A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6616

The moment those words were uttered, the atmosphere in the council hall instantly became extremely tense. The Great Luo Golden Immortal

was the realm every Golden Immortal cultivator dreamed of.

Above the Golden Immortal realm was the Great Luo Golden Immortal, and above the Great Luo Golden Immortal was the Immortal King. Each major realm was an insurmountable chasm, one that countless cultivators could not cross in their entire lives.

If David had truly obtained the secret to breaking through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal from the Chaos Dao Palace, his future achievements would be limitless.

“We cannot let this David continue to grow,”

the elder of the Holy Light Hall spoke first, his voice filled with intense killing intent. “He is only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm now, yet he can already kill Yan Wuji, a peak fifth-rank Golden Immortal. What will happen when he breaks through to the second, third, or even higher ranks of the Golden Immortal realm?”

“That’s right,”

Lei Wanjun nodded, a hint of solemnity on his rugged face. “We must kill him before he grows stronger. Otherwise, when he reaches the nineteenth heaven, we will all suffer.”

Wu Tianji remained silent for a moment, his crimson-gold eyes sweeping over the crowd.

“The problem is how to kill him. David is in the 18th Heaven, and we are in the 19th Heaven. There is a barrier between the 18th and 19th Heavens. Cultivators of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm and above cannot descend to the lower realm, otherwise it will cause spatial collapse.”

This is the rule of the Heavenly Realm.

Spatial barriers exist between the various heavens of the Heavenly Realm, and the higher the cultivation level of a cultivator, the greater the restriction. If

a cultivator of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm or above forcibly descends to the lower realm, it will cause the spatial barrier to break, leading to catastrophic consequences.

But if the people sent are of too low a cultivation level, they will only be sent to their deaths.

“Then let’s send people down to kill him,” Lei Wanjun said. “If we send down elites of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, we should be able to kill him, right?”

“Are you sure?”

Wu Tianji looked at Lei Wanjun, a hint of mockery flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. “Holy Light Heavenly Venerable was a fifth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator, and Yan Wuji was a peak fifth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator. They are both dead. Moreover, they were crushed. What’s the difference between sending a sixth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator down and sending them to their deaths?”

Lei Wanjun fell silent.

Wu Tianji was right.

A sixth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator was simply no match for David.

“Then we’ll wait.” Wu Tianji’s voice was calm. “We’ll wait for him to come to the Nineteenth Heaven.”

“Wait for him to come?”

Lei Wanjun frowned. “Clan Chief Wu, are you kidding? Wait for him to come to us? What if he doesn’t come?”

“He will definitely come.” Wu Tianji’s voice was certain. “He can’t stay in the Eighteenth Heaven forever.”

The council hall fell silent again.

Everyone’s face showed complex expressions, some fearful, some murderous, and some an inexplicable expectation.

“Then we’ll wait.”

An elder from the Holy Light Hall spoke, his voice carrying a hint of coldness. “We’ll wait for him to come to the Nineteenth Heaven. We’ll lay a trap, and the moment he steps into the Nineteenth Heaven, we’ll make sure he dies without a burial place.”

“That’s right.”

Lei Wanjun nodded. “A junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, no matter how powerful, can’t possibly cause any trouble in the Nineteenth Heaven.

The Nineteenth Heaven is not the Eighteenth Heaven; there are countless powerful beings here. If he dares to come, we’ll make sure he doesn’t leave alive.”

Wu Tianji nodded, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

“Then it’s settled. From today onwards, all spies from each race will be dispatched to closely monitor the movements of the Eighteenth Heaven. Once David steps into the Nineteenth Heaven, everyone must be notified immediately.”

“There’s one more thing,” said an elder of the Holy Light Palace, “Should we inform the God-King of the Twentieth Heaven about this?”

The atmosphere in the council hall instantly became tense. The God-Kings of the twentieth Heaven were the true high-ranking members of the God Clan, standing at the very top of their ranks.

