A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6681

The two divine cultivators were stunned for a moment, then burst into wild laughter.

The laughter echoed in the void, filled with disdain and mockery.

“Hahaha! Did you hear that? This brat told us to commit suicide!”

The cultivator wielding the golden longsword laughed so hard he almost fell over. “A mere seventh-grade Golden Immortal dares to put on airs in front of us? You’re tired of living!”

“You even brought reinforcements?” The other cultivator pointed his halberd at David in the distance. “A second-grade Golden Immortal trash, plus you, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, think you can challenge two eighth-grade Golden Immortals? Don’t you know the meaning of death?”

“Little wench, is this the reinforcements you called? They’re too pathetic!”

Ning Zhi watched them laugh wildly, his expression unchanged, as if wearing a mask without emotion.

“Are you done laughing?” His voice remained calm, but a chilling undertone had crept in. “Since you don’t want to commit suicide, then I’ll send you on your way.”

He raised his right hand, a ball of dark blue flame surging from his palm.

The flames were an incredibly deep color, like karmic fire drawn from the depths of hell, radiating a suffocating aura of destruction.

The moment the flames appeared, the surrounding space began to distort violently. Even the fragments of laws in the void were scorched by the flames, sizzling and dissipating into wisps of smoke.

The smiles of the two divine cultivators froze on their faces.

They sensed an unprecedented threat from that flame, a threat that transcended the difference in realms, a primal fear from the depths of their bloodlines.

The power contained within the flames exceeded the scope expected of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, even causing them, both eighth-grade Golden Immortals, to feel a slight tremor in their hearts.

“Playing tricks!” The divine cultivator wielding the golden longsword gritted his teeth and unleashed a fierce slash, “Die!”

The golden sword light, like a roaring golden dragon, tore through the void with destructive power, slashing towards Ning Zhi.

Where the sword light passed, deep cracks were left in space, the golden divine light intertwining with the darkness in the void, bursting forth with blinding light.

Ning Zhi stood rooted to the spot, motionless.

He simply raised his hand and gently pushed the ball of bluish-black flame forward.

The flame collided with the golden sword light.

Boom—!

A deafening roar exploded in the void, the shockwave sweeping in all directions, scattering all the floating rubble and fragments of laws.

The golden sword light was like paper before the bluish-black flame, instantly swallowed, burned, and evaporated, leaving not a trace. The

bluish-black flame continued its momentum, like a primordial beast breaking free of its shackles, opening its blood-red maw and lunging at the divine cultivator wielding the golden longsword.

“What?”

The divine cultivator’s face turned deathly pale instantly. He tried to retreat, to dodge, but the bluish-black flame was too fast, giving him no chance whatsoever.

The flame coiled around his body like a living thing, instantly enveloping him completely, the bluish-black flames leaping, burning, and spreading on his skin.

“Ahhh—!”

A scream echoed through the void, the sound extremely shrill, as if he had endured the most excruciating torture in the world.

His body twisted, withered, and dried up in the flames. His golden robes were burned to ashes, and his golden skin was charred and cracked, revealing the burning flesh and bones beneath.

His screams grew weaker and weaker until they disappeared completely, and his body turned into a cloud of ashes, slowly dissipating in the void.

In one move, a powerful eighth-grade Golden Immortal was reduced to ashes.

The remaining divine cultivator wielding the golden halberd was terrified, his face ashen, and he turned to flee.

He desperately channeled his spiritual power, golden light exploding beneath his feet, his figure transforming into a streak of light as he fled into the distance.

But Ning Zhi wouldn't give him a chance. His figure blurred, a dark blue-green light leaving an afterimage in the void, his speed reaching its peak, appearing almost simultaneously behind the cultivator.

Dark blue-green flames surged from his palms, like a burning blade, piercing through the cultivator's back and emerging from his chest.

The cultivator's body stiffened abruptly. He looked down at the bluish-black flames erupting from his chest, his eyes filled with disbelief and utter terror.

His lips moved as if he wanted to say something, but ultimately no words came out. His body turned to ashes in the flames and vanished into the void.

Two eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators of the Divine Race were both dead in less than three breaths.

The void returned to calm, leaving only the bluish-black flames burning slowly before gradually extinguishing, as if they had never existed.

Ning Zhi withdrew his hand, turned around, and looked at Barbara. A rare hint of concern appeared on his usually cold face: "Senior Sister, are you alright?"

Barbara shook her head, her expression relaxing slightly. Although her face was still pale, the light in her eyes brightened again: "I'm fine, just a minor injury, nothing serious."

Ning Zhi nodded, then turned to look at David.

The two stared at each other across the void.

The distance was only a few dozen feet, yet it seemed as if an invisible barrier separated them.

David stood at a distance, his purple eyes devoid of emotion, yet his heart churned with a complex mix of feelings.

Ning Zhi had changed.

He had become powerful, composed, and decisive, exuding the air of a superior in every gesture.

Dark blue flames swirled around him, like his most loyal protectors.

Ning Zhi was also watching David.

His gaze was calm, revealing no emotion.

No one knew what he was thinking.

He only looked at David for a moment before turning to Barbara: “Senior Sister, let’s go.”

Barbara nodded and walked to Ning Zhi’s side.

Barbara glanced at David, her lips moving slightly as if she wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

In the Eighteenth Heaven, David had saved her, but Barbara couldn’t find a way to thank him.

Ning Zhi raised his hand, dark blue flames gathering in his palm, then tearing a rift in the Fallen Emperor’s Land. The two figures gradually blurred within the rift, finally disappearing completely into the void.

They were gone, leaving the Fallen Emperor’s Land.

David stood rooted to the spot, watching the direction they had disappeared in, motionless for a long time.

His outstretched hand froze in mid-air, then slowly withdrew.

His fingers trembled slightly, but quickly clenched into a fist, his nails digging deep into his palm.

He was surprised that Ning Zhi hadn't attacked him.

However, he didn't chase after him.

Not because he didn't want to, but because he couldn't.

Barbara had lost her memory; she didn't remember him at all.

If he rushed up now and forced her to acknowledge him, it would only confuse and antagonize her further.

Moreover, Ning Zhi was present; if Ning Zhi didn't want him near Barbara, with Ning Zhi's current strength, he couldn't stop him.

Besides, there were nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators waiting for his protection outside; he couldn't linger here too long.

"Ning Zhi..." David murmured softly, so softly that only he could hear it, "You're becoming more and more interesting."

He took a deep breath, suppressing all the complex emotions surging within him, as if forcibly sealing a volcano.

He turned around, his purple eyes regaining their calm and determination, and flew towards the entrance of the Fallen Emperor's Land.

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When David emerged from the rift in the Land of Fallen Emperors, darkness had already fallen over the icy plains.

Beneath the deep purple sky, silver stars scattered like shattered diamonds, and the cool moonlight bathed the plains in a silvery glow. Nearly ten

thousand demonic cultivators remained gathered on the plains, campfires flickering in the night wind, illuminating their weary yet resolute faces.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the edge of the plains, gazing towards the rift in the void.

The moment David's figure emerged from the light, her icy blue eyes lit up instantly, like stars ignited.

She rushed forward, her steps filled with barely suppressed eagerness and joy.

"David! You're out!"

Looking into her concerned eyes and noticing the slight moisture welling in them, David felt a surge of warmth in his heart.

He reached out and grasped her hand, their palms sharing warmth. His voice carried a hint of weariness, but mostly relief: "I'm back."

Jiang Xuelan held his hand tightly, as if afraid he would disappear again. Her icy blue eyes scanned him up and down, only relaxing when she confirmed his injuries were healed: "Did you find Yuqi?"

David was silent for a moment, a complex light flashing in his purple eyes: "I found her, but she's gone…"

Jiang Xuelan tightened her grip on his hand: "It's alright, knowing she's safe is enough."

