A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6651

Just then, the aged voice rang out again.

“Fellow cultivators, there’s no need to rush.”

The voice carried a confident composure, as if everything was within his expectations. “The first level is just an appetizer; the real treasures are all up there. The higher you go, the more precious the treasures become. But…”

The voice paused, as if keeping him in suspense.

“To reach a higher level, you need to find the teleportation array leading to the next level. The teleportation array is somewhere in this level; please find it yourselves. Once you find it, you can enter the second level for free.” Upon hearing

this, the resentment in the crowd subsided slightly.

“So there are even better things up there!” “Then

what are we waiting for? Let’s find the teleportation array!”

“Yes, yes, yes! If we find it, we can go up for free, no need to spend any more money!”

The cultivators’ enthusiasm was reignited, and they began searching the spirit herb garden for the teleportation array.

Some climbed to the mountaintop to survey the entire area, some ventured into the forest to search carefully, and some even used their divine sense to scan the ground inch by inch.

David watched this scene and couldn't help but shake his head.

The old man was still the same as always, only speaking halfway, leading people into a trap without them even realizing it.

"David, shouldn't we keep looking?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

"No rush," David smiled. "Let them search first. When they get tired, someone will naturally figure something out."

Jiang Xuelan looked at David's smile, sensing a hidden meaning in his words.

"You mean…"

"Just watch."

Sure enough, after about half an hour, the cultivators in the spirit herb garden were exhausted and still hadn't found any trace of the teleportation array.

Some searched every stone, nothing.

Some climbed every hill, nothing.

Some even dug three feet into the ground, still nothing.

"What the hell! Where is the teleportation array?!"

"I've searched for ages and haven't even seen a shadow!"

"Is there no teleportation array at all? Is that old man playing us?!"

“I suspect this tower is a complete scam! Everyone who came in has been tricked!”

The resentment in the crowd erupted again, even more intensely than before. Some were cursing, some were stomping their feet, and some even started using magical artifacts to bombard the surrounding spiritual plants in anger.

Just then, the aged voice rang out again, this time with a hint of barely perceptible laughter.

“Fellow cultivators, please don’t be angry. The teleportation array does exist, it’s just hidden quite well. However…”

The voice paused, as if deliberately whetting their appetites.

“If you really can’t find it, I can provide a convenient way. For just fifty high-grade crystals, I can teleport you directly to the second level. Fifty high-grade crystals, and you can go to the second level and obtain even higher-level magical treasures and pills. It’s a win-win situation, isn’t it?”

As soon as these words were spoken, the crowd erupted in an uproar.

“What the hell? You want more money?”

“I’ve already paid a hundred top-grade spirit stones! Now you want another fifty high-grade spirit stones? This is robbery!”

“A black market! A blatant black market!”

“Give me my money back! Give me my money back! I’m not playing anymore!”

A cacophony of curses erupted. Some were red-faced with rage, some wanted to tear the tower down, and others simply sat on the ground, refusing to leave.

But just as the cursing reached its peak, a few people silently walked to the entrance and pulled out fifty high-grade spirit stones.

“I’ll go up,”

said a middle-aged cultivator in a cyan robe, his face expressionless, but a glint of anticipation in his eyes. “I’ve already spent a hundred top-grade spirit stones, so fifty high-grade ones won’t hurt. If I can find something good up there, it won’t be a complete loss.” He placed the crystal on the table, a flash of light, and his figure vanished.

Once the first one appeared, a second followed.

“I’m going up too,” a young cultivator gritted his teeth. “We’ve come all this way, we can’t leave empty-handed, can we?”

Then came the third, the fourth, the fifth…

Those who had been cursing the loudest watched their companions disappear into the light, their expressions growing increasingly complex.

“Damn it! I’ll risk it!” The burly man with the thick beard scrambled to his feet, pulled out a handful of crystals, and slammed them on the table. “I want to see what good stuff is up there!”

He too vanished into the light.

With him leading the way, more people started pulling out their money.

Fifty high-grade crystals weren’t a lot, but they weren’t a small amount either.

For these cultivators who had already spent a hundred top-grade crystals to get in, fifty high-grade crystals were nothing.

They’d already spent so much, what did a little more matter?

What if there really was treasure up there?

What if they could become rich overnight?

Human greed was laid bare at this moment.

David stood there, watching this scene unfold, a slight smile creeping onto his lips.

This old man is truly a business genius.

First, he lures people in with the gimmick of “ancient ruins,” charging an entrance fee of one hundred top-grade crystals.

Then, he offers a small reward with the first-level spirit herb garden, deliberately setting up an inaccessible teleportation array to sow resentment.

Finally, he offers the option of “fifty high-grade crystals to the second level,” making those unwilling to leave empty-handed obediently pay up.

This combination of tactics ensures that each person is reaped at least one hundred top-grade crystals plus fifty high-grade crystals.

In a single day, with thousands entering, he can earn millions just from entrance and teleportation fees.

David now recalls the Heavenly Ladder; most of the cultivators who entered eventually died inside, and some even left behind all their resources before departing.

While the Heavenly Ladder appears to be a shortcut for cultivators to ascend to the Heavenly Realm, it’s actually just this old Golden Immortal secretly plundering his resources.

If David hadn’t rescued the cultivators trapped inside the Heavenly Ladder, and the ladder had lost the protection of each level, the old Golden Immortal would probably still be operating it.

Now it’s changed its mode.

David knew that this old guy definitely had something more attractive planned for the end, waiting for everyone to feel cheated and want to quit before he brought it out.

He was using people’s greed to set a trap,

just like a pig-butchering scam in the secular world.

Sometimes, even knowing they’ve been deceived, many people still cling to a last glimmer of hope, thinking they can turn the tables.

“David, aren’t we going up?” Jiang Xuelan asked.

“Going up, of course we’re going up.” David smiled, “But we won’t pay.”

He took Jiang Xuelan’s hand and walked towards the northwest of the Spirit Herb Garden.

“Do you know where the teleportation array is?”

“Of course, there isn’t one here.” David said.

“No one? Isn’t that a scam?” Jiang Xuelan looked puzzled.

“It is a scam, this old guy is just lying.” David smiled.

“Then what’s the point of us going up? Besides, we can’t get up without a teleportation array,” Jiang Xuelan asked.

“I can open a passage, don’t worry,”

David said confidently. His spatial laws could easily open a passage to the second floor.

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Standing in the Spirit Herb Garden, David watched the cultivators anxiously searching for teleportation arrays, his smile growing wider.

He took Jiang Xuelan's hand and led her towards an open area in the northwest of the garden.

It looked ordinary, just a patch of grass, nothing special.

But David could sense that the spatial fluctuations here were more active than elsewhere.

These were traces left by the Elder of the Heavenly Ladder when he set up the teleportation channel. Although he hadn't actually placed a teleportation array, he must have left a spatial imprint here when constructing the "Fifty High-Grade Crystal Teleportation" function.

David crouched down, placed his palms on the ground, and closed his eyes.

Chaotic power circulated within his body, and gray light surged from his palms, seeping into the ground.

The seed of spatial law slowly rotated in his dantian, emitting a faint silver light.

Although his control over spatial laws wasn't yet fully refined, opening a temporary passage to the second level wasn't difficult for him.

Gray chaotic power spread across the ground like countless tiny roots, seeping into the cracks of space.

