# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 6621

Jiang Xuelan looked at David's current appearance, a slight smile curving her lips.

"You look much better this way," she said.

David didn't reply, turning and walking out of the cave.

The two continued flying southeast.

According to the Golden Crow Clan disciple, there was a large city called "Bemu City" in the southeast, a gathering place for human cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven.

It didn't belong to any divine race power; it was a gathering place for independent cultivators and merchants, and also the best place to gather information.

After flying for about two hours, David's divine sense suddenly detected intense spiritual energy fluctuations coming from ahead.

Someone was fighting.

And it wasn't an ordinary fight; it was a real life-or-death struggle.

The shockwaves generated by the collision of spiritual energy echoed in the air, and even the air was filled with a faint smell of blood.

David narrowed his eyes slightly, extending his divine sense forward.

About fifty miles ahead, on an open plain, ten human cultivators were besieging a gigantic demonic beast.

The demonic beast was entirely black, its body resembling a small mountain, its limbs as thick as pillars, and its back covered in sharp bone spurs, each gleaming with a cold, eerie light.

Its head resembled both a wolf and a dog, its gaping maw revealing two rows of sharp fangs, saliva dripping from its mouth, corroding the ground and creating steaming pits. It was a Demonic

Dog Monster.

A fifth-grade Golden Immortal level demonic beast.

David had seen records of this type of beast in Daoist texts.

The Demonic Dog Monster was an extremely ferocious beast, with thick hide and incredible defense; ordinary fifth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators were no match for it.

More importantly, Demonic Dog Monsters were social beasts, usually living in packs of three to five, or even dozens.

This particular Demonic Dog Monster was likely a sentinel for its pack, responsible for patrolling its territory. Although its size was enormous, it was only considered medium-sized within the Demonic Dog Monster pack.

The ten human cultivators were led by a middle-aged man, burly and with a resolute face, whose cultivation was at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

He wielded a crimson longsword, its blade ablaze with flames. Each strike carried a scorching shockwave, leaving charred wounds on the demonic hound.

However, the demonic hound's defense was simply too strong. Although the wounds looked gruesome, they only scratched its surface, causing no real damage.

The other nine cultivators were all at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, wielding a variety of weapons—swords, sabers, spears, and hammers. Their attacks couldn't even pierce the demonic hound's skin, only leaving white marks on its fur.

The demonic hound let out low growls, spewing black poisonous mist from its gaping maw. Wherever the mist passed, vegetation withered, the earth corroded, and a pungent stench filled the air.

The ten human cultivators were clearly extremely wary of the poisonous fog, attacking while retreating, always maintaining a safe distance from the demonic hound.

However, their speed was clearly inferior to the demonic hound.

The demonic hound suddenly pounced, its massive body like a moving mountain, crushing towards the nine Golden Immortal fourth-grade cultivators.

The middle-aged man at the head of the group's expression changed drastically. He unleashed a massive blade of light from his crimson longsword, the light slicing through the air and striking the demonic hound fiercely.

Boom—

The demonic hound staggered from the impact of the blade, but quickly regained its balance. Its blood-red eyes fixed on the nine cultivators, and it let out an even more ferocious roar.

“Retreat!” the middle-aged man shouted, his voice filled with anxiety. “We can’t handle this thing! Retreat!”

The nine cultivators had long wanted to run away. Upon hearing the order, they immediately turned and fled, running away into the distance without looking back. The middle-aged man brought up the rear, his crimson longsword slashing repeatedly, each blade a beam of light aimed at the demonic hound, attempting to halt its pursuit.

But the demonic hound was too fast; its four thick legs raced across the ground, each stride covering dozens of feet, quickly catching up with the nine cultivators.

Just then, the middle-aged man saw David and Jiang Xuelan.

The two were standing on a small hill not far away, watching the battle.

Their auras were weak; a first-grade Golden Immortal and a third-grade Golden Immortal, utterly insignificant in the middle-aged man’s eyes.

“Run!” the middle-aged man shouted urgently, “You two, run! This isn’t something you can get involved in!”

David and Jiang Xuelan didn’t move.

The middle-aged man’s expression changed, veins bulging on his forehead with anxiety.

He gritted his teeth, abruptly turned, and charged towards David and Jiang Xuelan.

“Are you two deaf?!”

The middle-aged man rushed up to the two men, grabbed David’s wrist, and pulled him away. “Are you out of your mind! A mere Golden Immortal, first

rank, daring to come to the territory of the demon dog monster! Are you looking for death?!"

David opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but the middle-aged man was incredibly strong, pulling him along at breakneck speed, giving him no chance to speak.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind, a hint of helplessness flashing in her icy blue eyes.

The middle-aged man dragged David for over a hundred miles, only stopping when they were far away from the demon dog monster's territory.

He released David's hand, bent over, panting heavily, his forehead covered in sweat.

"You…you two…"

The middle-aged man looked up at David and Jiang Xuelan, his eyes full of reproach. "A Golden Immortal of the first and third ranks, you dare to come to the territory of the Demon Dog Monster? Are you out of your minds?

Do you even know what a Demon Dog Monster is? A peak Golden Immortal of the fifth rank, a demon beast that could swallow you whole!"

David looked at the middle-aged man, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

"We were just passing by," he said calmly.

"Passing by?"

The middle-aged man's voice rose several decibels. "You can't just walk into the Demon Dog Monster's territory! That road is their territory, spanning thousands of miles!

How did you get in? Didn't anyone tell you?"

David shook his head.

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and looked David up and down.

“Are you two from out of town?” he asked.

“Yes,” David nodded. “We just arrived in the Nineteenth Heaven, and we’re unfamiliar with the place.”

The middle-aged man frowned, a hint of pity appearing in his eyes as he looked at David.

“No wonder.” He shook his head. “You were lucky to have run into us. Otherwise, you two would be dead here today.”

He paused, then pointed in the direction they had come from.

“That road is impassable. The demon hounds’ territory is vast, spanning thousands of miles. If you take a detour, it will take you several more days to complete the journey.”

“Why did you enter the demon hounds’ territory?” David asked.

# Chapter 6622

A bitter expression crossed the middle-aged man’s face.

“We’re cultivators from Qingfeng Village nearby. Recently, the demonic hounds have been expanding their range, frequently attacking villagers near the village.

The village chief sent us to investigate their movements, to see if we can find their lair and find a way to drive them away or eliminate them.”

He glanced at the nine cultivators behind him, shaking his head with a wry smile.

“We didn’t expect to encounter one so soon after entering their territory. We fought for ages, but couldn’t even break its skin. With our strength, we’re no match for these demonic hounds.”

The nine cultivators also approached, each with a look of relief at surviving.

Many of them bore injuries; some had deep cuts on their arms from the demonic hounds’ claws, bleeding profusely, which they were trying to stop with their spiritual energy.

“Captain, that thing didn’t catch up, did it?” a young cultivator asked, his voice tinged with anxiety.

The middle-aged man shook his head. “Probably not. Demonic hounds generally don’t stray too far from their territory. We’ve already run over a hundred miles; we should be safe.”

Just as he finished speaking, a low growl came from not far away.

Everyone’s face instantly turned deathly pale.

That sound was the growl of a demonic hound.

And there was more than one.

The middle-aged man’s pupils contracted sharply, his body tensed abruptly, and he gripped his crimson longsword, flames leaping high from its blade.

“Form a formation!” he shouted. “Back to back, in a circle!”

The nine cultivators quickly moved closer, forming a circle back to back, their weapons pointing outwards, each with a resolute expression.

One low growl after another came from underground, the ground began to tremble, soil churned, and gravel flew everywhere.

The next moment, more than a dozen black figures burst from the ground, surrounding David and the others.

They were demonic hounds.

Thirteen in total.

Each one was about the same size as the previous one, their combined aura of a fifth-grade Golden Immortal pressing down on everyone's hearts like an invisible mountain.

