A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6611

The Fiery Heavenly God Fire Array shattered with a single sword strike.

A deathly silence fell before the mountain gate.

No one could believe their eyes.

The Fiery Heavenly God Fire Array, an ancient formation erected by the Flame God Palace over tens of thousands of years, exhausting three earth fire veins, was said to be able to withstand the full force of a sixth-grade Golden Immortal's attack.

Before David, it couldn't even withstand a single sword strike.

Han Qianshan's pupils contracted sharply, his crimson-gold eyes filled with shock.

His lips trembled slightly, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

A first-grade Golden Immortal, shattering an ancient formation with a single sword strike.

This power was beyond his comprehension.

Yan Wuji's smile froze completely, his crimson-gold eyes filled with terror, his body involuntarily taking a step back.

The thousands of Flame God Palace disciples behind him were also stunned, their weapons nearly falling to the ground, their faces filled with fear.

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his purple eyes sweeping over the crowd before the mountain gate, his gaze finally settling on Han Qianshan.

“Envoy Han, do you still want to avenge Wu Yuan?”

His voice was calm, as calm as if he were asking Han Qianshan if he had eaten today.

Han Qianshan opened his mouth, but said nothing.

Countless thoughts surged in his mind, each telling him the same fact: this young man was not to be trifled with.

Breaking an ancient formation with a single sword strike—this kind of strength was not something a first-grade Golden Immortal should possess.

No, this was not strength a first-grade Golden Immortal should possess at all.

This was not even strength a sixth-grade Golden Immortal should possess.

Han Qianshan asked himself, even if he went all out, he couldn’t possibly break the Flaming Heavenly God Fire Formation with a single sword strike.

But David did it.

This meant one thing: David’s strength had surpassed his.

Han Qianshan’s face turned extremely ugly, his crimson-gold eyes filled with complex emotions—shock, fear, and deep resentment.

He was a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, the vice president of the Nineteenth Heaven Void Chamber of Commerce, a prominent figure in the entire Nineteenth Heaven.

But now, facing a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, he felt fear.

That fear wasn't due to cowardice, but because David's displayed strength was too terrifying, terrifying enough to crush him.

Yan Wuji, seeing the shocked expression on Han Qianshan's face, felt even more terrified.

He knew that if Han Qianshan was truly frightened, then his Flame God Palace was finished.

"Special Envoy Han! Special Envoy Han! Don't be frightened by him!"

Yan Wuji's voice was filled with an almost frantic urgency. "He only broke a formation with one sword! It's nothing! With so many of us, are we afraid of just one?"

Han Qianshan ignored him.

His eyes remained fixed on David, as if looking at a monster.

David also ignored Han Qianshan.

His gaze shifted from Han Qianshan to Yan Wuji.

"Yan Wuji, I told you, I'm here to kill you."

His voice was calm, but beneath that calm lay a chilling killing intent.

Yan Wuji's face was deathly pale, flames swirling on his crimson-gold armor, but those flames seemed so weak and powerless before David's purple eyes.

"You…you stay away!"

Yan Wuji's voice trembled slightly, but he quickly straightened his back, forcing a calm expression on his face. "David, don't think you're so great just because you broke the formation! My Flame God Palace has thousands of disciples, dozens of elders, and nearly a hundred experts at the third rank of Golden Immortal! How many can you kill by yourself?" A cold smile curled at the corner of David's lips.

"Let's see."

His words had barely left his lips when he vanished from his spot.

The next instant, he appeared amidst the ranks of the Flame God Palace disciples.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, its purple light like the scythe of death, reaping lives from the crowd.

Wherever the sword light passed, Flame God Palace disciples fell like wheat being harvested; their crimson-gold armor was like paper before the power of chaos, offering no resistance whatsoever .

Blood gushed forth, screams echoed through the air.

The crimson-gold blood shimmered eerily in the sunlight, dyeing the entire plaza golden.

David's movements were incredibly fast, each action concise and efficient, without a single superfluous movement.

