A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6701

David raised his hand, and chaotic power surged from his palm. Gray light flowed like mercury, covering the young woman and Xiao Die.

The light, like an invisible veil, completely concealed the demonic energy on their bodies.

After a moment, their auras had completely changed; they looked like two ordinary human cultivators, a fifth-grade Golden Immortal and a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, utterly unremarkable.

The young woman looked at her hands in surprise, the gray light slowly flowing across her skin like a flowing film of water: “This…it’s so amazing…I really can’t sense any demonic energy anymore…”

“It can only last for two hours,” David said. “When the time is up, it needs to be reapplied. Let’s go.”

He led the group out through the back door of the inn, quickly making their way through the alleys, trying to avoid the divine cultivators searching for demonic cultivators on the main roads.

The chaos on the streets continued, with screams and sounds of battle rising and falling, but David and his group moved quickly, and with the demonic energy concealed, they didn’t attract the attention of the divine cultivators for the time being.

They traversed several winding alleys, evaded two patrols, and finally left the city through the south gate of Falling Star City.

But shortly after they left the city, fierce fighting erupted again from a desolate wasteland ahead.

The sounds of clashing swords, exploding spells, and heavy breathing mingled together, the air thick with the fresh stench of blood.

David stopped. His divine sense extended forward, revealing a scene that made him frown.

A dozen human cultivators were besieging a dozen demonic cultivators.

The human cultivators wore robes of various colors, wielding gleaming magical artifacts, their faces filled with greedy excitement. The

besieged demonic cultivators included men and women, young and old, most already wounded.

They were desperately protecting a middle-aged man in the center, fighting to break through the encirclement. The middle-aged man was burly, with a resolute face, and his cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Covered in blood, he held a broken black longsword, using his own body to shield his loved ones from the human cultivators' attacks.

A deep, bone-revealing wound ran down his leg, each step excruciatingly painful, yet he refused to retreat.

Just then, the young woman and Xiaodie witnessed the scene before them.

The young woman's face paled instantly, all color draining from her skin. Her eyes widened, her lips trembled, and she managed to utter two words: "Father..."

Xiaodie burst into tears, her voice a heart-wrenching sob: “Father! It’s Father!”

The young woman gripped David’s sleeve tightly, tears streaming down her face and dripping onto his cuff.

“Please…please save my father! I’ll do anything! Please! I’ll be your slave! Please…”

David looked at the despair and pleading in the young woman’s eyes, then glanced at the demonic cultivators being besieged ahead.

The demonic cultivators were nearing their breaking point; two more had fallen, and the middle-aged man had sustained several more wounds.

A cold glint flashed in his purple eyes.

“Wait here.”

His voice was calm, yet carried a reassuring power. “I’ll handle this.”

He lifted his foot and walked towards the battlefield. His

gray robe fluttered in the wind, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword silently slid out of its sheath, purple light flowing across its blade like a layer of flowing mercury.

Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi followed behind him, one on each side, like a pair of outstretched wings.

The human cultivators quickly noticed David and his group.

They saw two powerful cultivators at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

When Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi appeared before them, the greedy expressions on their faces froze instantly, as if they had been doused with a bucket of ice water.

The leader, a human cultivator at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, held a blood-red longsword. His gaze swept over David and his group with wariness and probing.

“Gentlemen, we discovered these demonic cultivators first. If you want to seize the spoils, you have to play by the rules! We’re all in this together, so don’t be too greedy!”

David looked at him, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion: “I am the rule. I want all of these people, take them all with me.”

The human leader’s face darkened sharply: “What do you mean? These demonic cultivators can be exchanged for a lot of crystals, why should you take them away as you please?

Do you know how much bounty you can get for killing a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivator outside? Enough for you to cultivate for several years!”

“I said, I’m taking them away.” David’s voice remained calm, “If you leave now, I can pretend nothing happened.”

The human leader sneered, twirling his blood-red longsword in his hand: “Who do you think you are? We painstakingly surrounded these people, and you think you can just take them away as you please?

Who do you think you are? Even if you have two eighth-grade Golden Immortals, so what? We also have…”

He didn’t finish his sentence.

Because David had already moved.

The purple sword light was like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, drawing a dazzling arc across the desolate plain.

The light was so fast that it seemed to have been drawn directly from the void, as if it had severed the boundaries of time and space, leaving only a thin purple streak in the air.

Before the human leader could even react, the sword light had already grazed his body.

His lips were still moving, as if he hadn't finished speaking, but his body was frozen in place.

Then, he split open in the middle and fell into a pool of blood.

The blood-red longsword rolled from his released hand, the hilt sticking to the dirt with a dull thud.

A seventh-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator, killed with a single sword strike.

The remaining human cultivators were all terrified.

They stared at their leader's corpse, then at the still-dripping purple longsword in David's hand, their faces ashen, their bodies trembling violently as if frozen.

Some people dropped their magical artifacts, the clang echoing sharply in the silent wilderness.

"Get out of here."

David's voice was soft, yet it exploded in everyone's ears like thunder.

The human cultivators, as if granted a pardon, turned and fled in a panic. Some even threw away their magical artifacts, crawling away on all fours without daring to look back.

Moments later, only the demonic cultivators and David and his companions remained on the wasteland.

The middle-aged man slumped to the ground, his broken black longsword lying at his feet, his body covered in blood.

His chest heaved violently, each breath laced with blood.

But when he saw the fleeing human cultivators, his eyes were filled with disbelief.

He raised his head, his gaze piercing through the blood and sweat, and saw David, and then the two familiar figures behind David.

His lips trembled, as if struck by some immense emotion.

“Xiao Rou… Xiao Die… you… how did you get here…”

The young woman was already sobbing uncontrollably. She rushed over and hugged the middle-aged man, trembling all over. “Father! We were being hunted by the gods, and this gentleman saved us!”

Xiao Die also rushed over, clinging to the middle-aged man’s arm, sobbing uncontrollably, her face streaked with tears and snot, but refusing to let go.

The middle-aged man stood there stunned for a long time. His eyes, hardened by countless life-and-death experiences, suddenly welled with tears.

He looked up at David, his voice hoarse but filled with sincere gratitude: “My benefactor… thank you so much… for saving my daughter and Xiao Die… and for saving me… I am Yan Feng of the Demon Clan, I have no way to repay you…”

David looked at the man, covered in blood yet still standing tall, a hint of approval flashing in his purple eyes.

He stepped forward and extended his hand: “Let’s not talk about this now. Your men are all badly injured and need immediate treatment. Let’s find a safe place first.”

Chapter 6702

Yan Feng’s bleeding had stopped, but his face remained as pale as paper. Although David’s medicine had temporarily suppressed the wound in his abdomen, the excessive blood loss had left him looking extremely weak.

He sat on a blue stone in the wilderness, panting heavily. His gaze swept over his equally wounded clansmen, then back to David, his eyes filled with complex emotions.

“Benefactor… I know a place where demonic cultivators gather, a place neither the gods nor humans dare to easily set foot in.

If you don’t mind, we can stay there temporarily.”

Yan Feng’s voice was hoarse and weak, but every word was sincere.

David nodded: “Alright, lead the way.”

Yan Feng struggled to his feet, and Xiao Rou and He Yi supported him on either side.

He determined the direction and pointed to a mountain range in the southeast: “Beyond those mountains, there’s a place called ‘Black Abyss Valley.’

It’s a strategically important and easily defensible area, surrounded by natural barriers of demonic energy. Cultivators from the divine race would be severely suppressed if they entered.

We demon cultivators have been operating there for hundreds of years. Although it's not large, it's enough for us to temporarily avoid their attacks."

"Let's go then." David didn't ask any further questions and led the group behind Yan Feng.

Just as David and his group were heading towards Black Abyss Valley, the atmosphere was oppressive.