Xuan Zhenzi, carrying a dry blade of grass, strolled over from afar, scrutinizing David. A glint of shrewdness flashed in his eyes, and he grinned: "Yo! Second-grade Golden Immortal! Quite a haul this time! I told you you're lucky, kid.

This Land of Fallen Emperors not only didn't harm you, but it even helped you level up!"

David nodded, about to speak, when Mo Yuan strode over.

His injuries had improved considerably; the bandages on his chest had been changed. Although his face was still somewhat pale, his eyes had regained their light.

When he sensed the significantly stronger aura emanating from David, a hint of surprise flashed in his eyes: "Mr. Chen, you've broken through to the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm?"

"Yes." David nodded. "I found some remnants of the Dao essence of an Immortal Emperor inside. Good luck."

Mo Yuan's face broke into a genuine smile: "That's wonderful! The stronger Mr. Chen is, the safer we are."

Just as David was about to respond, his brows suddenly furrowed slightly.

His divine sense had detected something.

On the distant horizon, a large number of auras were rapidly approaching. These auras were densely packed, surging like a tide, their sheer number surprising even to him.

"Someone's coming." David's voice was calm, but tinged with a hint of gravity. "Many people."

Mo Yuan's expression changed drastically.

He immediately released his divine sense, sensing for a moment, his face turning extremely grim: "At least tens of thousands… the auras of human and beast cultivators… they're heading this way!"

These words were like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating huge ripples among the demonic cultivators.

Nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators stood up, some gripping their magical weapons tightly, some adopting defensive stances, and others displaying expressions of terror and despair.

“They’re coming!”

“So many people… how can we stop them?”

“The bounty on us from the gods is still up; they’re here to kill us!”

Fear spread like a plague through the crowd.

Although the demonic cultivators had fought their way here, facing an enemy several times their size, a deep despair welled up in their hearts.

David stood at the forefront of the crowd, his gray robes fluttering in the night wind.

He turned around, his purple eyes sweeping over the demonic cultivators behind him. His voice wasn’t loud, but it clearly reached everyone’s ears: “Don’t panic. I’ll handle it.”

His voice was calm and steady, as firm as a rock, slightly calming the demonic cultivators’ fear.

Jiang Xuelan walked to David’s side, her icy blue eyes filled with determination: “I’ll go with you.”

Xuan Zhenzi also walked to David’s other side, still chewing on the withered grass, but the laziness in his eyes had disappeared, replaced by a sharp glint: “It’s time for this old body of mine to stretch its muscles.”

The little Taoist boy hid behind Xuan Zhenzi, peeking out half his head, his little face full of tension, but he stubbornly refused to back down.

Mo Yuan stood behind David, gripping the black longsword, his gaze cold and resolute: “Mr. Chen, we stand with you.”

Seeing David at the forefront, witnessing his composed demeanor, the fear in the hearts of nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators was gradually replaced by a powerful force.

They stepped forward, forming ranks behind David, their magical artifacts gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

Moments later, a dense mass of figures appeared on the distant horizon.

A dark, overwhelming tide surged in like a locust plague, blotting out the sky.

They wore robes of various colors, wielding all sorts of magical weapons; some were human cultivators, some beastmen, some rode enormous demonic beasts, some flew on swords.

Their eyes gleamed with greed, like wolves smelling blood.

Tens of thousands.

A force of tens of thousands completely surrounded the demonic cultivators on the icy plain.

The surging crowd, like an iron barrel, pressed in from all directions, forcing the demonic cultivators into a narrow area before the entrance to the rift in the Land of Fallen Emperors.

The demonic cultivators’ expressions changed.

Although they had fought desperately, and had fought their way out in blood, facing an enemy several times their size, and such a vast difference in strength, a deep sense of powerlessness welled up in everyone's hearts.

Jiang Xuelan's hand tightened slightly, her expression tense.

Xuan Zhenzi spat out the dry grass in his mouth, his expression more solemn than ever before.

Mo Yuan's hand gripping his sword trembled slightly, but he gritted his teeth and persevered.

Only David remained at the forefront, his purple eyes calm as a deep pool, watching the approaching cultivators as if they were surging tides, his face expressionless.

Tens of thousands of cultivators stopped about a hundred feet away from the demonic cultivators, forming a massive encirclement.

Under the moonlight, the cold light on the magical artifacts was dense, like a forest of steel, radiating a suffocating sense of oppression.

A human cultivator at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm stepped out from the crowd.

The man was a middle-aged man dressed in a blue robe, with a square face and an air of righteous indignation, but his eyes gleamed with greed.

He held a blue longsword in his hand, its blade radiating a chilling sword intent, indicating that his cultivation was not low.

He stood about ten feet away from David, sizing him up, his voice carrying a condescending reprimand: "You are a human cultivator? How dare you associate with demonic cultivators, colluding with them? Do you know that the Divine Race has issued a bounty? Anyone who helps demonic cultivators is an enemy of the Divine Race!"

His voice echoed across the silent icy plain, carrying a judgmental pressure.

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David looked at him, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion: “Finished?”

The cultivator frowned: “What kind of attitude is this? As a second-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator, facing tens of thousands of your own kind, don’t you feel even a shred of shame? Helping demonic cultivators makes you a traitor to humanity!”

David chuckled, a hint of disdain in his laughter: “Traitor? It’s my freedom to help whomever I want. But you, for a few Golden Cores of the Divine Race, are willing to be cannon fodder for the Divine Race, used as pawns, and you still have the nerve to call others traitors?”

The cultivator’s expression changed, his voice filled with anger: “You! Stubborn to the end! Since that’s the case, then don’t blame us for being impolite!”

“Impolite?” A slight smile curved David’s lips. “Do you think you have the ability?”

He raised his hand, a wisp of black malevolent energy surging from his palm, like a black serpent, slowly flowing in the air.

The malevolent energy was extremely pure, solidified as if it were a tangible substance, radiating an ancient and profound aura that resonated strongly with the demonic energy emanating from the surrounding demonic cultivators.

Dao-patterned malevolent energy.

A secret technique of the Yin Demon lineage.

The demonic cultivators present were all stunned.

They stared at the black malevolent energy in David's hand, their eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

"That's… Dao-patterned malevolent energy?"

"The Yin Demon lineage's closely guarded secret! How could he know it?"

"Could he be a successor of the Yin Demon lineage?"

David didn't speak. He raised his other hand, and a ball of dark red flame surged from his palm.

The flame's color was like molten lava, radiating a scorching heat. Unlike the demonic supreme fire he had previously comprehended, this flame was wilder, more violent, carrying the destructive aura unique to the Flame Demon lineage.

The Flame Demon's supreme demonic fire.

Immediately afterward, his body trembled slightly, and a ball of golden light surged from his fist, like compressed sunlight, carrying a holy yet domineering power.

The light was completely different from the divine light of the gods, carrying a wild and unrestrained aura—the Holy Light Fist of the Wind Demon.

Three completely different demonic arts were displayed simultaneously in his hands, yet they remained distinct and without any conflict.

At this moment, all the demonic cultivators fell silent.

Their faces changed from shock to awe, from awe to fervor.

They looked at David, their eyes no longer filled with doubt or hesitation.

What did it mean for a human cultivator to simultaneously master the arts of the Yin Demon, the Flame Demon, and the Wind Demon?

It meant that this human cultivator had a deep connection with the three major lineages of the demon race, that he was a close friend of the demons, that he was someone they could entrust their lives to.

The faces of the surrounding human cultivators turned extremely grim.

They had originally thought David was merely a traitor to the human race, but they hadn't expected him to possess so many demonic arts.

What made them even more wary was that the three arts David displayed were extremely profound and refined, far from being rudimentary skills.