A moment later, a silvery-white light appeared on the ground, growing brighter and brighter until it formed a large circular gate. Soft light emanated from within, like a mirror.

The passage to the second level had opened.

David stood up, dusted his hands, turned around, and looked at the cultivators still searching for the teleportation array. He announced loudly,

“Everyone! The passage to the second level is here! It only costs thirty high-grade crystals to go up! First come, first served!”

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

The cultivators were initially stunned, then turned to look at David and the silvery-white gate on the ground, their eyes filled with shock and confusion.

“What? A passage?”

“Who is this person? How did he find the teleportation array?”

“Wait a minute, didn’t that old man say the teleportation array was free?”

“I don’t care if it’s free or not, thirty high-grade crystals to go up? That old man wanted fifty!”

The crowd stirred; some hesitated, some watched, and some began to walk towards David.

A young cultivator walked up to David, looking at the portal on the ground, then at David with a hint of wariness in his eyes.

“Is this portal reliable? Won’t it teleport me to some dangerous place?”

David smiled. “If you trust it, come on up. If not, keep looking for the teleportation array. Anyway, that old man said it’s somewhere on this floor; you can find it slowly.”

The young cultivator gritted his teeth, glanced at his companions still searching, then at the silvery-white portal on the ground, and finally made up his mind.

“I’ll go!”

He took out thirty high-grade crystals and handed them to David.

David accepted the crystals and stepped aside to let them through. “Go in.”

The young cultivator took a deep breath and stepped into the portal.

A flash of silvery-white light, and his figure disappeared.

A moment later, his voice came from within the light: “We’re really on the second floor! Haha! Thirty crystals and I’m up! Twenty cheaper than that old man!”

This sentence completely dispelled the others’ concerns.

“Me too!”

“Me too! Thirty crystals, right?”

“Hurry, hurry, don’t let the passage disappear!”

The cultivators surged forward, surrounding David and scrambling to pull out their crystals.

Thirty high-grade crystals wasn’t a small amount, but it was much cheaper than the fifty the old man had asked for.

And the person in front of them had already successfully gone up, proving the passage was real.

“Line up! One at a time!” David said, “The passage won’t disappear, everyone gets a share!”

The cultivators formed a long queue, paying one by one, entering the passage, and disappearing into the light. Jiang Xuelan stood beside David, a hint of suppressed amusement in her icy blue eyes.

“Aren’t you stealing that old man’s business?”

“How can you call it stealing?”

David said, collecting money as he spoke. “This is fair competition. He sells for fifty, I sell for thirty. Cheaper prices and better service, cultivators naturally prefer me. This is market regulation.”

Jiang Xuelan smiled and shook her head, saying nothing more.

In less than half an hour, the remaining two hundred-odd cultivators in the spirit herb garden had all ascended to the second level through David’s passage.

Those who were still unwillingly searching for the teleportation array also rushed over after hearing the news, obediently paying and leaving.

David collected a large pile of crystals, roughly counting at least six thousand high-grade crystals.

“Let’s go, let’s go up too.” David took Jiang Xuelan’s hand and stepped into the portal.

A flash of light, and they appeared in the spirit stone cave on the second level.

The scenery on the second level was even more magnificent than the first.

The underground cavern was spacious and open, its walls inlaid with various colored spirit stones that shimmered with iridescent light in the darkness.

Countless branching paths led through the cavern, creating a labyrinthine network.

The cultivators who had come up through David's passage were now gathered together, waiting for his appearance.

Seeing David and Jiang Xuelan emerge from the light, the cultivators swarmed around them.

"Brother, can you open the passage to the third level too?"

"Yeah! That old man will definitely charge again. Can you open another passage? Thirty spirit stones again?"

"If you can open it, we'll all go with you!"

David smiled and nodded at the expectant looks on everyone's faces.

"Sure. But we'll have to wait a bit. Let me check the situation first."

He didn't rush to open the passage but instead led Jiang Xuelan on a tour of the spirit stone cave.

Sure enough, not long after, the aged voice rang out again.

"Fellow cultivators, the second level of the Spirit Stone Cave contains various spirit stone veins, ranging in age from hundreds to tens of thousands of years .

To enter the third level, you need to find the teleportation array leading to the next level. Of course, if you can't find it, you can also choose to pay one hundred high-grade spirit stones to be directly teleported to the third level."

A burst of laughter immediately erupted from the crowd.

“One hundred spirit stones? That’s too expensive!”

“We have someone who can open a passage for only thirty spirit stones!”

“That old man is really greedy!”

The aged voice was silent for a moment, then spoke with a hint of doubt: “Someone can open a passage? Who?”

The cultivators all looked at David.

David smiled, without speaking, but simply walked to a corner of the cave, squatted down again, and placed his palm on the ground.

Chaotic power surged into the spatial cracks in the ground, and silvery-white light reappeared, forming a portal.

“The passage to the third level, still thirty high-grade spirit stones.” David’s voice was calm.

The cultivators cheered and lined up again.

This time, even those who had originally planned to pay one hundred spirit stones to find that old man to go to the third level came to David’s side.

After all, between thirty and one hundred, even a fool knows which to choose.

As for the spirit stone vein on the second level?

Nobody’s interested.

There are better things up there anyway, why waste time on this level?

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In less than half an hour, all the cultivators on the second floor had ascended to the third floor through David's passage.

The third, fourth, fifth…

David repeated the process on each floor.

The old man's teleportation fee doubled with each floor, from fifty to one hundred, from one hundred to two hundred, from two hundred to four hundred…

but David consistently charged only thirty crystal stones.

The price was cheap, the service stable, and the passage safe and reliable.

The news spread among the cultivators, and by the fifth floor, no one was willing to pay the old man anymore.

No matter how the aged voice tempted, promised, or painted a rosy picture, the cultivators simply waited with smiles for David to open the passage, then obediently paid him thirty crystal stones.

"Fellow Daoists! There are ancient magic artifacts on the fifth floor! Only two hundred high-grade crystal stones are needed to ascend!"

No one paid him any attention.

"There are seventh-grade Golden Immortal pills on the sixth floor! Taking them can break through bottlenecks! Only four hundred high-grade crystal stones are needed!"

Still, no one paid him any attention.

“The seventh level has a Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivation technique! I’ve kept it for so many years and never given it away! It only costs eight hundred high-grade crystals!”

Someone couldn’t help but laugh. “Eight hundred? Why don’t you just rob us?”

“Exactly! Some of us only charge thirty! Eight hundred is enough for us to go up to the twenty-oddth level!”

The old voice fell silent.

…

The seventh level was a vast grassland.

The grassland was covered with various rare spiritual plants, and the air was filled with a rich medicinal fragrance. You could feel the spiritual energy flowing through your body with just a breath.

But no one went to collect herbs.

Everyone was gathered around David, waiting for him to open the passage to the eighth level.

Just then, a flash of light appeared, and an old man with white hair appeared before everyone.

He wore a faded gray Taoist robe, his back was hunched, and his face was full of helplessness and exhaustion.

His cloudy eyes held a trace of grief and indignation as he looked at David. His lips trembled several times before he managed to squeeze out a sentence.

“You…you’ve had enough?”

David looked at the old man and smiled. “Senior, what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong?”

The old man’s voice rose several decibels. “I painstakingly built this tower and charged such a small entrance fee, and you, on the other hand, have been stealing my business floor by floor!