In front of a large black hall in the center of the valley, several demon cultivators dressed in black robes were gathered together, discussing something with solemn expressions.

A black flag hung at the entrance of the hall, embroidered with a dark gold flame emblem—the symbol of the Flame Demon lineage.

This was the demon race's council hall.

The doors of the council hall were open, and seven or eight figures were already seated inside.

They wore robes of various colors; some were enveloped in black, malevolent energy, some had bloodshot eyes, and some had faces covered in demonic markings. Each of them possessed an aura of around the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

They were all leaders of various lineages of demonic cultivators in the twentieth heaven, usually acting independently, but now they sat together because of the divine race's declaration of war.

An old man, with a weathered face but eyes like lightning, possessed a cultivation level of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. He wore a black robe embroidered with dark gold flame patterns, clearly indicating a very high status among the demonic cultivators.

The old man scanned the crowd and slowly spoke, “The Divine Race has suddenly declared war, and the bounty has spread throughout the Twentieth Heaven. You are all leaders of your respective factions; please share your thoughts.”

A moment of silence fell over the hall, then a middle-aged woman in a blood-red robe spoke, her voice trembling slightly, “The Divine Race is powerful, and their Divine Emperor, Golden Crow Hao, is a peak ninth-grade Golden Immortal, capable of breaking through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm at any moment.

We demonic cultivators are already weak in the Twentieth Heaven; now that the Divine Race has mobilized its entire force, we are no match for them…”

“Then what do you mean?” a sinister-looking man asked coldly.

“What I mean is…”

the woman in the blood-red robe gritted her teeth, “Could we send someone to negotiate peace with the gods? As long as they’re willing to stop the war, we’re willing to pay a certain price…”

“Negotiate peace?”

The sinister man slammed his hand on the armrest of his chair. “The gods want our lives! What do you have to offer for peace talks? Your head?”

“Then what do you suggest?”

The woman in the blood-red robe’s voice rose a few decibels. “A direct confrontation? What do we have to offer?

The demonic cultivators of the twentieth heaven only number two or three hundred thousand, and there are only a handful of ninth-grade Golden Immortals. The gods alone have dozens of ninth-grade Golden Immortal elders! Not to mention that monster, Jin Wuhao!”

“We can’t surrender!”

“Not surrendering means death!”

“Have you all argued enough!”

The white-haired elder slammed his hand on the table, the dull thud echoing through the hall, silencing everyone.

His icy gaze swept over the crowd: “Will arguing solve anything?”

Silence fell again in the hall.

At this moment, a thin man spoke, his voice tinged with hesitation: “I’ve heard… there are other demonic forces beyond the Twentieth Heaven. Could we try to escape, leave the Twentieth Heaven?”

“Escape?”

The sinister man sneered. “Where can we escape to? Aren’t there gods elsewhere? Once we leave the Twentieth Heaven, we’re like rootless duckweed, how long can we survive?” The thin man

opened his mouth, then lowered his head.

The hall fell into a stalemate once more.

Surrender was impossible, fighting was impossible, escape was impossible; it seemed all paths were blocked.

Just then, footsteps sounded outside the hall, followed by two figures entering through the main gate.

It was a young man and a woman.

The man wore a dark blue robe, his face cold and resolute, his brows displaying a composure and majesty beyond his years.

The woman wore a fiery red dress, her long hair as black as ink, her dark red eyes flashing with a burning light.

Ning Zhi and Barbara.

The demonic cultivator leaders inside the hall were about to question the two strangers as they entered when the white-haired elder suddenly stood up, a flicker of shock and excitement in his aged eyes.

He strode forward and bowed deeply to Barbara: “Holy Maiden! You…you’ve come!”

Barbara looked at the elder, a hint of confusion flashing in her dark red eyes, but it quickly transformed into a natural air of authority: “I heard the Divine Race has declared war, so I came to see.”

The elder then looked at Ning Zhi, his gaze filled with reverence: “And this is…”

“My junior brother, Ning Zhi,”

Barbara said, “a direct disciple of the Flame Demon lineage.”

A flicker of shock crossed the elder’s eyes.

A direct disciple of the Flame Demon lineage?

That was a status even more prestigious than the Holy Maiden.

He immediately stepped aside, offering his seat: “Please! Please, both of you, take your seats!”

Ning Zhi did not refuse, striding to the main seat and sitting down in the place the white-haired elder had offered.

Barbara stood beside him, as straight and dazzling as a flaming longsword.

The demonic cultivator leaders in the hall exchanged bewildered glances. Some looked curious, some awe-inspiring, and others resentful.

What right did a seemingly young, seventh-grade Golden Immortal cultivator have to sit above them?

The white-haired elder seemed to sense their discontent and proclaimed loudly, “Gentlemen, this Young Master Ning Zhi is a direct disciple of the Flame Demon lineage, cultivating the supreme demonic fire. He is the most outstanding genius of our Flame Demon lineage in tens of thousands of years.

This Miss Barbara is the Holy Maiden of our Flame Demon lineage, of incomparably noble status. Both of them are qualified to sit in this position.”

The moment the words “supreme demonic fire” were uttered, the discontent in the hall vanished instantly.

The demonic cultivator leaders looked at Ning Zhi with a newfound respect and apprehension.

The supreme demonic fire was the supreme inheritance of the Flame Demon lineage. Legend had it that when cultivated to its peak, it could incinerate all things and shatter space itself; it was the most domineering of all demonic cultivation techniques.

Ning Zhi ignored their gazes. He simply scanned the assembled crowd and asked, “What were you all discussing just now?”

Chapter 6703

The white-haired elder briefly recounted the earlier argument: “…We have differing opinions; some want to surrender, some want to flee, and there’s still no consensus.”

Ning Zhi listened, remaining silent for a moment.

Then he raised his head, looking at the demonic cultivator leaders, a cold smile curving his lips: “A mere Golden Crow Hao has frightened you all like this? You’re all a disgrace to the demon race.”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it was like ice water splashed into everyone’s hearts.

The demonic cultivator leaders’ faces changed; some wanted to retort, but looking into Ning Zhi’s calm yet chilling eyes, they swallowed their words.

“Since Golden Crow Hao can offer a bounty on the demon race,” Ning Zhi’s voice echoed in the hall, “why can’t we offer a bounty on the gods?”

Silence fell over the hall.

The white-haired elder was the first to react, a glint of light flashing in his eyes: “Young Master means…”

“Immediately spread the word, let all the forces in the Twentieth Heaven know that killing a Divine Race cultivator and bringing their head to the Demon Clan can earn you double the Divine Race’s bounty in crystals.”

Ning Zhi’s voice was like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, stirring up towering waves.

“Double?!”

“Where would we get so many crystals?”

“The Divine Race is incredibly wealthy, how can we compare to them?”

The hall erupted in chaos.

The white-haired elder gestured for everyone to quiet down, then looked at Ning Zhi, a hint of worry in his voice: “Young Master, your suggestion is

indeed brilliant, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But our Demon Clan's resources in the Twentieth Heaven are limited. Competing with the Divine Race in terms of wealth, I'm afraid…" "

You don't need to worry about the crystals."

Ning Zhi's voice was calm. "I'll figure something out. You just need to spread the word, let everyone know that killing a Divine Race cultivator can earn you double the bounty."

The hall fell silent again.

The demonic cultivator leaders exchanged shocked and doubtful glances.

But looking into Ning Zhi's unwavering eyes, none dared to question him.

The white-haired elder remained silent for a long time before finally nodding slowly, "Alright. I'll take care of it now."

He turned and left the main hall to arrange the dissemination of the news.

The news spread like wildfire throughout the Twentieth Heaven.

In less than a day, almost every force had received the demonic race's bounty.

Killing a divine cultivator and bringing their head to the demons would earn double the divine race's bounty in crystals.

