A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6661

Wu Tianji glanced at him, his gaze calm. “These issues can be discussed. We can share the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the power of chaos. All spoils of war after killing David will be distributed according to merit. The leadership… I will temporarily assume it, how about that?”

“Why should you take the lead?” Lei Wanjun was the first to object. “My Thunder God Clan is also at the peak of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, why should you be in charge?”

“Because David killed someone from my Golden Crow Clan.”

Wu Tianji’s voice turned cold. “My Golden Crow Clan attacked first and suffered the greatest losses. Besides, do you have any better suggestions?”

Lei Wanjun opened his mouth, but ultimately said nothing.

He truly had no better suggestions.

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Hall spoke up, “I agree in principle to Clan Chief Wu’s proposal. But there is one condition: if we discover that David has stronger allies, we must retreat immediately and not engage in a direct confrontation.”

Wu Tianji nodded. “That’s natural. I won’t let the elites of each clan die in vain.”

“Then where is David now?” Lei Wanjun asked.

“I’ve already sent people to keep an eye on his movements,”

Wu Tianji said. “He should be near the Burial Valley of Souls now. The terrain there is complex, suitable for an ambush. We can set up an ambush there and wait for him to walk right into our trap.”

“Burial Valley of Souls?” Lei Wanjun frowned. “That’s the territory of the demonic cultivators. If our divine race enters in large numbers, won’t it provoke a backlash from the demonic cultivators?”

“That’s why we need to be quick,” Wu Tianji said. “A swift victory, kill David before the demonic cultivators can react, and then leave.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

“Very well,” Wu Tianji stood up, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. “Each race must immediately mobilize its elite forces and assemble outside the Burial Valley of Souls in three days. This time, we must ensure that David never returns!”

“Yes!”

The figures in the council hall dispersed, leaving only Wu Tianji standing by the window.

He looked at the sky outside the window, his crimson-gold eyes flashing with complex light.

David, you killed the Black Crow of my Golden Crow Clan. I must avenge this.

Even if you have immense power, you can’t possibly fight against the entire divine race of the Nineteenth Heaven alone.

This time, I’ll make sure you can’t escape.

…

Meanwhile, a thousand miles away in a desolate wilderness.

David suddenly sneezed.

“Achoo—”

Jiang Xuelan turned to look at him, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, probably someone’s talking about me.”

David rubbed his nose, a slight smile playing on his lips, “It’s probably Wu Tianji. He knows Black Crow is dead, and he’s probably jumping up and down in anger.”

Xuan Zhenzi laughed loudly, “Let him jump! The higher he jumps, the harder he’ll fall! When I meet him, I’ll slap him into the ground and let him jump to his heart’s content!”

David shook his head with a smile.

What he didn’t know was that this time Wu Tianji wasn’t just “jumping up,” but was gathering the entire divine forces of the Nineteenth Heaven, laying a net of heaven and earth, waiting for him to walk right into it.

But he didn’t care.

He just needed to keep going, keep going, until he reached the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, until he reached the Flame Demon Ridge.

Anyone who stood in his way was just a stumbling block on the road.

David and his group traveled for another day, the scenery along the way gradually becoming desolate and eerie.

The sky changed from deep blue to a hazy, leaden gray, as if shrouded in a thick layer of dark clouds. The sunlight pierced through the clouds, casting a dim, yellowish glow that shone on the earth as if veiled by an old gauze.

The vegetation along the official road thinned out, replaced by black rocks and dark red soil. A mixture of sulfur and rotten earth odor filled the air, making one feel somewhat uncomfortable. Xuanzhenzi frowned, stroking his beard, and said, “This smell… I don’t like it. It’s like we’ve entered some kind of evil place.”

David nodded, “We should be almost there. Ahead is the edge of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, the gathering place of demonic cultivators.”

Sure enough, after walking for about two more hours, a small city appeared ahead.

The city was not large, its walls built of black boulders, covered with various demonic patterns and runes, exuding a chilling aura.

There were no guards at the city gate; those entering and leaving were all cultivators dressed in robes of various colors. Some were shrouded in black malevolent energy, some had eyes that glowed with an eerie red light, and some had faces covered in demonic patterns, looking extremely terrifying.

This was the gathering place of demonic cultivators. As

soon as David and his group appeared at the city gate, they immediately attracted everyone’s attention.

The demonic cultivators’ gazes swept over them in unison, filled with vigilance, hostility, and scrutiny.

A demonic cultivator in a long black robe approached, sizing up David and his companions. His voice was hoarse as he asked, “Human cultivators? What brings you here?”

David cupped his hands in greeting. “Passing through, we’d like to rest for a day and replenish our supplies.”

The demonic cultivator’s gaze lingered on Xuan Zhenzi for a moment, then glanced at Jiang Xuelan and the young Daoist boy, finally nodding. “You may enter the city, but don’t cause trouble. The Southern Wilderness Demon Realm doesn’t welcome human cultivators. If you dare cause trouble here, you’ll bear the consequences.”

“We’re just passing through; we won’t cause trouble,” David said calmly.

The demonic cultivator said nothing more and turned to leave.

David led the group through the city gate. The small city was not large; the streets were narrow and winding. The buildings on both sides were constructed of black stone, their style ancient and rugged. Dark red crystals were inlaid in the windows, emitting a cold, eerie light.

The cultivators on the street gathered in small groups, some talking in hushed tones, some selling goods at stalls, and some sparring in the depths of the alleys. The air was thick with a mixture of malevolent and demonic energy.

David’s gaze swept over the demonic cultivators, and his brows furrowed slightly.

He sensed a familiar aura on these cultivators:

Dao-patterned malevolent energy.

It was the unique aura of the Yin Demon lineage’s cultivation technique.

Dao-patterned malevolent energy was a secret technique taught to him by the Yin Demon, which he also knew and used with great skill.

Although the Dao-patterned malevolent energy on these demonic cultivators was faint, it was unmistakable.

“What’s wrong?” Jiang Xuelan asked softly, noticing David’s expression.

“These demonic cultivators might be disciples of the Yin Demon lineage,”

David said softly. “Their cultivation techniques share the same origin as the Daoist runes and demonic energy I know.”

Jiang Xuelan’s pupils contracted slightly. “You mean… the Yin Demons are also in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?”

“Possibly,” David said. “Both the Yin Demon lineage and the Flame Demon lineage are ancient demonic traditions. It’s normal for them to have connections.” Xuan Zhenzi

leaned closer and asked in a low voice, “Yin Demons? Mr. Chen, are you familiar with the Yin Demons?”

“We have some history.” David didn’t elaborate. “Let’s find a place to stay and rest for a day.”

They found an inn in the city. The inn wasn’t large, but it was clean enough.

The innkeeper was a thin, middle-aged demonic cultivator with a cultivation level of the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. When he saw David and the others enter, he first looked them over warily to make sure they meant no harm before arranging a few rooms.

David put down his luggage in the room, washed up briefly, and then took Jiang Xuelan downstairs.

“Let’s go explore and familiarize ourselves with the city.” The two left the inn and strolled around the city. The streets, though narrow, were bustling with activity, and stalls were filled with all sorts of strange and unusual items.

There were pills emanating black energy, magical artifacts engraved with demonic runes, bones and cores of various demonic beasts, and other rare treasures whose names they couldn't identify.

The demonic cultivators were mostly rough and boorish, speaking loudly, and their arguments over prices could be heard frequently.

Jiang Xuelan, arm in arm with David, curiously surveyed their surroundings with her icy blue eyes.

"This place is completely different from the cities of human cultivators," she said softly. "It feels… more chaotic, but also more vibrant."

"Demonic cultivators don't care about rules,"

David said. "They believe in the supremacy of strength; whoever has the bigger fist is right. Although barbaric, sometimes they are more genuine than those human cultivators who spout platitudes about benevolence and morality."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, about to speak, when a commotion suddenly arose ahead.

"Quick, look! The demonic bow has been drawn!"

"What? A demonic bow? Really?"

"Someone has drawn the demonic bow! Right here in the city center square!"

"Hurry, hurry! You'll miss the excitement if you're late!"

The crowd surged towards the city center as if ignited by a fire.

The demonic cultivators wore expressions of excitement and elation, their steps quick, afraid of missing any exciting scene.

