A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6731

The man in white silently lowered his eyes, remaining silent for three breaths. The surrounding air froze completely, all things fell silent, even the falling pebbles hovered in mid-air.

The next instant, he slowly raised his right hand, which was holding a sword. The plain white longsword was held level, its tip lowered, precisely pointing at the body of Jin Wuhao on the ground.

The previously restrained light on the snow-white sword suddenly burst forth, and a bright, cold moon phantom rose from the sword, its clear light spreading across the valley for thousands of miles, gentle yet transcending the laws of nature.

A faint, almost transparent ripple spread outward from the sword tip, and ripples of time and space slowly spread over rocks, dust, bloodstains, and figures.

At this moment, the supreme law, beyond the comprehension of immortals and gods, appeared with a thunderous roar.

It was not a divine life-extending resurrection technique, nor a physical restoration ability, but the most supreme, most domineering, and primordial Dao sealed by the Heavenly Dao: the reversal of time and space.

Wherever the ripples passed, all things in the world flowed backward.

The charred dust drifting in mid-air reversed its trajectory, swirling back to the cracks in the rock layers on the ground;

the golden divine blood, icy blue immortal blood, and dark red essence blood splattered in battle flowed backward in mid-air, precisely drilling back into the wounds of the injured, instantly healing dried scars;

the previously collapsed cliffs, with broken rocks rising in reverse, slowly closed their cracks, the rubble returned to its original position, and the cliffs were restored to their original state before the great battle;

the scattered divine light, broken divine patterns, and extinguished divine soul light points flowed backward from all parts of the void, converging and returning to their origin.

Heaven and earth reversed, time reversed, all things went backward, and the order of time was altered.

David, lying on the charred mud, was originally in a state of scattered consciousness, his soul on the verge of collapse, his meridians shattered, and his dantian spiritual power depleted.

But the moment the ripples of space and time swept over his body, a warm and vast power, soothing the wounds of all things, invaded his limbs and bones.

Within the depleted and lifeless dantian, the scattered chaotic power reversed its flow, gathering again strand by strand, slowly circulating along the damaged meridians;

torn and exposed flesh healed in reverse, broken fascia automatically reconnected, and bleeding wounds scabbed over, healed, and disappeared.

His unfocused pupils suddenly contracted, his purple eyes exploding with extreme astonishment, his whole body trembling uncontrollably, and an incredulous whisper escaped his throat: “This… how is this possible… reversing

time, altering the order of time, this has already touched the very origin of the Heavenly Dao…"

He stiffly turned his head, staring intently at the corpse of Jin Wuhao on the ground.

The originally cold, stiff, soulless, and charred corpse slowly rose into the air in the reverse flow of time.

Bones and limbs reduced to ashes by the chaotic flames were reshaped;

flesh and blood that had been completely melted away were regenerated;

the broken and shattered divine emperor's authority was mended, its divine light restored;

the natal soul, utterly consumed by the Nine Netherworld Fire and scattered into the void, flowed backward along the river of time, its fragmented golden light gathering and solidifying, piecing together a complete illusory soul image, which fell back into the body's divine palace.

The previous twenty kills, the destruction of the soul, the annihilation of the origin—all the irreversible injuries, all the traces of death—were erased by the power of time and space, and everything flowed back half an hour.

At the moment when Jin Wuhao was not yet dead and his soul was still intact,

a few breaths later, his suspended body's eyelashes trembled slightly, and those familiar dark golden eyes suddenly opened.

Jin Wuhao raised his hands blankly, examining his intact hands, which were full of divine power, feeling the surging and profound divinity, exploring the perfect foundation of his divine palace, and then looking around at the crowd of people with shocked and different expressions. The memories that had been recalled instantly flooded into his mind.

He recognized the figure in white, his body jolted, and an intense joy flashed in his eyes. Suppressing the lingering fear of death, he strode forward, kneeling heavily on one knee, his voice trembling with emotion: “Your subordinate thanks you, young master, for defying the heavens and extending my life! I will never forget your great kindness!”

“Rise,” the

white-robed man said, sheathing his sword gently and calmly. “You were chosen by the gods to be their representative in the mortal realm, wielding divine authority over the twentieth heaven. Your death would have tarnished the face of the gods and disrupted the divine order. You should not have died here.”

“Understood!”

Jin Wuhao responded, rising to his feet. After his resurrection, the blessings of the gods and the power of the spacetime source had settled upon his body, making his aura even more refined and profound than before his death. All traces of his former wretchedness had vanished from his eyes, replaced by a renewed, murderous intent and arrogant laughter.

He turned and scanned his surroundings, his gaze sweeping over the heavily injured and exhausted Jiang Xuelan, the spiritually depleted Zi’er, and the exhausted David, finally settling on David. A cold, cruel smile curled at the corner of his lips: “Rest assured, young master, none of these rebellious immortals and traitors will escape today.”

A strange, suffocating silence filled the air. In

a corner of the valley, the demonic cultivators who had previously been filled with despair and thought they were doomed were the first to sense the reversal of fortune.

They stared intently at the resurrected Jin Wuhao, at the seven powerful deities in the heavens, and at the unfathomable power of the white-robed

deity. Their taut nerves suddenly relaxed, the fear that had been weighing on their hearts vanished, and a burning joy swept over them.

Some of them, whose bodies had been tense for so long, went limp and slumped into the pile of rubble, exhaling a long breath of stale air. Cold sweat soaked through their robes, and the relief of surviving a calamity welled up in their eyes.

“We bet right…we bet right! The gods have a hidden trump card, wielding the Great Dao of Time and Space. No matter how strong the Immortal Path is, it cannot withstand the divine power to alter time!”

The remaining divine cultivators, whose fighting spirit had previously crumbled, now straightened their bodies, their dim divine light rekindled, and pride rekindled in their eyes. They all bowed in worship, their divine cries echoing through the valleys: “Welcome to the Divine Lord! The gods will surely prevail!”

Those neutral observers who had not taken sides completely abandoned their will to resist.

Even such heaven-defying methods as reversing time had appeared in the world. Their meager cultivation was no match for the power of throwing eggs against rocks. Only by surrendering could they survive.

Despair swept through the Immortal Path camp, while hope gathered entirely on the side of the gods. The hearts of the people were overturned in an instant.

On the seven-colored lotus platform, the eldest woman in the red dress frowned deeply, the immortal markings between her brows throbbing violently, her crimson eyes filled with solemnity, and a storm raged in her heart.

She had lived through the primordial chaos, traversed the myriad realms, and witnessed powerful beings who controlled life and death, the five elements,

and the stars, yet she had never seen such a pure, domineering, and complete source of time and space.

She slowly stepped off the lotus platform, staring directly at the white-robed man, her voice icy and chilling: “Time and space reversed, the order of the heavens altered; you actually refined the lost source of time, lost for millennia. Which lineage of the divine race do you belong to? The ancient God of Time has long since perished; who are you?”

The white-robed man remained indifferent, ignoring her questions and uttering not a single word.

He merely lazily raised his hand, his fingertips flicking lightly, and the seven powerful figures of the divine race standing within the pillars of light moved simultaneously.

Seven ten-thousand-foot-long golden divine suns rose into the sky in unison, their divine light filling the airspace, their scorching divine might locking down the six fairies and the lurking Ghost Seven, sealing off all paths of teleportation and escape.

Chapter 6732

“Stop them.”

The white-robed man’s voice was calm and even, his expression unwavering. “No need for a quick battle, just trap them. Don’t disturb my peace of mind.”

The next second, an earth-shattering battle erupted once more.

The seven divine races’ immortal lords attacked simultaneously. The God-Slaying Halberd tore through the sky, the Prayer Jade Scepter suppressed the immortal path, and countless thunder patterns cleaved down with divine lightning, chains binding the void.