Now, everyone is waiting for you to open the passage, and no one is paying me! How am I supposed to do business?”

David’s smile deepened. “Senior, I’m doing this for everyone’s benefit. You charge so much, and I charge so little, so naturally cultivators will want to come to me. That’s called market competition.”

“Market competition my ass!”

The old man stomped his feet angrily. “This is malicious competition! Disrupting market order!”

The surrounding cultivators were stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter.

So this old man was the owner of the tower! So that young man had been going against him all along!

“Hahaha! This old man is furious!”

“Serves him right! Who told him to charge so much!”

“Thirty crystals to get to the seventh floor, it’s a great deal!”

The old man’s face darkened even more as he listened to the surrounding laughter.

He took a deep breath, raised his hand, and suddenly waved it.

An invisible barrier appeared out of thin air, separating David and Jiang Xuelan from their area and the others.

The barrier was transparent, but the cultivators could see David inside, yet they couldn't hear any sounds from within, nor could they touch it.

Everyone was stunned.

"What's going on?"

"That old man locked Brother Chen inside!" In less than half an hour, all the cultivators on the second floor had ascended to the third floor through David's passage.

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“Senior, shall we still make a move?” David’s voice was calm.

The old man’s body trembled, and he immediately withdrew all his oppressive aura.

His face was plastered with a smile, but it looked forced no matter how you looked at it.

“No… I won’t move… I won’t move… It’s a misunderstanding… It’s all a misunderstanding…”

David looked at the old man's cowardly appearance and couldn't help but shake his head.

"Senior, you changed your mind too quickly, didn't you just say you were going to kill me?"

The old man waved his hands repeatedly, "I wouldn't dare! I was blind just now, I didn't know it was you… You are a magnanimous person, please don't hold it against me…"

As he spoke, he cursed himself in his heart for being blind.

If he had known it was this evil star, he would never have come out to threaten him.

The old man was still in a state of lingering fear towards Mr. Shi.

David sighed, "Senior, you don't need to be so tense. I told you, I meant no harm. It's just that this tower of yours… is really not fair.

Deceiving people is one thing, but adding more money layer by layer, emptying people's pockets of crystals, that's too much."

A bitter expression appeared on the old man's face. "I… I had no choice… After you destroyed the Heavenly Ladder, I and my young disciple were left destitute on the streets, without even a place to stay.

I finally came up with this way to make a living… I have no other skills, so this is the only way to survive…"

David looked at him, his heart filled with complex emotions.

He didn't actually have any ill will towards this old man.

Back on the Heavenly Ladder, although the old man had set up many obstacles, he had ultimately let him off easy and hadn't truly stopped him.

And after the Heavenly Ladder was destroyed, the old man hadn't sought revenge, but had simply left silently with his young disciple.

In the end, although the old man loved money, he wasn't a bad person.

At least he wasn't bad to him.

"Senior, stop lying to me," David said. "Come with me."

The old man was stunned. "Come with you?"

"Yes." David nodded. "If you want crystals, I have plenty here. Look…"

He took out a bag of top-grade crystals from his storage ring and casually poured them on the ground. The

top-grade crystals, shimmering with purple light, piled up on the ground into a small mountain, roughly at least a thousand pieces.

"This is 100,000 top-grade crystals, which is ten million high-grade crystals."

David's voice was calm. "If you're willing, this is only a part."

The old man's eyes widened like copper bells, and his mouth opened wide enough to fit an egg.

Ten million high-grade crystals!

He worked hard building the tower, deceiving people, collecting money layer by layer, and even working himself to the bone all day, he could only earn a few hundred thousand high-grade crystals.

And David casually produced ten million!

"This…this…" The old man's tongue tied several knots. "How…how do you have so many crystals?"

David smiled. “I wiped out a few forces and confiscated their assets. It’s nothing. There will be more in the future.”

The old man’s body trembled.

He wiped out several forces… seized their entire fortunes… this young man, can he really do whatever he wants in the Nineteenth Heaven?

His last shred of hope vanished.

This young man was not to be trifled with.

“I… I’ll follow you.”

The old man’s voice was somewhat hoarse, but carried a sense of relief. “However, I have one condition.” “What are the conditions?”

“You have to provide meals. The little Daoist boy is still out collecting money; he’s suffered a lot following me for so many years.”

David smiled. “Don’t worry, with me, you’ll have meat to eat.”

The old man breathed a sigh of relief, and a genuine smile finally appeared on his face.

“My name is Xuan Zhenzi. Just call me Old Xuan from now on.”

David looked at Xuan Zhenzi. “By the way, senior, what is your cultivation level? Eighth Rank Golden Immortal?”

Xuan Zhenzi nodded, a hint of pride on his face. “That’s right. I’m at the peak of the eighth rank Golden Immortal, one of the top tiers in the Nineteenth Heaven. To be honest, if I hadn’t met you, I could walk around the Nineteenth Heaven without anyone daring to stop me. Otherwise, I wouldn’t dare to deceive people so blatantly; I’m just not afraid of trouble.”

David nodded.

The peak of the eighth rank Golden Immortal was indeed one of the top tiers in the Nineteenth Heaven. There were only a handful of cultivators in the entire Nineteenth Heaven who could reach this level.

No wonder Xuan Zhenzi dared to build a tower and collect money so openly, without fear of being exposed. With his strength, he wasn't afraid even if someone came knocking.

"Alright, senior, put the tower away," David said. "Let the cultivators inside come out. Those who want to leave can leave, and those who want to follow can follow."

Xuan Zhenzi hesitated for a moment, "The treasures inside the tower…"

"Keep them for yourself," David waved his hand, "I don't need those things."

Xuan Zhenzi's eyes lit up, and he nodded vigorously, "Good, good, good! I'll go do it right away!"

He turned around, waved his hand, and the isolation barrier disappeared instantly.

The cultivators outside saw the barrier disappear and rushed over.

"Brother Chen! Are you alright?"

"Did that old man do anything to you?"

"We couldn't break through that barrier no matter what we did, we were so anxious!"

David looked at the concerned eyes of the crowd, and his heart stirred slightly.

Although these cultivators had all come for the treasures, their first reaction upon seeing him trapped was to rush to his rescue, which surprised him.

“It’s alright,” David smiled. “I’ve reached an agreement with this senior. Everyone can take the treasures inside the tower without paying any more money.”

The cultivators were stunned at first, then burst into cheers.

“Really?”

“That’s great!”

“Long live Brother Chen!”

Xuan Zhenzi stood aside, watching the cheering crowd, a hint of heartache on his face.

But thinking of the millions of crystals David had given him, that heartache vanished.

He raised his hand and cast a spell, causing the entire tower to tremble.

In the flashing light, the tower gradually became illusory, like a reflection in water, growing increasingly blurry, until finally transforming into a stream of light that disappeared into Xuan Zhenzi’s palm.

The cultivators inside the tower were released, standing on the grassland, their faces blank.

“What happened? Where’s the tower?”

“How did I get out?”

“I haven’t found my treasures yet!”

But soon, they saw David and Xuan Zhenzi, and heard the surrounding cultivators' chattering explanations, gradually understanding what had happened.

Some were regretful, some were relieved, some were happy, and some were dissatisfied.

But regardless, the tower had vanished.

Xuanzhenzi walked to David's side and said in a low voice, "The tower has been taken. All the treasures inside are still there, not a single one is missing."