David raised an eyebrow slightly.

A demonic bow?

He grabbed a demonic cultivator who was hurrying along and asked, “Excuse me, what is a demonic bow?”

The demonic cultivator glanced at him impatiently, but when he saw the aloof Jiang Xuelan beside David, his attitude softened slightly: “You’re from out of town, aren’t you? We have an ancient demonic bow in our city, said to be a relic left by the ancestor of the demonic path. For thousands of years, no one has been able to draw it.

Just now, someone drew it! This is a big deal! Even the city lord has been alerted!”

After saying that, he didn’t bother to explain further and turned to continue running towards the city center.

David and Jiang Xuelan exchanged a glance.

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

“Yes.” David nodded. “I also want to see what this demonic bow is all about.”

The two followed the crowd to the central square of the city.

The square was large, and it was packed with people. At least a thousand demonic cultivators could be seen, completely surrounding the square.

In the center of the square was a high platform made of black stone, about three zhang high, with a flat surface. Two people stood on it.

One was a young man, who looked to be in his twenties, wearing a black close-fitting outfit. He had a handsome face and an arrogant air about him.

In his hand, he held a black longbow. The bow was entirely black, covered with dense dark red demonic patterns, and exuded a strong aura of Daoist energy.

The bowstring was dark red, as if it were made from the sinew of some kind of demonic beast, and it gleamed with a cold luster in the dim light.

The young demonic cultivator was excited, holding the longbow high in his hand, as if displaying a rare treasure.

Beside him sat a middle-aged man dressed in an exquisite black robe, with golden magical patterns embroidered on the cuffs and collar, giving him an extremely luxurious appearance.

His face was dignified, his eyes were like lightning, and his aura was as deep as an abyss; his cultivation was at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Chapter 6662

The middle-aged man looked at the young demonic cultivator with a satisfied smile, stood up, and announced loudly, “Everyone! This young man is named Han Lei. Today, he successfully drew this demonic bow that has been dormant for thousands of years on the Demonic Bow Platform!

He is the first young genius since ancient times to be able to draw the demonic bow! As the city lord, I have decided to appoint Han Lei as a guest elder of the city lord’s mansion, granting him the same treatment as the city lord, and bestowing upon him a million crystals, ten magical artifacts, and a hundred pills!”

A cheer and applause erupted from the crowd.

“Han Lei! Han Lei! Han Lei!”

“Incredible! Incredible! A demonic bow that no one has been able to draw for thousands of years has actually been drawn by a young man!”

“This kid has a bright future ahead of him!”

“The city lord has personally bestowed this title upon him; he can walk around the city with impunity from now on!”

Hearing the cheers around him, Han Lei’s arrogance grew even stronger.

He straightened his back, raised the demonic bow high, as if accepting the spotlight of the masses.

“Young Master Han! Draw it again! Let us see!” someone in the crowd shouted.

“That’s right! Pull it again! We didn’t see it clearly just now!”

“Pull it again! Let us witness the power of the Demon Bow!”

Han Lei’s smile widened, and he nodded. “Alright! Since you all want to see, I’ll pull it again!”

He took a deep breath, gripped the bow with his left hand, and placed his right hand on the bowstring, beginning to circulate the Daoist energy within his body.

Black energy surged from his palms, like thin black snakes, coiling around the bow and bowstring.

The dark red demonic patterns on the bow began to glow, emitting a cold, eerie light, and an ancient and powerful aura filled the air.

Han Lei’s expression turned serious; sweat beaded on his forehead, the muscles in his arms tensed, and veins bulged.

As he pulled, the bowstring moved backward little by little. With each inch it moved, his face flushed redder, and his body trembled slightly.

Finally, he pulled the bowstring about three inches, and then he abruptly released his grip.

Whoosh—

A black streak of light shot from the bowstring, like an arrow released from a bow, slicing through the air and striking a boulder below the platform. *

Bang—

- A fist-sized hole was pierced through the boulder, its edges smooth as a mirror, emanating a faint black aura.

A cheer and gasp erupted from the crowd once more.

“Amazing! Absolutely amazing!”

“The power of a single arrow is terrifying!”

“This demonic bow truly is an ancient relic, its power boundless!”

Han Lei put down the demonic bow, panting heavily, his face full of pride.

He turned and bowed to the city lord, “City Lord, this junior has not failed in my mission.”

The city lord smiled broadly, about to offer praise, when a soft hum came from the crowd.

The sound was faint, but exceptionally clear in the brief pause of the cheers.

“Hmph.”

Everyone froze.

The cheers ceased, and all eyes turned to the source of the sound.

At the edge of the square, a young man in a gray robe stood with a faint smile on his lips.

It was David.

Han Lei's face darkened abruptly, his gaze fixed on David, his voice tinged with anger: "What did you just hum about?"

David looked at Han Lei, his dark eyes expressionless. "Nothing, I just thought this bow… was just so-so." These words immediately caused an uproar in the square.

"What? Just so-so? Has he gone mad?"

"A first-grade Golden Immortal? A mere junior dares to point fingers at the Demon Bow?"

"Does he not know the meaning of death?"

"Judging from his aura, he's not a demon cultivator! He's a human cultivator! A human cultivator comes to our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to cause trouble?"

The demon cultivators' gazes turned extremely hostile, their eyes filled with malice and anger.

If the city lord hadn't been present, someone would probably have already rushed forward to attack David.

Han Lei's face was even more ashen, his voice icy cold: "What did you say? Say it again?"

David looked at Han Lei, still maintaining a nonchalant demeanor, "I said, this bow is just so-so. What kind of demon bow is this? Even a child could draw it, is it really necessary to make such a fuss?"

These words were like igniting a powder keg, and the demon cultivators in the square were completely enraged.

“This brat’s courting death!”

“City Lord, let us teach him a lesson!”

“A mere first-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator dares to run wild in our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?”

The City Lord sat on the high platform, squinting as he sized up David.

His expression remained calm, but a hint of amusement flashed in his sharp eyes.

He raised his hand, signaling for silence.

The commotion in the square gradually subsided.

The City Lord looked at David, his voice tinged with interest: “Young man, you say this bow is nothing special? Then you can surely draw it, can you?”

David looked at the City Lord, his smile widening. “Draw it? I don’t think it’s quite enough.”

“Not quite enough?” The City Lord raised an eyebrow slightly. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” David’s voice was calm, “this bow is too brittle, I’m afraid I’ll break it.”

Upon hearing this, the square fell silent for a moment, then erupted into deafening laughter.

“Hahaha! He said he’d break the demonic bow?”

“I’m dying of laughter! A mere first-grade Golden Immortal, claiming he can break an ancient demonic bow!”

“Has this kid gone mad?”

“I think he’s tired of living, deliberately courting death!”

Han Lei trembled with rage, his face filled with mockery and fury. “Break it? What do you think you are? I’ve cultivated Daoist runes and demonic energy for hundreds of years, and I’ve only managed to pull it three inches!

You, a first-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator, don’t even have Daoist runes and demonic energy, yet you dare to boast about breaking the demonic bow?”

David stared at Han Lei, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

“How do you know I don’t have Daoist runes and demonic energy?”

Han Lei was stunned. “You…you’re a demonic cultivator?”

“I’m not a demonic cultivator.” David shook his head. “But Daoist runes and demonic energy…I know a little bit.”

The entire arena fell silent again.

Daoist runes and demonic energy were a closely guarded secret of the Yin Demon lineage, only the core disciples of the Yin Demon lineage were qualified to cultivate them.

How could this seemingly young human cultivator possibly know about Daoist runes and demonic energy?

The city lord slowly stood up, looking down at David with a hint of solemnity in his voice: “You say you know Daoist runes and evil energy? Very well, come

up to the platform. If you can really draw the demonic bow, I can give it to you."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes, "But if you can't draw it, or if you're just making empty boasts to mock this city lord, then you'll have to leave your life behind."

Chapter 6663

Jiang Xuelan's expression changed, and she was about to speak to stop him when David grasped her hand.

"It's alright," he said softly. "I'm confident."

He released Jiang Xuelan's hand and walked towards the high platform.

The demonic cultivators quickly made way for him, their eyes filled with mockery and indifference as they looked at David.