This threw the Twentieth Heaven into complete chaos.

Those human and beast cultivators who had originally hunted demonic cultivators for divine golden cores now began to recalculate.

The crystals earned from killing a demonic cultivator versus killing a divine cultivator, and the demonic race's bounty being twice that of the divine race—anyone could do the math.

Thus, the human cultivators outside Falling Star City who were hunting down demonic cultivators began to turn their attention to the lone divine cultivators.

The hunters who had been chasing demonic cultivators became hunters of the divine race.

The divine cultivators were caught completely off guard.

They had initially thought that declaring war on the demonic cultivators would only result in a massacre, but they hadn't expected the demons to retaliate in the same way.

Those divine cultivators patrolling outside the city began to be ambushed; some had their heads severed, some had their magical artifacts stolen, and some were even killed in broad daylight.

The declaration of war by the Divine Emperor Golden Crow Hao had instead plunged the Twentieth Heaven into an unprecedented chaotic battle.

And the instigator of all this, Ning Zhi, was currently sitting in the main seat of the Black Abyss Valley council hall, listening to the white-haired elder report the news from outside, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"David, the waves you stirred up in the nineteenth heaven, I'll continue them in the twentieth heaven."

Ning Zhi's gaze fell on David, his voice audible only to the two of them, "Don't die too soon."

……

The direction of Black Abyss Valley loomed ahead, its mountain shadows in the twilight resembling a colossal beast crouching on the ground, silent and majestic.

David and his group walked along the mountain path, their feet treading on gravel and pebbles, flanked by low shrubs and withered wild grass.

A faint smell of sulfur permeated the air, a unique aura near Black Abyss Valley; the closer they got, the denser the demonic energy became, but David, possessing the power of chaos, felt nothing.

Although Yan Feng's bleeding had stopped, excessive blood loss still left him weak.

Xiao Rou and Xiao Die supported him on either side, the three walking in the middle of the group.

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

Xuanzhenzi walked at the very back, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, his eyes half-closed, seemingly dozing off. But the occasional glint of shrewdness in his cloudy eyes proved he had never let his guard down.

The young Taoist boy followed beside Xuanzhenzi, carrying a small bundle on his back, his footsteps as light as a rabbit's.

"After crossing that hill ahead, it'll be a few hundred miles from there,"

Yan Feng pointed ahead, his voice hoarse yet carrying a hint of relieved anticipation. "The entrance to Black Abyss Valley has a natural barrier of demonic energy. Divine cultivators who enter are greatly suppressed, and ordinary cultivators dare not even approach. Once we get there, we'll be safe."

David nodded, about to say something, when his steps suddenly halted.

His divine sense detected an aura emanating from ahead.

Several people were approaching, and they were clearly hostile.

“Someone’s coming.”

David’s voice was calm, but tinged with a hint of gravity. “Many. The aura of the Divine Race.”

Yan Feng’s expression changed drastically. He instinctively gripped his broken black longsword. “How many?”

“At least fifty,”

David said. “The leader is an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, and most of the rest are sixth to seventh-grade Golden Immortals.”

Yan Feng’s body trembled slightly.

Fifty Divine Race cultivators, led by an eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

They, now remnants of their forces, couldn’t possibly hold them off.

“Benefactor…”

Yan Feng’s voice was hoarse. “You go first, don’t worry about us. The Divine Race’s target is us demonic cultivators. You are human cultivators; they won’t bother you.”

David didn’t turn around, only saying calmly, “I’m not leaving.”

Yan Feng opened his mouth, wanting to persuade him further, but seeing David’s straight back and calm gaze, he swallowed his words.

David gripped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, his purple eyes fixed ahead.

On the distant horizon, golden light began to flicker, like dense stars moving across the ground.

The lights drew closer and brighter, eventually transforming into a large group of divine cultivators clad in golden armor, riding golden spirit beasts, appearing in the distance.

More than fifty divine cultivators stood in neat formation, their golden armor gleaming dazzlingly in the twilight.

Leading them was a burly middle-aged man with a square face and a battle-hardened, cold gaze. His cultivation was at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and he held a golden halberd, its tip crackling with golden lightning.

They saw David and his group, and also Yan Feng and his companions, who clearly exuded the aura of demonic cultivators.

A cold glint flashed in the leader's eyes, a chilling smile curving his lips as he slowly raised his golden halberd.

Chapter 6704

"Demonic cultivators spotted! Surround them!"

The moment the order was given, over fifty divine cultivators, like a giant golden net, swiftly spread out, flanking David and his group from both sides.

Golden light formed an impenetrable ring in the twilight, trapping them in the center and sealing off all escape routes.

The howls of spirit beasts, the clanging of armor against metal, and the low hum of divine runes intertwined, creating a suffocating sense of oppression.

Yan Feng's face was deathly pale. He gripped his broken longsword tightly, even the hilt trembling.

Xiao Rou protected Xiao Die, pressing her behind her and blocking her view with her body.

The wounded demonic cultivators also gripped their weapons tightly, their eyes filled with desperate stubbornness.

David stood at the forefront, his purple eyes sweeping over the divine cultivators, like a silent reef, unmoved by the surging golden waves around him.

But just then, a new aura approached from afar.

This time it was even more chaotic, the footsteps even more clamorous.

A cloud of gray dust rose from the east, while heavy footsteps and the low growls of wild beasts echoed from the west.

Moments later, two more groups came into view.

A group of human cultivators, about thirty or forty in number, arrived from the east, dressed in robes of various colors, wielding gleaming magical artifacts, their faces etched with greed and excitement.

A group of beastmen cultivators, about twenty or thirty in number, arrived from the west, their physiques robust, some with beast ears, some with tails, some covered in fur, emitting deep roars.

The three forces, nearly one hundred and fifty in number, surrounded David and his group.

A four-way standoff ensued.

The divine cultivators rode on spirit beasts, their golden armor blazing like flames in the twilight;

human cultivators stood in a row, their magical artifacts reflecting a cold light in the darkness;

beastmen crouched on the ground, their heavy breathing reverberating like drums in the air;

and David and his group stood in the very center, surrounded by three forces, like lone wolves trapped in an alley.

Yan Feng's lips trembled.

He had lived for hundreds of years, seen countless storms, but never had he experienced such a desperate situation.

Three forces, over 150 people, while they only had a dozen or so, most of them wounded.

Even if David was strong, even if Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi were both eighth-grade Golden Immortals, facing such an encirclement, they had almost no chance of survival.

"Benefactor..."

Yan Feng's voice was hoarse, "You should leave quickly, take your friends and leave. We demonic cultivators are destined for this..."

David didn't answer him.

He simply walked forward step by step, his gray robe fluttering in the twilight, blocking everyone's path.

His right hand slowly rose, grasping the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Purple light flowed across the scabbard, as if it were ready to be drawn at any moment.

His eyes were calm and focused, without fear or hesitation, only an icy calmness.

“Old Xuan.” David’s voice was soft.

“I’m here.” Xuan Zhenzi spat out the withered grass in his mouth and stood to David’s left rear, his hands slightly open, azure light flowing in his palms.

“Xue Lan.”

Jiang Xue Lan stood to David’s right rear, icy blue cold air condensing at her fingertips, freezing the surrounding air into fine ice crystals.

“You protect those behind you.” David’s voice was as calm as a still pond. “I’ll hold off those in front.”

Jiang Xue Lan bit her lip and nodded.

David took a deep breath, a cold fighting spirit surging in his purple eyes.

Even if there were 150 people on the other side, even if today was a certain death, he would never retreat a single step.

“It’s time to make our move,”

David said in a low voice, his fingers tightening around the hilt of his sword. “Prepare.”

The golden-haired divine leader raised his halberd, golden light condensing into a dazzling sphere at its tip.