Their blood-red eyes stared intently at the group, drool dripping from their mouths, emitting low growls as if summoning more companions.

The middle-aged man's face changed drastically.

Thirteen demonic hounds.

Thirteen demonic beasts at the fifth grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

The ten of them, the highest being only at the fifth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, the rest at the fourth grade, plus two outsiders at the first and third grades of the Golden Immortal realm, were no match for the thirteen demonic hounds.

In fact, they didn't even have a chance to escape.

The middle-aged man's lips trembled, his eyes filled with despair.

"It's over…" he muttered to himself, his voice filled with a deep sense of powerlessness, "It's all over…"

The nine cultivators were also ashen-faced, their weapons trembling, their eyes filled with terror.

Some had already begun to weep, some had closed their eyes and awaited death, and others were whispering something, as if making a final prayer.

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, turned around, and looked at David and Jiang Xuelan.

“You two, listen up.”

His voice suddenly became calm, calmer than someone about to face death. “We’ll hold off these demonic hounds. You two, find a chance to run. Run as far as you can, back to Qingfeng Village. Tell the village chief that there are far more demonic hounds than we anticipated, and have him take everyone away from the village.”

He paused, a bitter smile playing on his lips.

“We can’t go back. But you still have a chance.” David looked at the middle-aged man, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Are you finished?” he asked.

The middle-aged man was stunned, not understanding why David could say such a thing at a time like this.

“You…” He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but David had already walked past him.

David walked to the front of the group, facing the thirteen demonic hounds, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

“What are you doing!” the middle-aged man shouted, “Come back! You’re just a first-grade Golden Immortal, are you going to your death?!”

The nine cultivators were also stunned, staring at David's back with disbelief in their eyes.

"Is this guy crazy?"

"A first-grade Golden Immortal challenging thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hounds?"

"Is he scared out of his wits?"

"Captain, pull him back quickly!"

The middle-aged man gritted his teeth, about to step forward to pull David, but was stopped by Jiang Xuelan.

"Don't move," Jiang Xuelan said calmly. "Just watch."

The middle-aged man's eyes widened as he looked at Jiang Xuelan, then at David, completely bewildered by their actions.

David stopped, standing before the thirteen demonic hounds, appearing ridiculously small.

A first-grade Golden Immortal cultivator facing thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal beasts—the difference was like an ant facing an elephant.

The demonic hounds looked at David, a flicker of confusion in their blood-red eyes.

They couldn't understand why this human, with such a weak aura, dared to stand alone before them.

The lead demonic hound let out a low growl, opening its blood-red maw and lunging at David.

Its speed was incredible; its massive body traced a black arc through the air, its sharp fangs gleaming coldly in the sunlight.

The middle-aged man closed his eyes.

He didn’t want to see the young man torn to pieces.

The other nine cultivators also turned their heads away, unable to bear the sight.

However, the expected screams did not come.

Instead, a piercing wail rang out.

The sound wasn’t human, but that of a demonic beast.

The middle-aged man’s eyes snapped open; the sight before him left his mind blank.

The leading demonic hound, the largest and most powerful of them all, lay on the ground, its body cleaved in two, black blood gushing forth, staining the earth black.

Its blood-red eyes remained open, filled with shock and disbelief, as if it couldn’t comprehend its own demise even in death.

The young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, stood beside the demonic hound’s corpse, a purple longsword in his hand, its blade shimmering with a faint purple light, untouched by a single drop of blood.

“One sword…”

The middle-aged man’s lips trembled, his voice hoarse and almost inaudible. “One

sword… slaying a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hound…”

He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was hallucinating.

But the demon dog's corpse lay there, black blood still flowing, the pungent smell of blood filling the air—it was all real.

The nine cultivators were also stunned, their mouths agape, their eyes wide as saucers.

# Chapter 6623

"This…this is impossible…" "

A first-grade Golden Immortal killed a fifth-grade Golden Immortal with a single sword strike?"

"I must be dreaming…"

"No…it's not a dream…it's real…"

David ignored the gasps of surprise behind him, his gaze fixed on the remaining twelve demonic hounds.

The demonic hounds were also shocked.

Although their intelligence was low, their instincts told them that this seemingly weak human was extremely dangerous.

The leader was their strongest, a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal, yet he had been killed with a single sword strike.

What did this mean?

It meant that this human's strength far exceeded their imagination.

The demonic hounds let out uneasy growls and began to retreat.

Their blood-red eyes were filled with fear, their four legs trembling, wishing they could turn and run away immediately.

But David wouldn't give them the chance.

His figure vanished from the spot.

The next instant, he appeared in front of one of the demonic hounds. He

raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, the purple sword light like a bolt of lightning, slicing through the sky and striking the demonic hound's head.

*Crack!*

The seemingly indestructible skull of the demon hound was as fragile as paper before the power of chaos.

The sword light cleaved through its skull and exited from its tail, splitting the demon hound in two.

Black blood sprayed into the air like a blooming black lotus.

One sword strike after another.

David's figure weaved through the horde of demon hounds, so fast that his movements were impossible to discern. Only a purple light could be seen flashing among the beasts, and with each flash, a demon hound fell.

One sword strike, one kill.

No fancy moves, no superfluous actions.

Each strike was the simplest of slashes, yet each contained the destructive power of chaos.

The demon hounds finally collapsed.

They began to scatter and flee in all directions, wishing they had more legs.

But David was faster than them.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, the purple sword light like the scythe of death, reaping lives on the battlefield.

Twelve demon hounds, twelve sword strikes.

From the first sword strike to the last, less than ten breaths had passed.

On the battlefield, the corpses of thirteen demonic hounds lay scattered on the ground, their black blood forming a small stream that swelled into a pool of black blood in the low-lying area. The pungent stench of blood permeated the air, almost nauseating.

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, turned around, and looked at the ten people behind him.

Not a drop of blood stained his body; his gray robe fluttered gently in the wind, and his black eyes were as calm as a stagnant pool.

The ten people, including the middle-aged man, were all dumbfounded.

Their mouths were agape, their eyes wide, their bodies stiff as statues, completely unable to believe what they were seeing.

First-grade Golden Immortal.

Thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hounds.

Less than ten breaths.

All annihilated.

This feat was beyond their comprehension.

In their understanding, the difference between a first-grade and a fifth-grade Golden Immortal was like heaven and earth.

A cultivator at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm couldn't even withstand a single move from a fifth-rank Golden Immortal.

But this young man not only withstood the attack but also turned the tables and killed the opponent. It was a crushing counterattack.

One sword strike, one kill; no demonic hound could withstand a second blow.

The middle-aged man's Adam's apple bobbed; he wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

His lips trembled, his eyes filled with complex emotions—shock, awe, and a hint of inexplicable shame.

Just moments ago, he had dragged this young man away, berating him for his "low cultivation level, how dare he come to the territory of demonic hounds."

Now, it seemed utterly ridiculous.

The man wasn't unaware of the danger; he simply didn't consider it a threat.

Thirteen Golden Immortal Rank 5 demonic hounds were nothing more than ants, each one a sword strike away.

"You…you…" the middle-aged man finally managed to speak, his voice hoarse like sandpaper scraping, "How did you do that…"

David stared at the middle-aged man, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

"My cultivation method is rather special." His voice was calm, as calm as if he were commenting on the weather, "My combat strength is slightly stronger than others of the same rank."

Slightly stronger?

The middle-aged man's lips twitched.

Slightly stronger?

This is simply defying the heavens!

A first-grade Golden Immortal killing a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, a swift kill across four minor realms—and this is considered strong?

What about them, the fourth and fifth-grade Golden Immortals? Trash?

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, suppressing his shock and astonishment.

Regardless, this young man had saved their lives. Without him, all ten of them would have died here today, becoming food for the demonic hounds.

"Thank you," the middle-aged man bowed deeply, his voice filled with sincere gratitude, "I am Zhao Tieshan, the captain of the Qingfeng Village guards. Thank you for saving my life."

