# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 6691

At the same time, David arrived.

“Lei Wanjun!”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword, carrying the destructive pressure of chaotic power, descended like a divine punishment from the heavens, fiercely slashing towards Lei Wanjun’s head.

Lei Wanjun frantically raised his magical artifact to defend, golden lightning condensing into a lightning shield before him. However, the artifact was as fragile as paper before the chaotic power, cleaved in two by a single sword strike, fragments scattering everywhere.

A purple sword light cleaved from Lei Wanjun’s head to his chest, splitting his body in two.

Golden blood gushed out like a fountain, splashing onto the ice and onto Barbara’s fiery red skirt. Lei

Wanjun, the patriarch of the Thunder God Clan, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Palace, seeing Lei Wanjun killed, was terrified.

He turned and ran, recklessly channeling his spiritual power, rushing towards the fiery cage. His speed was incredible; golden light exploded beneath his feet, his figure like a golden meteor.

But he had only taken a few steps when a bluish-black flame blocked his path.

Ning Zhi emerged from the flames, the bluish-black firelight burning behind him, making him appear like an emissary from hell.

His eyes were calm and cold as he looked at the Lord of the Holy Light Palace as if he were a man already destined to die.

“Since you’ve come, don’t leave.”

The bluish-black flames surged forth like a torrent, engulfing the Lord of the Holy Light Palace.

A scream rang out from within the flames, shrill and brief, before quickly disappearing.

Golden light struggled for a few moments in the bluish-black flames before extinguishing completely.

The Lord of the Holy Light Palace, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

With the fall of one powerful divine being after another, the situation on the battlefield completely reversed.

The demonic cultivators’ morale soared, like dry tinder being ignited, their flames burning fiercely.

They roared as they charged towards the divine and human cultivators who had lost their will to fight, their magical weapons burning with vengeful fury, each strike carrying a determination to kill.

The divine cultivators were like spineless mollusks; some knelt and begged for mercy, some scattered and fled, and some even gave up resistance, being slaughtered by the demonic cultivators like chopping vegetables.

As for the human cultivators, they were completely thrown into chaos.

They had joined the battle because of the allure of the divine golden cores.

But now all the powerful members of the divine race were dead; not only could they not obtain the golden cores, but they also faced the retaliation of the crazed demonic cultivators.

Fear and regret gnawed at their hearts like venomous snakes, making them tremble and their legs go weak.

“We were wrong! We surrender!”

“Spare us! We were bewitched by the divine race!”

“We will never dare again!”

Some of the human cultivators threw down their magical artifacts, knelt on the ground and begged, their foreheads slamming heavily against the ice, leaving them bloodied and mangled.

Some wept bitterly, some curled up in a ball trembling, and some tried to escape but were blocked by the demonic cultivators.

But how could the demonic cultivators let them go?

“Now you know you’re wrong? Too late!”

“When you slaughtered our compatriots, did you ever think of sparing them?”

“Kill them! Leave no one alive! Blood debts must be repaid in blood!”

Mo Yuan stood in the crowd, his black longsword, stained with golden blood, pointing at the human cultivators, his voice hoarse and cold: “When they killed us, they didn’t think of showing any mercy. Now that they’re begging for mercy, we should forgive them? On what grounds?”

“Kill!”

The roars of the demonic cultivators swept across the battlefield like a tsunami.

David stood not far away, watching the fleeing soldiers being chased by the demonic cultivators, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

His body was covered in wounds, his gray robe soaked in blood, turning dark red, but he still stood straight, like an unbreakable spear.

A human cultivator at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm stumbled to him and knelt down with a thud; it was the same human powerhouse who had spoken to David earlier.

His face was filled with fear and remorse, his clothes were tattered, and blood and tears mingled on his forehead. His voice trembled: “Mr. Chen… Mr. Chen, please… spare us… We were forced by the gods… We will never dare to do it again… never dare to do it again…”

David looked down at him, his purple eyes as cold as ancient glaciers, devoid of any warmth: “When you were serving as cannon fodder for the gods, did you ever think of sparing these demonic cultivators? When you slaughtered them, did you feel even a shred of pity?”

The human cultivator opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but looking into David’s icy eyes, he couldn’t utter a single word.

His lips moved a few times, and finally he lowered his head.

David raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a flash of purple light.

The human cultivator's body fell to the ground, golden blood gushing from his neck, staining the ice red.

His eyes were still open, filled with regret and resentment.

"Kill," David's voice was soft.

The demonic cultivators roared and charged forward, completely crushing the human cultivators' last resistance.

Swords flashed, screams filled the air, blood splattered.

A massacre.

A one-sided massacre.

From midnight to dawn, from dawn to noon, from noon to dusk, the battle lasted a full day and night.

The icy plains were littered with corpses, golden and dark red blood mingling to form crisscrossing streams that flowed slowly across the ice, gurgling softly.

Fragments of magical artifacts lay scattered everywhere, broken armor and shattered weapons carpeting the battlefield like discarded iron.

Under the moonlight, the corpses stood like silent sculptures, silently recounting the brutality of the battle.

David stood amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his gray robe soaked to a dark red, blood still dripping from his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

His face was expressionless, his purple eyes holding only a bottomless calm. His body was covered in wounds, yet he stood ramrod straight.

Ning Zhi stood not far away, dark blue flames slowly burning around him, incinerating the remaining soldiers who tried to approach.

A trace of blood clung to the corner of his mouth, but his eyes remained calm.

Barbara stood beside him, her fiery red dress fluttering in the cold wind, her dark red eyes flashing with complex light.

She looked at the slaughtered human cultivators, a flicker of pity in her eyes, but that pity vanished upon seeing the jubilant demonic cultivators.

Jiang Xuelan stepped out from the crowd, walked to David's side, and took his blood-stained hand in hers.

Her palm was icy, yet carried a reassuring strength.

"Is it over?" Her voice was soft, as if afraid of shattering something.

David gazed at the distant horizon, the moonlight casting a long shadow. His voice was hoarse, yet tinged with a sense of relief: "It's over."

Barbara watched David and Jiang Xuelan holding hands, a sudden, inexplicable pang of pain shooting through her heart. She didn't know why.

Seeing David so intimate with a strange woman made her uncomfortable.

Could it be that she and David really knew each other before?

Was she really his woman before?

Barbara's mind raced with these thoughts.

Meanwhile, Ning Zhi hovered in mid-air, quietly watching David.

"David, I'll be waiting for you in the twentieth heaven. After I've wiped out those pretentious bastards of the twentieth heaven's divine race, I'll wipe you out,"

Ning Zhi said calmly.

“Alright, I’m ready anytime. But you’ve always been a defeated opponent. Wiping me out won’t be so easy,”

David smiled.

“We’ll see then.” Ning Zhi finished speaking and looked at Barbara, “Senior Sister, let’s go.”

Barbara nodded and followed Ning Zhi into the void. However, Barbara glanced back at David; at this moment, she seemed to value him more.

Mo Yuan, Yan Lie, and the others were completely dumbfounded upon hearing the conversation between David and Ning Zhi.

Just moments ago, the two were fighting side-by-side, like close friends.

How could they suddenly turn around and start killing each other?

“Mr. Chen, who is that person?” Mo Yuan asked疑惑地.

“Someone who’s been chasing me. He’s been chasing me from the mortal realm to the celestial realm, and then to the celestial realm. He’s always wanted to kill me,” David said.

“Why?” Yan Lie also leaned forward.

“Because I killed his father…” David said.

Mo Yuan: “……”

Yan Lie: “……”

Jiang Xuelan: “……”

# Chapter 6692

“Kid, you killed his father, and he’s still helping you. This guy’s not bad,” Xuanzhenzi said with a smile.