The six-colored primordial immortal light rose again, with blazing flames, the vitality of creation, the celestial orbits of time, and void-splitting blades crisscrossing.

The ghostly blue Netherfire surged from around Gui Qi, and the chilling power of annihilating divine souls swept in all directions.

The torrents of golden, multicolored, and ghostly blue laws collided violently, exploding into a blinding light that shattered thousands of miles of airspace.

The shockwaves of the explosion repeatedly swept across Black Abyss Valley, blasting dozens of bottomless craters into the ground. Rock layers were overturned, earth veins fractured, and the remaining vegetation was instantly carbonized. Dust filled the sky, obscuring the sunlight, plunging the world into darkness.

The deafening roars of clashing swords and spears, the clash of immortals and gods, and the burning of spirits echoed through the twenty heavens.

At the edge of the battlefield, a white-robed man stood with his hands behind his back, silently observing the carnage, his eyes as still as a stagnant pool.

The shattered space, the bleeding immortals and gods, and the destroyed rocks were nothing more than a harmless shadow play to him.

He occasionally glanced at the battlefield to confirm that his seven subordinates had not fallen, then quickly withdrew his gaze, devoid of any murderous intent.

Outside the flames of war, Jin Wuhao had no interest in the chaotic battle. All his killing intent was fixed on the weakened David, his eyes churning with the resentment accumulated twenty times over.

He withdrew his divine light, his steps unhurried, treading over the rubble and stepping over the bloodstains, slowly walking towards David.

With each step, the earth trembled slightly, and layers of divine pressure piled up, like a cat playing with a mouse, slowly wearing down his opponent's last bit of strength.

"David."

Jin Wuhao lowered his voice, each word carrying a deep-seated hatred, "You killed me twenty times, burned my soul, shattered my authority, and crushed me into dust.

Now, time has turned back, the Heavenly Dao has returned to its place, and it is my turn to settle scores. I will make you suffer a hundred times, a thousand times the pain, to repay every wound you inflicted on me."

David bit his bleeding lips, relying on the slight healing from the time reversal to prop up his swaying body.

His dantian's chaotic power was still depleted, his meridians were riddled with cracks, and his Dao foundation was damaged. He had barely escaped death, but was still severely injured, and even raising his hand to grip the sword required all his strength.

Yet, his fingertips still gripped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly: "Xue Lan, step back, stay away."

Jiang Xue Lan shook her head, ignoring the aching and broken wounds all over her body, enduring the excruciating pain of the backlash from her meridians, and moved to block David.

Her icy blue eyes were filled with stubbornness and determination. Her slender hands moved swiftly, forming hand seals, gathering the last wisp of Ice God essence within her body to condense a thin, semi-transparent ice wall.

The ice wall was thin and fragile, with sparse frost patterns on its surface and flickering spiritual energy. It seemed as if a gust of wind could shatter it, but it was the last barrier she could erect with all her might.

“You think you can stop me with this weak wisp of icy power?”

Jin Wuhao sneered, his eyes filled with cruel mockery, and casually raised his hand.

A condensed and heavy golden divine palm struck out, its power steady and domineering, crashing heavily into the ice wall.

With a crisp crack, the ice wall shattered instantly, turning into countless shimmering white ice shards that scattered in the wind. The remaining force of the palm strike was undiminished, slamming hard into Jiang Xuelan’s chest and abdomen.

Jiang Xuelan’s slender body, like a jade butterfly with a broken string, flew backward more than ten feet through

the air before crashing heavily onto a pile of jagged boulders. Her chest caved in violently, and a mouthful of crimson blood gushed out, staining her white robes. Completely exhausted, she slid down the pile of rocks, her limbs weak and numb. A chilling energy surged back, attacking her meridians. No matter how hard she tried, she could no longer support herself and could only collapse helplessly.

“Xuelan!”

David’s eyes flashed crimson, a heart-wrenching pain overwhelming him. Ignoring the excruciating pain of his ruptured meridians, he lifted his foot to rush to Jiang Xuelan’s side.

The next instant, a golden figure suddenly shifted to the side, firmly blocking his path, sealing off all escape routes.

The restored Divine Emperor’s Authority cleaved down from the sky, a ten-thousand-foot-long golden sword beam pressing down, imbued with the pure divine power of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, sealing off all of David’s angles of evasion.

Helpless, David forcefully activated the last wisp of chaotic energy remaining in his depleted dantian, parrying with his sword .

Clang—!

A piercing metallic clang exploded, violent force surging through the sword and into his arm.

David’s legs gave way, his knees slamming heavily onto the hard, scorched earth,

dust flying everywhere. The excruciating pain of fractured bones spread throughout his body, his tendons and bones numbing, his blood and qi churning violently.

“Is that all the strength you have?”

Jin Wuhao looked down at him, his eyes full of mockery. “Where did your edge, the edge that killed me twenty times, go? The chaotic flames that destroyed my divine authority and burned my soul, how did they extinguish?”

He suddenly exerted force with his wrist, pressing the divine sword down an inch.

Crack—!

David’s shoulder bone shattered under the strain, the excruciating pain piercing his soul. His arms trembled violently, cracks spreading rapidly through his meridians, blood continuously spilling from the corners of his mouth, dripping onto the ground, leaving dark red streaks.

Jin Wuhao raised his foot, channeling all his strength into his toes, and stomped hard on David’s back.

Crack!

Several ribs snapped in succession, and the excruciating pain instantly overwhelmed all of David's senses. He felt a sweet taste in his throat, let out a muffled groan, and his body went limp. His fingers loosened, and the Dragon Slayer Sword slid to the ground with a crisp sound.

"You'll kill me twenty times."

Jin Wuhao slowly bent down, his toes pressing harder as he looked at David, who was suffering terribly beneath him, his smile growing increasingly manic. "I'll torture you for twenty days.

Every day, I'll cripple one of your cultivation meridians, seal your primordial chaos, and make you watch helplessly as your cultivation dissipates, your foundation collapses, and you become a cripple.

After twenty days, I'll extract your primordial soul and lock it in the Divine Race's Burning God Prison, tormenting you day and night, never to be reborn."

He stretched out his fingertips, still warm with divine energy, and gripped David's chin tightly, forcibly lifting his head and forcing himself to look directly at that smug and arrogant face: "Where is the mastermind you've relied on so many times? Why doesn't he show himself to save you? The tide has turned, do you still have any trump cards left?"

The excruciating pain pounded his body, his blood surging, but in David's purple eyes, there was no fear, no despair, no submission. Instead, a faint, knowing, and expectant smile spread across his face.

His smile was faint, yet it pierced through the crimson blood, making it exceptionally clear.

His breath was weak and hoarse as he spoke, each word deliberate: "Jin Wuhao… do you really think you've won?"

Jin Wuhao's brows furrowed, impatience flashing in his eyes: "Even on the verge of death, you're still stubborn."

"I told you, I have a powerful backer, he will definitely come to save me!" David said.

"Where? Where is your powerful backer?" Jin Wuhao grabbed David, asking smugly.

"Jin Wuhao, you can curse me, but you absolutely cannot curse my powerful backer." David's eyes widened, and he shouted sharply.

Jin Wuhao was stunned; he hadn't cursed him, had he?

But since David had said that, Jin Wuhao felt he should curse back.

"I'll curse you! Your powerful backer is bullsh!t, dog sh!t In front of our young master, he's nothing..."

Jin Wuhao cursed with great gusto, but before he could finish, he sensed something was wrong, because the more he cursed, the happier David laughed.

Suddenly, Jin Wuhao seemed to have a bad premonition.

Before he could react, he found that the hand he was holding David had suddenly disappeared.

His hand was gone, yet he felt nothing.

And somehow, a middle-aged man had appeared beside David.

Chapter 6733

"Mr. Shi, Mr. Shi..."