The nine cultivators also bowed in thanks, their eyes filled with awe and gratitude.

David waved his hand, "No need to be polite. You also helped me, getting me out of the demonic hounds' territory."

Zhao Tieshan's face showed an awkward smile.

"I'm ashamed… I was just pulling you along and scolding you for your low cultivation level…"

He scratched his head, saying apologetically, "I really didn't recognize your greatness, please don't take it to heart."

David shook his head, “I can tell you meant no harm. You were worried about our safety, I appreciate that.”

A warm feeling welled up in Zhao Tieshan’s heart.

This young man was ridiculously strong, yet he had no airs at all, and his words and actions were very easygoing, making him feel very approachable.

“These demon dog corpses…” David looked at the thirteen demon dog corpses on the ground, “Will they be useful to you?”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up.

Demon dog corpses, those were treasures!

The fur of demon dog monsters could be used to refine high-grade armor, the bone spurs could be used to refine weapons, the flesh and blood could be used to refine pills, and the inner cores were extremely precious cultivation resources.

The value of a single Golden Immortal Realm Rank 5 demon dog monster was at least tens of thousands of high-grade crystals.

Thirteen of them, that was hundreds of thousands of high-grade crystals, equivalent to several years’ total income of Qingfeng Village.

“Useful, very useful!” Zhao Tieshan nodded repeatedly, his eyes gleaming with excitement. “So useful! Every part of the demon hound is a treasure. These materials can be sold in Tianlan City for a lot of crystals!”

“Then you should pack them up,” David said.

Zhao Tieshan was stunned for a moment. “You…you don’t want them?”

“I don’t have anything I don’t need,” David’s voice was calm. “Besides, you were the ones who discovered these demon hounds first. I just helped out.”

Zhao Tieshan's eyes welled up with tears.

A spoils worth hundreds of thousands of high-grade crystals, and this young man just said he didn't want them.

What kind of magnanimity was this?

What kind of spirit was this?

He had lived for over a thousand years and seen all sorts of people, but he had never seen anyone like this before.

# Chapter 6624

"This…this is too much…"

Zhao Tieshan's voice choked with emotion. "You saved our lives and then gave us these spoils of war. We…we are unworthy of it…"

"Didn't you say you wanted to help the village?"

David said. "These resources should be of some help to you."

Zhao Tieshan's tears finally flowed.

He bowed deeply and remained standing for a long time.

"I have no way to repay you. From now on, your affairs are my affairs, and the affairs of Qingfeng Village are my affairs. Just say the word, and I will go through fire and water for you without batting an eye!"

The nine cultivators also bowed, their eyes filled with gratitude and admiration.

David nodded without speaking.

Zhao Tieshan straightened up, wiped away his tears, and turned to the nine cultivators, saying, “What are you standing there for! Quickly pack up the spoils!”

The nine cultivators snapped out of their daze and immediately got to work. They skillfully dismembered the demon dog’s corpse, sorting and storing the fur, bones, flesh, and inner core. Each of them wore an excited smile.

Zhao Tieshan walked up to David, hesitated for a moment, and asked, “I still don’t know your name?”

“David.” David didn’t hide his name.

Although the Divine Race was looking for him, the Nineteenth Heaven was vast and boundless, and there were many people with the same name. Besides, he had changed his appearance and aura, so he shouldn’t be recognized.

“David…” Zhao Tieshan repeated the name, feeling he’d heard it somewhere before, but couldn’t quite place it. “Mr. Chen, are you new to the Nineteenth Heaven?”

“Yes.” David nodded. “My wife is in the Nineteenth Heaven; I’ve come to find her.”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up. “If you’re looking for someone, this is the best place. Bermuda City is one of the largest human settlements in the Nineteenth Heaven. There are various merchant guilds and intelligence organizations in the city; with enough crystals, you can find out any information.”

“Bermuda City?” David raised an eyebrow slightly.

“Yes, Bermuda City,”

Zhao Tieshan said. “It’s about a two-day journey southeast from here. Bermuda City is very large, with all sorts of people—freelance cultivators,

merchants, sect disciples. There are strict rules in the city, prohibiting fighting, so it's very safe."

David nodded. Bermuda City was exactly the place he was looking for.

"Captain Zhao, is your Qingfeng Village near Bermuda City?" David asked.

"Yes,"

Zhao Tieshan said. "Qingfeng Village is northeast of Bermuda City, about a half-day's journey. The village isn't big, only a few hundred households, all making a living by hunting and gathering.

Recently, the demonic hounds have been expanding their range, frequently attacking villagers near the village, causing us to lose many men."

He sighed, a hint of helplessness on his face.

"The village chief's idea is that if we can find the demonic hounds' lair and find a way to drive them away or eliminate them, the village will be safe. But as you saw in today's battle, our strength is no match for the demonic hounds."

He paused, looking at David, a glimmer of expectation in his eyes.

"Mr. Chen, your strength is so great, if it's convenient, could you…"

He stopped mid-sentence, then shook his head, "Never mind, this is our trouble, we shouldn't trouble you."

David was silent for a moment.

"I can take a look. But I can't guarantee I can solve the problem."

Zhao Tieshan's eyes suddenly lit up, and his face showed an expression of ecstasy.

“Really? That’s great! Thank you so much! The village chief will be very happy if he finds out!”

David waved his hand, “Take me to Qingfeng Village first. I need to find a place to stay and learn about the situation in the Nineteenth Heaven.””Good, good, good!” Zhao Tieshan nodded repeatedly. “Follow me, Qingfeng Village is just ahead, not far!”

The spoils were quickly collected.

The corpses of the thirteen demonic hounds were divided into storage bags, filling more than a dozen bags.

The nine cultivators all wore smiles, their eyes gleaming with excitement.

“Let’s go,” Zhao Tieshan said, leading the way.

David and Jiang Xuelan followed behind, heading towards Qingfeng Village.

The nine cultivators followed at the back, looking at David’s back with eyes full of awe and admiration.

“What do you think Mr. Chen’s cultivation level is?” a young cultivator asked in a low voice.

“He’s definitely hiding his cultivation!” another cultivator said confidently. “How could a first-grade Golden Immortal kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog with a single sword strike? He must be at least a sixth-grade Golden Immortal!”

“Yes, I also think he’s hiding his cultivation. He’s deliberately pretending to be a first-grade Golden Immortal, probably just to show off.”

“You’re overthinking it.”

An older cultivator shook his head. “Mr. Chen only has the aura of a first-grade Golden Immortal; I can sense it. He was able to kill the fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog not because of his higher realm, but because of his special cultivation technique.”

“Special cultivation technique? What kind of technique allows a first-grade Golden Immortal to kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal?”

“I don’t know. In any case, Mr. Chen’s strength is too great. Did you see his sword strike just now? It was so fast you couldn’t even see it! With one strike, the demon dog didn’t even have a chance to react before being cleaved in two!”

“Yes, I’ve cultivated for hundreds of years and have never seen such terrifying swordsmanship.”

“Tell me, between Mr. Chen and the city lord of Baimu City, who is stronger?”

“It’s hard to say. The city lord of Baimu City is a seventh-grade Golden Immortal. Although Mr. Chen can instantly kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog, there’s still a gap between him and a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, right?”

“It’s hard to say, really hard to say…”

The discussion grew quieter, but the awe in their eyes deepened.

…

Qingfeng Village is located in a hilly area northeast of Baimu City. The village is small, with only a few hundred households. The houses are built of bluestone and spirit wood, simple yet sturdy.

A low wall surrounds the village, with simple defensive formations carved on it, capable of resisting attacks from some low-level demon beasts. In

the center of the village is a wide square, with a huge ancient tree on it. Its trunk requires more than a dozen people to encircle it, and its canopy blocks out the sun, covering the entire square in shade.

Under the ancient tree is an ancient well, its water crystal clear and emitting a faint spiritual energy.

