A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6641

When Chen Ping and his group returned to Qingfeng Village, it was already dawn.

Golden sunlight bathed the earth, illuminating the distant mountains and the nearby wasteland; everything seemed so quiet and peaceful.

But Chen Ping suddenly stopped.

His nose twitched slightly; a strange smell filled the air.

It was the smell of blood, a heavy, congealed smell of blood, mixed with the stench of burnt flesh and ashes, drifting in the morning breeze.

Zhao Tieshan also stopped, his face turning deathly pale.

“Mr. Chen…this smell…”

Chen Ping didn’t speak; his figure suddenly accelerated, rushing towards Qingfeng Village.

Zhao Tieshan and the nine cultivators followed closely behind, each of them feeling a sense of foreboding.

When they saw Qingfeng Village, they were all stunned.

The village had become ruins.

The ancient tree at the village entrance was burned to charcoal, its thick trunk lying on the ground, pressing down on several charred corpses.

Smoke still rose from the ruins of the houses, ashes drifting in the morning breeze like black snowflakes.

Dark red bloodstains, congealed into a black film, covered every inch of the land.

Corpses lay scattered across the square, streets, and ruins; some charred, some decapitated, some disemboweled—their deaths gruesome.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and acrid burning, almost nauseating.

Zhao Tieshan's body jolted violently, then he let out a heart-wrenching roar.

"No!!!"

He rushed into the village, frantically searching among the corpses. His wife, his children, his parents, his fellow villagers—all lay on the ground, cold corpses.

He picked up a woman's body; it was his wife. Her clothes were torn, her body covered in wounds, her eyes still open, filled with fear and resentment.

"Xiao Cui! Xiao Cui! Wake up! Open your eyes and look at me!"

Zhao Tieshan cried his heart out, clutching his wife's body, tears streaming down his face and falling onto her pale cheeks.

The nine cultivators had also gone mad. They scattered and fled, searching for their loved ones in the ruins.

Some found their parents' bodies, some their siblings', some their children's.

Cries, shouts, and screams echoed through the ruins like a mournful elegy.

Chen Ping stood at the village entrance, watching everything before him, his dark eyes devoid of emotion.

But his fingers trembled slightly.

The faces of the villagers flashed through his mind: the white-haired old village chief, Zhao Tieshan who had led them to hunt the demon dog monster, the villagers who had looked at him with awe and worship.

They had seen him as their savior, as their hero, as their hope.

But now, they were all dead.

Dead by greed, dead by cruelty.

“Mr. Chen…” Zhao Tieshan knelt on the ground, holding his wife’s body, and looked up at Chen Ping, his eyes bloodshot. “Who…who did this…”

Chen Ping didn’t speak.

His divine sense had spread out, covering the entire village.

He could sense the residual auras on the corpses: the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, the Blazing Fire Sect, and the Flying Cloud Pavilion.

“Iron Blood Mercenary Group, Azure Wolf Gang, Blazing Fire Sect, Flying Cloud Pavilion.”

Chen Ping’s voice was calm, a calmness that sent chills down one’s spine. “Four forces have come.” Zhao Tieshan clenched his fists tightly, his nails digging deep into his palms, blood seeping from between his fingers.

“I’m going to kill them! I’ll tear them to pieces!” He stood up, about to rush out.

Chen Ping reached out and stopped him.

“Going there is suicide.” Chen Ping’s voice remained calm, but carried an undeniable authority.

Zhao Tieshan froze, tears welling in his eyes, streaming down his cheeks, dripping onto the blood-stained ground.

“Mr. Chen… I… I can’t… My wife… My children… They’re all dead… I can’t just let this go…”

“I’ll go in your place.”

Chen Ping’s voice was soft, but every word was like a nail driven into Zhao Tieshan’s heart. “You stay here, bury the villagers. Take care of the survivors.”

Zhao Tieshan looked up at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with shock and gratitude.

“Mr. Chen, you…”

“I said I’ll go in your place.” Chen Ping patted Zhao Tieshan’s shoulder. “You wait here and bury the villagers properly. I’m going to Bermuda.”

He turned and walked out of the village.

Jiang Xuelan followed, a hint of worry in her icy blue eyes.

“I’ll go with you,” she said.

Chen Ping stopped and turned to look at her.

“You stay here.”

His voice was calm, but with an unyielding firmness. “Zhao Tieshan and the others are emotionally unstable right now. You stay here and watch over them to prevent them from acting impulsively.”

Jiang Xuelan bit her lip and finally nodded.

“Be careful.”

“I know.”

Chen Ping turned, his gray robe fluttering in the morning breeze, his long black hair flowing in the wind.

His figure walked further and further away in the morning light, gradually disappearing on the horizon.

Zhao Tieshan knelt in the ruins, holding his wife’s body, tears streaming down his face.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue eyes fixed on the direction Chen Ping had disappeared, her eyes filled with worry.

But she didn’t chase after them.

She knew Chen Ping was right.

Zhao Tieshan and the others were emotionally unstable and needed someone to keep an eye on them.

If no one stopped them, they might act impulsively and die needlessly.

“Captain Zhao,”

Jiang Xuelan’s voice was soft but firm, “bury the villagers properly. Let them rest in peace.”

Zhao Tieshan looked up at Jiang Xuelan, his eyes filled with tears.

“Okay…”

He stood up, wiped away his tears, and began to lead the nine cultivators to collect the villagers’ bodies.

One, two, three…

every body broke their hearts, every face brought tears to their eyes.

But they didn’t stop.

They knew the village chief was watching them, the dead villagers were watching them.

They couldn’t let the dead down.

Chapter 6642

Bermuda City.

The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group’s headquarters was abuzz with jubilation.

Ma Kui sat in the main seat, a cup of spirit wine in his hand, a smug smile on his face.

Before him were several plates of exquisite spirit fruits and spirit beast meat, their aroma filling the air.

“Captain, this haul has been quite impressive!”

a mercenary said with a fawning smile. “Although we didn’t find any beast cores, those poor folks in Qingfeng Village actually hid quite a few good

things. Crystals, spirit materials, magic artifacts—they're worth at least tens of thousands of high-grade crystals!"

Ma Kui took a sip of his spirit wine, a satisfied smile curving his lips.

"Tens of thousands? That's too little. The villagers of Qingfeng Village, though poor, still have some value from their family heirlooms. Add in the women's jewelry and magical artifacts, and it's worth at least two hundred thousand." "

The commander is brilliant!"

"However..."

Ma Kui put down his wine cup, a cold glint in his eyes, "We haven't found Chen Ping yet. His beast cores are the real prize."

"Don't worry, commander, we've already sent people to guard all the intersections. As soon as Chen Ping appears, we'll catch him immediately."

"Hmm." Ma Kui nodded, "And what about Feiyun Pavilion..." "

The people from Feiyun Pavilion didn't take anything. That woman, Liu Feng, is a coward. She's afraid of Chen Ping's revenge, so she doesn't dare to act, only sending people to watch from the sidelines."

Ma Kui sneered, "That woman is a useless piece of trash. Bai Feiyun died, and she became the pavilion master, but she has no guts whatsoever. A woman like that can't achieve anything great."

Just then, a mercenary rushed in in a panic.

"Commander! Commander!

Something terrible has happened!" Ma Kui's face darkened. "What's the panic? Has the sky fallen?"

“The sky hasn’t fallen… but… but…”

The mercenary’s lips trembled, his face was deathly pale, and his eyes were filled with fear. “That Chen Ping… he… he’s here!”

Ma Kui’s expression changed drastically.

“What? He’s here?”

“Yes… yes… he’s alone… standing outside the camp… saying… saying he’s going to slaughter our Iron Blood Mercenary Group…”

Ma Kui suddenly stood up, the wine glass in his hand falling to the ground and shattering.

“Gather everyone! Everyone!” he shouted. “Form ranks! Prepare to meet the enemy!”