David, seeing Mr. Shi suddenly appear, burst into tears of joy and hugged him tightly.

Jiang Xuelan, lying on the pile of rocks, stared wide-eyed at Mr. Shi. She had often heard David mention Mr. Shi, but had never seen him before.

Today, when she discovered Mr. Shi's presence, she hadn't noticed at all, as if he had always been there.

"How old are you? Still crying like that? Your woman is still here; people will laugh at you,"

Mr. Shi said, pushing David away.

David wiped away his tears and grinned. Only in front of Mr. Shi would he show such weakness.

"Xuelan, this is the Mr. Shi I've often mentioned to you..."

David stepped forward and helped Jiang Xuelan up.

Jiang Xuelan walked up to Mr. Shi and bowed slightly. "Jiang Xuelan greets Mr. Shi..."

"No need to be polite. David has good taste; the women he chooses are all beautiful and have delicate features."

"However, I've reminded you countless times to focus more on cultivation and not always chasing after women."

"How many women have you had? You're not going to take these few in this time, are you?"

Mr. Shi finished speaking, glancing at Zi'er and then at the six fairies who were still fighting with the powerful gods.

“No, no, no, they are just my friends. I’ll try not to take them in anymore, but sometimes women chase after me, and I can’t help it,”

David said.

“Narcissistic!” Mr. Shi rolled his eyes at David.

At this moment, the white-robed man looked at Mr. Shi, his brows furrowing slightly, his face showing unprecedented solemnity.

He discovered that Mr. Shi had no aura whatsoever, appearing like an ordinary mortal.

But how could an ordinary mortal appear in the twentieth heaven?

“Mr. Shi, could you help the seven fairies? They fought against the gods to help me,”

David asked.

Mr. Shi glanced at the people still fighting in the void.

Each figure was ethereal and indistinct; a battle between Grand Luo Golden Immortals was enough to shake the heavens and earth.

Let alone a dozen Grand Luo Golden Immortals fighting together.

“Who are you? How dare you interfere with the Divine Race…”

Jin Wuhao, seeing Mr. Shi appear and ignore him, coldly asked.

This guy, doesn’t he even realize why his hand is gone?

“Are you talking to me?”

Mr. Shi withdrew his gaze from the void and looked at Jin Wuhao before him.

With just that one look, Jin Wuhao's body trembled.

He opened his mouth, spitting out green bile, and then collapsed heavily to the ground.

This guy was terrified by just one look from Mr. Shi!

Seeing Jin Wuhao suddenly fall, all the Divine Race cultivators in the Divine Emperor's Palace widened their eyes. An elder shouted, "What did you do to our Divine Emperor?"

Mr. Shi smiled faintly, then formed two fingers into a sword and gently waved it!

With a whoosh

, in an instant, all the gods and demons in the arena, regardless of whether they were at the seventh, eighth, or ninth rank of Golden Immortal, had their heads fly up.

Blood splattered instantly, staining the entire sky red!

Only a few demonic cultivator leaders remained, trembling in fear.

The white-robed man frowned, his expression shifting.

Even the powerful divine beings who had fought alongside the Seven Fairies seemed to sense something, returning from the void and landing behind the white-robed man.

When they saw the headless corpses scattered on the ground, they were dumbfounded.

Although they were Great Luo Golden Immortals, regarding the Golden Immortal cultivators before them as mere ants, they couldn't possibly have killed tens of thousands of cultivators instantly.

The Seven Fairies also returned, looking at Mr. Shi with disbelief.

Jiang Xuelan, in particular, had a look of utter disbelief in her eyes.

Only David wore a smile, as if he had known everything all along.

The white-robed man slowly raised his right hand, which was holding a sword. The white longsword was once again held horizontally before his chest, its tip pointing diagonally at the ground.

On the snow-white sword, the illusory image of the bright, cold moon rose again, its clear light like a waterfall, covering the entire valley.

Nearly transparent ripples spread outward from the sword tip, layer upon layer of temporal ripples washing over rocks, dust, bloodstains, and figures. Wherever they passed, the order of time reversed once more.

The severed heads began to swirl backward, gushing blood flowing back to the necks, broken necks rejoining, and shattered bones automatically healing.

Jin Wuhao's corpse slowly rose as time reversed, his terrified soul re-coalescing from the void, and his shattered meridians reconnecting.

The white-robed man frowned slightly.

He noticed that the wounds that should have healed burst open again just as they were about to close.

The souls that should have re-coalesced dissipated again just as they were about to take shape.

The divine cultivators who should have been resurrected trembled violently in mid-air, as if being torn apart by two forces simultaneously: the suction of time reversal on one side, and some even stronger, irresistible repulsive force on the other.

“Hmm?”

The white-robed man frowned, thrusting his longsword forward. The cold moonlight emanating from the snow-white blade suddenly intensified threefold.

The ripples in spacetime became denser and more rapid, like concentric circles of water desperately washing over the severed bodies.

But the result remained unchanged.

Jin Wuhao’s body floated in mid-air, his severed neck constantly healing and then bursting open again, repeating this seven or eight times. Each time, just as it was about to heal, it was forcibly torn apart by some invisible force.

Golden blood condensed into beads in the air, spinning endlessly in the reversed flow of time, yet never able to return to its original position.

The decapitated divine and demonic cultivators were similarly torn apart by reversal and rejection.

Some heads had returned to their necks, only to fly up again the next second;

some blood had flowed back into their bodies, only to spurt out again the next second.

The entire valley was filled with this eerie tearing sensation, like a painting constantly being painted and erased, repeatedly painted dozens of times but never taking shape.

The white-robed man’s ever-indifferent face finally cracked.

His lips tightened slightly, a faint bluish tinge appeared on his knuckles gripping the sword, and he channeled the power of primal time three times in quick succession, causing fine spatial cracks to appear on the blade.

These were the marks of his forcefully squeezing the primal power of time.

The spatial ripples in the valley changed from transparent to silver, then from silver to a dazzling silver-white, the light so intense it made the entire valley appear as if it were being illuminated by countless stars simultaneously.

Yet the corpses remained motionless on the ground.

No, not motionless.

They were moving, but their movements were irreversible.

Each time they neared healing, some force would tear their wounds open again; each time they approached resurrection, some force would extinguish their life force once more.

Chapter 6734

The few remaining demonic cultivator leaders, witnessing this scene, gradually froze their initial elation, then turned to confusion, and finally to a new kind of fear.

They had clearly seen the Divine Race Venerable reverse time, clearly seen Jin Wuhao resurrected once, so why didn't it work this time?

Why did the same method suddenly fail?

The powerful Divine Race members also widened their eyes; their young master had never failed in reversing time and space.

But now…

The white-robed man sheathed his sword.

The cold moonlight on the sword quickly dimmed, and the silvery-white ripples of time and space slowly dissipated like the receding tide.

He remained silent for a moment, then slowly turned around, his gaze passing through the corpses and congealed blood on the ground, landing on the middle-aged man who hadn't moved an inch since he appeared.

Mr. Shi was still standing in the same spot.

From the moment he appeared until now, he hadn't moved an inch.

His hands hung naturally at his sides, without any posture of preparation, without any defensive stance, without even the vigilance expected of a cultivator.

He was like an ordinary, middle-aged man passing by, appearing at the most inopportune time and in the most inopportune place.

Yet, he was enveloped by an aura that was completely indescribable.

This aura was not oppressive, not murderous intent, not any perceptible or describable power.

It did not exist within any law, not within any Daoist principles, not even within this world.

It seemed to come from a higher, entirely different dimension, like the power that wipes away ink from a painting.

Not covering, not modifying, but making something that originally existed cease to exist.

The man in white remained silent for a long time.

His gaze lingered on Mr. Shi for a full ten breaths.