His gaze swept over the human and beastmen cultivators, and he proclaimed loudly, “Human and beastmen comrades! These demonic cultivators are right before us. Kill them and you’ll obtain the divine golden core! Attack now!”

His voice echoed across the twilight wilderness, carrying an unquestionable command.

The majesty of the divine race was on full display at this moment.

He thought everything would go according to his plan.

At his command, the human and beastmen cultivators would pounce like hunting dogs, tearing the demonic cultivators to shreds.

But what happened next stunned everyone.

The leader of the human cultivators was an elderly man with gray hair, a cultivation level of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, wearing a faded blue robe, and holding an ancient longsword in his hand.

He glanced at the divine cultivators, then at the demonic cultivators behind David, and finally turned to the beastman leader beside him.

A burly lion-like man, his golden mane billowing in the wind, gripped a massive battle axe.

The two exchanged a glance and nodded simultaneously.

“Attack!” the human elder roared.

“Kill!” the beastman leader roared deafeningly.

Then, something completely unexpected happened.

The human and beastman cultivators didn’t rush towards the demonic cultivators behind David; instead, they abruptly turned and pounced on the divine cultivators.

Swords flashed, axes rained down.

The divine cultivators were caught

completely off guard. They never expected their allies, who should have been on the same side, to suddenly turn their blades against them.

Golden armor screeched under the blows of swords and axes, screams and cries of agony mingled in the twilight wilderness.

“You’re insane!”

“We’re allies!”

“Why are you attacking us?!”

The god-race leader’s face instantly turned ashen, his voice filled with shock and rage: “What are you doing! Attacking the gods is to be an enemy of the entire god race! Do you know the consequences?!”

No one answered him.

The human and beast-race cultivators, as if they had planned it all along, moved with synchronized ferocity, each with a greedy and resolute glint in their eyes.

Three or four of them surrounded a god-race cultivator, swords, axes, and hammers raining down, cutting down the god-race cultivators who had no time to react.

Golden blood splattered across the wilderness, staining the withered grass and gray-brown rocks red.

The sound of armor being cleaved was like tearing cloth, and screams of agony rose and fell.

Although the god-race cultivators were individually strong, faced with a sudden attack that far outnumbered them, and with an unsuspecting backstab, they were utterly unable to mount an effective resistance.

A divine cultivator had barely raised his sword when three human cultivators simultaneously pierced his chest;

another divine cultivator attempted to escape by taking to the air, but was struck in the back by an axe from a beastman cultivator and plummeted from mid-air;

the leading divine commander tried to regain his footing, his golden halberd sweeping across and repelling several human cultivators, but more enemies had surrounded him, blocking all his escape routes.

In less than a quarter of an hour, all fifty-odd divine cultivators lay dead in pools of blood.

Golden blood flowed slowly in the twilight, forming small streams.

The bodies beneath their golden armor were no longer moving; some had been decapitated, some had their hearts pierced, and some had their limbs severed—their deaths varied, but their fates were the same.

Chapter 6705

Human and beastman cultivators, panting heavily, stood amidst the golden corpses, holding magical artifacts and axes stained with golden blood.

Their faces bore exhaustion, but even more so, excitement and satisfaction.

Then, they began to decapitate.

The human and beastman cultivators crouched down, skillfully using daggers to sever the heads of the divine cultivators, then stuffing them into their storage bags.

Their movements were swift and practiced, clearly not their first time doing this.

David stood rooted to the spot, watching this scene, his grip on his sword slowly loosening.

His expression was complex.

He had been prepared for a desperate battle, his Dragon-Slaying Sword ready to be drawn at any moment, his chaotic power already at its peak, even calculating how to break through with minimal losses.

But in the end, he didn't even have a chance to act.

Jiang Xuelan was also stunned.

The icy blue aura in her hand condensed into sharp ice needles at her fingertips, but before she could even fire them, they had already lost their target.

Xuan Zhenzi's mouth gaped open in an "O" shape, his cloudy eyes filled with disbelief.

He had lived for so many years and seen countless scenes, but this was truly the first time he had ever witnessed anything like it.

He had expected a bloody battle, but instead, the enemy had been wiped out by their own "friendly forces."

The young Taoist boy peeked out from behind Xuan Zhenzi, his eyes wide, and whispered, "Master…why are they attacking their own people?"

“Don’t ask, Master doesn’t understand either…” Xuan Zhenzi clicked his tongue.

Yan Feng was utterly dumbfounded.

He gripped his broken black longsword, the tip pointing forward, maintaining a defensive stance, but his eyes were filled with confusion and disbelief.

Those divine cultivators, just like that, killed?

Killed by their “allies” who were supposed to kill them alongside them?

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but his throat seemed blocked by something, and he couldn’t utter a single word.

David’s gaze fell on the human elder.

The old man was bending over, severing the head of a divine cultivator with practiced ease, as if he were cutting leeks.

After finishing, he put the head into his storage bag, straightened up, and his gaze met David’s.

Seeing David’s purple eyes, he grinned and walked towards him.

“Don’t be nervous, don’t be nervous,”

the old man waved his hand, indicating he meant no harm.

He stopped a few steps away from David, wiped the blood from his face, and revealed a sly smile. “We’re not here to kill you.”

David looked at him, his purple eyes showing neither trust nor hostility, and calmly asked, “Why?”

“Why kill the gods?”

The old man grinned, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth. “Because the demons have also issued bounties. Killing a god cultivator and bringing their head to demon territory will earn double the bounty. Didn’t you know?”

David raised an eyebrow slightly. “The demons have also issued bounties?”

“Yes! The news came out last night!”

The old man’s voice was excited. “Killing a god at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm will earn the demons 200,000 top-grade crystals!

That’s double what the gods pay! Only a fool wouldn’t do that! We helped the gods kill demon cultivators before because of the crystals.”

“Now the demons are offering more, so of course we’ll help them kill the gods! It’s business, whoever pays the highest bidder gets the job, it’s only fair!”

The human and beastmen cultivators behind him nodded in agreement, some even patting their storage bags with pride, which contained the heads of the gods they had just chopped off.

“This deal is a good one!”

“Those gods are always so arrogant, we’ve been wanting to get rid of them for a long time!”

“Killing one god cultivator is worth killing two demon cultivators, only a fool would keep killing demon cultivators!”

David looked at their matter-of-fact expressions, remained silent for a moment, and then a slight smile appeared on his lips: “Indeed, it’s business, whoever pays the highest bidder gets the job, it’s only fair.”

The old man chuckled: “Right? So we’re not here to kill you. We’re going to Black Abyss Valley to exchange these god heads for bounty. You’re going to Black Abyss Valley too, right? We can go together!”

David nodded: “Then let’s go together.”

The old man turned around and waved to the human and beast cultivators behind him: “Finished packing? If you’re done, let’s go! Black Abyss Valley isn’t close, and it’s getting dark!” “

Finished!”

“Let’s go!”

The human and beast cultivators stood up one after another, patting the bloodstains and dirt off their hands. Some even used rags to wipe the golden bloodstains on their magical artifacts before putting them into their storage bags.

They wore smiles on their faces, walked with ease, and chatted about their day’s harvest as if they had just completed an ordinary hunt.

Carrying their storage bags, they followed David and his group towards Black Abyss Valley.

The group was more than twice as large as before, and the tense atmosphere had vanished, replaced by an eerie harmony.

After walking for a while, Yan Feng couldn’t help but lean closer to David and asked in a low voice, “Benefactor… are those people really trustworthy?” David

glanced at the chatting and laughing human and beast cultivators, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes: “They’re helping us now because the Demon Clan offers a higher bounty.

If one day the God Clan offers more, they'll turn around and help the God Clan kill us. For them, it's just business."

"Then why don't we travel with them…"

"At least it's safe for now."