The mercenaries inside the camp were alarmed and rushed out of the houses, weapons in hand, their faces filled with tension and fear.

They had heard of Chen Ping.

That young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm killed Huo Tie with one sword, Bai Feiyun with one sword, Black Wolf with one sword, and Turkey with one sword.

That young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, with a fire unicorn, killed the Demon Dog King at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

That young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, declared he would slaughter their Iron Blood Mercenary Group.

Over three hundred mercenaries formed ranks within the encampment, completely blocking the entrance.

They gripped longswords, spears, and swords, their faces etched with tension and fear.

Ma Kui stood at the head of the group, a massive battle axe gleaming with golden light.

But his hand trembled slightly.

The encampment gates were wide open.

A grey figure entered.

Chen Ping.

His pace was neither fast nor slow, each step firm and heavy. His

grey robes fluttered gently in the wind, his Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, its scabbard shimmering with a faint purple light.

His face was expressionless, his black eyes as calm as still water.

Yet, he emanated a chilling killing intent.

That killing intent was intensely strong, icy cold, devoid of emotion, devoid of pity, only pure, naked killing intent.

Over three hundred mercenaries involuntarily took a step back the moment they saw him.

It was an instinctive fear.

Ma Kui swallowed hard, trying to keep his voice calm.

“Chen Ping, you… what do you want to do?”

Chen Ping looked at him without speaking.

Cold sweat beaded on Ma Kui's forehead.

"Chen Ping, I advise you not to act rashly. This is Bermuda City. If you make a move here, the city lord won't let you off!"

Chen Ping still didn't speak.

He simply raised his right hand and gripped the hilt of the Dragon Slayer Sword.

Purple sword light surged from the scabbard, slicing through the air like lightning and illuminating the entire encampment.

Ma Kui's expression completely changed. "Stop him! Stop him!" he shouted.

Several mercenaries rushed forward, their longswords slashing at Chen Ping.

Chen Ping raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and casually slashed out.

The purple sword light, like a long dragon, sliced through the air, cleaving the mercenaries in two, sword and all.

Blood gushed out, and their bodies fell to the ground.

The mercenaries' eyes were still open, filled with disbelief, as if they didn't understand how they died.

Chen Ping didn't stop.

He continued forward.

Every step he took treaded on the blood, splattering it everywhere.

The mercenaries were terrified.

They looked at Chen Ping, at the young man exuding murderous intent, and fear surged through their hearts like a flood.

“Charge! All of you, charge!” Ma Kui shouted, “He’s only one person! We have over three hundred of us, what are we afraid of!”

The mercenaries gritted their teeth and charged forward.

But they were wrong.

Numbers meant nothing to Chen Ping.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, its purple light weaving through the crowd, each flash claiming a dozen men.

One strike, and over a dozen mercenaries lay dead in pools of blood.

Two strikes, and another dozen fell.

Three, four, five strikes…

the mercenaries fell like wheat being harvested, their blood forming streams that stained the entire encampment red.

Chen Ping’s figure moved swiftly through the crowd, his movements so fast they were impossible to discern.

Only a purple light flashed through the ranks, each flash claiming a dozen lives.

The mercenaries finally broke down.

They scattered and fled in all directions, wishing they had more legs.

But Chen Ping gave them no chance. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword in hand, its purple light like the scythe of death, reaped lives on the battlefield.

Over three hundred mercenaries, in less than half an hour, lay dead in pools of blood.

Not a single one survived.

Ma Kui stood at the very back, watching his men fall one by one, his face deathly pale, his body trembling.

He wanted to run, but his legs were weak, and he couldn't move at all.

Chen Ping walked up to him, his dark eyes fixed on him.

"Did you kill the people of Qingfeng Village?" His voice was calm.

Ma Kui's lips trembled, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

"I'm asking you, did you kill them?" Chen Ping's voice remained calm, but there was a chilling coldness in that calmness.

"Yes…yes…"

Ma Kui finally managed to squeeze out a word, "It was me…it was my order…"

Chen Ping nodded.

"Good."

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, and a purple sword light slashed down.

Ma Kui's body was cleaved in two, blood gushing out, his internal organs spilling onto the ground.

Ma Kui, the new leader of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

Chen Ping looked at the corpses scattered on the ground, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

He turned and walked out of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group's encampment.

Outside the encampment, a crowd had already gathered.

The cultivators of Bermuda were alarmed and gathered around. Looking at the horrific scene at their camp, shock and fear filled their faces.

Over three hundred mercenaries were all dead.

Not a single survivor.

And the one who killed them was just a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

"He…he killed over three hundred mercenaries all by himself?"

"That's terrifying…"

"Who is he?"

"Run! His next target is definitely the Azure Wolf Gang!"

Chen Ping ignored the murmurs.

He headed towards the Azure Wolf Gang.

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The Canglang Gang's stronghold was now in complete chaos.

News spread faster than the wind: Chen Ping had

single-handedly wiped out the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, over three hundred mercenaries, leaving not a single one alive. The Canglang Gang members were terrified, frantically packing their belongings to escape.

But Chen Ping gave them no chance.

He stood before the gates of the Canglang Gang's stronghold, his purple eyes fixed on the plaque above the gate tower, the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand.

"Those inside, come out."

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

No one answered.

Chen Ping didn't care.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed out.

The purple sword light struck the gate tower, splitting it in two.

The gate tower collapsed, crashing to the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust.

The Canglang Gang members rushed out of the buildings, seeing Chen Ping, terrified out of their wits, and turned to run.

But they couldn't escape.

Chen Ping's figure vanished from his spot, appearing in the crowd in the next instant.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, its purple light weaving through the crowd.

One strike, one kill; one strike, one kill.

No one could withstand a second blow.

The members of the Azure Wolf Gang fell like wheat being harvested, their blood forming streams that stained the entire stronghold red.

In less than half an hour, all two hundred-plus members of the Azure Wolf Gang's stronghold were killed.

Not a single one was spared.

Chen Ping stood amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his gray robe soaked through, turning a dark red. His face was expressionless, his black eyes as calm as a stagnant pool.

He turned and walked towards the Blazing Fire Sect.

…

The Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold was located on a volcanic crater west of Baimu City, where a fiery spiritual vein lay beneath, its spiritual energy abundant.

Chen Ping stood on the crater, looking down at the Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

The disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect already knew about the annihilation of the Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group and the Azure Wolf Gang, and were in complete chaos. Some were packing their belongings to escape, some were kneeling and begging for mercy, and some were closing their eyes and waiting for death.

Chen Ping didn't waste any words.

He leaped down from the volcano crater, landing in the center of the Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, and purple sword light poured down like a torrential rain.

The disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect tried to resist, but their flames were as fragile as paper before the power of chaos.

One sword, one kill; one sword, one kill.

The Supreme Elder of the Blazing Fire Sect rushed out from the inner hall, and when she saw Chen Ping, her face turned deathly pale.

"Chen… Chen Ping… you… you can't kill me…"

Chen Ping looked at her, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

"You sent people to Qingfeng Village." His voice was calm.

"I…I…I didn't kill anyone…"

The old woman's voice trembled. "I just…I just went to take a look…I didn't kill anyone…"

"You stood there watching, watching them kill," Chen Ping's voice remained calm. "Not stopping them makes you an accomplice."

The old woman's lips trembled; she wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

Chen Ping raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and brought it down.

The old woman's body fell to the ground, blood gushing from her wounds, staining the ground red.

The Supreme Elder of the Blazing Fire Sect, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

The disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect cried and wailed, kneeling on the ground, kowtowing and begging for mercy.

But Chen Ping showed no mercy.

He thought of the villagers of Qingfeng Village, the old people, the women, the children. When they knelt on the ground begging for mercy, did these disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect show any mercy?

No.

They killed everyone, leaving no one alive.

Now, it was their turn. The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, its purple light weaving through the crowd.

