A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6671

Meanwhile

, in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, outside the Burial Soul Valley,

David and his group had left the valley and were returning to Yinshan City accompanied by Mo Yuan.

The demon cultivators were in high spirits along the way; they had not only killed a group of elite gods but also seized a large amount of spoils, and smiles adorned their faces.

David walked at the head of the group; his wounds had been treated, and although he looked somewhat disheveled, he was in good spirits.

“Sir,” Mo Yuan approached David and said, “You should rest in Yinshan City for a few more days until your injuries are fully healed before setting off.”

David shook his head. “No need. It’s just a superficial injury, nothing serious. I want to head to Yanmo Ridge tomorrow.”

Mo Yuan frowned slightly. “Sir, Yanmo Ridge is not like Yinshan City. Although the Yinmo lineage is also an ancient demonic tradition, the Yinmo ancestors have long since disappeared, and the Yinmo lineage’s power in the Nineteenth Heaven is not what it used to be.

But the Yanmo lineage is different. Yanmo Ridge is their stronghold, where they have cultivated their power for tens of thousands of years. Their influence

is deeply entrenched, and they are full of powerful figures. Moreover, the Yanmo lineage has always been xenophobic and extremely wary of outsiders. If you go there rashly, I'm afraid…"

"I know," David's voice was calm, "but I can't wait any longer."

Looking at David's resolute eyes, Mo Yuan stopped trying to persuade him. "Then, sir, when you reach Yanmo Ridge, please be careful. If you encounter any trouble, you can send me a message.

I know a few people near Yanmo Ridge; although they can't be of great help, they can at least provide some information."

David nodded. "Thank you, City Lord."

The next morning, David, along with Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the young Daoist boy, bid farewell to Mo Yuan and left Yinshan City.

Mo Yuan saw them off outside the city gate until their figures disappeared on the horizon before turning back into the city.

The journey from Yinshan City to Yanmo Ridge was about three thousand li.

The scenery along the way became increasingly desolate, with black rocks and dark red soil becoming more and more common.

Occasionally, strange demonic plants could be seen growing from the cracks in the rocks; some were blood red, some deep purple, and some dark green, exuding an eerie aura.

Xuanzhenzi walked at the back of the group, looking around as he went, muttering, "This place is really eerie; even the trees look like ghosts."

David smiled, "Senior, are you scared?"

“Scared?” Xuanzhenzi puffed out his chest, “What haven’t I seen? This little thing is nothing to me! But speaking of which, Mr. Chen, is your wife, Barbara, really in Yanmo Ridge?”

“Not necessarily.” David’s voice was calm, “But since the clues point to Yanmo Ridge, I have to go and see.”

Xuanzhenzi nodded, “That’s true. What if she really is there?”

The three of them and the child traveled for three days, and finally, as dusk approached, they saw a continuous mountain range ahead.

Yanmo Ridge.

The mountain range stretched for thousands of miles, its peaks soaring into the clouds, the mountains a dark red color, as if scorched by subterranean fire for countless years.

There were many fissures in the mountains, from which billowing heat waves and thick black smoke surged, and the air was filled with a strong smell of sulfur.

At the foot of the mountain stood a massive stone gate, flanked by two rows of demonic cultivators clad in black armor, each with a wary and indifferent expression.

David approached the gate, cupped his hands in greeting, and said, “I am David, and I have business with the head of your esteemed lineage.”

The head guard was a burly demonic cultivator, at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. He sized David up and down, his gaze scrutinizing and wary. “A human cultivator? What are you doing in my Flame Demon Ridge?”

David was about to speak when Jiang Xuelan stepped forward and said, “We’re here to find someone. Her name is Barbara.”

The guard's expression changed slightly, but quickly returned to its coldness. "What Barbara? Never heard of her. There's no one you're looking for in Flame Demon Ridge. If you know what's good for you, get out of here and don't get in the way."

Jiang Xuelan frowned. "You haven't even gone in to ask yet, how do you know there isn't anyone?"

"I said no, and that's final!"

The guard's voice grew harsh. "This is Flame Demon Ridge, not a place for human cultivators. If you don't leave, don't blame me for being impolite!"

Jiang Xuelan's face darkened, and she was about to lash out when David stopped her.

"Don't rush," David said calmly. "They won't let us in easily."

He looked up at the massive stone gate, a cold glint flashing in his dark eyes.

"Since they won't let us in, then we'll fight our way in."

…

The defenses of Flame Demon Ridge were far more formidable than David had anticipated.

Behind the stone gate was a narrow mountain path, flanked by steep cliffs covered in dark red demonic runes, each slowly rotating and radiating a scorching heat.

Numerous guards patrolled the path, with a patrol of demonic cultivators every few dozen steps, making the entire path as impenetrable as an iron barrel.

David showed no mercy.

His figure moved like a gray lightning bolt, swiftly traversing the mountain path.

With the Dragon-Slaying Sword in hand, purple sword light flashed along the mountain path, each flash bringing down a guard.

His speed was incredible; before the guards could react, they were struck by the sword light and fell to the ground, incapacitated.

Xuanzhenzi, following behind, grinned upon seeing David's attack. "Oh ho, Mr. Chen, are you giving me a warm-up? No way, I have to show off my skills too!"

He too made his move. Azure light surged from his palm, blasting away the guards attempting to flank him.

Jiang Xuelan stood behind David, icy blue energy emanating from her fingertips, freezing the demonic cultivators trying to block their retreat into ice sculptures.

The three worked in perfect harmony, advancing with unstoppable momentum, traversing the mountain path in less than half an hour, arriving before the main hall of the Flame Demon Ridge.

The main hall was a massive black palace, constructed entirely of dark red rock, its walls engraved with fiery demonic patterns, radiating a scorching heat.

A dozen or so demonic cultivators at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm stood guard at the palace gates. Seeing David and his men arrive, they drew their weapons and blocked the entrance.

"Who goes there! How dare you trespass into the Flame Demon Ridge!"

"Summon your leader," David said calmly. "I don't want to kill anyone more."

The guards exchanged glances, and one of them turned and rushed into the palace.

A moment later, a middle-aged man in a dark red robe emerged from the palace.

His face was sinister, his figure thin, and his eyes dark red, with two flames seemingly burning deep within his pupils.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and his aura was deep and intense, clearly indicating he was a core figure of the Flame Demon lineage.

“I am Yan Ming, the guardian elder of Yanmo Ridge.”

The middle-aged man’s voice was hoarse and cold. “Who are you? Why are you trespassing on Yanmo Ridge?”

David looked at Yan Ming, his black eyes devoid of any emotion. “I’m here to find someone. Her name is Barbara.”

Yan Ming’s brows furrowed sharply, a hint of wariness flashing in his dark red eyes. “Barbara? Never heard of her. There’s no such person in Yanmo Ridge. You’ve come to the wrong place.”

“You haven’t heard of her?”

David’s voice remained calm, but a chill ran through it. “Barbara is now the Holy Maiden of your Yanmo lineage. You dare say you haven’t heard of her?”

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Yan Ming’s expression changed slightly, but he quickly returned to normal. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

David looked at him for a moment, then slowly said, “It seems you really don’t know. Then call someone who does know. Call the person in charge of your Yanmo Ridge to see me.”

Yan Ming’s face darkened. “You, a mere junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, dare to see our Ridge Lord?”

A slight smile appeared on David’s lips.

“Then I’ll put it another way.” His voice remained calm. “I’ll let you see whether I’m worthy or not.”

He turned his head and glanced at Xuan Zhenzi.

Xuan Zhenzi immediately understood David’s meaning, grinned, and took a step forward.

Then, his aura was suddenly released.

Peak eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The dense pressure was like an invisible mountain, instantly pressing down on Yan Ming and the guards.

Yan Ming’s body trembled violently, his knees buckled, and he almost knelt on the ground. His face changed from gloomy to deathly pale, and his dark red eyes were filled with horror and fear.

“Golden Immortal Realm… Peak Eighth Grade…”

He tried to steady himself, but Xuan Zhenzi’s oppressive aura pressed down on him like a tangible force, making even breathing difficult.

“Now, am I worthy to see your Ridge Lord?” David’s voice was calm.

Yan Ming gritted his teeth, managing to squeeze out a sentence: “You…you wait…”

He turned and stumbled into the palace.

A moment later, a figure even older than Yan Ming, with a more profound aura, emerged from the palace.

It was an old man with white hair, wearing a black robe embroidered with dark gold flame demonic patterns.

His face was aged, but his eyes were like lightning, his aura as deep as an abyss, and his cultivation was also at the Eighth Grade of the Golden Immortal Realm, on par with Xuan Zhenzi.