Swing the sword, slash, sheathe the sword, swing again.

The cycle repeated endlessly, like a precisely tuned killing machine.

With each strike, dozens of Flame God Palace disciples fell.

In just a few breaths, hundreds of disciples had died by David's sword.

The disciples of the Flame God Palace were utterly devastated.

They weren't unfamiliar with battlefields, nor were they unfamiliar with killing, but they had never witnessed such carnage.

Hundreds perished with a single sword strike, blood gushing like a fountain, corpses strewn across the field.

This wasn't a battle; this was a massacre.

"Run!"

someone shouted, and the Flame God Palace disciples scattered in all directions, wishing they had more legs.

But David gave them no chance.

His figure weaved through the crowd, so fast that his trajectory was impossible to discern; only a streak of purple light flashed through the crowd, dozens falling with each flash.

Jade Void True Person also moved.

His Azure Cloud Sword was drawn, its azure light like a long rainbow, flying from the mountain gate into the crowd, slaying the fleeing Flame God Palace disciples one by one.

His cultivation was at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, four minor realms higher than David, but his killing speed was much slower.

Not because he was weak, but because David was too strong.

Jiang Xuelan also made her move.

The Heart of the Frost Abyss slowly rotated within her body, emanating an icy blue light that froze the surrounding air.

She raised her right hand, and icy blue energy surged from her palm, transforming into countless ice needles that rained down on the fleeing disciples of the Flame God Palace.

Wherever the ice needles passed, the Flame God Palace disciples were instantly frozen into ice sculptures, then shattered into countless ice crystals, scattering across the ground.

Three hundred disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven also rushed forward, their azure sword light like a vast azure ocean, engulfing the Flame God Palace disciples.

A massacre.

A one-sided massacre.

Although the Flame God Palace disciples outnumbered them, they were utterly powerless against David, Jade Void True Person, Jiang Xuelan, and the three hundred Azure Cloud Cave Heaven disciples.

The battle lasted less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn; thousands of Flame God Palace disciples had already been killed or wounded, and the rest had lost their will to fight, fleeing in all directions.

Han Qianshan stood before the mountain gate, motionless.

The thirty-odd Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind him also remained motionless.

Their faces were expressionless, but their eyes were filled with deep shock.

David’s strength far exceeded their expectations.

A first-grade Golden Immortal killing cultivators below the fifth grade of the Golden Immortal realm as easily as killing chickens was highly unusual.

Chapter 6612

With a single sword strike, the Flame God Palace disciple at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm was killed instantly, without any power to resist.

What did this mean?

It meant that David's combat strength far exceeded that of a third-rank Golden Immortal.

It even surpassed the fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks of the Golden Immortal realm.

A terrifying thought flashed through Han Qianshan's mind: David's current combat strength might have already reached the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, or even higher.

This thought sent a chill down his spine.

…

"Elders! Elders, attack!"

Yan Wuji stood on the high platform, shouting frantically, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot, his voice filled with a near-desperate madness.

Dozens of Flame God Palace elders rushed out of the palace, each with a cultivation level above the Golden Immortal realm, the highest reaching the fourth rank.

They were engulfed in raging flames, their weapons gleaming with scorching light, charging towards David.

David raised his head, his purple eyes sweeping over the elders, his gaze devoid of any emotional fluctuation.

Fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm?

Before him, there was no difference between a fourth-grade Golden Immortal and a True Immortal; both could be dealt with with a single sword strike.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its purple light slicing through the sky, slashing towards the elders.

Wherever the sword light passed, space was torn open with black rifts, from which surged violent spatial turbulence, devouring all the surrounding fragments of the fire laws.

The three third-grade Golden Immortal elders at the forefront didn't even have time to react before being cleaved in two by the sword light.

Crimson-gold blood sprayed into the air like exploding fireworks, dyeing the entire plaza gold.

The elders behind were terrified, but they had no way out.

David's figure appeared among them like a ghost, the Dragon-Slaying Sword twirling in his hand, its purple light flashing through the crowd, each flash resulting in the fall of an elder. A

third-grade Golden Immortal elder, one strike.