One sword, one kill; one sword

, one kill. In less than half an hour, all two hundred-plus disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold were slaughtered.

Not a single one survived.

Chen Ping stood in the sea of fire, his gray robes fluttering in the heat, his long black hair billowing in the wind.

He turned and walked towards the Flying Cloud Pavilion.

…

Flying Cloud Pavilion.

Liu Feng sat in the Pavilion Master's seat, her face deathly pale, her whole body trembling.

The news had already reached them: the Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group had been wiped out, the Azure Wolf Gang had been wiped out, the Blazing Fire Sect had been wiped out.

Three forces, thousands of people, all killed.

Not a single one survived.

Next, it would be the Flying Cloud Pavilion.

"Pavilion Master, what do we do?"

A disciple knelt on the ground, his voice filled with fear, "That Chen Ping… he… will he also come and destroy our Flying Cloud Pavilion?"

Liu Feng closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

"Send someone to find Chen Ping."

"Find him? What for?"

"To beg him."

Liu Feng opened her eyes, a resolute glint in them. "Beg him to spare Feiyun Pavilion. Whatever he wants, we'll give him. Crystals, resources, magic weapons, everything. As long as he doesn't destroy Feiyun Pavilion, anything is fine."

The disciple nodded, turned, and ran out.

Liu Feng sat in her seat, looking at the sky outside the window, her eyes filled with bitterness.

She regretted it.

She regretted going to Qingfeng Village.

If she hadn't gone, perhaps Feiyun Pavilion wouldn't be where it is today.

But now it was too late.

She could only pray, pray that the young man would spare Feiyun Pavilion.

…

The disciples of Feiyun Pavilion found Chen Ping on the streets of Baimu City.

Chen Ping was walking towards Feiyun Pavilion, his gray robe stained with blood, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, blood still dripping from its blade.

The disciple saw Chen Ping, his legs went weak with fear, but he still forced himself to run over.

"Mr…Mr. Chen…"

Chen Ping stopped and looked at him.

"Master Liu…Master Liu invites you to Feiyun Pavilion for a talk…"

Chen Ping remained silent.

"Mr. Chen, Master Liu said…Master Liu said that whatever you want, Feiyun Pavilion will give you…Crystals, resources, magical artifacts…anything is fine…just please don't destroy Feiyun Pavilion…"

Chen Ping looked at the disciple, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Did the people of Feiyun Pavilion kill anyone from Qingfeng Village?” His voice was calm.

“No…no!”

The disciple waved his hands repeatedly, “Master Liu ordered us not to act! We from Feiyun Pavilion just watched…just watched…we didn’t touch a single villager!”

Chen Ping was silent for a moment.

“Go back and tell Liu Feng.”

His voice was calm, “I saw that the people of Feiyun Pavilion didn’t act. I won’t kill you. But Liu Feng, she must die.”

The disciple’s face changed drastically.

“Why…why?”

“Because she is the Pavilion Master.”

Chen Ping’s voice remained calm, “She went to Qingfeng Village, and she didn’t stop her. That’s the reason.”

The disciple opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but seeing Chen Ping’s cold eyes, he ultimately said nothing.

“Go back and tell her to get ready.”

Chen Ping turned and walked towards the direction of Feiyun Pavilion.

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Flying Cloud Pavilion.

Liu Feng sat in the pavilion master's seat, a long sword gripping her hand, its blade gleaming with a cold light.

She already knew Chen Ping's demands.

He wanted her dead.

Liu Feng gave a bitter smile.

She had lived for thousands of years, finally becoming the pavilion master of Flying Cloud Pavilion, only to lose her life because of one wrong decision.

But she didn't regret it.

At least, Flying Cloud Pavilion was saved.

Her disciples were saved.

"Pavilion Master, run!"

a disciple knelt on the ground, crying and shouting, "We'll hold off Chen Ping, you run!"

Liu Feng shook her head.

"I can't escape. He can even kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demon dog king, how can I escape?"

She stood up, gripping her long sword, walked to the window, and looked at the sky outside.

"Tell him I'm ready."

The disciples cried and shouted, but Liu Feng didn't turn back.

She stood by the window, waiting for death to come.

Chen Ping arrived.

He entered the main hall of Feiyun Pavilion and saw Liu Feng standing by the window, a long sword in her hand, her back to him.

“You’ve come,” Liu Feng said calmly.

“Yes,” Chen Ping replied calmly.

“The people of Feiyun Pavilion really didn’t kill anyone from Qingfeng Village. I ordered them not to act, and they all obeyed.”

“I know,” Chen Ping said, “That’s why I won’t destroy Feiyun Pavilion.”

Liu Feng turned around, looked at Chen Ping, and a bitter smile appeared on her lips.

“But I must die.”

“Yes,” Chen Ping nodded. “You went to Qingfeng Village. You didn’t stop them. That’s the reason.”

Liu Feng closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“Alright. Do it.”

Chen Ping raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword, and a purple sword light slashed down.

Liu Feng’s body slowly fell, blood gushing from her wounds, staining the ground red.

The disciples of Feiyun Pavilion knelt on the ground, weeping.

Chen Ping looked at Liu Feng’s corpse, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

He turned and walked out of Feiyun Pavilion.

As

the sun set, golden sunlight bathed the streets of Bermuda, turning the entire city golden.

Chen Ping walked along the street, his gray robe now a dark red, the color of blood.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, its scabbard still stained with blood.

The cultivators lining the streets stared at Chen Ping, their eyes filled with fear and awe.

One man.

In one day.

He had wiped out four forces.

The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, the Blazing Fire Sect, and the Flying Cloud Pavilion—four forces that had operated in Bermuda for hundreds of years—were all destroyed by one man in a single day.

This news was enough to shake the entire city of Bermuda,

and even the entire Nineteenth Heaven.Chen Ping ignored the stares of those people.

He walked towards the city gate.

He was going back to Qingfeng Village.

The dead villagers were still waiting for him.

The wronged souls were still waiting for him.

He had to tell them the news.

The revenge had been taken.

The blood debt had been repaid.

…

When Chen Ping returned to Qingfeng Village, it was already dark.

The silvery moonlight shone on the ruins, enveloping the entire ruins in a silvery glow.

The ancient tree at the village entrance was burned to charcoal, but Zhao Tieshan and the others did not move it. They cleared away the remains of the ancient tree and erected a huge stone tablet next to it.

The name of each of the dead was engraved on the stone tablet.

Zhao Tieshan's wife, children, parents, the relatives of the nine cultivators, and the white-haired old village chief—Zhao Yuanshan.

His name was first.

"Tomb of Zhao Yuanshan, Village Chief of Qingfeng Village."

Chen Ping stood in front of the stone tablet, looking at the names, and remained silent for a long time.

Zhao Tieshan walked over, his eyes red and swollen, his face still streaked with tears.

"Mr. Chen, you're back."

“Yes.” Chen Ping nodded. “The revenge is complete.”

Zhao Tieshan’s body trembled violently, and tears welled up in his eyes again.

“The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, the Blazing Fire Sect, and the Flying Cloud Pavilion—all wiped out.” Chen Ping’s voice was calm. “Not a single one survived.”

Zhao Tieshan knelt on the ground and kowtowed three times to the stone tablet, his voice choked with sobs.

“Village Chief, did you hear that? Mr. Chen avenged us! Those beasts are all dead! Not a single one escaped!”

The nine cultivators also knelt down, kowtowing to the stone tablet, weeping uncontrollably.

Chen Ping stood behind them, looking at the stone tablet, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

But his hands trembled slightly.

He remembered the white-haired old village chief, the old village chief who said, “Everyone is my child.”

He remembered the villagers who looked at him with awe and worship.

They saw him as a hero, as their hope.

But he had failed to protect them.

“I’m sorry.” Chen Ping’s voice was very soft, so soft that only he could hear it.