“If you think he’s good, you can become sworn brothers with him,” David said.

“Forget it, I’m your bodyguard. If I become sworn brothers with him, and he wants to kill you, who am I supposed to help?”

Xuanzhenzi waved his hand.

David glanced at the bewildered group and said in a deep voice, “Do

n’t just stand there. Have everyone quickly clean up the battlefield and collect the spoils. We’ve killed so many people, there must be a lot of resources.” Mo Yuan was the first to come to his senses. He wiped the blood off his face and shouted loudly to the demonic cultivators behind him, “Did you hear me! Get moving! Take everything you can! Pills, magic weapons, storage rings, spirit stones, don’t leave anything behind!”

“Quick! Before the smell of blood attracts too many demonic beasts, take everything you can!” Yan Lie also directed the disciples of Yanmo Ridge to move.

Although the demonic cultivators had just endured a fierce battle, some exhausted, others wounded, their eyes lit up at the mention of “spoils of war.”

They began moving swiftly and methodically across the battlefield, looting everything of value from the divine and human cultivators—storage rings, storage bags, magical artifacts, pills, spirit stones, and more.

Some searched corpses, others pieced together broken magical artifacts, and still others collected scattered pill bottles; the entire battlefield resembled a bustling market.

Golden and dark red blood flowed beneath their feet, but they paid no heed. These were cultivation resources, things that could make them stronger.

“Haha! This guy has over twenty seventh-grade Golden Immortal pills!”

“I found quite a few here too! His storage ring is full of top-grade crystals!”

“This divine cultivator’s magical artifact is still usable; with some repair, it’ll be a superb weapon!”

The demonic cultivators’ excited voices rose and fell, the fatigue and fear of the battle seemingly washed away by the spoils.

Nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators toiled on the icy plains for two full hours, gathering all valuable resources from the battlefield at several makeshift supply points.

David stood beside the supply points, gazing at the mountains of spoils.

Crystals, pills, magical artifacts, cultivation manuals, jade slips, spiritual materials… a dazzling array, radiating multicolored light, shimmering alluringly in the moonlight.

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie stepped forward, both their faces beaming with joy.

Mo Yuan roughly estimated, his voice brimming with barely suppressed excitement: “Mr. Chen, this harvest is enormous! There are millions of top-grade crystals alone, and countless high-grade crystals.

There are at least tens of thousands of pills, thousands of magical artifacts, and some jade slips containing cultivation techniques and secret arts unique to the divine race… These resources are enough for our nearly ten thousand people to cultivate for decades!”

David nodded, a hint of satisfaction flashing in his purple eyes.

Mo Yuan paused, hesitated for a moment, and then asked, “Mr. Chen, how should these spoils of war be distributed? You’ve also contributed a lot; how much do you think is appropriate for you to take?”

David looked at Mo Yuan, then at Yan Lie, a slight smile playing on his lips.

He held up five fingers: “Fifty percent.”

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie’s expressions froze instantly.

Fifty percent?

The spoils of war fought and killed by nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators—David wanted to take fifty percent of them all?

This is too…ruthless.

The two looked troubled. Mo Yuan opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but looking into David’s calm purple eyes, he felt a chill rise from the bottom of his heart.

David looked at their expressions, the smile on his face not disappearing, but his voice held a chilling coldness: “What? You don’t want to give half? Fine, I’ll just kill you all and take all the resources, saving you the trouble of dividing them.” Upon

hearing this, Mo Yuan and Yan Lie’s faces instantly turned deathly pale.

They had no doubt that David was capable of what he said.

They had clearly seen the ruthlessness this young man displayed in the bloody battle just now. He had

single-handedly withstood dozens of moves from Elder Shenmu, a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, without retreating an inch, and finally joined forces with Ning Zhi to kill him. This strength and bloodthirstiness were no joke.

“Give it to me! Fifty percent! Fifty percent!”

Mo Yuan waved his hands repeatedly, cold sweat beading on his forehead. “Mr. Chen should take fifty percent! Without Mr. Chen, we would have died at the hands of those hunters long ago! These resources were earned by Mr. Chen with his life!”

“Yes, yes, yes!”

Yan Lie nodded hurriedly as well. “Fifty percent is not much! Not at all! Mr. Chen, please take it!”

David looked at the two of them, who seemed to be facing a formidable enemy, and couldn’t help but laugh. He waved his hand and said, “Just kidding. I’ll take thirty percent. You can divide the rest among yourselves. After all, these demonic cultivators have fought to the death with you, and it hasn’t been easy for them.”

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie were stunned at first, and then they realized that David had deliberately scared them.

A look of bewilderment appeared on their faces, but more than anything, they were relieved and glad.

“Mr. Chen, your joke… almost gave this old man a heart attack…” Mo Yuan wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

David didn’t reply. He took out about thirty percent of the resources from the piles of spoils and put them into his storage ring.

Although these resources were only thirty percent for nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators, they were an astronomical sum for him alone.

Millions of top-grade crystals, thousands of high-grade pills, dozens of decent-quality magic artifacts, and a large amount of spiritual materials and cultivation technique jade slips.

“This is enough,” David muttered to himself.

He turned around and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

She had been standing not far away, not participating in cleaning up the battlefield, but just quietly watching him, her icy blue eyes filled with concern and a complex light.

David walked up to her, his voice softening slightly: “Next, we’ll go to the twentieth heaven.”

Jiang Xuelan’s pupils contracted slightly. After a moment of silence, she slowly spoke: “David… I’ll go to the twentieth heaven with you?”

“Of course,” David nodded.

Jiang Xuelan lowered her head, a hint of hesitation and struggle flashing in her icy blue eyes: “But… my cultivation level is too low, I’m only at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The twentieth heaven is the territory of the Divine Clan’s main hall, and the experts there are at least at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and there are even ninth-rank Golden Immortal Realm beings or higher… If I go with you, I’ll only be a burden, unable to help you…”

Her voice grew softer and softer, the last few words almost inaudible.

She was genuinely worried, worried that she would become a burden to David, worried that she would hold him back at a crucial moment.

# Chapter 6693

David looked at her dejected appearance, and a slight thought stirred within him.

He reached out and lifted her chin, making her meet his gaze with her icy blue eyes. A gentle smile curved his lips: “Who said you’re a burden? Have you forgotten what I have?”

He raised his other hand, and with a flash of light, a small black pagoda appeared in his palm.

The pagoda was entirely black, covered with densely packed ancient runes, each rune slowly shimmering with silver light, radiating a profound power of time and space.

The Demon-Suppressing Pagoda.

Jiang Xuelan looked at the Demon Suppression Tower, a hint of realization flashing in her icy blue eyes: “You mean…”

“Yes.”

David nodded, his voice filled with confidence, “The Demon Suppression Tower has a time acceleration function; one hundred days inside the tower is equivalent to one day outside. Moreover, I obtained a large amount of resources this time, enough for our cultivation needs. Plus, with bloodline fusion…”

He paused, his smile deepening, “Do you remember the effects of our bloodline fusion before? If we cultivate together in the Demon Suppression Tower, your cultivation speed will be more than a hundred times faster than usual.

A few years is equivalent to only ten days outside, enough to push you to the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm or even higher.”

Jiang Xuelan’s cheeks flushed slightly; of course, she remembered the effects of bloodline fusion.

That profound feeling of merging power and sharing aura not only rapidly improved cultivation but also made their cooperation more seamless.

More importantly, after bloodline fusion, Jiang Xuelan experienced the pleasures of womanhood, a feeling even more exhilarating than ascension.