“I am Yan Lie, the Lord of Yanmo Ridge.” The

old man’s voice was aged and dignified. His gaze swept over David, then landed on Xuan Zhenzi, a hint of seriousness flashing in his eyes. “Are you Xuan Zhenzi?”

Xuan Zhenzi was taken aback. “You know me?”

“I have naturally heard of Senior Xuan Zhenzi’s reputation in the Nineteenth Heaven.” Yan Lie’s voice was neither humble nor arrogant. “I just didn’t expect you to come to my Yanmo Ridge.”

Xuan Zhenzi puffed out his chest. “That’s right! Who in the entire Nineteenth Heaven doesn’t know my name! But I’m not here to reminisce with you today. Mr. Chen has something to discuss with you.”

Yan Lie’s gaze turned to David. He looked the young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, up and down, a hint of doubt in his eyes. “Young friend, is this the person you were looking for?”

“It’s me.” David’s voice was calm. “I’m here to see Barbara. I need to see her.”

Yan Lie's brows furrowed slightly, a complex light flashing in his eyes.

"You're looking for Barbara?"

"You know her?" David's voice carried a hint of urgency.

Yan Lie was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Barbara is the Holy Maiden of our Flame Demon lineage, and she did indeed stay in Flame Demon Ridge for a period of time. But she has already left."

David's pupils contracted slightly. "Left? Where did she go?"

"The Land of Fallen Emperors."

David frowned. "The Land of Fallen Emperors? What kind of place is that?"

Yan Lie looked at David, a meaningful glint in his eyes. "The Land of Fallen Emperors, as the name suggests, is where Immortal Emperors fell.

Legend has it that in ancient times, an Immortal Emperor-level expert died in battle in the void between the 19th and 20th Heavens. His Daoist essence and remnant soul scattered in that void, forming an extremely dangerous forbidden zone.

There are remnants of the Immortal Emperor's Dao patterns and fragments of laws, as well as countless treasures and opportunities. Top cultivators from the 19th Heaven all want to try their luck at the Land of Fallen Emperors."

David was silent for a moment. "What is she going there for?"

"I don't know."

Yan Lie shook his head. "Since Saintess Su arrived at Flame Demon Ridge, she has kept a low profile and rarely interacts with others. A few days ago, someone discovered the Land of Fallen Emperors, and Saintess Su suddenly

proposed to leave Flame Demon Ridge and go to the Land of Fallen Emperors. No one could stop her, and she never explained the reason."

A complex light flashed in David's eyes.

Why did Barbara want to go to the Land of Fallen Emperors?

What was she looking for?

"How do I get to the Land of Fallen Emperors?" David asked.

Yan Lie was silent for a moment. "The entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors is in a void rift in the far north of the Nineteenth Heaven. The space there is extremely unstable. Any cultivator below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm who enters will be instantly torn apart by the spatial turbulence."

"I want to go in too."

A hint of surprise flashed in Yan Lie's eyes. "You? First rank of the Golden Immortal Realm? Going in is suicide."

"I'll be fine." David's voice was calm. "You just need to tell me the specific location and how to enter."

Yan Lie looked at David's determined eyes, remained silent for a long time, and finally sighed.

"Very well. I can tell you the location of the Land of Fallen Emperors, or I can send someone to take you there. But I must warn you, it's easy to enter the Land of Fallen Emperors but difficult to leave.

Inside, there are not only Dao patterns and fragments of laws left by Immortal Emperors, but also various strange creatures and spatial traps formed by the fall of Immortal Emperors.

Of the cultivators at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm or above who enter, less than 30% can come out alive. You are only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm…"

"I know," David interrupted him, "but I must go."

Yan Lie looked at him, his expression complex and unreadable.

"Since that's the case, I won't try to persuade you any further."

He beckoned, and a young demonic cultivator stepped forward. "This is Yan Feng, my disciple. He knows the way to the Land of Fallen Emperors. Let him take you there."

David cupped his hands to Yan Lie. "Thank you, Lord of the Ridge."

Yan Lie waved his hand. "No need to thank me. I just… don't want to see a courageous person die in vain."

He turned and walked towards the palace, his figure quickly disappearing into the darkness.

David looked in that direction, a deep light flashing in his purple eyes.

The Land Where Emperors Fell.

Barbara, are you there?

What are you looking for?

Whatever it is, I will find you.

Chapter 6673

In the void passage between the twentieth and nineteenth heavens, a golden light was rapidly traversing.

The light moved at incredible speed, like a shooting star streaking across the dark night sky, leaving a golden trail in its wake. Enveloped

in the light was a figure—an elderly man with white hair, dressed in a dark green robe embroidered with ancient divine runes. Each rune flowed slowly, radiating a deep and weighty aura. This was

Elder Shenmu.

He had been ordered to descend to the mortal realm to investigate the cause of Wu Tianji's death.

Behind him followed six guards clad in golden armor, each possessing a cultivation level of the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm. Their auras were steady and sharp, clearly elites from the Divine Clan's main hall.

At the end of the void passage, a light shone, and Elder Shenmu, accompanied by his six guards, emerged from the passage, appearing in the sky above the nineteenth heaven.

The sky above the nineteenth heaven was deep blue, sunlight filtering through the clouds, illuminating the earth.

In the distance stretched endless mountain ranges and vast plains, with rivers meandering across the land like silver ribbons inlaid on green silk.

But Elder Shenmu had no time to appreciate the scenery.

His divine sense had spread out, covering an area of thousands of miles.

He could sense the auras emanating from all corners of the Nineteenth Heaven—the auras of human cultivators, demonic cultivators, monsters, and even gods.

His brow furrowed slightly.

The divine auras of the Nineteenth Heaven were far fewer than he had anticipated.

Especially from the direction of the Golden Crow Clan, the powerful and majestic aura that should have been there had vanished without a trace.

Wu Tianji's aura was indeed gone.

"Go to the Thunder God Clan," Elder Shenmu's voice was cold.

The six guards responded in unison, "Yes!"

Golden light shone again, and the group transformed into seven streams of light, flying towards the Thunder God Clan's territory.

The Thunder God Clan's territory is located in a region of dense lightning in the central part of the Nineteenth Heaven, where purple lightning constantly streaks across the sky, emitting a deep rumble.

This area is known as "Thunder Abyss," the Thunder God Clan's lair, which they have cultivated for tens of thousands of years.

Elder Shenmu, accompanied by his guards, landed before the Thunder God Clan's main hall. Upon seeing the golden divine markings on the newcomer's body, representing the Twentieth Heaven's main hall, the Thunder God Clan's guards' expressions changed drastically, and they immediately knelt down to pay their respects.

"Welcome, Elder of the Main Hall!"

Elder Shenmu said without speaking, striding into the main hall.

Lei Wanjun had already received the news and was standing in the main hall to greet him.

He wore a silver robe, his body wreathed in fine lightning. Seeing Elder Shenmu enter, he forced a smile, but the smile betrayed his undisguised nervousness and unease.

“Elder Shenmu, why did you come in person? You could have just sent a message, why bother…”

“Wu Tianji is dead.” Elder Shenmu interrupted him, his voice cold. “Do you know what happened?”

Lei Wanjun’s smile froze on his face.

Of course he knew what happened.

That day in Burial Soul Valley, he led the Thunder God Clan to desert, leaving Wu Tianji alone with David and those demonic cultivators.

Although he didn’t directly kill Wu Tianji, he couldn’t escape responsibility for this.

“Elder Shenmu, this matter…” Sweat beaded on Lei Wanjun’s forehead, “Wu Tianji’s death has nothing to do with our Thunder God Clan.”

“Nothing to do with him?” Elder Shenmu’s gaze pierced Lei Wanjun’s face like a sharp sword. “Then tell me, how did he die?”

Lei Wanjun’s lips trembled a few times, and finally he gritted his teeth. “It was…it was David who killed him.”

Elder Shenmu’s brows furrowed sharply. “David? Who is he?”

“A Daoist cultivator.”

Lei Wanjun said, “He ascended from the lower realm and cultivated the power of chaos, making him far stronger than others of the same level. A first-level Golden Immortal can kill a peak sixth-level Golden Immortal.

Moreover, he joined forces with the demonic cultivators of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm and set up an ambush in the Burial Soul Valley, killing Wu Tianji and more than a dozen elders of the Golden Crow Clan.”

Elder Shenmu’s expression changed.

“Demon cultivators? You mean, Wu Tianji died at the hands of demon cultivators?”

“Yes…yes.”

Lei Wanjun nodded. “We went there that day too, intending to help Wu Tianji, but David united with over three hundred demon cultivators and surrounded Burial Soul Valley. We…we were outnumbered and had to retreat temporarily…”

“Retreat?” Elder Shenmu’s voice was as cold as ice. “You just watched Wu Tianji die at the hands of demon cultivators and then retreated?”