When the villagers saw Zhao Tieshan returning with a group of people, they all gathered around.

“Captain Zhao is back!”

“Are you all alright? Are you hurt?”

“How’s the demon dog?”

Zhao Tieshan waved his hand, signaling everyone to be quiet.

“I’m fine, everyone’s fine. This is Mr. Chen, he saved us.” He pointed to David and said.

The villagers looked at David, their eyes full of curiosity.

“Mr. Chen? He doesn’t look very old.”

“A first-grade Golden Immortal? He saved you?”

“Captain Zhao, you’re not joking, are you?”

# Chapter 6625

Zhao Tieshan’s face darkened. “When have I, Zhao Tieshan, ever joked? Although Mr. Chen is only at the first level of the Golden Immortal Realm, his combat power far surpasses that of others at the same level. Thirteen fifth-

level Golden Immortal Realm demonic hounds—Mr. Chen alone, one sword at a time, killed them all in less than ten breaths!"

A commotion erupted in the square.

Everyone's eyes widened, their mouths agape.

"One sword at a time, one fifth-level Golden Immortal Realm demonic hound?"

"Killed thirteen in less than ten breaths?"

"This…how is this possible?"

"Captain Zhao, are you sure you're not bragging?"

Zhao Tieshan sneered, taking out a demonic hound's inner core from his storage bag and holding it high.

"Look at this! The inner core of a fifth-level Golden Immortal Realm demonic hound! We have thirteen here! Every single one was killed by Mr. Chen! Anyone who thinks I'm bragging, come and see for yourselves!"

The villagers crowded around, their eyes filled with shock as they looked at the inner core in Zhao Tieshan's hand.

The inner cores of the fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon hounds were genuine; there was no faking it.

Thirteen cores.

A full thirteen.

This meant that thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon hounds had truly been slain.

And the one who killed them was this young man who appeared to be only a first-grade Golden Immortal.

The villagers' gazes towards David changed.

From curiosity to awe.

From suspicion to worship.

"Mr. Chen…" An elderly man with white hair stepped out from the crowd, his steps faltering, but his spirit vigorous.

His cultivation was at the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm; he was the village chief of Qingfeng Village.

David looked at the old man and nodded slightly.

The old man walked up to David and bowed deeply.

"I am Zhao Yuanshan, the village chief of Qingfeng Village. Thank you, Mr. Chen, for saving my life."

His voice was old but strong. "Although Qingfeng Village is poor, we will always remember Mr. Chen's great kindness."

David helped the old man up. "Village chief, there's no need for such formalities. It was nothing, nothing to mention."

Zhao Yuanshan straightened up, looking at David, a complex look flashing in his old eyes.

"Mr. Chen, what brings you to Qingfeng Village?"

"I would like to stay in Qingfeng Village for a few days to learn about the situation in the Nineteenth Heaven," David said. "And I'd also like to help you with the problem of the demon dog monster."

Zhao Yuanshan's eyes lit up, and a look of ecstatic joy appeared on his face.

"Really? That's wonderful! Thank you so much, Mr. Chen!"

He bowed repeatedly, his voice filled with barely concealed excitement. "The demon dog problem has plagued us for years, killing many people. We're at our wits' end. We're incredibly grateful that Mr. Chen is willing to help!"

David nodded. "Village Chief, you're too kind. Please take me to my lodgings first."

"Alright, alright! Mr. Chen, please follow me!" Zhao Yuanshan turned and led David and Jiang Xuelan into the village.

Zhao Tieshan followed behind, a smile on his face.

The villagers murmured amongst themselves, their eyes filled with awe and anticipation as they watched David's retreating figure.

Could this young man really solve their demon dog problem?

They didn't know.

But they were willing to believe.

Because Zhao Tieshan had said that this young man could kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog with a single sword strike. This strength was unmatched in the entire Qingfeng Village.

Perhaps, he really could do it.

David and Jiang Xuelan rested in Qingfeng Village for a day.

Though called a rest, David didn't truly relax.

The bamboo house was simply furnished: a bamboo couch, a wooden table, an oil lamp, and outside the window, rolling green mountains, occasionally punctuated by birdsong.

He sat cross-legged on the bamboo couch, eyes closed, cultivating, the power of chaos flowing slowly within his body.

Grayish-purple light, like tiny dragons, silently traversed his meridians, each ray carrying an indescribable rhythm, as if the primordial chaos of the beginning of time was being re-evolved within him.

His cultivation was still at the first level of the Golden Immortal realm.

But he could feel that the condensation of his chaotic power was much higher than before.

Each strand of spiritual energy was like divine iron forged through countless hammer blows; although the quantity hadn't increased, the quality was completely different.

Deep within his dantian, the seed of spatial laws slowly rotated, like a tiny star, emitting a faint silver light.

The light was faint, almost invisible, but each flicker created a subtle ripple in the surrounding space.

The seed of the Time Law was also sprouting, though still very weak, like a tender sprout just breaking through the soil, its presence could already be felt—a profoundly mysterious sensation, as if the passage of time within him had slowed down. The laws of

heaven and earth in the nineteenth heaven were more than ten times more complete than those in the eighteenth heaven.

Here, fragments of laws were no longer scarce, but as ubiquitous as air.

Golden Immortal cultivators could cultivate here at a speed several times faster than in the lower realms.

But similarly, there were more and stronger experts here.

In the eighteenth heaven, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal was the highest combat strength; but in the nineteenth heaven, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal was only considered average.

Jiang Xuelan sat on the other side of the bamboo house, icy blue light swirling around her.

Her cultivation method was completely different from David's—David's chaotic power devoured and melted everything, while she absorbed the ice-type laws of heaven and earth into her body, fusing them with her own Ice God bloodline.

The chill lowered the temperature of the bamboo house considerably, and a thin layer of frost condensed on the bamboo walls, shimmering in the morning light.

Her cultivation was at the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

After the Ice God Bloodline fully awakened, her cultivation speed increased by leaps and bounds, and the power of the Ice God far surpassed that

of her peers. In the successive battles at the seventeenth and eighteenth heavens, she had proven that cultivators below the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm were no match for her.

But this was the nineteenth heaven, and the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was just the starting point.

She needed to become stronger.

The night passed without incident.

The next morning, the first rays of sunlight streamed through the bamboo forest into the bamboo house, illuminating it warmly and brightly.

Golden light fell on the bamboo walls, turning the frost into a pale gold, like tiny gems embedded in the bamboo.

Birdsong drifted in from outside the window, clear and melodious, carrying the unique freshness of the mountains.

The distant mountains appeared and disappeared in the morning mist, like a traditional Chinese ink painting.

David opened his eyes, a glint of light flashing in his dark pupils.

The light was faint, yet it was as sharp as a sword drawn from its sheath, fleeting and ephemeral.

His aura was even more restrained than yesterday, and the power of chaos flowed more smoothly and freely within him.

“Time to get up,” he said calmly.

Jiang Xuelan opened her eyes as well, a hint of languor in her icy blue pupils.

She stretched, her icy white dress shimmering faintly in the morning light, like a thin layer of frost covering silk.

Her long, ink-black hair was casually draped over her shoulders, the ends still bearing tiny ice crystals that had condensed during her cultivation the previous night, sparkling in the sunlight.

# Chapter 6626

“Going to Bermuda today?” she asked, her voice still slightly hoarse from just waking up.

“Yes.”

David nodded, stood up from the bamboo couch, walked to the window, and gazed at the distant mountains. “Let’s inquire about the situation in the Nineteenth Heaven and see if there’s any news about Yuqi.”

The two walked out of the bamboo house, where Zhao Tieshan was already waiting in the courtyard.

He had changed into clean clothes, a crimson longsword hanging at his waist, the copper rings on the scabbard clinking softly in the morning breeze.

He wore a spirited smile, looking much more energetic than when he had just escaped from the demon dog’s jaws yesterday.

Seeing David and Jiang Xuelan come out, his smile was genuine, without any pretense.