But she still hesitated: “But… even if I reach the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, the Twentieth Heaven is, after all, the main hall of the Divine Race, where a Divine Emperor at the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm is stationed…”

“So we need more people.”

David’s voice carried a hint of deeper meaning. “Although the main hall of the Divine Race is powerful, it is not monolithic. Besides, don’t you want to go to the Twentieth Heaven, find that Divine Emperor, and seek justice for the oppression suffered by the Ice God lineage over the years?”

Jiang Xuelan’s body trembled violently.

“I…” Jiang Xuelan’s lips trembled a few times, her icy blue eyes surging with complex light, finally turning into a firm resolve, “I’ll go.”

David looked at her eyes, which had rekindled their fighting spirit, and the corners of his mouth slightly curved up: “This is the Jiang Xuelan I know.”

He turned and walked towards the direction of the rift in the Land of the Fallen Emperor: “Let’s go. Time is of the essence, we need to improve our strength as soon as possible.”

Jiang Xuelan quickly followed.

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie were both stunned when they saw David and Jiang Xuelan walking towards the Land of the Fallen Emperor.

Mo Yuan quickly caught up and asked, “Mr. Chen, what brings you here…?”

“Xue Lan and I are going into seclusion in the Land of Fallen Emperors for a while.”

David glanced back at him. “You can go home now. The Divine Race has been wiped out; no one will harm you anymore.”

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie exchanged a glance and nodded. “Thank you, Mr. Chen. If there’s anything we can do for you in the future, we’ll do our utmost.”

After saying that, Mo Yuan and Yan Lie led their men away and returned to their home.

David looked at Xuan Zhenzi and said, “Old Xuan, you take your disciple and guard outside. When I come out of seclusion, we’ll go to the Twentieth Heaven.”

“No problem, but you have to leave some of your resources for me. I’ve put in a lot of effort too.”

Xuan Zhenzi’s eyes turned red when he saw that David had taken thirty percent of the resources.

“Following me, you’ll definitely get your share,” David said, casually handing Xuan Zhenzi 500,000 high-grade crystals.

Xuan Zhenzi grinned, “You two go ahead. Be careful while you’re in seclusion, don’t bring the baby out, I’ll watch the child for you.”

Jiang Xuelan blushed and glanced at David.

They were definitely going to cultivate together in seclusion.

David glared at Xuan Zhenzi and led Jiang Xuelan into the massive void rift.

Gray light enveloped their figures, spatial turbulence surged around them, but automatically avoided them like docile sheep.

The rift slowly closed behind them, completely swallowing their figures.

…

The Land of Fallen Emperors.

In the gray void, David and Jiang Xuelan reappeared.

All around was endless nothingness and floating strange matter, shattered star fragments, solidified light, and torn fragments of laws slowly floating in the void, emitting various colors of light.

David looked around, chose a relatively stable area of the void, and summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The black tower floated in the void, silver runes flowing rapidly across its surface like living things, releasing increasingly intense spatial fluctuations.

The tower began to grow, gradually increasing in size from the size of a palm to several meters, then tens of meters high, finally transforming into a towering, entirely black structure standing in the gray void.

The tower doors slowly opened, releasing a rich spiritual energy and profound temporal power.

“Let’s go in,” David said, taking Jiang Xuelan’s hand as they entered the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The interior was much larger than it appeared from the outside; it was a spacious hall, its walls covered with ancient runes that emitted a soft glow.

In the center of the hall was an open space paved with soft bluestone, its surface engraved with a spirit-gathering array that continuously drew in the surrounding spiritual energy.

David sat cross-legged on the bluestone, Jiang Xuelan sitting opposite him.

After a moment of eye contact, David retrieved a large amount of cultivation resources from his storage ring.

Top-grade crystals were piled up like small mountains around them, various pills floated in the air emitting a rich medicinal fragrance, and several golden crystals containing the essence of Dao emitted a soft light.

“Let’s begin,” David’s voice was calm. “First cultivate, then fuse your bloodlines.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded, closed her eyes, and began to circulate the power of the Ice God.

Icy blue cold air flowed around her, mingling with the surrounding spiritual energy and emitting a faint hum.

David also closed his eyes, his chaotic power slowly circulating within his body, absorbing the surrounding spiritual energy and the energy from the crystals.

The time flow in the Demon Suppression Tower was a hundred times faster than outside; a hundred days inside the tower were equivalent to only one day outside. He had plenty of time.

The cultivation process was long and tedious, but for cultivators, it felt like being immersed in a warm ocean, with each breath bringing an increase in strength.

David’s cultivation steadily improved from the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, his chaotic power surging through his meridians like giant gray dragons, tempering every inch of his meridians and dantian.

The seed of the Law of Space slowly rotated in his dantian, radiating a silvery light that grew brighter and larger.

The seed of the Law of Time was also sprouting, its profound fluctuations becoming increasingly apparent.

# Chapter 6694

Jiang Xuelan's cultivation speed was even more astonishing.

Her Ice God Power received a wealth of resources, like a dried-up riverbed encountering a torrent, frantically devouring the surrounding spiritual energy.

Her meridians were widening, her dantian was expanding, and her Ice God Bloodline was activating, making her stronger every moment.

Golden Immortal Level 5, Golden Immortal Level 6…

her cultivation level soared like a rocket at an incredible speed.

But cultivation was only the beginning.

The real improvement came from bloodline fusion.

After both of their cultivation levels stabilized, David opened his eyes, looked at Jiang Xuelan opposite him, and said with a hint of gentleness in his voice, "Are you ready?"

Jiang Xuelan opened her eyes, a slight red flash in her icy blue eyes, and nodded gently.

David reached out and grasped her hand.

The power of chaos and the power of the Ice God flowed between the two of them, like two rivers converging, merging, intertwining, and tempering each other.

David slowly removed Jiang Xuelan's clothes and then gently pressed down on her.

The moment their bloodlines fused, both of their bodies trembled simultaneously.

The exhilarating sensation of merging powers coursed through her body like an electric current, every pore opening up, each breath carrying power into her limbs and bones.

Jiang Xuelan's cheeks flushed; she could feel her power increasing at an incredible speed.

Sixth Rank of Golden Immortal Realm, Seventh Rank of Golden Immortal Realm…

The icy blue light surged around her, the chill growing increasingly dense and pure, as if to freeze the entire Demon Suppression Tower into an ice cellar.

David could sense that the Ice God Bloodline within Jiang Xuelan was being fully activated; that ancient bloodline power was awakening like a sleeping dragon, radiating an ever-growing pressure.

Peak Seventh Rank of Golden Immortal Realm, Eighth Rank of Golden Immortal Realm…

The moment that barrier was broken, Jiang Xuelan's body shuddered violently, the icy blue light exploding around her like a blooming ice flower.

The chill swept in all directions, freezing the surrounding space into fine ice crystals, shimmering with diamond-like brilliance within the light.

Eighth Rank of Golden Immortal Realm.

She had broken through. Several years passed inside the

Demon

Suppression Tower, while only a dozen days had passed outside.

When David and Jiang Xuelan emerged from the tower, their auras had undergone a dramatic transformation.

David's cultivation had risen from the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm to its peak.

He had given most of the resources to Jiang Xuelan; although his own improvement wasn't as dramatic as hers, his foundation was extremely solid. His

chaotic power was more condensed than before, and the seeds of the spatial and temporal laws had fully sprouted, radiating a silvery light.

His strength was now incomparable to what it had been before.

Jiang Xuelan's transformation was even more astonishing.

She wore an ice-white long dress, her long hair as black as ink, and her ice-blue eyes shone like two dazzling cold stars. A dense chill surrounded her, freezing the surrounding air into tiny ice crystals.