David's voice was calm. "Besides, they know the location of Black Abyss Valley and can guide us. Once we reach Black Abyss Valley, they'll collect their reward and leave, while we stay in the valley, and we won't interfere with each other."

Yan Feng thought for a moment and nodded: "My benefactor makes sense." He

asked no more questions, quickening his pace to follow David.

Dusk deepened, the clouds on the horizon dyed a dark red by the last rays of the setting sun, like a frozen sea of blood.

The group wound its way across the wilderness, heading towards Black Abyss Valley.

The human and beastmen cultivators carrying the severed heads were still excitedly discussing their day's harvest and the bounty they were about to receive. Their voices drifted through the twilight, carrying an eerie ease and joy.

David walked at the head of the group, his gray robes fluttering in the wind.

His gaze was fixed on the gradually clearing outline of Black Abyss Valley ahead, his purple eyes swirling with complex light.

The demons were offering a bounty on the gods.

This tactic, using their own methods against them, was indeed brilliant.

And the person who could make this decision in such a short time…

David's mind conjured up that cold, young face.

Ning Zhi.

Only he could have come up with such a wicked scheme.

Having spent so long in the Heavenly Realm, the cultivators there only knew how to cultivate; their minds had become dulled.

Chapter 6706

The entrance to Black Abyss Valley finally revealed itself fully in the twilight.

Two towering black cliffs, like two colossal stone gates, pierced the clouds, flanking the valley entrance.

The cliff surfaces were covered with dense, intricate demonic runes, which glowed a dark red in the twilight, like countless open eyes, slowly blinking, each flicker carrying an ancient rhythm.

A thick black mist hung over the valley entrance, containing a dense demonic energy that surged and churned like a living thing.

Sometimes it coalesced into a blurry outline, sometimes it dispersed into nothingness, exuding a cold and oppressive aura, as if warning every creature that tried to approach—this is not your home.

David stood before the valley entrance, his purple eyes gazing at the churning black mist, sensing the dense demonic energy within.

He could feel an ancient, settled quality within that demonic energy, as if it had accumulated over countless years, long since becoming one with the valley.

This place is a forbidden zone for ordinary cultivators, but a natural sanctuary for demons.

No wonder the gods dare not easily set foot here—in such an environment, the spiritual power of god cultivators is greatly suppressed, and their combat power drops by at least 30%.

“We’ve arrived.”

Yan Feng’s face finally showed a relieved expression. His voice was hoarse but filled with the joy of surviving a disaster, and even his chest straightened a bit. “This is Black Abyss Valley.

I lived here for a few years when I was young, and then I went to Falling Star City. Although I left, this place has always been the home of demon cultivators.”

He took a deep breath, as if he wanted to inhale all the demonic energy at the entrance of the valley into his lungs.

That kind of energy was like the energy of his mother to him, familiar and reassuring.

The human and beast cultivators also stopped, looking at the entrance of the valley with a hint of apprehension.

Although they came for the bounty, they still instinctively felt uncomfortable with this natural barrier of demonic energy.

The white-haired elder leading the group frowned, his nostrils flaring slightly, as if trying to dispel the unsettling aura emanating from him. He said nothing, simply waving his hand to signal those behind him to wait quietly.

David lifted his foot and walked towards the valley entrance.

Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi followed closely behind him, the little Daoist boy huddled behind Xuanzhenzi, peering ahead with a mixture of curiosity and nervousness on his face.

There were guards at the valley entrance.

Two demonic cultivators clad in black armor stood on either side of the entrance, holding black halberds whose tips shimmered with a dark red light, echoing the demonic patterns on the cliff face.

Their gazes were like torches, two burning dark red lanterns, scanning every approaching figure in the twilight.

Their cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, their aura steady yet sharp, clearly indicating they were elite guards of Black Abyss Valley.

Seeing David and his group approach, the two guards simultaneously raised their halberds, crossing them to block the entrance to the valley. Their movements were swift and decisive, without the slightest hesitation.

“Halt!”

the left guard shouted sharply, his voice echoing through the cliffs at the valley entrance, carrying an undeniable air of authority.

His gaze swept over David, Jiang Xuelan, and Xuan Zhenzi, his brows furrowing sharply, a hint of wariness and hostility flashing in his eyes. “Human cultivators? What are you doing in Black Abyss Valley? Don’t you know this is demonic cultivator territory, and outsiders are not allowed to enter?”

Yan Feng strode forward, cupped his hands in a respectful bow, and spoke with a hint of pleading in his voice: “Brothers, I am Yan Feng from Falling Star City. These human cultivators are my saviors. They saved me and my daughter, and also my people.

Now the gods are hunting down demonic cultivators everywhere, and we can no longer stay outside. We want to enter the valley to take refuge for a while, and leave after the storm has passed…"

"Yan Feng?"

The guard on the right sized him up, seemingly searching his memory for the name, then nodded, his wariness barely easing. "I remember you. You lived in the valley for a few years before going to Falling Star City.

But I can't make the decision to bring human cultivators into Black Abyss Valley. You know the rules: Black Abyss Valley is a gathering place for demonic cultivators; outsiders are not allowed to enter. This rule was established hundreds of years ago, and no one can break it."

Yan Feng's expression changed, his voice tinged with urgency: "Brother, I know the rules, but these people are truly different! They saved us in Falling Star City. Without them, my daughter and I would have died at the hands of the gods long ago! Please

make an exception and let me go in to plead with the leader. If the leader agrees, I can bring them in. Is that alright?"

"No."

The guard on the left shook his head, his tone resolute, leaving no room for negotiation. "Rules are rules. You can go in, but these human cultivators cannot.

If they really want to enter the valley, they must first obtain the leader's personal permission. Otherwise, I cannot let them through. This is my duty, please understand." "

But…"

"There are no buts."

The guard on the right also spoke, his voice gentler than the one on the left, but his attitude was equally firm. “Yan Feng, you should know that under normal circumstances, if you brought a few human friends, we might be able to inform them for you.

But these are extraordinary times. The gods have just declared war on us, and bounties are flying everywhere. Countless humans and gods want to sneak in to gather information. We dare not take the risk.”

Yan Feng’s lips trembled, a trace of helplessness and humiliation flashing in his eyes.

Although he was a minor leader in Falling Star City, leading a dozen or so men and having the final say, in a place like Black Abyss Valley, he really had no say.

The guards didn’t give him face, and there was nothing he could do.

The administrators here didn’t recognize his identity; he didn’t even have the right to take David to receive the award.

He turned around, looking at David with a face full of apology, even avoiding David’s eyes: “Benefactor… I’m truly sorry… I… don’t hold a high position in the valley, my words carry little weight.

Why don’t you wait outside the valley for a while, I’ll go in and explain the situation to the leader, see if we can…”

David looked at Yan Feng’s embarrassed and helpless appearance, without blaming him.

He had already noticed that although Yan Feng’s cultivation was not low, his status among demonic cultivators was not high, otherwise he wouldn’t be living in a small place like Falling Star City with his family, accompanied only by a dozen or so clansmen.

He nodded, his voice calm: “It’s not your fault. Then…”

Before he could finish speaking, the black mist at the valley entrance suddenly surged, as if stirred by an invisible hand, emitting a low whistling sound.

Two figures emerged from the black mist.

The one in the lead wore a dark blue robe, embroidered with ancient demonic totems, each pattern slowly shimmering with a dark light.

Chapter 6707

His face was cold and resolute, his brows carrying a composure and majesty beyond his years. His eyes were like deep pools, unfathomable, yet possessing an invisible pressure.

His steps were steady, each one firm, as if the earth beneath his feet were bowing to him.

A faint, scorching aura surrounded him, distorting the air around him slightly, as if separated by a layer of sweltering heat.

Ning Zhi.

Behind him followed a woman in a fiery red dress, her long, ink-black hair gleaming with a dark red sheen in the twilight, like flowing flames.