No one believed he could draw the demonic bow, let alone break it.

"This kid is dead."

"A first-grade Golden Immortal, he doesn't even know what Daoist runes or demonic energy are, does he?"

"Just wait and see, once he gets up there, he definitely won't even be able to touch the bowstring before the city lord slaps him to death."

David ignored the discussions and walked step by step onto the high platform.

Han Lei stood on the platform, watching David approach, his mockery deepening. "Are you really sure? It's not too late to back out now."

David glanced at him, said nothing, and directly took the demonic bow from Han Lei's hand.

The moment the demonic bow touched his hand, a barely perceptible glint flashed in David's eyes.

This bow was indeed quite something.

The dark red demonic runes engraved on the bow were relics of ancient demonic cultivation, imbued with dense Daoist baleful energy.

An ordinary cultivator holding this bow wouldn't even be able to hold it steady, let alone draw it; the baleful energy would corrode their meridians.

But for him, this was nothing.

The Daoist baleful energy within his body circulated, resonating with the baleful energy on the demonic bow.

The feeling was like greeting a long-lost friend—utterly natural and smooth.

David gripped the bow with his left hand, placed his right on the bowstring, and took a deep breath.

Then, he gently pulled.

Whoosh

—the bowstring in his hand, like a tamed snake, was smoothly drawn to its full length without any struggle or resistance.

The entire arena fell silent.

Everyone's eyes widened like saucers, their mouths agape.

The demonic cultivators who had just been mocking David froze, their expressions frozen in time, like portraits frozen in the moment of their mockery.

Han Lei's face was deathly pale, his body trembling.

He strained with all his might to draw the three-inch-long demonic bow, while this first-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator could easily draw it to its full extent.

The city lord also stood up, his dignified face showing shock for the first time.

His eyes were fixed on the demonic bow in David's hand, his pupils contracting violently.

David looked at the fully drawn demonic bow in his hand, a smile curving his lips.

"This bow is indeed interesting. However..."

He narrowed his eyes slightly, circulating chaotic power within his body, flowing into the bow through his palm.

"It's not sturdy enough."

Crack.

A crisp cracking sound rang out.

A crack appeared on the bow, quickly spreading from one end to the other, like a spider web spreading across the bow.

Crack, crack, crack—

a series of cracking sounds rang out, the dark red demonic patterns began to dim, the black bow like cracked porcelain, crisscrossed with cracks, each crack causing everyone present to gasp. Finally…

Bang!

With a deafening crash, the demonic bow shattered into dozens of pieces in David's hands, scattering across the high platform with a clanging sound.

A deathly silence fell over the entire arena.

No one spoke, no one breathed, not even blinked.

All eyes were fixed on David, on the shattered fragments of the demonic bow at his feet.

An ancient demonic bow, untouched for millennia, had been casually drawn and snapped in two by a human cultivator.

Han Lei's legs went weak, and he collapsed onto the platform, his face deathly pale with disbelief.

The city lord stood there, frozen as if struck by lightning.

His lips twitched several times before he managed to utter a single, strained sentence: "You… who exactly are you?"

David dusted off his hands, looking at the city lord, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"Just a passerby,"

he said. "This bow is indeed quite good, but the material is too brittle. If you want to forge a truly good bow, I suggest the city lord use a different kind of demonic beast sinew, not such a fragile material."

He turned and walked down from the platform.

As he passed Han Lei, he stopped, looked down at Han Lei slumped on the ground, and a slight smile appeared on his lips.

“You’ve cultivated your Daoist runes and demonic energy for hundreds of years, and you’ve only managed to draw it a little bit. Want me to teach you a few moves?”

Han Lei’s face turned bright red, wishing he could disappear into the ground.

David didn’t say anything more and walked down from the platform.

He walked to Jiang Xuelan’s side, reached out and took her hand, “Let’s go back.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, her icy blue eyes full of laughter, “Do you think you did it on purpose?”

“On purpose?” David thought for a moment, “I guess so. Who told them to be so arrogant?”

He led Jiang Xuelan through the crowd and headed towards the inn.

The demonic cultivators looked at his back, each one as if they had seen a ghost, no one dared to block their way, no one dared to speak.

Only after he had walked a distance did a deafening murmur of discussion erupt in the square.

“He…he really broke the demonic bow?”

“What kind of power is that? A first-grade Golden Immortal? How is that possible?”

“The aura emanating from him…it’s not that of a demonic cultivator, but it’s even more sinister than one!”

“He just said he knows Daoist runes and malevolent energy, that’s a secret technique of the Yin Demon lineage! What’s his background?”

“Never mind his background, he’s someone we can’t afford to offend!”

The city lord stood on the high platform, watching David’s departing figure, remaining silent for a long time.

His eyes flickered with complex emotions—shock, apprehension, and a hint of inexplicable interest.

He beckoned to the guard beside him and whispered, “Go investigate that person’s background. Someone who can draw the demonic bow and break it is definitely not simple. And he knows Daoist runes and malevolent energy…he must be connected to the Yin Demon lineage.”

“Yes!”

The guard’s figure disappeared into the crowd.

The city lord sat back down in his chair, looking at the scattered fragments of the demonic bow on the high platform, a meaningful smile curving his lips.

Interesting.

It’s been a long time since such interesting people have visited the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm.

Chapter 6664

The clamor in the square gradually faded away. David and Jiang Xuelan had already left the crowd and were heading towards the inn.

Behind them, the discussions of the demonic cultivators surged like a tide. Some were amazed, some questioned, some were fearful, some were curious, but no one dared to speak disrespectfully to David again.

A person who could casually draw a demonic bow that had been immobilized for thousands of years and then break it—regardless of his origins—was not someone ordinary demonic cultivators could afford to offend. As

David and Jiang Xuelan walked along the streets of the small town, the demonic cultivators on both sides of the road made way for them, their gazes filled with complex emotions.

Some were awe, some were wary, some were curious, but no one dared to approach.

“Do you think the city lord will send someone to investigate you?” Jiang Xuelan asked softly.

“Definitely.”

David’s voice was calm. “A human cultivator at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, capable of drawing the demonic bow of the Yin Demon lineage, and also wielding Daoist runes and baleful energy—any city lord would want to find out my background.”

“Then what do we do?”

“Just wait.”

David smiled. “If he sends people to investigate, I’ll show them. Besides, I need his help to find out Yuqi’s whereabouts.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded and didn’t ask any further questions.

The two returned to the inn. Xuan Zhenzi was sitting in the lobby drinking tea. Seeing David return, he grinned.

“Mr. Chen, I heard you caused quite a commotion in the square? You broke someone’s thousand-year-old demonic bow?”

“The news spread so quickly?” David was somewhat surprised.

“Of course!”

Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard smugly. “My ears are sharp enough; all the demonic cultivators in the city are talking about you! They’re saying things like ‘a human cultivator broke a demonic bow,’ ‘a hidden master of the first rank of Golden Immortal,’ ‘connected to the Yin Demon lineage’… Tsk tsk, Mr. Chen, you’ve really shaken up the whole town!”

David smiled but didn’t reply.

He walked to the table, sat down, poured himself a cup of tea, and slowly took a sip.

“Senior, there might be some commotion tonight. People from the City Lord’s Mansion will probably come looking for me.”

Xuanzhenzi’s eyes lit up. “What? A fight?”

“Not necessarily. Maybe they’re just gathering information.”

“That’s so boring.” Xuanzhenzi curled his lip. “I was thinking of showing off my skills again.”

David was about to speak when his brows suddenly furrowed slightly.

Someone was using divine sense to probe the room.

That divine sense was very well concealed; if he hadn’t cultivated the power of chaos and had such keen perception of everything around him, he wouldn’t have been able to detect it at all.

The owner of the divine sense was around the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and their technique was extremely skillful, clearly indicating specialized training.

David remained silent, continuing to drink his tea, but a slight smile played on his lips.

“It’s here.”

He put down his teacup, stood up, and walked towards the corner of the room. That direction was the source of the divine sense’s intrusion.

Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi exchanged a glance, but remained silent.

David reached the corner, raised his hand, and chaotic power surged from his palm. A gray light, like an invisible hand, grabbed the divine sense and yanked it sharply.