“Mr. Chen, Miss Jiang, good morning.”

He clasped his hands in a respectful greeting, his movements even more deferential than before. “The village chief asked me to take you to Bermuda City. I know Bermuda City very well. I used to make several trips every month to sell monster materials, buy pills and crystals. I know every street and alley in the city.”

Behind Zhao Tieshan were nine cultivators, the same nine who had hunted the demonic hounds with him yesterday.

Their faces were filled with excitement, their eyes gleaming with anticipation.

In yesterday’s battle, although they had suffered some injuries, not a single one of them had died, which was extremely rare in the hunting of demonic hounds.

They all knew that this was because of David.

Without David, ten of them would have faced thirteen demonic hounds, and none of them would have survived.

The beast cores, pelts, bone spurs, and flesh of the thirteen demonic hounds added up to a huge fortune.

For a small border village like Qingfeng Village, this fortune was enough to support the entire village's cultivation expenses for several years.

More importantly, this harvest gave them hope. With Mr. Chen around, they could do things they never dared to dream of before.

"Let's go," David said.

The group left Qingfeng Village and headed southeast.

The morning light grew brighter, and the golden sun slowly rose in the sky, dyeing the entire land a warm gold.

The birds in the forest began to stir, various kinds of spirit birds hopping on the branches, emitting clear and melodious calls.

Occasionally, one or two low-level spirit beasts could be seen darting through the forest, their fur still glistening with dew, startled by the footprints on the road and scattering in all directions.

Qingfeng Village was about half a day's journey from Bermuda City.

The entire route was hilly terrain with little elevation change, but the vegetation was lush, with spirit trees and spirit herbs everywhere.

Sometimes, a strong medicinal fragrance could be smelled along the way—it was the wild spirit herbs in the mountains releasing their medicinal power.

Zhao Tieshan pointed to a low-lying area by the roadside and told David that although the spirit herbs there were not of high quality, the villagers of Qingfeng Village used to come here to collect and trade herbs.

Since news spread that the demon hounds had expanded their territory, no one had dared to travel such a long distance to gather herbs.

As they passed, they could still vaguely see several gathering marks along the path, now overgrown with weeds.

After walking for about two hours, a massive city appeared in the distance. The outline of the city wall was faintly visible in the morning mist, like a lurking behemoth.

As they approached, the mist gradually dissipated, revealing the city's true face.

Bermuda City.

The city wall soared into the clouds, estimated to be at least a hundred feet high, constructed entirely of bluish-white megaliths, each stone several feet square, its surface covered with densely packed runes.

These runes were so complex they were dazzling, each slowly rotating and emitting a faint glow.

It was a defensive formation, said to have been set up by a Grand Luo Golden Immortal-level array master at the invitation of Bermuda City's first city lord, capable of withstanding attacks from a Grand Luo Golden Immortal.

The light from the runes wasn't dazzling in the sunlight, but no one doubted the destructive power they contained.

Outside the city gate was a wide moat, its water crystal clear, revealing stone slabs similarly covered in runes along the bottom.

A massive stone bridge spanned the moat, wide enough to accommodate dozens of carriages side by side.

Two rows of guards in black armor stood at the bridgehead, each with a cultivation level of at least the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and some captains even reaching the fifth rank.

The breastplates and shoulder armor of their black armor were engraved with the symbol of Bermuda City—a city surrounded by nine walls, its lines ancient yet imposing.

The guards' gazes were sharp as knives, sweeping over everyone entering and leaving the city gates.

Their eyes held a professional indifference and vigilance; no one could slip past their watchful eyes.

Some lower-level cultivators unconsciously lowered their heads and quickened their pace as they passed the guards.

The city gates were dozens of feet high, forged entirely of black iron, their surfaces covered with defensive runes, each rune slowly shimmering with a dark golden light.

The weight of these two gates alone would likely have required millions of kilograms of black iron to forge.

Thousands of fist-sized spirit crystals were also embedded in the gates, the energy core maintaining the city gate's defensive formation.

At this moment, the city gates were wide open, and a continuous stream of people flowed in and out.

Above the city gate hung a massive plaque bearing three large characters—"Bemu City."

The characters were carved with the power of laws possessed by a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, each radiating a chilling pressure.

Simply staring at them for too long caused a subtle stinging sensation in one's spiritual sense. The characters were vigorous and powerful, the strokes sharp as knives, clearly the work of a highly skilled calligrapher.

The plaque's border was engraved with intricate patterns, not merely decoration, but concealing the patterns of small protective arrays.

Faint scratches and charred marks adorned the outer walls of the city, evidence of past attacks on Bemu City.

However, these marks were shallow, indicating that the defensive arrays on the walls were sufficient to withstand most attacks.

Zhao Tieshan pointed to several obvious battle relics on the city wall and told David that they were left behind many years ago when a Golden Immortal Rank 8 demonic beast attacked the city. In that battle, Baimu City lost several Golden Immortal Rank 7 experts before finally repelling the beast. Since then, the runes on the city wall have been reinforced several times.

Entering the city requires paying a fee of ten high-grade crystals per person.

Ten high-grade crystals are not much for a Golden Immortal cultivator, but for a True Immortal rogue cultivator, it is a considerable expense.

Zhao Tieshan took out one hundred high-grade crystals from his storage bag and handed them to the guard.

The guard took the crystals, scanned them with his divine sense, nodded, and made way.

# Chapter 6627

The moment I stepped through the city gates, a cacophony of noise assaulted my senses.

Bermuda's main street was wide and smooth, lined with all sorts of shops: elixir shops, magical artifact shops, spiritual material shops, and shops selling materials for demonic beasts—you name it, they had it.

The shops were all exquisitely decorated. Elixir shops displayed advertisements for elixirs of various grades, magical artifact shops displayed sample magical artifacts, and spiritual material shops had rows upon rows of ores and herbs of all colors laid out.

There were also restaurants, teahouses, weapon shops, talisman shops, and array plate shops—a dazzling array, countless in number.

The streets were bustling with people, shoulder to shoulder.

Sect disciples in magnificent robes strolled in small groups, chatting and laughing;

weary cultivators hurried by, carrying large and small bags of materials;

mercenaries, exuding murderous intent, strutted arrogantly through the crowd, blood dripping from their waists;

and elegant cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild, clad in silver robes, carried exquisite storage boxes with unhurried steps.

All sorts of people mingled together, creating a bustling scene of everyday life.

The sounds of hawking, haggling, arguments, the clash of weapons, and laughter from the taverns

mingled, echoing endlessly through the streets.

The air was filled with the aroma of medicinal pills, the pungent smell of demonic beast materials, the smoky aroma of street food stalls, and a faint but omnipresent scent of spirit crystals.

“Mr. Chen, let’s go to the monster material shop first,”

Zhao Tieshan said, leading the way while turning back. “There’s a shop called ‘Wanbaoge’ in the east of the city. It’s the largest monster material buyer in Baimu City. Their prices are fair, and they never cheat anyone.

I’ve done business with them several times before and have never been ripped off.”

He lowered his voice, a shrewd look on his face that only someone who’s done business often possesses. “But please don’t leave me to negotiate prices with the shopkeeper alone later. I’m not good with words. Last time, someone haggled me down to half the price and I still thought I got a good deal.”

David nodded without saying anything.

The group walked through several streets, turning from the main street into a narrower but still bustling alley, and arrived at Wanbaoge in the east of the city.

Wanbaoge was a three-story pavilion, entirely constructed of spirit wood, with carved beams and painted rafters, and upturned eaves, looking both ancient and elegant.

Several anti-peeping runes were engraved on the outer walls of the pavilion to protect the privacy of its customers.

Above the main gate hung a plaque bearing the three large characters “Wanbaoge” (Ten Thousand Treasures Pavilion), carved with the power of laws of a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, emitting a faint glow.