Her cultivation had stabilized at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and the Ice God Bloodline within her was fully activated. The ancient pressure emanating from her caused the surrounding fragments of laws to give way.

"Eighth-grade Golden Immortal..."

Jiang Xuelan raised her hand, looking at the icy blue light flowing in her palm, her eyes filled with emotion. "I've been in the Demon Suppression Tower for several years, while only a dozen days have passed in the outside world... This feeling is so unreal."

"You'll get used to it." David smiled. "With the Demon Suppression Tower, it will be much faster to improve your cultivation level in the future."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, looking at David with a hint of curiosity in her icy blue eyes: “What cultivation level are you in now?”

“Peak of the second grade Golden Immortal,” David said. “However, my combat strength should be enough to deal with a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, and encountering a ninth-grade Golden Immortal shouldn’t be a big problem either.”

“So fast?” Jiang Xuelan was somewhat surprised.

“The growth rate of chaotic power is inherently faster than that of ordinary cultivation techniques,”

David said calmly. “Moreover, I haven’t fully refined the Dao essence I obtained in the Land of Fallen Emperors. Once I’ve fully refined it, I should be able to advance another grade or two.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, a gentle smile curving her lips. “Then let’s go, to the twentieth heaven.”

David nodded, turned around, and looked towards the exit of the Land of Fallen Emperors, a deep light flashing in his purple eyes.

…

On the icy plain at the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors, the cold wind was still biting.

When David and Jiang Xuelan emerged from the void rift, Xuan Zhenzi was sitting on an ice rock, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, legs crossed, looking quite leisurely.

A young Daoist boy squatted beside him, holding a spiritual fruit, his mouth full of juice.

Seeing the two of them come out, Xuan Zhenzi threw away the withered grass, stood up, and looked David and Jiang Xuelan up and down.

When his gaze swept over Jiang Xuelan, his cloudy eyes widened suddenly, and his mouth gaped open wide enough to fit an egg.

“Holy crap! Eighth-grade Golden Immortal?!”

Xuanzhenzi’s voice changed completely. “It’s only been a dozen days, right? What have you two been doing in there? I cultivated for tens of thousands of years to reach the peak of the eighth-grade Golden Immortal, and you, a mere fourth-grade Golden Immortal girl, caught up in just a dozen days?”

Jiang Xuelan was amused by his exaggerated expression, a mischievous glint in her icy blue eyes: “Senior, why don’t you try entering the Demon Suppression Tower? A few years inside is only a dozen days outside. Senior might even be able to break through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm.”

“Ahem…”

Xuanzhenzi coughed twice and waved his hand. “My body can’t withstand such exertion. Besides, if I go in, who will guard the gate for you outside?”

“Besides, I don’t have that many resources either. If I were a pretty girl, it wouldn’t matter. I could find a capable cultivation partner, do nothing, just take off my clothes and lie down, and the resources would come.”

The little Daoist boy raised his head, his mouth full of spiritual fruit, and mumbled, “Master, why do you get resources just by taking off your clothes and lying down?”

“Shut up!” Xuan Zhenzi glared at him. “Eat your fruit!”

Jiang Xuelan blushed, looking extremely embarrassed.

David looked at Xuan Zhenzi and couldn't help but shake his head. This guy was really cheeky, almost as bad as Hu Mazi. He just wondered how Hu Mazi was doing now.

David walked up to Xuan Zhenzi, took out a bag of crystals from his storage ring, and casually tossed it over.

"Senior, I still have some resources left. Adding the 500,000 high-grade crystals I gave you, some pills and magic tools, that should be enough for you for a while."

Xuan Zhenzi took the storage bag, probed it with his divine sense, and his expression instantly became interesting.

His eyes shone like two lanterns, and the wrinkles on his face smoothed out.

"Hehe, following you was definitely the right decision!"

Xuanzhenzi chuckled as he put away the storage bag, patting his chest. "Don't worry, from now on, I'm all yours! If you say go east, I'll never go west! If you say beat a dog, I'll never chase a chicken!"

# Chapter 6695

"Alright, stop joking." David waved his hand. "Let's go to the twentieth heaven."

Xuan Zhenzi's playful expression vanished, a glint of shrewdness flashing in his eyes. "The twentieth heaven? Are we going with just a few people? The main hall of the Divine Race there isn't to be trifled with."

"More people might not be useful."

David's voice was calm. "Let's go and see what's going on. Besides, the twentieth heaven isn't just for the Divine Race. We can use the conflicts between other people and the Divine Race."

Xuan Zhenzi thought for a moment and nodded. "That makes sense. Let's go then."

He turned and kicked the little Daoist boy's bottom. "Stop eating! Let's go!"

The little Daoist boy quickly stuffed the last bite of spiritual fruit into his mouth, his cheeks puffed out like a squirrel, mumbled a reply, and followed along.

The four of them—David, Jiang Xuelan, Xuan Zhenzi, and the little Daoist boy—stood together.

David summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower, and chaotic power surged into the tower, enveloping the four of them in silver light.

Space distorted, the scene blurred, and the next moment, they disappeared from the icy plain.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower possesses spatial teleportation capabilities. David intends to use it to traverse the void and reach the twentieth heaven, minimizing damage to them.

…

The twentieth heaven.

When David and his companions emerged from the spatial passage, they found themselves on a hillside.

Beneath their feet lay verdant grass, glistening with dewdrops that shimmered like diamonds in the pale golden sunlight.

In the distance stretched a range of mountains, their peaks soaring into the clouds, their summits capped with perpetual snow that reflected a dazzling white light in the sun.

The air was fresh and moist, carrying the scent of grass and earth; with each breath, they felt a rich spiritual energy flow into their bodies.

“This is the twentieth level of heaven?”

The young Daoist boy took a deep breath, a hint of amazement flashing in his cloudy eyes. “Such rich spiritual energy! It’s more than one level stronger than the nineteenth level! Cultivating in a place like this would be at least three times faster!”

“Indeed.”

David nodded, his purple eyes scanning the surroundings. “Moreover, the laws of heaven and earth here are more complete, which is very helpful for comprehending the power of the laws.”

The young Daoist boy squatted down, reached out and touched the grass under his feet, then looked up at the distant mountains, his little face full of curiosity: “Master, this place is more beautiful than where we used to be.”

Xuan Zhenzi nodded, unusually not refuting, but sighed, “The twentieth level of heaven… I came here once a long time ago, but later, because of playing the Heavenly Ladder, I could only wander around in the lower realm and haven’t been back for a long time.”

David didn’t reply; his divine sense had already spread out, covering an area of several hundred miles.

He could sense the auras of several cities in the distance, some filled with the oppressive power of the divine race, others exuding the chaotic aura of humans and other races living together.

Closer in, however, lay a tranquil mountain wilderness, with only a few low-level demonic beasts roaming the forests, posing no threat.

“Let’s find a city where human cultivators gather and settle down first,”

David said.

The four of them flew towards a city.

…

Meanwhile, in the central region of the twentieth heaven, the Divine Palace.

The Divine Palace floated above the clouds, its entire structure forged from golden divine stone, radiating a dazzling light under the pale golden sunlight, like an ever-burning sun.

Clouds swirled around the palace, and golden lightning could be faintly seen flashing through the clouds, emitting a low rumble—the protective array of the divine race’s main hall.

The entire palace covered a vast area, with numerous pavilions and towers, its grandeur magnificent. Countless divine cultivators clad in golden armor patrolled inside and outside the palace, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

The core area of the Divine Palace was a towering golden hall, hundreds of feet high. The hall was spacious and solemn, its walls inscribed with the totems and inscriptions of ancient gods.