David nodded, "You and the little Taoist boy will follow me for now. I was bullied by someone in the Nineteenth Heaven, so you'll be my bodyguard from now on."

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"No problem, with me as your bodyguard, you can walk sideways in the Nineteenth Heaven," Xuan Zhenzi said, patting his chest.

David couldn't help but laugh at Xuan Zhenzi's confident demeanor.

"Bodyguard? Senior, with your peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivation, isn't it a waste of your talent to be our bodyguard?" Jiang Xuelan felt a little embarrassed.

After all, he was a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, a force that was practically invincible in the Nineteenth Heaven.

David actually dared to ask him to be his bodyguard; he was too audacious.

Xuan Zhenzi waved his hand dismissively and said, "Wasted of your talent? Not at all! Give me ten million crystal stones, and I'll take a knife for you; it's only right and proper. Besides..."

He glanced at the cultivators around him who were still gossiping and lowered his voice, “Girl, don’t you know who’s behind your man?”

“Who’s behind him?” Jiang Xuelan was taken aback. She really didn’t know who was behind David, nor had she ever seen Mr. Shi.

Since arriving in the Heavenly Realm, Mr. Shi had rarely shown his face, so it was normal for Jiang Xuelan not to know.

“There’s some amazing person here, amazing enough to kill you with a slap…”

“Can a slap kill you?” Jiang Xuelan asked curiously before Xuan Zhenzi could finish speaking.

“Not kill me, but destroy this nineteenth heaven…” Xuan Zhenzi said mysteriously.

Jiang Xuelan was shocked.

Destroyed the nineteenth heaven with a slap?

What kind of power is that?

If David really has such an amazing person behind him, why hasn’t he told her?

“What are you saying, senior?” David asked.

“Nothing, just saying I’m amazing.” Xuan Zhenzi smiled.

“Alright, then I’ll rely on senior from now on.” David said.

“Just call me Old Xuan.” Xuan Zhenzi grinned, “Calling me senior makes me sound old.”

Jiang Xuelan stood aside, looking at Xuan Zhenzi's playful appearance, and smiled along with him.

"Senior, can you defeat Wu Tianji of the Golden Crow Clan?"

"Of course!"

Xuan Zhenzi patted his chest and said, "I've been in the Nineteenth Heaven for so many years and have never met a worthy opponent! Don't let my old bones fool you; when it comes to a fight, those so-called geniuses and experts won't last three moves against me!"

"Wu Tianji would kneel down and call me 'Grandpa' if he saw me. If you don't believe me, let's go into the Golden Crow Clan and try."

"No need, no need…" Jiang Xuelan waved her hand.

David smiled and shook his head, not exposing his boasting.

However, he knew that Xuan Zhenzi's strength was indeed genuine.

A peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal was indeed a top-tier existence in the Nineteenth Heaven.

With him by his side, at least enemies below the eighth grade of the Golden Immortal realm wouldn't require his own effort.

However, Wu Tianji was also a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, so it was impossible for him to kneel down and call Xuan Zhenzi 'Grandpa'.

"Alright, let's go back to Baimu City first," David said. "I still have business to discuss with City Lord Murong."

He led Xuanzhenzi, the young Daoist boy, and Jiang Xuelan towards Baimu City.

Some of the cultivators who emerged from the tower bid farewell to David gratefully, while others lamented not finding the treasure. But regardless, the farce surrounding the tower was over.

…

Back in Baimu City, David went directly to the City Lord's Mansion.

Murong Bai was handling official business in his study when he saw David enter with an unfamiliar white-haired old man and a Daoist boy. A hint of doubt flashed in his eyes.

"Mr. Chen, who is this…?"

"A friend," David said. "Xuanzhenzi, peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal."

Murong Bai's pupils contracted slightly.

Peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal?

In the entire Baimu City, besides himself, who was at the peak seventh-grade Golden Immortal, there was no other expert at the eighth grade.

This seemingly disheveled old man was actually at the peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal?

He looked Xuanzhenzi up and down, and Xuanzhenzi was also looking him up and down.

The two stared at each other for a moment, then Xuanzhenzi grinned, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth.
"Lord Murong, it's an honor to meet you! I am Xuanzhenzi, and from now on I will follow Mr. Chen."

Murong Bai's expression was somewhat complicated, but he quickly regained his composure.

He cupped his hands in greeting, “Senior Xuanzhenzi, you are too kind. Since you are a friend of Mr. Chen, you are naturally a distinguished guest of the City Lord’s Mansion.”

He invited everyone to sit down and had some spiritual tea served.

David picked up his teacup, took a sip, and went straight to the point: “Lord Murong, I have come to inquire about something from you.”

“Please speak, Mr. Chen.”

“Where do the demonic cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven mainly gather?”

Murong Bai frowned slightly.

“Demonic cultivators? Mr. Chen is looking for demonic cultivators?”

“Yes.” David nodded, “I am looking for people from the Flame Demon lineage. My wife, Sonya, is very likely with demonic cultivators from the Flame Demon lineage. It’s too slow for you to help me find out. I want to go find them myself.”

Murong Bai was silent for a moment, then walked to his desk, took out a map from a drawer, and spread it on the table.

The map depicted the topography of the Nineteen Heavens, including mountains, rivers, cities, villages, and sects.

Murong Bai pointed to the southeast, where a black area was marked with the words “Southern Wilderness Demon Realm.

” “The demonic cultivators of the Nineteen Heavens mainly gather in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm,”

Murong Bai said. “The Southern Wilderness Demon Realm is about 100,000 li southeast of Baimu City. It’s the territory of demonic cultivators, where various demonic forces are deeply entrenched, including the Flame Demon lineage.”

He then pointed to an area in the central part of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm marked with the words “Flame Demon Ridge.”

“The demonic cultivators of the Flame Demon lineage are in Flame Demon Ridge. They occupy a fire vein, and their power is considerable in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. If Mr. Chen wants to find the Flame Demon lineage, going to Flame Demon Ridge is the most direct way.”

David looked at Flame Demon Ridge on the map, a glint of light flashing in his purple eyes.

“What places will we pass through to get to the Flame Demon Ridge?”

“Starting from Baimu City, head southeast, passing through several cities and wilderness areas.

The most dangerous part is the Burial Soul Valley, a chaotic place where demonic cultivators and all sorts of outlaws gather. Cultivators below the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm who go in basically have no chance of coming out alive.”

Murong Bai paused, then continued, “However, Mr. Chen has Senior Xuanzhenzi accompanying him; with his cultivation level, he should be fine.”

David nodded, about to speak, when Murong Bai spoke again.

“By the way, Mr. Chen, there’s something else I need to tell you. That Golden Crow Clan assassin, Black Crow, has been released.”

David raised an eyebrow slightly.

“You let him go?”

“Yes.”

Murong Bai’s expression was somewhat helpless. “Although Black Crow followed you, he didn’t attack or cause you any real harm.

Although I am the city lord of Baimu City, I have no right to detain a Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade expert for an extended period.

Moreover, the Golden Crow Clan sent people to negotiate, saying that Black Crow was just passing through Baimu City and had no malicious intent. I detained him for a day, and there was really no reason to continue detaining him, so I had to release him.”

He sighed, his eyes filled with apology as he looked at David.