Two jade-carved Pixiu (mythical creatures) crouched at the entrance, symbolizing wealth flowing in without ever leaving.

The pavilion's interior was spacious. The first-floor hall displayed dozens of transparent crystal display cases, showcasing various rare demonic beast materials.

These included the tail feathers of a sixth-grade Golden Immortal Thunder Eagle, scales of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Ice Dragon, the venom sac of the ancient ferocious beast "Swallowing Python," and a nine-tailed spirit fox's inner core sealed in a semi-transparent crystal ball—all priced at astonishingly high prices.

The display cases were protected by layers upon layers of restrictions, each powerful enough to repel an ordinary Golden Immortal cultivator.

At each of the four corners of the hall stood a sixth-grade Golden Immortal guard, motionless and expressionless, like four statues.

As Zhao Tieshan led his group into Wanbaoge, a young shop assistant in a blue robe immediately greeted them.

The assistant smiled, his attitude attentive yet measured, clearly showing he had undergone rigorous training.

"Gentlemen, what would you like? Wanbaoge has everything: pills, magical artifacts, spiritual materials, and monster beast ingredients—all at fair prices,"

the assistant said, his voice clear and measured. "Are you here to sell or buy? If you're selling, Wanbaoge's purchase prices are among the best in Bermuda City." "If you're here to buy something, you've come to the right place. A batch of East Sea Spirit Pearls just arrived yesterday, and they're in excellent condition."

Zhao Tieshan cleared his throat and took out the beast core of a demonic hound from his storage bag, placing it on the counter.

The beast core was the size of a fist, completely black, with faint blood-red patterns visible on its surface—the mark of a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hound.

“We’re selling demonic beast materials. Do you buy the beast cores, pelts, bone spurs, and flesh of thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hounds?”

The shopkeeper’s eyes widened in shock. Thirteen

?

Fifth-grade Golden Immortal level demonic hounds?

He’d been a shopkeeper at Wanbao Pavilion for three years and had seen many big deals, but he’d never seen a rogue cultivator bring materials for thirteen demonic hounds at once.

Demonic hounds were known for living in packs, so thirteen meant at least a team of cultivators of equal level would be needed to hunt them down, and there would likely be casualties.

The highest cultivation level of this group was only fifth-grade Golden Immortal, and all eleven of them bore old wounds; they didn’t seem like a team capable of taking down thirteen demonic hounds.

“Buy, buy, buy! Of course, buy!”

The shopkeeper nodded repeatedly, his smile widening, but more than anything, he was filled with barely suppressed astonishment. “Please wait a moment, gentlemen, I’ll go fetch the manager. I can’t make decisions on such a large order.” He

turned and jogged towards the back hall, his pace more than twice as fast as before.

A moment later, a stout middle-aged man emerged from the back hall.

He wore a brocade robe embroidered with gold-threaded copper coins, and his flesh jiggled with each step.

His face was beaming with smiles, his eyes narrowed to slits, clearly that of a shrewd businessman.

His cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and his aura was steady, obviously not that of an ordinary person.

He also held a jade abacus in his hand, his fingers lightly moving the beads, clearly having been doing accounting.

“I am Qian Wanguan, the manager of Wanbao Pavilion. Greetings, esteemed guests.” The middle –

aged man walked up to David and his group, cupped his hands in greeting, and smiled. His gaze swept over Zhao Tieshan and the others before finally settling on David.

A hint of doubt flashed in his eyes. David was positioned at the very front of the group, with everyone intentionally or unintentionally trailing behind him by half a step. He was clearly the core figure of the entire group. Yet, the aura emanating from this young man was only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. A first-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert, serving as the core of this group? Qian Wanguan had been in business for most of his life, encountering all sorts of people, but this was the first time he had seen such a personnel arrangement. His gaze lingered on David for a moment longer before moving away. “Manager Qian, please take a look at how much these materials are worth.” Zhao Tieshan took out all the beast cores, furs, bone spurs, and flesh from the thirteen demonic hounds and piled them on the counter. The materials formed a small mountain; the black beast cores emitted a faint spiritual light, the dark purple furs were smooth as satin, the sharp bone spurs gleamed with a chilling light, and the flesh was still steaming.

# Chapter 6628

Qian Wanguan's eyes lit up.

He walked to the counter, first picking up a beast core and examining it closely against the light, then tapping the shell with his finger to listen to the sound, followed by checking the integrity and luster of the fur, lightly running his fingertip along the sharp edge of the bone spike, and finally carefully sniffing the scent of flesh and blood.

"Good stuff," he said with genuine admiration.

"Peak Golden Immortal fifth-grade demon hound beast cores, top quality. Thirteen cores, each one in perfect condition, no broken pieces, no impurities. The fur is all intact, which is not easy. Demon hound hides are most vulnerable to scorching marks from magical artifacts; once scorched, the quality is greatly reduced. None of yours are damaged."

He even picked up a beast core and placed it on a fist-sized spiritual energy testing plate, the scale on which instantly jumped to the "peak fifth-grade" range.

After confirming its authenticity, he pondered for a moment, then extended a hand.

"The materials for the thirteen demonic hounds will cost a total of 150,000 high-grade crystals. What do you gentlemen think of this price?"

Zhao Tieshan's eyes lit up.

150,000 high-grade crystals—he had initially expected around 130,000, so this was a bit more than he had anticipated.

He was about to nod when David spoke up.

“300,000.”

His voice was calm, as calm as if he were commenting on the weather.

But those three calm words echoed in the Wanbaoge hall, causing even the shop assistant wiping the display case to stop wiping.

Qian Wanguan frowned slightly, turned to look at David, and a hint of surprise flashed in his eyes.

This young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, not only stood at the core of the group but also knew how to raise the price during negotiations?

Moreover, the number he quoted was subtle; it wasn’t an exorbitant price, but rather a price just above 150,000 without causing the other party to change their expression.

“Young man, 150,000 is already a fair price.”

Qian Wanguan shook his head, his voice still amiable. “The beast core of a fifth-grade Golden Immortal level demon hound is worth 12,000 to 15,000 per core. I’m giving you 10,000 per core because of the large quantity.

The fur, bone spurs, and flesh together are worth 30,000. 150,000 is not low. Go ask around in Bermuda, you won’t find another shop that will give you this price.”

David looked at Qian Wanguan, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

His gaze lingered on the beast cores on the counter for a moment, then returned to Qian Wanguan, his voice calm yet precise like an accounting machine.

“A peak-level fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon hound’s core is worth 15,000 to 18,000 on the market. You’re offering 10,000, which is haggling.

The pelts are intact and undamaged, worth at least 2,000 each, so thirteen pelts would be 26,000.

Each bone spur costs at least 500, and each demon hound has 30 bone spurs, so thirteen would be 195,000.

Each pound of flesh costs 50, and each demon hound has at least 2,000 pounds, so thirteen would be 1,300,000 pounds, worth 65,000.

All in all, the total value is at least 300,000. You're offering 150,000? Are you taking advantage of our ignorance?"

David's voice wasn't loud, but every word was clearly heard by everyone present.

He didn't use any force to intimidate anyone; he simply broke down the numbers, like doing a primary school math problem.

Zhao Tieshan looked at David in surprise, and even Jiang Xuelan looked at him incredulously, wondering how David knew the prices of these things, but this wasn't the time to ask him.

Qian Wanguan's smile vanished.

It wasn't because David was wrong, but because he was absolutely right.

The market price of a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal realm demon dog monster pill, the premium for purchasing a complete pelt, the market price for bone spurs calculated per bone, and the regular purchase price for flesh and blood—every single figure was accurate to the last detail. Even seasoned veterans in the demon beast material business might not be able to explain these figures so clearly.

This young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, either has an extremely powerful background or has personally dismantled dozens of demon dog

monsters, accumulating a wealth of firsthand experience in material processing.

Zhao Tieshan had no idea that demon dog monster materials were so valuable.