David withdrew his hand, his purple eyes sweeping over the surrounding human cultivators. His voice was calm yet carried an undeniable weight: "I don't want to start a massacre. You've been blinded by the bounty on your heads by the gods, being used as pawns without realizing it. Now, take your people and get out of here."

The human cultivator at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm turned ashen-faced. His lips trembled as if he wanted to say something, but facing David's calm gaze, he felt a strange chill rise from the bottom of his heart.

Just then, a beastman cultivator leaped out from the crowd.

He was a burly tiger-like man, over ten feet tall, covered in golden fur, his tiger eyes gleaming with ferocity.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and he wielded a massive battle axe, its blade still stained with dark red blood.

"Boy! Who do you think you are? Daring to spout such nonsense here!"

The tiger-like man's voice echoed like thunder across the icy plain. "There are tens of thousands of cultivators among us. How many can you kill by yourself? If you know what's good for you, get out of here, or I'll chop you up too!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the beastman cultivators joined in the clamor, their rough shouts rising and falling, filled with provocation and mockery.

David's gaze fell on the tiger-like man, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

"You, say it again,"

the tiger-like man sneered. "I said—if you know what's good for you, get out of here, or I'll chop you up too! Listen carefully…"

He didn't finish his sentence.

A golden light suddenly shone in David's eyes, dazzling to the extreme, like the sun exploding deep within his pupils.

Immediately afterward, a colossal golden dragon shadow emerged from behind him, like a primordial beast awakening from ancient times, exuding an aura of supreme majesty and oppression. The

golden

dragon phantom was tens of meters long, its entire body covered in golden scales, each scale shimmering brilliantly in the moonlight.

Its head was held high, its golden eyes like two blazing suns, radiating a chilling majesty.

Golden lightning crackled around its body, ancient runes flowed across its scales, and each breath stirred a gust of wind, scattering ice shards and gravel in all directions.

The golden dragon appeared, and all beasts bowed their heads.

This was the most primal suppression within their bloodlines, an insurmountable chasm in terms of rank.

Although the beast race had achieved great cultivation, at the very core of their bloodline, they could not escape the awe they held for the golden dragon.

The tiger-man's body stiffened abruptly. His battle axe clattered to the ground, and he trembled violently as if struck by lightning.

The ferocity in his tiger eyes transformed into utter terror, and his knees buckled involuntarily.

"Golden… Golden Dragon Bloodline… King of Beasts…"

He tried to retreat, to escape, but his legs felt like lead, completely immobile.

In his bloodline perception, the person standing before him wasn't a human cultivator at the second rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but an ancient Dragon Emperor, reigning supreme above all beasts, a supreme being whose command could subjugate countless beasts.

David stared at the tiger-man, his purple eyes devoid of emotion, only icy coldness: "I told you to get lost, didn't you hear me?"

The tiger-man opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but couldn't utter a single word.

Fear had completely consumed his consciousness, robbing him of even the ability to think.

The golden dragon phantom behind David let out a deep roar, which echoed across the icy plains like the fury of heaven and earth.

The tiger-clan man's body trembled violently, and then he was lifted into the air by an invisible force, flying towards the gaping maw of the golden dragon phantom.

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"No—! Spare me—!"

His screams abruptly ceased.

The golden dragon phantom swallowed the tiger-clan giant whole, the golden light flashing for a moment before returning to stillness.

The tiger-clan giant's body transformed into golden specks of light, slowly dissipating in the air without leaving a trace.

The beast-clan powerhouse at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm didn't even have a chance to resist before being swallowed whole by the golden dragon phantom.

The icy plain was deathly silent.

All the beast-clan cultivators knelt down.

Those beast-clan cultivators from the tiger, wolf, lion, bear, and leopard clans, regardless of their cultivation level or race,

were now as if their spines were bent by an invisible force, kneeling one after another, heads bowed, bodies trembling, not even having the courage to look up at David.

The golden dragon appeared, and all beasts bowed their heads. This wasn't a matter of reason; it was an instinct etched into their bloodlines, a primal memory passed down for billions of years.

Before the golden dragon, no beast-clan could muster the thought of resistance.

“Get out.”

David’s voice was soft, yet it exploded like thunder in the ears of every beastman cultivator. “Don’t become cannon fodder for the gods again. If I see you hunting demonic cultivators for Golden Cores again, it won’t just be one you devour.”

The beastman cultivators felt as if they had been granted a pardon, scrambling to their feet and fleeing frantically in the distance, not daring to look back.

The encirclement of tens of thousands of people instantly emptied, leaving only messy footprints and lingering fear on the icy plain.

The remaining human cultivators looked at each other, their eyes filled with horror and hesitation.

They looked at the slowly dissipating golden dragon phantom behind David, then at the still-stunned demonic cultivators in the distance, and most of their greed and wishful thinking had vanished.

The human Golden Immortal eighth-grade cultivator’s face was ashen. His lips moved a few times, as if he wanted to say something, but looking into David’s calm purple eyes, he felt a chill that penetrated to the bone.

He gritted his teeth, about to speak, when at that moment, a large amount of energy fluctuations came from afar again.

Golden light surged forth like a tide, illuminating half the sky.

Dozens of figures broke through the air from afar, each radiating a dense divine pressure.

Leading them was Elder Shenmu, a powerful cultivator at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Behind him followed several eighth-rank Golden Immortal realm experts—Lei Wanjun, the Palace Master of the Holy Light Hall, and others.

Behind them were thousands of elite Golden Immortal realm cultivators at the sixth and seventh ranks, each exuding a cold yet powerful aura.

They hovered in mid-air, looking down upon the people on the icy plain. The golden divine light shone like miniature suns under the moonlight, illuminating the entire icy plain.

Elder Shenmu's gaze swept over the still hesitant human cultivators, his voice carrying an undeniable authority: "The bounty remains in effect. Kill a demonic cultivator, and you'll receive a Golden Core of the same realm from a divine race. The more you do, the more you gain, with no upper limit."

His gaze settled on the demonic cultivators on the icy plain, a cold smile curving his lips: "These demonic cultivators before you are all excellent cultivation resources. Kill a first-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivator, and you'll receive a first-grade Golden Immortal Golden Core from a divine race;

kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivator, and you'll receive a seventh-grade Golden Core from a divine race. I don't need to calculate this for you, do I?"

Elder Shenmu's words seeped into the hearts of the human cultivators like poison.

The hesitation and fear in the eyes of the human cultivators, who had initially been intimidated by David, were gradually replaced by a rekindled greed.

They looked at the demonic cultivators, at the figures trembling in the moonlight, their hearts churning with a struggle between greed and fear.

The allure of the Golden Core was too great, so great that it could drive people to take desperate risks.

“Killing a demonic cultivator can earn you a Golden Core…”

“We have so many of us now, and the powerful members of the Divine Race are here too, what are we afraid of?”

“No matter how powerful David is, he’s just one person! Can he stop all of us?”

Whispers spread among the human cultivators, their gazes burning with renewed fervor, their grips on their magical weapons tightening once more.

Fear receded, but greed surged, overwhelming their reason like a tidal wave.

The demonic cultivators’ faces turned deathly pale .

They had thought that David’s defeat of the beastmen and intimidation of the human

cultivators meant the crisis was over. Unexpectedly, the appearance of the Divine Race, with just a single sentence, had turned those wavering human cultivators back into predatory wolves.

They knew that look all too well.

It was the look of a predator towards its prey, the look of greed triumphing over fear.

In their eyes, there was no hesitation or awe, only naked, undisguised killing intent.

“They’re going to attack again…”

“It’s over…this time it’s really over…”

“The powerful members of the Divine Race are here too. No matter how powerful Mr. Chen is, he can’t stop so many people…”

Despair overwhelmed the demonic cultivators like a black tide.

