A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6711

The secluded cultivation chamber was located at the deepest part of the Divine Palace, its walls constructed of Chaos Divine Stone, capable of isolating all divine sense probes and energy fluctuations.

In the center of the chamber was a spirit-gathering array, the floor covered with densely packed runes, each slowly shimmering with golden light.

Above the chamber hung a fist-sized divine crystal, emitting a soft glow that enveloped the entire chamber in a warm golden halo.

Jin Wuhao sat cross-legged in the center of the spirit-gathering array, closing his eyes and clearing his mind of all distractions.

Various rare and precious materials were continuously fed into the chamber. Heavenly

crystals piled up like a small mountain, divine source liquid filled jade bottles, and materials for refining the Great Luo Golden Pill were poured into the array like flowing water.

These resources, if left outside, would be enough for a medium-sized power to use for thousands of years, but now they were all concentrated here, solely for achieving a breakthrough.

Jin Wuhao took a deep breath and began to circulate his cultivation technique.

Golden light surged around him, like countless golden dragons undulating across his body, emitting deep roars.

Terrifying divine power surged through his meridians, its intensity reaching its peak, threatening to tear his body apart.

The barrier remained—an invisible, indestructible barrier, a chasm between the Golden Immortal realm and the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm.

He attacked once, twice, three times…

Each attack created a crack in the barrier, but each shattering momentarily healed itself.

The barrier seemed to possess life, constantly healing and resisting his invading power.

Jin Wuhao did not give up .

His will was as hard as steel, all the accumulation of tens of thousands of years erupting at this moment.

He mobilized all available resources, refining the Heavenly Crystal Stones, Divine Source Liquid, and Great Luo Golden Pill materials, transforming them into pure divine power that flowed into his meridians, attacking the barrier again and again.

Time flowed silently in the secret chamber.

One day and one night passed.

Two days and two nights passed.

Boom—!

In the dead of night on the second day, the invisible barrier finally shattered.

Golden light erupted from Jin Wuhao's body, sweeping through the entire secret chamber like a volcanic eruption.

The walls built of chaotic divine stones trembled violently under the impact of the golden light, as if they were about to collapse at any moment.

The divine crystal above the secret chamber suddenly exploded, turning into countless golden fragments that scattered in all directions.

At the same time, the entire sky of the twentieth heaven changed.

The originally pale golden sky suddenly lit up, as if it had been ignited, turning into a dazzling gold.

That gold was so intense that it dyed the clouds in the sky gold, like a golden ocean rolling.

The earth trembled, the mountains roared, and the rivers howled, as if the whole world was trembling for the birth of a Great Luo Golden Immortal.

Every corner of the twentieth heaven felt this strange phenomenon.

In a human city, countless cultivators looked up at the sky, their faces ashen, staring at the golden sky.

Some people dropped their magical artifacts to the ground with a crisp sound;

some people's legs went weak and they knelt down, muttering, "It's over, it's over";

some people looked at each other, seeing the same fear in each other's eyes.

"The heavens… the heavens have changed…"

"That's… the aura of a Grand Luo Golden Immortal!"

“The God Emperor has broken through! Jin Wuhao has broken through to the Grand Luo Golden Immortal realm!”

The news, like a boulder thrown into water, stirred up a monstrous wave across the Twentieth Heaven.

All forces that received the message—humans, beastmen, and rogue cultivators alike—made the same decision simultaneously:

immediately cease hunting the divine cultivators, destroy all the divine heads they hadn’t yet cashed in, and pretend nothing had happened.

A Grand Luo Golden Immortal.

Before a peak ninth-grade Golden Immortal God-Emperor, humans could rely on numbers and tactics;

but a Grand Luo Golden Immortal was on a completely different level.

Before a Grand Luo Golden Immortal, even a large number of Golden Immortals were nothing but ants.

The gap between a peak ninth-grade Golden Immortal and a Grand Luo Golden Immortal was greater than the gap between a True Immortal and a Golden Immortal.

Those human and beastmen cultivators who had originally hunted divine cultivators for bounties were now gripped by fear.

Some fled to remote mountains overnight, some buried the divine heads they had already obtained, and some hid in caves, too afraid to emerge.

In the once glorious Black Abyss Valley, even the demons felt that terrifying aura.

An old man with white hair stood at the valley entrance, gazing up at the golden sky, his aged face filled with solemnity and fear, his long beard trembling slightly in the wind.

“A Great Luo Golden Immortal…”

his voice was hoarse, “Jin Wuhao… has broken through.”

The surrounding demon cultivators turned pale; some instinctively took a step back, others gripped their weapons but didn’t know where to point them.

The golden light illuminated the entire Twentieth Heaven, like a sword hanging over everyone’s heads, ready to fall at any moment.

The valley was deathly silent.

At this moment, in the secret chamber of the Divine Emperor Palace, Jin Wuhao slowly opened his eyes.

His eyes were no longer golden, but had become a deeper, more majestic light.

It was the unique Daoist radiance of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, as if containing the laws of the entire world flowing within them.

A faint golden halo surrounded him, containing an extremely terrifying pressure that caused the surrounding air to distort slightly.

He slowly stood up, feeling the surging power within him, a satisfied smile curving his lips.

“A Great Luo Golden Immortal… so this is what it feels like to be a Great Luo Golden Immortal.”

He raised his hand, a ball of golden light condensing in his palm. That light was purer and more refined than before, as if a casual wave could tear through space and crush mountains and rivers.

He threw a punch. He

didn't use any magic power, just the purest, most basic straight punch.

But wherever the wind from that punch passed, the chaotic divine stone walls of the secret chamber instantly developed countless cracks, spreading like a spiderweb, before shattering into countless fragments.

The entire Divine Palace trembled violently, like an earthquake.

The divine cultivators outside the hall were terrified by the sudden tremor, falling to their knees and bowing towards the secret chamber, shouting, "Congratulations, Divine Emperor! Congratulations, Divine Emperor!"

Jin Wuhao stepped out of the secret chamber, passing through the shattered walls and scattered fragments of chaotic divine stones. His golden robes fluttered without wind, radiating the unique majesty of a Great Luo Golden Immortal.

He walked to the platform outside the hall, gazing at the surging sea of clouds below, a cold killing intent flashing in his golden eyes.

"Black Abyss Valley."

His voice was soft, yet it resounded like thunder in the sky, causing the sea of clouds below to churn violently.

"David, Ning Zhi, and those arrogant demons… I've come to see you now. Didn't you want to fight me? I'm here. Are you ready?"

He lifted his foot and took a step forward.

Golden light shone beneath his feet, and his figure transformed into a golden streak of light, hurtling towards the Black Abyss Valley in the far west, like a golden meteor streaking across the sky, leaving a long-lasting golden trail behind him.

The earth of the Twentieth Heaven trembled beneath his feet.

Chapter 6712

The atmosphere in Black Abyss Valley had never been so heavy.

The golden sky still churned overhead, and the golden pillar of light shot towards the heavens from the direction of the Divine Palace, like the eye of heaven and earth watching over this land.

Although Jin Wuhao's figure had not yet appeared at the valley entrance, the pressure of a Great Luo Golden Immortal had already enveloped them as if it were a tangible force, causing every demonic cultivator's heart to tremble even from hundreds of miles away.

In the council hall, David, Ning Zhi, Barbara, Jiang Xuelan, Xuan Zhenzi, and the leaders of Black Abyss Valley sat around a stone table, each with an extremely grim expression.

The white-haired elder sat in the main seat, his aged fingers gripping the armrests tightly, his knuckles white as bone.

His lips moved, but he could not utter a single word.

The woman in the blood-red robe was deathly pale, and her once composed eyes now churned with undisguised fear.

"The news is confirmed."

A young demonic cultivator rushed in from outside, forgetting even to announce his arrival. His voice was several octaves higher with tension. “Jin Wuhao has left the Divine Emperor Palace and is heading this way!

He’s incredibly fast; with his cultivation level, he’ll arrive in half an hour at most!”

The hall fell into a deathly silence, the air seeming to solidify.

“Half an hour…”

The sinister man’s voice was hoarse, his Adam’s apple bobbing. “What…what do we do?”

“What’s the panic!”

A burly demonic cultivator leader slammed his fist on the table, trying to sound confident. “Black Abyss Valley has a natural barrier of demonic energy, and a defensive array laid down by our ancestors!

Even if Jin Wuhao reaches the Great Luo Golden Immortal level, breaking through the array will take him considerable effort! If we stay here, he might not be able to…”

Before he could finish, a muffled rumble came from the direction of the valley entrance.

The sound was like a giant hammer striking a stone wall, or thunder exploding overhead, carrying a heart-pounding, resonant force.

Everyone froze, their gazes turning in unison towards the valley entrance.

Immediately afterward, a second boom resounded.

This time it was louder and deeper than the first, even the ground beneath their feet trembled slightly.

Then came the third, the fourth, the fifth… each boom closer than the last, each one making the faces of everyone in the hall paler.

“Report—!”

Another demonic cultivator stumbled in, his legs weak, almost collapsing on the threshold.

His voice was choked with sobs: “The… the demonic energy barrier at the valley entrance… was shattered by Jin Wuhao with a single punch!”

“What?!”

The burly demonic cultivator leader jumped to his feet, his chair overturning with a jarring crash. “The demonic energy barrier is shattered?! What about the protective array?!”

“The core of the first layer of the array… has cracked!”

The demonic cultivator’s voice trembled completely. “Jin Wuhao… he only threw one punch!”

No one else in the hall spoke.

Silence weighed heavily on everyone’s chests, making even breathing difficult.

The demonic energy barrier and protective array were the foundation of Black Abyss Valley’s existence; they had operated here for hundreds of years, relying on these innate advantages.

But now, Jin Wuhao, who had just advanced to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, was about to shatter them all with just a few punches. A

Great Luo Golden Immortal, so incredibly powerful!

Boom—!

When the sixth boom resounded, the entire Black Abyss Valley trembled.

Rock fragments fell from the cliffs, and the light of the demonic runes flickered wildly like candles in the wind, then went out one by one.

The demonic cultivators who had been observing in the valley began to panic and flee in all directions. Some huddled in corners with their heads in their hands, some tried to crawl back into their stone chambers, and some even began to secretly run towards the other side of the valley.

“The great formation… is broken.”

The white-haired old man’s voice was hoarse and weak, as if he had aged a thousand years in an instant.

“Go! Go out and see!”

David stood up, his purple eyes gleaming with calm light.

He didn’t run, nor did he panic; he simply walked out of the hall first.

Jiang Xuelan followed closely behind him, her icy blue eyes filled with solemnity, but showing no sign of retreat.

Xuan Zhenzi sighed and followed as well.

Ning Zhi glanced at David’s back, said nothing, and followed behind with Barbara.

When David walked out of the hall and arrived at the central open space of Black Abyss Valley, he saw Jin Wuhao.

The golden light gradually dissipated at the valley entrance, like the receding tide.

A figure emerged from the light, his steps steady, like a moving mountain.

The golden robes fluttered in the wind, but the wind seemed to automatically veer away from him, as if even the wind dared not touch the hem of his garment.

Jin Wuhao.

His face was majestic and cold, his golden eyes holding a disdainful indifference that looked down upon all living beings.

That gaze was like that of a god, devoid of emotion, but because the disparity was so great, he made everyone he looked at seem like ants beneath his feet.

A faint golden halo surrounded him, containing the unique Daoist aura of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, making every movement of his carry the pressure of laws.

He was alone.

But his mere presence made tens of thousands of demonic cultivators dare not even breathe.

The demonic cultivators of Black Abyss Valley were forced to the central open space, huddled together in small groups, weapons in hand, yet not a single one dared to step forward.

Some collapsed to their knees, their legs giving way; some trembled violently as they gripped their magical weapons; others' eyes flickered, as if they were plotting something.

"Demon cultivators."

Jin Wuhao's voice echoed through the valley, not loud, but clearly reaching everyone's ears, as if it were right next to their eardrums. "I, the Emperor , will give you a chance."

He stood with his hands behind his back, his golden gaze sweeping over the crowd as if sweeping over a pile of insignificant dust: “Now submit to me, and all past transgressions will be forgiven.

You can still live in the Twentieth Heaven, and I will no longer pursue the matter of your bounties on the Divine Race. But if you remain obstinate…”

He didn’t finish his sentence.

There was no need to.

Everyone’s minds automatically filled in the missing half of the sentence; no one wanted to verify it themselves.

The valley fell silent for a moment.

The surging golden light behind Jin Wuhao was like a silent banner, reminding everyone that a Great Luo Golden Immortal stood before them.

That light shone on the faces of every demon cultivator, reflecting the fear, hesitation, struggle, and wavering in their expressions.

The woman in the blood-red robe stood in the crowd, her hands trembling slightly.

She knew this was her last chance to choose.

She had once advocated for peace talks with the gods in the great hall, but back then she was only afraid of the casualties that battle would bring. Now, however, she was facing an existence she could not resist.

A conflict churned within her.

Chapter 6713

She thought of her fallen kin, of those who had perished in the pursuit of the gods, but she also thought of her men, the brothers who had fought and died alongside her.

If they continued fighting, they would all die here; if they surrendered, at least they could live.

Her gaze swept across the crowd to David and Ning Zhi.

The two young men stood ramrod straight, like two swords that refused to bend.

But what good was being straight?

Before a Great Luo Golden Immortal, what difference was there between a straight sword and a bent blade of grass?

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

When she opened her eyes again, there was no more hesitation.

The woman in the blood-red robe stepped out from the crowd.

Her steps were slow, each one like walking on a knife's edge.

She walked step by step to the open space in front of Jin Wuhao, paused, then bent her knees and knelt down.

"Your subordinate…is willing to submit."

Her voice was hoarse and trembling, each word seemingly squeezed out from between her teeth. "From beginning to end, your subordinate has advocated

for peace with the gods…Please, Your Majesty, have mercy and spare your subordinate and your people…"

Jin Wuhao looked down at her, his golden eyes devoid of any emotion.

He neither nodded nor shook his head, nor uttered a single word, simply letting her kneel there.

That indifferent attitude was more chilling than any threat.

The blood-robed woman's submission was like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, stirring up countless ripples in the crowd.

The second to step forward was a thin man, the very one who had advocated for escape in the main hall earlier.

He lowered his head, quickly walked to the blood-robed woman's side, and knelt down as well.

No one could see his expression, but as he knelt, his shoulders trembled slightly, whether from fear or humiliation, it was unclear.

The third, the fourth, the fifth…

more and more people emerged from the crowd.

Each time someone took a step forward, whispers would circulate around them, and glances would flicker.

Those who were still hesitant watched their companions surrender one by one, and the scales in their hearts tipped.

Some clenched their fists, then slowly relaxed them.

Some gritted their teeth, finally letting out a sigh.

Some looked up at the golden light surrounding Jin Wuhao, then at the magical artifact in their hands that seemed insignificant under the divine light, and silently stepped out of the ranks.

More and more people knelt on the open ground. At first, there were only a few scattered individuals, then a small group, and later a large group.

Some of those who knelt kept their heads down, not daring to look at anyone; some secretly breathed a sigh of relief after kneeling; some even kowtowed directly to Jin Wuhao, their movements extremely humble.

No one condemned them, no one stopped them, because everyone understood that in the face of such a huge disparity, survival was already a luxury.

Fewer and fewer people remained standing, watching their companions leave one by one, their faces growing paler and their eyes more and more complicated.

The sinister man stood in the crowd, his fists clenching and unclenching repeatedly.

His lips trembled, as if he wanted to say something, but ultimately no words came out.

He looked at his comrades kneeling on the ground, his eyes churning with anger and resentment, yet also with a hint of envy that he couldn't quite define—at least they no longer had to endure this torment of standing on the edge of a knife.

He began to hesitate.

A voice echoed in his heart: If you die, you lose everything.

Your people, your heritage, everything you've protected in your life—all will vanish with your death.

But to live, even a life of humiliation, is to at least see tomorrow's sun.

His fingers trembled, his knees bent slightly, then straightened abruptly.

Then they bent again, then straightened again.

He repeated this until those around him cast strange glances, then he gritted his teeth and took that step.

"I'm sorry,"

he whispered, not knowing to whom he was speaking.

Then he strode to the open space and knelt down.

With him leading the way, many more who were still hesitating finally made up their minds.

One by one, they stepped out from the crowd, their steps quickening, as if afraid of regretting it if they slowed down even a step.

The number of people kneeling on the open space grew from hundreds to thousands, from thousands to tens of thousands.

In the short time it takes for an incense stick to burn, all those comrades who had entrusted their lives to him, those brothers who had fought side by side, were kneeling on the ground.

Ning Zhi stood on the steps at the entrance of the main hall, watching the people continuously emerge from the crowd and kneel on the open ground. His face was as gloomy as the sky before a storm.

His hands clenched slightly, every vein clearly visible beneath his skin.

He gritted his teeth, an indescribable emotion surging in his chest.

Anger, disappointment, resentment, and a stinging pain of betrayal—these people had just been calling him “Young Master Ning,” discussing countermeasures around him, and vowing to fight the gods to the death.

But with Jin Wuhao’s arrival, they were like sheep seeing a wolf, all bowing their heads.

The elder of the Flame Demon lineage stood beside Ning Zhi, his aged eyes filled with complex emotions.

He looked at those who had submitted, then at Ning Zhi and Barbara, his lips moving several times before finally managing to speak with difficulty: “Young Master Ning, Holy Maiden… this old man also… also…”

“What did you say?”

Ning Zhi turned his head sharply, his gaze like a knife falling on the old man’s face, his voice carrying undisguised coldness.

Cold sweat beaded on the old man’s forehead, but the words had already been spoken, and there was no going back.

His voice was hoarse and trembling: “I cannot… for the sake of you two, sacrifice all the members of the Flame Demon lineage in the twentieth heaven… They have wives, children, and elderly parents, they have their own lives… As the clan leader, I must be responsible for the lives of my people…”

“Enough.”

Ning Zhi interrupted him, his voice cold, like ice water poured on flames. “If you want to submit, then submit. You don’t need to explain to me. Traitors never need explanations.”

The old man’s body jolted, and he opened his mouth, wanting to say something in his defense.

But seeing Ning Zhi's icy eyes, all the words stuck in his throat, and he couldn't utter a single word.

He lowered his head and walked towards Jin Wuhao.

Behind him, the disciples of the Flame Demon lineage looked at each other, some with shame in their eyes, some with relief, and some with their heads down, hurrying to follow, afraid that they would regret it if they were a step too late.

After the last batch of demon cultivators also knelt down, only six people remained standing in the open space.

David, Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, the young Daoist boy, Ning Zhi, and Barbara.

Six people faced tens of thousands of kneeling demonic cultivators, a lofty Great Luo Golden Immortal, and countless elite gods faintly visible within the slowly unfolding golden light behind Jin Wuhao.

This lineup looked utterly comical, yet also incredibly tragic.

Chapter 6714

Jin Wuhao's gaze swept over the six people standing there, a playful smile curving his lips. "Oh? A few of you have backbone. Good, I admire people with backbone. But—are you sure you want to stand here?"

Ning Zhi ignored him.

He simply turned his head to look at David, his voice soft: "David, what do you think?"

"I would rather die than surrender."

David's voice was calm. "If you want to surrender, I won't stop you."

Ning Zhi suddenly smiled.

That smile carried an emotion completely different from his usual one, like relief, or like making some kind of decision.

“Do you think I’m a coward? I won’t surrender to the God Clan either.”

After saying that, he gave David a deep look, his cold eyes surging with complex light, then he turned to Barbara: “Senior Sister, let’s go.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly raised his hand, and dark blue flames condensed in his palm, transforming into a sharp blade that directly tore through the space beside him.

Deep void turbulence surged from the crack, emitting a low whistling sound.

Ning Zhi grabbed Barbara and, before anyone could react, stepped into the rift.

The rift closed behind them, and the two figures vanished completely.

The speed was so fast it was as if they had never existed.

David stared at the closing rift, stunned for a moment.

After a brief silence, he cursed, his voice filled with undisguised anger and… a hint of loss he himself didn’t realize.

“Damn it!”

Only his curse echoed in the air, along with the lingering void fluctuations after the rift closed, like a faint sigh in the golden light.

David never expected Ning Zhi to run away in the end. He had thought Ning Zhi had backbone and would fight alongside him.

Now it seemed he had been wrong.

Jin Wuhao narrowed his eyes slightly.

He didn't chase after them, because in his view, those two escaped ants were worthless.

The truly valuable one was the one standing before him—David, a Daoist cultivator who cultivated the power of chaos, killed Elder Shenmu, and annihilated all the divine forces of the Nineteen Heavens.

Once he's dead, those wavering opportunists will completely lose their leader.

David took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing his emotions.

He turned around and looked at Xuan Zhenzi.

Xuan Zhenzi was standing a few steps behind him, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, but his usually cynical eyes had lost their usual cynicism, replaced by an indescribable complexity.

"Old Xuan, take the little Daoist boy and go."

David's voice was calm, as if he were arranging something perfectly ordinary. "You're not their target; there's no need for you to stay and die."

Xuan Zhenzi was silent for a moment, the withered grass trembling slightly at his lips.

He looked at David, then at Jiang Xuelan, then at the kneeling demonic cultivators in the distance and the still surging golden light behind Jin Wuhao.

Within the golden light, countless elite figures of the divine race were slowly emerging. Tens of thousands of cultivators clad in golden armor surged forth like a tide, lining up neatly behind Jin Wuhao like a golden steel wall.

He slowly spat out the withered grass in his mouth, his expression more conflicted than ever before.

“Mr. Chen…”

Xuan Zhenzi’s voice was somewhat hoarse, his eyes flickering, “This old man… to be honest, although our time together hasn’t been long, we’ve developed a certain rapport.

In my life, I’ve seen too many people die, too many people flee, and I myself have fled quite a few times…”

He paused for a moment, as if struggling to organize his thoughts.

Then he coughed twice, forcing an awkward smile, a smile tinged with undisguised guilt: “Don’t blame me for being cowardly… it’s just that I still have this little Daoist boy to raise.

He’s so young; if I die, he won’t survive more than three days in this chaotic world.”

David’s gaze fell on the little Daoist boy.

The little boy huddled behind Xuanzhenzi, clutching his clothes tightly, his face filled with terror, yet he struggled to keep his eyes wide open to hold back his tears.

His clear black eyes reflected golden light, the kneeling crowd, and David’s calm face.

“I know,”

David’s voice remained calm, devoid of blame or anger, only a serene acceptance. “Let’s go.”

Xuanzhenzi nodded, a slow, heavy nod.

He bent down, took the little boy's hand, and turned to walk out of the valley.

The little boy stumbled a few steps.

He couldn't help but turn back, looking at David, his face a complex mix of emotions.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but couldn't find the words.

"Let's go!"

Xuanzhenzi pulled him, quickening his pace, without looking back.

The figures of the old man and the little boy grew smaller and smaller, finally disappearing into the shadows at the valley entrance.

"Master, are we really leaving like this?" the little boy asked.

"What else can we do but stay and wait to die?" Xuanzhenzi said.

"Will Mr. Chen and the others die?" the young Taoist asked.

"Die my foot! He has powerful backers; he's just here for training. Even if he really dies, he can be resurrected, so there's nothing to fear."

"Neither of us has that; we can't compare to him. If we die, we're truly dead."

Xuanzhenzi left quickly.

He had already seen through everything. From the moment he learned of Mr. Shi's existence, he had already seen through David.

He understood the principle that when gods fight, ordinary people suffer.

Chapter 6715

At this moment, only David and Jiang Xuelan remained standing in Black Abyss Valley.

The grand hall behind them was empty, like a shell of a body with its internal organs ripped out.

Before them stood tens of thousands of kneeling demonic cultivators, a golden army of gods, and the Great Luo Golden Immortal who looked down upon everything from above.

Even the wind had stopped; the entire valley was deathly silent, like a tomb, and even breathing was exceptionally clear.

David stood there, his gray robe hanging motionless on the windless ground. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, its purple scabbard appearing particularly cold and solitary in the golden light.

His face was calm, so calm that it revealed no emotion, as if the betrayals, the escapes, the helplessness were all irrelevant to him.

He turned his head to look at Jiang Xuelan beside him.

Her profile was faintly glowed by the golden light, her icy blue eyes staring straight ahead, not at him, nor at the golden army of gods, but at a certain place in the distance.

Her eyelashes were long, casting dappled shadows in the golden light.

“Why aren’t you leaving?” David asked.

His voice was soft, as if afraid of startling something.

Jiang Xuelan didn’t turn to look at him, her gaze still fixed straight ahead, but the corners of her mouth curved slightly—a faint smile, almost imperceptible.

She didn’t look at him, as if looking into the distance: “If I leave, what will you do alone?”

These words seemed to be squeezed from the depths of her chest, without hesitation, without thought, as if they had been repeated countless times in her heart.

Her voice was soft, yet as clear as the wind on an icy plain.

David looked at her, for a long time.

So long that the wind in the valley began to flow again, so long that the distant divine cultivators stirred with a low murmur.

Then he smiled, a faint smile, yet carrying a sincerity that only appears in the face of death, like the last ray of light seen before sinking into the abyss.

“Thank you,” he said.

Two words, without any embellishment.

“What are you thanking me for?”

Jiang Xuelan still didn’t look at him, her tone as indifferent as if discussing what to eat tomorrow.

But her voice trembled slightly, almost imperceptibly. “If you die, who will cultivate with me?”

“Don’t worry, if we don’t die today, I’ll cultivate with you for ten days and ten nights, letting you have your fill,”

David laughed.

“Do you want me to have my fill, or do you want me to die? Ten days and ten nights? One day and one night? You could torment me to death!”

Jiang Xuelan said with a laugh.

Jin Wuhao stared at David and Jiang Xuelan, listening to their conversation, completely dumbfounded.

What time is it?

“Life or death?

And you still have the mood to talk about dual cultivation?

Do you want to have one last good time before you die?

” “You two, that’s enough. After you die, go to the underworld for dual cultivation.” Jin Wuhao stopped the two, then looked at Jiang Xuelan: “You, as a member of the Ice God lineage of the Divine Race, actually colluded with others to attack the Divine Race

. You traitor!” “Shut up! You know in your heart how you treated our Ice God lineage. I’m not a traitor. I just want to kill you to avenge my people.” Jiang Xuelan gritted her teeth, glaring fiercely at Jin Wuhao.

“Hahaha, kill me? The two of you can’t kill me at all.”

Jin Wuhao laughed maniacally.

“Is that so?”

David slowly raised his right hand and grasped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

A deep hum came from the scabbard, like the roar of an awakened beast.

The sound was exceptionally clear in the silent valley, startling the kneeling demonic cultivators, the Divine Race cultivators, and Jin Wuhao.

“Then come on.” David’s voice was soft, but in the silent valley, every word was clearly audible, like nails driven into a wooden board. “Whether you’re alone, ten thousand, or a Great Luo Golden Immortal, let’s see if I can kill you.”

Jin Wuhao looked at David, a hint of surprise flashing in his golden eyes.

After a moment, that light transformed into a higher level of indifference, a mockery of the last stubbornness of the strong towards the weak: “You have backbone. But can backbone put food on the table?”

He raised his hand, golden light condensing in his palm, the pressure contained within causing the entire valley to tremble violently.

Many of the tens of thousands of kneeling demonic cultivators were forced to lie flat on the ground, unable to even lift their heads, as if the entire sky were about to collapse and crush them.

“Since you want to die, I, the Emperor, will grant your wish.” Jin Wuhao finished speaking and was about to attack.

“Wait…” David suddenly sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

“What? Are you chickening out?” Jin Wuhao sneered.

“How could I possibly back down? But I must warn you, I’ve gotten to where I am today because I have a powerful backer. If you kill me today, I guarantee you won’t survive, and the entire God Clan will vanish.”

David decided to scare Jin Wuhao.

In a real fight, he was definitely no match.

Being able to intimidate him would be best.

“Hahaha, you have a powerful backer?” Jin Wuhao laughed loudly, “You have a chicken backer…”

Before he could finish speaking, the heavens and earth suddenly trembled.

A purple light seemed to descend from the sky.

The light landed before David and slowly transformed into a figure.

It was a woman, dressed in purple, wielding a long sword!

One person and one sword, yet their aura far surpassed that of the tens of thousands of demonic cultivators from before.

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David stared at the woman’s back as she suddenly appeared. She looked familiar, but he couldn’t quite place her.

Jiang Xuelan looked at the woman and asked David, “Who is this woman?”

David shook his head. “I don’t know, she looks familiar…”

“Young Master Chen, how have you been?” The woman turned around and smiled at David.

David was startled, then suddenly remembered something. “Miss Zi’er?”

“Yes, it’s me!” Zi’er smiled.

David hadn’t expected this to be Zi’er, the one whose remnant soul had attached itself to a tree on the deserted island in the Celestial Realm.

One of the Seven Fairies of the Celestial Realm, whom David had saved.

He never expected to see her here.

“You know her?” Jiang Xuelan asked.

“Yes, very well…” David nodded frantically.

“Young Master Chen, you rest. Watch me deal with them for you.” Zi’er finished speaking and slowly looked at Jin Wuhao and the others.

“Are you coming at me one by one, or all at once?” Zi’er’s expression was cold.

Jin Wuhao frowned slightly as he looked at Zi’er, because he couldn’t sense her cultivation level at all. In other words, he had no idea what level Zi’er was at.

“Who will fight and kill this woman?”

Jin Wuhao asked.

He didn’t want to intervene without knowing the other party’s background.

“I will…”

The woman in the blood-red robe rose from the kneeling crowd.

Her movements were deliberately flamboyant, as if she wanted to show her loyalty to her new master.

She straightened her dusty, blood-red robe, drew a dark red short blade from her waist, and strode to the open space in front of Jin Wuhao, facing the suddenly appearing purple figure.

“This subordinate is willing to share the burden for His Majesty the Divine Emperor!”

Her voice was loud, deliberately made so everyone present could hear, her tone filled with a fawning eagerness to prove herself.

She forgot her earlier humiliation of kneeling and begging for mercy, forgot the humility of her "always advocating peace with the gods." Now, standing on Jin Wuhao's side, she felt she had found a way out, perhaps even a path to great success.

She looked up at Zi'er, sizing her up.

The woman in purple looked to be no more than twenty years old, with a cold face and an ethereal air. She held a purple longsword in her hand, its blade shimmering with a soft light.

The light wasn't dazzling, but it carried a profound and unsettling quality.

"A little girl like you dares to block my way?" The

woman in the blood-red robe sneered, her dark red dagger twirling in her hand, drawing a blood-red arc. "Today, I will kill you, you ignorant fool, on behalf of the God Emperor…"

She didn't finish her sentence.

Because Zi'er moved.

Her movements were so fast that no one present saw how she made her move.

Only a flash of purple light streaked through the air, like a shooting star piercing the night sky, or lightning tearing through the clouds—brief and dazzling, so bright it was blinding.

Then the blood-robed woman's head flew off.

The head tumbled several times in the air, its expression frozen in the moment of its cold smile, its lips slightly parted as if it wanted to utter a few final words, but it had lost the chance to speak forever.

Dark red blood gushed from the severed neck, like a crimson fountain, starkly bright in the golden light.

The corpse stood frozen for a moment before slowly collapsing to the ground with a dull thud.

That sword strike was incredibly fast.

So fast that everyone only realized what had happened after seeing the outcome.

The already oppressive atmosphere in the valley froze completely in that instant.

Many of the tens of thousands of kneeling demonic cultivators gasped, some shrinking back abruptly, others turning deathly pale.

Those who had been secretly congratulating themselves on their surrender now felt an indescribable fear rising in their hearts as they looked at the blood-robed woman's head rolling on the ground.

If that purple-clad woman's sword strike had been aimed at them, could they have dodged it?

The answer was obvious.

No.

Jin Wuhao's smile vanished.

His golden eyes narrowed slightly, focusing on Zi'er, a serious expression appearing for the first time.

He still couldn't sense the purple-clad woman's exact cultivation level, but the speed and cleanliness of that sword strike forced him to reassess his opponent.

"Interesting."

Jin Wuhao's voice remained calm, but the previous indifference was gone. "I didn't expect David to have such a powerful expert behind him. Who are you?"

Zi'er didn't answer him.

She simply stood there, her purple dress swaying gently in the wind, her purple longsword pointing diagonally at the ground, a drop of dark red blood dripping from its tip, making a very slight patter as it landed.

Her expression was indifferent and calm, as if she had merely brushed away a speck of dust.

Jin Wuhao's face darkened.

As a God-Emperor with the cultivation of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, he had never been so disregarded before.

His gaze swept over the equally shocked elders behind him, a hint of coldness in his voice: "Who's coming?"

An old man in a golden robe stepped out from the divine race's formation.

His face was aged, but his eyes were like two burning golden flames. His cultivation was at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and he was surrounded by dense divine light, his aura even more profound than Elder Shenmu's.

He was one of the Supreme Elders of the Divine Clan's Main Hall, named Jin Yan, who had followed Jin Wuhao in battle for many years, achieving great feats.

“Your Majesty, I request to fight.”

Jin Yan’s voice was aged yet steady, carrying the composure of someone who had experienced countless battles.

In his hand he held a golden spear, its shaft engraved with ancient divine runes, which seemed to flow slowly, radiating a scorching aura.

Jin Wuhao nodded: “Go. Be careful of her sword.”

“Yes.”

Jin Yan stepped forward, twirling the golden spear in his hand, the tip pointing directly at Zi’er, his voice steady: “State your name. I do not kill nameless nobodies.”

Zi’er looked at him as if he were an inanimate object: “You are not worthy to know my name.”

Jin Yan’s expression changed slightly.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, and no one had ever dared to speak to him like that.

He sneered, refusing further words, and thrust the golden spear forward.

The spear thrust forward like a roaring golden dragon, carrying terrifying power capable of tearing through space, aiming straight for Zi’er’s heart.

Golden light condensed at the spear tip into a dazzling sphere of light, containing the full force of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal’s attack. Wherever it passed, the air was compressed, emitting a sharp, explosive sound, leaving a deep trench in the ground.

This single spear thrust was enough to pierce through a mountain.

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But Zi'er merely shifted her body slightly.

The seemingly certain strike grazed the hem of her garment, without even touching it.

The golden sphere of light exploded behind her, blasting a massive crater into the cliff face dozens of feet away, sending debris raining down like a storm.

Jin Yan's pupils contracted sharply.

He had meticulously calculated the trajectory of his spear; it was impossible for it to be dodged so effortlessly.

Yet Zi'er had dodged it, and with such ease, as if she had known exactly where the spear would strike.

Then Zi'er moved.

It was still that same purple light, moving with a speed that seemed to transcend the boundaries of time.

Jin Yan didn't even have time to react; he only felt a blur before his eyes, followed by a sudden chill in his chest.

He looked down and saw a purple longsword piercing his heart.

The tip of the sword emerged from his back, spotless, as clean as if it had just been wiped.

"How could this be…"

Jin Yan's voice was hoarse and strained, his eyes wide with disbelief.

He had clearly activated all his divine light to protect himself; his ninth-grade Golden Immortal realm defensive barrier could barely withstand even a blow from a Grand Luo Golden Immortal. Yet, this purple sword pierced through his defenses as if through a thin mist.

Zi'er drew her sword, sidestepping the gushing golden blood.

Her movements remained calm, as if she had simply performed an ordinary task.

Jin Yan's body slowly collapsed, golden blood spreading beneath him, staining the scorched ground red.

The ninth-grade Golden Immortal realm elder, Jin Yan, was killed with a single sword strike.

The valley fell silent once more.

This time, it was more complete, more devastating.

Some of the kneeling demonic cultivators began to tremble; some dared not even look in Zi'er's direction, burying their heads even lower.

The divine cultivators also paled.

They knew Elder Jin Yan's strength all too well; a ninth-grade Golden Immortal realm cultivator was among the top-ranked experts in the divine clan's main hall.

Yet, such a figure couldn't even withstand a single sword strike from that woman in purple.

Just what realm was this woman in purple?

No one dared to imagine.

Jin Wuhao's expression finally changed completely.

His golden eyes surged with a mixture of anger and shock. He stared at Zi'er, his voice carrying a genuine chill for the first time: "Who exactly are you?"

Zi'er still didn't answer him. She simply raised her longsword slowly, the tip pointing at Jin Wuhao, her voice as clear and cold as an icy mountain stream: "You just wanted to kill Young Master Chen?"

Her tone was as calm as asking, "Have you eaten?" But it was precisely this calmness that made Jin Wuhao feel an unprecedented pressure.

He was a Great Luo Golden Immortal, a God Emperor of the twentieth heaven, a powerful figure who had ruled for tens of thousands of years.

Yet, facing this woman in purple, he felt a sense of powerlessness, unable to fathom her depths.

But he wasn't one to easily admit defeat.

"Attack!"

Jin Wuhao waved his hand sharply, his voice filled with suppressed rage. "Three elders, attack together! I want to see just how capable she really is!"

Three golden figures simultaneously emerged from the divine race's formation.

All three were Supreme Elders of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, each possessing a distinct aura.

One wielded a giant golden axe, another formed hand seals to condense a golden sphere of light, and the third gripped a golden longsword.

Their coordination was impeccable. The three formed a triangular formation, attacking Zi'er simultaneously from three directions, blocking all her possible escape routes.

"Heavenly Divine Formation!"

the elder wielding the golden longsword roared, unleashing a torrential downpour of golden sword light that covered Zi'er's top and front.

"Seal!"

the elder, his hands forming a seal, thrust forward, a golden sphere transforming into a massive golden net that enveloped Zi'er from the left.

"Break!"

the elder wielding the giant axe roared, his golden axe carrying the force of splitting the heavens and earth, slashing horizontally from the right, its blade crackling with golden lightning.

The three attacks arrived simultaneously, without any time difference.

This coordination was the tacit understanding they had practiced tens of thousands of times. Even a fellow Grand Luo Golden Immortal would be thrown into disarray by their combined attack.

But Zi'er merely leaped lightly.

Her figure, like a weightless feather, silently rose into the air the instant the three sides closed in.

The three attacks converged beneath her feet. Golden sword light, a giant golden net, and golden axe light clashed, unleashing a deafening roar that blasted a massive crater in the ground, sending dust billowing into the sky.

Zi'er had already appeared above them. Her

purple longsword swung downwards, unleashing a purple sword beam like a waterfall.

This beam contained an extremely profound power of law, not ordinary spiritual energy, but a higher level of Daoist power.

The three simultaneously looked up, their faces filled with terror.

They tried to dodge, but it was too late.

The purple sword beam enveloped them all.

“Pfft—!”

The three figures froze simultaneously.

Golden blood gushed from their mouths, noses, and ears.

Their bodies seemed fixed in place by an invisible force, their eyes surging with extreme fear and resentment. Then, they all collapsed to the ground, raising a cloud of dust.

Three Grand Elders of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, killed in a single move.

The valley fell into a deathly silence.

Even breathing ceased.

Among the tens of thousands of kneeling demonic cultivators, some collapsed to the ground, unable to even kneel any longer.

The divine cultivators seemed to have their spines ripped out, their magical artifacts clattering to the ground.

Within the golden light behind Jin Wuhao, the newly emerged elite divine warriors were frozen in place, motionless.

Zi'er slowly descended from mid-air, her purple dress unfurling like a blooming purple lotus.

She landed almost silently, golden blood dripping from the tip of her sword, landing with a soft thud on the scorched earth covered in rubble.

David stood on the steps before the hall, watching Zi'er's retreating figure, his purple eyes swirling with complex emotions.

"David..." Jiang Xuelan's voice was soft, her gaze fixed on Zi'er, her eyes filled with a complex emotion that was hard to describe. "What... what realm is she?"

David shook his head: "I don't know. When I met her in the Celestial Realm, she was just a wisp of a soul, without even a physical form... but now..."

He didn't finish his sentence.

Because he, too, couldn't see through Zi'er's depths.

Jin Wuhao stood there, his golden eyes fixed on Zi'er.

His hands were trembling slightly, not from fear, but from a complex mix of anger and shock.

He was a Great Luo Golden Immortal, the strongest being in the entire Twentieth Heaven, yet at this moment he found that he couldn't even see through the realm of this purple-clad woman.

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"Who exactly are you!"

Jin Wuhao's voice carried an almost hoarse rage for the first time. "There has never been anyone like you in the Twentieth Heaven! You are not from the Twentieth Heaven!"

Zi'er looked at him, her cold gaze as unfathomable as an abyss: "When did I ever say I was from the Twentieth Heaven?"

Jin Wuhao's body trembled violently.

These words were like a bucket of ice water poured over his head, chilling his blood in that instant.

Not from the Twentieth Heaven?

Then she is…

Above the Twentieth Heaven, there are the Twenty-First Heaven, the Twenty-Second Heaven, and even higher heavens.

Every person there is far beyond the Golden Immortal realm.

If this woman in purple came from a higher heaven, then her strength…

Jin Wuhao dared not think any further.

Jin Wuhao stood before tens of thousands of divine soldiers, his golden eyes swirling with a cold light.

He stared at Zi'er for a long time, then slowly turned his head, his gaze falling on the demonic cultivators still kneeling on the ground.

Those demonic cultivators who had knelt and begged for mercy, choosing to submit, now huddled in the open space, not daring to raise their heads.

They felt Jin Wuhao's gaze, a gaze as cold as a venomous snake, sending chills down their spines.

“Since you’ve chosen to submit to me, then you must show your sincerity,”

Jin Wuhao’s voice echoed through the valley, carrying an undeniable authority. “Now, it’s time for you to prove yourselves.”

He raised his hand, pointing at Zi’er: “Kill her.”

The kneeling demonic cultivators shuddered violently, as if struck by lightning.

Kill her? Kill the purple-clad woman who had killed the woman in the blood-red robe with a single sword strike, Elder Jin Yan with another, and three Supreme Elders with a single move?

What difference was there between this and suicide?

“Your Majesty the Divine Emperor…”

the sinister man’s voice trembled, “We…we…”

“What?”

Jin Wuhao’s voice was as cold as ice water, “I gave you a chance to live, and now you must repay me with your actions. Or—”

He paused, his golden gaze piercing the faces of every demonic cultivator like sharp swords, “Do you want me to kill you first?”

The demonic cultivators were completely caught in a dilemma.

Ahead lay the unfathomable woman in purple, certain death;

behind lay Jin Wuhao and tens of thousands of divine soldiers, also certain death. They had chosen to submit just now to survive.

But now, they found themselves still standing on the edge of a cliff, each step leading to an abyss.

Some trembled, some sobbed, some closed their eyes in despair.

The sinister man's lips moved a few times, as if he wanted to say something, but in the end, nothing came out.

He gazed at Zi'er's purple figure, then at the impenetrable divine army behind him, and finally, as if all his strength had been drained, he slowly rose to his feet.

"Kill..."

His voice was hoarse and hollow, as if squeezed from the depths of his throat, "Fight her to the death..."

The kneeling demonic cultivators, as if driven by an invisible force, stood up one after another.

They held magical artifacts in their hands, but those once-familiar weapons now felt like a thousand-pound burden.

Their legs trembled, their faces were filled with terror, but they had no other choice.

Tens of thousands of demonic cultivators, led by a few leaders, surged towards Zi'er.

Their steps were slow and heavy, each one like a struggle in quagmire.

There were no shouts of battle, no fighting spirit, only a numbness and despair born of being driven to the brink.

Zi'er stood still, watching the demonic cultivators surge towards her like a tide, her cold face remaining devoid of emotion.

Her gaze was calm, like watching a swarm of moths drawn to a flame.

David stood on the steps before the main hall, watching this scene, his brows furrowing slightly.

He reached out and grabbed Jiang Xuelan's wrist, leading her back a few steps to behind the threshold of the hall.

"Aren't you going to do anything about them?" Jiang Xuelan's voice was soft.

"They chose their own path."

David's voice was calm, but tinged with coldness. "They just chose to submit to Jin Wuhao, and now they must bear the consequences of their choice. I can't save every traitor."

He spoke the truth.

When those demonic cultivators knelt and begged Jin Wuhao for mercy, did they ever consider David's feelings?

Have you ever considered the feelings of those who are still persisting?

Now they are paying the price for their choices.

Jiang Xuelan remained silent for a moment, then said nothing more.

She simply stood beside David, watching the battlefield outside through the crack in the hall's door.

The demonic cultivators finally reached Zi'er.

The sinister man at the forefront raised his black longsword, aiming a blow at Zi'er's head.

The strike carried a desperate, do-or-die attitude, as if he had already disregarded his own life.

But Zi’er merely raised her hand.

A purple sword light flashed.

The sinister man’s body froze on the spot; his black longsword was still in mid-air, but his hand had lost all strength.

A thin line of blood, as fine as a hair, stretched from his forehead to his chest, and then his body slowly split open from the middle, falling to either side, blood and internal organs splattering everywhere.

One sword, one death.

Zi’er’s sword did not pause for a moment.

Her figure was like a purple whirlwind, rapidly weaving through the demonic cultivators.

The purple longsword twirled, slashed, swept, and thrust in her hands, each movement accompanied by a spray of blood and screams.

A purple sword beam swept across, severing dozens of demonic cultivators in half at the waist, their upper and lower bodies separated, as they struggled on the ground for a moment before finally dying.

Another purple sword beam slashed down, engulfing the hundreds of demonic cultivators charging at the forefront.

Wherever the sword beam passed, the demonic cultivators’ protective demonic energy shattered like paper, their bodies sliced into countless fragments, turning into a rain of blood.

“Ah—!”

Screams, wails, pleas for mercy, and cries mingled together, echoing under the golden sky.

The demonic cultivators finally collapsed; they threw down their magical weapons and turned to flee, but Zi'er's sword was faster than their feet.

One sword after another.

With each strike, hundreds of lives vanished.

From the first demonic cultivator falling to the last fleeing, less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn.

Tens of thousands of demonic cultivators were killed or wounded, their corpses lying haphazardly across the open space. Dark red blood flowed in streams, meandering among the rubble and gravel, turning the scorched ground into a dark red swamp.

The surviving demonic cultivators were utterly terrified.

They scrambled backward, some collapsing to the ground, some trembling behind the corpses of their companions, and some even kneeling and begging for mercy.

But this time, their plea wasn't to Jin Wuhao, but to Zi'er.

"Spare us! Spare us!"

"We were forced! We didn't want to fight!"

"Please, spare us!"

Zi'er stopped her sword, her gaze sweeping over the still trembling demonic cultivators, her voice still cold and calm: "Get lost."

The demonic cultivators felt as if they had been granted a pardon, scrambling to the sides, hiding behind huge rocks, or simply behind the divine army, never daring to show their faces again.

Jin Wuhao's face was ashen.

He had watched helplessly as Zi'er slaughtered the tens of thousands of demonic cultivators he had just subdued, watching those who could have been used as cannon fodder fall one after another.

Although those who died weren't members of the divine race, the feeling of being humiliated so openly made his anger almost burst out of his chest.

"Useless."

He gritted his teeth, his voice filled with suppressed rage. "A bunch of useless trash."

His gaze fell on Zi'er again, his golden eyes surging with a frenzied killing intent.

That woman in purple was powerful, but she had already killed tens of thousands of people. Didn't she get tired?

Didn't she have any weaknesses?

As long as he used sheer numbers to wear down her spiritual power, he would eventually break her.

"All gods, heed my command!"

Jin Wuhao suddenly raised his right hand, golden light condensing into a command arrow in his palm, shooting straight into the sky. "All troops, attack! Kill that woman!"

The moment the order was given, countless figures moved simultaneously from the surging golden light behind Jin Wuhao.

Over ten thousand elite gods clad in golden armor surged out of the light, like a golden tide, rushing towards Zi'er. They held gleaming magical artifacts, golden divine light burning on their bodies, emitting a blinding glow.

Their steps were synchronized, their momentum overwhelming, a stark contrast to the routed demonic cultivators from before.

Several elders at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm charged ahead, their bodies enveloped in dense divine light, their magical artifacts radiating a chilling pressure.

Behind them, countless divine cultivators surged forth like a golden torrent, transforming the entire valley into a golden sea.

Zi'er stood rooted to the spot, watching the golden tide, her purple eyes remaining utterly calm.

She simply raised her purple longsword slowly, the blade pointing diagonally to the sky, and then—

swung it downwards.

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A purple sword beam erupted from the tip of the sword, like a massive purple curtain of light, sweeping towards the golden tide.

Wherever the sword beam passed, space was torn open with black rifts, the air was sliced with a sharp whistling sound, and the golden light melted away like snowflakes in sunlight before the purple beam.

The few Golden Immortal Ninth Rank elders at the forefront were the first to be struck.

They didn’t even have time to react before their bodies were pierced by the purple sword beam, golden blood gushing through the air. Their bodies flew backward like kites with broken strings, crashing into the ranks of the divine cultivators behind them, knocking dozens of them off balance.

Then, the purple sword beam, like an invisible giant blade, slashed into the formation of the divine army.

Golden armor shattered like paper, flesh and blood flew everywhere, and screams of agony echoed throughout the ranks.

The divine cultivators fell in rows like harvested wheat; some were cut in half at the waist, some were cleaved in two, and some were pulverized by the power of law contained within the sword light.

Zi’er’s figure moved like a purple lightning bolt, weaving through the golden waves.

Her speed increased, her sword light grew denser, like a giant purple sword net, shredding the divine cultivators one by one.

One sword strike, hundreds of elite divine warriors fell.

Two sword strikes, thousands of elite divine warriors turned into a rain of blood. Three

sword strikes, and the golden army of over ten thousand divine cultivators completely collapsed.

The divine cultivators began to retreat, to flee, to abandon their magical artifacts and run for their lives.

Their once proud golden armor was now stained with the golden blood of their own kind, and their once resounding slogans were replaced by cries of terror.

Zi’er stood amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, her long purple dress stained a mottled dark purple by the golden blood, yet she stood ramrod straight, her longsword still steady as ever.

Her breathing remained steady, her eyes calm, as if everything that had just happened was merely the casual brushing away of a fallen leaf.

Tens of thousands of elite divine warriors were nothing more than a harvested crop before her.

Jin Wuhao stood rooted to the spot, looking at the golden corpses strewn across the ground, at the fleeing divine cultivators, at the unmoving purple figure amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood. His hands trembled violently, his teeth grinding together.

He couldn’t understand.

What realm was this purple-clad woman at?

But whatever her realm, today’s battle had destroyed half of the divine race’s foundation built over tens of thousands of years.

The elite warriors he had brought, the subordinates who had fought alongside him for countless years, were now scattered on the ground like discarded rags.

And all of this was because of one person—David.

Jin Wuhao abruptly raised his head, his golden gaze passing over Zi’er and landing on the gray figure at the entrance of the main hall.

David stood there, his purple eyes calmly observing everything, like a silent statue.

“David…”

Jin Wuhao's voice was hoarse, as if it had been sanded, "Who exactly are you? Why would such a powerful expert intervene for you?"

"Jin Wuhao, you'd better kneel down and surrender, and perhaps I can spare your life. This Zi'er girl isn't the master behind me."

"She's just a friend, and I have countless friends of her strength in the Heavenly Realm."

"If my true master were to appear, you wouldn't be standing here talking to me now."

David was incredibly confident.

Master Shi hadn't come; if he had, none of these people would have survived. A single glance from Master Shi would have obliterated them.

"Hahaha, you're too arrogant! You think you can make me kneel and surrender? Dream on!"

After saying this, Jin Wuhao transformed into a golden streak of light and shot towards Zi'er.

His speed was extreme, exceeding the limits of what the naked eye could perceive. The golden light left a long trail behind him, like a comet streaking across the night sky, or golden lightning tearing through heaven and earth.

A scorching golden trajectory remained in the air for a long time, as if even space itself had been scorched by his speed.

A golden divine sword had appeared in his hand, its blade crisscrossed with countless divine runes, each one flashing with blinding light and releasing terrifying waves of divine power.

It was the Divine Emperor's Authority, a supreme artifact passed down through tens of thousands of years in the Divine Clan's main hall, a supreme

weapon forged by successive Divine Emperors with their blood and divine power.

Now fully activated by Jin Wuhao, the sword's edge tore black rifts in space, emitting sharp whistles, like the void itself weeping.

Zi'er stood rooted to the spot, her purple eyes utterly undisturbed.

Her long hair billowed in the golden storm, her purple dress fluttering in the gale, yet her figure remained as unyielding as an ancient mountain, unshaken by the raging wind.

She simply raised her purple sword, holding it horizontally before her, assuming a simple defensive stance.

Those purple eyes were calm as still water, reflecting the golden light and Jin Wuhao's ferocious face, yet they were like bottomless abysses, revealing no emotion.

Her breathing was steady, her wrists were steady, and her aura was like a calm lake, so still it was unsettling.

Boom—!

The golden divine sword clashed with the purple longsword.

At that moment, it seemed as if the heavens and earth trembled.

The entire Black Abyss Valley groaned violently, and rubble fell from the two cliffs like raindrops, crashing to the ground with a dense thud.

The shockwave exploded outwards from the center of the collision, sweeping through the entire valley like a tsunami.

All the broken stones on the ground were blown away, tumbling through the air and crashing against the cliffs with dull thuds.

The demonic cultivators and divine cultivators kneeling on the ground were thrown about by the shockwave. Some were hurled several times, while others were struck by flying debris, screaming in pain.

Golden and purple light intertwined, like a two-colored sun exploding in the valley, illuminating the entire valley as if it were daytime. Even the darkest corners were filled with light, and everyone's shadows were instantly swallowed up.

Jin Wuhao's body was blasted back several steps, leaving deep footprints in the ground beneath his feet. The edges of the footprints were covered with fine cracks that spread outward like a spider web.

His hand was numb from the shock, and his entire right arm was trembling slightly. The golden divine sword in his hand emitted a low hum, as if it were enduring immense pressure. The divine runes on the sword flashed wildly, as if desperately trying to absorb the recoil from the sword strike.

Chapter 6720

Zi'er

remained completely still. Her purple boots stood firmly on the ground, without even a crack.

Her figure was like an unchanging mountain, the power of the sword strike seemingly having no effect on her at all.

Her purple sword lay horizontally before her, its blade spotless, as clean as if it had just been drawn, not even a ripple of purple light from the impact.

Her effortless demeanor sent a collective gasp through everyone present.

"The strength of a Great Luo Golden Immortal…"

Zi’er’s voice remained cold, like melting ice, carrying a hint of disdain. This disdain flowed from her tone without any artifice, as if stating a perfectly obvious fact, “Is that all?”

Jin Wuhao’s face was ashen. He stared intently at Zi’er, his golden eyes surging with rage and killing intent.

As a God-Emperor, a supreme being of the twentieth heaven, no one had been able to contend with him for tens of thousands of years, yet now, his full-force attack hadn’t even managed to move her even half a step.

This crushed his pride and dignity.

He unleashed his full divine power, golden light surging around him like a golden flame enveloping him.

The golden flames leaped and burned, distorting the surrounding air.

His aura was even stronger than before, the state of a Great Luo Golden Immortal unleashing all his power, carrying an almost frenzied determination, as if he wanted to suppress all his life force and dignity in this one strike.

“Kill!”

He charged forward again, his golden sword drawing countless golden trajectories in the air, each trajectory carrying enough power to destroy a mountain, cascading down on Zi’er like a waterfall.

The sword light was dense as rain, crisscrossing like a net, sealing off all of Zi’er’s escape routes, leaving her no room to dodge.

Zi’er moved.

Her figure was like a purple phantom, weaving through Jin Wuhao’s dense, torrential sword light.

Her movements were incredibly fluid; every sidestep was perfectly timed, every step precise to the millimeter, and every sword swing as if practiced a thousand times.

Her purple longsword twirled in her hand, each swing precisely blocking the weak points of Jin Wuhao's swordplay, deflecting his attacks one by one.

The two swords clashed repeatedly in the void, producing a series of dense, rain-like metallic clangs.

The sounds blended together, like a storm pounding against a mountainside, or countless iron birds crashing in the air, making the eardrums of the onlookers ache.

Some even had to cover their ears, while others were dizzy from the intense impact.

David's gaze was fixed on the two figures on the battlefield.

His purple eyes reflected the golden and purple sword light, each clash making his heart race.

He could see Zi'er's effortless demeanor, and he could see Jin Wuhao's increasingly frenzied attacks; two completely different fighting styles clashed fiercely in the void, like a battle between ice and fire.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue eyes equally grave.

Her hands gripped David's sleeve tightly, her fingertips turning slightly white from the force.

Her gaze shifted back and forth between Jin Wuhao and Zi'er; each time Jin Wuhao's sword light approached Zi'er's vitals, her breath caught in her throat;

each time Zi'er effortlessly deflected the attack, she would quietly breathe a sigh of relief.

“Miss Zi’er…”

Jiang Xuelan’s voice was soft, as if afraid of disrupting the balance of the battlefield, “Just how strong is she?”

“I don’t know,” David’s voice was equally soft, his gaze never leaving the battlefield, “but Jin Wuhao is no match for her.”

“Then why doesn’t she just kill him?” Jiang Xuelan asked.

“She’s waiting,”

David’s voice held a deep meaning, “She’s waiting for Jin Wuhao to reveal his true weakness. And…”

He paused, “She’s also testing Jin Wuhao’s trump cards. A Great Luo Golden Immortal’s opponent can’t be limited to this.”

Indeed, although Jin Wuhao’s attacks were fierce, they couldn’t break through Zi’er’s defenses.

Every sword strike he wielded was precisely blocked, every thrust effortlessly neutralized.

Zi’er’s figure darted through the sword light, like an elusive wind; no matter how hard Jin Wuhao tried, he couldn’t track her true trajectory.

Three moves, five moves, ten moves…

Jin Wuhao’s attacks grew increasingly fierce, each sword strike carrying ever greater force. The golden divine sword in his hand was like a roaring dragon, relentlessly clashing against Zi’er’s purple longsword.

But Zi’er’s defense was like an impenetrable wall, impossible to breach.

Her footsteps moved across the battlefield like a rhythmic dance, each step perfectly timed to fit within the gaps in Jin Wuhao's attacks, never once touched by the hem of her garment.

On the fifth move, Jin Wuhao's sword slashed down from above with immense force. Zi'er dodged to the side; the blade grazed her hair and struck the ground, carving a deep, bottomless trench, sending shards of stone flying.

The seventh move: Jin Wuhao's sword slashed horizontally from the left, the golden sword light drawing a crescent-shaped arc. Zi'er leaped lightly, the sword light passing beneath her feet, cleaving a huge rock dozens of feet behind her in two, the cut surface as smooth as a mirror.

The tenth move: Jin Wuhao's sword thrust straight at her from the front, golden light condensing into a dazzling ball of light at the tip. Zi'er deflected the force of the attack with her longsword, redirecting it to her side. The ball of light exploded on a distant cliff, blasting a huge hole and filling the sky with dust.

The twelfth move: Jin Wuhao's sword suddenly changed direction, slashing upwards at an extremely tricky angle, attempting to pierce Zi'er's heart from under her armpit.

This strike was fast and ruthless, with an extremely tricky angle, clearly one of Jin Wuhao's most powerful and secret techniques.

But Zi'er merely flicked her wrist, and her purple longsword, like a serpent, clung to Jin Wuhao's blade. With a forceful pull, she deflected Jin Wuhao's sword strike, causing him to miss. His body, strained from the force, leaned forward slightly, revealing a momentary opening.

The thirteenth round.

Zi'er suddenly switched from defense to offense.

In an instant, her purple longsword pierced through Jin Wuhao’s dense sword net, like a silent lightning bolt, aiming straight for his throat, from an extremely tricky angle.

That strike was several times faster than any of her previous moves, its angle incredibly cunning, its timing precise to the millimeter, as if she had calculated his only weakness the instant he attacked.