A mixture of shame and fear appeared on Lei Wanjun’s face. “Elder Shenmu, we really had no choice. Among the three hundred-plus demon cultivators, several were at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. If we fought them head-on, we would only be throwing our lives away…”

Elder Shenmu remained silent for a long time, his aura growing colder and colder.

“What about the people from the Holy Light Palace?”

“They…they also retreated…” Lei Wanjun’s voice trailed off. “The situation that day was just too dangerous…”

Elder Shenmu closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“A Daoist cultivator, in league with demonic cultivators, killed my divine race’s patriarch in the nineteenth heaven?”

His voice carried an intense, suppressed rage. “Good, very good. It seems these demonic cultivators have forgotten how they dealt with us in the twentieth heaven.”

He opened his eyes, a cold killing intent flashing in his golden pupils.

“Where is that David now?”

Lei Wanjun shook his head. “I don’t know. After killing Wu Tianji, he disappeared into the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. We sent people to look for him, but the demonic cultivators’ territory is too vast, and they are extremely wary of our divine race; we can’t infiltrate them at all.”

“Then investigate.” Elder Shenmu’s voice carried an unquestionable authority. “Mobilize all divine race forces in the nineteenth heaven to track down David’s whereabouts. I don’t care what methods you use, you must find him.”

“Yes!” Lei Wanjun bowed.

Elder Shenmu turned around, walked to the main hall entrance, and gazed at the distant sky, his golden eyes flashing with a cold light.

“There’s one more thing.”

“Elder Shenmu, please speak.”

“The demonic cultivators dared to attack the divine race; this matter cannot be left unresolved.” Elder Shenmu’s voice was icy cold. “Immediately issue a bounty in the name of the Nineteenth Heaven Divine Race.”

“A bounty?”

“Yes.” Elder Shenmu turned to Lei Wanjun. “The bounty is simple—exchange a demon’s head for a divine race golden core. The higher the demon’s cultivation level, the higher the grade of the golden core.”

Lei Wanjun’s pupils contracted sharply.

The divine race golden core is the core of a divine race cultivator’s cultivation.

A single divine race golden core can greatly increase a cultivator’s cultivation level.

However, refining a divine race golden core requires a large amount of resources and profound alchemy techniques; only the main hall of the Twentieth Heaven Divine Race has the capacity to refine them on a large scale.

Exchanging demons’ heads for divine race golden cores—this is tantamount to wiping out all the demonic cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven.

“Elder Shenmu, isn’t this…isn’t this too ruthless?”

Lei Wanjun’s voice hesitated. “The demonic cultivators in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm are powerful. If they join forces to resist, our divine race’s power in the Nineteenth Heaven…”

“Resist?” Elder Shenmu sneered. “If they dare to resist, we can wipe them all out in one fell swoop. If they don’t dare to resist, they’ll be killed one by one. No matter which outcome, the demonic cultivators in the Nineteenth Heaven will be wiped out. This is called killing two birds with one stone.”

“Besides, can they resist all the cultivators in the Nineteenth Heaven? When those humans and beastmen see the bounty, will they just stand by and watch the demonic cultivators go unmoved?”

Cold sweat beaded on Lei Wanjun’s forehead.

Although he was the patriarch of the Thunder God Clan and a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, he didn’t dare utter a single word of rebuttal in front of Elder Shenmu.

“Your subordinate…will go and do it.”

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Soon, everyone in the Nineteenth Heaven received the same order:

a bounty.

The content was simple, yet bloody: exchange the heads of demons for divine golden cores.

The higher the demon’s cultivation level, the higher the grade of the golden core.

This bounty was like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating a massive upheaval in the Nineteenth Heaven.

All the divine cultivators were in an uproar.

Divine golden cores were something every divine cultivator dreamed of.

They were the most valuable resource for cultivation.

And now, all it took was killing a demon cultivator to obtain a divine golden core.

It was like a windfall!

“Kill demon cultivators for golden cores! Quick! To the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm!”

“A demon cultivator at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, exchanged for a third-rank golden core! I’ve wanted a third-rank golden core for ages!”

“What are we waiting for! Form teams! To the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm!”

The divine cultivators, like madmen, surged towards the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm in droves.

Some rogue human cultivators also joined the hunt. The gods made no restriction that only divine cultivators could exchange for Golden Cores; anyone could trade the heads of demonic cultivators for divine Golden Cores.

In an instant, the entire Nineteenth Heaven descended into madness.

The border of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, originally a desolate frontier, had become a battlefield.

Hunting parties composed of divine cultivators and rogue human cultivators swarmed into the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm like locusts, searching everywhere for the whereabouts of demonic cultivators.

Upon encountering a demonic cultivator, they were killed on the spot without hesitation, their heads severed and stuffed into storage bags before excitedly running to the divine strongholds to exchange for Golden Cores.

The demonic cultivators were caught completely off guard.

Although they knew the gods would retaliate, they hadn’t expected the retaliation to come so quickly and so ruthlessly.

On the first day the bounty was issued, hundreds of demonic cultivators were killed on the outskirts of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, their heads severed and exchanged for Golden Cores in the hands of the gods.

In the city lord's mansion of Yinshan City, Mo Yuan sat in his study, his face so grim it seemed to drip water.

Before him lay a newly arrived intelligence report, filled with shocking figures: nearly two thousand demonic cultivators had been killed in a single day on the outskirts of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, including over three hundred at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

These were the backbone of the demonic cultivators…

"A bounty…" Mo Yuan's voice was hoarse. "What a bounty! The Divine Race is trying to exterminate us demonic cultivators."

An elder stood beside him, his face full of worry. "City Lord, what do we do? There are too many Divine Race cultivators and human rogues; we can't defend against them at all. And their targets aren't just the border; several teams have already penetrated deep into the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm…"

Mo Yuan remained silent for a long time.

"Pass down the order: all demonic cultivators must consolidate their defenses and concentrate in their respective cities. Do not venture out alone. Strengthen city defenses, set up defensive formations, and kill any hunting teams attempting to approach the cities."

"Yes!"

The elder turned and ran out.

Mo Yuan stood up, walked to the window, and gazed at the gray sky outside, his eyes flashing with complex emotions.

The Divine Race was determined to annihilate the demonic cultivators of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. With the bounty order issued, all the cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven had become their tools; the Divine Race didn't need to lift a finger, someone would kill for them.

This method was too ruthless.

"Mr. Chen…" Mo Yuan murmured softly, "Where are you now?"

…

Meanwhile, at Flame Demon Ridge.

Yan Lie also received news of the bounty order.

He sat in his seat in the main hall, looking at the intelligence report in his hand. His aged face was expressionless, but the knuckles of his hand holding the report were slightly white.

"A bounty… a demon's head in exchange for a god's golden core…" Yan Lie put down the intelligence report and slowly spoke, "The gods have gone mad."

Yan Ming stood below, his face filled with resentment, "Lord of the Ridge, the gods have gone too far! Yesterday, more than a dozen of our Flame Demon Ridge disciples who went out on patrol were killed! Their heads were cut off and replaced with a god's golden core!"

Yan Lie was silent for a moment, "Tell all disciples that no one is allowed to leave Flame Demon Ridge without my order. The mountain gates are tightly closed, all formations are activated, and no one is allowed to enter or leave."

"Yes!"

Yan Ming turned and ran out.

Yan Lie sat in his seat, gazing at the flickering flames in the hall, a complex light flashing in his aged eyes.

David, what exactly did you do?

You killed Wu Tianji, but the divine race's revenge has fallen upon the entire Southern Wilderness Demon Realm.

He didn't know whether to hate David or pity him.

But in any case, this turmoil could not be easily quelled.

…

At the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors, the enormous void rift, like an ancient, sleepless eye, hung silently beneath the deep purple sky.

Violent spatial currents surged within the rift, emitting a low rumble, like the breath of an ancient beast, each surge carrying a heart-palpitating oppressive force.

David stood on the icy plain, his gray robes fluttering in the cold wind, his long black hair billowing in the breeze.

He looked up at the rift, a resolute light flashing in his purple eyes.

Barbara was inside.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue eyes filled with worry, but she did not stop him.

She knew David and the others had waited far too long for this day.

He wouldn't stop anyone who stood in his way.

Xuan Zhenzi stood behind, his back hunched, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, appearing leisurely, but his eyes were fixed on the crack, a hint of seriousness in them.

Though he loved to boast, what danger hadn't he seen in all his years?

The aura emanating from the crack even made him feel a chill.

The young Taoist boy squatted on the ice stone, his hands supporting his chin, curiously examining the crack.