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side and took his hand.

“It’s not your fault,” she said softly, but firmly.

Chen Ping remained silent for a long time before finally nodding.

“Let’s go,” he said. “Let’s bury them properly. Then, we’ll go to Bermuda.”

“What for?” Zhao Tieshan looked up, his eyes full of confusion.

“To buy resources and rebuild Qingfeng Village,” Chen Ping said calmly. “Qingfeng Village can’t just disappear like this. As long as one person is alive, Qingfeng Village will still exist.”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up.

“Yes! As long as one person is alive, Qingfeng Village will still exist!”

He stood up, wiped away his tears, and a smile appeared on his face.

That smile contained sadness, strength, and hope.

Chen Ping looked at his smile, a slight curve appearing at the corners of his lips.

He knew that Qingfeng Village wouldn’t just disappear.

As long as someone was alive, as long as someone remembered, Qingfeng Village would always exist.

Chapter 6645

Bermuda was in an uproar.

News spread like wildfire through every street and alley of the city. Teahouses, restaurants, and markets were all buzzing with the same story:

The Iron Blood Mercenary Group had been wiped out. Over three hundred mercenaries, not a single one spared.

The Azure Wolf Gang had been destroyed.

Over two hundred members had all been killed.

The Blazing Fire Sect had been destroyed.

Its entire stronghold was burned to the ground.

The Flying Cloud Pavilion's leader, Liu Feng, was dead, but his disciples survived.

Four forces that had operated in Bermuda for centuries had been uprooted in a single day by one man.

And that man was merely a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

"Have you heard? That young man is called Chen Ping. He's said to be from the lower realm, carrying the ancient divine beast, the Fire Qilin!"

"A mere first-grade Golden Immortal can destroy four forces? How is that possible? Ma Kui of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group is a sixth-grade Golden Immortal!"

"What sixth-grade Golden Immortal? Chen Ping only needed one sword strike to cleave Ma Kui in two!"

"The Supreme Elder of the Blazing Fire Sect, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was also killed with a single sword strike!"

"Liu Feng of the Flying Cloud Pavilion didn't resist. She ordered her disciples to surrender, willingly facing death herself. Chen Ping said that since the Flying Cloud Pavilion didn't attack, he would only kill the Pavilion Master, not destroy the entire Flying Cloud Pavilion."

"Just who is Chen Ping? With such strength, he couldn't possibly be unknown."

“I heard he’s looking for his wife, a woman named Su Yuqi. He came to the Nineteenth Heaven to find her.”

“Su Yuqi? Never heard of her. But with his strength, finding someone shouldn’t be difficult, right?”

“Hard to say. The Nineteenth Heaven is so vast, finding someone is like finding a needle in a haystack.”

Discussions rose and fell, the entire city of Bermuda immersed in shock and curiosity.

But what truly shook the major powers wasn’t Chen Ping’s strength, but his style of doing things. He was

ruthless

, leaving no one alive. The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, and the Blazing Fire Sect were completely wiped out, not a single survivor.

Although the Flying Cloud Pavilion was preserved, its leader, Liu Feng, was dead, its strength severely damaged, and it would take decades to recover.

His methods were ruthless to the extreme.

Those forces that had previously coveted Qingfeng Village were all terrified, immediately recalling all their spies, fearing Chen Ping’s attention.

Even those forces with no connection to Qingfeng Village began to re-evaluate this suddenly appearing young man.

One person, a first-grade Golden Immortal, leading a fire unicorn, had destroyed four forces.

This kind of person was either befriended or kept at a distance; he absolutely could not be offended.

…

In the heart of Bermuda City, at the City Lord's Mansion.

City Lord Murong Bai sat in his study, a jade slip in his hand, his divine sense probing as he read the intelligence that had just been transmitted.

His face was refined, making him appear more like a scholar than a city lord.

His cultivation was at the peak of the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, making him the undisputed strongest person in Bermuda City.

"The Iron Blood Mercenary Group was wiped out, the Azure Wolf Gang was wiped out, the Blazing Fire Sect was wiped out, and Liu Feng, the Pavilion Master of the Flying Cloud Pavilion, was killed…"

Murong Bai put down the jade slip, a meaningful smile curving his lips. "Interesting."

Standing in the study was a middle-aged man dressed in black, the City Lord's Mansion's chief guard, named Zhou Han, a sixth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert."City Lord, who is this Chen Ping?"

Zhou Han asked. "He single-handedly wiped out four forces. This kind of strength doesn't seem like that of a first-grade Golden Immortal."

"He's no ordinary person."

Murong Bai stood up, walked to the window, and looked at the sky outside. "His cultivation method is very special. It's not an ordinary Five Elements technique, nor is it a technique of the Divine Race. It's said to be the power of chaos, the long-lost power of chaos in the Daoist sects."

"The power of chaos?" Zhou Han's expression changed. "The legendary primordial power?"

“That’s right.”

Murong Bai nodded. “The power of chaos is the source of all elements and the source of all laws. Those who cultivate the power of chaos possess combat power far exceeding their peers. It’s not surprising that he, a first-grade Golden Immortal, could kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal.”

Zhou Han was silent for a moment. “City Lord, what do we do? He killed so many people, should we…”

“Should we arrest him?”

Murong Bai shook his head. “Why arrest him? The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, and the Blazing Fire Sect—these forces run rampant in Baimu City, oppressing the people. I’ve wanted to deal with them for a long time.

I just haven’t had a suitable reason, and I’ve been too lazy to bother. Now that someone has taken care of it for me, I’m overjoyed.”

He turned to Zhou Han.

“Send someone to find Chen Ping. Invite him to the City Lord’s Mansion for a chat.”

“The City Lord wants to win him over? “

“Win him over?” Murong Bai smiled. “It’s not really winning him over. Just making friends. A person who cultivates the power of chaos has limitless potential. It’s much better to befriend him now than to offend him later.”

Zhou Han nodded. “I’ll take care of it right away.”

…

When Chen Ping led Zhao Tieshan and the others back into Baimu City, it was three days later.

For three days, Zhao Tieshan and nine cultivators worked day and night to clear the ruins, bury the corpses, and sort through the belongings, finally burying all the villagers' remains.

Hundreds of new graves stood neatly arranged on the hillside behind the village, facing east and welcoming the rising sun.

Zhao Tieshan's eyes were still red, but his back was much straighter.

The sorrow remained, but he had learned to hide it deep inside.

"Mr. Chen, we need to buy a lot of things,"

Zhao Tieshan said. "Rebuilding the village requires timber, stone, spiritual materials, and materials for some defensive formations. It will cost at least tens of thousands of high-grade crystals."

Chen Ping nodded. "Money is not a problem. The crystals we obtained from the Demon Dog King and those faction leaders are enough to rebuild the village."

The group entered Bermuda City and went directly to Wanbao Pavilion.

Qian Wanguan's legs went weak when he saw Chen Ping.

He had, of course, heard of Chen Ping's exploits—one man wiped out four factions, killing thousands of people.

And this seemingly ordinary young man was the legendary god of death.

"Mr...Mr. Chen..." Qian Wanguan's voice trembled. "What...what are your orders?"

Chen Ping looked at Qian Wanguan, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

“I need to purchase a batch of materials. Timber, stone, spiritual materials, and materials for defensive formations—the list is here.”

He took a list from Zhao Tieshan and handed it to Qian Wanguan.

Qian Wanguan’s hands trembled as he took the list. He quickly glanced through it and nodded repeatedly.

“Good, good, good! All these materials are available! All of them! Mr. Chen, please wait a moment, I’ll prepare them for you right away!”

In less than half an hour, all the materials were prepared, filling more than a dozen storage bags.

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“Mr. Chen, these materials total 156,000 high-grade crystals. Since you are a distinguished guest of our Wanbao Pavilion, we’ll round it down to 156,000.” Qian Wanguan’s face was plastered with a fawning smile.

