was in Qingyun Cave Heaven, where Jade Void True Person and three hundred disciples resided, along with the legendary Eight Trigrams Heavenly Evolution Array.

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.

Chapter 6607

“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.

…

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.

Chapter 6609

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.