Her face was aloof, her brows carrying an innate nobility and detachment, but occasionally, a barely perceptible hint of confusion would flash in her dark red eyes.

She walked half a step behind Ning Zhi, maintaining this distance as if it were a habit, her gaze sweeping over the crowd at the valley entrance, lingering on David for a moment before moving away.

Barbara.

David watched the two emerge from the black mist, his purple eyes showing little surprise, only a subtle, almost imperceptible curve to his lips.

He had long anticipated seeing Ning Zhi and Barbara in Black Abyss Valley; after all, both were from the Flame Demon lineage, and in the twentieth level of the Heavenly Realm, they would undoubtedly be in a gathering place of demonic cultivators. He just hadn't expected it to be under these circumstances.

The two guards' expressions changed drastically upon seeing Ning Zhi, as if winter had met with blazing sun. They immediately sheathed their halberds, knelt on one knee, and bowed respectfully, their voices in unison: "Young Master Ning!"

Ning Zhi glanced at them, then at David and his group at the valley entrance, his gaze lingering on David's face for a moment before shifting away.

His voice was calm, as if he were discussing something trivial: "Let them in. These people are my friends."

The guards hesitated, seemingly wanting to say something, but seeing Ning Zhi's calm eyes, they swallowed their words.

They stepped aside without hesitation, even their movements as they stood up carrying a sense of trepidation: "Yes! Young Master Ning!"

Yan Feng was completely stunned.

He glanced at the two guards who were bowing respectfully to Ning Zhi, then at Ning Zhi's young yet cold face, and then at David, his eyes filled with shock and confusion. He opened his mouth, but couldn't utter a word.

This man, who looked even younger than David, held such a high position in Black Abyss Valley?

Even the guards bowed to him?

And those two guards, who were considered influential figures in the valley, acted as if they were seeing their master when they saw Ning Zhi.

“My benefactor, this…”

“An old friend.” David’s voice was calm, as if he had expected this scene. “Go in.”

He stepped into Black Abyss Valley.

Jiang Xuelan followed closely behind, her icy blue eyes thoughtfully glancing at Ning Zhi, then at David, seemingly wanting to ask something, but ultimately remaining silent. Xuan Zhenzi

followed behind, a dry blade of grass dangling from his mouth, scrutinizing Ning Zhi from head to toe with the curiosity of an old fox eyeing a young hunter.

The young Taoist novice trotted alongside Xuanzhenzi, glancing back occasionally at the two guards, his face full of surprise.

Yan Feng hesitated for a moment, then quickly followed with Xiao Rou and Xiao Die.

Ning Zhi stood at the valley entrance, watching David walk past him without saying a word.

As the two brushed past each other, Ning Zhi’s voice was very soft, so soft that only David could hear it, as soft as a falling leaf whispering in the wind: “You finally caught up.”

“If I don’t come along, how will you play by yourself?” David’s voice was equally soft, as soft as a needle falling on a carpet.

“Right, it’s no fun playing alone?”

Ning Zhi's voice carried a faint smile, a smile hidden beneath his calm tone, like an undercurrent surging beneath a thin sheet of ice.

Then he stepped aside, making way, his voice returning to its usual calm and aloofness, "Come in. Let's find a place to talk."

David didn't turn around, following the person in front into the depths of Black Abyss Valley.

But he could feel a gaze fixed on his back, not Jiang Xuelan's, not Xuan Zhenzi's, but that dark red gaze.

Barbara was looking at him.

She didn't recognize him, but the memories deep within that body seemed to still retain some vague echoes.

Behind them, the human and beastmen cultivators surged forward, shouting at the valley entrance, their voices filled with urgency and anticipation: "Hey! We're here to collect the bounty! Dozens of heads of divine cultivators!"

They held aloft storage bags stained with golden blood, the blood already somewhat congealed in the twilight, turning into a dark golden sheen.

Their faces were full of excitement and eagerness; they had been swift and decisive in killing the divine cultivators, and now they were equally ruthless in collecting the bounty.

The guard looked at the human and beastmen cultivators, then back at Ning Zhi, who had already walked away, and scratched his head somewhat awkwardly: "This… wait a moment, I'll go ask the leader."

…

The interior of Black Abyss Valley was much larger than David had imagined.

The valley was open, with numerous caves and stone chambers carved into the cliffs on both sides, layered upon each other, distributed on the rock walls like a honeycomb.

In the center was a flat open space, dotted with numerous simple stone houses and wooden sheds, arranged in a haphazard yet orderly fashion, connected by cobblestone paths.

Approximately a thousand demonic cultivators lived in the valley, men, women, and children alike. Some set up stalls in the open space, displaying various spiritual materials and magical artifacts;

others meditated and cultivated in front of their stone houses, their bodies enveloped in a faint demonic aura;

still others repaired magical artifacts, sharpening their blades with rough files.

Although their lives appeared austere, they shared a tacit understanding, nodding and greeting acquaintances. Children chased and played in the alleyways, their laughter few, yet brimming with a tenacious vitality.

David followed Ning Zhi through the valley's stone paths. Upon seeing Ning Zhi, the demonic cultivators readily made way, some bowing in respect, others stepping aside, their eyes filled with awe and respect.

It was a genuine recognition, not forced submission.

They arrived before a large black hall in the center.

The main hall was constructed entirely of massive black stones, with a dark golden flame emblem carved above the lintel—the symbol of the Flame Demon lineage. The flames danced slowly within the emblem, appearing as if truly burning.

Dark red lanterns hung on either side of the hall's entrance, their light like congealed blood.

Ning Zhi pushed open the hall's door and entered.

David followed behind him, and Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi also entered.

The young Daoist boy was left outside by Xuan Zhenzi, who made him sit on the steps eating dry rations while waiting.

The space inside the hall was much larger than it appeared from the outside, clearly enhanced by a spatial array.

Chapter 6708

The walls were covered with ancient demonic runes, emitting a dark red glow that shrouded the entire hall in a blood-red mist.

An ancient aura permeated the air, like an open history book, each page recounting past glories and tragedies.

In the center of the hall stood a massive stone table, upon which lay a large, yellowed map, marking the terrain of the twenty heavens and the distribution of various forces.

These markings were in different colors: red for divine strongholds, black for human cities, gray for neutral zones, and a circle heavily outlined in dark red with warning symbols around its edge.

Ning Zhi walked to the stone table, turned, and looked at David.

The two stared at each other across the table, neither speaking first. A moment of silence filled the hall, broken only by the silent flow of the dark red light on the walls.

Then Ning Zhi spoke, his first question startling David: "How many crystals do you have left?"

David raised an eyebrow slightly, leaning against the stone table with his arms crossed, looking at Ning Zhi's expressionless face: "Why are you asking this?" "

Those people outside are here to collect their bounties."

Ning Zhi's voice was calm, as calm as asking about the weather. "I issued the bounty, but the demons don't have enough crystals for them."

David understood.

Although Ning Zhi had come up with a clever way to use their own methods against them, he had overlooked a practical problem.

The demons were indeed not as wealthy as the gods.

The gods occupied the best resources of the twentieth heaven, possessing countless crystal mines and spiritual veins, while the demons had been suppressed for many years, lacking resources. All the demon cultivators combined couldn't even raise a third of the crystals needed for the first batch of bounties.

They simply couldn't come up with that many crystals to pay out the bounties.

"So you want me to pay?"

David leaned against the stone table, arms crossed, looking at Ning Zhi with a mocking smile.

"I helped you kill Elder Shenmu, seize his storage ring, and take the resources from those divine forces in the Nineteenth Heaven."

Ning Zhi's voice remained calm. "You should have quite a few crystals on you. I sensed the aura of abundant resources on you in the Land of Fallen Emperors."

"I risked my life for that."