“Get down!”

A muffled groan came from outside the window, followed by a figure tumbling down from the eaves, landing heavily on the stone floor in front of the inn with a dull thud.

David walked out of the inn and saw a demonic cultivator dressed in black, at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, lying on the ground, clutching his head and writhing in pain. The chaotic power rebounded through his divine sense, not killing him, but enough to make him suffer for a while.

“Who sent you?” David looked down at him, his voice calm.

The black-clad demonic cultivator gritted his teeth, managing to squeeze out a sentence: “I…I’m from the City Lord’s Mansion…The City Lord wishes to invite you to his residence…No ill intentions…”

David looked at him, “Since you’re here to invite someone, why are you secretly probing with your divine sense?”

“It…it was my own initiative…I wanted to see your background first…before reporting back…”

David was silent for a moment, “Get up. Take me to see the City Lord.”

The black-clad demonic cultivator struggled to his feet, wiped the blood from his mouth, and led the way with his head bowed.

David turned to look at Xuan Zhenzi. “Senior, wait for me at the inn.”

“Should I come along?” Xuan Zhenzi asked. “What if that city lord has ill intentions…”

“No.” David shook his head. “If he wanted to make a move, he would have done it in the square earlier. He wouldn’t have waited until now.”

He followed the black-clad demonic cultivator through several streets to a mansion in the city center.

The city lord’s mansion.

The mansion was simpler than David had imagined. There were no magnificent decorations, no imposing gate towers, just a large courtyard built of black boulders. Several ancient demonic runes were carved on the lintel, emanating a faint aura of malevolence.

The black-clad demonic cultivator led David through the gate, through several courtyards, to a study.

The city lord was already waiting in the study.

He had changed into casual clothes and sat in the main seat, holding a cup of dark red tea. Seeing David enter, he put down the teacup and smiled.

“Young friend, please sit down.”

David sat down opposite the city lord, sizing him up.

Upon closer inspection, the city lord’s cultivation was indeed unfathomable. His aura as an eighth-grade Golden Immortal was restrained yet profound, far stronger than the Black Crow he had encountered before.

“I wonder what brings the city lord here?” David asked directly.

The city lord smiled and didn’t beat around the bush. “I witnessed your performance in the plaza, young friend.

You were able to draw and break the demonic bow, and you even possess Daoist runes and malevolent energy… I’m very curious about your background .

Daoist runes and malevolent energy are the secrets of the Yin Demon lineage. How could a non-demonic human cultivator like you know such a technique?”

David looked at the city lord, his black eyes devoid of any emotion. “I am friends with the Yin Demon. He personally passed on the Daoist runes and malevolent energy to me.”

The city lord’s brows furrowed slightly, a hint of suspicion flashing in his eyes. “Friends? Senior Yin Demon disappeared tens of thousands of years ago. How could someone so young be his friend?”

“The city lord doesn’t believe me?” A slight smile curved David’s lips.

“It’s not that I don’t believe you, it’s just…” The city lord was about to continue when David raised his hand.

A wisp of black baleful energy surged from his palm, hovering in the air.

The baleful energy was extremely pure, solid as if it were a tangible substance, slowly flowing in the air, exuding an ancient and profound aura.

Dao-pattern baleful energy.

Moreover, it was the purest and highest-level Dao-pattern baleful energy.

The city lord's pupils suddenly contracted, and his body involuntarily sat up straight.

He had cultivated the demonic path for thousands of years and was extremely familiar with Dao-pattern baleful energy.

This level of baleful energy was definitely not something that ordinary Yin Demon disciples could condense. Only the core inheritors of the Yin Demon lineage, or even those personally taught by the Yin Demon himself, could condense such pure baleful energy.

Chapter 6665

"You…you really saw Senior Yinmo?" The city lord's voice turned solemn. "Where is he now?"

"I don't know exactly where he is either."

David withdrew his demonic energy. "I met him in the lower realm. At that time, he was trapped in a secret realm, and I helped him. To repay me, he passed on his Daoist demonic energy to me and also told me some secrets about the demonic path."

The city lord's face showed a shocked expression. He remained silent for a long time before slowly saying, "Young friend…no, sir. I was blind and negligent."

He stood up and bowed deeply to David, his attitude countless times more respectful than before.

“I am Mo Yuan, the city lord of Yinshan City. I greet you, sir. Since you have befriended Senior Yinmo and received his personal instruction in Daoist runes and demonic energy, you are a close friend of the Yinmo lineage. I apologize for any offense I may have caused you before.”

David was somewhat surprised by the city lord’s strong reaction. “City lord, there’s no need for such formality. I was merely passing through and had no intention of offending you.”

Mo Yuan straightened up, his expression now extremely eager. “Since you are a friend of Senior Yinmo, then you are a friend of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. Please do not hesitate to ask for my assistance, and I will do my utmost to help.”

David looked at Mo Yuan, pondering for a moment.

Although the city lord had tested him somewhat before, his attitude had changed, and he was now very sincere.

Moreover, he had cultivated extensive connections in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm over many years; if he could obtain his help, finding Sonya should be much easier.

“Since the City Lord has said so, then I do indeed have a request.”

David’s voice became solemn. “I came to the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to find someone. Her name is Sonya, and she is my wife.

She is currently with the Flame Demon Clan, and I would like to ask the City Lord to help me inquire whether she is at the Flame Demon Clan’s base.”

“The Flame Demon Clan?”

Mo Yuan's brows furrowed slightly. "Flame Demon Ridge is indeed in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, and it is the Flame Demon Clan's stronghold. However, the Flame Demon Clan has always been closed off and does not associate with other forces, so it is very difficult to obtain information about them.

Rest assured, sir, I will send people to inquire near Flame Demon Ridge. If there is any news about Sonya, I will inform you immediately."

David nodded. "Thank you, City Lord."

Mo Yuan waved his hand. "Sir, you are too kind. It is my honor to be able to help Senior Yin Demon's friend."

He paused, as if remembering something. "By the way, sir, are you going to continue your journey?"

"Yes. I plan to go to Flame Demon Ridge to take a look."

"Then you must be careful, sir."

Mo Yuan's expression turned serious. "From Yinshan City to Yanmo Ridge, one must pass through Burial Soul Valley. That place is one of the most chaotic areas in the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain, where various outlaws, rogue cultivators, and demonic forces are deeply entrenched, and murder and robbery are commonplace. Moreover…"

He was about to continue when a series of hurried footsteps suddenly came from outside the door.

A guard dressed in black strode in, knelt on one knee, and said with a hint of urgency in his voice.

"Lord! I have important news to report!"

Mo Yuan frowned. “What is it? Can’t you see I’m receiving distinguished guests?”

“It’s of great importance, and I dare not delay!”

The guard’s voice was tense. “While patrolling outside the city, I discovered a group of Divine Clan cultivators. There were quite a few of them, about thirty or forty, all of whom were at least at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, with the leaders being at the eighth rank.

They are heading towards Burial Soul Valley, and their movements are extremely stealthy, as if they are planning an ambush.” Mo Yuan’s expression changed drastically.

“The Divine Race? On the territory of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?”

“Yes! I saw it with my own eyes, I can’t be mistaken!”

Mo Yuan stood up, walked to the window, and his eyes flashed with a complex light.

He pondered for a moment, then turned to David, “Sir, you said you have a grudge against the Divine Race?”

David nodded, “I destroyed the Hall of Light and the Palace of Flame in the Eighteenth Heaven, killing their Golden Immortal cultivators. In the Nineteenth Heaven, I killed Black Crow, the assassin of the Golden Crow Clan. The Divine Race does indeed want my life.”

A glint flashed in Mo Yuan’s eyes, “Then the person they’re going to ambush in the Burial Valley is very likely you, sir.” A

slight smile curved David’s lips, “It seems Wu Tianji already knows I’m in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. He’s joined forces with other Divine Race forces to ambush me in the Burial Valley.”

“What does sir intend to do?” Mo Yuan asked, “Since you know there’s an ambush ahead, you could easily take a detour.”

David shook his head, “A detour? Since they’ve come all this way, wouldn’t it be a betrayal of their sincerity to leave without even seeing them?” Mo

Yuan looked at the smile on David’s face, a hint of appreciation flashing in his eyes, “Sir, you mean…”

“Let’s play along.”