David took out fifteen top-grade crystals from his storage ring and placed them on the counter.

“Here’s 150,000. Count them.”

“No need to count, no need to count!” Qian Wanguan waved his hands repeatedly, “What Mr. Chen gives you is absolutely genuine!”

David nodded and turned to leave.

Just then, a middle-aged man dressed in black walked in from outside. His steps were steady, his aura restrained, and his cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

“Excuse me, which one of you is Mr. David?”

Zhao Tieshan’s expression changed, and he instinctively stepped in front of David. “Who are you?”

The man in black cupped his hands respectfully, “I am Zhou Han, the head guard of the City Lord’s Mansion. I am here on the orders of the City Lord to invite Mr. Chen to the City Lord’s Mansion for a chat.”

Zhao Tieshan’s face grew even uglier.

Someone from the City Lord’s Mansion?

Could they be here to avenge those forces?

After all, those forces had been operating in Bermuda for centuries and must have some connection to the City Lord’s Mansion.

David had wiped them out; the City Lord’s Mansion couldn’t possibly remain indifferent.

David patted Zhao Tieshan on the shoulder, signaling him to step aside.

“I am David,” he said calmly. “What business does the City Lord have with me?”

Zhou Han’s attitude remained respectful. “The City Lord merely admires Mr. Chen’s strength and wishes to make friends with him. Please rest assured, Mr. Chen, the City Lord has no ill intentions.”

David was silent for a moment.

He didn’t quite believe that the people from the City Lord’s Mansion would be without malice.

But this was Bermuda, the City Lord’s territory.

If the City Lord truly wanted to deal with him, he couldn't escape.

Moreover, he wanted to see what the City Lord was really up to.

"Alright. I'll go with you."

Zhou Han smiled. "Mr. Chen, please."

Zhao Tieshan was anxious. "Mr. Chen, you can't go! What if it's a trap…"

David shook his head. "It's alright. You wait here, I'll be right back."

He turned and followed Zhou Han out of Wanbaoge.

Jiang Xuelan silently followed.

"It's good that you're here." David didn't refuse.

Zhou Han led David and Jiang Xuelan through several streets to the City Lord's Mansion in the city center.

The City Lord's Mansion was vast, with numerous pavilions and a magnificent presence.

Two rows of guards in black armor stood before the gate, each with a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, their eyes piercing and their aura imposing.

Zhou Han led David and Jiang Xuelan into the City Lord's Mansion, through several courtyards, and to an elegant tea room.

The tea room was small, but exquisitely decorated.

Several landscape paintings hung on the walls, their brushwork delicate and their artistic conception profound. A pot of orchids sat on the table by the window, emitting a faint fragrance.

Murong Bai was already waiting in the tea room.

He sat in the main seat, holding a cup of tea, a gentle smile on his face.

His refined demeanor made him seem less like a city lord and more like a well-read scholar.

“Mr. Chen, please sit,” Murong Bai’s voice was gentle, like a spring breeze.

David sat down opposite Murong Bai, with Jiang Xuelan standing behind him.

“I wonder what business the city lord has with me?” David’s voice was calm, but there was a hint of wariness beneath the calm. Murong Bai looked at David, smiled, and shook his head.

“Mr. Chen, there’s no need to be nervous. I’ve called you here with no ill intentions.”

He poured David a cup of tea; its delicate aroma filled the air.

“This tea is called ‘Cloud Mist Green,’ which I brought back from out of town. It tastes quite good. Mr. Chen, please try some.”

David looked at the teacup in front of him but didn’t touch it.

Murong Bai didn’t mind, took a sip of tea himself, then put down the cup and looked at David.

“I’ve heard about what Mr. Chen did in Bermuda.”

David’s brow furrowed slightly. “Is the City Lord seeking revenge for those forces?”

“Revenge?”

Murong Bai laughed, a hint of disdain in his voice. “Why would I seek revenge for them? The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, and the Blazing Fire Sect—these three forces have been running rampant in Bermuda, oppressing the people. I’ve wanted to deal with them for a long time.

I just didn’t have a suitable reason, and I was too lazy to bother. Mr. Chen cleaned up these scum for me; I’m grateful to you, why would I seek revenge?”

David looked at Murong Bai, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

But his guard had relaxed slightly.

“Then why did the city lord summon me?”

“To make friends.”

Murong Bai’s voice was sincere. “I’ve heard about Mr. Chen’s strength and methods. A first-grade Golden Immortal can kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, and he can even kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demon dog king with a fire unicorn. Such strength is rare even in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

He paused, then continued, “I know Mr. Chen is looking for your wife, a female cultivator named Sonya. I can help you.”

A flicker of emotion flashed in David’s eyes, and his brows furrowed.

He had never mentioned this to anyone, so how did Murong Bai know?

David carefully recalled every detail since arriving in the Nineteenth Heaven.

He had only discussed this matter when he was in Qingfeng Village with Zhao Tieshan and his group.

Since they were all familiar with each other, David hadn’t hidden anything.

But now, Murong Bai actually knew. Could it be that one of Zhao Tieshan's men told Murong Bai?

David felt a chill run down his spine. It seemed that Murong Bai, the city lord, definitely had spies everywhere.

Murong Bai smiled at David's expression but didn't say anything more.

Some things couldn't be said too explicitly; he needed David to fill in the blanks himself.

"Can you help me find her?"

David asked.

"I can't guarantee I'll find her,"

Murong Bai shook his head. "But I've been operating in Baimu City for thousands of years, and my connections and intelligence network span the Nineteen Heavens. As long as there's a clue, I can help you find her."

David was silent for a moment.

Murong Bai's offer was very appealing to him.

His purpose in coming to the Nineteen Heavens was to find Sonya.

If Murong Bai could help him, that would be the best outcome.

"What do you want?" David asked.

Murong Bai smiled. "Like I said, I just want to make friends. If I had to say what my purpose is, it's that I think Mr. Chen's future achievements are limitless. Establishing a good relationship now might come in handy in the future."

David looked at Murong Bai, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

He didn’t completely believe Murong Bai’s words.

A city lord who had been operating in the Nineteen Heavens for thousands of years wouldn’t be so generous in helping just to establish a good relationship.

But Murong Bai’s suggestion was indeed in his favor.

Moreover, he could sense that Murong Bai meant him no harm.

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“Alright.” David nodded. “I accept your offer.”

Murong Bai smiled.

“Excellent! Mr. Chen, I have a piece of land near Bermuda City, in a very good location with abundant spiritual energy. If you are willing, I can allocate that land to you for the reconstruction of Qingfeng Village.”

David raised an eyebrow slightly.

“Why would the City Lord do this?”

“The villagers of Qingfeng Village are innocent.”

Murong Bai’s voice carried a hint of emotion. “They have lived near Bermuda City for generations and have never offended anyone. Yet, because of the greed of others, their village was wiped out. As the City Lord of Bermuda City, I have a responsibility to compensate them.” Chen

Ping remained silent for a long time.

He didn’t know if Murong Bai was speaking sincerely or had ulterior motives.

But in any case, Murong Bai's proposal was a good thing for the survivors of Qingfeng Village.

"On behalf of the villagers of Qingfeng Village, I thank the City Lord."

Murong Bai waved his hand. "Mr. Chen, you're too kind. From today onwards, Mr. Chen and your friends are honored guests of our City Lord's Mansion. Please feel free to ask if you need anything."

…

For the next few days, David and Jiang Xuelan stayed temporarily at the City Lord's Mansion.

Murong Bai truly kept his word. He had a piece of land, spanning dozens of miles in circumference, allocated in the northeast of Baimu City. The land was rich in spiritual energy, flat, and perfect for rebuilding the village.

Zhao Tieshan, along with nine cultivators, collected the remaining belongings from the ruins and then brought the villagers' relics to the new land.