He had sold demon dog monster materials with the villagers three or four times before, each time the other party would quote a price, he would symbolically add a little, the other party would symbolically lower the price, and finally the deal would be done.

Not to mention the market price, he had never even considered pricing the beast cores and furs separately, thinking that selling the entire monster at once was the easiest way.

Now that David had broken it down for him, he realized for the first time how much he had been cheated before.

Qian Wanguan was silent for a moment, his smile fading slightly.

For the first time, he seriously examined this young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, his gaze no longer casually sweeping over him, but carrying the weight of a reassessment.

“Young man, you have a good eye.”

He nodded, his tone becoming more serious. “Since you’re knowledgeable, I won’t hold back. 300,000 is the theoretical price, but that’s the retail price, not the purchase price.

When we at Wanbaoge purchase materials, we need to deduct costs such as labor, transportation, storage, and taxes, and we also have to bear the risk of market fluctuations.

200,000 is the highest price I can offer.”

He paused, then added sincerely, “To be honest, in Bermuda, no other company would be more generous than me at this price. If you don’t believe me, you can take my quote and ask around before coming back.” “

250,000,”

David said, his voice still calm. “If you resell it, you can get at least 350,000. A net profit of 100,000, this deal is profitable.”

Qian Wanguan’s eyes narrowed slightly as he looked at David, a complex look flashing in his eyes.

This young man not only knew the market price but also their profit margin.

He even estimated that this batch of goods could be resold for 350,000, a figure only 3,000 different from Qian Wanguan’s initial estimate.

“Two hundred and thirty thousand,” Qian Wanguan said. “That’s the most I can offer.”

“Two hundred and forty thousand,”

David said. “Deal. We’ll have more materials to sell you later. If not, we’ll go to another shop.”

There was no threat in his tone; he was simply stating a fact.

Qian Wanguan was silent for a moment, then finally nodded.

He suddenly smiled, a genuine smile, not the professional one given to customers, but the kind of smile one gives when they’ve discovered an interesting person.

“Alright. Two hundred and forty thousand. Young brother, you’re quite a character.”

He took out twenty-four fist-sized crystals from his storage ring. Each crystal radiated rich spiritual energy, with fine, flowing patterns of light on its surface.

These were top-grade crystals, each worth ten thousand high-grade crystals.

Twenty-four top-grade crystals, that's two hundred and forty thousand.

David took the crystals, scanned each one with his divine sense to confirm the quantity, and then stored them in his storage ring.

The action was as natural as if he were receiving twenty-four ordinary stones.

# Chapter 6629

As the group left Wanbaoge, Qian Wanguan personally saw them off at the door.

Before leaving, he glanced at David's retreating figure a few more times and whispered to the shop assistant beside him, "Remember this person. First-grade Golden Immortal, wearing a blue robe, accompanied by a white-clad woman using ice-elemental techniques. Next time you come, please bring him directly to my shop."

"Understood!" the shop assistant nodded.

David, having left, took out some crystals from his storage ring and gave them to Zhao Tieshan. David had said these things were for them and wouldn't take them back.

Zhao Tieshan accepted the crystals, his face filled with gratitude and shock.

The other nine cultivators watched this scene, their mouths agape.

Two hundred and forty thousand!

That was almost double what they had expected!

And all of this was because David had calmly and unhurriedly quoted a price, and then calmly and unhurriedly negotiated the price again.

From beginning to end, he hadn't even raised his voice.

"Mr. Chen, you…you're amazing!" Zhao Tieshan's eyes were filled with admiration, his voice trembling slightly. "I never used to haggle; I'd only ask for 20,000 or 30,000 more at most. I never expected you to ask for so much more!"

David waved his hand. "Market prices are transparent. As long as you know more, you won't be cheated."

He spoke calmly, but his words were an undeniable fact.

Zhao Tieshan nodded repeatedly, his admiration for David deepening.

He secretly resolved that next time he came to sell materials, he would spend several days in the city, researching the market price of each material.

"David, how did you know the prices of these demon beast materials? We're only at the nineteenth level!" Jiang Xuelan asked.

David smiled faintly. "When we entered the city, you were all busy looking around. I overheard two demon dog monsters trading with my divine sense, so I knew."

David led the group on another tour of Baimu City, learning about the city's power structure and daily operations.

As Zhao Tieshan walked, he introduced the city lord of Baimu City, Murong Bai, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, and the strongest cultivator in Baimu City.

Besides the Wanbao Pavilion, the city also had branches of the Void Merchant Guild, intelligence stations of the Tianji Pavilion, mercenary guilds of the Fengyun Tower, and other forces of varying sizes.

Golden Immortal cultivators were not uncommon in the city; fourth and fifth-grade Golden Immortals frequently walked the streets, and occasionally a sixth-grade Golden Immortal could be seen strolling leisurely along the main street, with pedestrians instinctively stepping back to make way.

"Where is the Void Merchant Guild?" David asked.

Zhao Tieshan pointed towards the city center, "Over there, that tallest silver-white tower is it. However, the Void Merchant Guild is only open to members; ordinary cultivators can't even get in.

Mr. Chen, if you want to inquire about information, you can go to the intelligence trading market in the western district first. They have all kinds of information there. Like I just said, the prices aren't cheap, but the reliability is guaranteed."

David nodded, memorizing the direction of the Void Merchant Guild.

Just as they were walking on the central street, intending to buy some of the latest intelligence, a commotion suddenly arose ahead.

The commotion was several notes louder than the surrounding streets, mixed with exclamations, speculations, and excitement.

A group of people were gathered around a notice board near the city gate, their heads thronging, discussing animatedly. Those on the outer perimeter were desperately craning their necks to peek inside, and some were squeezing through the crowd with excitement written all over their faces.

Zhao Tieshan's curiosity was piqued. Taking advantage of his mercenary physique, he squeezed into the crowd and watched for a while. A moment later, he emerged from the crowd, his face completely changed, and a thin

layer of sweat even appeared on his forehead. “Mr. Chen, something terrible has happened. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king has appeared near Bermuda City. The City Lord’s Mansion has issued a bounty: 500,000 high-grade crystals will be awarded to anyone who can slay the demon dog king!”

500,000 high-grade crystals.

This number made David raise an eyebrow slightly.

500,000 was more than double the 240,000 they had just received from selling thirteen demon dogs, plus haggling.

“A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king, that’s very valuable,” David said.

“It’s valuable, but you need to be alive to get it!”

Zhao Tieshan shook his head, his excitement replaced by solemnity. “A seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King is comparable in strength to a peak seventh-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator. Our village chief is only a sixth-grade Golden Immortal. The entire Qingfeng Village combined might not be a match for it.

Moreover, the Demon Dog King must have a large number of guards. Demon Dogs are social beasts, and the king is surrounded by at least dozens of fifth-grade Golden Immortal guards. According to other cultivators’ hunting intelligence, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King typically has more than fifty guards plus more than five elite sixth-grade Golden Immortal guards.”

His expression grew increasingly grim as he spoke, continuing, “There have been several records of Demon Dog Kings appearing in Baimu City before. Each time, at least twenty or thirty skilled fighters were lost in the raids. With our small group, going there would be suicide. No, we’d probably be torn to pieces by the guards before we even see the Demon Dog King.”

David remained silent, a thoughtful glint in his dark eyes.

The Demon Dog King, a seventh-rank Golden Immortal, was indeed not someone an ordinary person could handle.

But he was no ordinary person. He possessed the power of chaos, the Dragon-Slaying Sword, 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 had never fought a seventh-rank Golden Immortal.

But precisely because he had never fought one, he was even more eager to try.

“Let’s go back to the village first,”

David said. “We can discuss it when we get back. There are some things we need to find out beforehand, such as the Demon Dog King’s territory, activity patterns, and the distribution of its guards.”

Zhao Tieshan nodded and led everyone back to Qingfeng Village along the same route.

Upon returning to the village, Zhao Tieshan immediately found the village chief, Zhao Yuanshan, and told him about the bounty in Baimu City.