In the center of the hall, atop a throne supported by nine golden steps, sat a majestic figure:

the Divine Emperor Jinwu Hao.

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

His face was stern and cold, his brows carrying an innate air of superiority. His golden eyes burned like two eternal flames, making it impossible to look directly at him.

His cultivation was at the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and his pressure was tangible, seemingly capable of crushing everything at any moment.

At this moment, he held a jade slip in his hand, his golden eyes blazing with cold, furious light.

The message within the jade slip ignited his rage like a volcano:

Elder Shenmu was dead.

Elder Shenmu, a ninth-rank Golden Immortal, whose trusted confidant he personally sent to investigate Wu Tianji's death, was dead.

And that wasn't all; all the divine forces in the Nineteenth Heaven—the Golden Crow Clan, the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace… all the forces affiliated with the Divine Clan's main hall—were annihilated.

Not a single one survived.

Several divine elders knelt in the hall, each with a face filled with terror and unease.

They sensed the suppressed rage emanating from the Divine Emperor, like the calm before a storm, making even breathing difficult.

# Chapter 6696

“Speak.” Jin Wuhao’s voice was cold, as cold as the chilling air from the depths of a ten-thousand-year-old glacier. “What exactly happened?”

An elder in a golden robe knelt on the ground, his forehead pressed against the cold earth, his voice trembling. “Reporting to Your Majesty the Divine Emperor… Elder Shenmu was ordered to descend to the

mortal realm to investigate and issued a bounty to hunt down the demonic cultivators of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. But David used a spacetime magic artifact to teleport all those demonic cultivators to the entrance of the Emperor’s Fall Land. Elder Shenmu led his men to the icy plains and fought fiercely with David and his accomplices… and the result…”

He dared not continue.

“The result what?”

Jin Wuhao’s voice remained calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it.

“The result… Elder Shenmu died in battle.”

The elder’s voice grew softer and softer. “The thousands of elite divine race warriors who went with him, as well as the human cultivators who accepted the bounty, were all killed in action. The divine race forces of the Nineteenth Heaven… no longer exist.”

The hall fell silent.

Jin Wuhao closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

When he opened his eyes again, those golden eyes were devoid of any emotion, only an extreme coldness and killing intent remained.

“David… a Daoist cultivator… a demonic cultivator…”

he slowly uttered these words, each syllable seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth. “A mere second-grade Golden Immortal ant, actually managed to kill an elder of my Divine Clan’s main hall? Actually managed to annihilate all of my Divine Clan’s forces in the Nineteenth Heaven?”

“Reporting to the Divine Emperor…”

the elder hesitated for a moment, then continued, “According to the news that Elder Shenmu did not die at the hands of David alone.

A young demonic cultivator who had cultivated the Demonic Clan’s supreme fire intervened, joining forces with David to kill Elder Shenmu. That young demonic cultivator… seems to be from the Flame Demon lineage.”

“The Demonic Clan’s supreme fire?”

Jin Wuhao’s brows furrowed sharply. “The Flame Demon lineage?”

“Yes…and according to the surviving human cultivators, that young demonic cultivator called himself Ning Zhi, and seemed to be a direct disciple of the Flame Demon lineage. The flames he cultivated were extremely domineering, even able to burn through the protective divine light of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal.”

Jin Wuhao’s lips twitched, his golden eyes churning with complex emotions.

The Demonic Supreme Flame was the highest inheritance of the Flame Demon lineage, said to be cultivated only by the purest bloodline of the Flame Demon direct descendants.

Although the Flame Demon lineage had declined in the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain, their foundation was still not to be underestimated.

“A Daoist cultivator, in league with demonic cultivators, killed an elder of my Divine Clan’s main hall and annihilated all of my Divine Clan’s forces in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice grew colder, each word carrying suppressed rage. “Good, very good. It seems these demonic cultivators have forgotten how the Divine Clan dealt with them back then.”

He slowly stood up, his golden divine robes fluttering in the air currents within the hall.

The oppressive aura emanating from him spread out as if it were a tangible force, causing the elders kneeling on the ground to tremble all over, not even daring to look up at him.

“Pass down the order.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice echoed in the hall, carrying an unquestionable majesty. “All divine forces in the Twentieth Heaven are hereby declared war on demonic cultivators, effective immediately.”

“Any demonic cultivator seen is to be killed on the spot. The beheader can claim a reward at the Divine Palace. The head of a first-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivator will be rewarded with 10,000 top-grade crystals; a second-grade Golden Immortal, 30,000; a third-grade Golden Immortal, 50,000; and so on, with no upper limit.”

“At the same time, a reward is offered for David’s head. Anyone who brings David’s head will be rewarded with 10 million top-grade crystals, appointed as a guest elder of the divine race, and granted a scroll of Great Luo Golden Immortal cultivation methods.”

“Furthermore, pursue the whereabouts of that demonic cultivator named Ning Zhi with all your might. Once you find him, do not alert him; simply report back. I, the Emperor, wish to personally meet this direct disciple of the Flame Demon lineage.”

Jin Wuhao's voice resounded in the hall, each word like a thunderclap.

The kneeling elders repeatedly replied, "Yes! Your subordinate obeys!"

Jin Wuhao waved his hand, "Go."

The elders, as if granted a pardon, scrambled out of the hall.

Only Jin Wuhao remained in the hall. He stood before the throne, his golden eyes gazing at the sea of clouds outside, a complex and cold light flashing within them.

David… Ning Zhi… the demonic cultivator…

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, and had never been so provoked.

A Daoist cultivator who had ascended from the lower realm, a remnant of the Flame Demon lineage, had actually joined forces to kill an elder of his Divine Clan's main hall and annihilate all of his Divine Clan's forces in the Nineteenth Heaven.

This humiliation must be washed away with blood.

"Tell the Void Merchant Guild."

Jin Wuhao's voice echoed in the empty hall, audible only to himself. "Tell them that the Divine Clan's main hall is willing to pay a high price for all intelligence on David and Ning Zhi.

Their whereabouts, strength, weaknesses, and the composition of their entourage—every detail is required."

A respectful reply came from outside the hall: "Yes!"

Jin Wuhao walked to the hall's window, gazing at the surging sea of clouds below, a cold glint flashing in his golden eyes.

David, you think killing a Divine Tree Elder makes you arrogant before the Divine Clan?

You underestimate the Divine Clan's main hall's resources.

The twentieth Heaven is not the nineteenth; this is not a place for you to run wild.

You came, and you won't leave alive.

# Chapter 6697

After flying for about two hours, David and his group of four came upon a small city ahead:

Falling Star City. The city was small, its walls constructed of massive, bluish-gray stones, several meters high.

The surface of the walls was covered with fine cracks and signs of weathering, clearly indicating its age.

Simple defensive formations were carved into the walls, the runes long since faded, only occasionally flashing faintly at certain points, like the barely open eyelids of an old man.

Above the city gate hung a weathered plaque bearing the three characters "Falling Star City," the characters blurred and filled with dust and moss.

There were no guards at the city gate, nor any inspection formations.

People entered and exited in twos and threes, their steps leisurely, appearing quite relaxed.

But it was precisely this relaxation that revealed a delicate balance.

The various forces within this small city seemed to have reached a tacit understanding, each content in its place, without interfering with the others.

David led the three through the city gate, his gaze sweeping discreetly across both sides of the street.

His eyes were sharp as a hawk's, capturing every detail in the seemingly calm surface.

Human cultivators comprised the majority of the city, about 70%, dressed in various colors of coarse cloth robes. Some carried magical artifacts at their waists, others carried medicine baskets, and still others haggled at stalls—not much different from other human cities.