The new village was located on a gentle slope, backed by green mountains and facing a plain. A clear stream flowed past the village, its waters shimmering in the sunlight.

"This place is wonderful!"

Zhao Tieshan stood at the top of the slope, looking at the land before him, his eyes filled with hope. "It's even better than the original Qingfeng Village! The spiritual energy concentration is more than double! Cultivation here will be much faster!"

David nodded.

“First, set up temporary shelters, then begin constructing houses and defensive formations. I’ve already prepared the materials; you can use them for now, and if you need more, you can buy more in Bermuda.”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up. “Mr. Chen, are you still going to Bermuda?”

“Not for now,” David said. “I need to go into seclusion for a few days to further solidify my foundation as a first-grade Golden Immortal. You all go ahead with your work; if you need anything, contact Xue Lan.” Zhao

Tieshan nodded. “Don’t worry, Mr. Chen, we’ll build the village properly!”

David turned and returned to the quiet room prepared for him in the city lord’s mansion.

The quiet room wasn’t large, but it was very quiet.

Soundproof formations were engraved on the walls, isolating all outside sounds.

David sat cross-legged on a futon, closed his eyes, and circulated his chaotic power.

The gray chaotic power flowed within his body, repeatedly refining, compressing, and purifying the spiritual energy in his meridians.

He could feel his cultivation slowly increasing; although he was still some distance from the second-grade Golden Immortal, his foundation was becoming increasingly solid.

The seed of the Law of Space slowly rotated in his dantian, emitting a faint silver light.

The seed of the Law of Time was also sprouting; though still very weak, its presence could already be felt.

The little fire qilin emerged from his storage ring, squatted at his feet, its golden eyes looking at him, letting out a satisfied growl.

David opened his eyes and reached out to stroke the little fire qilin's head.

"Wangcai, tell me, what exactly is Murong Bai's purpose?" The little fire unicorn tilted its head, not understanding what he was talking about.

"Never mind, whatever his purpose is," David's voice was soft. "As long as he helps me find Yuqi, we can talk about other things later."

…

Meanwhile, the turmoil in Baimu City continued to escalate.

News spread faster than the wind: a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm had appeared near Baimu City, accompanied by a fire unicorn, and single-handedly wiped out four forces.

This news quickly reached the territory of the Golden Crow Clan.

Wu Tianji sat in the main seat of the council hall, holding a newly delivered intelligence report, a sharp glint in his crimson-gold eyes.

"First rank of the Golden Immortal realm, accompanied by a fire unicorn, single-handedly wiped out four forces…"

he muttered to himself, his fingers lightly tapping on the armrest of his chair, producing a dull thud.

"Clan leader, could this person be David?"

a Golden Crow Clan elder said. "Our spies have been unable to find any trace of him. Baimu City isn't far from us, and he just happens to be a first-rank Golden Immortal—it's too much of a coincidence."

Wu Tianji remained silent for a moment.

“That’s right, it’s him.”

His voice was calm, but there was a chilling undercurrent in it. “David, he’s finally shown up.”

“Clan leader, should we send someone to Baimu City to capture him?”

Wu Tianji shook his head.

“We can’t alert him. David is no weakling. A first-grade Golden Immortal can kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, and he can even kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King. Ordinary people wouldn’t be a match for him.”

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

“Send Black Crow.”

The elder’s expression changed.

“Black Crow? Clan Chief, Black Crow is a powerful expert at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, one of the strongest assassins in our Golden Crow Clan. Sending him to deal with a junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, isn’t that giving him too much credit?”

“We can’t be careless when dealing with David.”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold. “His ability to break through to the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm in such a short time and even kill opponents across realms shows that his potential far exceeds our imagination.

If we can’t kill him before he grows stronger, once he breaks through to the second or third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, or even higher, we won’t be able to kill him even if we want to.”

The elder fell silent.

Wu Tianji was right .

A first-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert could kill a monster at the peak of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. If he continues to grow, how strong will he become in the future?

It's unthinkable.

"Send Black Crow to Baimu City, find David, and confirm his identity."

Wu Tianji said. "If it's confirmed to be him, don't alert him. Follow him first, find out his whereabouts and weaknesses. Await my orders."

"Yes!" The elder bowed and turned to leave the council hall.

Wu Tianji stood up, walked to the window, and gazed at the sky outside. A hint of killing intent flashed in his crimson-gold eyes.

David, you've finally shown up.

The Nineteenth Heaven is not the Eighteenth Heaven; this is not a place where you can run wild.

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Bermuda!

David and Jiang Xuelan strolled through the streets of Bermuda.

Shops lined both sides of the street, their cries of vendors rising and falling.

Some sold pills, some magical artifacts, some spiritual materials, and others all sorts of rare treasures.

Cultivators came and went; some wore magnificent sect robes, while others looked like wandering cultivators from afar.

There were also Void Merchant Guild cultivators in silver robes setting up stalls on street corners, their fronts piled high with all sorts of strange and unusual items.

Jiang Xuelan wore an elegant white dress, her long hair casually tied up with an ice-blue hairpin. Although her face had been disguised to make it somewhat ordinary, her ice-blue eyes remained clear and captivating.

Many male cultivators stared intently at Jiang Xuelan, as if they wanted to devour her whole. “These men are so annoying, always staring at me like that,” Jiang Xuelan said,

somewhat annoyed.

“You’re still pretending. If you weren’t, these men would probably be drooling. Who told you to be so beautiful?”

David said.

Jiang Xuelan laughed immediately. “You think I’m beautiful too?”

“Of course. If I weren’t beautiful, I wouldn’t be sleeping with you.” David nodded honestly.

“Hey, how can you speak so vulgarly on the street…”

“Vulgar? I haven’t even said ‘fuck’ yet, and you’re already being vulgar?” David chuckled.

Jiang Xuelan blushed and stopped talking to David, quickening her pace.

The two strolled around for a while longer.

“Baimu City is much bigger than Qingyun Cave Heaven.” Jiang Xuelan said softly.

“Hmm.”

David nodded. “A city at the nineteenth level of heaven is indeed incomparable to the eighteenth level. The density of cultivators here is higher, and the trade is more prosperous.”

His gaze swept over the stalls on both sides of the street, observing the cultivation levels of the cultivators in the city while secretly paying attention to the fluctuations of the surrounding aura.

Since annihilating the four forces, he knew that he had become the focus of Baimu City.

Countless eyes were watching him from the shadows, some with curiosity, some with awe, some with greed, and some with hostility.

He could feel a gaze following him from behind, one that had been with them ever since they left the City Lord’s Mansion.

The aura was very well concealed; if he hadn’t cultivated the power of chaos, making his perception of everything around him extremely acute, he would have been completely unaware.

The owner of that aura was extremely powerful, at least an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, his aura perfectly concealed, like a venomous snake lurking in the shadows, silently following them.

A barely perceptible smile curved David’s lips.

An eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

Stronger than any opponent he had encountered before.

But he didn’t turn around, nor did he quicken his pace.

He simply continued strolling with Jiang Xuelan, as if he hadn’t noticed anything.

Jiang Xuelan also noticed the gaze. Just as she was about to turn around, David gently grasped her hand and shook his head slightly.

“Don’t turn around.”

His voice was very soft, so soft that only Jiang Xuelan could hear it. “Someone is following us. An eighth-grade Golden Immortal.”

Jiang Xuelan’s pupils contracted slightly, but quickly returned to normal.

She didn’t turn around, but simply tightened her grip on David’s hand and continued walking forward.

The tracking aura maintained a fixed distance, about a hundred feet, neither getting closer nor farther away. The stalker’s methods were extremely professional. Every time David and Jiang Xuelan turned a corner, he would use passersby as cover to change his position, never exposing himself to view.

David secretly assessed the owner of this aura.

An eighth-grade Golden Immortal, his ability to conceal his aura was extremely strong. If it weren’t for his cultivation of Chaos Power, which granted him keen perception of his surroundings, he would have been completely undetectable.