In those ten breaths, his expression changed from indifference to solemnity, from solemnity to apprehension, and from apprehension to an emotion he had never experienced in tens of thousands of years.

That emotion was like a chill rising from the depths of his instincts, which he could not completely eliminate no matter how hard he tried to suppress it.

“Who are you?” the man in white finally spoke.

His voice remained calm, but the aloofness of his superiority was gone, replaced by a cautiousness that was being restrained.

Mr. Shi glanced at him but remained silent.

His gaze was as calm as a still, deep pool, unfathomable and devoid of any emotional fluctuation.

The white-robed man’s fingers tightened slightly, gripping the hilt of the snow-white longsword.

The cold moonlight on the blade flickered subtly, as if sensing the faint unease in its master’s heart.

“I am a disciple of the God of Time, wielding the Origin of Time, and belonging to the orthodox lineage of the Twenty-First Heaven God Clan. You have interfered in the affairs of my God Clan and killed my representative; do you know the consequences?”

His voice carried a deliberate chill, as if using his status and background to compensate for the rising unease.

He revealed his origins, his affiliation, and his backing.

Orthodox lineage of the God Clan, disciple of the God of Time—these titles combined were enough to make any force or powerful figure in the lower realm retreat.

But he stopped before he could finish speaking.

Because Mr. Shi glanced at him.

That glance was so brief that almost no one noticed it.

It was devoid of any emotion, power, or even deliberate targeting.

His gaze merely shifted from a certain direction, landing on the man in white.

It was like someone casually glancing at a leaf on the roadside.

But in that single glance, the man in white froze.

His pupils contracted to pinpoints, and for the first time, a look of near-fear appeared on his usually indifferent face.

His lips parted slightly, as if to speak, but his throat seemed blocked, unable to utter a single word.

His body trembled violently, fine cracks appearing beneath his skin, golden light seeping from them like the gleam of shattered porcelain.

Then—

bang.

A muffled explosion resounded.

The man in white exploded from the middle, golden divine blood scattering and splashing onto the scorched ground, emitting a series of sizzling sounds.

The snow-white longsword fell from his released hand, clanging to the ground, its cold moonlight flickering like a candle in the wind before extinguishing completely.

The man in white exploded, his body exploding with death.

The entire valley fell into a deathly silence.

The seven powerful divine beings standing behind him, all Great Luo Golden Immortals, were frozen in place, as if solidified.

Their gazes were fixed on the pool of golden blood slowly seeping into the soil, on the now-dull, snow-white longsword, then slowly rising to rest on the middle-aged man who hadn't moved an inch.

Their pupils contracted violently, their breaths stopped abruptly, and their souls screamed madly.

One of the divine beings was the first to react.

He abruptly raised his hand, golden divine light condensing into a crack in his palm, attempting to tear apart the space before him and return to the Twenty-First Heaven.

If he could return to a higher heaven, to the divine race's home turf, perhaps there was still a glimmer of hope.

But his hand had barely risen, his fingertips just touching the edge of the spatial rift—

bang!

A muffled explosion rang out.

The body of that powerful god exploded from within, golden divine blood gushing out like a fountain, before he could even utter a scream.

The remaining six powerful gods were terrified.

Some tried to tear through space, some tried to activate divine light to protect themselves, some tried to use some kind of teleportation technique, and some even tried to kneel and beg for mercy.

But no matter what they did, no matter what methods they tried to use, as long as their bodies made the slightest movement, as long as their power fluctuated in the slightest—

bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!

A series of muffled explosions rang out in the valley, like firecrackers exploding in the air.

The six bodies exploded one after another, golden divine blood weaving into a blinding blood mist in the air, making it impossible to distinguish one from another when they fell to the ground.

From the first person's attempt to escape to the last person's complete explosion, it was only three breaths.

All seven powerful gods, along with the one who had surpassed the Immortal Lord level, exploded and died.

Not even a complete corpse remained, only golden bloodstains and scattered fragments of magical artifacts.

Mr. Shi stood in the same spot the entire time, without moving an inch.

His posture was exactly the same as when he first appeared, his hands hanging naturally at his sides, his face calm, his gaze indifferent, as if everything that had just happened was nothing more than a few specks of dust stirred up by the wind.

Chapter 6735

Jin Wuhao opened his eyes.

He blinked blankly, propped himself up, and looked down at his hands.

His hands were intact, divine power flowing freely through his meridians, and the divine essence within his dantian surging.

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

He looked up again, surveying his surroundings. He saw golden bloodstains and scattered fragments of magical artifacts, the seven corpses blown to pieces, and thousands of headless bodies lying haphazardly in the valley.

Then, he saw the white-robed man.

The fragments of the body of the disciple of the Time God, the powerful god who reversed time, lay scattered in a pool of dark golden blood, their original shapes unrecognizable.

Jin Wuhao's body jolted violently, his pupils contracting sharply.

His memory was stuck at that last moment; he was preparing to torture David when a middle-aged man appeared out of thin air, and then he lost consciousness.

He only remembered saying something, and then… and then nothing more.

He didn't remember how he died, only that he was now alive.

He looked at the middle-aged man standing beside David, the one who hadn't moved an inch since appearing.

Then he looked at the corpses scattered on the ground and the powerful prodigies who had exploded, and a feeling more terrifying than death itself surged from the depths of his soul.

Thump.

Jin Wuhao's knees slammed heavily onto the ground.

He knelt, his forehead pressed against the scorched earth, his whole body trembling violently, not even having the courage to look up.

His voice was filled with unprecedented fear and humility: "Don't…don't kill me…please…don't kill me…I'll tell you anything…I'll agree to anything…"

David watched this scene, remained silent for a moment, then stepped forward, stood in front of Jin Wuhao, looked down at him, and said calmly: "I won't kill you. As long as you release Wan Jianxing."

Jin Wuhao raised his head, his face full of confusion and bewilderment, his dark golden eyes swirling with confusion: "Wan…Wan Jianxing? Who is Wan Jianxing?"

David frowned: "The first Temple Master. He was imprisoned in a void passage by the God Clan Chief, supposedly by you personally."

"The first Temple Master?"

Jin Wuhao's brows furrowed even more, his face full of an expression of trying hard to recall, "The Temple…the first…I…I've never heard of this name!

After I became a God of the Twentieth Heaven, the Temple had already existed for tens of thousands of years, and I have never imprisoned any Wan Jianxing!"

David looked at him, his gaze icy: "Are you lying?"

“I’m not lying! I really didn’t!”

Jin Wuhao’s voice was filled with an almost desperate urgency. “I am the representative of the God Clan in the Twentieth Heaven, the chosen God-Emperor, but I am not the patriarch of the God Clan! I only oversee the affairs of the God Clan in the lower realms; I have no authority over the entire God Clan! “

David remained silent for a moment, the coldness in his eyes undiminished, but he knew Jin Wuhao was telling the truth.

This once arrogant Great Luo Golden Immortal was now kneeling before him, trembling, having lost even the courage to lie.

But was Wan Jianxing worth the personal imprisonment of the God Clan patriarch?

If so, wouldn’t Wan Jianxing’s strength be unattainable?

Now, David realized he didn’t seem to know anything about Wan Jianxing’s strength or realm.

“So that means,”

David’s voice carried a hint of disappointment and coldness, “that you know nothing, can do nothing, and are of no value to me?”

Jin Wuhao’s face turned deathly pale. He nodded and shook his head frantically, “I know some! I know several void nodes where the gods imprison important figures!

But Wan Jianxing… I’ve never heard of that name before! I swear! I swear on my soul! If I’m lying, may I never be reincarnated!”

David looked at him, silent for a long time.

Then he withdrew his gaze, his voice soft, “Since you’re useless, there’s no need for you to live.”

His hand gripped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Purple light shone on the sword, like a sleeping dragon opening its eyes.