Divine cultivators made up about 20%, wearing gold or silver-white robes with divine patterns embroidered on the cuffs. They walked with ramrod straight backs, their eyes carrying a subtle arrogance.

The remainder were beastmen and some scattered demonic cultivators. The beastmen were robust, some sporting animal ears or trailing tails, making them particularly conspicuous in the crowd;

while the demonic cultivators mostly kept their heads down, walking hurriedly, trying to avoid attracting attention.

Most of these cultivators were between the sixth and seventh ranks of the Golden Immortal realm. Occasionally, a few eighth-rank Golden Immortals could be seen passing by, but their numbers were extremely small, and each appearance drew the attention of the surrounding cultivators.

"A quiet little town,"

David said softly, his voice so low that only the three people beside him could hear it. "Suitable for staying."

Xuan Zhenzi nodded, his gaze also sweeping over the surroundings. His eyes weren't as sharp as David's, but they held a cunning, old fox-like quality: "It's indeed a bit too quiet. Look at those people; their eyes are all a little off when they see us come in."

David had naturally noticed this as well.

The cultivators in the town looked at the four of them with scrutiny and wariness.

Especially when their gazes swept over Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi, the simultaneous appearance of two eighth-rank Golden Immortals in this small town was enough to attract everyone's attention.

Some whispered among themselves, some quietly retreated into the alleys, and some had shifty eyes, seemingly plotting something.

David paid no attention to these gazes.

He led the three of them through the city for a while, until they found an inn on a relatively quiet street.

The inn was small, with only two floors. The ground floor was the lobby, furnished with several rough wooden tables, on which sat bamboo chopstick holders and coarse porcelain teapots.

Several cultivators were sitting in a corner drinking tea. When they saw David and his companions enter, their gazes swept over them with a hint of wariness.

The innkeeper was an elderly human man with gray hair and deep wrinkles on his face, as if etched by a knife.

His cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but his aura was turbid, clearly indicating his advanced age and the difficulty of further breakthroughs.

Seeing guests enter, he put on a smile, but the smile froze slightly when his gaze swept over Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi, a barely perceptible hint of tension flashing in his eyes: “Gentlemen, looking for lodging?”

“Two superior rooms,” David said, “for three days.”

The innkeeper deftly collected the crystals and handed them two copper keys: “Second floor, top-tier rooms, two on the left. Please let us know if you need anything.”

David took the keys and led the three upstairs.

The room wasn’t large, but it was fairly clean. On the windowsill sat a nearly withered spiritual plant, its leaves yellowing but still emitting a faint fragrance.

Outside the window, one could see the city streets and the distant, hazy outline of the mountains.

David closed the door, set up a simple isolation array to ensure that no divine sense could penetrate, and then sat down at the table.

“This city may be small, but it’s home to various factions,”

David said calmly, tapping his fingers lightly on the table. “Humans, beastmen, gods, and demons all coexist here. On the surface, it’s peaceful, but there must be many underlying conflicts.”

Jiang Xuelan sat down by the window, her icy blue eyes gazing at the demonic cultivators hurrying past on the street outside, heads bowed. She whispered, “I noticed earlier that the demonic cultivators in the city seem very cautious, walking with their heads down and not interacting much with others.”

“Because they’re in the most dangerous situation,”

David said, his gaze also fixed on the window. “While gods and humans also have conflicts, they’re at least somewhat restrained. But demonic cultivators… neither gods nor humans will easily let them go.

In this city, demons are like walking on thin ice, every step fraught with danger.”

Xuan Zhenzi sat in his chair, pulling out a handful of melon seeds from somewhere, crossing his legs and cracking them as he spoke, “Won’t we get into trouble if we stay here?”

“Trouble is inevitable,”

David said calmly, but his eyes gradually darkened. “But we need a place to gather intelligence. Although Falling Star City is small, it has forces from all sides, so our information network is definitely more efficient than in the wilderness.”

Just then, a commotion suddenly erupted outside.

The sound grew louder and louder as it approached, like a pot of boiling water, bubbling and gurgling.

Interspersed were shouts, exclamations, and the clanging of magical artifacts—short, muffled clanging sounds, like a dull knife striking wood.

David frowned slightly, stood up, and walked to the window. He didn’t open it, but instead pulled the shutters open a narrow crack, scanning the area outside. The

previously peaceful atmosphere on the street had been completely shattered.

Several groups of divine cultivators clad in golden armor rushed out from alleyways in different directions. Their steps were synchronized, and the divine runes on their armor reflected a dazzling golden light in the sunlight.

They held gleaming magical artifacts in their hands; some carried swords, some halberds, and some formed hand seals, preparing to cast spells.

Golden light shimmered in the sunlight, like countless open eyes, carrying a cold scrutiny and merciless judgment.

Their target was clear: the demonic cultivators in the city.

“Gods! Slaughter all these demonic cultivators!”

“Don’t let a single one escape! A reward awaits for each demonic cultivator killed!”

“The Divine Emperor has decreed war on the demonic cultivators! Kill any demonic cultivator on sight!”

The shouts of the divine cultivators echoed through the streets, filled with fanatical killing intent, like a pack of hunting dogs unleashed, madly pouncing on their prey.

# Chapter 6698

The demonic cultivators were caught completely off guard. Some were still selecting spiritual materials in shops, clutching half a piece of ore;

others had just emerged from their homes, an unfinished robe draped over their shoulders;

still others were buying candy with their children on the street, the children holding half-eaten candy, their eyes wide as they stared at the charging divine cultivators.

“Run!”

“The gods have gone mad!”

“Why are they killing us!”

The demonic cultivators scattered and fled like a flock of startled birds.

Some rushed into narrow alleys, trying to use the terrain to shake off their pursuers;

some channeled their demonic energy, attempting to take to the air, only to be repelled by the golden net of light hanging in the sky;

some hid in houses, desperately pounding on tightly closed doors, but no one dared to open them.

But the divine cultivators were prepared. Squads of cultivators clad in golden armor had already dispersed throughout the city, like a giant, tightening net, blocking every possible escape route.

Soon, the sounds of fighting echoed throughout the city, like countless lit fuses burning simultaneously.

Golden divine light clashed with black demonic energy, producing muffled explosions like heavy hammers striking soaked cloth.

Screams rose and fell, from men and women, young and old.

Cries for help, wails, the sounds of magical artifacts breaking, and the thuds of bodies collapsing mingled together, like a murky and cruel symphony, shattering the peace that had lasted for years in Falling Star City.

David slowly closed the window, turned around, his expression turning solemn, a complex emotion surging deep within his purple eyes.

“The Divine Race has declared war on the Demonic Cultivators.”

Jiang Xuelan’s pupils contracted slightly, a hint of shock flashing in her icy blue eyes: “Declared war? Why?”

“It must be because of what we did in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

David’s voice was calm, but that calmness was like a thin layer of ice, with undercurrents pressing beneath. “Elder Shenmu is dead, and the Divine Race’s power in the Nineteenth Heaven has been destroyed. Emperor Jinwuhao will not let this go; he will definitely retaliate.

And the target of his retaliatory attack will be all the Demonic Cultivators. He wants everyone to see what the consequences of offending the Divine Race are.”

Xuanzhenzi put down the melon seeds in his hand, his playful smile completely vanishing, and a rare seriousness appeared in his turbid eyes: “He’s going to wipe out the Demonic Race.”

“That’s right.”

David nodded. “Jinwuhao wants to use this method to let all the Demonic Race know what the consequences of offending the Divine Race are.

He’s making an example of them, but he’s not killing just one chicken; he’s killing an entire race.”

Just then, a series of hurried footsteps came from downstairs at the inn.