Yan Feng stood at the very back. He was Yan Lie's disciple, tasked with leading the way, and his mission was complete.

He was preparing to bid farewell to David and return to Yanmo Ridge to report.

But at that moment, his expression suddenly changed.

A communication jade talisman in his robes suddenly lit up.

It was an emergency communication jade talisman used within Yanmo Ridge, only activated in the event of a major upheaval.

Yan Feng quickly took out the talisman, probed it with his divine sense, and then his body stiffened abruptly, his face instantly turning deathly pale.

"What's wrong?" Jiang Xuelan noticed Yan Feng's unusual behavior and asked.

Yan Feng's lips trembled, and his fingers gripping the jade talisman shook slightly.

His eyes were wide open, his pupils churning with a complex mix of shock, anger, and grief.

"The bounty..."

Yan Feng's voice was hoarse, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth, "The Divine Race has issued a bounty… offering demon heads in exchange for Divine Race Golden Cores… cultivators throughout the Nineteenth Heaven are killing demon cultivators… nearly two thousand have already been slaughtered on the outskirts of the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain… more than a dozen of my Flame Demon Ridge disciples have also been killed…"

Jiang Xuelan's expression changed.

Xuan Zhenzi also dropped his playful expression, his brows furrowing.

David stopped in his tracks. He turned around, looking at Yan Feng, a serious glint in his dark eyes.

"When did this happen?"

"Just these past few days…"

Yan Feng's voice was filled with suppressed grief and indignation. "The Divine Race sent an elder from the twentieth heaven down to investigate Wu Tianji's death and then issued a bounty.

Now all the cultivators in the nineteenth heaven have gone mad, hunting down demonic cultivators… The City Lord of Yinshan City, Mo Yuan, issued an emergency notice, ordering all demonic cultivators to withdraw their defenses… But the demonic cultivators on the outer perimeter didn't have time to retreat, and more than two thousand have already been killed…"

He gripped the jade talisman tightly, his fingers turning white from the force, his knuckles cracking.

"My disciples from Yanmo Ridge, more than a dozen of them who went out on patrol yesterday, are all dead… their heads have been cut off…"

David fell silent.

A strong sense of self-reproach welled up in his heart.

He killed Wu Tianji, he planned the ambush at Burial Soul Valley, and he let those Divine Race cultivators go.

If it weren't for him, the Divine Race wouldn't have sent an elder down to the mortal realm, wouldn't have issued a bounty, the more than two thousand demonic cultivators on the outer perimeter of the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain wouldn't have died, and the dozen or so disciples of Yanmo Ridge wouldn't have died.

Those demonic cultivators were innocent.

They were simply living in the Demon Realm and hadn't provoked anyone, yet they suffered a devastating disaster because of his momentary lapse in judgment.

Chapter 6675

"Go back."

David's voice was calm, but carried an undeniable firmness. "We're going to save them."

Yan Feng was stunned. "Go…go back? Mr. Chen, the journey back to the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm from here is hundreds of thousands of miles. Even traveling at full speed, it will take several days. By the time we get back, the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm will probably have been completely slaughtered…"

"No need to rush." David raised his hand, and with a flash of light, a small black pagoda appeared in his palm.

The Demon-Suppressing Pagoda.

The pagoda was entirely black, covered with densely packed ancient runes, each rune slowly shimmering with silver light.

The pagoda was small, only the size of a palm, but the aura it emitted was extremely profound, as if containing endless power of space and time.

Xuanzhenzi's eyes widened in shock. "This…this is the Demon-Suppressing Tower? Mr. Chen, you actually possess such a thing?"

David nodded. "The Demon-Suppressing Tower can traverse space; all you need is the coordinates."

"Although I haven't fully mastered this ability, I can still traverse within the same world. I've been to the Flame Demon Ridge; the spatial imprint is already left in the Demon-Suppressing Tower. We can teleport directly back."

Yan Feng's pupils contracted sharply, a look of disbelief flashing in his eyes.

Space-time travel?

This was beyond the comprehension of a Golden Immortal cultivator.

Only those at the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm or higher were qualified to touch the laws of space-time.

And David, a mere first-grade Golden Immortal cultivator, could actually achieve space-time travel with a magic weapon?

But at this moment, he had no time to question, no time to be shocked.

"Mr. Chen, you mean…you can take us directly back to the Flame Demon Ridge?" Yan Feng's voice was tinged with excitement.

"Yes." David nodded. "And we can bring all the people from Yanmo Ridge here."

He turned around, looking at the huge void rift. “The space around the entrance to the Emperor’s Fall Land is relatively stable. If we bring the people from Yanmo Ridge here, those who hunt demonic cultivators won’t dare to chase us in.

Cultivators below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm are just going to their deaths if they enter the Emperor’s Fall Land, and most of the hunters are below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. Once they’re inside the Emperor’s Fall Land, they’ll be safe.”

“What about City Lord Mo Yuan and the other demonic cultivators?” Jiang Xuelan asked. “Yinshan City is also besieged, as are the demonic cultivators from other cities in the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain…”

“One at a time.”

David’s voice was calm. “Although the Demon Suppression Tower has strong traversal capabilities, it can only transport a limited number of people at a time. I’ll go back to Yanmo Ridge first, bring City Lord Yan Lie and all his disciples here, and then go to Yinshan City to find Mo Yuan and pick them up from the other demonic cultivators.”

He took a deep breath, and chaotic power surged from his body, flowing into the Demon Suppression Tower in his palm.

The black tower began to glow, silver runes rapidly flowing across its surface, releasing intense spatial fluctuations.

The surrounding space began to distort, the air rippling like water, emitting a buzzing sound.

“Stand by my side, all of you,” David said.

Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, the little Daoist boy, and Yan Feng immediately moved to David’s side, forming a circle. Chen

Ping closed his eyes, his divine sense probing into the Demon-Suppressing Tower, sensing the spatial imprint he had left behind.

The aura of the Flame Demon Ridge lingered within the tower.

“Go!”

The gray chaotic power merged with the silver light of the tower, a pillar of light shooting upwards from the tower’s tip, enveloping David and the others.

The surrounding space violently distorted, like a shattered mirror, light and shadow intertwining, the scene blurring.

The next moment, the light vanished, and David and the others disappeared from their spot.

The icy plain was empty, only the enormous void rift still hung silently in the sky, emitting a low rumble.

…

Flame Demon Ridge, the plaza in front of the main hall.

At this moment, the atmosphere in Yanmo Ridge was solemn and tense.

The mountain gates were tightly shut, and the protective array was fully activated. A dark red spiritual energy barrier, like an inverted giant bowl, completely enveloped the entire mountain range.

Countless fiery runes flowed across the barrier, releasing a scorching aura.

Even so, hunters still roamed outside the gates.

Dozens of cultivators dressed in robes of various colors gathered outside the gates of Flame Demon Ridge. Some were enveloped in golden divine light,

some were rogue human cultivators, and some wore animal skins and rode demonic beasts.

Their eyes gleamed with greed as they stared intently at the gates of Flame Demon Ridge, as if waiting for an opportunity.

“Flame Demon Ridge’s demon bastards, come out if you dare!”

“What kind of skill is it to hide inside like a coward?”

“Sooner or later, we’ll break your shells and cut your heads off one by one!”

Various shouts and curses echoed from outside the gates, reverberating across the sky above Flame Demon Ridge.

Inside the main hall, Yan Lie sat in the main seat, his aged face filled with weariness and solemnity.

The table before him was piled high with various intelligence reports—some from other cities pleading for help, some from scouts at the front, and some from various branches reporting casualties.

Each number represented a life lost.

“Lord, the number of hunters gathering outside the mountain gate is increasing,”

Yan Ming said, his face ashen. “And even more hunters are on their way. Our protective array, though sturdy, cannot hold indefinitely. If the main hall of the Divine Race in the twentieth heaven sends even stronger experts…”

“I know,” Yan Lie’s voice was hoarse. “But we have no other choice now. Pass down the order: tighten the defenses, and no one is allowed to leave. Activate the array fully, and hold out for as long as possible.” “

Yes!”

Just as Yan Ming was about to turn around, a loud bang suddenly echoed across the plaza.

Bang—

a flash of light, and a gray pillar of light descended from the sky, landing on the plaza in front of the main hall, stirring up dust and rubble.

The light dissipated, revealing several figures.

It was David, Jiang Xuelan, Xuan Zhenzi, the young Daoist boy, and Yan Feng.

Yan Lie abruptly stood up, his aged eyes filled with shock and confusion.

“Mr. Chen? Why are you back? Weren’t you supposed to be at the Land of Fallen Emperors?”