“Mr. Chen, if you are going to leave the city, you must be careful. I know a little about Black Crow; he is one of the Golden Crow Clan’s top assassins. He is a vengeful person, and since we lost face in Baimu City, he certainly won’t let it go. He might make a move as soon as you leave the city.”

David was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“I understand. Thank you for the reminder, City Lord Murong.”

“If Mr. Chen intends to stay in Baimu City for a while longer, I can continue to protect your safety,” Murong Bai said. “But if you want to leave the city…”

“I still want to leave the city,”

David’s voice was calm. “Waiting here doesn’t know how long I’ll have to wait. Yuqi is in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, and I must go find her.”

Murong Bai looked at David’s determined eyes and stopped trying to persuade him.

“Then please be careful, Mr. Chen. If you encounter any trouble, you can send me a message. Although I don’t have a major power in Baimu City, I do know a few people in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm.”

“Thank you, City Lord Murong.” David stood up and cupped his hands in greeting.

Murong Bai also stood up and returned the greeting.

“Take care, Mr. Chen.”

David, along with Xuan Zhenzi, the young Taoist boy, and Jiang Xuelan, left the City Lord’s Mansion.

Chapter 6656

After leaving the city lord’s mansion, Xuanzhenzi approached David and asked in a low voice, “That black crow, is that the Golden Crow Clan assassin you mentioned? Eighth-rank Golden Immortal?”

“Yes.”

David nodded. “He was following me, got caught by the city guards, and has been released now.”

Xuanzhenzi grinned, revealing a set of yellow teeth. “That’s perfect! Let me test my skills. Eighth-rank Golden Immortal, the same level as me. I want to see just how much this Golden Crow Clan assassin really weighs.”

David glanced at him. “Aren’t you afraid?”

“Afraid?”

Xuanzhenzi puffed out his chest. “I’ve been roaming freely in the Nineteenth Heaven for so many years, and I’ve never been afraid of anyone! Besides,

although the Golden Crow Clan is powerful, their territory isn't near Baimu City. As long as I don't make a move in their lair, I'm really not afraid of them!"

David smiled and said nothing.

The group left the city gates of Baimu City and headed southeast.

After leaving the city gates of Bermuda, David and Jiang Xuelan walked ahead at a leisurely pace, as if on a picnic.

Sunlight streamed onto the wide official road, casting long shadows of the two.

Rolling hills stretched on either side of the road, covered with low spiritual trees and shrubs. Occasionally, a few spirit rabbits could be seen darting through the grass, creating a rustling sound.

Xuan Zhenzi, with his young disciple, followed at a distance of about a hundred li.

The old man, hunched over, walked slowly, looking like an unremarkable old rogue cultivator on his journey. The

young disciple walked beside him, carrying a small bundle, chewing on a spiritual fruit he had pulled from somewhere, his cheeks bulging.

"Master, why are we so far apart?" the young disciple asked, his words muffled.

"Nonsense, this is called tactics."

Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard, looking unfathomable. "It's no fun when we're in the open and the enemy is in the open. It's much more interesting when we're in the shadows and the enemy is in the open.

When that black crow jumps out to cause trouble for Mr. Chen, I'll descend from the sky and kill him with overwhelming force. That's what's cool."

The little Taoist rolled his eyes. "Master, you just want to watch the show, don't you?"

"What's wrong with watching the show? I love a good show!"

Xuanzhenzi said confidently. "Besides, Mr. Chen gave me ten million crystals to be his bodyguard, so of course I have to be a great bodyguard.

My entrance must be stylish, my lines must be domineering, and my actions must be swift! I'll only appear when Mr. Chen is in danger, that's how I show my worth!"

The little Taoist sighed and continued munching on his spiritual fruit.

Ahead, David and Jiang Xuelan had already traveled about five hundred miles.

The official road grew increasingly desolate, the spiritual trees lining the roadside thinning out, replaced by exposed rocks and gravel.

A dry air permeated the space, the wind carrying a rough texture against their faces.

Jiang Xuelan walked beside David, her icy blue eyes warily scanning their surroundings.

"Will Black Crow really come?" she asked in a low voice.

"Definitely,"

David's voice was calm. "He was arrested in public by the city defense team, losing all face. The Golden Crow Clan values face above all else. As one of the Golden Crow Clan's strongest assassins, Black Crow has been humiliated like

this. If he doesn't get his revenge, he'll never be able to hold his head high in the Golden Crow Clan again."

Jiang Xuelan nodded. "Then where do you think he'll make his move?" "That rocky slope ahead is a good spot,"

David pointed to a rocky slope about two miles ahead. "The terrain there is complex, suitable for an ambush. And it's far from the main road, so even if a fight breaks out, it won't attract too much attention."

Jiang Xuelan looked in the direction David pointed, and the rocky slope was indeed a good ambush location.

Large and small rocks were scattered across the hillside, some several meters high, others taller than a person, forming natural cover.

If someone was hiding behind a rock, it would be difficult to spot them beforehand.

"Then we..."

"Just keep going," David smiled. "Let's pretend we don't know anything."

Looking at the smile on David's face, Jiang Xuelan's tension dissipated somewhat.

With Xuan Zhenzi following behind and a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal expert in charge, there was indeed nothing to fear.

The two continued forward, and sure enough, when they reached the middle of the rocky slope, a black figure slowly emerged from behind a boulder.

Black Crow.

He was still wearing that tight-fitting black outfit, his face ordinary, but his sharp eyes gleamed golden in the sunlight, like a raptor eyeing its prey.

He stood about ten feet away from David, arms crossed, a cold smile playing on his lips.

“David, we meet again.”

David stopped, looking at Black Crow, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

He even stretched, cracking his neck slightly.

“Oh, it’s you.” David’s voice was casual, as casual as greeting a roadside vendor. “What, not enough time in Bermuda City? Want to stay a few more days?”

Black Crow’s expression changed slightly, but quickly returned to normal. “

David, do you think having someone protect you in Bermuda City guarantees your safety forever?”

Black Crow’s voice was cold. “Now that you’re out of the city, let’s see who can save you.”

“Who said I need anyone to save me?”

David shrugged. “Can’t I just fight you myself?”

Black Crow paused, then sneered.

“You? A first-grade Golden Immortal,

you dare to hit me?” “What, a first -grade Golden Immortal can’t hit you?”

David tilted his head, looking at Black Crow. “Don’t you know how many sixth and seventh-grade Golden Immortals I killed when I was a first-grade Golden Immortal? Why don’t you guess if you can outlive them?”

Black Crow’s smile froze.

He had indeed heard of David's achievements: a first-grade Golden Immortal killing Huo Tie, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, with a single sword strike;

a first-grade Golden Immortal killing the seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King, killed in conjunction with the Fire Qilin.

But these achievements were nothing compared to a true eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

The gap between an eighth-grade and a seventh-grade Golden Immortal was even greater than the gap between a seventh-grade and a first-grade Golden Immortal.

Not to mention, Black Crow was one of the Golden Crow Clan's top assassins, with rich combat experience and countless kills.

Chapter 6657

"David, you think too highly of yourself."

Black Crow's voice carried a hint of sarcasm. "You think killing a few sixth and seventh-grade Golden Immortals gives you the right to swagger in front of an eighth-grade Golden Immortal?"

"Trash?"

David raised an eyebrow. "I remember that seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King. Your Golden Crow Clan sent people to hunt him down, and several died without killing him.

If a seventh-grade Golden Immortal is trash, then what about those of your Golden Crow Clan who died at the hands of the Demon Dog King? Worse than trash?"