David's voice carried a hint of sarcasm, but the smile in his eyes didn't truly reach them. "You've got a good plan. You came up with the idea, but I have to pay for the crystals? I could hear your scheme outside the valley."

"Fine, you don't have to pay."

Ning Zhi shrugged, his movements and tone conveying an indifferent attitude, his hands spread out in front of his chest as if to say, "Whatever."

His voice was calm with a touch of laziness. "Then I can only tell those people outside that the Demon Clan is out of money, and tell them to take back the heads of the divine race, or let the demon cultivators go directly to the divine race to claim their reward.

If they help the divine race then, you'll never be able to destroy the divine race's main hall, and you'll become a stray dog in the Twentieth Heaven, chased everywhere by that Golden Crow Hao. Think about it yourself."

"Aren't you the same?" David asked.

"The same my ass! At worst, I won't stay in the twentieth heaven. I'll just go straight to the twenty-first heaven. Even in the twenty-first heaven, I'll still be awesome in front of demonic cultivators," Ning Zhi said.

"Damn, is the Heavenly Realm yours? You can go to whichever heaven you want," David rolled his eyes.

Seeing David's reaction, Ning Zhi laughed loudly, "Although the Heavenly Realm isn't my home, as long as my master is here, I can easily go to the twenty-first heaven, or even higher heavens. Can you do that?"

Ning Zhi was deliberately trying to provoke David and showing off.

"That old bastard Yan Mo, when I run into him someday, I'll definitely give him a good beating," David gritted his teeth.

But he could only say it in anger. With his current strength, he probably couldn't give Yan Mo a good beating.

And although he had Mr. Shi behind him, Mr. Shi was even more powerful than Yan Mo, but Mr. Shi didn't really care about him anymore.

David could only climb the ranks step by step on his own, unlike Ning Zhi.

"Stop talking nonsense and hand over the crystals now," Ning Zhi said with a smile.

David glared at Ning Zhi. This bastard! It was clearly his bad idea, yet he'd passed the buck to him.

If he didn't hand over the crystals, the hunters would become enemies of the demonic cultivators again, and the gods would take control of the twentieth heaven. He would be the first to be hunted down.

If he did hand over the crystals, although he could get rid of this group, more and more people would come with the heads of gods for the bounty. His few crystals wouldn't last long; it was like throwing stones into a bottomless pit.

"I almost want to applaud you for your clever plan."

David shook his head, a helpless smile playing on his purple eyes. "Fine, I can provide the crystals. But what about afterwards? I can't keep supporting the entire demon race's bounty forever, can I? I may have some resources, but I can't afford this kind of drain."

Ning Zhi looked at David, remained silent for a moment, a thoughtful glint in his cold eyes, and then slowly spoke: "So we need to find a crystal mine, or find a way to obtain a large amount of resources.

I know there are many ruins and ancient battlefields in the Twentieth Heaven, but most have been thoroughly explored, leaving only scraps, not worth the risk.

However, there is one place, said to be extremely dangerous, with a nine-out-of-ten chance of death for those who enter, so very few dare to set foot there."

His gaze fell… On the yellowed map on the stone table, he pointed to an area heavily outlined in dark red at the edge of the map, with a few small words next to it: "Extremely dangerous, enter with caution."

He tapped the area with his fingertip: "This place is called 'The Abyss of Annihilation.' It is said that in ancient times, a powerful Immortal Emperor perished there while attempting to break through to the Saint realm. His Daoist essence and remnant soul scattered throughout that area, forming extremely terrifying law storms and spatial traps.

Cultivators below the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm who enter have almost no chance of coming out alive. But precisely because of this, the resources inside have never been touched."

David looked down at the dark red area on the map, a glint of light flashing in his purple eyes, like a spark ignited: "The place where an Immortal Emperor fell? Another Land of Emperor's Fall?"

"But why didn't you go yourself? Why did you have to wait for me? Besides, none of us are

even at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, are we?" David's thoughts were understandable. After all, back in the nineteenth heaven, Ning Zhi had been hiding in the Emperor's Fall Land in seclusion. David only learned later that entering the Emperor's Fall Land hadn't yielded any treasures; he'd only used some Daoist fragments to raise his cultivation level by a small margin.

"Your chaotic power can help me withstand the damage," Ning Zhi said without any pretense.

Chapter 6709

“Damn it, you’re using me as a shield?” David cursed.

“Nonsense, if you were worthless, would I be telling you?” Ning Zhi smirked. “The fragments of Daoist essence, insights into laws, and even remnants of inheritance and magical artifacts in the Fallen Emperor’s Land. If we can find one or two useful items, whether for our own use or to exchange for crystals at the Void Merchant Guild, it’ll be enough.”

“Just tell me if you dare to go. Let me tell you, the Fallen Emperor’s Land is far more powerful than the Nineteenth Heaven. The Fallen Emperor’s Land in the Nineteenth Heaven has been trodden upon, and its power has long been diminished. But this place is different; it has never been set foot here.”

David looked up at Ning Zhi, a familiar challenge in his smile: “You ask me if I dare? When have you ever seen me back down? This question sounds like you’ve just met me.”

Ning Zhi looked at David, a glint of light finally flashing in his cold eyes: “Then it’s settled. We’ll rest for three days, and set off in three days, with your bodyguard.”

“Old Xuan?”

David glanced at Xuan Zhenzi, who was standing not far away picking his ear. “If he wants to go, he can go; if he doesn’t, he can stay here and watch the little Daoist. Anyway, his old bones won’t be of much help, and he can stay here and watch the child.”

“Who are you calling an old bone?”

Xuan Zhenzi’s ears were sharp, and he immediately turned around, glaring at David. “I am a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal! I’m many realms higher

than you! You say I can't help? Believe me, I'll slap you into the ground with one palm!"

"Alright, I know you're powerful." David waved his hand, smiling as he turned away. "Then everyone go. But Old Xuan, don't be a burden when you go."

"A burden?"

Xuan Zhenzi puffed out his chest. "Back in the lower realms, what secret realms haven't I explored? What dangerous places haven't I been to? You've only lived a few years, and you dare to talk big in front of me?"

"Alright, alright, you're impressive." David waved his hand with a smile.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, remaining silent.

Her gaze lingered on Barbara for a moment before returning to its original position.

She could sense a scrutinizing and probing look in Barbara's eyes.

It was a woman's intuition; even with amnesia, her deepest instincts were still telling her something.

Barbara was also looking at Jiang Xuelan.

She didn't know why she was looking at that woman, but there was a strange feeling around her, as if something was stuck in her throat, something she couldn't say or swallow.

The woman stood beside David, her posture natural, clearly indicating a close relationship. This realization stirred a bittersweet feeling in Barbara's heart, but she quickly suppressed it.

"Okay," Ning Zhi nodded, "It's settled then."

The rest was much simpler.

David took out a large number of crystals from his storage ring and handed them to Ning Zhi.

“Old Xuan, take out all the crystals I gave you. I’ve taken everything I have, and it might not be enough,” David said to Xuan Zhenzi.

“Then remember to return them to me; this is my wages,” Xuan

Zhenzi said. “Don’t worry, after I destroy the main temple and seize their resources, I’ll give you back the principal with interest,” David said.

Upon hearing this, Xuan Zhenzi reluctantly took out all the crystals he had.

Ning Zhi didn’t say much, but simply told the white-haired elder to take the crystals out and exchange them for bounties from the human and beastman cultivators.

The white-haired elder, his face contorted with complex emotions, bowed deeply to David: “Thank you, sir… On behalf of the demons of Black Abyss Valley, I thank you for your generosity.”

“Don’t thank me,”

David waved his hand, a sly smile playing on his lips. “These debts must be repaid. Once we find something good in the Abyss of Annihilation and sell it, you’ll have to return the principal with interest.”