They looked at the human cultivators whose fighting spirit had been rekindled, and at the powerful Divine Race members radiating golden divine light in the sky. The last glimmer of hope in their hearts was rapidly dissipating.

Jiang Xuelan gripped David’s hand tightly, her icy blue eyes filled with solemnity. Xuan Zhenzi

picked up a withered blade of grass again, but

his expression was more serious than ever before. Mo Yuan’s hand holding the sword trembled slightly, but he gritted his teeth and held on, not retreating a single step.

David stood at the forefront, his gray robe fluttering in the night wind. His purple eyes gazed at the golden figure in the sky, then at the human cultivators who had become greedy again, and a cold smile curled at the corner of his mouth.

Elder Shenmu hovered in mid-air, golden divine light enveloping his entire body, like a blazing sun descending on an icy plain.

Golden light converged from all directions, forming concentric halos around him that expanded outwards. Each halo contained the terrifying pressure of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, distorting the air below.

His gaze swept over the trembling demonic cultivators below, like a god looking down upon ants, a hint of undisguised contempt and mockery playing on his lips.

“A bunch of ants, daring to compete with the sun and moon?”

Elder Shenmu's voice echoed across the icy plain, each word carrying a chilling coldness, piercing the hearts of the demonic cultivators like ice spikes. "You demonic cultivators, hiding in this godforsaken far north, thinking you can survive? How laughable!"

He raised his hand, and golden light condensed into a pillar of light in his palm, shooting straight into the sky, illuminating the entire icy plain as if it were daytime.

The pressure contained within that light caused the demonic cultivators to involuntarily retreat; some even collapsed to their knees on the ice.

"Look at yourselves now!"

Elder Shenmu's voice grew louder and louder, filled with undisguised contempt. "What do you look like? Like a bunch of rats cornered against a wall! All you can do is tremble, all you can do is run away, all you can do is hide behind a human cultivator for protection! You have completely disgraced the demon race!"

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The demonic cultivators' faces turned deathly pale. Some clenched their fists, their nails digging deep into their palms;

some lowered their heads, unable to look directly at the blinding golden light;

some had their initial fear replaced by rage, their chests heaving violently, their breathing becoming heavy and rapid.

"Enough!"

A sharp shout interrupted Elder Shenmu's taunts, booming like thunder across the icy plains.

David stood at the forefront, his purple eyes as cold as knives, his gray robe fluttering in the biting wind, the hem billowing like a battle flag.

His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly pierced through the cold wind of the icy plains and the golden pressure, reaching everyone's ears: "If you want to fight, then fight! Why all the nonsense?"

Elder Shenmu's gaze fell on David, a cold glint flashing in his eyes: "You're that David? A mere second-grade Golden Immortal dares to talk back to me? Do you know I can crush you with one hand?"

"Then come and crush me then."

David's voice was as calm as if he were commenting on the weather, even with a faint smile on his lips. "Standing in the sky and spouting nonsense, you think you can kill us all? Why don't you come down first, and we'll have a spar?"

Elder Shenmu's face darkened completely.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, holding the position of Elder of the Divine Clan's main hall, his power shaking the twentieth heaven, and never before had a second-grade Golden Immortal dared to speak to him like that.

That nonchalant tone, that attitude of not taking him seriously, made the anger in his heart erupt like a volcano.

"Fine! Since you're so eager to die, I'll grant your wish!"

He suddenly raised his right hand, golden light frantically condensing in his palm, transforming into a golden command arrow that shot straight into the sky.

The command arrow exploded in the sky, turning into countless golden points of light, falling like a meteor shower, each point of light tracing a golden trajectory in the air.

“Kill! Leave no one alive!”

The moment the order was given, the world changed color.

Tens of thousands of divine and human cultivators moved simultaneously.

The tremor was like an earthquake, emanating from the ground. The ice field rumbled with a dull thud under the trampling of tens of thousands of feet, and dense cracks began to appear on the ice surface, spreading outwards like a spider web.

Golden light surged in like a tide, the cold light on the magical artifacts intertwining in the moonlight to form a deathly net, enveloping the entire ice field.

The shouts of battle shook the heavens and the earth, sweeping in like a tsunami, completely tearing apart the original tranquility of the ice field.

“Kill!”

“Kill demonic cultivators for Golden Cores!”

“Don’t let a single one escape! A demon’s head is a Golden Core, and one Golden Core is enough to break through a realm!”

The divine cultivators charged at the forefront, golden divine light burning on their bodies, like golden arrows released from a bow, tracing brilliant paths in the moonlight.

Their eyes gleamed with fanaticism, a fanaticism driven by both faith and greed. There was no hesitation, no pity, only naked killing intent.

The human cultivators followed closely behind. Although their eyes weren’t as fanatical as the divine cultivators’, greed had completely devoured their reason.

The allure of the Golden Core was like an invisible whip, constantly lashing their nerves, driving them to charge towards the seemingly terrified demonic cultivators ahead. Their

hands, gripping their magical weapons, trembled slightly, but not from fear, but from the excitement of soon obtaining the Golden Core.

The demonic cultivators' bodies trembled.

They watched the enemy surge towards them like a tidal wave, the sky filled with golden light and the dense glint of magical artifacts, and despair seeped into their hearts like ice water.

Some instinctively took a step back, some gripped their weapons but didn't know where to thrust, and some closed their eyes, awaiting death.

They numbered only about ten thousand, facing an enemy several times their size;

the highest cultivation among them was only at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, while their opponents had a ninth-rank Golden Immortal elder from the Divine Race.

This disparity was like a mantis trying to stop a chariot, like an egg striking a rock.

"It's over…it's really over this time…"

"We fled so far, but we still couldn't escape…"

"If we hadn't resisted, would we have lived a few more days…"

Despairing whispers spread among the demonic cultivators, like heavy stones pressing down on everyone's hearts.

Some even began to doubt whether choosing to follow David to escape the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm was the right thing to do.

But at that very moment, a purple sword light tore through the night sky.

The sword light was dazzlingly brilliant, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, suddenly erupting in the darkness and suppressing all the golden light.

Wherever the sword light passed, space was torn open with black cracks, emitting a sharp whistling sound, like the sound of cloth being torn a thousand times amplified.

David's figure appeared at the forefront of the battlefield like a ghost, the Dragon-Slaying Sword twirling in his hand, the purple sword light like a deadly arc, slashing towards the few divine race cultivators charging at the front.

Those divine race cultivators didn't even have time to react before the sword light had already swept past their bodies.

Splat—splat—splat—

blood gushed out, golden blood spraying in the air like blooming golden fireworks, shimmering with an eerie and cruel light under the moonlight.

The bodies of those divine race cultivators froze on the spot, then split open in the middle, like firewood cleaved by an invisible giant axe, crashing heavily onto the ice.

"Want to kill them? Get past me first!"

David's voice boomed like thunder across the battlefield. His figure darted through the crowd, as fast as a gray lightning bolt.

Purple sword light swirled, slashed, swept, and thrust in his hands, each movement fluid and precise, like a dance honed through countless trials.

Wherever the sword light passed, golden blood splattered, limbs flew, and screams echoed.

He alone, like an iron torrent, forcefully blocked the attack of the leading wave of divine cultivators.

His eyes were cold and focused, all distractions banished, leaving only one thought in his mind—to hold them off, to protect those behind him.

“Mr. Chen has charged forward!”

“Mr. Chen has held them off alone!”

“We…we can’t back down either!”

The demonic cultivators’ almost extinguished fighting spirit was rekindled.

As they watched David’s figure weave through the crowd, at the flashing purple sword light, and at the falling Divine Race cultivators, their fear and despair were replaced by a surge of warmth.