Black Crow's face darkened completely.

“You’re courting death!”

“Whether I’m courting death or not is not for you to decide.”

David waved his hand. “But why are you so irritable? Always talking about courting death, you have no manners at all. Don’t the people of your Golden Crow Clan know anything? Can’t you even speak a decent sentence?”

Black Crow clenched his fists, his teeth grinding together.

“David, I originally intended to give you a quick death. But now, I’ve changed my mind.”

“Oh?” David looked at him with interest. “What do you want?”

“I’m going to slice your flesh piece by piece, letting you bleed slowly and die slowly.”

Black Crow’s voice was chillingly cold. “I’m going to let you know what happens when you offend the Golden Crow Clan.”

David chuckled.

“Slice your flesh piece by piece? Do you think you’re a butcher?”

David looked Black Crow up and down. “But your appearance does resemble a butcher. You’re all dark and grimy; if you stood in a pigsty, you wouldn’t be able to tell if you were human or pig.”

“You—!”

Black Crow’s face flushed red, his eyes almost overflowing with murderous intent.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, her icy blue eyes filled with barely suppressed laughter.

She had known David for so long, and this was the first time she had seen him use such nasty words to banter with someone.

This Black Crow was unlucky to have run into David's mouth.

"What do you

mean, 'what about me'?" David continued. "You, an assassin, instead of practicing your assassination skills, come out and talk back to me?

Do you think you can beat me in a verbal battle? I've been arguing with those old Taoist priests in Qingyun Cave for decades, who do you think you are?"

"I'm going to kill you!" Black Crow finally couldn't hold back anymore. His figure blurred, turning into a black afterimage as he pounced on David.

His speed was extreme, leaving only a blurry trail in the air, carrying a sharp killing intent.

David was prepared. He dodged Black Crow's first claw by sidestepping.

The claw grazed his clothes, tearing a gash, but it didn't hurt his flesh.

"Oh, pretty fast," David said as he retreated. "It's just that your aim is a bit off. I aimed for a long time but couldn't hit you."

Black Crow didn't speak, and his second claw followed closely.

This time he increased his speed, the claw like black lightning, aiming straight for David's throat.

David dodged again, but this time he didn't completely avoid it.

A sharp claw grazed his shoulder, leaving a shallow bloodstain. Blood seeped from the wound, staining his clothes red.

Jiang Xuelan's expression changed, and she was about to help when David raised his hand to stop her.

"It's nothing, just a minor injury."

He took a few steps back, distancing himself from Black Crow, and stretched his shoulder.

"Eighth-rank Golden Immortal, indeed quite skilled. Much stronger than those sixth and seventh-rank Golden Immortal trash." A smug smile curled at the corner of Black Crow's lips.

"Good to know. I won't hold back next time."

"You weren't holding back either,"

David said. "I saw it all, you went all out. And all you got was this tiny gash? Your eighth-grade Golden Immortal realm is pretty much watered down, isn't it? Did you get promoted through connections?"

Black Crow's smile froze again.

"You're asking for death!"

"Here we go again," David sighed. "Can't you come up with something new? Why don't you learn from me and say something more sophisticated?"

"Still being stubborn even when you're about to die!"

Black Crow suddenly exerted his strength, golden light surging around him. He was faster than before, each claw whistling through the air with a sharp, tearing sound, as if he wanted to rip David to shreds.

This time, David didn't take the hit head-on. He dodged and weaved through the rocky slope, using the rocks as cover to evade Black Crow's attacks.

His movements were extremely agile, weaving between the rocks with ease. Although his cultivation level was inferior to Black Crow's, he could still hold on for the time being thanks to the seed of spatial laws and his keen perception of his surroundings.

"Run? Do you think you can escape?" Black Crow sneered, his figure flashing three times in the air, each time blocking David's retreat.

David dodged left and right, suffering another cut on his shoulder and a claw wound on his arm. But these were all superficial injuries, nothing serious.

He continued to talk as he dodged.

"Black Crow, your technique is no good. Assassins are all about killing with one blow. You've already exchanged more than ten blows, and I'm still standing there.

Did your Golden Crow clan cut corners in their assassin training? Why don't you go back and talk to your clan leader and ask me to be the instructor instead? I guarantee the assassins I train will be a hundred times stronger than you."

"Shut up!" Black Crow roared, his claws striking out simultaneously, golden light transforming into two enormous claw shadows that enveloped David.

This time, David did not dodge.

He stood there, watching the two golden claw shadows engulf him, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Then he spoke.

"Old Xuan, it's time to make your appearance!" As soon as he

finished speaking, a gray figure descended from the sky, landing between David and Black Crow like a shooting star.

Bang!

The moment the figure landed, the ground trembled violently, dust billowed, and debris flew everywhere.

The golden claw shadows collided with the azure light surrounding the gray figure, vanishing silently as if they had disappeared into thin air. As

the dust settled, Xuan Zhenzi's hunched and aged figure was revealed.

He wore a faded gray Taoist robe, his white hair and beard fluttering in the wind, a hint of mockery in his cloudy eyes.

His entrance was extremely stylish—he crashed down from the sky, striking a pose of kneeling on one knee and supporting himself with one hand, like a superhero descending upon the world.

The young Taoist boy came running breathlessly from afar, shouting, "Master! Wait for me! You jump too fast! I can't catch up!"

Xuanzhenzi stood up, dusted off his Taoist robe, turned to David, and grinned.

"Mr. Chen, was that entrance cool enough?"

David couldn't help but laugh at his comical appearance. "Cool enough. It would be even better if your posture was a little more perfect, senior."

"Absolutely! I've been practicing all the way here!" Xuanzhenzi chuckled, then turned to look at Black Crow.

Black Crow's face had turned deathly pale.

He recognized the old man.

He had seen this old man's treasure hunt in Bermuda City.

Chapter 6658

“You…” Black Crow’s voice trembled slightly, “How did you get here?”

“Why can’t I be here?”

Xuan Zhenzi puffed out his chest, hands on his hips, chin held high. “I’m Mr. Chen’s bodyguard! My sole responsibility is protecting Mr. Chen’s safety! If you want to kill Mr. Chen, you’ll have to get past me first!”

After saying this, he glanced back at David and whispered, “Mr. Chen, wasn’t my line powerful enough?”

“Powerful, powerful.” David nodded, suppressing a laugh.

Black Crow’s expression changed several times, finally settling into a cold laugh.

“Old man, I advise you to mind your own business. You can’t afford to offend the power of my Golden Crow Clan.”

“Golden Crow Clan?” Xuanzhenzi laughed loudly, his laughter full of contempt. “The Golden Crow Clan is nothing! Back when I was in the twentieth heaven, even your Golden Crow Clan would avoid me! Now, a mere assassin from the Golden Crow Clan dares to challenge me?”

“You’re bragging!” Black Crow’s voice carried a hint of anger. “If you were truly that powerful, why would you still be in the nineteenth heaven?”

“You don’t understand.” Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard, his face enigmatic. “I call this keeping a low profile. True masters hide in plain sight. Those who jump around so much usually don’t live long.”

Black Crow’s lips twitched, and he didn’t waste any more words. His figure suddenly blurred, and he pounced on Xuanzhenzi.

Since this old man insisted on meddling, he'd kill him too!