A fourth-grade Golden Immortal elder, one strike.

A peak fourth-grade Golden Immortal elder, one strike.

A fifth-grade Golden Immortal elder, two strikes.

David discovered that the elders at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm were significantly stronger than those at the fourth rank, requiring two sword strikes to kill them.

But it was only two strikes.

Two strikes and one strike made no difference to him.

Moments later, dozens of elders lay dead in pools of blood.

Crimson-gold blood pooled in the plaza, forming streams that flowed through the cracks in the bluestone slabs, dyeing the entire plaza golden.

Yan Wuji stood on the high platform, watching his elders fall one by one, his crimson-gold eyes filled with despair.

His body trembled, not from fear, but from rage.

Those elders were the foundation of his Flame God Palace, nurtured over tens of thousands of years.

Now, they were all gone.

All dead at David's hands.

"David!!!"

Yan Wuji roared in a heart-wrenching rage, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot. The flames on the Yan Emperor Sword surged several meters high, and scorching waves of heat swept in all directions. "I'll kill you!!!"

His figure leaped from the high platform, charging towards David.

The Yan Emperor Sword flashed in his hand, its crimson-gold light like a burning dragon, slashing towards David.

Wherever the sword light passed, the air was distorted by the heat, and a deep trench was burned into the ground. The rocks in the trench were scorched into magma, shimmering crimson in the sunlight.

The full-force attack of a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal was indeed astonishing. But David merely raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and casually unleashed a single strike.

The purple sword light collided with the crimson-gold sword light.

Boom—

a deafening roar shook the entire plaza, shattering the bluestone slabs, fragments flying in all directions like projectiles.

The crimson-gold sword light, before the purple sword light, was like paper, instantly shattered.

The purple sword light, undeterred, struck Yan Wuji.

Yan Wuji's body flew backward, crashing heavily into the high platform, shattering it.

A deep sword wound appeared on his crimson-gold armor, crimson-gold blood seeping from it.

Yan Wuji crawled up from the rubble, his face deathly pale, his eyes filled with shock.

He looked down at the sword wound on his chest; it was deep enough to see bone, crimson-gold blood gushing from the wound, staining his armor gold.

One sword strike.

David had broken his full-force attack with just one strike, and even wounded him.

At the peak of the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, he couldn't even withstand a single sword strike from David, a first-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator.

“How is this possible… how is this possible…” Yan Wuji muttered to himself, his crimson-gold eyes filled with disbelief.

David, carrying the Dragon-Slaying Sword, walked step by step towards Yan Wuji.

His pace was neither fast nor slow, each step extremely steady and heavy, making Yan Wuji’s heart tremble.

“Yan Wuji, I told you, I’m here to kill you.”

David’s voice was calm, so calm that it instilled a deep-seated fear in Yan Wuji.

Yan Wuji took a step back, then turned to look at Han Qianshan.

“Envoy Han! Envoy Han, save me!”

Yan Wuji’s voice was filled with an almost frantic plea, “Didn’t we agree? The Void Merchant Guild and the Flame God Palace would join forces to kill David! Please make your move!”

Han Qianshan stood before the mountain gate, motionless.

His face was expressionless, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on Yan Wuji, devoid of any emotional fluctuation.

“Envoy Han! You promised me!” Yan Wuji’s voice grew increasingly desperate. “You said the Void Merchant Guild would guarantee the safety of my Flame God Palace! You said it!”

Han Qianshan remained silent and motionless.

David’s words echoed in his mind: the Void Merchant Guild were all merchants; they valued profit above all else, caring little for sentiment or morality, and certainly not for verbal agreements.

Now, David's words had come true.

In the face of absolute profit, verbal agreements were worthless.

Han Qianshan didn't not want to save Yan Wuji; he dared not.

David's strength was terrifying, so terrifying that even he, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, felt fear.

He dared not gamble on whether he could defeat David.

If he couldn't, he would die here too.