It was an infected passion, a ignited fighting spirit.

Chapter 6686

“Fight him to the death!”

“We’re going to die anyway, might as well take a few down with us!”

“Demonic cultivators will never surrender!”

Nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators roared, their cries like the howls of wolves, filled with determination and madness.

They charged towards the surging divine and human cultivators, their magical weapons gleaming coldly in the moonlight, every pair of eyes burning with a death-defying flame.

The battle instantly intensified.

Swords flashed and blood flew across the icy plain. Screams, battle cries, and the clanging of magical weapons mingled together, like a cruel and fierce battlefield symphony, every note a price paid for life.

Golden and dark red blood mixed together, flowing on the ice, forming eerie patterns that shimmered with a sinister light in the moonlight.

Under the moonlight, every face was etched with madness and killing intent. The fanaticism of the divine cultivators, the greed of the human cultivators, and the ruthlessness of the demonic cultivators—three completely different emotions intertwined, collided, and tore each other apart on the same battlefield.

Every figure fought desperately for their beliefs; no one retreated, no one hesitated.

Xuanzhenzi also made his move.

His hunched figure suddenly sprang up under the moonlight, and azure light surged from his withered palms, transforming into enormous azure palm prints that slammed towards the human cultivators who attempted to ambush him from the side.

His movements appeared casual, even somewhat lazy, but each palm strike contained the terrifying power of a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

Those struck either coughed up blood and flew backward or died instantly, without even having time to scream.

“Hahaha! My old bones can finally stretch their muscles today!”

Xuanzhenzi laughed loudly, his laughter carrying a long-lost sense of joy and pride. “Come on! You bunch of scum, let me see what you’re capable of!

You crooked lads dare to plot against me? I’ve lived for tens of thousands of years, and I’ve killed more people than you’ve eaten meals!”

His figure weaved through the crowd like an enraged tiger, his blue palm prints striking out repeatedly, each landing taking several lives.

Although he wore a smile, his cloudy eyes gleamed with unprecedented seriousness. He knew that today’s battle would be more dangerous than ever before.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the front of the demonic cultivators, her long, ice-blue hair gleaming coldly in the moonlight. Her face was as pale as snow, but her ice-blue eyes were as cold as ice.

She knew David was fighting a bloody battle ahead, and she couldn’t hold him back.

A chilling blue aura surged from her fingertips, transforming into countless fine, hair-like ice needles that rained down upon the enemy.

These needles pierced the air with a sharp, whistling sound, densely embedding themselves in the bodies of human and divine cultivators.

Those struck by the needles instantly slowed, their skin frosted over, and they were frozen solid into crystalline ice sculptures.

Moonlight shone on these sculptures, reflecting a dazzling, diamond-like brilliance.

Then, Jiang Xuelan flicked her finger, a crisp sound echoing across the battlefield. The ice sculptures shattered instantly into countless tiny ice crystals, scattering across the ground like a shower of shimmering ice.

“Xuelan, cover everyone!” David’s voice came from the front, urgent with the urgency of battle.

“Alright!” Jiang Xuelan’s voice was resolute and determined. Her hands moved swiftly, forming complex hand seals that traced icy blue paths in the moonlight.

A chilling blue aura gathered wildly before her, thickening and thickening until it formed a massive ice wall ten zhang high and twenty zhang wide, like a Great Wall stretching across the icy plains.

The charging divine and human cultivators slammed into the ice wall, bounced back, some bleeding from the impact, others suffering frostbite from the wall’s chill.

Their advance was temporarily halted by this ice wall, like a tide crashing against a dam, creating chaos.

Mo Yuan stood amidst the demonic cultivators, his face pale, dark red blood seeping from the bandages on his chest, clearly from wounds reopened during the fierce battle.

Yet his hands remained steadfast, the black longsword in his grasp gleaming with a dark red demonic light, the ancient runes on its blade slowly circulating, releasing a scorching aura.

He gritted his teeth and thrust the sword forward with a mighty thrust, a black sword beam surging forward like a tide, slicing through the human cultivators who attempted to bypass the ice wall.

Where the sword’s edge passed, corpses littered the ground, and dark red blood spread across the ice.

“Don’t be afraid! Fight them!”

Yan Lie roared, each word filled with a desperate resolve. “We demonic cultivators are not lambs

to the slaughter! If they want to destroy us, they’ll have to step over my dead body first!” His gaze swept over the still hesitant demonic cultivators, his eyes burning with rage: “Your families, your compatriots, your people, all died at the hands of these people! Are you still going to back down?” ”

Fight!”

“Fight these bastards!”

“Avenge our fallen brothers and sisters!”

Yan Lie’s words were like a fire, igniting the last vestige of fighting spirit in the demonic cultivators.

Those trembling bodies straightened again, those hesitant hands gripped their weapons tightly, and those fearful eyes regained their light.

They let out a deafening roar, a roar that coalesced like a pack of wolves cornered, charging towards the divine and human cultivators.

The battle grew even more brutal.

The demonic cultivators surged like a tidal wave against the defenses of the gods and humans. They retreated, they feared no more; their eyes burned with a death-defying gleam.

Some, their arms severed, gripped their weapons with their other hands and continued to fight;

some, pierced through the chest, clung to their enemies, biting through their throats with their last strength;

some, surrounded by several, activated their demonic cores, sacrificing themselves to take their enemies with them.

On the icy plains, swords clashed, flesh flew, and golden and dark red blood mingled, flowing across the ice and forming crisscrossing streams.

The ice was shattered by the attacks, shards of ice scattering like a hailstorm.

Yet, the demonic cultivators remained in grave danger.

Encouraged by David, they unleashed unprecedented fighting power.

Although each fought desperately, facing an enemy several times their number and the overwhelming force of the gods' elite, their defenses continued to retreat.

Every moment, demonic cultivators fell, their corpses piling up on the ice to form low walls.

Blood flowed into streams, forming dark red pools in the low-lying areas, reflecting the moonlight with a cold gleam.

Chapter 6687

"Hold on!"

David's voice echoed across the battlefield. His throat was hoarse, but every word was still clearly audible to everyone. "Don't let them break through the lines! Just hold on a little longer, and they won't be able to hold on!"

His figure moved swiftly across the battlefield, like a tireless ghost.

Every time a gap appeared in the demonic cultivators' lines, he would appear at that gap, his Dragon-Slaying Sword sweeping across, the purple sword light slicing back the divine cultivators who tried to break through.

He already had several wounds on his body, his gray robe torn in several places, revealing the flesh scorched by divine light, but he seemed completely oblivious to the pain, his eyes only on the enemies in front of him and his comrades behind him.

But at this moment, a golden figure descended from the sky like a meteor, crashing down on David.

Elder Shenmu.

He had been observing David's fighting style from above, searching for the best opportunity to strike.

He saw David repeatedly expose weaknesses in order to rescue the demonic cultivators, saw David's stamina rapidly depleting, and saw the wounds on David's body constantly increasing.

He had finally gotten his chance. David had just forced back a wave of divine cultivators and hadn't had time to adjust his aura when his back to him revealed a momentary opening.

Now!

"Junior, prepare to die!"

A golden palm print descended from the sky like a mountain, carrying the full force of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, slamming down towards David's head.

The palm print contained terrifying divine power; wherever it passed, space shattered, and the compressed air emitted a sharp, explosive sound, like the simultaneous roars of hundreds of giant beasts.

The ice within a radius of several hundred feet shattered inch by inch under the pressure of the palm print, cracking and spreading in all directions like a spider web.

David’s pupils contracted sharply.

He felt the power contained in that palm.

The full force of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal’s attack—that was a destructive force far exceeding what he could currently withstand.