David strode into the main hall, his dark eyes filled with urgency. “Lord Ling, things have changed. The Divine Race has issued a bounty to slaughter all the demonic cultivators in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. This is all because of me, and I must save you.”

Yan Lie’s expression changed. “Save us? How? Mr. Chen, how many people do you have? Even with Senior Xuanzhenzi, you only have a few. There are at least dozens of hunters outside, and their numbers are constantly increasing…”

“No need to fight them.” David raised his hand, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower appeared in his palm. “I’ll use the Demon-Suppressing Tower to take you away. To the Land of Fallen Emperors, to temporarily escape the pursuit.”

Yan Lie’s pupils contracted sharply. “The Demon-Suppressing Tower? The legendary space-time magic treasure?”

“Time is of the essence, I don’t have time to explain too much.” David’s voice was calm. “Lord of the Ridge, immediately summon all the disciples and

clansmen of the Flame Demon Ridge to the plaza. I will lead you away from here."

Yan Lie looked at the Demon-Suppressing Pagoda in David's hand, feeling the profound spatial and temporal power emanating from it. He gritted his teeth and finally made up his mind.

"Alright! I trust you!"

He turned around and shouted towards the outside of the main hall, "Yan Ming! Pass down the order! All disciples and clansmen, assemble in the main hall plaza immediately! No mistakes! Those who disobey will be expelled from the Flame Demon Ridge!"

Although Yan Ming didn't understand what was happening, seeing the Lord of the Ridge's decisiveness, he immediately bowed and replied, "Yes!"

In less than half an hour, all the disciples and clansmen of the Flame Demon Ridge had gathered in the main hall plaza.

The dense crowd, men and women, young and old, numbered at least several thousand.

Their faces were filled with tension and confusion, not knowing what had happened.

David stood in front of the crowd, raised the Demon-Suppressing Pagoda, and chaotic power surged into the pagoda.

The black tower began to glow, and silver runes moved across its surface as if alive, releasing increasingly intense spatial fluctuations.

A massive gray portal slowly opened in the plaza, its interior surging with profound spatial power, like an entrance to another world.

Chapter 6676

“Everyone, enter the gate of light one by one!” David’s voice clearly reached everyone’s ears. “Don’t crowd, don’t panic, one at a time!”

Yan Lie stood at the front of the crowd and shouted to the disciples behind him, “Listen to Mr. Chen! Enter the gate of light! Quickly!”

Although the disciples were filled with doubts, seeing their leader personally leading the way, they mustered their courage and walked towards the gate of light one by one.

The gate of light was like a giant maw that devoured everything, swallowing up those who entered.

In a flash of light, their figures disappeared from their original spots and were teleported to the icy plains near the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors.

Xuanzhenzi stood beside David, watching the demonic cultivators walk through the portal one by one, and couldn’t help but click his tongue. “Mr. Chen, your magic weapon is too powerful. In all my years, this is the first time I’ve seen a spacetime magic weapon that can teleport thousands of people at the same time.”

“The spacetime power of the Demon Suppression Tower is very strong, but each teleportation requires a large amount of chaotic power to maintain,”

David’s voice carried a hint of fatigue. “I can’t sustain it too many times on my own. When we go to Yinshan City to pick up Mo Yuan and the others, we might need your help to inject spiritual power.”

“No problem! Leave it to me!” Xuanzhenzi patted his chest. “I may not have much else, but I have enough spiritual power!”

After the last batch of Yanmo Ridge disciples walked through the portal, David put away the Demon Suppression Tower and turned to look at the hunters gathering in the distance.

The hunters saw that the protective array of Yanmo Ridge had suddenly disappeared, and then saw a huge portal open in the square. They looked at each other in confusion, not knowing what had happened.

“They’re trying to escape!”

“Quick! Stop them!”

“Don’t let them get away!”

The hunters charged forward frantically, but David, along with Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the little Daoist boy, had already activated the Demon Suppression Tower’s teleportation ability again.

A gray pillar of light shot into the sky, enveloping the figures within. After a flash of light, they disappeared from their spot, leaving a group of hunters who had come up empty-handed, standing in the empty square, their faces blank.

…

Yinshan City.

At this moment, Yinshan City was also completely surrounded.

Hundreds of hunters surrounded the city, some shouting curses, some attacking the city walls, and some setting up siege weapons.

The city walls were covered with cracks and scorch marks, clearly indicating that they had undergone many fierce battles.

In the city, Mo Yuan stood on the city wall, his face pale, with blood-stained bandages wrapped around his chest.

Beside him stood a group of demonic cultivators, each with weariness and despair on their faces.

“Lord, the city walls are about to collapse!” a demonic cultivator shouted. “The western formation has been breached, and the hunters are gathering, preparing for a final assault!”

Mo Yuan gritted his teeth. “Send the order: everyone who can still fight, assemble at the western city wall. Hold it no matter what!”

“Yes!”

Just then, a gray beam of light descended from the sky, landing on the city wall. As

the light faded, David, Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the young Daoist appeared before them.

Mo Yuan was initially stunned, then a gleam of surprise flashed in his eyes. “Mr. Chen? Why are you back?”

David looked at Mo Yuan’s injuries, then at the dense swarm of hunters below, a cold glint in his purple eyes.

“I’ve come to take you away. Lord Mo Yuan, gather all the demonic cultivators who can move; I’ll take you away from here.”

“Leave? Where to?”

“The Land of Fallen Emperors,” David said. “It’s safe there; the hunters won’t dare pursue us there.”

A complex light flashed in Mo Yuan’s eyes, but he did not hesitate.

“Alright! I trust you!”

He turned around and shouted to the demonic cultivators in the city, “Everyone! Retreat to the city center square! Quickly!”

Although the demonic cultivators did not know what had happened, seeing their city lord’s decisiveness, they all sprang into action.

In less than a quarter of an hour, all the demonic cultivators who could still move in the city had gathered in the square.

David once again summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower, and chaotic power surged into the tower, opening the gray light gate again.

“Go in! Quickly!”

Mo Yuan led the demonic cultivators into the light gate one by one, their figures disappearing into the light.

After the last person entered the light gate, David put away the Demon-Suppressing Tower, looking at the hunters who had already broken through the city walls and swarmed in, a cold smile curving his lips.

“We can’t catch up.”

The gray light pillar lit up again, and David and the others disappeared on the city wall, leaving a group of hunters who had come up empty-handed, standing in the empty city, their faces full of astonishment and anger.

Over the next two days, David, relying on the space-time travel ability of the Demon Suppression Tower, traveled to various cities and settlements

in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, teleporting the scattered demon cultivators one by one to the icy plains near the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors. The remaining disciples of the Yin Demon lineage, lone demon cultivators scattered in the wilderness, and demonic forces trapped in various

cities… tens of thousands of demon cultivators were continuously sent to the icy plains through the light gates of the Demon Suppression Tower.

Near the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors, the once empty icy plains were now densely packed with demon cultivators.

They wore robes of various colors, varied in age and cultivation level, but each face bore the relief of surviving a calamity and a complex expression.

Some knelt on the ground, thanking the heavens; some hugged each other, weeping bitterly; some gazed at the huge void rift in the sky, their eyes filled with confusion and unease.

Yan Lie stood at the forefront of the crowd, looking at the densely packed demon cultivators before him, his aged eyes flashing with complex light.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years and had never seen so many demonic cultivators gathered together, nor had he ever imagined that they would one day come together in this way.

Mo Yuan stood beside him, his chest bandaged, his face still pale, but his spirits were much better than before.

He looked at David, his eyes filled with gratitude and admiration.

“Mr. Chen, if it weren’t for you this time… we demonic cultivators would probably have been wiped out.”

David shook his head. “I’ve implicated you. If I hadn’t killed Wu Tianji, the Divine Race wouldn’t have sent an elder to the mortal realm, and wouldn’t have issued a bounty. The root of this calamity you suffered is me.”

Mo Yuan was silent for a moment. “Mr. Chen, you don’t need to blame yourself. Wu Tianji wanted to kill you, and it was only right for you to kill him.

The Divine Race's revenge wasn't because of you alone, but because they couldn't tolerate us demonic cultivators in the first place. Even without you, the Divine Race would have attacked us sooner or later. It's just…"

He sighed, "I just didn't expect it to come so quickly."

David looked at the densely packed demonic cultivators before him, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

"While the Land of Fallen Emperors is safe, it's not a long-term solution. You can't stay here indefinitely. I'll think of a way to help you rebuild your homes once we resolve the bounty on the gods' heads."

Yan Lie stepped forward. "Mr. Chen, you've already helped us so much. From now on, we'll figure things out ourselves. Aren't you going to find your wife?"

David nodded. "Once you're settled, I'll go to the Land of Fallen Emperors."