Their cultivation was unfathomable, reportedly reaching the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, or even higher.

If the God-Kings knew that the God Clan’s forces in the eighteenth Heaven had been wiped out by a Daoist cultivator, everyone present would be punished.

“We cannot inform them,”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold. “At least not before killing David. If the God-Kings knew we had lost so much face in the eighteenth Heaven, our lives would be miserable.”

“That’s right,”

Lei Wanjun nodded. “We’ll kill David first, then report to the God-Kings. By then, the dead are dead, and the God-Kings won’t pursue the matter too much.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Killing David, sealing off the news, and preventing it from reaching the twentieth Heaven—

this was their consensus.

…

Meanwhile, in the eighteenth Heaven, at Qingyun Cave Heaven.

David sat cross-legged on the Enlightenment Cliff, his purple eyes gazing at the distant horizon, a thoughtful look in his eyes.

He had been waiting for ten days.

Ten days later, there was still no news from Han Qianshan.

There was still no news of Su Yuqi's whereabouts or the lair of the Flame Demon lineage.

David wasn't in a hurry, but he didn't like waiting either.

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

The silvery moonlight shone on 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 from thousands of miles away.

His divine sense detected an aura rapidly approaching.

It was a silvery-white light, flying from the southeast at an extreme speed, like a shooting star streaking across the sky.

A moment later, the silvery-white light landed on the Enlightenment Cliff.

It was a young cultivator wearing a silvery-white robe, with an ordinary face, but his brows held a shrewdness unique to businessmen.

His cultivation was at the second rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and his aura was steady; he was clearly not an ordinary person.

“Mr. Chen?” The young cultivator bowed respectfully.

David nodded. “The Void Merchant Guild?”

“Yes.”

The young cultivator took out a jade slip from his robes and handed it to David with both hands. “Envoy Han sent me with a message. The location of the Flame Demon Clan’s base in the Eighteenth Heaven, which Mr. Chen was looking for, has been found. But we haven’t found Su Yuqi, whom Mr. Chen is looking for.”

David took the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

Inside the jade slip was a map, marking the exact location of the Flame Demon Clan’s base in the Eighteenth Heaven.

It was a desolate mountain range hidden in the far west, sparsely populated and with thin spiritual energy—an extremely secluded place.

But there was no information about Su Yuqi on the map.

David frowned slightly.

“Did Envoy Han say where Su Yuqi might be?”

The young cultivator shook his head. “Envoy Han said that Su Yuqi’s aura has completely disappeared in the Eighteenth Heaven. There are two possibilities: either she is dead, or she went to another Heaven.” A cold glint flashed in David’s eyes.

Dead?

No, impossible.

He believed Su Yuqi was still alive, definitely still alive.

“Could it be that she went to the Nineteenth Heaven…” David murmured to himself, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

“Envoy Han said that if Mr. Chen decides to go to the Nineteenth Heaven, he can contact him; he has some renown there,” the young cultivator said.

David nodded.

“Thank Envoy Han for me

,” the young cultivator bowed, “I will certainly pass it on. Take care, Mr. Chen.”

With that, his figure transformed into a silver-white light and disappeared into the sky.

David’s purple eyes gazed westward.

That was the direction of the Flame Demon lineage’s base in the Eighteenth Heaven.

He had to go there.

Even if Su Yuqi wasn’t there, he still had to go.

He had to personally confirm whether Su Yuqi was there or not.

…

The next morning, David left Qingyun Cave Heaven with Jiang Xuelan.

Jade Void True Person wanted to go with them, but David refused.

“Master, Qingyun Cave Heaven needs your presence. Three hundred disciples are in seclusion, and they can’t be left unattended. Xue Lan and I will go; the Flame Demon Clan’s stronghold shouldn’t be in any danger.”

Master Yu Xu was silent for a moment, then nodded. “Mr. Chen, please be careful.”

David nodded and, with Jiang Xue Lan, embarked on their journey to the far west.