Jin Wuhao’s pupils contracted sharply. He wanted to say something, to beg for mercy, to explain, but the sword light had already fallen.

The purple sword light drew an arc, precisely slicing through Jin Wuhao’s neck.

His head flew up, tumbling several times in the air, the expression on his face frozen in the terror and despair of that final moment.

Golden blood gushed from the severed neck, staining the scorched ground a new dark gold.

The headless body stiffened for a moment, then slowly collapsed, raising a cloud of dust.

David sheathed his sword, looking down at Jin Wuhao’s corpse, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

Then he turned to Mr. Shi, his voice tinged with pleading: “Mr. Shi, Wan Jianxing is my man. I can’t watch him remain imprisoned in the void passage. Could you…”

Mr. Shi looked at him, his gaze still calm, like a bottomless pool: “You want me to rescue him?”

David nodded: “I beg you.”

Mr. Shi didn’t speak.

He simply raised his right hand, palm facing forward, and gently pushed.

The movement was still casual, still devoid of any power.

But the void slowly cracked open in front of his palm.

The crack wasn't large, only about ten feet wide, like a portal to an unknown world.

Profound void power surged from the crack, cold and silent, carrying an ancient, unchanging aura of slumber.

David held his breath, his gaze fixed intently on that crack.

Through the crack, he saw a gray void.

There were no stars, no light, only endless gray stretching in all directions.

In the center of that gray void, he saw a blurry figure.

The figure was extremely ethereal, almost transparent, like a reflection in water that might vanish at any moment.

His outline was still discernible; it was the figure of a middle-aged man, sitting cross-legged, eyes closed, his face serene yet revealing profound weariness.

Around him were streaks of crimson fire, like burning chains binding his limbs and torso, each streak dimming his illusory form.

Wan Jianxing.

David's heart clenched.

He recognized the outline. Although Wan Jianxing was now only a remnant soul, that faint face and figure were his.

The one who had once guided him—if Wan Jianxing hadn't risked his life to save him, he wouldn't be reduced to a mere remnant soul now.

But the crack only opened for a few breaths before silently closing again.

The void closed up again, leaving no trace of the crack that had ever existed.

Chapter 6736

Mr. Shi lowered his hand, looked at David, and said calmly, “His remnant soul is too weak, on the verge of dissipation. Even if you rescue him now, his remnant soul won’t be able to maintain its form, and it will completely dissipate within an hour at most.”

David’s body stiffened slightly: “Then… what should we do?”

“You need to reach the Immortal Lord realm to truly touch the origin of the void dimension. At the same time, you also need to find an ancient treasure of heaven and earth to nourish the soul and reshape the physical body. You’ll

need at least a Nine-Turn Soul-Nourishing Lotus and a section of Chaos Divine Wood to stabilize his remnant soul and reshape his physical body.”

Mr. Shi’s voice remained calm. “You can’t do it now.”

David remained silent for a long time.

His fist clenched and unclenched repeatedly.

He looked into Mr. Shi’s calm eyes, his voice slightly hoarse: “Mr. Shi, what is Wan Jianxing’s cultivation level? Why would the patriarch of the Divine Clan personally imprison him?”

Mr. Shi glanced at him, a profound light flashing in his eyes, as if piercing through countless heavens in an instant: “When you have the ability to rescue him, ask him yourself.”

After saying this, Mr. Shi's figure began to fade, starting from the edges, gradually merging into the air, like ink slowly dissolving in water, leaving no trace.

In less than two breaths, the spot where he stood was empty, as if he had never been there.

David stared at the empty space, silent for a long time, finally letting out a soft sigh.

Zi'er stepped forward from beside the eldest woman in the red dress, looking at David with a hint of concern in her purple eyes: "Young Master Chen, we should go too. The matters of the Twenty-First Heaven are not yet finished, and we sisters need to return to report."

David turned around, looked at Zi'er and the six sisters behind her, and nodded slightly: "Alright. Thank you all for today."

Zi'er smiled, her smile carrying a sense of relief and ease: "What are you thanking me for? You saved me, it's only right that I help you. Besides…"

She glanced at the direction where Mr. Shi had disappeared, her tone tinged with emotion: "Even if we hadn't helped, your senior wouldn't have let anything happen to you. We were just adding icing on the cake."

David didn't deny it, only smiled.

Zi'er turned and walked to the side of her six sisters.

The eldest woman in the red dress glanced at David, nodded slightly, and then the seven figures simultaneously soared into the air, seven-colored immortal light weaving into a magnificent rainbow above the valley, like a bridge spanning heaven and earth, extending into the depths of the sky.

Seven figures faded into the distance within the rainbow, eventually transforming into seven shining stars and disappearing above the clouds.

Ghost Seven also materialized from the void, his eerie blue eyes beneath his black robes looking at David. He bowed slightly, saying, “Mr. Chen, it’s time for me to go.

Although the Twenty-First Heaven is dangerous, the Ghost Clan still has some foundations there. If needed, you can always find me.”

David nodded, “Take care.”

Ghost Seven’s figure transformed into a wisp of black smoke, silently merging into the shadows, as if he had never been there.

In the valley, only David, Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the young Daoist boy remained, along with corpses and scattered fragments of magical artifacts.

David stood amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his purple eyes swirling with complex light.

He remained silent for a moment, then spoke, “Clean up the battlefield. Collect all usable resources, magical artifacts, and storage rings. These are all valuable items; we can’t waste them.”

Jiang Xuelan, supporting her injured body, began cleaning up the battlefield with David.

Xuanzhenzi also bent down and nimbly began to search the storage rings and magical artifacts on the bodies of the divine cultivators.

The young Taoist followed behind, helping to collect the scattered pill bottles and fragments of spiritual materials.

Just then, David’s gaze fell upon the several demonic cultivator leaders who were still kneeling on the ground, trembling.

Their faces were ashen, their bodies shaking violently, their foreheads pressed tightly against the cold ground, lacking even the courage to lift their heads.

They had seen Jin Wuhao killed, seen the white-robed men and the seven powerful members of the Divine Race explode, seen thousands of headless corpses, and seen David's calm yet cold gaze.

They knew they had made the wrong bet. They thought the Divine Race would win, they chose to submit to the Divine Race, betraying the demonic cultivators who were still holding on.

And now, the Divine Race had lost, and their fate had reached the point of reckoning.

David's gaze swept over them, his voice calm, a calmness that sent chills down one's spine: "Dispose of these people. Traitors don't deserve pity."

Xuan Zhenzi raised his head, glanced at the demonic cultivator leaders, then at David, and asked no further questions.

He threw down the storage bag in his hand and walked step by step towards the demonic cultivator leaders, a blue light slowly gathering in his palm.

"No…don't kill us!"

A demonic cultivator leader looked up, his face streaked with tears and snot. "We were forced! Jin Wuhao forced us! If we hadn't surrendered, he would have killed us all! We just wanted to live…"

"You wanted to live, so you chose to betray us."

David's voice remained calm. "Didn't those who died fighting to hold on also want to live? Did you think of them when you surrendered?"

The demonic cultivator leader opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately couldn't utter a single word.

Xuan Zhenzi didn't give him any more chances.

A blue palm print landed, and the demonic cultivator leader's body jolted violently before collapsing limply, never to move again.

Then came the second, the third, the fourth… In less than ten breaths, all the surrendered demonic cultivator leaders lay in pools of blood.

Xuan Zhenzi flicked the blood from his palm, turned back to David's side, and resumed looting the spoils of war as if he had only swatted a few flies.

As the sun gradually sank in the west, golden sunlight spilled across the ravaged valley, casting a warm glow on the scorched ground and dark red bloodstains.

On the distant horizon, the clouds were dyed a brilliant orange-red by the setting sun, like burning flames spreading across the entire sky.