To risk his life for a Flame God Palace already destined for destruction—it was simply not worth it.

Yan Wuji, seeing Han Qianshan's indifference, felt utterly hopeless.

"Han Qianshan! You treacherous villain!"

Yan Wuji roared madly, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot. "The Void Merchant Guild has no credibility! You're all a bunch of profit-driven scoundrels!"

Han Qianshan's brows furrowed slightly, but he remained silent.

Yan Wuji turned to look at David, his crimson-gold eyes filled with madness.

"David! Do you think you've won? Do you think you've won by killing me?"

His voice was filled with an almost manic hysteria. "My Divine Clan still has power in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Heavens! They will avenge me! They will kill you! They will kill everyone around you!"

Chapter 6613

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

“Unfortunately, you won’t see it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the Dragon-Slaying Sword was raised.

A purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens, slashed towards Yan Wuji.

Yan Wuji raised the Flame Emperor Sword, attempting a final resistance.

Crimson-gold sword light surged from the Flame Emperor Sword, transforming into a fiery barrier in front of Yan Wuji.

But before the purple sword light, the fiery barrier was as fragile as paper.

The sword light tore through the fiery barrier, striking Yan Wuji.

Crack—

the crimson-gold armor shattered.

Blood gushed out.

Yan Wuji’s body slowly fell, his crimson-gold eyes still open, filled with despair, resentment, anger, and disbelief.

He died with his eyes wide open.

Yan Wuji, the Palace Master of the Flame God Palace, a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal, died by David’s sword.

A deathly silence fell before the mountain gate.

Everyone stared at Yan Wuji's corpse, their eyes filled with complex emotions.

Thousands of Flame God Palace disciples were either dead or fled, leaving only a handful remaining.

Dozens of elders perished in battle.

Palace Master Yan Wuji was also killed.

In less than half an hour, the Flame God Palace was utterly destroyed by David alone.

Han Qianshan took a deep breath, suppressing the shock in his heart.

He turned around, looking at David, a complex expression flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"Mr. Chen, let's drop the matter of Wu Yuan."

His voice was calm, as if he were discussing a trivial matter.

"A guild leader of the eighteenth level is of little value. If he's dead, he's dead. At worst, the Void Chamber of Commerce can send someone else to fill the position."

David looked at Han Qianshan, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

"Envoy Han, you don't intend to avenge Wu Yuan?"

Han Qianshan shook his head, a bitter smile curving his lips.

"Revenge? What revenge? Wu Yuan tried to kill Mr. Chen, but Mr. Chen killed him instead. That's perfectly normal. The strong prey on the weak; it's only natural. The Void Merchant Guild won't offend a young man with unlimited potential for the sake of a dead man."

His change in attitude was so swift that the thirty-odd Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind him were caught off guard.

But no one dared to say anything.

Because they all knew that Han Qianshan was right.

In the face of absolute power, hatred and face are all meaningless.

Only interests are eternal.

David nodded.

“Special Envoy Han is a wise man.”

Han Qianshan cupped his hands in greeting. “Mr. Chen, you flatter me. Although the Void Merchant Guild is powerful, it is not unreasonable. Wu Yuan’s actions were his own fault. From now on, the Void Merchant Guild will not cause trouble for Mr. Chen because of this matter.”

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

“Special Envoy Han, I would like to ask you for a favor.”

Han Qianshan raised an eyebrow slightly. “Mr. Chen, please speak.” “I’m looking for someone,”

David said with a hint of seriousness. “Her name is Su Yuqi. I don’t know if she’s still in the Eighteenth Heaven.”

Han Qianshan was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“Alright. The Void Merchant Guild has branches in the Heavenly Realm. Finding someone shouldn’t be difficult. Even if she’s no longer in the Eighteenth Heaven, we should be able to find information.”

David nodded and continued,

“Also, I need to find a faction. The demonic cultivators of the Flame Demon lineage in the Eighteenth Heaven. Where is their stronghold?”

Han Qianshan frowned.