The far west was at the westernmost end of the Eighteenth Heaven, millions of miles from Qingyun Cave Heaven.

David and Jiang Xue Lan traveled at full speed, taking three full days to reach their destination.

It was a desolate mountain range, stretching for tens of thousands of miles, with peaks soaring into the clouds, but devoid of any vegetation, only bare rocks and gravel.

The sky was gray, the sun obscured by thick clouds, the entire mountain range shrouded in dim light.

A sulfurous smell permeated the air, and scorching heat waves rose from the ground, distorting distant scenery.

The Flame Demon Clan’s stronghold was located at the deepest part of this mountain range.

David and Jiang Xuelan landed on a mountain peak, their purple eyes gazing down.

At the foot of the mountain lay a vast basin, in the center of which stood a black palace crafted from black demonic stone. The walls were carved with ferocious demonic totems, each demon’s eye a genuine red demonic crystal, shimmering with a blood-red light in the dim light.

Surrounding the palace were clusters of low buildings, densely packed, resembling a giant village.

Paths connected the buildings, and along these paths walked demonic cultivators clad in long black robes embroidered with blood-red demonic patterns, each pattern slowly rotating and emanating an eerie aura. The

Flame Demon lineage possessed a considerable number of demonic cultivators; David's divine sense scanned them, estimating at least two to three thousand.

However, their cultivation levels were generally low, mostly at the True Immortal realm, with only a handful at the Golden Immortal realm, the highest being no more than the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Such strength was utterly insignificant before David.

David glanced at Jiang Xuelan. "Let's go."

The two figures swooped down from the mountain peak, flying towards the palace in the basin.

A moment later, they landed on the plaza in front of the palace.

The plaza was large, paved with black stone slabs engraved with blood-red demonic runes, each rune slowly rotating and releasing an eerie aura.

Dozens of demonic cultivators were gathered together in the plaza, discussing something.

Upon seeing David and Jiang Xuelan suddenly appear, they were initially taken aback, then quickly drew their weapons and surrounded the two.

Chapter 6617

“Who goes there!”

the leading demonic cultivator shouted sharply. He was a first-grade Golden Immortal, burly with a ferocious face covered in blood-red demonic markings, making him look terrifying.

David looked at the demonic cultivator, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

“I’m looking for your leader.”

The demonic cultivator leader sized David up and down, a contemptuous smile playing on his lips.

“First-grade Golden Immortal? You think you’re worthy to see our leader?”

The demonic cultivators behind him burst into laughter, their voices filled with mockery and disdain.

“Where did this brat come from? Don’t you know where you are?” “This is

the territory of the Flame Demon Clan. Do you think you can just barge in like this?”

“Boy, if you know what’s good for you, get lost, or I’ll make sure you don’t leave alive!”

David remained silent.

He simply raised his right hand, drawing his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

A purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, flew from its sheath, slicing through the sky and striking the plaza. A deafening boom

echoed

, shaking the entire plaza violently. The black stone slabs shattered, fragments flying in all directions like projectiles.

A deep, bottomless trench was carved into the ground, from which black demonic energy surged and permeated the air.

The dozens of demonic cultivators were utterly terrified.

Staring at the trench beneath their feet, their faces turned deathly pale, their bodies trembling, their weapons nearly falling from their hands.

The power of that single sword strike was terrifying.

For a cultivator at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm to unleash such power with a single strike was beyond their comprehension.

The leader of the demonic cultivators was so frightened that his legs went weak. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but no words came out.

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his purple eyes sweeping over the demonic cultivators.

“Now, may I see your leader?”

His voice was calm, as calm as asking about the weather.

The demonic cultivator leader nodded repeatedly, his head bobbing like a chicken pecking at rice.

“Yes…yes…please…please follow me…”

He turned around and led David and Jiang Xuelan towards the palace, his steps faltering, almost falling.

The dozens of demonic cultivators behind him exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes filled with fear.