He turned around, looking at the massive void rift in the sky, a resolute glint in his purple eyes.

Barbara, wait for me a little longer.

I'll come find you after I've settled everyone.

Chapter 6677

The biting winds across the icy plains never ceased, carrying the chilling intensity unique to the far north, like an invisible blade cutting into everyone's faces.

David stood before the demonic cultivators, his grey robes fluttering in the wind, his long black hair flying wildly.

His gaze swept over the densely packed figures before him, a deep contemplation in his purple eyes.

He had brought here every demonic cultivator he could find in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm.

Thousands from Flame Demon Ridge, hundreds of elites from Yin Mountain City, lone demonic cultivators scattered throughout the wilderness, the remaining disciples of the Yin Demon lineage… nearly ten thousand in total, standing a dark mass on the icy plains, like a silent forest, casting long shadows in the moonlight.

But they were only temporarily safe.

David knew this better than anyone. Those hunters would not give up.

The bounty was still on, the allure of the Divine Race's Golden Core remained, and those cultivators blinded by greed, like sharks smelling blood, would eventually follow the scent to this place.

Although the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors is dangerous, there are always those who are fearless enough to venture in.

Moreover, since the main hall of the Divine Race in the twentieth heaven has sent an elder down to the mortal realm, it's impossible that they would stop after issuing only a bounty.

They must have other plans, and they must be brewing even more ruthless methods.

"Mr. Chen," Mo Yuan walked to his side, the bandage on his chest had been replaced with a new one, but his face was still as pale as paper, and his voice was weak, "When do you plan to enter the Land of Fallen Emperors?"

David was silent for a moment, his purple eyes staring at the huge void rift in the sky, as if trying to see something deeper through the surging spatial turbulence.

Then he spoke, his voice soft yet unwavering: “Now.”

Mo Yuan’s brow furrowed sharply. “Now? We’ve just settled in, everything’s not even settled yet. You’re leaving now…”

“Precisely because you’ve just settled in, I need to get in as soon as possible.”

David turned to look at him, his voice calm yet carrying undeniable weight. “The Land of Fallen Emperors might contain resources, cultivation techniques or pills that can rapidly increase a demonic cultivator’s strength. If I can find some, it will be good for you. And…”

He raised his head, looking again at the void rift, a complex light flashing in his purple eyes, “Yuqi might be inside, we can’t wait any longer.”

Mo Yuan looked into his eyes, opened his mouth as if to say something, but ultimately only sighed and nodded. “Then Mr. Chen, be careful. If needed, we can help at any time.”

“You all stay outside and keep watch,” David said. “Don’t let anyone approach the entrance to the rift. If you find a large gathering of hunters, lead everyone to retreat to a safe distance. Wait for me to come out.”

Mo Yuan nodded heavily. “Okay.”

David turned around and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

She had been standing behind him without saying a word, but her icy blue eyes were filled with worry.

She walked over and took his hand. Her palm was slightly cool, yet it carried a reassuring power.

“Be careful.” Her voice was very soft, as if afraid that a loud voice would shatter something.

“I know.” David squeezed her hand, feeling the warmth of her palm. “Wait for me to come back.”

He released her hand and turned to walk towards the void rift.

His gray robe fluttered in the wind, his steps firm and unwavering, each step extremely steady and heavy, as if he were trampling all his worries and anxieties underfoot.

Chaotic power surged from within him, and gray light enveloped his entire body, like an invisible armor.

Spatial turbulence surged towards him, like countless sharp blades attempting to tear him apart.

But the power of chaos is the source of all laws; before it, the raging spatial turbulence was like a docile sheep, giving way without daring to touch him.

David passed through the crack and disappeared into the surging light.

The crack slowly closed behind him, completely swallowing his figure.

On the icy plain, Jiang Xuelan stared in the direction he had disappeared, her gaze lingering for a long time.

Moonlight shone on her, casting a long shadow.

Xuan Zhenzi walked over, patted her shoulder, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, his voice as nonchalant as ever, “Don’t worry, Mr. Chen is incredibly resilient.

I’ve lived for so many years and seen countless people, but he’s the first one with such a tough life.

This Land of Fallen Emperors is dangerous, but judging from his appearance, he's not destined for a short life."

Jiang Xuelan didn't turn around, only saying softly, "I know. But I'm still worried."

Xuan Zhenzi sighed and said nothing more.

…

Land of Fallen Emperors.

David appeared in that gray void.

The surrounding scenery was exactly the same as before.

There was no ground beneath his feet, no sky above his head, only endless nothingness extending in all directions, seemingly without end.

Various strange substances floated in the void.

Fragments of shattered stars shimmered with dim light, solidified light was like threads frozen in amber, and torn fragments of laws emitted a colorful halo, standing out conspicuously against the gray background.

An ancient and profound aura permeated the air, the lingering Daoist essence after the fall of the Immortal Emperor, carrying a contradictory sense of extreme destruction and creation intertwined. With

each breath, one could feel the pressure from the ancient past, as if an invisible being was watching over every intruder in the void.

David took a deep breath, his purple eyes scanning his surroundings.

This time, he had a clear goal:

to delve deeper into the land of the fallen emperor, to find Barbara, and simultaneously, to find resources to enhance his strength.

He had to become stronger in the shortest time possible, because the demonic cultivators outside were still waiting for him, and those hunters wouldn't give him much time.

His divine sense spread out, like countless invisible tentacles, covering an area of hundreds of miles.

He could sense many life forms flowing in this void.

Some were cultivators, searching with greed and vigilance;

some were strange creatures formed from the fall of the Immortal Emperor, radiating an ancient and dangerous aura;

and some were indescribable beings, like lingering obsessions in the void, without substance, yet chilling to the bone.

He chose the direction with the densest aura, his figure transforming into a streak of gray light, rapidly traversing the void.

After flying for about half an hour, a gray landmass appeared ahead.

It was a massive floating island, hundreds of miles in circumference, its surface covered with dark gray rocks and gravel.

Occasionally, strange plants could be seen growing from the cracks in the rocks; these plants were transparent, emitting a pale blue fluorescence, like relics left by some ancient creature.

A thin layer of mist shrouded the floating island, within which some runes could be faintly seen flashing—traces of the Immortal Emperor's Daoist aura.

David landed on the edge of the floating island, his footsteps making a soft rustling sound on the gray rocks.

His gaze swept around, seeing several tattered tents, fragments of magical artifacts and remnants of pills discarded on the sand, and arrays and defensive fortifications carved into the ground.

Someone had established a temporary camp on the edge of the Fallen Emperor's Land, and judging from the traces, they had been there for some time.

A cold smile curled at the corners of David's lips.

It seemed someone had already gotten there first.

Before he could observe carefully, several figures rushed out of the tent, their movements swift and clearly well-trained.

They instantly surrounded David, the magical artifacts in their hands flashing with a cold light in the air, each gaze filled with wariness and hostility.

Chapter 6678

There were seven people in total, all with cultivation levels above the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, with the two leaders reaching the seventh rank.

They wore robes of various colors; some wore black robes embroidered with dark red patterns, some wore white robes stained with dust and blood, and some were wrapped in animal hides like wilderness hunters.

Each of them carried a magical weapon that exuded a dangerous aura—longswords, long knives, long banners, copper hammers, and iron whips, all readily available.

“Who goes there! How dare you trespass on our territory!”

the leader, a seventh-rank Golden Immortal cultivator, shouted sharply.

He was a burly middle-aged man with a scar running from his brow bone to his chin, making him look particularly fierce.

He held a blood-red longsword in his hand, the blade swirling with dark red light. These lights seemed to move like living things across the surface of the blade, emanating a chilling, bloody stench.

David stared at them, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion. “Your territory? When did the Land of Fallen Emperors become your territory?”

“Enough nonsense!”

another Golden Immortal Rank 7 cultivator chimed in.

He was a tall, thin man with a sinister face, wearing a black robe and holding a long black banner.

The banner was covered with countless strange runes, which blinked slowly in the dim light like numerous tiny eyes.

“We arrived at the Land of Fallen Emperors first, and all the resources here belong to us. You, a mere Golden Immortal Rank 1 junior, are lucky to have made it this far. If you know what’s good for you, get lost, or don’t blame us for being impolite!”

As he finished speaking, the other five simultaneously stepped forward, their magical weapons all pointing at David, their killing intent pressing down like a tangible force.

The combined aura of the seven men was like an invisible mountain, attempting to crush the young man who appeared to be only a Golden Immortal Rank 1.

But David remained unmoved.

A cold, almost imperceptible smile curved his lips. “First-grade Golden Immortal?” he repeated the phrase, then chuckled softly, a hint of disdain in his voice. “Looks like you haven’t heard of me.”