“The Flame Demon lineage? What does Mr. Chen want with them?”

“Yuqi might be among the demonic cultivators of the Flame Demon lineage.” David’s voice was calm.

Han Qianshan gave David a deep look.

“Alright. I’ll have my men investigate. Once they find out, they’ll send someone to inform Mr. Chen.”

David cupped his hands in thanks. “Thank you, Envoy Han.”

Han Qianshan waved his hand. “Mr. Chen, you’re too kind. Although we are merchants, we’re not entirely driven by profit. We’ll help when needed.”

He paused, then took out a silver jade talisman from his robes and handed it to David.

“This is a VIP token from the Void Merchant Guild. With this token, you can enjoy the highest level of treatment at any branch of the Void Merchant Guild in the Heavenly Realm. If Mr. Chen needs anything in the future, you can come directly to us with this token.”

David took the jade talisman, glanced at it, and stored it in his storage ring.

“Envoy Han, farewell.”

“Farewell.”

Han Qianshan turned around and left the Flame God Palace with more than thirty cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild.

Their silver-white robes shimmered faintly in the sunlight, and their figures quickly disappeared at the end of the mountain path.

David withdrew his gaze and looked at the Flame God Palace below.

The crimson-gold palace shimmered faintly in the sunlight, but the air was thick with the stench of blood. The ground was littered with crimson-gold blood and shattered armor.

Thousands of corpses lay scattered about, each with a different death, but every eye was wide open, filled with fear and resentment.

Master Yuxu walked to David's side, a complex emotion flashing in his aged eyes.

"Mr. Chen, the Flame God Palace is finished."

David nodded. "Clean up the battlefield, take all usable resources."

"Yes!" the three hundred disciples shouted in unison.

It took a full day to clean up everything in the Flame God Palace.

The three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven sheathed their swords, lined up neatly, and followed David back to Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Their azure robes fluttered in the morning breeze, and their swords clinked gently at their waists.

Jiang Xuelan walked beside David, a few drops of crimson-gold blood stained her ice-white dress, shimmering eerily in the sunlight.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

David was silent for a moment, his purple eyes gazing into the distance.

“Thinking about Yuqi.”

His voice was soft, so soft that only Jiang Xuelan could hear it.

“I don’t know if she’s doing well, if her injuries have healed, or if she’s still in danger.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then reached out and took David’s hand.

“You’ll find her, and she’ll remember you,” Jiang Xuelan said.

“Yes!”

David nodded, squeezing Jiang Xuelan’s hand tighter.

Chapter 6614

The gates of Qingyun Cave Heaven opened in the afterglow of the setting sun, golden light spilling onto the blue stone archway, making the four large characters “Qingyun Cave Heaven” shine brightly.

Two rows of disciples stood guard on either side of the gate, holding blue lanterns, respectfully welcoming the sect leader’s triumphant return.

The flames in the lanterns flickered gently in the evening breeze, tinging the golden sunset with a blue glow, as if the entire mountain gate was lighting celebratory lanterns for the returning warriors.

David passed through the archway and stepped onto the blue stone avenue. On both sides of the avenue, spirit trees were laden with colorful spirit fruits, swaying gently in the evening breeze and emitting an alluring fragrance.

The colors of the spirit fruits were even more vibrant under the setting sun, red as fire, purple as gemstones, and gold as amber, adorning the entire avenue like a rainbow path leading to a fairyland.

Three hundred disciples filed in, their blue Taoist robes gleaming faintly in the sunset, their long swords clinking lightly at their waists.

Their faces bore the marks of exhaustion, but their eyes gleamed with excitement.

The Flame God Palace, the number one power in the Eighteen Heavens, had been utterly crushed.

Thousands of Flame God Palace disciples were slaughtered, dozens of elders perished in battle, and Palace Master Yan Wuji died by David's sword.

Such a feat was worthy of being recorded in the annals of the Daoist sect.

Jade Void True Person walked beside David, his white hair and beard fluttering in the evening breeze, his aged eyes filled with undisguised satisfaction.