David’s voice was calm. “They want to ambush me in Burial Valley, so I’ll leave through Burial Valley. I just need the city lord to do me a favor.”

“Please speak, sir.”

“I need the city lord to unite with other demonic forces in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to set up an ambush around Burial Valley. Once the gods show themselves, they’ll find themselves the ones being surrounded.”

Mo Yuan’s eyes lit up. “Good! That’s a good idea! The gods’ large-scale entry into our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm is a provocation against us demonic cultivators.

If we can seize this opportunity to wipe them out in Burial Valley, it will also let those gods know that the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm is not a place they can come and go as they please!”

He immediately went to his desk, picked up a communication jade talisman, and infused it with demonic energy. “I will contact the city lords and leaders of the other cities. Although there are many forces in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, they are still willing to join forces in the face of the gods’ invasion.”

A moment later, the jade talisman lit up, and a deep voice came from it: “Mo Yuan, what is it?”

“Old Demon, the Divine Race has launched a large-scale invasion of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, ambushing my friends at the Burial Soul Valley. I need your help.”

“The Divine Race? Coming to my Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to cause trouble? Fine! I’ll take my men there right away!”

The jade talisman flashed a few more times, and Mo Yuan contacted several factions in succession.

Unexpectedly, each faction readily agreed.

The Divine Race and the Demon Cultivators were sworn enemies, with frequent small-scale conflicts, but the Divine Race’s large-scale invasion of Demon Cultivator territory was a blatant provocation, which no Demon Cultivator would tolerate.

In less than half an hour, all the factions replied, indicating they would immediately dispatch their elite forces to assemble near the Burial Soul Valley.

Mo Yuan put down the jade talisman and turned to look at David. “Sir, everything is arranged. The five forces in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm have a total of over three hundred people, including three eighth-grade Golden Immortals and countless seventh and sixth-grade Golden Immortals.

As soon as you pass through the Burial Soul Valley, the moment the Divine Race appears, we will immediately surround them from the outside, making it impossible for them to escape.”

David nodded. “Thank you, City Lord.”

“You’re too kind, sir,” Mo Yuan said. “Please rest at my residence for the night. Tomorrow morning, I will personally lead a group to escort you to the Burial Soul Valley.”

David nodded in agreement.

Chapter 6666

Nothing happened that night.

The next morning, just as dawn broke, David, accompanied by Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi, left Yinshan City with Mo Yuan.

Mo Yuan led a team of elite demonic cultivators, following at a distance.

Their auras were extremely well concealed, like venomous snakes lurking in the shadows, silently following David and his companions.

They were ready to strike at any moment should there be any unusual activity ahead.

Burial Soul Valley was about five hundred li from Yinshan City. It was a long, narrow valley with towering black cliffs on both sides, barren except for exposed rocks and dark red moss.

A winding path ran through the valley floor, its surface covered with gravel and pebbles. Scattered along the sides were the skeletons of various demonic beasts and fragments of broken magical artifacts, and the air was thick with the stench of decay and death.

Indeed, a perfect place for an ambush.

David walked at the front, his steps calm and composed, as if he knew nothing.

Jiang Xuelan followed beside him, her icy blue eyes warily scanning their surroundings. Xuan Zhenzi brought up the rear, his back hunched, seemingly inconspicuous, but a sharp glint flashed in his cloudy eyes.

When they had walked about ten miles into the Burial Soul Valley, dozens of figures slowly emerged from behind a giant rock ahead.

Leading them was Wu Tianji.

He wore a crimson-gold robe, radiating a scorching aura, his crimson-gold eyes like two burning flames, fixed intently on David.

Behind him followed Lei Wanjun of the Thunder God Clan, the Lord of the Holy Light Palace, and the leaders of more than a dozen other divine race forces, each exuding a terrifying aura. There were

twenty or thirty cultivators at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm or higher, including three at the eighth rank and seven or eight at the seventh rank.

Such a lineup was enough to sweep aside most forces in the Nineteenth Heaven.

“David, we meet again.”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold, as cold as a icy wind blowing from an ice cellar. “You didn’t expect this, did you? I’ll be waiting for you here.”

David looked at Wu Tianji, his black eyes devoid of any emotion. He even stretched and cracked his neck slightly.

“Clan Chief Wu, you brought so many people to wait for me in Burial Soul Valley, are you here to die?”

Wu Tianji’s expression changed slightly. “Die? David, you overestimate yourself. You think you can be arrogant in front of us just because you killed Black Crow? Let me tell you, today, this is your burial ground!”

Lei Wanjun stood behind Wu Tianji, thick bolts of lightning crackling around him.

He sized David up and down, a cold smile playing on his lips. “Golden Immortal Realm, Grade One? Is this kind of trash worth my personal attention?” The Palace

Master of the Holy Light Palace remained silent, simply watching David, his eyes flickering.

David looked at the Divine Race members before him, a slight smile curving his lips.

“Chief Wu, you brought so many people to ambush me, have you considered one thing?”

“What thing?” Wu Tianji’s voice was cold.

“Have you considered… that coming to ambush me might actually lead to you falling into someone else’s ambush?”

Wu Tianji’s brows furrowed sharply. “What do you mean?”

David didn’t answer, but simply raised his head and looked towards the distant cliff.

“Come out.”

The words had barely left his lips when a dense mass of figures suddenly appeared on the distant cliffs.

Black robes, swirling with malevolent energy, and shimmering with demonic runes—one after another, demonic cultivators emerged from the crevices of the cliffs, from behind boulders, and from the shadows on either side of the valley. They wielded magical artifacts, their eyes flashing with icy light, completely surrounding Burial Soul Valley.

Mo Yuan led the way, his aura as an eighth-grade Golden Immortal unleashed without reservation, pressing down on the hearts of the divine race like an invisible mountain.

Behind him followed three eighth-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivators, a dozen or so seventh-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivators, and hundreds of elite sixth and fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivators.

The total number exceeded three hundred.

The divine race was stunned by this sudden turn of events.

Looking at the densely packed demonic cultivators around them, their faces turned deathly pale, their eyes filled with shock and fear.

Wu Tianji's pupils contracted sharply, and his body tensed abruptly.

"You…you knew we were coming all along?"

David looked at Wu Tianji, his smile deepening.

"Clan Chief Wu, when you sent Black Crow to track me, you should have known my whereabouts wouldn't be so easily tracked. Your divine race has gathered so ostentatiously in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, do you really think the demon cultivators here are blind?"

Wu Tianji's lips trembled, wanting to say something, but he couldn't utter a single word.

He had indeed underestimated David.

He thought David was just one person, at most with an old bodyguard.

He hadn't expected David to be able to unite the entire demon cultivator force of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm in such a short time and turn the tables on them.

Lei Wanjun's face was even more ashen. The lightning on his body crackled, but he hesitated to make a move. With

over three hundred demon cultivators surrounding them, even if they were strong, it was impossible for them to escape unscathed from such an attack.

"David,"

the Temple Master of the Holy Light Palace finally spoke, his voice tinged with solemnity, "We were reckless today. Let us go, and we promise we won't bother you again."

David looked at the Temple Master of the Holy Light Palace, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

"Let you go?"

He smiled, a cold smile.

"You came with such fanfare to kill me, and now that you can't, you think you can just leave? It's not that easy!"

Wu Tianji's face turned ashen. "David, do you intend to kill us all? There are so many of us; if we really fought to the death, you would pay a heavy price!"

David looked at Wu Tianji and remained silent for a moment.

"Clan Chief Wu, I don't want to kill all of you."

His voice was calm, "But you must stay."

Wu Tianji's pupils contracted sharply. "You…"

"You sent people to follow me, sent assassins to kill me, and now you've joined forces with the Divine Race to ambush me."

David's voice remained calm, but it carried a chilling undertone. "We should settle this score."

Chapter 6667

A deathly silence fell over the valley.

The members of the Divine Race exchanged bewildered glances, each face etched with fear and unease.

The Demonic Cultivators, on the other hand, were menacing, their magical artifacts gleaming coldly, ready to strike at any moment.

Wu Tianji stood at the forefront, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on David, a complex light swirling within them.