Golden claw shadows swirled in the air, each claw carrying a terrifying power capable of tearing through space, aiming for Xuan Zhenzi's vitals.

Xuan Zhenzi stood motionless.

Just as the black crow's claws were about to touch his face, he raised his right hand, his withered palm gently swiping.

A seemingly casual swipe.

But with that swipe, the black crow's all-out attack seemed to hit cotton, all its power neutralized.

His body lost its balance, involuntarily staggering forward a few steps.

"That's it?"

Xuan Zhenzi shook his head, his face full of disappointment. "I thought the Golden Crow Clan's assassins were so powerful. With this level of skill, you dare to come out and kill?"

The black crow's face flushed red, and he turned sharply, pouncing again.

This time, he unleashed his full power, golden light surging around him, transforming into a gigantic golden crow phantom, charging towards Xuan Zhenzi.

The golden crow phantom radiated a scorching aura, distorting the surrounding air.

"Golden Crow Burns the Heavens!"

Xuan Zhenzi's eyes lit up.

“Oh, that move is somewhat interesting.”

But he still didn’t move.

Just as the golden crow phantom was about to collide with him, he raised his right hand, palm open, a ball of azure light surging from his palm.

The azure light collided with the golden crow phantom.

Boom—

a deafening roar shook the entire rocky slope, shattered rocks were sent flying by the shockwave, scattering in all directions like projectiles.

Smoke and dust filled the air, obscuring the sky.

When the smoke and dust cleared, Black Crow knelt on the ground, panting heavily, a trickle of blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

There was a clear handprint on his chest, his clothes were torn, and his flesh was charred, clearly indicating a serious injury.

Xuan Zhenzi, however, remained standing in place, not even a wrinkle on his clothes.

“Little brat, still want to fight?” Xuan Zhenzi’s voice carried a hint of mockery.

Black Crow gritted his teeth, struggling to stand up, but his legs were weak, and he failed several times.

For the first time, fear appeared in his eyes. This old man is too strong.

Both are at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but this old man’s foundation is terrifyingly deep. Every move he makes contains boundless power, something Black Crow simply cannot withstand.

“You…who exactly are you?” Black Crow’s voice was hoarse.

“I am Xuanzhenzi.” Xuanzhenzi grinned. “Remember, when you’re reincarnated in your next life, stay far away from this name.”

He raised his palm, and azure light condensed in it.

Black Crow’s pupils contracted sharply. He wanted to escape, but his body was no longer under his control.

“Stop! If you kill me, the Golden Crow Clan will not let you go!”

“The Golden Crow Clan?” Xuanzhenzi sneered. “Let them come. I’ll kill one if they come, and two if they come.”

His palm fell.

Azure light enveloped Black Crow.

Black Crow’s body shuddered violently, then slowly collapsed, the light in his eyes gradually fading, finally turning into a deathly silence.

Black Crow, the eighth-rank Golden Immortal assassin of the Golden Crow Clan, was dead.

Xuanzhenzi withdrew his hand, shook off the blood, turned around, looked at David, and grinned.

“Done!”

David stepped forward, glanced at the corpse on the ground, then at Xuanzhenzi, a satisfied smile playing on his lips.

“Senior, impressive.”

“Of course!” Xuanzhenzi puffed out his chest. “I told you, in the Nineteenth Heaven, I’m invincible! Three of those Black Crows could be taken care of at once!”

The little Daoist boy ran over from a distance, shouting, “Master! Strike a pose, I’ll film it with the recording crystal!”

“Film what!” Xuanzhenzi glared at him. “This is real combat! Do you think this is a movie?”

The little Daoist boy shrank back, remaining silent.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, watching Xuanzhenzi’s smug expression, a hint of amusement flashing in her icy blue eyes.

David was speechless; it seemed these two had spent a lot of time in the lower realms, even knowing about filming.

“Senior is indeed formidable.”

“Absolutely!” Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard, a smug look on his face. “My skills aren’t acquired for nothing. Back in the twentieth heaven…”

“Alright, alright,” David interrupted him. “Senior, let’s collect the spoils first. Black Crow’s storage ring should contain quite a few good things.”

Xuanzhenzi’s eyes immediately lit up. He rushed to Black Crow’s corpse, skillfully removed the storage ring, and probed it with his divine sense.

“Wow! This guy is quite rich! Crystals, spiritual materials, pills, magic weapons… and quite a few secret jade slips of the Golden Crow Clan! I’m rich! I’m rich!”

He happily put away the storage ring, his wrinkles spreading wide with a smile.

David looked at his greedy appearance and shook his head with a smile.

“Let’s go, let’s continue on our way. Let’s try to reach the next city before dark.”

The group continued on their way, heading southeast.

The setting sun cast long shadows across the wasteland.

Golden sunlight shone on Xuanzhenzi’s smug old face, making his wrinkles clearly visible.

“Mr. Chen,” Xuanzhenzi leaned closer to David and asked in a low voice, “Was my entrance really cool enough?”

David looked at him, his smile widening.

“Cool enough. It would have been perfect if you’d shouted ‘I’m here!’ next time.”

“I’ll definitely do it next time!” Xuanzhenzi patted his chest. “I’ll practice a lot when I get back!”

Chapter 6659

David and his group continued southeast.

The scenery along the official road gradually changed from hills to plains, covered with low shrubs and wild grasses. Occasionally, a few crooked old trees could be seen standing alone in the wilderness, with a few black crows perched on their crowns, cawing hoarsely. On

the distant horizon, the outline of a continuous mountain range could be vaguely seen, appearing as a dark red silhouette in the setting sun.

Xuan Zhenzi walked beside David, his face full of pride, still immersed in his impressive entrance.

“Mr. Chen,” Xuan Zhenzi said, stroking his beard, “if my ‘descending from the sky’ move had been accompanied by a line, wouldn’t it have been even more perfect?”

“For example?” David asked.

“For example…” Xuanzhenzi thought for a

moment, then suddenly puffed out his chest, put his hands on his hips, and imitated the posture from before, “‘Who dares to touch my men!’ How about that? Isn’t it particularly domineering?” David glanced at him, barely suppressing a laugh, “Domineering, yes, but a bit old-fashioned.”

“Old-fashioned? How can it be old-fashioned?” Xuanzhenzi was anxious, “I’ve been thinking about this for a long time! If you think it’s old-fashioned, then say one for me?”

David thought for a moment, “How about you say ‘Hey! You black bas***d, take this!’?”

Xuanzhenzi was stunned for a moment, then his eyes lit up, “Hey! You black bas***d! Take this! Good! That’s good! It’s powerful enough! It’s down-to-earth enough! Use that next time!”

The little Taoist boy rolled his eyes behind him and muttered, “Master, you’re a bodyguard, not a theatrical performer…”

“What do you know!” Xuanzhenzi turned around and glared at him. “This is called presence! Don’t you understand? If a bodyguard doesn’t even have presence, how can he command respect? How can he live up to those ten million crystals?”

The little Taoist boy pouted and remained silent.

Jiang Xuelan walked beside David, listening to the conversation between Xuanzhenzi and the little Taoist boy, a smile always on her lips.

She found that since Xuanzhenzi joined the team, the entire journey had become much more interesting.

Although this old man loved to boast and show off, he was indeed quite capable, and he had a cheerful personality, able to chat with anyone.

“David,” Jiang Xuelan asked in a low voice, “Do you think the Golden Crow Clan will send anyone else?”