“Your name?”

The burly man sneered, twirling his blood-red longsword, the red light on its blade intensifying. “What are you? You think you’re worthy of our attention?”

David looked him in the eye and said, word by word, “My name is David. You can go ask Wu Tianji; he knows me.”

These words were like a pebble thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating a raging storm.

The cultivators’ faces paled; all their arrogance and haughtiness froze on their faces in an instant.

Wu Tianji.

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

This news spread throughout the entire Nineteenth Heaven in just a few days, like wildfire, known to all.

It’s said that the person who killed him was a Daoist cultivator at the first level of the Golden Immortal realm, named David.

It’s said that this person cultivated the legendary power of chaos, and single-handedly killed Wu Tianji, a peak eighth-level Golden Immortal

, with just a sword. He also joined forces with demonic cultivators from the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to set up a trap in the Burial Soul Valley,

wiping out the elite of the Golden Crow Clan. Although many people didn't believe that a first-level Golden Immortal could kill a peak eighth-level Golden Immortal, the news was so vivid and detailed that it was hard to disbelieve.

And now, this legendary name stood before them, a first-level Golden Immortal, facing the encirclement of seven people, calm and composed, his expression unchanged.

"You…you're David?" The burly man's face darkened, his grip on his knife tightening slightly. "The David who killed Wu Tianji?"

"That's right." David remained calm, his posture unchanged. "Now, are you still going to stop me?"

The burly man and the tall, thin man exchanged a glance, a hint of hesitation and struggle flashing in their eyes.

They had certainly heard of David's infamous reputation and knew how much blood this seemingly ordinary young man had on his hands.

But soon, greed and wishful thinking regained their advantage.

"So what if you killed Wu Tianji?"

the tall, thin man sneered. "Wu Tianji was the patriarch of the Golden Crow Clan. He died under the siege of demonic cultivators, not by you alone.

You're just a junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. Don't think you can swagger in front of us just because you borrowed someone else's reputation!"

"That's right!" the burly man gritted his teeth and gripped his blood-red longsword tightly again. "There are seven of us, five at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm and two at the seventh rank. Are we afraid of a mere first-rank Golden Immortal brat like you? Even if you really have some skill, can you kill all seven of us by yourself?"

David looked at them, his smile slowly fading.

A chilling coldness surged in his purple eyes, like the glaciers of the far north, devoid of any warmth. “So, you still want to stop me?”

“Nonsense!”

the burly man suddenly raised his blood-red longsword, the dark red light on the blade suddenly surging, like a blood moon exploding on the edge.

He transformed into a blood-red afterimage, hurtling towards David. His blade tore through the void, emitting a sharp whistling sound, its deadly intent aimed directly at David’s head.

The full-force attack of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal was indeed astonishing.

Wherever the blood-red blade passed, fragments of the laws in the void shattered, leaving a dark red trail that lingered in the air.

But David merely sidestepped, drawing his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

A purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, suddenly erupted, colliding head-on with the blood-red blade light.

At that moment, time seemed to freeze, the two lights intersecting in the void, emitting blinding light.

Boom—

a deafening roar exploded in the void, the shockwave sweeping in all directions, blasting away all the sand and gravel on the floating island.

The blood-red blade light was like paper before the purple sword light, instantly disintegrating into countless tiny specks of light.

The purple sword light, undiminished in its momentum, struck the burly man like a sword of divine punishment.

Thud—the

burly man's body was cleaved in two, blood gushing out like a fountain, his internal organs spilling onto the gray rocks, steaming.

His eyes remained open, filled with shock and disbelief, as if he couldn't understand how he died.

A burly man at the seventh level of the Golden Immortal realm, killed with a single sword strike.

The remaining six were completely stunned.

They stared at their fallen companion, at the body cleaved in two, and at the still composed young man. Their expressions shifted from shock to fear, then to utter horror.

"One sword…one sword killed a seventh-level Golden Immortal…"

"Run! Run!"

The remaining six, like a flock of startled birds, turned and fled in different directions, wishing they had more legs.

But David wouldn't give them a chance.

His figure vanished from the spot, the seed of spatial laws swirling rapidly within his body, silver and gray light weaving into an ancient pattern beneath his feet.

His body flickered continuously in the void, each flicker covering a distance of several miles, appearing like a ghost behind each deserter.

The first deserter, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was struck by David's appearance behind him. The Dragon-Slaying Sword swept across, slicing through his neck, his head flying off, blood spurting into the sky.

The second deserter, also a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was confronted by David's appearance in front of him. The sword pierced his chest, penetrating his heart, his body crashing heavily onto the rocks.

The third, the fourth, the fifth… one sword strike after another, no one could withstand a second strike from him.

The last deserter was the tall, thin man with a sinister face, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal.

Chapter 6679

He was the fastest runner, already hundreds of miles away.

But David's figure flickered three times in succession, like a ghost traversing space, appearing before him.

The tall, thin man frantically raised his black banner, attempting to defend himself. The strange runes on the banner flickered wildly, releasing a dark barrier.

But the power of chaos was beyond his ability to withstand. The purple sword light tore through the dark barrier, striking him and cleaving his body in two.

In less than ten breaths, all six men lay in pools of blood.

Silence returned to the floating island, broken only by the howling wind through the rocks and the pervasive stench of blood.

David stood amidst the corpses, a few drops of blood staining his gray robe, but they were quickly evaporated by the power of chaos.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his black eyes devoid of any emotion, as if everything that had just happened was nothing more than casually brushing away a fallen leaf.

He began to loot the storage bags and rings of the cultivators.

The seven people, all at least at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, possessed resources that, while not abundant, were better than nothing.

They carried tens of thousands of high-grade crystals, some ordinary pills and magical artifacts, several jade slips containing miscellaneous cultivation techniques… and a jade slip depicting a partial map of the Fallen Emperor's Land, marking several potential locations where resources might be hidden.

David carefully collected all the spoils, memorized the information from the map jade slip, and continued flying deeper into the Fallen Emperor's Land.

The deeper they ventured, the more bizarre the environment became, and the more concentrated the dangers grew.

Various strange phenomena began to appear in the gray void.

In some places, enormous vortexes slowly rotated, surging with terrifying spatial power, seemingly capable of sucking everything in and crushing it to pieces;

in others, there were frozen fragments of time, where still images could be seen frozen in the air, like photographs frozen in glass, recording a moment of light and shadow from ancient times;

in still others, enormous Dao patterns appeared out of thin air, each radiating a chilling pressure.

The oppressive aura surpassed anything a Golden Immortal cultivator could comprehend; it was the residual Daoist essence of an Immortal Emperor. Even

a mere trace of this essence was enough to shatter the mind and spirit of an eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

David traversed these dangers, carefully avoiding every deadly trap thanks to the unique attribute of the Chaos Power's "Return to the Origin of All Laws."

His divine sense continuously searched for Barbara's aura, but found nothing.

It was as if an invisible barrier in the void shielded his perception of Barbara.

However, he found something else.

In a void surrounded by several Immortal Emperor Daoist runes, he saw a floating boulder.

The boulder was entirely dark gold, its surface covered with densely packed ancient runes. These runes flowed slowly across the surface like living beings, emitting a pale golden light.

The spiritual energy in the void surrounding the boulder was so dense it was almost tangible; with each breath, he could feel spiritual power flowing into his body like a clear spring.

David flew closer to the boulder, probing it with his divine sense, and discovered that the boulder contained a large number of fragments of laws.

That was the scattered essence of Dao after the Immortal Emperor's fall, one of the most precious cultivation resources in this void.

This essence contained the Immortal Emperor's insights into the laws of heaven and earth; any cultivator who could absorb a portion would experience a tremendous boost.

Without hesitation, he sat cross-legged on the boulder, channeling his chaotic power within his body, frantically absorbing the Dao essence.

Pale golden light surged from the boulder, like golden streams, or awakened sunlight, continuously flowing into David's body.

His chaotic power greedily devoured this Dao essence, transforming it into nourishment, strengthening his meridians, tempering his dantian, and expanding his divine sense.

He could feel his cultivation level increasing at an astonishing speed.

The bottleneck of the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm trembled violently, like solid ice being struck by a giant hammer, developing countless cracks.

The chaotic fire in his dantian burned wildly, gray flames interspersed with pale golden spots—traces left after the Dao essence was refined.

The gray, chaotic power surged through the meridians like roaring dragons, each flow making the meridians wider and stronger.

Time flowed silently through the void.

The laws of spacetime in the Immortal Emperor's Land were inherently chaotic; a day here might be a year outside, or it might just be a breath.

David was completely immersed in cultivation, forgetting time and everything outside.