He knew that this battle was unavoidable.

The Divine Race and the Demonic Cultivators stood facing each other, the air thick with tension.

The wind howled through the black cliffs on either side of the Burial Soul Valley, whipping up pebbles and sand that stung their faces, yet no one moved.

David's words were like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, stirring ripples in the hearts of the Divine Race members.

He had made it clear, "Wu Tianji, you must stay."

In other words, the others could leave.

Lei Wanjun was the first to react.

The lightning crackling around him subsided slightly, a complex expression appearing on his rugged face.

He glanced at Wu Tianji, then at David, and took a step forward.

“David, do you keep your word?”

Lei Wanjun’s voice was still like muffled thunder, but his tone held less hostility and more probing. “As long as we don’t interfere in Wu Tianji’s affairs, you’ll let us go?”

David looked at Lei Wanjun, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion. “I only kill those who deserve to die. Although you followed Wu Tianji to ambush me, he’s the mastermind. If you leave now, I won’t stop you.”

Lei Wanjun was silent for a moment, then turned and cupped his hands in a respectful gesture towards Wu Tianji.

“Clan Chief Wu, I’m sorry. Today’s matter is a personal grudge between your Golden Crow Clan and David. My Thunder God Clan isn’t going to sacrifice its entire elite force for your sake.”

Wu Tianji’s expression suddenly changed, a glint of disbelief flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. “Lei Wanjun, what did you say?!”

“I’ve made myself very clear.”

Lei Wanjun’s voice hardened. “When you joined us to kill David, you didn’t mention that David had such a strong presence in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. With

over three hundred demon cultivators surrounding us, you want my men to die with you? Wu Tianji, your life is precious, but so are the lives of my Thunder God Clan members!”

He stopped looking at Wu Tianji, turned, and waved to his men. “Thunder God Clan members, follow me!”

The dozen or so elite cultivators of the Thunder God Clan exchanged glances and followed Lei Wanjun out of the valley.

The demon cultivators parted to make way, and no one stopped them.

Wu Tianji’s fists clenched so tightly they cracked, his crimson-gold eyes blazing with fury. “Lei Wanjun! You treacherous villain! You promised so readily, and now you’re deserting your post! What kind of patriarch are you, the Thunder God Clan’s leader?!”

Lei Wanjun didn’t turn back, his voice carrying far away: “Patriarch Wu, take care!”

Wu Tianji trembled with rage, but before he could retaliate, the Palace Master of the Holy Light Hall spoke up.

“Patriarch Wu, Patriarch Lei is right. Today’s situation has exceeded our expectations.”

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Hall’s voice remained calm, but carried an undeniable resolve. “My disciples of the Holy Light Hall cannot die in vain for the personal grudges of your Golden Crow Clan.”

He turned and nodded slightly to David. “Mr. Chen, today’s events were our recklessness. Farewell.”

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Hall, along with his disciples, followed the Thunder God Clan, quickly leaving the Burial Soul Valley.

With the Thunder Clan and the Temple of Holy Light taking the lead, the leaders of the remaining divine factions also made their choices.

Some bowed to Wu Tianji and said “sorry,” some turned and left without even saying goodbye, and some didn’t even dare to look back, leading their people to slink away from Burial Soul Valley.

A moment later, only Wu Tianji and his Golden Crow Clan elders remained in Burial Soul Valley.

Twelve people.

Wu Tianji stood at the forefront, his crimson-gold robe fluttering in the wind, his face filled with anger, humiliation, and disbelief.

He watched as the divine forces who had once sworn to join forces against David left one by one, the rage in his heart almost burning his reason to ashes.

“You…you bunch of trash!”

Wu Tianji’s voice was hoarse, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth, “Cowards! Traitors! My Golden Crow Clan is ashamed to be associated with you!”

No one answered him.

Only the sound of the wind and the cold gazes of the demonic cultivators filled the valley.

David looked at Wu Tianji, a slight smile playing on his lips. “Clan Chief Wu, it seems your allies are even less reliable than I imagined.”

Wu Tianji abruptly turned his head, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on David, filled with murderous intent. “David! Don’t be so smug! Even if only my Golden Crow Clan remains, we will kill you today!”

“Kill me?” David smiled. “Clan Chief Wu, do you think you still have a chance?”

Wu Tianji's gaze swept over the surrounding demonic cultivators, his expression growing even more grim.

Over three hundred demonic cultivators surrounded them, including four at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and countless others at the seventh and sixth ranks.

Even with his arrogance, he knew he couldn't survive such a massive attack.

But he had no way out.

He was the clan chief of the Golden Crow Clan, a top expert among the Nineteenth Heaven God Clan.

If he retreated here today, the Golden Crow Clan's millennia-old reputation would be ruined.

"David, if you've got the guts, fight me one-on-one!"

Wu Tianji's voice carried a hint of provocation. "What kind of skill is it to rely on numbers? If you're so capable, come and kill me yourself!"

David looked at Wu Tianji and remained silent for a moment.

Then he smiled.

"One-on-one? Fine."

These words caused an uproar throughout the arena.

Mo Yuan's expression changed drastically. "Sir, no! Wu Tianji is at the peak of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, while you are only at the first rank. The difference is too great!"

Xuan Zhenzi's brows furrowed as well. "Mr. Chen, this kid is trying to provoke you. Don't fall for it!"

Jiang Xuelan went directly to David's side and grabbed his arm. "David, don't be impulsive!"

David looked at the worried expressions on everyone's faces and shook his head with a smile. "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. I don't want to kill him; I just want to exchange a few moves with him and practice." "

Practice?" Mo Yuan's lips twitched. "Sir, this is a life-or-death battle, not practice!"

"I know," David's voice was calm. "But opportunities to fight against a peak eighth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert are rare. I want to test my limits."

He released Jiang Xuelan's hand and walked towards Wu Tianji.

"Chief Wu, didn't you want a one-on-one fight? Fine, I'll go with you. If you can defeat me, I'll let you go."

A glint of light flashed in Wu Tianji's eyes. "Is that true?"

"Truly true." David nodded. "Everyone here can testify. If you can defeat me, I'll let you go, and I will never go back on my word."

Chapter 6668

A cold smile curled at the corner of Wu Tianji's lips. "David, you're too arrogant. You think you can compare to me, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, just because you killed Black Crow? Today I'll show you what true difference is!"

His words had barely faded when his aura exploded.

Crimson-gold light surged from his body, exploding around him like a blazing sun.

Scorching waves of heat swept in all directions, scattering pebbles and sand everywhere.

The air around him distorted and hummed.

Peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

The oppressive aura was several times stronger than Black Crow's.

David stood still, feeling the onslaught of heat, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

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

A purple sword light shone in the dim valley, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, a stark contrast to the crimson-gold light surrounding Wu Tianji.

"Come!" David's voice was calm.

Wu Tianji moved.

His speed was extreme; his crimson-gold figure streaked across the valley like a meteor, carrying scorching heat and destructive power, striking David's chest with a palm.

Golden Crow Burning Heaven Palm.

This palm strike was enough to pulverize a small mountain.

David didn't take it head-on.

He shifted to the side, the seed of spatial laws rapidly spinning within his body. At the last second, his body moved several feet to the side, barely dodging Wu Tianji's palm strike.

Wu Tianji's palm struck the boulder behind David, instantly shattering the several-meter-high boulder into dozens of pieces. The fragments flew in all directions like projectiles, striking the cliffs on either side with muffled thuds.

"Dodge? You think you can dodge?" Wu Tianji sneered, turning his body, his second palm strike following closely.

This palm strike was faster and more ruthless than the first; wherever the palm wind passed, the air was compressed, producing a sharp, explosive sound.

The crimson-gold palm print magnified in the air, like a giant golden crow spreading its wings and swooping down, blocking all of David's escape routes.

This time, David didn't dodge.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword twirled in his hand, its purple sword light like a straight bolt of lightning, meeting the crimson-gold palm print head-on.

Sword and palm collided.

Boom—

a deafening roar exploded in the valley, causing rubble to fall from the cliffs on both sides.

The purple sword light and the crimson-gold light intertwined, devouring and tearing each other apart, bursting forth with blinding light.

David's body was blasted back several steps, his footsteps leaving deep imprints on the ground.