This level of strength and stealth was definitely not that of an ordinary cultivator, but rather a specially trained assassin or killer.

A member of the Divine Race?

Or a remnant of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group?

David didn’t rush to attack.

He wanted to see what this stalker was up to.

Just as he was considering whether to find a secluded spot to lure the stalker out, a sudden change occurred.

Three figures simultaneously swooped down from the eaves on both sides of the street, moving with lightning speed.

They wore identical black armor, with the tokens of the Bermuda City Defense Force hanging at their waists, and each of them possessed a cultivation level of at least the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

The leader was a burly man with a scar running from his brow bone to his chin, giving him a fierce appearance.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, his aura as steady as a mountain, and the long sword in his hand gleamed coldly in the sunlight.

The three figures landed almost simultaneously, completely blocking the pursuer’s position.

The pursuer reacted quickly, his body blurring as he tried to retreat, but the scarred man had already blocked his path.

“Black Crow, long time no see,”

the scarred man’s voice echoed like thunder through the street. “Since you’ve come to Bermuda City, why didn’t you say goodbye? You’re really not taking me, Cheng Tieshan, seriously!”

The pursuer’s figure finally appeared.

He was a thin, middle-aged man, wearing a tight-fitting black outfit, with an ordinary, unremarkable face—the kind of person who would be easily lost in a crowd.

But his eyes were extremely sharp, as piercing as a hawk's, with a golden light flickering deep within his pupils.

The Golden Crow Clan.

David recognized the golden light immediately.

It was a characteristic of the Golden Crow Clan's bloodline.

Black Crow, an assassin of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm from the Golden Crow Clan.

Black Crow looked at the scarred man, his expression unchanged, but a hint of seriousness flashed in his eyes.

"Cheng Tieshan, when did you become the city defense captain?"

Black Crow's voice was cold, like ice. "I remember you used to be a rogue cultivator in Baimu City, never meddling in other people's business."

"The past is the past, the present is the present."

The scarred man, Cheng Tieshan, grinned, revealing a set of white teeth. "The city lord has ordered that from today onwards, the Baimu City defense team is responsible for protecting Mr. Chen's safety. Anyone who dares to harm Mr. Chen within Baimu City is an enemy of our city defense team."

His gaze fell on Black Crow, the coldness in his eyes undisguised.

"Black Crow, as an assassin of the Golden Crow Clan, what are you trying to do by infiltrating Baimu City to track Mr. Chen? Assassinate him? Or gather intelligence?"

A cold smile curled at the corner of Black Crow's lips.

"Cheng Tieshan, are you sure you want to meddle in this? You should know the weight of my Golden Crow Clan in the Nineteenth Heaven. If you offend the Golden Crow Clan, do you think you can hold onto your position as the city defense captain?"

Cheng Tieshan laughed heartily, his laughter full of arrogance.

"Whether I can hold onto my position or not is not up to you. But you, Black Crow, are now suspected of plotting something sinister. Come with me."

As soon as he finished speaking, the other two city defense team members attacked simultaneously from the left and right sides, their chains drawing two silver arcs in the air, aiming to wrap around Black Crow's neck and wrists.

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Black Crow's figure blurred, moving as fast as a black afterimage, attempting to escape the encirclement of the two.

But while he was fast, Cheng Tieshan was even faster.

Cheng Tieshan's longsword was drawn, its blade flashing a blinding white light in the sunlight, blocking Black Crow's retreat.

"Don't move," Cheng Tieshan's voice was cold. "Move again, and my blade won't have eyes."

Black Crow's pupils contracted slightly, and he stopped.

He could feel that Cheng Tieshan's blade had locked onto his aura; if he moved again, the blade would strike without mercy.

Although he was an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, a minor realm higher than Cheng Tieshan, he dared not truly fight the city guards in Baimu City.

Once a fight broke out, the situation would be completely different.

“Cheng Tieshan, remember what happened today,” Black Crow’s voice was as cold as ice. “The Golden Crow Clan will not forget.”

“Enough nonsense!” Cheng Tieshan waved his hand. “Take him away!”

Two city guards stepped forward and placed chains around Black Crow’s wrists and neck.

The chains were engraved with a spirit-suppressing array. Once locked, the person trapped would be unable to circulate spiritual energy, becoming an ordinary person.

Black Crow didn’t resist; he knew Bermuda City wouldn’t dare to truly harm him.

He was being escorted by two city guards. As he passed David, he turned and glanced at him.

That glance held no emotion, only a chilling calm.

Like a wild beast temporarily caged, observing its prey, waiting for its next opportunity to strike.

David looked into Black Crow’s eyes; his black eyes were equally devoid of emotion.

“You’re David?” Black Crow’s voice was very soft, so soft that only David could hear it.

“Yes.” David nodded.

“You’re lucky,” Black Crow said. “Bermuda City saved your life. But you won’t stay in Bermuda City forever.”

David smiled, a faint smile.

“I’ll wait.”

Black Crow didn’t speak again, being escorted away by the city guards.

Cheng Tieshan sheathed his long sword, walked to David, and bowed respectfully.

“Mr. Chen, I am Cheng Tieshan, the city defense captain of Baimu City. The city lord has ordered that from today onwards, anyone in Baimu City who poses a threat to Mr. Chen is an enemy of the city defense team.

The man just now was called Black Crow, an assassin from the Golden Crow Clan, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal. He was following you, probably trying to find out your whereabouts and background.”

David looked at Cheng Tieshan, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Please thank City Lord Murong for me.”

Cheng Tieshan grinned. “Mr. Chen, you’re too kind. The city lord said that Mr. Chen is a distinguished guest of the City Lord’s Mansion, and the City Lord’s Mansion will be fully responsible for your safety in Baimu City.

Mr. Chen, please feel free to enjoy your trip. With us here, no one will dare to lay a finger on you in Baimu City.”

David nodded.

Cheng Tieshan cupped his hands again, turned, and left with the city defense team.

Jiang Xuelan walked to David's side, her icy blue eyes filled with a hint of solemnity.

"The Golden Crow Clan has found us."

"Hmm." David nodded. "An assassin at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. It seems Wu Tianji really wants my life."

"What should we do?"

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

"No rush. They won't dare to make a move in Baimu City. We'll settle accounts with them after Qingfeng Village is rebuilt. The Divine Clan's influence in the Nineteenth Heaven will be wiped out sooner or later." Jiang Xuelan nodded and remained silent.

David continued strolling through the streets with Jiang Xuelan, but his vigilance was heightened. The

fact that the Golden Crow Clan had sent Black Crows to track him meant that Wu Tianji had confirmed his identity.

Soon, other forces of the Divine Clan in the Nineteenth Heaven would also receive the news, and a full-scale encirclement and suppression of him would begin.

He needed to improve his strength as quickly as possible.

While a first-grade Golden Immortal could kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, facing seventh or eighth-grade Golden Immortals still posed a certain risk.

If he could break through to the second-grade Golden Immortal, his strength would experience a qualitative leap.

David walked along, pondering his next plan.

Just then, a commotion suddenly arose from ahead.

A group of people surged towards the city gate, their faces filled with excitement and anticipation.

Some carried packs, some rode spirit beasts, and some discussed something in small groups, their voices brimming with excitement.

“Hurry, hurry! I heard there really are treasures in that tower!”

“That’s right! Someone came out of the tower yesterday with a magic artifact! They sold it for hundreds of thousands of crystals!”

“I heard that too! Someone even found an ancient pill formula inside, supposedly capable of refining pills that can break through the Golden Immortal realm!”

“Then what are we waiting for! Let’s go! If we’re late, we won’t even get a taste!”

David frowned slightly.

Tower?

Treasures?

Ancient pill formula?

He walked to the roadside and stopped a cultivator hurrying along.

“Excuse me, where are you going?” David’s voice was calm.