David stood on a black rock, gazing into the distance, his purple eyes reflecting the sunset's glow.

He was still wounded, his spiritual power not fully recovered, but his hand had already gripped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword once more.

The events of the Twentieth Heaven were over.

The Divine Clan's main hall was destroyed, the Divine Emperor Jinwuhao was dead, and those powerful Divine Clan figures who had descended from higher heavens were also dead.

But the true enemy lay in the Twenty-First Heaven, in that higher, more distant sky.

The Twenty-First Heaven was just ahead.

Those powerful Divine Clan figures, the person behind that white-robed man, were still waiting for him there.

David didn't know how long the road ahead was, how many more enemies he would encounter, but having come this far, he would never stop.

"David." Jiang Xuelan walked to his side, her icy blue eyes gazing into the distance, her voice soft, "Where do we go next?"

David was silent for a moment, then slightly curved his lips into a smile, a smile tinged with weariness, yet still revealing sharpness and resilience: "To the Twenty-First Heaven. There are still people waiting for us."

"But not now. We must improve our strength as soon as possible. With so many resources now, we can go to the Twenty-First Heaven once our cultivation level has risen."

Chapter 6737

On the ruins of Black Abyss Valley, the corpses had been cleared away, and the scattered fragments of magical artifacts and storage rings had all been gathered.

David, Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the young Daoist spent an entire day collecting all the valuable items from the battlefield.

The supplies were piled up like a small mountain. There were storage rings, storage bags, magical artifacts, pills, and spiritual materials from tens of thousands of corpses.

In addition, there were fragments of broken divine artifacts left behind by the powerful gods who had exploded, as well as Jin Wuhao's Divine Emperor's Authority, which had been broken and then repaired by time and space.

These resources, piled together, resembled a miniature treasure trove, reflecting colorful light under the setting sun.

Xuanzhenzi squatted beside the pile of supplies, his eyes wide like copper bells, drool almost dripping from the corner of his mouth: “Good heavens… so much stuff… I’ve lived for so many years, and this is the first time I’ve seen such a rich haul of spoils…”

The little Taoist boy squatted beside him, clutching half a broken jade tablet in his hand, tilting his head and asking, “Master, how much are these things worth?”

“How much are they worth?” Xuanzhenzi grinned, “Enough for you to eat spiritual fruits for a hundred lifetimes!”

David walked to the pile of supplies, his purple eyes sweeping over the dazzling array of magical artifacts, jade slips, pills, and crystals.

His gaze lingered for a moment on several storage rings gleaming with golden divine light.

These were the relics of the powerful gods brought by those white-robed men. Although most of them were damaged when they exploded, some precious items had survived.

“These resources are enough to give us a significant boost,”

David said calmly. “Old Xuan, separate the cultivation technique jade slips and magic artifacts, and leave the rest of the spirit crystals and pills. We’re going to the Demon Suppression Tower to cultivate.” Xuan

Zhenzi’s eyes lit up at the mention of the “Demon Suppression Tower”: “Mr. Chen, can I also go in and benefit from it?

If I can break through another level, I can help you withstand a few more attacks when I reach the twenty-first level!”

David glanced at him: “What about your little Daoist boy?”

“Take him! Take him with you! The little guy has good cultivation talent, he just doesn’t have a good master to teach him.” Xuan Zhenzi

patted the little Daoist boy’s head.

The little Daoist boy looked up, blinking his eyes: “Master, didn’t you say I’m dull-witted?”

“That’s because I was afraid you’d become arrogant!” Xuan Zhenzi said matter-of-factly.

David’s lips curled into a slight smile: “Then let’s go in together. Time is short; we must reach a level where we can stand firm in the twenty-first level as quickly as possible.”

The four of them entered the Land of Fallen Emperors and found a relatively stable area of void.

David summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower. Its black body floated in the void, silver runes flowing across its surface like living things, releasing profound spatial and temporal power.

“Go in.”

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower, time flowed a hundred times faster than outside.

One hundred days inside the tower equaled one day outside.

David divided the mountain of cultivation resources into several portions, giving 70% to Xuan Zhenzi and 30% to the young Daoist.

There was no other way; resources were limited, and every penny counted.

Xuan Zhenzi, looking at the pile of spirit crystals and pills before him, was so moved he almost kowtowed to David: “Mr. Chen, you… I’m so lucky to have you by following me!”

“Enough talk, cultivate.”

David sat down cross-legged. “Remember, we only have two days. After two days, no matter what realm you reach, we must depart.”

Jiang Xuelan sat down opposite him, her icy blue eyes reflecting the silver light flowing from the tower’s top.

She took a deep breath, and the power of the Ice God began to circulate. A thin layer of icy blue frost condensed around her, instantly lowering the surrounding temperature.

David also closed his eyes, and chaotic power surged from his dantian, enveloping his entire body in gray light as he began to absorb the mountain of spirit crystals and pills.

Time flew by in the tranquility and focus within the Demon Suppression Tower.

…

Several months passed inside the tower, while only two days had passed outside.

When David emerged from the Demon Suppression Tower, his aura had undergone a dramatic transformation.

His purple eyes surged with a more refined chaotic divine light, and the gray aura flowing around him was as substantial as a physical substance, each breath carrying a rhythm that shook the void. He had reached

the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

Although he had only advanced two ranks, his chaotic power was far purer than that of ordinary cultivators; these two breakthroughs had multiplied his strength several times over.

The seed of the Law of Space had already transformed into a silver vortex in his dantian, and the seed of the Law of Time had begun to show clear patterns.

Jiang Xuelan stood behind him, her ice-white dress fluttering in the void without wind, the chill around her intense, almost tangible ice mist enveloping her.

Her cultivation had stabilized at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, her Ice God bloodline fully awakened, and the phantom of a ten-thousand-year-old glacier was reflected in her ice-blue eyes.

Xuan Zhenzi had also broken through, finally stepping from the peak of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm to the ninth rank.

Although he had only advanced by one small realm, the thrill of breaking through the barrier that had held him for tens of thousands of years kept the old man grinning for three days straight.

The little Daoist boy had also improved considerably, from the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm to the sixth rank.

Although the little fellow was young, his talent for cultivation was indeed quite good; it was just that he had wasted too much time following his unreliable master, Xuan Zhenzi.

“Ninth Rank of Golden Immortal…”

Jiang Xuelan looked down at the icy blue light flowing in her palm, her voice tinged with emotion, “I’ve been cultivating in the Demon Suppression Tower for months, but only two days have passed in the outside world. This feeling always feels unreal.”

“You’ll get used to it.”

David smiled, “With the Demon Suppression Tower, time is the cheapest thing for us.”

He turned around and looked at the remaining resources.

Top-tier magic artifacts, high-level cultivation technique jade slips, and some unused spiritual materials and pills.

These wouldn’t be of much help to their current cultivation, but if converted into spirit crystals, they could provide ample funds for their journey to the Twenty-First or even Twenty-Second Heaven.

“Old Xuan, come with me to the Void Merchant Guild. Let’s sell these things.”

Xuan Zhenzi grinned, “Alright! I’m a master at bargaining!”

…

The Void Merchant Guild has branches all over the Heavenly Realm, and naturally, there’s one in the Twentieth Heaven as well.

Although the Void Merchant Guild in the Twentieth Heaven is slightly smaller than that in the Eighteenth Heaven, it’s still an excellent place for cultivators of all races to trade.

As David led Xuan Zhenzi through the gates of the Void Merchant Guild, a steward in a silver robe immediately greeted them with a professional smile: “Gentlemen, what can I do for you?”

“To sell.”

David took out several high-quality magical artifacts and a dozen or so cultivation technique jade slips from his storage ring and placed them on the counter.

Chapter 6738

The steward narrowed his eyes slightly, picked up a jade slip, and probed it with his divine sense. The smile on his face froze instantly.