His tiger's mouth was slightly numb, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword hummed in his hand, as if bearing immense pressure.

But that sword strike had blocked it.

A flicker of shock flashed in Wu Tianji's eyes. "You…you actually managed to withstand one of my palm strikes?"

David shook his numb wrist, a smirk playing on his lips. "Peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal Realm, you're certainly not bad. But not as strong as I imagined."

Wu Tianji's face darkened. "You're courting death!"

He sprang into action again, this time even faster. Crimson-gold light left afterimages in the air, each afterimage unleashing a palm print that rained down on David from different directions.

Golden crows filled the sky!

Dozens of crimson-gold palm prints poured down on David like a torrential downpour, sealing off all his escape routes.

David took a deep breath, his chaotic energy surging wildly within him.

Gray light surged from his body, merging with the purple sword light. The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, the sword light weaving into a purple net in the air, shattering the crimson-gold palm prints one by one.

Bang bang bang bang bang—

the deafening sounds of sword light colliding with the palm prints echoed through the valley like dense thunder.

Debris was hurled by the shockwaves, flying in all directions like hidden weapons.

David's figure weaved through the sword light, sometimes dodging left, sometimes darting right, sometimes leaping into the air, sometimes landing, every movement incredibly fast and precise.

His sword grew faster and faster, the purple sword light leaving afterimages in the air, like a purple dragon tumbling within the crimson-gold palm prints.

Wu Tianji grew increasingly alarmed as the fight progressed.

He had thought David was merely a junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, someone he could easily crush.

But after exchanging blows, he realized that this young man's strength far exceeded his expectations.

Although David's cultivation level was indeed only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, his chaotic power was extremely pure, and every sword strike contained world-destroying power. Moreover, his movement techniques were extremely unpredictable.

The seed of spatial laws allowed him to perform actions unimaginable to ordinary people during battle, sometimes appearing on the left, sometimes on the right, sometimes behind him, and sometimes falling from above his head.

For a first-rank Golden Immortal to achieve this level was simply inconceivable.

Wu Tianji gritted his teeth and intensified his attack once again. The crimson-gold light surged, and his speed increased even further. Every palm strike carried world-destroying power, aiming to completely crush David.

David's pressure increased sharply.

Wounds began to appear on his body. His shoulder was grazed by the palm wind, leaving a charred burn mark;

his left arm was grazed by a palm print, and his skin was burned red; his robe was torn in several places, revealing the burned flesh underneath.

But his eyes remained calm, without any fear or retreat.

He kept fighting.

Thirty moves, forty moves, fifty moves…

David endured a full fifty moves under Wu Tianji's relentless onslaught.

Although he was clearly at a disadvantage, covered in wounds, he never fell, never admitted defeat.

The surrounding demonic cultivators watched in stunned silence.

"This…this is a first-grade Golden Immortal?"

Mo Yuan's lips twitched several times. "He fought fifty moves against Wu Tianji, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal? How is that possible?"

"This kid is too monstrous…"

Xuan Zhenzi's hand, stroking his beard, froze in mid-air, his cloudy eyes filled with shock. "Even I, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, couldn't fight so easily against an opponent of Wu Tianji's level. He's just a first-grade Golden Immortal…"

The little Daoist boy looked up at David, his eyes wide like copper bells. "Master, didn't you say that a first-grade Golden Immortal is an ant?"

Xuan Zhenzi coughed twice. "Ahem…a first-grade Golden Immortal from an ordinary family is an ant, but your Mr. Chen's…is a monster."

Jiang Xuelan stood at the front of the crowd, her icy blue eyes filled with worry.

Her hands gripped the hem of her clothes tightly, but she didn't speak or step forward to stop him.

She knew that David had his own plans.

Finally, on the sixty-second move, Wu Tianji struck David in the chest with a palm strike.

David's body flew backward, tumbling several times in the air before landing with a few staggering steps, kneeling on one knee, and spitting out a mouthful of blood.

A clear palm print marked his chest, his clothes were torn, his skin charred, and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth; he looked utterly wretched.

But his eyes still shone brightly.

Chapter 6669

Wu Tianji stood there, panting heavily.

Although he had won, it hadn't been an easy victory. Sixty-two moves—a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm had forced him to use sixty-two moves, consuming nearly thirty percent of his spiritual power.

The price was far greater than he had anticipated.

"David," Wu Tianji's voice was hoarse, "you lost. As agreed, let me go."

David knelt on one knee, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, and looked up at Wu Tianji, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"I lost?"

He smiled, a faint smile.

"Clan Chief Wu, have you forgotten something?"

Wu Tianji's brows furrowed sharply. "Forgot what?"

David didn’t answer; he simply looked up and glanced at Xuan Zhenzi.

There were no words in that glance, but Xuan Zhenzi understood instantly.

“Hey! You golden-haired bird, take this!”

Xuan Zhenzi’s figure blurred, transforming into a gray afterimage, shooting out from the crowd at incredible speed.

A cyan light gathered in his palm, like a bolt of cyan lightning, aimed straight for Wu Tianji’s back.

Wu Tianji’s expression changed drastically. He whirled around, trying to block, but Xuan Zhenzi was too fast.

Moreover, he had just exchanged sixty-two blows with David, consuming nearly thirty percent of his spiritual energy, greatly reducing his reaction speed and defensive capabilities.

The cyan palm print slammed solidly into Wu Tianji’s chest.

Bang—

Wu Tianji’s body flew backward, crashing heavily into the cliff behind him, cracking the black rock and sending debris raining down.

A trickle of golden blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, and his robe tore at his chest, revealing the flesh burned by the cyan light.

“You…” Wu Tianji’s voice was filled with rage, “Despicable! Didn’t you say it was a one-on-one fight?”

David stood up from the ground, dusted himself off, and looked at Wu Tianji, his smile widening.

“Chief Wu, I said, ‘If you can defeat me, I’ll let you go.’ But the prerequisite is that you must defeat me first. Now, have you defeated me?”

Wu Tianji’s face was ashen. “You’ve clearly lost!”

“I lost?”

David shook his head. “I only said ‘lost,’ but I didn’t say I surrendered. Did I surrender?”

Wu Tianji’s lips trembled, wanting to say something, but in the end, he couldn’t utter a single word.

David hadn’t surrendered.

He simply knelt on one knee and said, “I lost,” but that sentence sounded more like an exclamation than an admission of defeat.

“You…you tricked me!” Wu Tianji’s voice was filled with overwhelming rage.

David shrugged. “So what if I tricked you? When you brought people to ambush me, didn’t you feel like you were tricking me?”

Wu Tianji’s eyes were full of killing intent, but he no longer had the strength to attack David.

Xuan Zhenzi’s palm strike had seriously injured him, and combined with the previous exertion, he could only exert about 60% of his peak strength now.

Xuanzhenzi, at his peak, was a Golden Immortal of the eighth rank.

“Boy, fight me!” Xuanzhenzi roared, his figure leaping forward again, charging towards Wu Tianji.

Wu Tianji gritted his teeth, having no choice but to accept the challenge.

Golden and azure light collided in the valley, creating a deafening roar.

The clash between two peak eighth-grade Golden Immortals was even more terrifying than the previous battle between David and Wu Tianji.

The shockwave swept in all directions, blasting away all the rubble on the ground and even cracking the rocks on the cliffs, sending large chunks of rock falling down.

Wu Tianji was no longer at his best; facing Xuan Zhenzi's relentless attacks, he could only barely hold on, retreating step by step.

"Follow me!" Wu Tianji shouted to the Golden Crow Clan elders behind him, "Kill them!"

Several Golden Crow Clan elders exchanged glances, gritted their teeth, and charged forward.

But as soon as they moved, Mo Yuan and his demonic cultivators met them.

"Want to help? Get past us first!"

Mo Yuan's voice was icy. He raised his black longsword and slashed at the Golden Crow Clan elder at the front.

The other Golden Crow Clan elders were also entangled by the demonic cultivators.

Over three hundred demonic cultivators swarmed forward, surrounding the eleven elders of the Golden Crow Clan. Swords flashed, and murderous aura surged; the battle instantly reached a fever pitch.