The palm hadn’t even landed yet; the mere force of the palm wind was already making it difficult for him to breathe, his bones creaking as if he were about to be crushed by that pressure.

But he didn’t retreat.

Behind him were the demonic cultivators struggling to hold on.

If he dodged, his palm would strike them, killing at least a hundred.

“Mr. Chen! Dodge!” Mo Yuan’s voice was filled with anxiety and fear.

“David!” Jiang Xuelan’s voice was a heart-wrenching cry.

David gritted his teeth, his chaotic power surging wildly within him.

He held nothing back, pouring all his power into the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Gray and purple light intertwined, erupting with a blinding brilliance around him.

The light grew brighter and more intense, like a small star condensing in his hand.

“Block it!”

The gray sword light met the golden palm print head-on.

“Boom—!”

A deafening roar exploded on the ice field, causing the entire ice field to tremble violently.

The shockwave swept in all directions, blasting everyone within hundreds of feet away. Whether divine cultivators or demonic cultivators, they were scattered like fallen leaves.

The ice shattered; the massive ice layer collapsed like a broken mirror, revealing a bottomless abyss beneath.

Shards of rock and ice rained down, stinging faces, and some were even pierced through by the flying ice fragments.

David was thrown back dozens of feet, his feet carving deep furrows in the ice, the ice shards piling up at his feet like small mountains.

A trickle of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, dripping down his chin onto the ice, forming a dark red ice flower.

His right hand, gripping the sword, trembled violently; a deep gash had split his hand, blood dripping from the hilt onto the ice, sizzling as the residual spiritual energy in his blood burned the surface.

A ninth-grade Golden Immortal—too powerful.

Although he had broken through to the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, although his chaotic power was stronger than before, and although he had exerted all his strength, the gap in realm between him and a ninth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert was still as insurmountable as an insurmountable chasm.

It was a difference of seven ranks, an insurmountable chasm between the ninth and second ranks of the Golden Immortal Realm.

“Is that all you’ve got?”

Elder Shenmu hovered in mid-air, looking down at David as if he were a dying ant, a smirk and undisguised smugness playing on his lips. “A second-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert thinks he can contend with me? You overestimate yourself! I could crush you with a single finger!”

He raised his hand again, golden light condensing in his palm, and another palm print slammed down towards David.

This palm print was larger, brighter, and faster than before, carrying the power to destroy everything, like a golden meteorite falling from the sky. Chen

Ping could only defend once more.

The purple sword light clashed repeatedly with the golden palm print, each collision forcing him back several steps, each impact worsening his injuries.

Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, his grey robe torn in several places, revealing burned and bruised skin covered in charred wounds and dark purple bruises.

Yet he did not retreat an inch.

His legs were as if nailed to ice; with each step back, he mustered all his strength to regain his footing before facing the next blow.

His eyes remained sharp, his sword steady, his breathing rapid yet rhythmic.

He knew that if he fell, the demonic cultivators behind him would lose all hope.

“Mr. Chen!” Mo Yuan’s voice was filled with heart-wrenching cries, “You can’t hold on any longer! Retreat! Don’t push yourself!”

“I can’t retreat…”

David gritted his teeth, each word squeezed out from between his teeth, tinged with the metallic taste of blood, “If I retreat… it’s all over… We… have no way out…”

His body trembled, his consciousness blurred, his spiritual power was depleted, but his steps did not falter even a step.

Behind him, the demonic cultivators looked at his back, at that figure that, though scarred, still stood tall, and all their eyes reddened.

“Mr. Chen…”

“He’s fighting for us… with all his might…”

“We… what reason do we have to retreat!”

The demonic cultivators’ eyes were bloodshot, their blood was boiling, their fighting spirit was ignited to its extreme by David’s figure.

They no longer retreated, no longer feared, each of them unleashing power beyond their limits, firmly blocking the divine and human cultivators who tried to take advantage of the situation.

Chapter 6688

“Hahaha!”

Elder Shenmu’s laughter echoed across the battlefield, filled with smugness and mockery. “David, you do have some backbone! I’ve lived for tens of thousands of years and seen countless opponents, but few are as stubborn as you!

But can backbone feed you? Today, you are destined to die here! And none of those ants behind you will escape either!”

Golden light condensed once more, this time more dazzling and deadly than before.

A golden pillar of light condensed in Elder Shenmu's palm, containing the power of a peak ninth-grade Golden Immortal, roaring towards David like a golden dragon.

David closed his eyes.

He was exhausted, utterly exhausted.

He could no longer lift his arms, his spiritual energy was depleted, and his consciousness was beginning to blur.

But a smile still lingered on his lips; he had done his best, he hadn't retreated a single step.

Just then, a clear, cold voice, as pure as an icy spring, resounded across the battlefield.

"Who said he'd die today?"

The voice was soft, yet it boomed across the battlefield like thunder, startling everyone.

David abruptly opened his eyes, a flicker of disbelief in his purple pupils.

Two figures emerged from the void.

One 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 carrying a composure and majesty beyond his years, his eyes like unfathomable pools.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, yet his aura sent a chill down everyone's spine.

It was the aura of the demonic fire, profound and domineering, seemingly capable of incinerating everything in the world.

Ning Zhi.

Beside him stood a woman, wearing a fiery red dress, its hem billowing in the cold wind like a burning flame dancing in the breeze.

Her long hair flew in the wind, each strand radiating a scorching light, like burning threads of fire.

She was surrounded by intense flames, a dark red light enveloping her, emanating a chillingly hot aura. Her

cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but the bloodline power contained within those flames was extremely special… a Fire Spirit Body, a fully activated Fire Spirit Body.

Barbara.

The two walked side by side, the bluish-black and dark red flames intertwining, casting a long shadow in the moonlight, like messengers descended from another world.

All the demonic cultivators were stunned.

They looked at Barbara, at that fiery red figure, their eyes filled with surprise and excitement.

Especially the disciples of the Flame Demon lineage, who were moved to tears, recognizing their Holy Maiden.

"Holy Maiden!"

“The Holy Maiden is back!”

“The Holy Maiden has come to save us!”

Barbara looked at the excitedly shouting demonic cultivators, a complex light flashing in her dark red eyes.

Looking at the injured David, a strange sense of familiarity welled up within her.

Elder Shenmu frowned.

He looked at Ning Zhi and Barbara, then at David, a cold smile curving his lips: “Two more suicide missions? Two seventh-grade Golden Immortals, plus one second-grade Golden Immortal, think they can contend with me?”

“Do you think numbers are useful? In the face of absolute strength, numbers are just numbers!”

Ning Zhi didn’t speak.

He simply walked forward step by step, dark blue flames burning around him. Each step left a charred footprint on the ice, the edges of which still smoldered.

The ice sizzled beneath his feet, the sound of the ice being scorched and evaporated by the flames.

His gaze fell on Elder Shenmu, and the extreme calm in his eyes made Elder Shenmu feel a strange unease.

There was no fear, no anger in those eyes, only a chilling calm, as if the person standing before him was not a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, but prey destined to be killed.

He stopped beside David, glanced at him, and spoke softly, only David could hear: “David, helping you now doesn’t mean I won’t kill you later. These are two different things.”

David looked at Ning Zhi, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and a slight smile appeared on his lips.

His voice was hoarse, but carried a hint of a smile: “Alright.” “Let’s kill this old bastard together today, and we’ll deal with the rest later.”

Ning Zhi nodded, turning his gaze to Elder Shenmu.

“You insulted demonic cultivators?”

His voice remained calm, but carried a chilling undercurrent, like an undercurrent beneath a millennium-old glacier. “I’m a demonic cultivator too. You insulted demonic cultivators, so I’ll take you down.”