The cultivator was a middle-aged man, with a cultivation level of the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. He wore a gray robe and looked like a rogue cultivator.

He was initially impatient to be stopped, but seeing that although David's aura was only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, his temperament was extremely extraordinary, and he was accompanied by a woman with a cold and aloof temperament, unlike ordinary people, his tone became more polite.

"You're from out of town, right? A pagoda has recently appeared about a hundred miles outside Bermuda City. It's said to contain countless treasures. Pay the entrance fee and you can go in to search for treasures. If you're lucky, becoming rich overnight isn't a problem!"

"A pagoda?" David frowned even more. "What kind of pagoda?"

"It's just a pagoda, hazy and indistinct."

The cultivator thought for a moment. "It's probably several dozen stories high, shrouded in mist, like it drifted from another world. Everyone's saying it's an ancient relic!"

David nodded. "How much is the entrance fee?"

"One hundred top-grade crystals! Not expensive, right? If you find just one treasure, you'll break even!" After saying that, the cultivator hurriedly headed towards the city gate.

David stood there, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

A hazy pagoda, an entrance fee of one hundred top-grade crystals, treasures inside…

He felt this description was familiar, but couldn't quite place where he'd seen it before.

“Shall we go take a look?” Jiang Xuelan asked.

“Hmm.” David nodded. “Anyway, we’re just killing time.”

The two followed the crowd out of Baimu City and headed towards a place a hundred miles outside the city.

After leaving the city gate, the crowd became even denser.

Cultivators from all directions were heading in the same direction, some on foot, some flying, and some riding spirit beasts, creating a bustling scene like a market.

Chapter 6650

David and Jiang Xuelan followed the crowd at a leisurely pace. After walking for about a hundred miles, a massive tower appeared ahead.

The tower was extremely tall, hidden in the clouds, its number of stories unclear. The entire tower was shrouded in a hazy halo, like a mirage, appearing and disappearing indistinctly.

The tower was surrounded by cultivators, at least a thousand in total, densely packed in a circle, each face filled with anticipation and excitement.

David looked at the tower, a hint of doubt flashing in his purple eyes.

He felt he had seen the tower’s outline somewhere before. That hazy feeling, that elusive aura, carried a sense of déjà vu.

He took a few steps closer, wanting a clearer view.

Just then, he saw a young Taoist boy standing at the tower’s entrance.

The boy looked only thirteen or fourteen years old, wearing a faded gray Taoist robe, his hair casually tied up with a wooden hairpin, his round face appearing harmless.

Before him sat a dilapidated table with a wooden box on it, bearing the three large characters “Entrance Fee.”

The young Daoist sat behind the table, smiling broadly at the queuing cultivators, his face a picture of shrewd businessman.

“One hundred top-grade crystals per person! Pay to enter! First come, first served! If you’re late, the treasure will be snatched away!”

David looked at the young Daoist, a smile unconsciously playing on his lips.

He recognized him.

The young Daoist from the Heavenly Ladder.

David hadn’t expected to see him in the Nineteenth Heaven.

Standing in the crowd, watching the smiling young Daoist collecting money, David couldn’t help but shake his head.

Jiang Xuelan followed David’s gaze, seeing the young Daoist, a flicker of curiosity crossing her icy blue eyes.

“You know him?” she asked.

“Yes.” David nodded, his smile deepening. “An old friend.”

He led Jiang Xuelan forward, joining the end of the queue.

After about half an hour, it was finally David’s turn.

The young Taoist boy sat behind the table, smiling as he looked at David, stretching out his small hand.

“The entrance fee is one hundred top-grade crystals per person. Two people, two hundred.”

David took out two hundred top-grade crystals from his storage ring and placed them on the table.

The young Taoist boy’s eyes lit up, and he quickly put the crystals into a box. Then he took out two jade tokens from the box and handed them to David.

“These are entrance tokens. Just take them and go in. Remember, there are treasures on every floor, but if you want good stuff, you have to go higher. The higher the floor, the better the treasures. As for how to go up… you’ll find out when you get in.”

David took the jade tokens and glanced at the young Taoist boy.

The young Taoist boy felt a little uncomfortable under his gaze, sensing something strange in this seemingly ordinary young man’s eyes, as if he were looking at an acquaintance.

“You… what are you looking at?” The young Taoist boy looked at David warily.

Because David had concealed his aura and changed his appearance, the young Taoist boy didn’t recognize him.

Even if he did recognize him, he couldn’t believe it; after all, how could David have arrived at the nineteenth heaven so quickly?

Back then, he personally led David through the Heavenly Ladder to reach the Celestial Realm.

David shook his head, remained silent, and led Jiang Xuelan through the tower gate. Behind the tower gate lay a vast space, like another world.

Underfoot was a pavement of bluestone slabs, above was a hazy gray sky, and in the distance were low hills covered with various spiritual plants, emanating a faint spiritual energy.

A fresh, grassy scent filled the air, invigorating the spirit.

“First level, the Spirit Herb Garden,”

an aged voice echoed through the space. “This level contains various spiritual herbs, ranging in age from a hundred to a thousand years. How many you find depends on your own abilities. To enter the second level, you need to find the teleportation array leading to the next level.”

David looked at the scene before him, his lips twitching slightly.

A Spirit Herb Garden?

Wasn’t this the place where he encountered Nan Batian?

When he entered the Heavenly Ladder, the first level was a desolate wasteland, with only that big oaf Nan Batian there.

How did it become a Spirit Herb Garden now?

But then, David realized that he had essentially destroyed the Heavenly Ladder himself.

Nan Batian, Li Chunfeng, and others had all been rescued, but many others had escaped. Without guards on each level of the Heavenly Ladder, it was impossible to proceed.

It seemed the Heavenly Ladder had been modified again.

David looked around; the cultivators who had entered with him were already dispersing, searching the spirit herb garden.

Some bent down to part the grass, some scanned the ground with their divine sense, and some even used special magical artifacts to detect the distribution of spirit herbs.

Everyone wore an expectant expression, hoping to find a rare and ancient spirit herb.

“Found a three-hundred-year-old Silver Leaf Grass!”

a cultivator shouted excitedly, carefully digging a silvery-white spirit herb from the soil, holding it in his hands as if it were a priceless treasure.

“I also found a five-hundred-year-old Crimson Lingzhi!”

another cultivator exclaimed excitedly, the lingzhi in his hand completely crimson, radiating a rich spiritual energy.

Many others, however, searched for a long time and only found ordinary spiritual herbs that were only a few decades old. Some didn’t even find any spiritual herbs, only some weed roots and stems.

“What is this garbage? What’s the use of spiritual herbs that are only a few decades old? They’re not even potent enough for alchemy!”

A burly man with a full beard angrily threw the weeds in his hand on the ground and stomped them to pieces.

“That’s right! What happened to the ancient ruins? What happened to the treasures? This little bit of broken grass is worth a hundred top-grade crystals?”

A tall, thin cultivator next to him also complained, his face full of dissatisfaction.

David didn’t rush to look for spiritual herbs. Instead, he pulled Jiang Xuelan aside and quietly watched the cultivators busy themselves.

He could sense that although there were quite a few spiritual herbs in this herb garden, most of them were between a hundred and three hundred years old. Those over five hundred years old were extremely rare, and there wasn't even a trace of a thousand-year-old one. These things might be valuable in the eyes of ordinary cultivators, but for those cultivators at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm or above, they were simply not worth mentioning. "

They came in with a hundred top-grade crystals, only to find a two- or three-hundred-year-old spiritual herb. They've actually lost money.

" "This is outrageous!"

"A rip-off? Then don't come in!"

"How was I supposed to know it was like this? They said it was an ancient ruin, I thought it was full of treasures!"

"Who says it isn't? I was also fooled by those people, they said I could get rich overnight, pshaw!"

The complaints from the crowd grew louder, their initial anticipation turning into disappointment and dissatisfaction.