Inside the palace’s main hall, the leader of the Flame Demon lineage sat in the main seat, his face so grim it could drip water.

His name was Mo Lihong, a third-rank Golden Immortal, and the highest-ranking commander of the Flame Demon lineage in the Eighteenth Heaven.

He was burly, with a ferocious face covered in blood-red demonic patterns. He wore a long red robe embroidered with blood-red demonic patterns, each pattern slowly rotating and releasing an eerie aura.

Behind him stood a dozen or so Golden Immortal demonic cultivators, each with a solemn expression.

Just now, they had sensed the commotion in the plaza.

The power of that single sword strike was terrifying.

That power had exceeded their tolerance.

Mo Lihong’s palms were sweaty, his black eyes fixed on the entrance to the main hall, filled with tension and fear.

A moment later, David and Jiang Xuelan entered the main hall.

Their steps were neither fast nor slow, each step extremely steady and heavy, causing the hearts of the demonic cultivators in the hall to tremble.

Mo Lihong looked at David, who possessed the cultivation of a first-grade Golden Immortal, but he sensed an unfathomable aura emanating from David, an aura that instilled deep fear in even this third-grade Golden Immortal.

Chapter 6618

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Mo Lihong looked at David, who possessed the cultivation of a first-grade Golden Immortal, but he sensed an unfathomable aura emanating from David, an aura that instilled deep fear in even this third-grade Golden Immortal. “You…you’re David?” Mo Li Hong’s voice trembled slightly.

He had certainly heard of David’s name.

The destruction of the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace were both the work of this young man.

Mo Li Hong never dreamed that David would come after his Flame Demon lineage.

David looked at Mo Li Hong, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

“I’m looking for someone.”

“Who…who?” Mo Li Hong’s voice was hoarse.

“Su Yuqi.”

David’s voice was calm, but it carried a chilling undertone. “Some time ago, she led your Flame Demon lineage’s demon cultivators near the territory of the God Clan. Where is she now?”

Mo Li Hong’s expression changed drastically.

He certainly knew Su Yuqi.

The Holy Maiden of the Flame Demon lineage.

“She…she’s no longer in the Eighteenth Heaven.” Mo Li Hong’s voice trembled slightly.

A cold glint flashed in David's eyes.

"Where?"

Mo Li Hong swallowed hard, a hint of hesitation flashing in his dark eyes.

He was wondering whether to tell the truth.

If he did, David might let him go.

But if he didn't tell the truth…

He glanced at the deep trench in the square and shuddered.

"She…she's in the Nineteenth Heaven."

David's brow furrowed slightly.

"The Nineteenth Heaven? Where exactly is it?"

Mo Li Hong shook her head. "I…I don't know. Saintess Su also came here suddenly, but she didn't stay long. She was injured recently, and after recovering, she said she was going to the Nineteenth Heaven. As for where she went in the Nineteenth Heaven, I really don't know, and I have no right to ask."

David was silent for a moment, his purple eyes fixed on Mo Li Hong's, his gaze sharp as a knife.

Mo Li Hong felt uneasy under his gaze, large beads of sweat forming on her forehead, her body involuntarily shrinking back.

"You're not lying to me?" David's voice was cold.

"No! Absolutely not!"

Mo Li Hong waved her hands repeatedly, her voice filled with an almost frantic urgency. “I’m telling the truth! Saintess Su really went to the Nineteenth Heaven! If there’s a single lie, may I be struck by lightning and die a horrible death!”

David remained silent for a long time.

His face was expressionless, but Jiang Xuelan could see the complex emotions churning deep within his eyes.

There was disappointment, worry, and an inexplicable sense of relief.

Su Yuqi wasn’t dead.

She had gone to the Nineteenth Heaven.

As long as she was alive, they would definitely find her.

“Where is the upper sect of the Flame Demon lineage in the Nineteenth Heaven?” David asked.

Mo Lihong shook her head. “I…I really don’t know. The upper sect in the Nineteenth Heaven and the branch in the Eighteenth Heaven only have a one-way communication method. They can contact us, but we can’t contact them.”