"Mr. Chen, after the battle of the Flame God Palace, the reputation of Azure Cloud Cave Heaven has resounded throughout the Eighteen Heavens. From now on, no power will dare to underestimate us."

David nodded, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

"True Person, how is the resource inventory going?"

Jade Void True Person took out a jade slip from his sleeve and handed it to David.

"The accumulated wealth of the Flame God Palace over tens of thousands of years is all here. Hundreds of millions of crystals, millions of pills, thousands of magic artifacts, tens of thousands of cultivation technique jade slips, and spiritual materials piled up like mountains.

Adding the resources we obtained from the Bright Hall, our current wealth exceeds the total accumulated wealth of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven over tens of thousands of years."

David took the jade slip, probed it with his divine sense, and quickly browsed through it.

A satisfied smile appeared on his lips.

"Not bad. These resources are enough for us to cultivate a group of experts at the fourth or even fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm."

Jade Void True Person's eyes lit up.

"Mr. Chen means…"

"Seclusion."

David's voice was calm. "Everyone go into seclusion. All disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven whose cultivation is at the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm should take pills to break through to the Golden Immortal Realm. Those below the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm should all strive to reach the third rank or above. I want to give the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven a truly elite force in the shortest possible time."

Jade Void True Person took a deep breath, a burning light flashing in his aged eyes.

"Very well! I'll make the arrangements right away!"

Master Yuxu turned and left, his steps much faster than usual, like a young man rather than an ancient Taoist priest who had lived for tens of thousands of years.

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

The courtyard was quiet, with only the rustling of bamboo leaves in the evening breeze.

The moonlight had just risen, and its silvery glow spilled into the bamboo forest, enveloping the entire grove in a silvery halo. Jiang Xuelan stood before the bamboo house, her long, ice-white dress fluttering gently in the evening breeze.

Her long, ink-black hair was tied up with an ice-blue hairpin. A faint ice-blue light surrounded her, and a chill emanated from her, freezing the surrounding air into tiny ice crystals that shimmered like diamonds in the moonlight.

She turned around, her ice-blue eyes looking at David.

“What are you thinking about?” she asked.

David walked up to her and gently brushed a bamboo leaf from her hair.

“Thinking about Yuqi. And also about what to do next.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then reached out and took David’s hand.

“Han Qianshan of the Void Merchant Guild has agreed to help search. With the Void Merchant Guild’s intelligence network, we should have news soon.”

David nodded, his purple eyes gazing into the distance.

“I hope so.”

…

In the days that followed, Qingyun Cave Heaven entered an unprecedented state of activity.

All three hundred disciples were in seclusion, elixirs were being consumed like water, piles of crystals were disappearing one after another, and pools of spiritual liquid were being drained one after another.

Master Yuxu personally oversaw the disciples' cultivation, working tirelessly day and night, yet his smile grew ever wider.

The cultivation levels of the three hundred disciples were rapidly improving. Those at the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, after consuming elixirs and benefiting from the time-law of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, saw their cultivation levels soar like a rocket, breaking through to the Golden Immortal Realm in just a few days.

Disciples below the third rank of Golden Immortal Realm were also striving to reach the third rank or higher. Although the bottleneck of the third rank wasn't easy to overcome, with the support of massive resources, over a dozen disciples had already successfully broken through to the fourth rank.

Yun Yi also broke through to the fourth rank of Golden Immortal Realm, directly advancing two minor realms thanks to resources, the time-law of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, and his exceptional talent.

At this moment, if Yun Yi were asked to call David "father," he wouldn't hesitate, as all of this was given to him by David.

Without David's intervention, his power wouldn't have grown so rapidly.

The strength of Qingyun Cave Heaven was increasing at a visible rate.

David wasn't idle either.

He dedicates time each day to cultivation, consolidating his foundation as a first-grade Golden Immortal and comprehending the seeds of laws contained within the power of chaos.