The footsteps were hurried and heavy, as if someone had stumbled and fallen down the stairs. Moments later, someone was knocking on their door, the knocking urgent and heavy, as if trying to shatter the door.

David went to open the door and saw the innkeeper standing there, his wrinkled face pale and uneasy.

Fine beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead, his hands trembled slightly, and his gaze swept over David and the other three, then he glanced subconsciously at the end of the corridor. His voice was very low: “Esteemed guests, something terrible has happened outside! The Divine Race has

suddenly attacked the Demonic Cultivators, killing anyone they see! You… it's best to stay in your rooms and not go out."

"Thank you for the reminder, innkeeper," David cupped his hands in greeting. "May I ask, why is the Divine Race attacking the Demonic Cultivators?"

The innkeeper sighed, a sigh that seemed to come from deep within his chest, carrying the helplessness of someone who had lived most of their life towards the changing world: "It's said that the God-Emperor of the Twentieth Heaven has issued an order to declare war on the demonic cultivators.

He's also issued a bounty, offering crystals for killing demonic cultivators. It's been peaceful for over a thousand years, how come it's suddenly started fighting again… Sigh, this world is going to be chaotic again."

He shook his head, turned to leave, then looked back at David, his gaze carrying the advice of someone with experience: "Gentlemen, if you don't have anything urgent, you should leave as soon as possible.

This city is likely to become unsettled. Once this chaos erupts, no one can sit still."

With that, he quickly went downstairs.

David closed the door, turned around, and looked at Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi: "You wait here, I'll go out and take a look."

"I'll go with you," Jiang Xuelan stood up.

David shook his head: "A Golden Immortal of the eighth rank like you is too conspicuous walking around outside.

Your chilling aura is too strong; even if you conceal your cultivation, the aura of the Ice God bloodline will still attract attention like a lantern in the dark. You and Lao Xuan stay here; I'll go alone, and we'll be less of a target."

Jiang Xuelan hesitated, her icy blue eyes filled with worry. She looked at David for a moment, then finally nodded: “Then be careful.”

David nodded, and without further delay, quickly changed into an inconspicuous gray robe. The robe was faded from washing, with some wear on the edges, making it inconspicuous in the crowd.

He concealed his aura, using chaotic power to create a faint aura barrier around his body, making it difficult for others to see through his strength.

Then he pushed open the back window, jumped down, and slipped out of the inn through the back door.

The streets were already in complete chaos.

The air was thick with the pungent stench of blood and burnt flesh, mingled with the scorching heat left by divine light.

The ground was a scene of utter devastation; overturned stalls scattered, spiritual fruits and herbs strewn about, trampled to a pulp.

Broken fragments of magical artifacts lay scattered among the stones, reflecting the pale sunlight.

Divine cultivators swarmed the city, hunting down demonic cultivators. Golden light flashed across the streets like streaks of rapidly moving flames of death.

Each flash was often accompanied by a short, agonizing scream.

The demonic cultivators scattered and fled. Some were killed on the spot, their bodies lying in pools of blood, their eyes still fixed on the sky;

others were cornered, their backs against walls facing the closing divine cultivators, their eyes filled with despair yet unyielding stubbornness;

still others fought desperately, wounded and bleeding, their blood dripping onto the bluestone pavement.

Bloodstains and broken fragments of magical artifacts littered the ground, dark red bloodstains trampled into a chaotic graffiti pattern by hurried footsteps.

David walked briskly along the edge of the street, his steps swift yet steady, each step treading between shadows like a shadow weaving through cracks.

His gaze swept across the surroundings, taking in the chaotic battlefield.

Several traces of battle came into his view in the distance.

Some demonic cultivators lay lifeless in pools of blood;

others were still fighting desperately, their magical artifacts long since broken, yet they still grappled with their enemies with fists and teeth;

but against the overwhelming numbers of the divine cultivators, their resistance seemed pale and powerless, like a wave crashing against a reef, shattering without a sound.

# Chapter 6699

David’s fist clenched slightly, a cold glint flashing deep within his purple eyes.

But he didn’t act immediately, because there were too many demonic cultivators here; he couldn’t save them all alone.

He needed to find a breakthrough, to find those who needed rescue the most.

Just then, a scream came from an alley ahead.

It was a girl's voice, filled with fear and despair, as if she had been cornered by something.

The voice was sharp and weak, like the last cry of a fledgling bird caught in the talons of a falcon.

David's figure flashed, like a gray gust of wind, quickly approaching the entrance of the alley.

He pressed himself against the wall, his gaze sweeping into the alley, while his right hand silently gripped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Deep within the alley, four demonic cultivators were blocked by a group of divine cultivators.

Among the four demonic cultivators, two middle-aged men were at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, a young woman was at the fifth rank, and a girl who looked only thirteen or fourteen years old was only at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The girl huddled behind the young woman, her thin shoulders trembling uncontrollably, her eyes brimming with tears, yet she bit her lip tightly to stifle her sobs.

The young woman, however, spread her arms wide in front of the girl, her eyes filled with terror, yet she didn't budge an inch.

At this moment, the two middle-aged men were already severely wounded, covered in blood.

One's left arm hung limply at his side, clearly broken;

the other had a deep wound in his abdomen, blood soaking his robes and dripping onto the ground.

But they still stood before the young woman and girl, using their mutilated bodies and broken magical artifacts to form a final line of defense.

“Hold them off! Take Xiaodie and get out of here!”

the wounded man in the abdomen hissed, blood gushing from his mouth, staining his chin and collar.

The magical artifact in his hand was reduced to half a sword, its blade riddled with cracks, like a spiderweb about to shatter.

His eyes were already glazed over; he clearly wouldn’t last much longer.

The young woman gritted her teeth, her teeth chattering, and tried to break through from the side, pulling the girl’s hand.

But the divine cultivators were prepared; a group of about ten divine cultivators had already blocked both ends of the alley.

They wore golden armor, held gleaming longswords, and each of them was at least at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, with the leader reaching the seventh rank.

Their faces wore cold smiles, and they looked at the four demonic cultivators as if they were prey with nooses around their necks.

“Run? Where do you think you’re going?”

The leader of the divine cultivators sneered, his laughter echoing in the narrow alley like a dull knife scraping against a stone slab.

He slowly raised his golden longsword, the divine runes on the blade lighting up, the golden light shimmering with a cold, piercing light in the sunlight. “Today, none of you four will leave alive.” He

raised his longsword, the golden sword light drawing a deadly arc in the air, accompanied by a sharp whistling sound, aiming straight for the head of the middle-aged man blocking the way.

Where the sword light passed, the air was torn apart, emitting a buzzing sound.

The middle-aged man resignedly closed his eyes, holding the broken half of the sword horizontally in front of his chest, preparing to take the final blow with his body.

But at that moment, a gray figure appeared in front of him like a ghost.

David.

He made no sound, not even a gust of wind.

He simply stood there, blocking the sword light and the middle-aged man, like a wall suddenly growing from the ground.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, its purple light bursting forth like a lightning bolt tearing through the heavens and earth, colliding head-on with the golden sword light.

Boom—!

A muffled explosion rang out, the golden sword light crumbling like paper before the purple light, instantly disintegrating into countless golden fragments, like shattered glass.

The shockwave spread to both sides, knocking plaster off the alley walls.

The leader of the divine race was thrown back several steps, his feet leaving spiderweb-like cracks in the bluestone ground. His expression changed drastically, his previous playfulness and arrogance vanishing instantly.

“Who goes there?!”

he shouted sharply, his golden sword held horizontally in front of him, his eyes fixed on David, filled with vigilance and anger.

David did not answer him.

He simply turned sideways, shielding the four demonic cultivators behind him, his gray robes fluttering gently in the alleyway breeze.