David’s brows furrowed even more.

He didn’t know if Mo Lihong was telling the truth, but he could tell from Mo Lihong’s eyes that this person wasn’t lying.

He truly didn’t know.

David turned around, his purple eyes looking at Jiang Xuelan.

“Go to the Nineteenth Heaven.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“Okay.”

David led Jiang Xuelan out of the main hall, his purple eyes gazing at the distant horizon.

That was the direction of the Nineteenth Heaven. This was also in the direction Su Yuqi was in.

He didn’t look back at Mo Lihong even once.

Mo Lihong slumped in the main seat, his whole body soaked in sweat, his black eyes filled with the relief of surviving a disaster.

He hadn’t died.

David hadn’t killed him.

This gave him an indescribable sense of luck.

…

David and Jiang Xuelan left the far west and returned to Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Along the way, David didn’t speak, his purple eyes always gazing into the distance, his gaze filled with a determination Jiang Xuelan had never seen before.

Jiang Xuelan didn’t speak either, just silently followed beside him.

She knew that at this moment, David didn’t need comfort, didn’t need guidance, he just needed a quiet space to think about what to do next.

After returning to Qingyun Cave Heaven, David went directly to the Enlightenment Cliff.

He sat cross-legged on the cliff top, his purple eyes looking at the sky, his gaze piercing through layers of clouds, as if he could see the direction of the Nineteenth Heaven.

The Nineteenth Heaven.

That was the nineteenth level of the Heavenly Realm, more vast, more mysterious, and more dangerous than the Eighteenth Heaven.

The cultivators of the 19th Heaven are generally a level higher than those of the 18th Heaven. Golden Immortals are as common as dogs, and only those at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm are truly top-tier experts.

With his first-rank Golden Immortal cultivation, he could roam freely in the 18th Heaven, but in the 19th Heaven, he would only be considered an ordinary cultivator.

But David didn't care.

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

He could kill anyone below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm with a single sword strike.

He hadn't fought anyone above the sixth rank, but he believed in himself.

Moreover, he had the Demon Suppression Tower.

The hundredfold increase in time flow within the tower, coupled with the massive resources he obtained from the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace, allowed him to raise his cultivation to a higher level in a short time.

All he needed to do was prepare.

Prepare to face the challenge of the 19th Heaven.

…

Three days later, David stood before the mountain gate of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Behind him stood Jiang Xuelan and Jade Void True Person.

Three hundred disciples stood neatly arranged in the square, their blue Daoist robes gleaming faintly in the morning light, their longswords clinking gently at their waists.

A solemn expression graced their faces, their eyes gleaming with reluctance.

The sect leader was leaving.

To the Nineteenth Heaven.

“Mr. Chen, are you sure you want to go alone?”

Master Yuxu’s voice held a hint of worry. “The Nineteenth Heaven is not like the Eighteenth Heaven; there are countless powerful figures there. It’s too dangerous for you to go alone.”

David nodded. “I’m sure. Master, I entrust the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven to you. Three hundred disciples are in seclusion, they can’t be left unattended. If I have the opportunity, I will return.”

Master Yuxu was silent for a moment, a complex expression flashing in his aged eyes.

“Take care, Mr. Chen.”

David nodded, turned around, his purple eyes gazing at the sky.

“Let’s go.”

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side and took his hand.

The two took flight simultaneously, their figures transforming into two streaks of light that disappeared into the horizon.

Master Yuxu stood before the mountain gate, gazing at the two streaks of light disappearing into the sky, a trace of melancholy flashing in his aged eyes.

David had gone to the Nineteenth Heaven.

He knew that once David left, he might never return, or he might forget them.

After all, the Daoist sect had influence in the Heavenly Realm and even throughout all the myriad worlds; their Qingyun Cave Heaven was merely an insignificant force within the Daoist sect.