The jade slip contained a divine race cultivation technique at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, extremely valuable.

He picked up a second, a third, a fourth… each jade slip contained a high-level cultivation technique, each magic weapon was of superior or even top-grade quality.

“This… these…”

the steward’s voice trembled slightly, “Sir, are you sure you want to sell all these cultivation techniques?”

“What, you don’t accept them?” David’s voice was calm.

“Yes! Yes! Of course I will!”

The steward nodded repeatedly, “However, the amount is too large, I can’t make the decision myself. Please wait a moment, I will go and fetch the manager.”

A moment later, a slightly plump middle-aged man came out from the back room, wearing a dark blue robe embroidered with silver patterns, with the shrewd smile typical of a merchant.

He walked to the counter, his gaze sweeping over the magical artifacts and jade slips, a glint of shrewdness flashing in his eyes. “Esteemed guests, I am the manager of the 20th Heaven branch of the Void Merchant Guild, my surname is Qian. These goods… are all top-grade.”

“Name your price,” David said.

Manager Qian pondered for a moment, then picked up a golden longsword magical artifact to examine it closely, and then picked up a jade slip containing a divine race cultivation technique to check its contents, his expression becoming increasingly complex.

He put down the jade slip and held up five fingers: “Five million high-grade spirit crystals. That’s the highest price I can offer.”

Upon hearing this, Xuanzhenzi immediately jumped up: “Five million? Are you trying to fob us off? This longsword is worth at least three million, and that eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivation jade slip is worth at least two million.

There are over a dozen magic weapons and more than twenty cultivation jade slips here, and you’re only offering five million? Do you think we’re new to this business?”

Shopkeeper Qian’s smile froze for a moment: “Sir, you’re right, each item is indeed worth that price. But since you’re selling so many at once, you have to leave us some profit margin, right? How about… six million?”

“Eight million.”

Xuan Zhenzi plopped down in a chair, crossing his legs. “Take it or leave it. If not, we’ll go to another one. The Void Merchant Guild isn’t just this one.”

Manager Qian looked at Xuan Zhenzi’s unyielding expression, then at David’s calm, unfathomable purple eyes, and finally sighed: “Seven million. That’s the bottom line. Any more and I’ll lose money.”

Xuan Zhenzi glanced at David, who nodded slightly.

“Deal.”

With seven million high-grade spirit crystals in hand, plus the resources they'd kept from their spoils, they could live comfortably in the Twenty-First Heaven for a long time.

More importantly, the Void Merchant Guild had a rule that customers making large transactions could obtain a "VIP Token," which granted them priority access to intelligence and special services at any branch.

Manager Qian handed over a silver token: "Sir, this is our VIP Token. If you need intelligence or other assistance in the future, you can use this token to receive preferential treatment at any Void Merchant Guild branch."

David took the token and stored it in his storage ring.

The two left the Void Merchant Guild, walking in the last rays of the setting sun over the twentieth heaven.

Night had fallen, and the pale golden twilight bathed the streets, casting a gentle glow on the city that had endured several days of turmoil.

"Mr. Chen," Xuan Zhenzi said, his usual playful expression unusually serious, "when shall we depart?"

"Tomorrow morning,"

David replied, gazing into the distance, "to the twenty-first heaven."

Meanwhile, in the Twenty-Second Heaven,

on the Tian Shu Continent, at the Divine Council,

the Golden Crow Clan's ancestral land stood at the highest point of the Tian Shu Continent. A majestic golden palace, like the sun, floated above the clouds.

Golden flames surrounded the palace—the innate divine fire of the Golden Crow Clan's bloodline, burning eternally day and night, illuminating the entire sky.

Jin Wuyai sat in the main seat of the palace, his face dignified and cold, surrounded by blazing golden light, like an eternally burning sun.

His cultivation was unfathomable; the aura of a peak third-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal enveloped the entire palace as if it were a tangible force, making everyone present feel a mountain-like oppressive force.

Before him knelt several Golden Crow Clan deacons responsible for liaison with the lower realms, each with a deathly pale face, cold sweat constantly streaming down their foreheads.

"Say it again."

Jin Wuyai's voice was deep and steady, like a divine sword being slowly drawn. "What happened to that disciple under the Time God?"

A steward raised his head tremblingly, his voice hoarse: "Reporting to the clan leader… the eldest son… he has fallen.

Along with the seven Grand Luo Golden Immortal elders he brought, all perished in the twentieth heaven, their souls and spirits annihilated. Even reversing time cannot repair them."

The hall fell into a deathly silence.

Jin Wuyai did not speak.

He simply looked at the steward kneeling on the ground, his golden eyes surging with a killing intent as real as tangible.

The temperature of the entire hall suddenly rose, and the Golden Crow Divine Fire around Jin Wuyai suddenly surged several feet high, scorching the surrounding space and causing it to slightly distort.

“The twentieth level of heaven?”

Jin Wuyai’s voice remained calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it. “Who could kill him in a place like the twentieth level of heaven?”

“According to the news that came back… it was a Daoist cultivator named David. Beside him was… a middle-aged man whose cultivation level was impossible to determine.

That middle-aged man only used… a single glance…” The steward’s voice trailed off, the last few words almost inaudible.

“A single glance?”

Jin Wuyai stood up. He wasn’t particularly tall, but the moment he stood, the entire hall trembled slightly under his oppressive aura.

Golden divine fire surged around him, like an ancient beast awakened from its slumber.

“Send word to the leaders of the Silver Moon Clan and the Morning Star Clan to the Divine Council. Tell them the Golden Crow Clan has important matters to discuss.”

…

The Divine Council was a massive circular building suspended in the center of the Tian Shu Continent, like a silver ring stretching across the heavens and earth.

At the center of the ring was a huge circular council hall, capable of accommodating hundreds of people simultaneously.

Normally, this is where the three major families adjudicate matters concerning the Twenty-First Heaven, but now, the three family patriarchs are gathered together.

Jin Wuyai sits in the main seat, golden divine fire slowly burning around him, casting flickering light on his face.

Opposite him, Yue Wuhen, the patriarch of the Silver Moon family, holds a cup of spirit wine brewed with moonlight, his posture elegant and composed, as if this meeting were merely an ordinary tea gathering.

His face is young and handsome, with long silver-white hair cascading to his waist, and his pupils reflecting the ever-changing phases of the moon.

Chapter 6739

Xing Wuji, the patriarch of the Chenxing family, sat at the very edge, surrounded by a faint silver starlight. He resembled a dark star enveloped by a galaxy, his face almost indistinguishable.

He remained silent most of the time, and no one knew what he was thinking.

“Brother Jinwu, why did you summon us so urgently? What happened?” Yue Wuhen put down his wine cup, his voice gentle and refined.

Jin Wuyai looked at the two, his voice low and somber: “My eldest son perished in the twentieth heaven. His soul and spirit were annihilated.”

Yue Wuhen’s smile faltered slightly.

Xing Wuji’s starlight flickered gently before returning to its steady state.

“The twentieth heaven?”

Yue Wuhen's brows furrowed slightly. "Could someone in such a place have killed your eldest son?"

"A Daoist cultivator named David,"

Jin Wuyai said. "He had someone with an unidentifiable cultivation level by his side who killed my son and the seven Grand Luo Golden Immortal elders he brought with him with just a glance."

A moment of silence fell over the hall.

Yue Wuhen tapped his fingers lightly on the table twice. "One glance, and seven Grand Luo Golden Immortals were killed? Brother Jinwu, are you sure the news is true?"

"My steward wouldn't dare lie to me,"

Jin Wuyai's voice was cold. "Moreover, the divine forces of the twentieth heaven have been completely wiped out. Jinwu Hao is also dead." Yue

Wuhen's brows furrowed even more.