He didn't know how much time had passed—perhaps a day, perhaps ten—before he finally opened his eyes.

A dazzling light flashed in his purple eyes, like two stars that had been lit up.

His aura was deeper and heavier than before, the oppressive feeling like a turbulent sea, calm on the surface but containing boundless power deep within.

Golden Immortal Realm, Second Rank.

He had broken through.

David slowly stood up, stretched his limbs, and his bones crackled slightly, like firecrackers exploding within him.

He clenched his fist, feeling the surging power within him, a satisfied smile curving his lips.

He could feel that his strength was at least twice as strong as before.

The power of chaos became more condensed, flowing through his meridians like liquid mercury;

the seed of the spatial law had also grown larger, its silver light shining even brighter in his dantian;

the seed of the time law had finally begun to sprout, though still very weak, its profound fluctuations were already palpable.

“Second-grade Golden Immortal…”

David murmured to himself, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes, “Now, if I encounter an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, I shouldn’t need Old Xuan’s help.”

He collected the remaining Dao essence from the boulder; the golden light transformed into a fist-sized crystal, which he stored in his storage ring.

Then he continued flying deeper into the Land of Fallen Emperors.

Deeper into the Land of Fallen Emperors, the void was even more chaotic, and dangers abounded, but David still couldn’t find Barbara’s trace.

A sense of unease began to rise in his heart.

Had she already left?

Or had she encountered some unforeseen danger?

Just as he was about to continue deeper, a violent surge of spiritual energy suddenly came from afar.

Someone was fighting.

The fluctuations were extremely intense, like two stars colliding in the sky. Each clash unleashed terrifying shockwaves, clearly perceptible even from a great distance.

David's figure accelerated abruptly, rushing towards the direction of the battle with all his might.

The closer he got, the more violent the spiritual energy fluctuations became, the air filled with chaotic waves of energy, a mixture of scorching flames and icy divine pressure.

He could sense that both sides in the battle were incredibly powerful.

There were two Golden Immortals at the eighth rank, their auras thick and sharp, like two unsheathed divine swords;

and another Golden Immortal at the seventh rank, but this aura was extremely unique, filled with scorching and violent power, like a volcano about to erupt, struggling to hold on against two opponents.

That Golden Immortal at the seventh rank gave David a strange sense of familiarity.

That feeling surged through his body like an electric current, making the hairs on his body stand on end.

His heart pounded faster.

That aura… though it had become countless times stronger, and though it possessed a strange sharpness and fierceness, he would never forget that familiar feeling.

It was Barbara’s aura, the aura that haunted his dreams.

Chapter 6680

He quickened his pace, his gray figure flashing through the void like lightning tearing through the darkness. He activated the laws of space at full power, each blink covering dozens of miles as he raced madly towards the battle.

When he finally saw the battlefield, the sight before him caused his pupils to contract sharply, his heart gripped as if by an invisible hand.

In the void ahead, three figures were locked in fierce combat.

The aftershocks of the battle shattered all the surrounding fragments of law, filling the void with countless spatial cracks, like a shattered mirror.

Two of the figures wore golden robes, emanating a rich divine aura—the sacred pressure unique to divine bloodlines.

Both were at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. One wielded a golden longsword, its blade crackling with dazzling divine light;

the other a golden halberd, its tip crackled with golden lightning.

Their attacks were fierce and ruthless, their coordination perfect, like the left and right hands of a single person, relentlessly suppressing the third figure.

And that third figure was a woman.

She wore a fiery red dress, the hem billowing in the battle like flames dancing in the wind.

Her long hair flew through the air, each strand glowing with a scorching light, like burning threads of fire.

She was surrounded by intense flames, a dark red light enveloping her like armor, radiating a chilling aura of heat. Her cultivation was

at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but the power of her flames was extremely special, containing some ancient and powerful bloodline force.

It was the state of her Fire Spirit Body after it was fully activated, a return to its original state, pure and domineering.

Barbara.

David recognized her at a glance.

Her face had become more mature and aloof, her brows displaying an unprecedented determination and resolve, completely different from the gentle, smiling woman he remembered.

But those eyes, those dark red eyes, still held the familiar stubbornness and unyielding spirit.

But at this moment, her situation was extremely dangerous.

She bore numerous wounds; her fiery red dress was torn in several places, revealing burned and cut skin beneath, blood sizzling as it seeped from the wounds.

A trace of blood clung to the corner of her mouth, her face was ashen, her breathing rapid and heavy, her chest heaving violently, clearly indicating she had been enduring for a long time.

The two eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators, however, seemed to be handling the situation with ease, their attacks relentless like a tidal wave, giving Barbara no chance to catch her breath.

They attacked while laughing and joking, their tone mocking like a cat playing with a mouse.

“Little wench, just surrender obediently! You’re only a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, and you’ve fought us for so long, that’s impressive enough, but it ends here.”

The cultivator wielding the golden longsword spoke with a frivolous laugh, the sword flashing in his hand, each strike forcing Barbara to retreat.

“Your fire spirit body is indeed quite impressive, haha. Once I capture you, I’ll extract your soul to refine a top-quality pill.”

The cultivator wielding the golden halberd gleamed with greed in his eyes. “A fire spirit’s soul is an excellent material for alchemy. I’ve been searching for so many years, and I’ve finally found one!”

“As for your physical body…”

Another cultivator licked his lips, a lewd glint in his eyes. “Since we’ve already taken your soul, your body is wasted. Let’s have a good time first. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal with a fire spirit body—I’ve never tasted anything like that in my life!”

“Don’t rush, don’t rush. Let’s wait until she’s exhausted. This little wench is fierce; don’t let her bite you in her dying moments.”

Barbara gritted her teeth, her dark red eyes surging with anger and killing intent.

The flames around her surged again, and a dark red light suddenly shone brightly as she attempted a final, desperate fight.

But her spiritual power was almost depleted, and the flames were noticeably dimmer than before, like a candle flickering in the wind, ready to be extinguished at any moment.

Seeing this, David felt a surge of killing intent erupt from his dantian, rushing to the top of his head like an uncontrollable volcanic eruption.

His eyes turned icy cold, his purple pupils churning with overwhelming killing intent, condensing into an invisible layer of chilling aura around him. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword emitted a low hum in its sheath, its blade trembling violently, as if echoing the surging killing intent in its master's heart, yearning to drink blood.

Those two divine cultivators must die.

He was about to rush out, but in the instant he moved, another figure was faster than him.

A dark blue-green light shot out from the other side of the void, like a lightning bolt tearing through the heavens and earth, its speed reaching its limit, even leaving a lingering afterimage in the void.

That figure instantly landed in front of Barbara, the dark blue-green light unfolding like a barrier, blocking all attacks.

It was a young man, dressed in a dark blue robe embroidered with ancient demonic totems, each pattern slowly shimmering with a dark light.

His face was cold and resolute, his brows displaying a composure and majesty beyond his years, his eyes like unfathomable abysses.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but he was surrounded by an extremely peculiar aura.

It was the aura of the Demonic Fire, profound and domineering, seemingly capable of incinerating everything in the world, carrying a destructive power from the ancient primordial era.

He stood before Barbara, his arms outstretched, the dark blue flames around him forming an invisible barrier, protecting Barbara completely behind him.

The flames were extremely deep in color, like blue flames burning within black magma, radiating a suffocating heat that even slightly distorted the void itself.

Upon seeing the newcomer, Barbara's dark red eyes flashed with surprise, her voice trembling slightly: "Junior Brother!"

David's steps halted abruptly, as if nailed to the spot by an invisible sword.

Junior Brother?

He recognized the person.

Ning Zhi.

David was slightly taken aback, not expecting Ning Zhi to appear.

Wasn't Ning Zhi in seclusion?

Could he be in seclusion in this Land of Fallen Emperors?

Moreover, he was already at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm; this guy's talent was indeed remarkable.

Ning Zhi glanced at David, his eyes calm, devoid of hostility or indifference, surprise or doubt, only an extreme calmness.

Yet, this calm gaze sent chills down David's spine.

Ning Zhi's composure was becoming increasingly stable. He wasn't

as irritable, easily angered, or impulsive as before.

David wasn't afraid of the old Ning Zhi; Ning Zhi had always been his defeated opponent.

But now, Ning Zhi's calmness frightened David. The more intelligent an enemy was, the more troublesome they were.

Brainless villains were the easiest to deal with.

Ning Zhi withdrew his gaze from David and turned to the two eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators of the Divine Race.

His voice was calm, as if he were talking about something insignificant, as if the people standing in front of him were not two powerful eighth-grade Golden Immortals, but two ants that he could crush with a flick of his wrist: "You, just kill yourselves. Save me the trouble."