Chapter 6619

The entrance to the Nineteenth

Heaven is located in the far north of the Eighteenth Heaven, accessible only by passing through a massive spatial rift.

This rift is extremely unstable, surrounded by raging spatial turbulence. Cultivators below the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm cannot approach it, or they will be torn to shreds by the turbulence.

But David and Jiang Xuelan are unfazed.

David possesses the power of chaos, the source of all elements and all laws. The laws of space are subservient to the power of chaos.

Jiang Xuelan possesses the power of the Ice God, which, while not as domineering as the power of chaos, is still powerful enough to withstand the erosion of the spatial turbulence.

The two landed on the icy plains of the far north. Silvery moonlight bathed the plains in a silvery glow.

The massive spatial rift hung in the air like an open eye, surging with raging spatial turbulence and emitting deafening roars.

David stared at the rift, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Ready?” he asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, a resolute glint in her icy blue eyes.

“Ready?”

David gripped Jiang Xuelan’s hand, and the two soared into the air, heading towards the spatial rift.

A violent spatial current surged towards them, attempting to tear them apart, but David unleashed the chaotic power within him, enveloping them in a gray light. The spatial current, before the chaotic power, was like a docile lamb, daring not to approach.

The two passed through the spatial rift and entered the nineteenth heaven.

A dense spiritual energy rushed towards them, several times denser than in the eighteenth heaven.

The sky in the nineteenth heaven was deep blue, and the sun was larger and brighter than in the eighteenth heaven, golden sunlight bathing the earth, illuminating the entire land.

In the distance were continuous mountain ranges, their peaks soaring into the clouds, covered with spiritual trees laden with spiritual fruits that shimmered with multicolored light under the sun.

A great river flowed from the mountains, its waters crystal clear, teeming with various spiritual fish, each emanating a faint spiritual aura.

What a blessed land!

David took a deep breath, his purple eyes gazing into the distance.

The Nineteenth Heaven.

He had arrived.

Su Yuqi, wait for him.

…

Meanwhile, in the Golden Crow Clan's territory.

In the council hall, Wu Tianji suddenly opened his eyes, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold pupils.

His divine sense detected an unfamiliar aura appearing in the Nineteenth Heaven.

That aura contained a power he had never seen before, deep as an abyss, heavy as a mountain, carrying a chilling sense of oppression.

The power of chaos.

A cold smile curved Wu Tianji's lips.

"David, you've finally arrived."

He stood up, his crimson-gold robe shimmering golden under the lamplight, his aura suddenly released, like a volcano about to erupt.

“Pass down the order: David has already entered the nineteenth heaven. All races must immediately send out scouts to find his whereabouts.”

“Yes!” A Golden Crow Clan cultivator knelt on one knee, his voice carrying a chilling aura. Wu Tianji walked to the window, gazing at the sky outside, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

“David, the Nineteenth Heaven is not the Eighteenth Heaven. This is not a place for you to run wild.

You’ve come, so don’t even think about leaving alive.

” …

The moment David stepped out of the spatial rift, a spiritual energy several times denser than that of the Eighteenth Heaven rushed towards him, surging into his limbs and bones as if it were tangible.

Under the deep blue sky, a huge sun hung high, its golden rays bathing the vast land in a golden glow.

In the distance, mountains stretched endlessly, their peaks soaring into the clouds, their slopes shrouded in mist, like a fairyland.

At the foot of the mountains lay an endless plain, covered with various spiritual plants that shimmered with iridescent colors in the sunlight.

A great river rushed out from the mountains, its waters crystal clear, revealing various spiritual fish swimming within, each emanating a faint spiritual energy, clearly extremely precious creatures.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside David, her icy blue eyes scanning the surroundings with a hint of wariness.

“Is this the Nineteenth Heaven?” Her voice was soft, but exceptionally clear in the vast open field.

“Yes.” David nodded, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion. “It’s many times larger than the Eighteenth Heaven, and the concentration of spiritual energy is several times higher. Cultivating here is at least three times faster than in the Eighteenth Heaven.”