The seed of the spatial law is slowly growing within him. Although he still has a long way to go before truly mastering the spatial law, he can already feel that his perception of space is much sharper than before.

He can sense all spatial fluctuations within a hundred miles, detect the location of spatial rifts, and even use spatial power in battle to make the trajectory of the Dragon-Slaying Sword more unpredictable.

The seed of the time law is also beginning to sprout.

The time law is more profound and harder to comprehend than the spatial law. David can only barely perceive the existence of time now, far from truly mastering it.

But he is not in a hurry.

He has plenty of time.

The flow of time within the Demon-Suppressing Tower is a hundred times faster than outside, giving him ample time to comprehend, cultivate, and improve.

Chapter 6615

Meanwhile, in the Nineteenth

Heaven,

the high-ranking members of the divine race were gathered together.

The distribution of divine forces in the Nineteenth Heaven was extremely complex, unlike the Eighteenth Heaven, which only had a few major powers like the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace.

The Nineteenth Heaven was more than ten times the size of the Eighteenth Heaven, with divine forces scattered across this vast continent like stars, hundreds of forces large and small, each occupying their own territory.

But at this moment, these divine forces, usually fighting and scheming against each other, were unusually seated together.

Because a momentous event had occurred that would shake the entire Nineteenth Heaven.

The divine forces of the Eighteenth Heaven were being wiped out one after another.

The Hall of Light was destroyed. The

Flame God Palace was also destroyed.

The one who carried out the attack was the same person—David.

An unknown young man, a rogue cultivator from a Daoist sect, a monster who supposedly cultivated the power of chaos.

The council hall was located in the territory of the Golden Crow Clan. The entire hall was crafted from crimson-gold Golden Crow divine stone, and the walls were carved with lifelike Golden Crow totems. Each Golden Crow's eye was a genuine top-grade fire spirit crystal, shimmering with a scorching light under the lamplight.

At the very center of the hall stood a massive circular stone table, its surface covered with ancient runes that slowly rotated, releasing faint spatial fluctuations. This was a trans-celestial communication array, capable of converging projections of high-ranking figures from various divine races across the Nineteen Heavens.

At this moment, the stone table was surrounded by people.

No, to be precise, it was surrounded by projections.

Dozens of figures circled the stone table, each radiating a terrifying aura. The lowest was at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, the highest a few reaching the seventh rank, and one even reaching the eighth rank.

That was the Golden Crow Clan's patriarch, Wu Tianji.

Eighth rank Golden Immortal Realm.

In the entire Nineteen Heavens, the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was the ceiling; very few could reach that level.

Wu Tianji was a middle-aged man with a resolute face and an air of authority.

He wore a crimson-gold robe embroidered with golden crow totems, each thread woven from golden crow feathers, shimmering golden in the lamplight.

His eyes were crimson-gold, with a golden flame slowly burning deep within his pupils—a projection of the Golden Crow Divine Fire, a symbol of the Golden Crow clan's bloodline.

"Is everyone here?"

Wu Tianji's voice wasn't loud, but it reached everyone's ears clearly.

His voice carried an innate authority that silenced all disrespect.

"Lei Wanjun of the Thunder God Clan hasn't arrived yet,"

said an elder in a silver robe.

As soon as he finished speaking, the runes in the center of the hall suddenly lit up, and a silver figure slowly emerged.

It was a burly middle-aged man with a rugged face and a violent aura between his brows.

Thick bolts of lightning crackled around him, each like a silver python, slithering across his body with a series of crackling sounds.

He was Lei Wanjun, the eighth-rank Golden Immortal and patriarch of the Thunder God Clan.

“Sorry I’m late.”

Lei Wanjun’s voice, like muffled thunder, echoed through the council hall. His gaze swept over the crowd, finally settling on Wu Tianji. “Patriarch Wu, what’s the matter that’s so urgent?”

Wu Tianji’s fingers tapped lightly on the table, producing a dull thud.

“You’ve all heard about the events of the Eighteenth Heaven, haven’t you?”