David shook his head. “Probably not in the short term. Black Crow was an eighth-grade Golden Immortal assassin, considered top-tier in the Golden Crow Clan.

Now that he’s dead, the Golden Crow Clan can’t send any stronger assassins in a short time. Besides, they don’t know our strengths and weaknesses, so they won’t dare to act rashly.”

“Then we should be safe before we reach the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?”

“It’s hard to say.”

David’s voice was calm. “Although the Golden Crow Clan won’t send anyone for the time being, Wu Tianji won’t let this go easily. He will definitely find a way to deal with us, it just takes time.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded and didn’t say anything more.

Xuan Zhenzi came over and interjected, “What are you afraid of! With me here, I’ll kill one if one comes, and two if two come! If the Golden Crow Clan dares to send out their entire force, I’ll wipe them all out!”

David smiled. “Then I’ll have to trouble you, Senior.”

“Of course, of course!” Xuan Zhenzi waved his hand, full of heroic spirit.

The group continued their journey, the setting sun gradually painting the sky a brilliant golden-red.

…

While David and his group were leisurely traveling, tens of thousands of miles away in the Golden Crow Clan's territory, a dark cloud hung heavy.

In the council hall, Wu Tianji sat in the main seat, his face so grim it seemed to drip water.

Before him lay a shattered jade tablet—Black Crow's life soul tablet. The shattered life soul tablet meant Black Crow was dead.

Black Crow, an eighth-rank Golden Immortal, one of the Golden Crow Clan's strongest assassins, was dead.

Wu Tianji's fingers tapped lightly on the armrest of his chair, producing a dull thud. His crimson-gold eyes surged with killing intent and shock, and he remained silent for a long time.

Several Golden Crow Clan elders stood in the hall, each with a solemn and fearful expression on their face.

"Clan leader, Black Crow, he…" one elder began cautiously.

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"Dead." Wu Tianji's voice was cold. "His life-soul tablet was shattered, and his soul was destroyed."

The atmosphere in the hall became even more oppressive.

"Black Crow was tracking David…"

another elder said. “His death means David has a powerful figure on his side. Could it be that David has someone stronger than Black Crow by his side?”

“Impossible.”

Wu Tianji shook his head. “David is a Daoist cultivator, and the Daoist sect has almost no influence in the Nineteenth Heaven. How could he have a cultivator stronger than an eighth-grade Golden Immortal by his side?”

“Then how did Black Crow die? It couldn’t be that David killed him himself, could it? He was only a first-grade Golden Immortal!”

Wu Tianji remained silent for a long time.

“What if… he did kill him?”

The hall was deathly silent.

“Clan leader, you mean…”

an elder’s voice trembled slightly, “David, a first-grade Golden Immortal, can kill Black Crow, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal?”

“When he was a first-grade Golden Immortal, he could kill Huo Tie, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, and the Demon Dog King, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal,”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold. “Who can guarantee he can’t kill an eighth-grade Golden Immortal? We have no understanding of his chaotic power.”

The elders exchanged glances, each with fear in their eyes.

If David could truly kill an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, his growth rate was terrifying.

A few months ago he was a first-grade Golden Immortal, and a few months later he could kill an eighth-grade.

In a few more months, would even a ninth-grade Golden Immortal be no match for him?

In a few more years, perhaps no one in the twentieth heaven could subdue him?

“Clan leader, we must think of a way,”

an elder said. “If this continues, David will come knocking sooner or later. At that time, our Golden Crow Clan…”

He didn’t finish, but everyone understood his meaning.

Wu Tianji stood up, walked to the window, and gazed at the sky outside, his crimson-gold eyes flashing with complex light.

“Send someone to invite the leaders of the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace, and other divine forces,”

he said coldly. “Tell them the Golden Crow Clan has important matters to discuss and requests their presence.”

“Clan leader, you intend to…”

“Unite,”

Wu Tianji’s voice held a resolute tone. “If one can’t defeat David alone, then unite. There are so many divine forces in the Nineteenth Heaven; surely they can kill David together?”

The elders exchanged glances and nodded in agreement.

“Yes!”

Soon, in the Golden Crow Clan's council hall,

a dozen figures sat around a huge round stone table.

Some were real, some were projections, but each exuded a terrifying aura.

Lei Wanjun, the clan leader of the Thunder God Clan, sat to Wu Tianji's right, his body crackling with thick bolts of lightning.

His expression was grim, clearly displeased at being suddenly summoned to a meeting. "Chief Wu, what brings you here in such a hurry?" Lei Wanjun's voice echoed through the hall like muffled thunder. The Temple

Master of the Holy Light Palace sat to the left, a kind-faced, white-haired elder, but his eyes were sharp as knives.

He radiated a holy light, but within that light lay a barely perceptible chill.

"Chief Wu, speak,"

the Temple Master of the Holy Light Palace said calmly. "The Nineteenth Heaven has been quite turbulent lately. For you to personally summon everyone, it must be something significant."

Wu Tianji glanced at everyone present and slowly began to speak.

"Black Crow is dead."

Silence fell over the hall.

Lei Wanjun's brows furrowed sharply. "Black Crow? Your most powerful assassin?"

"Yes." Wu Tianji nodded. "He was killed by David."

"David?"

Lei Wanjun's expression changed. "That Golden Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator?"

"It's him."

"How is this possible?!"

Lei Wanjun stood up abruptly, lightning crackling around him. "Black Crow was a Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade! David was only a Golden Immortal Realm First Grade! How could he possibly kill Black Crow?"

"That's the truth."

Wu Tianji's voice was cold. "Black Crow's life soul tablet shattered, his soul and spirit perished. And David is still alive, heading towards the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm."

A brief silence fell over the hall.

Every member of the Divine Clan present wore a solemn expression.

They all knew Black Crow's strength; an assassin at the Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade was one of the top experts in the Golden Crow Clan.

Such a powerful figure had actually died at the hands of David, a Golden Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator.

This was terrifying.

"I told you this kid couldn't be allowed to live!"

Lei Wanjun paced back and forth irritably. "I said at the meeting that we had to kill him before he grew stronger!

You all insisted on waiting for him to come to us! Now look what's happened, even an eighth-grade Golden Immortal isn't a match for him!

In a few months, will he be unable to defeat even a ninth-grade Golden Immortal?"

"Clan Chief Lei, please calm down." The voice of the Holy Light Palace Master remained calm. "Now is not the time to assign blame. We are here to discuss countermeasures."

Lei Wanjun took a deep breath and sat down again.

"Countermeasures? What countermeasures can we possibly have?" he said. "Even an eighth-grade Golden Immortal can't kill him, what else can we do?"

"Unite."

Wu Tianji finally spoke, his voice carrying an undeniable authority. "Let's unite and join forces to kill David. No matter how strong he is, he's only one person. With so many forces united, can't we kill him alone?"

The council hall fell silent again.

Unite?

The relationships between the divine forces of the Nineteenth Heaven were not harmonious.

The Golden Crow Clan, the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace… these forces frequently clash over territory, resources, and interests, harboring deep-seated grudges.

Getting them to unite against a Daoist cultivator is easier said than done.

"Clan Chief Clan," an elder in a blue robe spoke, "unity is not impossible, but who will lead it? How will the spoils be divided? If David is killed, what will happen to the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the power of chaos within him? Without resolving these issues, unity is just empty talk."