Elder Shenmu’s face darkened: “Ignorant brat! Since you all want to die, I’ll grant your wish!” He

abruptly channeled his spiritual power, golden light surging around him and transforming into a massive golden pillar of light that simultaneously hurtled towards Ning Zhi and David.

The pillar of light resembled a roaring golden dragon, carrying the power to destroy everything in its path. Wherever it passed, ice melted, space distorted, and the air exploded; its power was far more terrifying than any of his previous attacks.

Ning Zhi moved.

He raised his right hand, and a dark blue flame condensed in his palm, transforming into a dark blue pillar of fire that met the golden pillar of light head-on.

The flame's color was incredibly deep, like dark magma burning with azure light. Flames emanated a suffocating aura of destruction.

The moment the flames appeared, the surrounding space began to distort violently; even the moisture on the ice surface evaporated into white mist, churning in the night sky.

At the same time, David moved.

He took a deep breath, forcing his last bit of strength from his dantian. The Dragon-Slaying Sword swirled in his hand, its purple light like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, slashing at the weakest point of the golden pillar of light from the side.

His eyes flashed with resolute determination; this sword strike carried all his conviction and will.

The two attacks simultaneously struck the golden pillar of light.

"Boom—!" With a deafening

roar, the golden pillar of light shattered under the combined attack of the two strikes, dissipating into countless golden specks in the air.

The shockwave swept in all directions, blasting a massive crater into the surrounding ice. The crater's edges were riddled with cracks, spreading outwards like a spiderweb.

Shards of ice and rock rained down, striking the surrounding cultivators and forcing them to retreat.

Elder Shenmu staggered back several steps, his footsteps creating deep craters in the ice beneath his feet.

His expression shifted slightly as he looked at Ning Zhi. A hint of seriousness crept into his eyes.

He could sense an extremely domineering power contained within Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames.

Although that power was only at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, its destructive force was in no way inferior to that of a ninth-rank Golden Immortal.

The flames seemed to originate from the depths of hell, carrying a primal destructive power capable of burning everything in their path.

David's chaotic power was the source of all laws; although its realm was low, it always managed to find the openings in his attacks at the most crucial moments, like a nimble little snake specifically targeting his vital points.

These two, working together, were actually able to temporarily contend with him.

Chapter 6689

"Interesting."

Elder Shenmu sneered, his contempt lessening slightly. "But that's all!"

Golden light surged again, his figure transforming into a golden streak as he charged towards Ning Zhi.

He decided to deal with this seemingly more dangerous seventh-grade Golden Immortal first.

The threat posed by those bluish-black flames was more direct and ferocious than David's chaotic power.

Ning Zhi didn't back down.

Bluish-black flames burned around him, transforming him into a bluish-black fireball, directly confronting the golden streak.

The two collided in the void like two high-speed stars.

Golden divine light and bluish-black flames intertwined, each collision unleashing a deafening roar, like two mountains colliding in mid-air.

Shockwaves swept in all directions, forcibly interrupting the surrounding battle for a moment; cultivators too close were even directly thrown away by the shockwaves.

The light flickered, gold and bluish-black intertwining, entwining, devouring, and tearing apart, making it impossible to see what was happening inside.

David wasn't idle either.

Taking advantage of Elder Shenmu's entanglement with Ning Zhi, he forcefully suppressed the surging blood and qi within his body. With a flash, the seed of spatial law rapidly spun within him, and his body appeared out of thin air beside Elder Shenmu. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword, like a lurking venomous snake, silently pierced out, aiming directly for Elder Shenmu's ribs.

That was the weakest point of his protective divine light, the spot previously burned by Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames.

Elder Shenmu was forced to divert his attention. Golden light condensed into a shield under his ribs, blocking David's sword thrust.

But in this moment of distraction, Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames had already reached his chest like a persistent, insidious affliction.

"Pfft—!"

A charred wound appeared on Elder Shenmu's chest from the bluish-black flames, the edges of the wound curled and blackened, revealing the scorched flesh beneath.

Golden blood seeped from the wound, dripping onto the ice surface, corroding it into tiny pits.

His face turned extremely ugly, the contempt in his eyes finally vanishing, replaced by genuine solemnity and anger.

"You… do indeed have some skill."

Elder Shenmu's voice turned cold, each word carrying suppressed rage, "But I've lived for tens of thousands of years, what kind of opponent haven't I seen? Do you think you can kill me like this?"

He suddenly activated all his spiritual power, golden light exploding around him, transforming into a golden shockwave that burst out in all directions.

The shockwave contained the terrifying power of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, blasting Ning Zhi and David away simultaneously.

Ning Zhi's figure tumbled several times in mid-air before landing on the ice, his feet carving a long furrow in the ice, scattering ice fragments everywhere.

A trace of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, but his eyes remained calm as ever, as if he hadn't just been blasted away.

He raised his hand to wipe the blood from his mouth, glanced at it, and then raised his head again, his gaze still locked on Elder Shenmu.

David was also knocked back dozens of feet, his injuries worsening.

His chest heaved violently as he gasped for breath, each breath carrying the metallic taste of blood.

He knelt on one knee, using the Dragon-Slaying Sword for support, his purple eyes still burning with an indomitable fighting spirit.

“David!” Jiang Xuelan’s voice was filled with urgent worry. She wanted to rush over, but was blocked by several divine cultivators.

“I’m alright…” David gritted his teeth, standing up from the ground, his steps slightly unsteady, but still standing firmly. “I can still fight.”

Ning Zhi glanced at David, his voice still calm: “Attack together.”

David nodded: “Okay.”

The two moved simultaneously.

David’s figure transformed into a gray streak of light, charging towards Elder Shenmu from the front. The Dragon-Slaying Sword drew a dazzling purple arc in the air, aiming straight for Elder Shenmu’s throat.

His movements were faster and fiercer than before, as if he had burned all his life into this one sword strike.

Ning Zhi’s figure transformed into a bluish-black afterimage, appearing behind Elder Shenmu like a ghost. Bluish-black flames condensed in his palm, transforming into a burning blade, aiming straight for Elder Shenmu’s back.

Attacked from both sides.

Elder Shenmu had no choice but to fight back with all his might.

Golden light transformed into a golden barrier around his body, like a giant golden egg, completely enveloping him and blocking both David’s sword and Ning Zhi’s fire.

But at this moment, Barbara also moved.

She did not rush towards Elder Shenmu, but instead rushed towards the direction where Lei Wanjun and the Hall Master of the Holy Light Palace were.

Dark red flames raged around her, transforming into a long, fiery whip that lashed out at Lei Wanjun like a burning python.

“Your opponent is me!” Barbara’s voice was cold and resolute, her dark red eyes blazing with fierce fighting spirit.

Lei Wanjun was taken aback, then sneered, “A mere seventh-grade Golden Immortal dares to stop us?”

“Why don’t you try and see?”

The dark red fiery whip traced a scorching trajectory in the air, carrying a terrifying heat capable of incinerating everything, and crashed down towards Lei Wanjun’s head.

Lei Wanjun had no choice but to raise his magical weapon to defend himself. Golden lightning collided with the dark red flames, sizzling like oil being poured into a pan, creating a cloud of white smoke.

“I’ll hold her off! You go kill those demonic cultivators!”

Lei Wanjun shouted to the elite Divine Race behind him. He didn’t want to be entangled with this girl; he wanted to support Elder Shenmu.

“Trying to escape?”

Barbara sneered, her flames surging once more, the dark red light enveloping an area of several dozen feet, like a giant fiery cage. “Get past me first!”

Her figure weaved through the flames like a burning phoenix, each flap of her wings carrying scorching waves of fire.

Her moves were sharp and ruthless, without a single superfluous movement, each strike carrying a resolute determination to destroy everything.

She didn't know why she was fighting so desperately; seeing those demonic cultivators slaughtered filled her with an uncontrollable rage and grief.