Lei Wanjun’s brows furrowed. “The destruction of the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace?” That’s right.”

Wu Tianji nodded, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. “The Hall of Light was destroyed, and the Holy Light Celestial Venerable is dead. The Flame God Palace was destroyed, and Yan Wuji is also dead. The same person did it, a Daoist cultivator named David.”

Lei Wanjun’s brows furrowed even more. “A Daoist cultivator could destroy two divine forces? Although the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace aren’t the strongest in the Eighteenth Heaven, they’re not easily destroyed by just anyone.”

“That’s why I called you here.” Wu Tianji’s voice carried a hint of solemnity. “This David is not simple.”

He took out a jade slip from his sleeve and probed it with his divine sense. The information in the jade slip formed a light screen that appeared in the center of the council hall.

The image of David appeared on the light screen: a young man with long black hair casually tied back with a gray ribbon, deep purple eyes like an abyss, a cold face, wearing a gray robe, and a purple longsword hanging at his waist.

“David, a Daoist cultivator, his cultivation method is unknown, but it is suspected to be the Great Luo Golden Scripture.”

Wu Tianji’s voice echoed in the council hall. “Cultivation: When he was at the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, he killed the Holy Light Heavenly Venerable, who was at the fifth rank of Golden Immortal Realm. After forty days of seclusion, he broke through to the first rank of Golden Immortal Realm, shattered the Flaming Heavenly God Fire Array with a single sword strike, and killed Yan Wuji, who was at the peak of the fifth rank of Golden Immortal Realm.”

The information on the light screen appeared one by one, each one causing the high-ranking members of the Divine Race present to gasp in astonishment.

An eighth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator killed a fifth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator?

A first-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator shattered an ancient array with a single sword strike?

This kind of combat power was beyond their comprehension.

“That’s impossible!”

Lei Wanjun was the first to speak, his voice filled with disbelief. “There are six minor realms between the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm and the

fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, each a formidable chasm. Even the prodigies of ancient times couldn't possibly cross six minor realms to kill their opponents!"

"The facts are clear,"

Wu Tianji said calmly. "The Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace have been destroyed; that's an indisputable fact."

Lei Wanjun opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately said nothing.

He truly couldn't refute it.

The news of the destruction of the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace had spread throughout the entire Nineteenth Heaven. Countless divine cultivators had witnessed the horrific scene after the Flame God Palace's annihilation; thousands of corpses lay scattered across the plaza, their crimson blood staining the entire area.

It wasn't fake.

"What is the background of this David?"

asked an old man in a white robe.

He radiated a holy light; he was an elder of the Holy Light Hall, the upper sect of the Hall of Light, holding a pivotal position in the Nineteenth Heaven.

The Holy Light Celestial Venerable was sent to the Eighteenth Heaven by the Holy Light Palace.

Now that the Holy Light Celestial Venerable is dead, the Holy Light Palace has lost face.

"I've investigated

," Wu Tianji said. "David was originally a cultivator from the lower realm, his specific identity is unknown. He cultivates the power of chaos, and it is said that he obtained the inheritance of the Great Luo Golden Scripture and also obtained a fragment of the key to the Chaos Dao Palace."

"The power of chaos?" Lei Wanjun's eyes widened suddenly. "The legendary power of chaos?"

"That's right."

Wu Tianji nodded. "The power of chaos is the source of all elements and the source of all laws. Those who cultivate the power of chaos have combat power far exceeding those of their peers. This is why he was able to cross realms to kill his opponents."

Silence fell over the council hall.

Everyone's face was solemn.

The power of chaos was a legendary thing, said to be something only the ancient chaotic gods and demons could master.

Now, a Daoist cultivator had mastered the power of chaos, which was definitely not good news for the gods.

"He also obtained a key fragment of the Chaos Dao Palace,"

Wu Tianji continued. "What is the Chaos Dao Palace? I don't need to explain, do I? It's the palace of the Daoist patriarch. It's said that if you enter this palace and comprehend even a little bit, you can advance to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm."