A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6721

Jin Wuhao’s pupils contracted sharply to pinpoints.

He tried to defend himself, but it was too late.

The sword strike was too fast, too cunning, and too precise, seemingly transcending the boundaries of time, piercing his throat before he even realized the danger.

The purple sword tip pierced his throat

, entering from the front and exiting from the back, leaving a trail of golden blood.

The Daoist power contained within the sword tip surged into his body like a tidal wave, destroying the meridians and blood vessels in his throat, instantly extinguishing all life force.

Golden blood gushed from the wound, splattering onto Zi’er’s clothes, leaving a dark golden stain on the purple fabric.

Jin Wuhao’s body stiffened abruptly, the golden divine sword slipping from his hand and falling to the ground with a crisp clang. The divine runes on the sword vanished in an instant, as if it had lost its master’s soul.

His eyes were wide open, disbelief surging within their golden irises. His lips moved as if he wanted to say something, but his throat had been pierced, and

he couldn’t utter a sound; only golden blood gushed from the corner of his mouth.

He tried to raise his hand to grasp the sword piercing his throat, but his hand went limp halfway up and fell limply to the ground.

His body slowly fell backward, crashing to the ground and raising a cloud of dust.

Golden blood continued to gush from the wound and from his mouth and nose, spreading across the scorched earth and forming a pool of dark golden blood.

The Great Luo Golden Immortal, the God Emperor of the twentieth heaven, Jin Wuhao, had died by Zi’er’s sword.

The valley was deathly silent.

The silence was more complete than ever before; even the wind seemed to have stopped, and everyone’s breath was forcibly stopped at that moment.

The kneeling demonic cultivators, the surviving divine cultivators, and the elders standing in the distance—all their eyes were fixed on the golden corpse lying on the ground, their faces filled with shock and fear.

Their god, the invincible God-Emperor, the Great Luo Golden Immortal, had actually been slain by a single sword strike?

The being who had ruled the Twenty Heavens for tens of thousands of years, was dead just like that?

No one dared to believe it, but the facts were undeniable.

The corpse lying on the ground didn’t lie, the spreading golden blood didn’t lie, the golden divine sword lying on the ground, its light extinguished, didn’t lie.

Jin Wuhao was truly dead.

David stood behind the threshold of the main hall, his purple eyes swirling with complex emotions.

He saw Jin Wuhao fall, saw the golden divine sword roll to the side, saw the golden blood spread across the scorched ground.

But he felt no joy, only a sudden surge of urgency.

He took a step forward, his voice urgent: “Zi’er! Leave him a breath!”

But by the time he spoke, it was too late.

Zi’er’s sword had already pierced Jin Wuhao’s throat, the Daoist power coiled around the blade having destroyed all life force within him.

After losing his soul, the body of the Great Luo Golden Immortal began to develop fine cracks, like dried soil. Cracks spread from the wounds to the whole body, making a soft cracking sound.

Chapter 6722

David clenched his fists, a hint of frustration flashing in his eyes.

He had intended to have Jin Wuhao release the Myriad Swords Star before his death.

But Jin Wuhao was dead, and it was too late.

Zi’er sheathed her sword, turned to look at David, a hint of doubt in her eyes: “Young Master Chen, what’s wrong?”

David shook his head and sighed: “Never mind… it’s too late.”

Zi’er didn’t ask any further, simply sheathing her sword and turning to look at the still-dazed divine and demonic cultivators.

Her gaze swept over them like a blade, her voice cold: “Jin Wuhao is dead. Does anyone else want to fight?”

No one answered.

The divine cultivators stood rooted to the spot, as if they had lost their souls, their magical weapons falling to the ground, clanging loudly in the silent valley.

The demonic cultivators didn’t even dare to raise their heads, cowering on the ground, trembling. Some even collapsed to the ground, unable to even kneel.

Even a Grand Luo Golden Immortal was no match for this woman in purple. What difference was there between them going up there and committing suicide?

Jiang Xuelan quietly grasped David’s hand. Her palm was icy cold and trembled slightly. “Is it over?”

David was about to nod when suddenly, a strange change occurred.

A golden light descended from the sky, like divine light shooting from the depths of the void beyond the nine heavens, piercing through the twenty layers of the sky and landing directly on Jin Wuhao’s corpse.

The light was extremely dazzling, like a real sun descending to the ground, illuminating the entire valley as if it were daytime.

The golden light contained an extremely terrifying pressure, a pressure far exceeding Jin Wuhao’s Grand Luo Golden Immortal aura, as if it came from a higher dimension, making people tremble from the depths of their souls.

Everyone was blinded by the sudden light.

David subconsciously raised his hand to shield his eyes, and Jiang Xuelan also turned her head, her icy blue eyes stinging with tears from the golden light.

Zi'er's brows furrowed slightly. Her gaze pierced through the golden light, landing on Jin Wuhao's corpse. For the first time, a hint of solemnity appeared in her usually cold eyes.

Jin Wuhao's body slowly rose in the golden light, as if lifted by an invisible hand.

The fine cracks healed rapidly within the golden light, restored to their original state as if time had been reversed.

His pierced throat regenerated at a visible speed within the golden light; muscles, blood vessels, and skin regrown layer by layer, leaving not a single scar.

His golden eyes, which had lost their luster, rekindled their flames, like two lamps relit.

His body rolled once within the golden light, then landed firmly on the ground.

He had come back to life.

Jin Wuhao stood there, looking down at his hands, feeling the divine power that had returned to his body. His expression changed from bewilderment to shock, then from shock to ecstasy.

He touched his neck; it was smooth as ever, without a single wound.

He clenched his fist, golden divine light re-condensing in his palm, his power as abundant as if he had never fought.

Then he laughed.

That laughter gradually transformed from a low, suppressed tone into a high-pitched, unrestrained roar, growing louder and louder, echoing through the valley like deafening thunder.

His laughter carried a sense of indulgence and triumph after being resurrected, a euphoric joy at finally understanding his own status, and a hint of mockery and pity for everyone before him.

"Hahaha—!"

He laughed loudly, golden light reigniting around him, illuminating his figure as if a god had descended. "So that's it! So that's it!

I am the chosen one of the Upper Realm Gods! I am the Gods' representative in the Twentieth Heaven! They won't let me die! As long as there are Gods below the Twentieth Heaven who need to be led, I will not die!"

He suddenly turned his head to look at Zi'er, his golden eyes flashing with a mad light. "You can't kill me! You never will!"

Zi'er looked at Jin Wuhao, her usually cold gaze revealing a solemn expression for the first time.

She could feel that Jin Wuhao's aura after his resurrection had not weakened but had instead returned to its peak.

All his injuries had completely healed, and his spiritual power was as abundant as if he had never fought, even more so than before, as if the moment of death had given him some kind of baptism.

"Upper Realm Gods…" Zi'er repeated the word softly, her voice carrying a complex emotion.

David stared at the resurrected Golden Crow Hao, his purple eyes gleaming with shock.

He had heard of the legends of the Upper Realm Gods.

These were divine forces existing in even higher heavens, and the divine realms beyond the celestial realm were their domains.

Golden Crow Hao's selection meant his life no longer belonged to him alone, but was protected by a higher level of power.

That power far surpassed the comprehension of anyone before him.

"Zi'er!" David's voice was urgent. "Can you still fight?"

Zi'er didn't turn around; her gaze remained fixed on Jin Wuhao. Her voice was calm: "I can fight. But I can't kill him. His resurrection comes from the power of the Upper Realm Gods, a power far beyond my current reach.

Every time I kill him, he's resurrected by the Upper Realm Gods, and the spiritual energy I expend each time needs time to recover." "

You have to fight even if you can't kill him!"

David gritted his teeth. "Every time he resurrects, you expend more energy. As long as you can suppress him, keeping him preoccupied during his resurrection intervals, I can find a way to deal with him!"

Zi'er was silent for a moment, then nodded slightly: "Okay."

She drew her purple longsword again, the tip pointing at Jin Wuhao: "Again."

Jin Wuhao sneered, the golden divine sword flying from the ground and landing back in his palm.

His body transformed into a golden streak of light, charging towards Zi'er once more.

The battle erupted again.

This time, Jin Wuhao's fighting style became even more aggressive and frenzied.

He no longer sought a fatal blow, but instead focused on exhausting Zi'er's spiritual energy.

His attacks surged like waves, one after another. Each time Zi'er slew him, he would revive in golden light, then return to the battle with even greater ferocity.

He was like a tireless war machine, rising again after each fall, each new attack amplified by his newfound strength.

Zi'er, on the other hand, expended a vast amount of spiritual energy to kill him each time.

The first time she killed Jin Wuhao, it took her one sword

strike. The second, two. The third, three.

Although Jin Wuhao hadn't grown stronger, each resurrection brought him greater caution, a tighter defense, and a more frenzied attack, causing Zi'er's killing efficiency to steadily decline.

Chapter 6723

Three kills, five kills, seven kills…

The valley echoed with the clang of metal clashing, one brutal collision after another.

Golden blood flowed and dried, dried and flowed again, staining the entire clearing a dark gold, reflecting an eerie luster under the light.

The demonic cultivators and divine cultivators watching the battle went from initial shock to numbness, from numbness to fear, and from fear to a near-collapse of bewilderment.

Some began to sob softly, some clutched their heads, and some collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

Those once proud elites of the divine race and those once stubborn demonic cultivators were now like soulless puppets, watching the Golden Crow Hao who died and resurrected repeatedly.

Watching the increasingly exhausted yet still fighting purple-clad woman, their hearts were filled with emptiness.

Zi'er's life force was rapidly dwindling. Her movements slowed, each swing of her sword more hesitant than the last;

her breathing became rapid, her chest heaving faster and faster;

the light in her purple eyes gradually dimmed, that deep purple being replaced by a hazy weariness.

Each time she slew Jin Wuhao, she needed to use more power, and after each kill, her spiritual energy would decline, while each time Jin Wuhao was resurrected, he was as vigorous as in his prime.

The twelfth kill.

When Zi'er pulled the purple longsword from Jin Wuhao's chest, her arm trembled slightly.

Fine beads of sweat appeared on her forehead, shimmering against her long purple hair.

Her breathing became heavy and rapid, each breath carrying a wisp of white mist; her spiritual energy had been consumed by more than eighty percent,

and the Daoist power within her body was like a spring about to dry up, almost gone.

And Jin Wuhao, resurrected by the golden light, once again stood unharmed before her.

His aura was full, his power abundant, and his face wore a near-manic, triumphant smile.

“How about it?”

Jin Wuhao’s voice carried a provocative smugness, a smugness that seeped from every word like venom. “Can you still fight? How many more times can your spiritual power last? Three? Five? Or ten?

I have plenty of time to play with you! I can play with you until the end of time!”

Zi’er gritted her teeth, remaining silent.

Her purple longsword was once again held horizontally before her, but the light on its blade was noticeably dimmer than before; the soft, deep purple was fading, replaced by an almost transparent paleness.

She knew she was truly nearing her limit.

Her spiritual power had been depleted to its critical point; after two or three more kills at Jin Wuhao, she would completely lose her fighting ability.

Jin Wuhao seemed to have realized this as well, his smile growing even more arrogant: “Looks like you really are about to collapse. Then I’ll play with you a little longer. Once you’re completely exhausted, I’ll slowly deal with you and that David!”

He raised his golden divine sword once more, golden light re-condensing on its blade, like a rising sun in his hand.

His laughter echoed through the valley, carrying a triumphant air of complete control: “Today, none of you will escape!”

David looked at Zi’er’s trembling back, at Jin Wuhao’s triumphant smile like an inextinguishable flame, at those who had collapsed to the ground, devoid of all fighting spirit. His fists clenched and unclenched, unclenched and unclenched again.

An unprecedented anxiety and helplessness surged within him.

Zi’er had already given it her all, dozens of kills, dozens of restarts; she had poured all her strength into this battle.

His own cultivation level as a second-grade Golden Immortal was utterly ineffective in a battle of this caliber. He couldn’t even get close to the battlefield, let alone help Zi’er.

Jin Wuhao’s immortality stemmed from the protection of the Upper Realm’s divine race; as long as that protection remained, he was invincible.

Zi’er’s power would eventually be exhausted, and once she fell, no one in the entire Black Abyss Valley could withstand Jin Wuhao’s onslaught.

Was he truly going to perish here today?

He gritted his teeth, his purple eyes swirling with complex emotions.

His gaze swept over the demonic cultivators huddled on the ground, over the soul-stirring divine race cultivators, over the battlefield splattered with a mixture of golden and dark red blood, finally settling on Jin Wuhao’s smug face.

Then his gaze fell upon the golden divine sword in Jin Wuhao’s hand.

That sword was the Divine Emperor's regalia, a supreme artifact passed down for tens of thousands of years in the Divine Race's main hall, and a symbol of Jin Wuhao's power.

If he could destroy or seize that sword, would Jin Wuhao's combat power be affected?

But the sword was imbued with the power of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, making it completely untouchable.

He turned to look at Jiang Xuelan beside him, his voice soft: "Xuelan, can your Ice God power freeze that sword? Even for a moment."

Jiang Xuelan paused, glancing at the divine sword burning with golden light in the distance, then at David's eyes. She bit her lip: "I don't know… but I can try."

David grasped her hand: "Then let's try together."

Chapter 6724

The moment David's deep voice fell, his figure burst forth from the air.

The dormant chaotic power around him suddenly revived, and the previously restrained gray light broke through the shackles of his meridians, surging outwards from his pores and enveloping his wide gray robe.

The gale tore at the fabric, the hem of the robe ripping and whistling, the fierce wind carrying a heavy and vast primal pressure, causing the surrounding gale to suddenly stop. *

Whoosh—*

The Dragon-Slaying Sword automatically unsheathed, its clear and domineering dragon roar resounding throughout the valley, the sword's cry vibrating the void, stirring up visible ripples in the air.

On the jet-black sword core, layers of extremely refined purple sword dao spiritual light rose, carrying wisps of gray chaotic light.

Two extremely contradictory forces merged seamlessly, weaving together into a thick, heavy arc of gray-purple sword light, exuding a bone-chilling aura of destruction.

As the sword light flashed, the void collapsed inch by inch, and fine spatial cracks spread outwards along the sword's spine, each line engraved with the chaotic Daoist principles of the return of all laws to nothingness.

Jiang Xuelan followed closely beside David, her slender white hands moving swiftly, her fingertips forming intricate and ancient ice divine seals.

These were the primordial seals passed down through the Ice God lineage for ten thousand years. With each rise and fall of the seals, the extremely cold water vapor drifting between heaven and earth frantically converged.

Invisible icy energy surged from the underground rock layers, the high-altitude gales, and the cracks in the void, coiling around her fair forearms.

Crack, crack—

the extreme cold crushed the surrounding air, the water vapor instantly condensing into frost, and countless tiny hexagonal ice crystals sprang up out of thin air, hovering and fluttering down.

The ice crystals refracted the sunlight, transforming into long, lustrous, icy blue ribbons that wrapped around her wrists and arms, the surface of the ice layer flowing with intricate Ice God patterns.

Every line of the pattern was imbued with the extreme cold laws of heaven and earth, the chill penetrating to the bone, even freezing the raging winds instantly, turning them into suspended icicles.

Not far away, Zi'er, standing gracefully in purple robes, suddenly noticed a flicker of surprise in her clear, bright purple eyes.

Before this, she had already prepared herself to exhaust her life's cultivation and withstand Jin Wuhao's thirteenth divine soul strike, mobilizing her primordial immortal energy, her purple light receding, hoping only to exchange her life for injury and hold off this Great Luo Golden Immortal.

But David and Jiang Xuelan suddenly launched their attack, two completely different yet equally pure forces breaking through the battle, forcefully disrupting her life-or-death plan.

In an instant, Zi'er suppressed the turbulent immortal energy within her, her waist turning lightly, her purple robes fluttering as she sidestepped.

Completely relinquishing the main position facing Jin Wuhao, her slender hand gripped the hilt of the Purple Abyss Immortal Sword, the blade angled towards the ground, quietly gathering its power.

She deliberately left herself vulnerable, creating an opening for the two to attack. Her cold eyes were filled with vigilance, ready to fill in and kill at any moment.

"Two mere Golden Immortal ants, with low cultivation and shallow foundations, dare to interfere in the supreme battle of the gods and invite their own destruction?"

Jin Wuhao looked down from above, his gilded robes fluttering without wind, his body exploding with boundless golden light. The unique divine pressure of a Great Luo Golden Immortal crushed the entire valley like a mountain collapsing and the sea falling.

He gripped the Divine Emperor's scepter tightly, and the Supreme Divine Sword, inheriting the ancient Golden Crow's divinity, spun in mid-air.

Countless golden divine patterns lit up on the sword, and the intense, dazzling sword light condensed and compressed, transforming into a horizontal sword wave as thin as a cicada's wing and as fast as thunder.

This sword strike contained no fancy moves, but was purely the crushing force of the Great Luo Golden Immortal's primordial divine power. The sword light tore through the sky, tearing the air and producing a sharp, ear-piercing explosion.

The sonic waves reverberated, causing rocks to tumble down the cliffs on both sides of the valley, cracks spreading rapidly. All the scattered rocks were crushed into dust by the divine sword light.

Even before the sword light arrived, the scorching pressure of melting gold and iron enveloped David and Jiang Xuelan, their hair whipped about by the heat, and their skin stung with a needle-like pain.

"Get out of the way!"

Zi'er's clear, cold voice pierced the air, carrying the essence of immortality and cutting through the roaring wind.

Immortal light erupted beneath her feet, her figure transforming into a fleeting purple mist, instantly appearing before the two. The Purple Abyss Immortal Sword slashed down!

Bang—!

The two extreme lights, purple and gold, collided violently, unleashing an extremely blinding light that made all the cultivators in the valley unable to open their eyes.

The immense shockwave swept outwards, peeling away layers of thick rock and raising clouds of scorched dust.

The concentrated, domineering purple immortal aura forcefully severed the divine sword light. Shattered golden spiritual light scattered in all directions, like fragments of broken glass, falling to the ground and instantly melting and burning hot, leaving countless tiny, charred holes.

David didn't pause for a moment, seizing the brief opening as Zi'er blocked the attack. The seed of spatial laws within his body spun at full speed, spiritual energy within his meridians surged and trembled, and his void teleportation technique was pushed to its limit.

His figure flashed three times in succession, each teleportation tearing apart an inch of void, leaving fleeting gray spatial ripples. With three strides, he instantly closed the distance by a hundred feet, closing to within three feet of Jin Wuhao.

This distance was the death line locked by the divine sense of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, and also the perfect killing distance for the power of chaos to unleash.

The spine of the Dragon-Slaying Sword trembled violently as David squeezed out the last remaining chaotic essence from his dantian.

Gray chaotic fire rose from the sword blade, swirling with purple sword-path spiritual light. The interwoven gray and purple flames burned silently, devoid of scorching heat, yet exuding a chilling aura of annihilation.

This flame did not burn flesh or vegetation; it specialized in gnawing at the foundations of the Great Dao, dissolving the patterns of laws, and obliterating the essence of divine artifacts. It was the beginning of all laws, and also the end of all laws.

"Slash!"

David's lips parted slightly, the single word falling as the sword light slashed down. The sword's force did not attack the chest or abdomen, nor pierce the soul, but precisely locked onto Jin Wuhao's right arm holding the sword,

aiming directly at the divine emperor's scepter that bore the legacy of the divine race for tens of thousands of years!

At the same moment, Jiang Xuelan launched her attack.

She thrust her arms forward violently, the icy blue light bands surrounding her exploded, and the Ice God's essence within her poured out without reservation.

Vast, extremely cold power gathered and took shape, transforming into a giant ice cone, about ten feet long, with translucent facets.

The ice cone, intricately patterned with ancient ice magic, flowed within it. Its ancient, chilling aura, carrying a sharp edge capable of tearing through everything, hurtled through the air, grazing the side of the Dragon-Slaying Sword's light, aiming straight for Jin Wuhao's vital heart.

As the chill passed, the air instantly froze, creating winding, snow-white ice trails in the sky. Floating dust and scattered pebbles were frozen solid, even the scattered fluctuations of spiritual energy were frozen in place.

Frost spread across the ground, rapidly expanding along the cracks in the rock strata, causing the hard rocks to crack with a brittle sound.

For the first time, a slight crack appeared on Jin Wuhao's previously nonchalant expression.

In his eyes, David and Jiang Xuelan were nothing more than two ant-like Golden Immortal cultivators; no matter how flashy their moves, they couldn't break through the divine protection of a Great Luo Golden Immortal.

But just as the gray-purple sword light approached his right arm, the Divine Emperor's Authority he was holding in his palm, a sword that had not moved for tens of thousands of years, suddenly trembled violently.

Chapter 6725

David didn't respond, but stared intently at the crystal ice coffin. Deep within his purple eyes, his chaotic divine sense spread out with full force, strands of gray divine consciousness penetrating the ice layer to probe the corpse's origin.

The next second, his pupils constricted sharply, his brow twitched violently, and a bone-chilling cold shot up his spine to the top of his head.

His chaotic power was extremely sensitive; he clearly detected that within the seemingly lifeless corpse inside the ice coffin, hidden deep within a faint, continuous fluctuation of life force.

That fluctuation was subtle and ethereal, concealed deep within the divine essence, deceiving ordinary divine sense probes, yet unable to escape the chaotic perception of tracing the origins of all laws.

A Great Luo Golden Immortal's fall, their divine soul dissipated, their life force severed, should have instantly returned to nothingness. But this corpse's life force had never ceased; it had merely deliberately lay dormant!

"Something's not right..."

David lowered his voice, his tone heavy and cautious, "His primordial aura is still there, not a trace of it has dissipated, lurking deep within his bones. Ice cannot stop the divine realm's guidance."

Zi'er's immortal light suddenly dimmed, her heart sinking. She used her remaining immortal divine sense to investigate, and after a moment, her eyes were filled with deep weariness.

For the first time, a look of helplessness appeared in Zi'er's usually cold eyes: "The resurrection authority of the orthodox divine race of the upper realm is rooted in the divine realm dimension, transcending the laws of this world.

Ordinary ice, severing, and sealing can all penetrate it… even my immortal isolation runes cannot stop it." As

soon as she finished speaking, the void at the top of the sky suddenly exploded!

A blinding golden light, spanning thousands of miles, descended from the upper heavens, sharp as a supreme divine blade, tearing through layers of spatial barriers, directly piercing through the three-foot-thick ancient ice coffin.

Crack—!

A sharp, piercing cracking sound echoed through the valley. A thin crack appeared in the center of the ice coffin, and golden light seeped inwards, instantly multiplying into a dense web of cracks that covered the entire coffin.

Ice crystals shattered, frost dissipated; the heavy, sturdy ice coffin, before the supreme divine light, was as fragile as thin ice, crumbling into countless shimmering white ice shards that drifted away with the wind.

Golden holy light slowly enveloped Jin Wuhao's body, instantly restoring his shattered bones, stagnant blood vessels, and damaged organs.

His previously stiff and cold body hovered in the air, his closed eyelids trembling slightly. The next instant, his dark golden eyes snapped open, their divine light dazzling and more intense, more frenzied than before, his divine pressure surging by thirty percent.

The eighteenth resurrection.

"Hahaha!!"

Jin Wuhao threw his head back and roared with laughter, the sound echoing through the valley, carrying a violent divine aura that shook everyone's souls and caused their blood to churn. A raging golden divine fire erupted around

him, and the ice shards that fell to the ground evaporated instantly upon contact with the fire.

“You think mere ice can imprison me? You ants from the lower realm, your vision is utterly shallow!”

He pointed to the sky, his tone arrogant and maniacal. “My power of resurrection is rooted in the origin of the divine realm, blessed by a higher-dimensional god!

Ice won’t work, burning won’t work, shattering my physical body won’t work! As long as the divine realm doesn’t perish, I will be immortal forever, endlessly reborn!”

In his rage, he gripped the restored divine emperor’s scepter, a ten-thousand-foot-long golden sword light sweeping across the land, a destructive wave of divine power crashing down.

Zi’er immediately stepped forward to shield him, using her remaining immortal energy to create a purple immortal shield, taking the brunt of this domineering attack.

Boom!

The immense force of the impact sent Zi’er staggering back seven steps, each step leaving a deep imprint on the rock.

A sweet taste rose in her throat, and a trickle of crimson blood slid down her lips, staining her white chin. Her primordial immortal aura surged violently, and the purple light around her dimmed considerably.

David and Jiang Xuelan, caught in the aftershock, were thrown back by the force of the impact.

David hastily plunged his Dragon-Slaying Sword into the hard rock, using the force to stabilize himself. The violent impact traveled through the hilt, causing his hands to split open and his blood to surge.

Jiang Xuelan's back slammed heavily against the blue stone pillar of the main hall. A dull thud echoed as she groaned, her internal organs trembling violently, a chill running through her body, and a tearing pain shooting through her meridians.

After his resurrection, Jin Wuhao's aura not only didn't diminish but actually increased. His eighteenth death not only didn't damage his essence but instead transformed into nourishment bestowed by the divine realm, tempering his divine foundation and strengthening his damaged Dao Fruit.

He lowered his gaze to the three weakened and wounded individuals, scrutinizing them like caged beasts, his eyes blazing with murderous intent: "Your spiritual power is exhausted, your Dao rhythm is overdrawn, how many more times can you sustain this?

Once? Half a time? No matter how extraordinary your methods are, can you withstand the endless resurrections?"

David gritted his teeth, exerting force in his arms to slowly prop up his swaying body.

A deep, bone-revealing wound on his left shoulder continued to bleed, torn clothing sticking to charred flesh, his meridians riddled with fine cracks, his spiritual power flowing with extreme stagnation.

Yet, when he raised his eyes, his purple gaze remained as sharp as a drawn immortal sword, showing no sign of retreat.

"Xue Lan, using ice to block dimensional divine power won't work."

David wiped the blood from the corner of his lips, the pain stimulating his nearly exhausted mind. His tone was calm and resolute. "Then let's use the

method of destruction. My Chaos Flame will burn the origin of all laws, severing the dimensional link between his physical body and the Divine Realm, cutting off the resurrection pathway."

Jiang Xue Lan rubbed her aching, numb shoulders, her icy blue eyes filled with worry. She knew the domineering nature of the Chaos Flame and the price of activating the primordial flame: "Your Chaos Flame touches the extreme of the laws of this realm, but the opponent is a Great Luo Golden Immortal, rooted in the Divine Realm dimension… Can your power really burn through the dimensional barrier? Once the primordial energy is overdrawn, your Dao foundation will be damaged, and your cultivation will regress."

"If we don't try, we will all perish here today."

David raised his eyes, his purple eyes surging with a do-or-die determination. He was willing to damage his Dao foundation and overdraw his primordial energy to break through this deadly situation.

The third joint killing spree was thus formed.

Zi'er directly confronted Jin Wuhao, recklessly channeling her immortal essence with powerful, sweeping attacks, abandoning all defense to hold him back.

Jiang Xuelan flanked him, her icy laws sealing off the surrounding airspace and blocking any escape routes. David concealed his killing intent, launching a flanking attack, squeezing the deepest chaotic essence from his dantian to detonate his natal divine fire.

On the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a greyish-purple flame slowly rose.

This flame was unlike any other spiritual, divine, or demonic fire in the world; it required no oxygen to burn, consumed no fuel, burned only the void dimension, circulated the Dao's rhythm, and dissolved the very essence of laws.

As the flame flickered, the surrounding space collapsed layer by layer, all the world's spiritual power retreated, all laws vanished, and the Dao returned to nothingness.

This was the ultimate trump card of chaotic power, the origin of creation, and the nemesis of all laws.

Chapter 6726

Sword light flared once more, sword fire accompanies it, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword once more clashed with the Divine Emperor's authority.

This time, the gray flames no longer slowly gnawed, but transformed into a ravenous, ancient beast, instantly engulfing the entire golden divine sword.

The sizzling, ear-piercing burning sound was incessant; the golden divine runes, passed down for tens of thousands of years, rapidly blackened, twisted, and shattered, the divine essence emitting a mournful cry.

The divine domain's accumulated blessings within the artifact, accumulated over millennia, were stripped away layer by layer by the chaotic flames, burned away and dissolved.

Jin Wuhao's unchanging composure shattered completely for the first time, a terror from the depths of his soul welling up in his eyes.

He clearly sensed that, along with the shattering of the divine runes, his connection to the divine domain was being forcibly severed, the foundation of his natal artifact was destroyed, and his Dao Fruit was shaking and trembling.

"Stop!! Get out of my way!"

he roared furiously, channeling all his divine power to vibrate the sword, trying to repel David and sever the flames' erosion.

Just as his divine power leaked out, Zi'er seized the opening. The Purple Abyss Immortal Sword pierced through layers of divine defense, its tip entering from his back and exiting through his chest.

This sword strike, imbued with all of Zi'er's remaining immortal cultivation, tore apart the protective divine light of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, severed the source of his physical body, and severely damaged his divine power meridians.

At the same moment, Jiang Xuelan raised her hand to form a seal, freezing Jin Wuhao's knees with extreme cold. The ice climbed up his shinbones, sealing off the blood vessels in his lower limbs, locking down teleportation space, and cutting off his last escape route.

The three-sided encirclement was complete, and the fatal blow was in place.

David suppressed the excruciating pain that felt like his meridians were exploding, urging all the remaining chaotic essence to push the flames on the sword. The gray-purple fire flowed along the hilt, instantly engulfing Jin Wuhao's entire right arm.

Silently, without a violent explosion, without a scorching heatwave.

Jin Wuhao's powerful arms, tendons, blood vessels, and divine power were all dissolved in the chaotic flames. His flesh, meridians, bones, and the divine Dao patterns attached to them instantly turned to ashes.

His right hand, which tightly gripped the Divine Emperor's authority, was completely annihilated.

Without the divine power of its wielder, the damaged and broken Supreme Divine Sword's light suddenly dimmed, and it fell from mid-air, shattering in two upon impact.

The excruciating pain pierced his soul, Jin Wuhao's body convulsed violently, his divine power reversed, and his body slowly collapsed.

The chaotic flames gathered, enveloping his entire body, and slowly incinerated him from top to bottom.

Flesh and blood melted, meridians returned to nothingness, bones turned to ash—the last trace of life, the last trace of divinity, the last trace of Dao essence were all burned away.

A moment later, only a handful of fine black ash remained on the ground, which was scattered by a gentle breeze, merging into the scorched soil without leaving a trace.

As the killing blows ended, their taut spirits and energy suddenly collapsed. The three could no longer hold on and collapsed to the ground one after another.

David knelt on one knee, his Dragon-Slaying Sword embedded in the ground to support his swaying body. He gasped for breath, his throat dry and burning, as if stuffed with coarse sandpaper.

His face was ashen, his lips bloodless, his dantian empty and numb, his chaotic essence more than half depleted, and his meridians riddled with irreversible micro-cracks. Every movement brought excruciating pain.

Jiang Xuelan slid down against a stone pillar in the main hall and collapsed onto the cold ground. Her fingers trembled uncontrollably, her arms aching and numb. Her Ice God essence was completely exhausted, and the chill around her was weak and ethereal, unable even to maintain the thin frost on the ground.

Her lips were pale, her breathing shallow, and with each inhale, tiny ice crystals condensed on her nostrils. The cold poison backfired on her meridians, and a bone-chilling pain swept through her entire body.

Zi’er knelt on both knees, her immortal sword diagonally sheathed at her side. Her long, black hair was soaked with sweat, clinging to her pale cheeks.

Her chest heaved violently, her breathing heavy and hoarse. Having exhausted her life force to kill nineteen times, her immortal Dao essence was depleted by seventy percent, her cultivation foundation unstable. The purple light around her flickered like a candle in the wind, ready to be extinguished at any moment.

The valley was deathly silent, save for the three people's exhausted breathing, drifting on the wind.

David took a long time to recover, barely suppressing his dizziness. His voice was hoarse and weak: "This time… it should be completely over… The Chaos Fire burned away the physical body, dissolved the divine essence, leaving not even bone fragments. The guiding power has nowhere to attach…"

Before he finished speaking, the void in the sky suddenly exploded with dazzling golden light!

That light was even more brilliant and magnificent than the previous eighteen resurrections, like a rising sun, suspended in the air, illuminating the entire valley.

The scattered ashes, as if drawn by an invisible force, froze in mid-air, swirled back in reverse, and coalesced as if time had reversed.

First, bones were gathered, then flesh and blood regenerated, meridians were restored, the outer shell of the divine soul was reshaped, and the source of divinity flowed.

In an instant, Jin Wuhao stood unharmed in place, his robes spotless, all his injuries vanished, the broken divine emperor's authority restored to its original state, and his divine light even more holy and domineering than before.

The nineteenth resurrection.

A maniacal laugh echoed through the heavens and earth, carrying dimensional pressure that crushed everyone's minds: "Hahaha! The nineteenth time! Even

the Chaos Divine Fire, which burns the very source, cannot sever the divine domain's dimensional blessing! What other trump cards do you have? What other killing moves do you have?"

He pointed to the void, each word piercing to the bone: "I'll tell you frankly! Unless you obliterate my natal soul rooted in the divine domain's origin, sever the divine lord's dimensional imprint, and make the upper realm saints completely lose my soul's coordinates, otherwise, no one in the myriad realms can kill me even a fraction!"

Divine soul! Dimensional imprint!

These four short words struck David's mind like thunder, piercing through all the chaotic mists.

He shuddered, his purple eyes suddenly brightening, then overwhelmed by boundless powerlessness.

He finally understood the crux of the matter.

The Great Luo Golden Immortal's physical body, laws, and divine artifacts were all external things; the natal soul rooted in the divine domain's dimension was the fundamental foundation.

All the killing methods of the lower realm can only destroy the physical body, unable to reach the divine soul sealed across dimensions.

As long as the divine soul is not destroyed, the divine realm can lock the coordinates and infinitely guide resurrection.

However, his cultivation is only at the second level of the Golden Immortal realm. Even if the power of chaos restrains all laws, he still cannot break free from the shackles of this realm and cannot touch the divine soul origin of a higher dimension.

Zi’er also instantly understood all the cause and effect. She slowly stood up, supporting herself with her immortal sword. The sword tip trembled slightly, and her eyes were filled with desolation and helplessness: “The divine realm protects and locks the original divine soul… The physical body may be destroyed a thousand times, but the divine soul will live forever… From the beginning, we have been fighting a dead end that we cannot win.”

“We cannot break through the dimensional barrier, we cannot touch the sealed divine soul, so we can never win.”

David let his arms fall, his fingertips were cold, and an unprecedented sense of powerlessness swept over his body, crushing his last bit of fighting spirit.

Jiang Xuelan raised her eyes, her clear, icy blue pupils reflecting the golden light that filled the sky, illuminating Jin Wuhao’s rampant figure, and also the three of them, wounded and exhausted.

She gripped the small, condensed ice spike in her hand, its chill faint and ethereal, her fingertips trembling. The path ahead was pitch black; she could no longer find a way to attack.

Jin Wuhao, fueled by the feedback from his resurrection, continued to surge with divine power. He raised his hand and lightly swung his sword, sending fragments of golden sword light piercing through the air.

Chapter 6727

David hastily parried, the sword light colliding with the Dragon-Slaying Sword. A burst of violent power exploded instantly, tearing open the flesh of his shoulder and neck, leaving a deep, gruesome wound that exposed bone.

Scalding divine blood slid down his shoulder and neck, soaking his gray robe and scorching his skin.

David swayed, nearly falling to the ground. The remaining chaotic fire was completely extinguished, his dantian empty, unable even to condense a wisp of sword light.

Jiang Xuelan couldn't dodge in time; several fine divine rays grazed her limbs, cutting open numerous wounds. Divine fire burned her skin, causing excruciating pain.

Her life force was exhausted, her icy protective barrier crumbled on its own, and she could no longer maintain even the slightest barrier.

Zi'er's aura was weak, her immortal essence depleted; even holding her immortal sword was extremely difficult, her immortal light dimming to almost nothing.

A desperate situation, a complete and utter dead end.

Jin Wuhao slowly stepped forward, his body enveloped in divine light. He looked down at the three wounded men who had exhausted their trump cards, his smile cruel and arrogant: "Three pathetic dogs, have you struggled enough? Now, I will send you all to your doom, your souls imprisoned in the Divine Realm, to suffer the torment of burning gods for eternity!"

He slowly raised his restored Divine Emperor's Authority, ten thousand feet of golden light gathering at the sword tip, a fatal blow poised to strike. The heavens and earth changed color, and the gale abruptly ceased.

Just as the sword light was about to fall, in a corner of the void, ripples silently appeared.

A figure completely shrouded in black robes, like a ghost from the abyss, appeared out of nowhere, stepping out of a void rift.

The newcomer was wrapped from head to toe in a heavy black robe, the hood concealing his face, not an inch of skin exposed. He exuded an aura of extreme yin, extreme cold, and extreme deathly stillness.

This power belonged neither to demonic energy, nor divine light, nor immortal spiritual energy; it transcended the five elements and the six paths, originating from the Nine Netherworlds, pointing directly to the very source of the souls of all things.

He gripped a jet-black short blade tightly in his right hand, its blade wreathed in eerie blue flames. The ghostly fire danced silently, scorching the surrounding void, extinguishing any stray spiritual light, and causing a piercing pain to the soul of anything that touched it. The Ghost

Clan!

Specializing in the laws of the soul, wielding the Netherworld Fire, the only race in all the heavens and realms capable of directly attacking the very essence of the soul!

David's pupils suddenly contracted, and the next second, extreme ecstasy swept over him; the hope on the verge of extinction was instantly rekindled.

He recognized this aura—the aura of the Ghost Clan, the same as Ming Li's.

The black-robed ghost cultivator slowly walked to David, bowed slightly, and spoke with utmost respect. His hoarse, deep voice, like the echoing winds of the deepest abyss, emanated from beneath his hood: "Mr. Chen, I am Ghost Seven, wielding the Nine Netherworld Blade. In the past, you aided the Ghost Clan, rescuing our Venerable from the clutches of the Gods. My entire clan is deeply grateful. Hearing that you are trapped in a perilous situation in the Divine Realm, I have come from the Upper Realm specifically to lend you a hand."

David suppressed the shock in his heart, his voice dry and urgent. Urging, he stared intently at his opponent: "You can attack the primordial soul?"

Gui Qi slowly raised his head, revealing a pair of deep blue vertical pupils beneath his hood. Unquenchable Netherfire flickered in his eyes, and his divine soul pressure subtly leaked out: "Yes. When the gods are resurrected,

their souls briefly leave their bodies at the moment of their physical demise, passing through the dimensional vortex of the void and returning to the origin of the divine realm.

As long as we intercept and kill the soul before it enters the vortex, burning its origin, we can completely sever the connection, preventing it from ever being reborn again."

A sliver of hope, firmly grasped!

David's eyes rekindled their burning edge. Suppressing his injuries, he issued his orders, word by word, his tone resolute: "Form ranks on all four sides, the final battle!

Zi'er, launch a frontal assault, restrain his physical divine power, and disrupt his mind;

Xue Lan, freeze the void, locking down the space around the dimensional vortex and blocking his retreat;

Gui Qi, conceal your aura and lie in wait in the void, waiting for the moment of your death to intercept and kill the departing soul!"

"Yes, sir!"

The four moved simultaneously, their final, deadly formation instantly taking shape.

Zi'er swallowed the metallic taste in her throat, squeezing out the last trace of her primordial immortal energy from her dantian, burning a small amount of her lifespan to strengthen her combat power. Purple immortal light soared into the sky, her figure transforming into a blazing purple rainbow, charging straight at Jin Wuhao.

This time, she left no way out; her swordplay was resolute and ruthless, each move a desperate struggle, willing to sacrifice her foundation to entangle her opponent.

Jin Wuhao was forced to turn and meet the attack head-on. He swung his divine sword, unleashing a dazzling golden light. The two beams of light, purple and gold, collided wildly, creating a deafening roar that caused large sections of the valley walls to collapse, sending rocks tumbling down.

Jiang Xuelan moved to the flank, raising her hand to form the Ice Seal of Myriad Domains. The remaining power of the Ice God was unleashed, and countless ice shards and needles sprang up from nowhere, transforming into a torrential rain of ice that shot densely towards Jin Wuhao's limbs, meridians, and divine apertures.

The ice needles, though weak in direct damage, could obstruct the flow of divine power and disrupt the rhythm of attacks. Every inch of extreme cold delayed his movements, creating fleeting openings.

David gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword, concealing all his aura, lying in wait in a blind spot on the battlefield. The lingering chaos of the battlefield enveloped the sword, gathering strength for a fatal blow. Gui

Qi vanished into the shadows of the void, his Netherfire subsiding, his divine soul spreading out, locking onto Jin Wuhao's divine soul fluctuations, waiting for the perfect moment.

The four surrounded him, layer upon layer of restraint, leaving Jin Wuhao attacked from all sides, unable to defend himself effectively.

Zi'er launched a desperate attack from the front, while ice blocked his divine power from the flanks, and deadly intent lurked in the shadows. The connection

to the divine realm showed subtle fluctuations. "Get out of my way, all of you!"

Jin Wuhao roared in fury, his divine light exploding suddenly, a circular shockwave of divine power sweeping in all directions, forcibly pushing back Zi'er and Jiang Xuelan.

The burst of divine power caused him to lose his balance, and the opening vanished in an instant.

This was the moment!

The void beneath David's feet shattered, and he instantly lunged forward, channeling the last wisp of chaotic power he had accumulated over time into his sword.

The grey-purple sword light concealed its sharpness, like a venomous snake burrowing into a crevice, precisely piercing Jin Wuhao's vital ribs, penetrating his chest cavity, shattering his divine heart. Chaotic fire burned inwards along the wound, dissolving the very essence of his meridians.

Immediately following, Zi'er teleported in, her immortal sword piercing his throat. The remaining immortal Daoist essence locked away his life force, severing all compensatory life force from his physical body.

Jin Wuhao's body stiffened abruptly, his eyes filled with overwhelming resentment and rage. His divine power dissipated inch by inch, and his massive body crashed to the ground.

The twentieth time, he had fallen.

In an instant, a strange change occurred.

Above his corpse, a dark golden vortex automatically split open in the void. The vortex rotated slowly, flowing with the primordial light of the divine realm. A dimensional passage slowly formed, guiding the divine soul back to its rightful place.

A hazy golden phantom rose from the corpse, its outline clear, its features strikingly similar to Jin Wuhao's—it was his natal soul, sealed across dimensions.

The phantom soul floated lightly into the air, slowly returning to the Upper Realm God Domain under the pull of the vortex.

"Attack! Intercept the soul!"

David shouted sharply.

Gui Qi, who had been hidden in the void, suddenly appeared, his black afterimage slicing through the sky, his Nether Blade raised high, and the azure Netherworld Fire surged ten thousand feet, carrying the power to destroy souls, slashing at the golden phantom soul!

"Insolence! You mere ghosts dare to desecrate the soul of the God Domain!"

From the depths of the dimensional vortex came a roar like ancient thunder, the sound piercing through countless spatial barriers, carrying the supreme pressure of the Upper Realm.

Chapter 6728

A highly condensed golden beam of light erupted from the vortex, blocking the Nether Blade and attempting to intercept the Soul-Destroying Strike.

However, the Netherworld Fire was inherently capable of neutralizing the souls of all gods.

The Nether Blade sliced through the golden light, and the ghostly blue flames instantly ensnared the golden soul.

A heart-wrenching, piercing wail of agony echoed throughout heaven and earth. Unlike physical pain, this agony struck at the very core, eroding the very soul.

Jin Wuhao's illusory soul twisted, struggled, and disintegrated violently, its golden primordial light extinguishing rapidly, like snow melting under the blazing sun.

In a mere three breaths, the wail ceased, the golden light vanished, and the natal soul, rooted in the divine realm for tens of thousands of years, was utterly incinerated into nothingness.

Without its anchor, the dark golden vortex that had been swirling in the air slowly contracted and closed, finally smoothing the void without leaving a trace.

The golden light of resurrection descended from the heavens as expected, landing on Jin Wuhao's corpse, but this time, the divine light was ineffective, unable to revive even a sliver of life.

His body was cold, his meridians lifeless, his soul utterly gone—he had utterly perished, dust to dust, ashes to ashes.

The Great Luo Golden Immortal, the representative of the Divine Race, Jin Wuhao, was dead and his Dao vanished.

The long-strained battle finally ended, and all four collapsed, exhausted.

David knelt, leaning on his sword, blood still flowing from his shoulder wound. His whole body ached and was numb, his meridians were shattered, but his tense heartstrings finally relaxed, and a relieved smile appeared on his lips.

Jiang Xuelan moved to his side, leaning gently against him, her strength exhausted, her expression serene. Zi'er lay on the dust, her immortal light dissipated, breathing peacefully. Gui Qi stood beside the corpse, his Netherfire receding, his back lonely and cold.

The valley returned to silence, but this tranquility lasted only ten breaths.

Suddenly, the closing void at the top erupted with a golden light a hundred times brighter than before, divine light covering the sky, dyeing the entire firmament red, and an unparalleled pressure, carrying the wrath of a saint, crashed down.

Like mountains, like seas, like the heavens pressing down!

The remaining demonic cultivators and captured gods in the valley were all pressed to the ground by the oppressive force, their bones creaking, unable even to lift their heads or open their eyes.

Zi'er endured the excruciating pain to prop herself up, but the protective aura of her immortal cultivation was shattered by the oppressive force the moment it rose.

In the center of the void, golden light slowly split, and a figure descended from the upper realm, walking on light.

The old man wore an elaborate and luxurious gilded divine robe, the patterns of the heavens and stars engraved on the fabric, each thread woven from spiritual gold.

His face was majestic and stern, his deeply furrowed brows filled with ancient chill, and he was surrounded by billions of layers of divine light membranes, within which flowed the complete laws of the stars, every movement causing dimensional tremors. His

dark golden vertical pupils looked down upon the lower realm, his eyes holding the birth and death of stars, the flourishing and withering of the Great Dao, his realm unfathomable, crushing all living beings present.

David couldn't fathom the old man's divine might, but it was definitely more powerful than Zi'er's and Gui Qi's!

The old man hovered in mid-air, his gaze sweeping over the bloodstains, broken immortal swords, and shattered divine blades, finally settling on Jin Wuhao's cold corpse. The temperature around him plummeted, and his killing intent froze the void.

"Insignificant ants from the lower realm, you dare to kill the divine representative appointed by the Divine Realm."

He spoke calmly and softly, yet his voice carried the power of primordial laws, directly bombarding everyone's souls. Dizziness and excruciating pain swept over each of them. "You all deserve to have your souls annihilated, enter the Burning God Hell, and never be reborn."

As his voice fell, he lightly pressed down with his right hand.

The formless and intangible pressure of an immortal lord transformed into a tangible mountain, crashing down with a deafening roar.

David's joints cracked and popped, his body pressed firmly into the earth, blood gushing from his mouth and nose, his breath suffocating.

Jiang Xuelan's icy barrier shattered instantly, leaving her on the verge of suffocation.

Gui Qi's surroundings flickered with ghostly flames, unable to withstand the supreme divine might.

Life and death hung in the balance, and despair loomed once more.

A resolute glint flashed in Zi'er's eyes. Exhausting her last ounce of life force, she reached into her robes and retrieved an ancient, warm purple jade tablet.

The tablet radiated a pale purple aura, engraved with the seven-star intertwined pattern—the natal talisman of the seven sisters.

"Sisters, Seventh Sister is in trouble! Quickly descend to the mortal realm!"

She exerted force with her jade fingers, and with a crack, shattered the natal talisman.

Fine purple jade fragments scattered in the air, transforming into a towering purple light that tore through the golden sky, shooting straight towards the upper celestial river.

The purple light bloomed, blossoming into a seven-colored lotus platform spanning heaven and earth. The lotus petals unfolded one by one, tearing through the golden curtain of light suppressed by the immortal lord.

Seven primordial beams of light—red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, and purple—surged from the lotus heart, weaving together to form a rainbow bridge spanning the galaxy.

The bridge flowed with ancient, primordial immortal energy, gentle yet supreme, instantly countering the oppressive aura of the countless immortal lords, abruptly halting the pressure from the sinking divine mountain.

Six women of unparalleled beauty and grace stepped slowly from the rainbow bridge.

The eldest, dressed in fiery crimson, with sharp eyes and brows, wielded the Heavenly Flame Dao;

the second, in shimmering orange, gentle and dignified, governed creation and life;

the third, in elegant yellow, serene and composed, governed the celestial order;

the fourth, in graceful green, gentle as the wind, governed the longevity of plants;

the fifth, in cool, aloof blue, wielded the laws of the void;

and the sixth, in ethereal blue, proud and unyielding, wielded the Nine Heavens Sword Dao.

The six individuals possessed distinct temperaments—some fierce, some gentle, some serene, some sharp—yet the immortal essence flowing around them was vast and boundless, and each of them was a cultivator surpassing even the Golden Immortal realm.

The six immortal figures gracefully landed, surrounding the exhausted and swaying Zi'er.

The eldest woman in the red dress bent down, gently supporting the wounded Zi'er, her eyes filled with tenderness, her voice carrying supreme immortal might: "Seventh sister, who injured you to the point of your essence crumbling and your foundation crumbling?"

Zi'er leaned against her eldest sister, a long-lost smile of relief appearing on her pale face, weakly whispering, "Eldest sister…you've finally come." The

eldest woman slowly raised her eyes, her crimson eyes blazing with heaven-burning immortal fire, her gaze piercing through the golden light, staring directly at the golden-robed elder in mid-air, each word deliberate, her voice shaking the galaxy: "Old thief of the divine race, you dare to harm my sisters, how arrogant you are!"

The supreme divine venerable's expression drastically changed, his dark golden pupils contracting violently, a terrifying fear rising within him.

He could clearly sense that these women were no weaker than himself, and that they too had come from the Upper Realm.

David lay prone in the scorched earth, his shoulder wound bleeding, his spiritual energy depleted. Gazing at the seven-colored light flowing above the Rainbow Bridge, at the seven peerless immortal figures, the anxiety that had gripped him for dozens of days finally subsided. His

tense mind suddenly relaxed, his soul weakened, his vision blurred, and the light and shadow of heaven and earth dissipated layer by layer.

A peaceful smile played on his lips. Before his consciousness faded, he murmured softly:

“Finally… they’ve come…”

Chapter 6729

“You old thief, prepare to die!”

The moment the red-skirted elder woman’s furious shout landed, the blazing celestial fire around her suddenly surged, and the crimson light that had been swirling around her robes roared into the sky. Simultaneously, the seven-colored lotus platform

‘s primordial patterns exploded beneath the feet of the six immortal figures. Six primordial immortal lights—red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, and blue — broke free from the lotus platform’s restraints, erupting from the crowns of the six figures

. The six beams of light intertwined and resonated, converging into a colorful celestial waterfall spanning a thousand miles of sky. The waterfall flowed with primordial magical patterns, its light clear and transparent, devoid of any murderous intent, yet carrying the supreme immortal foundation capable of severing divine authority and overthrowing the divine race. As

the celestial light poured down, layers of ripples spread through the void along its path. The golden fragments of divine essence, broken divine patterns, and dissipated divine power remnants from the previous battle

vanished like dust upon contact with the celestial light, silently dissolving without even a trace of annihilation.

In mid-air, the countless layers of divine light membrane that the golden-robed elder relied on for protection emitted a mournful cry for the first time, teetering on the brink of collapse.

This divine light barrier enveloping his entire body was a star-divine armor he had painstakingly refined over a hundred thousand years, incorporating three hundred and sixty-five star domain laws, making it indestructible. Previously, it had withstood Zi'er's full-force sword

strike without a scratch. But now, under the onslaught of the six-colored primordial waterfall, the surface of the light membrane began to cave in, emitting a piercing, metallic cracking sound. A buzzing vibration reverberated throughout the Black Abyss Valley, causing the rocks to shed dust.

The golden-robed elder's aged and dignified face instantly lost all color, his eyes filled with utter horror.

He dared not hold back, his ten fingers flying to form ancient divine seals, his arms suddenly thrusting horizontally, dark golden primordial divine power flowing into his palms, and a hundred-foot-tall star-divine shield materialized out of thin air.

The shield's surface was crisscrossed with grooves, engraved with the orbits of the heavens and the rotation of the sun and moon. Billions of golden starlight lit up one after another, compressing and sealing the entire shattered sea of stars within the shield.

Star waves surged, starlight overflowed—this was his trump card, the Star Control Divine Technique, powerful enough to withstand three fatal blows from a Grand Luo Golden Immortal of the same level.

Boom—!

The six-colored immortal waterfall crashed into the Star Shield.

There was no earth-shattering initial explosion, only a muffled, bone-chilling cracking sound.

A thin crack first appeared in the very center of the seemingly indestructible Star Shield.

The crack spread at a visible speed, instantly weaving into a spiderweb of cracks. The flowing starlight on the shield's surface dimmed instantly, and countless tiny stardust fragments scattered in the air.

The next instant, the ten-thousand-foot-tall shield shattered, countless golden shield fragments exploding and turning into scattered starlight.

The violent shockwave of the immortal path rebounded from the point where the divine shield shattered, slamming into the golden-robed elder's chest.

His burly body, like a kite with a broken string, was forced back more than seventy feet. Each step he took shattered a layer of spatial barrier, leaving behind endless golden spatial cracks.

A wisp of dark golden primordial divine blood burst from his throat, dripping down his aged chin. The divine blood fell into the air, scorching sparks of void fire.

He clutched his aching chest, his divine light trembling violently. The majesty he had maintained for ten thousand years shattered completely. His dark golden pupils trembled uncontrollably as he stared intently at the six ethereal women below. His voice was hoarse and broken: "Impossible… Primordial Origin Patterns… What is your origin?"

The eldest woman in the red dress remained unmoved, her cold gaze devoid of any emotion, only a chilling killing intent capable of annihilating the divine race.

She slowly raised her slender right hand, and above her palm, a cluster of crimson flames, the size of a grain of rice, slowly rose.

The flames appeared weak, yet they contained the primordial fiery power to create and destroy the world. With each gentle flicker of the flame, the air within a thousand miles distorted violently, heat waves piercing through her protective aura and scorching the souls of all things.

The scorched earth beneath her feet carbonized inch by inch, the suspended void continuously collapsed, and dark spatial rifts spread around the flames. Even the very order of time seemed to stagnate under this celestial fire.

A long wind billowed her crimson dress, its fluttering like a raging wildfire. She took a step forward, each stride covering thirty feet, her immortal might overwhelming mountains and rivers: “Junior sisters, make your move! Today, let the high and mighty God Clan Venerable truly understand the ways of the immortals in the lower realms. Integrity is unyielding; sects cannot be humiliated, and fellow cultivators cannot be harmed.”

As her words fell, the remaining five immortal figures moved simultaneously. The six great origins opened and closed in unison, and the six great laws swept across the battlefield, sealing off all escape routes for the golden-robed elder.

The gentle eyes of the orange-clad second daughter instantly turned frosty. Her ten fingers intertwined to form the Creation Divine Seal. Pale orange life-giving immortal essence surged through her meridians, condensing into a palm-sized jade talisman in her palm. The talisman

was entwined with vines and embedded with flower stamens, flowing with the creative power of the revival of all things. However, this inexhaustible power, once reversed, would lead to decay and annihilation. Touching it would cause the divine foundation to crumble and the root of the Dao to dissolve, specifically targeting the golden body origin of the God Clan.

The three women in yellow robes moved with light, slow steps, surrounded by a ring of shimmering, golden star trails. A flowing light of time coiled around their limbs, halting the sandstorms, suspending falling rocks, and freezing

divine light around them. Time around them sometimes slowed down a hundredfold, sometimes accelerated in an instant.

Under the flow of the laws of time, every movement of the golden-robed elder's divine power, every muscle twitch, was magnified infinitely, every action falling within their predictions.

The four women in green dresses lowered their eyes and flicked their sleeves. From the ground, in the void, and in the crevices of rock strata, countless emerald-green primordial vines sprouted from the earth and broke through the walls, their surfaces covered with ancient wood-immortal patterns.

Their roots pierced through spatial barriers, transforming into thousands of supple whip-like shadows, precisely wrapping around the golden-robed elder's neck, limbs, waist, and abdomen, locking the flow of divine power through his meridians.

The five women in green robes suddenly became ethereal, transforming into wisps of green. Their spatial teleportation techniques were pushed to their limits, leaving twenty-seven afterimages in the air in an instant.

With each disappearing afterimage, a long, narrow, black spatial rift blade was unleashed. These blades were silent and deadly, specifically designed to sever the soul and cleave the divine body, ignoring any divine protection.

The six women in blue robes reached for their longswords. A clear, resonant sword cry pierced the heavens, and a river of azure sword light surged forth from the blade.

The surging water reflected the starry sky, carrying the ancient sword's essence. Its sharpness pierced through all phenomena, aiming directly at the golden-robed elder's throat, its sword aura ethereal yet domineering, leaving no room for parrying.

Six beams of immortal light, six fundamental Daos, six deadly paths, complemented each other, linked by a common origin, perfectly filling all gaps

in offense and defense, transforming into an unparalleled immortal net that enveloped the golden-robed elder.

The old man in the golden robe turned ashen-faced, no longer daring to hold back. His dark golden divine light surged threefold, causing his gilded robe to shatter without wind, revealing a divine body covered in star-patterned runes.

He unleashed seventeen consecutive Immortal Lord Palms, the palm winds condensing the divine power of the star field, rolling with golden light that crushed the air, attempting to tear apart the six immortal lights.

However, the inherent nature of the immortal path naturally balanced the acquired divine authority of the gods. When the six-colored immortal lights collided with the golden palms, the seemingly gentle immortal light forcefully tore through the thick divine light. With each collision, a layer of the old man's protective divine body was shaved away.

Chapter 6730

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

A series of deafening roars echoed through Black Abyss Valley, causing the entire valley's ley lines to tremble violently. Magma surged and churned beneath the surface, and the patterns on the towering black cliffs on either side cracked. Huge chunks of rock, weighing tens of thousands of tons, crashed down, raining down on the ground and raising clouds of charred dust.

The remaining captured gods and traitorous demonic cultivators were all blasted away by the violent shockwaves. Countless people slammed against the rock walls, their bones shattered, spitting out mouthfuls of blood, their cries of agony echoing throughout the valley.

The overwhelming force of the battle was clearly visible.

The next instant, crimson incinerating immortal fire pierced through layers of divine light, precisely scorching the old man's left shoulder.

His indestructible golden body instantly carbonized, his magnificent divine robes charred and curled, the pungent smell of burning divine energy spreading everywhere, and dark golden primordial divine blood gushed from the wound, dripping into the air.

Immediately following, the Nine Heavens Blue Sword slashed down, cleaving a deep, long wound across his chest, exposing bone and damaging his divine palace.

The Void Rift Blade followed in quick succession, its fine, dark blades cutting across his right arm, severing the surface divine runes and hindering the flow of divine power.

The power of creation and annihilation seeped into the wound through the air, continuously corrupting the source of his divine body's repair. The laws of time disrupted his breathing rhythm, and wooden vines tightly bound his limbs, locking away his teleportation abilities.

"Pfft—"

The golden-robed elder could no longer suppress the backlash of divine power, spitting out a mouthful of thick, dark golden divine blood. His figure staggered, his imposing body teetering on the verge of collapse.

His eyes were a mixture of extreme fear and boundless rage. Having ruled the divine race for ten thousand years and toured the mortal realm countless times, he had never been driven to such a desperate situation by the immortals of the lower realms.

In a corner of the valley, the surviving cultivators were caught in a turmoil of emotions, experiencing both extreme heat and cold.

The demonic cultivators who had previously defected to the gods, believing they could escape death by clinging to their coattails, now watched as their lofty immortal lord was brutally beaten by six celestial maidens. Cold sweat soaked their black robes, their hands and feet turned icy, and a chill ran through them.

They lay prostrate among the rubble, barely daring to breathe, their backs numb, filled with despair: even a god-level venerable was no match for them; today, they would surely be annihilated.

The remaining divine cultivators, stubbornly resisting, were also deathly pale, their divine light flickering, their fighting spirit shattered, their hands trembling as they gripped their divine blades. With

their gods defeated, their path forward was utterly cut off. Just as the immortal path was about to completely crush the battle and decide the outcome—

the heavens suddenly trembled violently, the order of heaven and earth shifted, the sun and moon were reversed, the gale abruptly stopped, and the falling rubble froze in mid-air. The entire world seemed to be gripped by an invisible giant hand, and all things were thrown into chaos.

The golden rift in the sky, previously torn apart by the seven-colored lotus platform, suddenly expanded infinitely outwards, unleashing boundless, supreme golden light from its depths.

The light was intensely bright, scorching the eyes of all beings, a hundred times more powerful than the combined divine power of Jin Wuhao and the golden-robed elder.

Like a celestial river bursting its banks, the golden light instantly blanketed the entire sky, obscuring all the clear, celestial colors, dyeing everything in heaven and earth a blinding, shimmering gold.

The seven-colored lotus platform, suspended in mid-air, trembled violently under the oppressive weight of the vast golden light. The patterns on its

petals dimmed layer by layer, and its primordial radiance flickered and faded, like a candle in a storm, on the verge of being extinguished at any moment.

Buzz—!

Seven towering golden pillars of light, piercing the heavens and earth, descended from the cracks in the sky, precisely landing at seven points in Black Abyss Valley, locking down the entire valley's airspace and forming the Seven Star Locking Heaven Array.

The moment the pillars landed, the earth violently subsided, hard black rock shattered into sand, and the scorched soil turned entirely gold. Golden divine mist surged from the ground, spreading in all directions.

Within each pillar of light, an ancient and silent terrifying pressure was concentrated, the lowest level of which was at the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, their divinity condensed to a tangible form, causing the earth's veins to rupture and the void to groan.

Within the pillars, light and shadow flowed, and seven tall figures slowly coalesced, appearing in the world bathed in light. Each of the

seven possessed a different divine appearance, their expressions indifferent and aloof, looking down upon the beings of the lower realm.

The two on the left wore gilded, face-covering divine armor, its surface engraved with patterns of divine destruction. They wielded twelve-foot-long divine-destroying halberds, their bodies bound by chains that rattled loudly .

The three on the right wore plain white sacrificial robes, their hair gilded, their eyes like stars, and jade tablets for prayer floating in their palms.

The remaining two wore dark robes with thunder patterns, their bodies wreathed in celestial lightning, their auras wild and fierce.

These seven powerful divine beings, their auras increasing in power, the last six being Grand Luo Golden Immortals, while the figure in the very center emanated no divine light, formless and shapeless, his realm unfathomable.

A pervasive divine pressure descended, forcing the prostrate cultivators to bow completely, their courage to even look up utterly gone.

All eyes involuntarily converged on the white-robed man in the center.

He wore a pristine white robe, its fabric as light as a cloud, fluttering even without wind. He possessed none of the fiery golden light characteristic of gods, none of the aura of a celestial lord, and not even the slightest fluctuation of divine power. He was as pure as a scholar from the mortal realm. Yet,

the more understated he appeared, the more his soul trembled. The surrounding void automatically parted, the laws of nature submitted, and the spiritual energy, divinity, and immortal essence of heaven and earth all flowed around him.

The man’s face was handsome and aloof, his brows and eyes etched with an innate divine nobility. His brow bones were sharp, his lips pale, and his eyes held neither joy nor sorrow, oblivious to all living beings, to the clash of victory and defeat, only an eternal, silent indifference.

His right hand hung down, holding an ancient, snow-white longsword. The scabbard was plain and unadorned, the blade concealed its sharpness, deep and unfathomable like an ancient, icy abyss. Seemingly gentle, it could devour all laws and annihilate all great paths.

He stood silently in the center of the seven divine lights, without uttering a word, yet he suppressed the six-colored immortal light, halting its advance and instantly quelling the flames of war.

The golden-robed elder, battered and bruised in mid-air, saw the white-clad figure, and his tense mind suddenly relaxed, his pent-up fear, grievance, and ecstasy erupting all at once.

Completely disregarding his dignity and the blood flowing from his wounds, he staggered, shattering the void, and knelt heavily on both knees, bowing his head in worship, his voice trembling and choked with sobs.

“Young Master! You have finally descended to the mortal realm to aid us! These six immortal women killed the representative of the Divine Race, Jin Wuhao, burned his original divine soul, and even severely injured my subordinates, trampling on the dignity of the Divine Race. I beg you, Young Master, to unleash divine punishment and avenge my subordinates!”

The white-clad man lowered his eyes, his cold gaze sweeping over the kneeling elder, his eyes indifferent and detached, as if looking down at withered grass and fallen leaves on the roadside, showing not a trace of empathy for his subordinate.

He slowly raised his eyes, his gaze sweeping across the battlefield, passing over Zi’er and the six fairy sisters, pausing for a moment before settling on Gui Qi, who had disappeared into the shadows, and finally settling on the cold, stiff corpse of Jin Wuhao, whose soul and spirit had been annihilated.

“Jin Wuhao, dead?”

The man’s voice was clear and gentle, like wind rustling bamboo leaves, like water flowing over bluestone. Though not loud, it penetrated through layers of space, resounding throughout the entire valley, each word striking a chord in everyone’s hearts.

“Yes!”

The golden-robed elder pressed his forehead to the void, replying in fear, “His soul was completely incinerated by the Ghost Clan’s Netherfire, his origin

coordinates destroyed, severing his connection with the Divine Clan. He has utterly perished, with no possibility of resurrection!”