“No wonder cultivators in the Nineteenth Heaven are generally more powerful than those in the Eighteenth Heaven,” Jiang Xuelan remarked.

David didn’t reply; his divine sense had already spread out, covering an area of several hundred miles.

The Nineteenth Heaven was an extremely vast territory. Although his divine sense could cover several hundred miles, in this expansive land, several hundred miles was merely a small area.

Where his divine sense swept, there were mountains, rivers, plains, and hills, but no cities or villages.

“Let’s find a city to settle down in first,”

David said. “We need to understand the basic situation of the Nineteenth Heaven, find out Yuqi’s whereabouts, and also figure out the power distribution of the Nineteenth Heaven.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

The two identified their direction and flew southeast.

David’s divine sense detected strong spiritual energy fluctuations in the southeast, which usually meant the existence of a large city or sect.

After flying for about an hour, David’s brows suddenly furrowed.

Someone was following them.

His divine sense detected an aura dozens of miles behind them. The aura was very weak; if he hadn't cultivated the power of chaos and had extremely keen perception of everything around him, he would never have been able to detect it.

The aura maintained a fixed distance, neither approaching nor moving away, clearly tracking them.

David remained calm and continued flying, but slightly changed direction, heading towards a dense primeval forest.

Jiang Xuelan noticed David's change of direction and glanced at him with her icy blue eyes.

David shook his head slightly, signaling her not to speak and to continue flying with him.

The two flew into the primeval forest, weaving through the dense canopy.

Towering trees blocked out the sun, sunlight filtering through the leaves and casting dappled shadows on the ground.

The forest was filled with the scent of decaying leaves mingled with the fragrance of various spirit trees, and occasionally, the roars of demonic beasts could be heard from afar.

David's divine sense remained locked on the tracking aura.

The aura had also followed them into the forest, its speed undiminished, clearly confident in its stealth abilities.

"Follow me,"

David whispered, pulling Jiang Xuelan's hand, and suddenly accelerated, rapidly traversing the dense forest.

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His movements were incredibly agile, weaving and shifting among the trees as if walking on flat ground.

The pursuers behind him indeed sped up, closing in.

David's lips curled into a cold smile.

He led Jiang Xuelan through a dense canopy of trees, suddenly stopping behind a massive ancient tree.

He completely shielded their presence with his chaotic power, as if they had vanished into thin air.

A moment later, a figure emerged from the canopy, looking around the forest with a puzzled expression.

It was a young man in a gray robe, with an ordinary, unremarkable face—the kind of person who would be easily lost in a crowd.

His cultivation was at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, his aura steady, clearly indicating specialized training in tracking.

"Where is he?" the young man muttered to himself, his gray eyes scanning the forest, his divine sense fully activated, but he detected no presence.

"Looking for me?"

a calm voice came from behind him.

The young man's body stiffened abruptly, every hair on his body standing on end.

He instinctively tried to turn around, but a cold sword was already pressed against his neck.

Purple light flowed across the blade, radiating a chilling pressure.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword.

"Don't move," David's voice remained calm. "Move, and you die."

The young man's face turned deathly pale, large beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

He could feel the power contained within the sword was enough to kill him instantly.

A third-grade Golden Immortal, he couldn't even muster the thought of resistance before David, a first-grade Golden Immortal.

"You…who are you?"

The young man's voice trembled. "I…I'm just an ordinary rogue cultivator, passing by, with no ill intentions."

David remained silent.

He raised his left hand, and a stream of gray chaotic power shot from his fingertips, entering the young man's body.

The young man's body stiffened abruptly, his face contorted in extreme pain.

The chaotic power coursed through his body like a venomous snake, burrowing through his meridians, bringing excruciating pain with every step.

“Ah…”

The young man screamed, his body trembling violently, veins bulging on his forehead, his eyes bloodshot, looking utterly terrifying.

“I’ll ask you again,” David’s voice remained calm, “Who are you? Who sent you?”