Zhao Yuanshan was drinking tea under the spirit tree at the village entrance. After hearing Zhao Tieshan’s words, his hand holding the teacup remained suspended in mid-air for a long time.

“A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king…”

Zhao Yuanshan put down his teacup, a bitter smile appearing on his aged face. “Our Qingfeng Village doesn’t have that kind of strength.”

He spoke calmly, but the helplessness in his tone was particularly unpleasant to hear.

“Even if we sent the whole village out, we might not be able to kill it. And the losses would be huge. A demon beast of this level could easily take several lives with a single counterattack. It’s not worth it.”

“The village chief is right.”

Zhao Tieshan nodded, his voice tinged with bitterness. “A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king is not something we can handle. I’ve inquired. Although the City Lord’s bounty is high, it’s for the big powers in Baimu City.

The Iron Blood Mercenary Group and the Flying Cloud Pavilion all have sixth-grade Golden Immortal level experts in charge, plus elite members. They should be able to put up a fight. Our Qingfeng Village…”

He paused, then laughed self-deprecatingly, “We don’t even have a single peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal level expert. What right do we have to join this fray?”

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Zhao Yuanshan sighed, about to say something, when David spoke up.

“I’ll go try.”

His voice was soft, his tone as calm as if he were saying, “I’m going to buy something.”

Zhao Yuanshan was stunned. Zhao Tieshan was also stunned.

The courtyard fell silent for a moment, save for the rustling of the spirit tree leaves in the wind.

“Mr. Chen, what did you say?”

Zhao Yuanshan’s eyes widened, and he sprang up from his rattan chair. “You’re going to hunt down a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King?”

“Yes.” David nodded. “I want to try.”

“No, no, no!”

Zhao Yuanshan waved his hands repeatedly, his voice urgent, even bordering on agitated. “Mr. Chen, although you are very strong, Tieshan told me that you killed thirteen Demon Dogs by yourself, and even killed a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal elite Demon Dog King with a single sword strike.

But the difference between the seventh and fifth grades of the Golden Immortal realm is like heaven and earth!

The gap between each grade is insurmountable; it’s a qualitative difference in the understanding of laws and the capacity of spiritual power, which cannot be bridged by mere swordsmanship.

Hunting down a Demon Dog King is too dangerous for you!”

“I know.” David’s voice was calm. “But I need resources. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King is worth at least a million high-grade crystals. These resources can help me quickly improve my cultivation.”

He didn’t elaborate further.

From Qingfeng Village to Bermuda City, he had a general understanding of the resource and price levels in the Nineteenth Heaven.

Here, the resources needed for a Golden Immortal cultivator to break through quickly were several times greater than in the Eighteenth Heaven.

Accumulating wealth solely by hunting Golden Immortal Rank 5 demonic beasts was too slow.

Zhao Yuanshan's expression changed repeatedly, his brows furrowing and relaxing as if he were weighing the pros and cons in his mind.

Finally, he sighed, his shoulder muscles relaxing. "

Mr. Chen, if you insist on going, I cannot stop you. But please be careful. If things become impossible, do not force yourself. As long as you're alive, you can always make a comeback."

David nodded.

"Captain Zhao, I need a few people who know the way." He turned to Zhao Tieshan, "You're familiar with the demonic hound's territory, come with me."

Zhao Tieshan gritted his teeth and nodded forcefully, his cheeks bulging as he clenched his teeth.

"Alright! I'll go with you!" He selected nine more cultivators, the same nine who had gone hunting the demonic dog monster with him yesterday.

The nine looked at each other for a moment, but none of them refused.

Ten people, plus David and Jiang Xuelan, made a total of twelve.

Zhao Yuanshan escorted everyone to the village entrance, his aged eyes filled with worry, standing by the crooked wooden fence, repeatedly giving them instructions.

The wind blew from the mountains, passing through the unripe medicinal herbs in the spirit fields, ruffling his gray hair.

The group went to Baimu City, stayed overnight, and the next morning, David led Zhao Tieshan and the others to the information trading market in Baimu City.

To hunt a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demonic dog monster, accurate intelligence was essential; otherwise, without knowing its location, it would be impossible to find the monster.

Baimu City was surrounded by tens of thousands of miles; finding a demonic dog monster was like finding a needle in a haystack. Accurate location was absolutely necessary. The layout of the West District is completely different from the main street.

There are no brightly lit display cases or tall gates, but rather a large cluster of low-rise buildings, seemingly inconspicuous, with narrow, crisscrossing alleys and walls plastered with fragments of outdated intelligence.

Yet, there are many people coming and going, hurrying along, everyone with their hats pulled low and their voices hushed.

Those who appear here likely have something they don't want others to know.

"Mr. Chen, this is the information trading market in Bermuda. You can buy any kind of information here, but the prices are exorbitant,"

Zhao Tieshan said in a low voice, pointing to different alley entrances as he explained to David which window specialized in monster intelligence, which in faction intelligence, and which places were actually unreliable.

He had been here many times and knew the rules well. "The exact location of the Demon Dog King and the distribution of its guards will cost at least five thousand high-grade crystals. This is the most basic version, updated every three days. If you want a real-time updated version, you'll have to pay more."

Five thousand high-grade crystals was a huge sum for Zhao Tieshan.

Yesterday's 240,000 crystals from the materials sale were mostly allocated to the village for overall budgeting. His personal share was only a few thousand, just enough to buy a basic intelligence report.

"I know an intelligence broker, the one at the east alley entrance of the west district called Sun Guaizi. His prices are fair; you should be able to get it for around 5,000.

However, his intelligence isn't always accurate. Last time, the intelligence we bought lacked the latest changes in the satellite constellation, almost causing us to be ambushed in the forest,"

David shook his head.

"Go to the Void Merchant Guild."

Zhao Tieshan's eyes widened. "The Void Merchant Guild? Mr. Chen, the Void Merchant Guild's information is much more expensive! A real-time updated hunter-level intelligence report costs at least tens of thousands, and they might not even sell it to us!

The Void Merchant Guild only sells intelligence to high-level members; ordinary cultivators can't even get in. I've seen those two guards at their gate; they're fifth-grade Golden Immortals. Even I wasn't qualified to ask them a question."

David didn't speak, walking straight towards the Void Merchant Guild.

Zhao Tieshan followed behind, his mind full of questions, but he dared not ask any.

He recalled the opinions he had exchanged with the nine cultivators in private the previous night.

What exactly was Mr. Chen's background?

Many possibilities were speculated upon: he might be a disciple descended from a major sect, a personal disciple of a reclusive master, or even a rogue immortal banished from the Upper Realm to the Nineteenth Heaven as punishment.

Regardless of which guess was correct, one thing was certain: this young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was definitely not a blank slate in the Nineteenth Heaven.

In the central area of Bermuda City, the Void Merchant Guild stood as a silver-white tower, constructed entirely of spirit crystal and spatial jade, shimmering brilliantly in the sunlight.

The tower had nine floors, each with its outer walls inscribed with spatial runes. These runes were not defensive formations, but rather interdimensional communication arrays and spatial channel stabilization arrays.

This meant that the tower itself was a small spatial hub.

A Void Pearl, over ten feet in diameter, floated atop the tower; it was the symbol of the Void Merchant Guild and one of the key nodes maintaining the stability of the spatial laws of Bermuda City.

Zhao Tieshan stood at the foot of the tower's steps, his legs already trembling.

He looked up at the tower, feeling like an ant standing at the entrance to a dragon's lair.

Two guards in silver-white robes stood at the tower's entrance, both at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Their gazes were sharp as knives, their aura steady yet fierce, incomparable to the guards at the gates of Bermuda City.

Everyone who approached the tower was scanned with their divine sense; some rogue cultivators attempting to sneak in were repelled by an invisible

barrier the moment they stepped onto the steps, falling awkwardly into the street, drawing laughter from passersby.