Although the Golden Crow Clan elders were not weak, facing an enemy several times their size, they quickly fell into a disadvantageous position.

One after another, they fell, their blood staining the ground of Burial Soul Valley.

Wu Tianji watched his elders fall, his heart aching.

His eyes turned bloodshot, as if about to bleed.

“David! You will regret this! The Golden Crow Clan will not let you go!”

“The Golden Crow Clan?” David’s voice came from afar, carrying a cold smile. “Clan Chief Wu, do you think the Golden Crow Clan will still exist after today?”

Wu Tianji’s body trembled violently.

He understood David’s meaning. The elders he had brought today were the Golden Crow Clan’s elite fighting force.

If they all died here, the Golden Crow Clan would be left with only the old, weak, and disabled, unable even to protect themselves, let alone seek revenge.

David’s words shattered his last hope.

“Ah!!!” Wu Tianji let out a hysterical roar, his crimson-gold light surging violently in a final desperate attempt.

But Xuan Zhenzi wouldn’t give him the chance.

A cyan light pressed down like a mountain, completely crushing Wu Tianji’s crimson-gold light. The palm print slammed solidly onto Wu Tianji’s head, producing a dull thud.

Wu Tianji’s body stiffened abruptly, the light in his eyes quickly dimming.

A trickle of golden blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, and his body slowly collapsed to the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Wu Tianji, the Golden Crow Clan Chief, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

A brief silence fell over the valley.

The last few Golden Crow Clan elders who were still struggling saw their chief fall and completely lost their will to fight.

They wanted to escape, but the demonic cultivators wouldn't give them a chance. Black baleful energy surged in like a tide, completely engulfing their figures.

A moment later, the Burial Soul Valley returned to calm.

The entire Golden Crow Clan was dead.

Twelve corpses lay scattered on the ground, golden blood staining the black rocks, shimmering eerily in the dim sunlight.

David stood at a distance, gazing at Wu Tianji's body, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

Mo Yuan sheathed his sword and walked to David's side, a hint of admiration on his face. "Sir, your plan was truly flawless. With Wu Tianji dead, the Golden Crow Clan is finished. The Divine Race's power in the Nineteenth Heaven has been weakened by at least thirty percent."

Chapter 6670

David nodded. "Many thanks to the City Lord and all my fellow demonic cultivators. Without your help, I couldn't have defeated Wu Tianji so easily."

Mo Yuan waved his hand. "You're too kind, sir. It's an honor for our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to be able to help you. Moreover, eliminating Wu

Tianji, a top-tier fighter of the divine race, is also a good thing for us demonic cultivators."

Xuan Zhenzi shook the blood off his hands, walked over, and grinned. "Mr. Chen, was my entrance today impressive enough?"

David looked at him, a slight smile playing on his lips. "Pretty impressive. Senior's 'Hey! You golden-haired bird, take this!' was even more imposing than last time."

"Absolutely!" Xuan Zhenzi stroked his beard proudly. "I practiced it several times when I got back!"

Jiang Xuelan walked to David's side and took his hand. His icy blue eyes were filled with concern. "You're injured."

David looked down at his wounds: burns on his shoulder, charred arms, a handprint on his chest, and bloodstains at the corner of his mouth.

Although he looked disheveled, they were all superficial injuries and nothing serious.

"It's nothing, just minor injuries," he said calmly. "I'll be fine after a day's rest."

Mo Yuan stepped forward. "Sir, it's not advisable to stay in Burial Soul Valley for long. The stench of blood here is too strong; it will soon attract all sorts of demonic beasts and desperados. Let's return to Yinshan City first so you can rest properly."

David nodded. "Okay."

Mo Yuan turned and waved to the demonic cultivators. "Collect all the storage rings and magical artifacts from the Golden Crow Clan members, then leave!"

The demonic cultivators acted swiftly, skillfully looting the valuables from the Golden Crow Clan corpses.

David stood still, looking at the distant horizon, a deep light flashing in his purple eyes.

Wu Tianji was dead.

The Golden Crow Clan was finished.

The power of the Divine Race in the Nineteenth Heaven was no longer a threat.

Next, it's the Flame Demon Ridge.

Barbara, wait for me.

…

The twentieth Heaven, the Divine Clan's Main Hall.

This enormous palace, suspended above the clouds, is entirely forged from golden divine stone, radiating a dazzling light under the sun, like an ever-burning sun.

Clouds swirl around the palace, and streaks of golden lightning can be faintly seen flashing through the clouds, emitting a low rumble.

That's the Divine Clan's main hall's protective array, powerful enough to withstand the full force of an Immortal Lord realm expert.

At the core of the Divine Clan's main hall is a golden hall hundreds of feet high, spacious and solemn.

The walls are engraved with ancient divine totems and inscriptions, each line slowly flowing with golden light, exuding an ancient and sacred aura.

In the center of the hall is a divine throne supported by nine golden steps.

The throne is carved from a single piece of chaotic divine stone, inlaid with nine fist-sized divine crystals, each radiating terrifying spiritual energy fluctuations.

A figure sits on the throne.

He was a middle-aged man with a dignified and cold face, and an innate air of authority about him.

He wore a golden divine robe, embroidered with dense divine patterns, each pattern slowly flowing and radiating a chilling pressure.

His eyes were golden, with two eternal flames burning deep within his pupils, making it impossible to look directly at him. This was

Jin Wuhao, the Divine Emperor of the Twentieth Heaven Divine Clan's Main Hall.

A peak ninth-grade Golden Immortal, a peerless powerhouse just one step away from entering the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, he was the supreme ruler of the entire Twentieth Heaven Divine Clan's power.

At this moment, Jin Wuhao held a shattered jade tablet in his hand, his golden eyes surging with a cold and furious light.

Wu Tianji's life soul tablet.

Shattered.

Jin Wuhao's fingers tightened slightly, the shattered jade tablet turning to dust in his palm, golden powder scattering between his fingers, shimmering faintly in the air.

"Wu Tianji… is dead."

His voice was calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it.

That coldness, like the frigid air surging from the depths of a ten-thousand-year-old glacier, made the several Divine Clan elders kneeling in the hall shiver involuntarily.

“Your Majesty the Divine Emperor,”

a white-haired elder spoke cautiously, “Wu Tianji was a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, practically invincible in the Nineteenth Heaven. How could he suddenly…”

“How he died, I don’t know,”

Jin Wuhao’s voice remained calm, “but whoever killed him must pay the price.

The Divine Clan’s power in the Nineteenth Heaven is a crucial foundation for our Divine Clan in the Heavenly Realm. If even the patriarch of the Nineteenth Heaven can be killed so easily, where is the dignity of our Divine Clan?”

His gaze fell on the white-haired elder. “Elder Shenmu, you personally descend to the mortal realm and investigate this matter in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

The white-haired elder, Elder Shenmu, bowed respectfully. “Yes, Your Majesty the Divine Emperor.”

“Remember,”

Jin Wuhao’s voice carried a hint of coldness, “thoroughly investigate the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace, and all other divine forces in the Nineteen Heavens.

Wu Tianji’s death could not have been the work of an outsider. No one in the Nineteen Heavens could have killed him. The only one capable of killing a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal in the Nineteen Heavens is another peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal from the divine race. I need to know which branch is behind this.”

A solemn light flashed in Elder Shenmu's eyes. "Does His Majesty the Divine Emperor mean… internal strife within the divine race?"

"What else?"

Jin Wuhao sneered. "Lei Wanjun has coveted the Golden Crow Clan's position in the Nineteen Heavens for a long time. That old man in the Holy Light Palace is no pushover either.

And those small forces secretly stirring up trouble, which one doesn't want to seize the opportunity to rise to power?

With Wu Tianji dead, their chance has arrived. I cannot allow the divine forces in the Nineteen Heavens to be torn apart by internal strife."

Elder Shenmu nodded. "Understood. I will immediately lead men down to the mortal realm and will certainly get to the bottom of this matter."

"Go." Jin Wuhao waved his hand.

Elder Shenmu stood up, turned, and walked out of the hall.

Jin Wuhao sat on his throne, his golden eyes gazing at the surging sea of clouds outside the hall, a complex light flickering within them.

Wu Tianji, who exactly killed you?

Whoever it was, I will make them pay the price.