The white-haired elder paused, then grinned, a smile carrying a long-lost ease: “Of course! Of course! I’ll take care of it right away!”

He turned and strode out of the hall.

The crystal was carried out, and soon cheers erupted from the valley entrance.

The human and beastmen cultivators received their deserved bounties and left Black Abyss Valley satisfied.

As they left, someone called out into the valley, their voices carrying far in the twilight: “Next time there’s a deal like this, remember to let us know! We’re at your beck and call!”

David stood at the entrance of the main hall, watching the human and beast cultivators, carrying full storage bags, leave the valley entrance chatting and laughing, their figures disappearing into the twilight, their shadows stretched long by the setting sun.

A slight smile curved his lips

. “It seems the key to this war isn’t the gods or the demons, but whether we can get more people on our side.” His voice was soft.

“That depends on what we can find in the Abyss of Annihilation.”

Ning Zhi’s voice came from behind. He too had walked to the entrance of the hall, looking in the direction the human and beast cultivators had gone. “If we find enough, all the rogue cultivators in the twentieth heaven will become our allies. If we don’t find anything, then we’ll have to fight it out ourselves.”

“So this time, we can only succeed, failure is not an option.” David turned around and looked at Ning Zhi. “Are you ready?”

“When have I ever been unprepared?” Ning Zhi’s voice was calm.

“See you in three days then.” David turned and walked out of the hall, his gray robe swaying gently in the evening breeze.

Chapter 6710

The Divine Palace.

Golden light, like solidified amber, enveloped the entire palace, dyeing every inch of air a dazzling gold.

Divine runes flowed slowly across the walls, emanating an ancient and heavy pressure—the accumulated aura of countless powerful gods over tens of thousands of years, like an invisible mountain pressing down upon the palace.

Jin Wuhao sat on his divine throne, his golden eyes blazing with fury.

Kneeling before him was a god elder, trembling, his forehead pressed tightly against the cold golden ground, lacking even the courage to look up.

Just moments ago, he had brought news that enraged the Divine Emperor.

The Demon Race had issued a bounty, doubling the reward for the heads of god cultivators.

Within two days, god cultivators across the Twenty Heavens had been ambushed, over a hundred killed, their heads severed and exchanged for crystals.

Those human and beast cultivators who had originally hunted demon cultivators for the golden cores of the gods had all turned against them overnight, becoming executioners of the gods.

They came for profit. If the gods gave them crystals, they would kill demonic cultivators;

if the demons gave them double the crystals, they would kill gods.

The calculation couldn’t be simpler; no one would turn down their own interests.

“Demons…”

Jin Wuhao's voice was as cold as ten thousand years of ice, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth, "Those rats hiding in Black Abyss Valley dare to place bounties on my gods?"

"Reporting to the Divine Emperor..."

The elder's voice trembled, not daring to look up, "According to the news that came back, the demon bounty was issued by a young man from the Flame Demon lineage, named Ning Zhi, who is said to cultivate the demonic supreme fire.

He joined forces with the demonic cultivators of Black Abyss Valley, spreading the bounty and inciting all non-god forces to hunt down god cultivators for the reward. Moreover... and I heard that David is also in Black Abyss Valley, with Ning Zhi..."

"David..."

When Jin Wuhao uttered this name, the killing intent in his eyes almost solidified.

This is the man who killed Elder Shenmu, annihilated the divine forces of the Nineteenth Heaven, and now he's come to the Twentieth Heaven to stir up trouble.

"Your Majesty,"

another elder spoke cautiously, his voice tinged with a hint of probing, "I believe the Demon Clan is resource-poor and cannot sustain double bounties indefinitely.

If we increase the bounty, surpassing the Demon Clan's, those opportunists will naturally turn to us again. With the wealth of the Divine Clan's main hall, we can completely crush the Demon Clan..."

"Increase the bounty?"

Jin Wuhao coldly interrupted him, his golden gaze piercing the elder's face like a sword. "You mean, you want my Divine Clan to compete with a bunch of rats hiding in the deep mountains in terms of wealth?"

The elder trembled violently and immediately bowed low: "I dare not! I only…"

"Useless ideas."

Jin Wuhao stood up, his golden robes billowing around him without wind, his immense pressure spreading out like a tangible force, making the kneeling elders in the hall almost unable to breathe.

"Our divine race has ruled the Twenty Heavens for tens of thousands of years, relying on strength, not crystals. Those opportunists kill members of the divine race for crystals today, and they'll kill members of the demon race for crystals tomorrow. Competing with them for bounties will only make the divine race a laughingstock," Jin Wuhao said.

"But Your Majesty, those human and beast cultivators have already killed hundreds of our people. If we let this go unchecked, they'll only become more rampant…"

"I have my own way." Jin Wuhao's voice carried an undeniable decisiveness, and deep within his golden eyes surged a light deeper than anger.

He slowly raised his right hand, his five fingers spread, and a ball of golden light condensed in his palm.

That light was extremely dazzling, like a small star dancing in his palm, releasing a heart-palpitating pressure.

The oppressive aura was more intense than ever before, as if it had reached a higher realm.

The elders in the hall felt this pressure, their expressions changing drastically.

Some gasped, some trembled violently, and some were even forced to the ground.

“Your Majesty, the Divine Emperor…”

“I sense that the barrier is loosening.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice carried a longing suppressed for tens of thousands of years, a longing that leaped in every word, burning like flames. “The barrier of the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm has cracked. I need a secluded opportunity to break through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal Realm in the shortest possible time.”

These words were like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, stirring up towering waves in the hall.

The elders looked up at the dazzling golden light in Jin Wuhao’s palm, their eyes filled with shock and ecstasy.

Great Luo Golden Immortal!

That was the realm every Golden Immortal cultivator dreamed of!

Above the Golden Immortal Realm was the Great Luo Golden Immortal, and above the Great Luo Golden Immortal were Immortal Lords, Immortal Kings, Immortal Emperors, and even the legendary Saints.

Once Jin Wuhao breaks through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, it will mean he has entered a completely new level.

At that time, all the bounties from the Demon Clan, the opportunists from the Human and Beast Clans, David and Ning Zhi will all be nothing but ants.

Before a Great Luo Golden Immortal, all cultivators below the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm will not even have the right to stand.

“Your Majesty the Divine Emperor!”

An elder’s voice trembled with excitement, “What resources are needed? Your subordinate will prepare them immediately!”

“Gather all the precious resources of the Divine Clan.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice was calm, but it carried an undeniable majesty. “Heavenly Crystal Stones, Divine Source Liquid, materials for refining Great Luo Golden Pills… all resources that can help break through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, send them all to the Divine Emperor Palace. I am going into seclusion to attempt to break through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm.”

“Yes! Your subordinate will do it immediately!”

The elders scrambled out of the hall, their footsteps fading into the empty corridor, leaving only Jin Wuhao standing before the throne.

He gazed at the surging sea of clouds outside the hall, his golden eyes swirling with complex emotions.

For tens of thousands of years, he had been stuck at the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Countless attempts had broken through the barrier of the Great Luo Golden Immortal, each ending in failure.

But this time, he sensed something different.

That invisible barrier had truly loosened.

It was as if something had pried open a crack in the darkness, allowing him to see the light behind the door.

Perhaps it was anger, perhaps it was pressure, perhaps it was the provocation of those clowns that awakened his long-dormant fighting spirit.

Whatever the reason, the opportunity was right in front of him.

“David… Ning Zhi…”

Jin Wuhao murmured these two names, a cold smile curving his lips. “You think killing Elder Shenmu will shake the foundation of the Divine Race?

You think hiding in the Black Abyss Valley will keep you safe? Once I break through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, you will know what true despair is.”

He turned and walked towards the secluded cultivation chamber deep within the hall.

The golden robes trailed a long shadow in the darkness, like a golden road leading to the unknown distance.