The young man’s lips trembled, a struggle flashing in his eyes.

David’s left hand moved slightly, and the chaotic power suddenly contracted, exploding in the young man’s dantian.

“Ah!!!”

The young man let out an even more shrill scream, collapsing to the ground, his body convulsing uncontrollably.

In his dantian, the chaotic power was like a burning flame, raging through his spiritual energy, each burn bringing unbearable pain.

This pain was more terrifying than any torture.

The chaotic power directly affected the cultivator’s spiritual energy and meridians; it wasn’t just physical pain, but a agony from the depths of the soul.

“I…I’ll talk…” The young man’s voice was as weak as a mosquito’s buzz, his eyes filled with fear, “I…I’m a disciple of the Golden Crow Clan…I’m the clan leader…the clan leader sent me to follow you…”

David frowned slightly, “Golden Crow Clan? What’s the clan leader’s name?” Wu…Wu Tianji…” The young man’s voice grew weaker and weaker. “The clan leader said…that David has come to the Nineteenth Heaven…and ordered all spies…to find his whereabouts…and then report…”

“Anything else?” David asked. “Besides tracking him, what other orders were given?”

“No…nothing else…”

The young man shook his head. “I’m just…a low-level disciple…I don’t know much…The clan leader only said…find David’s whereabouts…don’t alert him…and then report…”

David was silent for a moment.

Judging from the man’s tone and expression, he wasn’t lying.

Golden Crow Clan, Wu Tianji.

It seemed that the Divine Clan’s forces in the Nineteenth Heaven already knew of his arrival and had laid a trap.

“What other forces of your Divine Clan are in the Nineteenth Heaven?” David asked.

“Very…many…”

the young man said with difficulty. “Golden Crow Clan, Thunder God Clan, Holy Light Palace…and…and dozens of other forces, large and small…are all looking for you…”

A cold glint flashed in David’s eyes.

Dozens of forces were looking for him.

It seems that news of his destruction of the Hall of Light and the Palace of Flame in the Eighteenth Heaven has reached the Nineteenth Heaven, causing panic among the gods.

“One last question,” David said, “Where is your Golden Crow Clan’s base?”

The young man gave a location, his voice growing weaker and weaker, his eyes beginning to glaze over.

Having finished asking all his questions, David raised his sword and ended the young man's life.

Gray chaotic power surged from the Dragon-Slaying Sword, completely incinerating the young man's body, leaving no trace.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, a hint of solemnity in her icy blue eyes.

"The gods already know we're here," she said.

"Yes," David nodded, "and they're already looking for us. Dozens of divine forces have joined forces, laying a trap."

"Then what do we do?"

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

"Let's change your appearance and aura first,"

he said. "The power of chaos can simulate any aura. I can convert your Ice God power aura into ordinary spiritual energy fluctuations. Your appearance can also be changed through subtle adjustments with spiritual energy. Unless you look very closely, no one should be able to tell."

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

The two found a secluded cave and began to change their appearance and aura.

David circulated the power of chaos, and the aura within his body began to change.

The power of chaos is the source of all elements, making it easy to simulate the aura of other attributes.

The gray power of chaos flowed within his body, gradually transforming into the aura of an ordinary first-grade Golden Immortal cultivator—balanced and peaceful, without anything special about it.

His appearance also changed. His

purple eyes turned into ordinary black, and his cold and stern face softened. He looked like an ordinary young cultivator, someone who would not attract any attention in a crowd.

Jiang Xuelan was also changing her aura.

The power of the Ice God slowly receded within her body, and the icy blue light gradually disappeared, replaced by the aura of an ordinary third-grade Golden Immortal cultivator.

Her appearance also changed from stunningly beautiful to ordinary, though only relatively ordinary; she was still considered pretty.

“This should be fine,”

David said, nodding at Jiang Xuelan. “As long as we don’t encounter a powerful expert at the Great Luo Golden Immortal level, no one should be able to see through our disguise.”