His gaze swept over the ten divine cultivators, his purple eyes as calm as the bottom of a deep pool, without a ripple—a calmness that was more chilling than anger.

“These people, I’ll protect them.”

The leader’s face darkened completely, his grip on his sword tightening. “You, a human cultivator, why are you helping demonic cultivators?

Don’t you know the Divine Emperor has already declared war on them? Helping demonic cultivators is tantamount to making an enemy of the divine race, a death sentence!”

“I know.” David’s voice remained calm, as if he hadn’t taken the threat to heart at all. “So what?”

“You’re courting death!”

the leader roared, his voice filled with the fury of being underestimated. He abruptly raised his golden sword. “Since you’re looking for death, then I’ll kill you too!”

He swung his hand sharply, and the ten divine cultivators moved simultaneously.

Golden light suddenly erupted in the alley, like a net of death, enveloping David from all directions.

The golden sword light, dense as rain, illuminated the narrow alleyway, even casting clear shadows on the pebbles on the ground.

A cold smile played on David's lips.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, unleashing a torrent of purple light.

His figure darted through the narrow alley like a gray ghost, each step weaving through the gaps in the golden light net, so fast that his trajectory was impossible to discern.

His sword was more than three times faster than those of the divine cultivators, each strike precisely hitting its opponent's weak point, without a single wasted movement, as concise as a meticulously honed mathematical formula.

One sword, and a divine cultivator's throat was slit open, golden blood spurting out and splashing onto the alley wall.

Two swords, and another divine cultivator's chest was pierced, the sword tip protruding from his back, trailing a thin line of blood.

Three swords, four swords, five swords… Golden light fell like harvested wheat, wave after wave. The golden armor was like paper before the power of chaos, offering no defense whatsoever.

In less than ten breaths, all ten divine cultivators lay dead in pools of blood.

# Chapter 6700

Their eyes were still open, some filled with disbelief, others unable to even process what had happened.

The leader stood at the back, watching his men fall one by one, his face shifting from anger to fear, then to utter horror.

His hand gripping the sword trembled, the golden blade flashing erratically, mirroring his crumbling courage.

He turned to run, nearly stumbling, but David's sword had already caught up with him, moving with the speed of a weightless shadow. A

purple sword light pierced through his back, emerging from his chest, a single drop of golden blood clinging to the tip, slowly falling.

His body stiffened abruptly, his head bowed at the purple sword tip protruding from his chest, his eyes filled with unbelievable terror.

Then he collapsed heavily to the ground, the golden armor hitting the floor with a dull thud, like a wall being toppled.

Silence returned to the alley, leaving only the stench of blood in the air, mingled with the faint, burnt smell of divine light.

A gust of wind swept through the alleyway, swirling a few fallen leaves that landed beside the pool of blood.

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, turned, and looked at the four demonic cultivators.

Two middle-aged men sat slumped on the ground, covered in blood, their eyes filled with relief and shock at surviving such a catastrophe.

They looked at David, then at the corpses strewn across the alley, their lips moving, but no words came out.

The young woman tightly protected the girl named Xiao Die, her arms wrapped around her shoulders, her fingers trembling slightly.

Her eyes were wary as she looked at David, like a startled wildcat cowering in a corner.

“You…why did you save us?”

The young woman’s voice was hoarse and wary, like a taut string. “Are you here to steal the credit too?”

David looked into her guarded eyes, a sudden thought stirring within him.

He knew that in this world, the kindness of a stranger was often harder to believe than swords.

These demonic cultivators had been hunted their entire lives, and their trust had long since been worn thinner than paper.

“I’m not here to kill you,”

David said calmly, trying to make his tone as gentle as possible. “I am a human cultivator, but I don’t agree with the actions of the gods. Come with me, I’ll take you away from here.”

The young woman was about to say something when the girl named Xiao Die tugged at her sleeve, looked up, and timidly gazed at David.

There was no fear in those clear black eyes, only the innocent simplicity of a young animal: “Sister… he saved us… he’s not a bad person…”

The young woman looked at Xiao Die’s clear eyes, then at David’s calm purple eyes.

She bit her lip, her lips turning white from the force, and finally nodded: “Okay. We’ll go with you.”

David didn’t delay and stepped forward to help the two injured middle-aged men up.

Their injuries were serious; one had a broken arm, and the other’s abdominal wound was still bleeding, requiring immediate treatment.

David took out two clean strips of cloth from his storage ring, quickly bandaged their wounds to stop the bleeding, and then led the four of them through alleys and around several streets.

Along the way, they avoided several patrols of divine cultivators and climbed into a room through the back window of the inn.

The moment the door closed, Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi both looked over.

Jiang Xuelan’s gaze fell on the four demonic cultivators. A hint of surprise flashed in her icy blue eyes, quickly turning into understanding. She didn’t ask any further questions, but simply stood up and offered chairs to the two injured middle-aged men.

“We met them on the way,”

David explained briefly. “The Divine Race was hunting down demonic cultivators, so I brought them back.”

He had the four demonic cultivators sit down, took out several bottles of healing pills from his storage ring, and handed them to the two injured middle-aged men: “Heal your wounds first, we’ll talk about the rest later.”

The two middle-aged men hesitated for a moment, their gazes lingering on David’s face, before finally accepting the pills.

They truly had no other choice.

If David wanted to kill them, he could have done so in the alley earlier; there was no need to bring them here.

The young woman remained vigilant, pulling Xiao Die to sit in the corner, her eyes fixed on David like a deer ready to flee at any moment.

Xiao Die, on the other hand, relaxed a bit. She leaned against her sister, secretly observing David, her clear eyes filled with curiosity.

After a while, she whispered, “Thank you, big brother.”

David looked at her innocent little face, a complex emotion welling up in his heart.

This little girl, who looked no more than thirteen or fourteen years old, had already experienced a life-or-death chase and watched her loved ones bleed and fall before her eyes.

In this dog-eat-dog world, the weak are always the first to be sacrificed.

He bent down, his voice softening slightly, “You’re welcome. You’re safe for now.”

But just then, a series of hurried footsteps came from downstairs, followed by the trembling voice of the innkeeper, who squeezed through the crack in the door: “Guests! You…you brought back demonic cultivators?”

David walked to the door and opened it.

The innkeeper stood outside, his face ashen, beads of sweat streaming down his forehead, the wrinkles on his old face furrowed with tension.

His gaze passed over David’s shoulder and fell on the four demonic cultivators in the room, especially the young woman and Xiao Die. His body trembled violently, as if he had been whipped.

“Sir…you…how could you bring demonic cultivators back!”

The innkeeper’s voice trembled with tears, like someone pushed to the edge of a cliff making a final struggle. “They’re hunting demonic cultivators everywhere. If people find out I’m hiding them in my shop, my inn is finished!

My old bones will be ruined too! Please, take them with you…my little shop can’t withstand any more trouble…”

David looked at him, but felt no resentment.

This old man was just an ordinary businessman; after living so many years, all he wanted was a shop and a stable meal.

In such chaotic times, his desire for self-preservation was understandable.

“I understand.”

David nodded. “We’ll leave now.”

He returned to the room, his gaze sweeping over Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi. “We can’t stay here any longer. Leave immediately.”

Xuan Zhenzi stood up, spitting out the dry grass he was chewing. “We should have left long ago.”

David didn’t waste any words, quickly packed his things, and then said to the young woman, “I need to conceal your and Xiao Die’s demonic aura. I will cover you with chaotic power so that others cannot sense your true cultivation level and bloodline. Is that alright?”

The young woman bit her lip, her nails almost digging into her palms, but finally nodded. “Okay.”