Although Lei Wanjun's cultivation level was a rank higher than hers, under her relentless fighting style, he was forced to retreat repeatedly, without even a chance to catch his breath.

Meanwhile, David and Ning Zhi's attack on Elder Shenmu grew increasingly fierce.

David's sword moved faster and faster, the purple sword light weaving into an impenetrable net in the void, like a giant spider web, completely sealing off Elder Shenmu's escape routes.

Each sword strike carried the destructive aura of chaotic power, relentlessly tearing at the weak points of the golden barrier.

Ning Zhi's flames grew increasingly intense, their bluish-black light spreading through the void like burning venomous snakes, gnawing at Elder Shenmu's golden barrier from every angle, constantly eroding, scorching, and penetrating. Elder Shenmu

's pressure grew heavier and heavier.

Although his cultivation level was as high as the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, he felt an unprecedented strain facing the combined attack of these two.

David's chaotic power always managed to find the weak points in his defense, like an experienced thief specifically targeting keyholes.

Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames possessed an almost unreasonable ability to penetrate defenses, like a heavy hammer striking thin ice, each impact leaving deep cracks in the golden barrier.

These two attacks intertwined, causing his golden barrier to begin to appear covered with dense cracks, like a spider web spreading across its entire surface.

Chapter 6690

"Damn it!" Elder Shenmu gritted his teeth, golden light exploding around him in an attempt to repel the two.

But he had barely managed to push back David and Ning Zhi, and before he could even catch his breath, David charged forward again.

The gray figure was like an unkillable cockroach, getting up again and again, charging forward once more, as if fighting was the only belief in his life.

"Old bastard, weren't you very arrogant just now?"

David's voice carried a hint of mockery and provocation, his purple eyes burning with an almost insane flame. "Why aren't you arrogant now? Didn't you say you could crush me with one hand? Come on! Crush me!"

Elder Shenmu's face turned ashen: "You're courting death!"

The golden palm print struck out again, slamming down towards David's head.

That palm print carried the destructive power of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, enough to turn a small mountain into dust.

This time, David didn't take the blow head-on. He flashed, using the seed of spatial law to teleport dozens of feet away, causing the palm strike to miss, leaving a huge palm-shaped crater on the ice.

Meanwhile, Ning Zhi's attack came from the side.

A bluish-black flame, like a burning blade, pierced through Elder Shenmu's protective divine light, which had weakened momentarily due to the exertion of force.

The flame, like a venomous snake, burrowed into Elder Shenmu's shoulder, burning, spreading, and diffusing within his flesh, leaving a charred wound, the edges of which even revealed charred bone.

"Ah—!"

Elder Shenmu cried out in excruciating pain, golden blood gushing from the wound, splashing onto the ice like blooming golden flowers.

His body stiffened abruptly, the golden barrier momentarily pausing.

"Got it."

Ning Zhi's voice remained calm, but a glint of light finally flashed in his eyes.

A slight smile curved his lips, the first smile he had shown since the start of the battle—a cold and deadly smile.

David charged forward again.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword struck like a torrential downpour, each strike carrying the destructive pressure of chaotic power, aiming for Elder Shenmu's wounds and vital points.

His swordplay was like a storm, relentless and unwavering, each strike

delivered with full force. Ning Zhi's flames followed closely, blocking Elder Shenmu's escape routes from all angles, like fiery serpents coiling around their prey.

Elder Shenmu finally could not withstand the onslaught.

His golden barrier shattered under the combined attack of the two, like broken glass, golden fragments scattering and dissipating into specks of golden light in the air.

Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames surged into his body like a torrent, scorching his meridians, burning his dantian, and evaporating his spiritual energy.

David's Dragon-Slaying Sword followed closely behind, its purple light piercing through his chest, pulverizing his heart and meridians.

Elder Shenmu's body stiffened abruptly, the light in his eyes dimming rapidly like a candle flickering in the wind.

His lips moved slightly, golden blood gushing from the corners of his mouth, as if he wanted to say something, but ultimately uttered no words.

His body plummeted from mid-air, crashing heavily onto the ice, kicking up a cloud of ice shards and dust.

His eyes remained open, filled with disbelief and resentment. Even

in death, he couldn't believe that he had been killed by a junior at the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm and a junior at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm working together.

Silence fell over the icy plain.

Everyone stared at Elder Shenmu's corpse, at the once high and mighty, invincible ninth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert.

Now, he lay on the ice like a dead dog, golden blood gushing from his wounds, staining the surrounding ice a dazzling gold.

Then, the demonic cultivators erupted in a deafening cheer.

“Elder Shenmu is dead!”

“A ninth-grade Golden Immortal elder of the Divine Race has been killed by Mr. Chen and Lord Ning Zhi!”

“Hahaha! You Divine Race scum, your backer is dead!”

“Kill! Slaughter all these Divine Race scum!”

The demonic cultivators’ morale erupted like a volcano, their previously crumbling defenses becoming impregnable once more.

They roared, howled, and screamed, their eyes burning with the flames of revenge, their hearts filled with unprecedented power.

They charged towards the still-stunned Divine Race and Human Race cultivators.

The Divine Race cultivators, however, were as if their backbone had been ripped out; their faces were ashen, their eyes filled with terror and disbelief.

Their strongest reliance, the ninth-grade Golden Immortal Elder Shenmu, was dead! Their last hope, the arrogant elder of the Divine Race’s main hall, had been killed by two juniors working together!

“Elder Shenmu…is dead?”

“A ninth-grade Golden Immortal elder is dead…what…what do we do?”

“Run! We can’t stay on this battlefield any longer!”

Some began to retreat, some threw down their magical artifacts, and some turned and ran.

The golden light was no longer dazzling, but became chaotic and panicked, like a flock of startled birds scattering in all directions.

But David and Ning Zhi would not give them a chance to escape.

“Ning Zhi, Flame Seal!” David’s voice echoed across the battlefield, carrying an unquestionable authority.

Ning Zhi nodded.

He raised his hands, and dark blue flames surged from his palms, transforming into a huge wall of fire that spread in all directions.

The wall of fire grew higher and thicker, eventually enveloping the ice plains for hundreds of miles around, forming a huge cage of fire.

The flames burned in the night sky, dyeing the moonlight dark blue, like the gates of hell opening on the ice plains.

“Trying to run? All of you stay here!”

Ning Zhi’s voice, as cold as ice, echoed within the fiery cage. “Today, none of you will leave!”

The powerful members of the Divine Race, including Lei Wanjun and the Lord of the Holy Light Palace, were gripped by unprecedented panic.

Lei Wanjun was still locked in combat with Barbara when he heard Elder Shenmu’s screams of agony. His heart sank, as if he had fallen into an abyss.

He knew that if Elder Shenmu died, none of them could survive. If

even a ninth-grade Golden Immortal couldn’t save his own life, how long could they, eighth-grade Golden Immortals, hold out?

He unleashed a sudden attack, temporarily forcing Barbara back, then turned to flee.

Golden lightning exploded beneath his feet, and he transformed into a golden bolt of lightning, frantically fleeing towards the fiery cage.

But how could Barbara let him escape?

“Trying to leave?”

Barbara sneered, a resolute glint flashing in her dark red eyes.

Flames erupted from her body, a dark red light exploding like a volcanic eruption, transforming into a long chain of fire that wrapped around Lei Wanjun’s ankle like a burning chain.

“Get out of my way!” Lei Wanjun roared, his magical weapon slashing fiercely at Barbara, golden lightning falling like divine punishment.

But Barbara neither dodged nor evaded.

Gritting her teeth, she yanked the chain of fire, using all her strength to forcefully pull Lei Wanjun back.

A charred gash grazed her shoulder, bleeding profusely, but she seemed oblivious to the pain.