Although Jinwu Hao was only a collateral descendant sent to the lower realm by the Jinwu family, he still represented the face of the divine race. He was the one they jointly decided to lead the divine race below the twentieth heaven.

Only those who reached the Grand Luo Golden Immortal realm could glimpse a corner of the divine race.

As for the divine cultivators below the twentieth heaven, they were all frogs in a well. In their eyes, the God Emperor of the twentieth heaven was their supreme being.

They had no way of knowing that the so-called God Emperor, in the eyes of the true divine race, was just a collateral descendant, someone who could be replaced at any time.

Although the death of a collateral descendant could be considered an accident, the death of the eldest son was a completely different matter.

“What do you intend to do?” Yue Wuhen asked.

“Send people to the twentieth heaven,”

Jin Wuyai said. “Find out who this David really is, and what the background of the middle-aged man beside him is. If he dares to set foot in the twenty-first heaven, let him stay here forever.”

Yue Wuhen and Xing Wuji exchanged a glance. Yue Wuhen nodded slightly: “The Silver Moon Family is willing to cooperate. After all, the twenty-first heaven is under our jurisdiction. If someone is causing trouble down there, it is indeed necessary to investigate.”

Xing Wuji was silent for a moment, then said: “The Chenxing Family can provide some intelligence support. But we will not participate in matters that are public.”

Jin Wuyai glanced at him and said nothing more.

The Chenxing Family has always been like this, never participating in direct operations, but their intelligence network is the most powerful in the entire twenty-first heaven.

As long as they are willing to provide information, that is enough.

“Then it’s settled.”

Jin Wuyai stood up, and golden divine fire suddenly ignited around him. “Send people to the twentieth heaven to find out the details of this David. If he dares to come, let him not return.”

“Who should we send?” Yue Wuhen asked.

At this moment, no one spoke. After all, the eldest son of the Golden Crow family, and a disciple of the Time God, had been instantly killed while leading several Great Luo Golden Immortals. Who would dare to

go? “Old Xing, if you don’t send someone, your intelligence is the best…”

“Stop, I won’t send anyone.” After Xing Wuji finished speaking, his figure slowly disappeared into the starlight.

Jin Wuyai looked at Yue Wuhen, about to speak, when Yue Wuhen said, “I won’t send anyone either. Figure it out yourself…”

Having said that, Yue Wuhen’s figure vanished.

The Divine Council returned to its emptiness and silence.

Jin Wuyai stood alone at the edge of the circular hall, gazing at the surging sea of clouds below, his golden eyes blazing with rage.

“Two cowards who cling to life, I…”

Jin Wuyai cursed, but he truly didn’t know who to send.

Sending one would only result in another’s death, a losing proposition.

It seemed he could only wait patiently until David arrived at the Twenty-First Heaven before dealing with him.

David.

A Daoist cultivator.

A man who killed his eldest son with a single glance.

He didn’t care about Jin Wuhao; he was just a useless member of a collateral branch.

But the death of his eldest son was an unprecedented disgrace for the Jinwu family. This disgrace had to be washed away with blood.

“No matter who stands behind you…”

Jin Wuyai’s voice was low and cold, “If you dare to come to the Twenty-First Heaven, you will never leave alive.”

…

The Twentieth Heaven.

As dawn broke, pale golden sunlight pierced through the clouds, casting a warm glow on the ruins of Black Abyss Valley, staining the charred rocks and dark red bloodstains with a gentle light.

David stood at the valley entrance, his grey robes fluttering gently in the morning breeze, his purple eyes gazing at the distant horizon, his gaze deep and serene.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her ice-white dress billowing slightly in the morning wind. The chill emanating from her had been completely suppressed, yet the unique cool aura of the Ice God bloodline still lingered faintly around her.

Her cultivation had stabilized at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and she appeared even more reserved and composed than before.

Xuan Zhenzi approached, carrying a small bundle, followed by a young Taoist disciple.

The old man, a fresh blade of grass dangling from his mouth, wore a smug smile that etched deep wrinkles onto his aged face. “Mr. Chen, everything’s packed! Shall we go?”

David nodded. “Let’s go.” The four of them arrived at the edge of the void of the Fallen Emperor’s Land. David took a deep breath, and chaotic

power surged from his dantian. Gray light condensed in his palm, and he thrust it forcefully towards the void rift. The chaotic power struck the void with a dull thud. Ripples spread across the void like stones thrown into water, then quickly returned to calm. David’s brow furrowed slightly. He tried again, this time channeling seventy percent of his chaotic power. The gray light exploded in the void, leaving only a shallow crack that healed itself moments later. “It can’t be opened.” David’s voice carried a hint of surprise. “The spatial barrier of the 21st Heaven is much thicker than I imagined. My chaotic power is not enough to forcibly tear it apart.” Xuan Zhenzi leaned over to take a look: “Then what do we do? Are we going to be trapped in the 20th Heaven?” David shook his head: “With the Demon Suppression Tower here, I can travel back to any place I’ve been. But for places I haven’t been to… the Demon Suppression Tower can’t directly open a passage either. The spatial barrier between the 20th and 21st Heavens is too solid; ordinary power simply cannot penetrate it.”

Chapter 6740

A thoughtful glint flashed in Jiang Xuelan’s icy blue eyes: “What about the Void Merchant Guild? They’re the largest merchant guild in the Celestial Realm; they should control the channels to the various heavens.”

David’s eyes brightened slightly: “You’re right. The Void Merchant Guild can do business across heavens; they must have a way to cross spatial barriers.”

He didn’t linger, leading the three straight to the Void Merchant Guild branch in the twentieth heaven.

Manager Qian was behind the counter tallying accounts. Seeing David and his group return, his face immediately broke into a professional smile: “Mr. Chen! You’re here again! Is there anything you need this time? Or are you going to sell something?”

“No, I’m not selling anything.”

David walked to the counter. “I want to ask something. Can the Void Merchant Guild help us get to the twenty-first heaven?”

Manager Qian’s smile faltered slightly, and the ledger in his hand slowly closed.

He was silent for a moment, his gaze sweeping over David as if he were thinking about something. After a while, he spoke, “Mr. Chen, going to the Twenty-First Heaven… are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure.”

Manager Qian lowered his voice, “The Void Merchant Guild does have a way to go to the Twenty-First Heaven. However, this involves an inter-heaven teleportation channel, and the cost is not low.”

“How much?”

Manager Qian held up five fingers, “Five million high-grade spirit crystals per person, that’s the lowest price.”

Xuan Zhenzi almost jumped up, “Five million? You might as well rob us!”

Manager Qian waved his hand with a wry smile, “My sir, this is not an exorbitant price.

The maintenance cost of the inter-heaven teleportation array is extremely high, requiring a large amount of Heavenly Crystal Stones, and each use requires specialized personnel to activate the array. The

spatial barrier of the Twenty-First Heaven is much thicker than that of the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Heavens, and ordinary spatial teleportation cannot penetrate it at all.

The Void Merchant Guild invests astronomical amounts of resources every year to maintain this channel."

David looked at Manager Qian, his purple eyes showing no ripples, "Isn't there any other way?"

Five million per person, David really couldn't afford that price.

Shopkeeper Qian pondered for a moment, then said, "There is a way. I also know of a passage to the Twenty-First Heaven.

However, that passage hasn't been used for many years because the gods of the Twenty-First Heaven strictly control interdimensional passages. Anyone caught crossing without permission faces severe consequences.

Moreover, that passage is in disrepair, and you'll need to find a way to activate it yourselves. If you're lucky enough to activate it, you can go to the Twenty-First Heaven."

"Where is it?" David's voice was calm.

Shopkeeper Qian took out a yellowed sheepskin map from behind the counter and spread it out on the counter.

The map marked the terrain of the Twenty-First Heaven, with a red circle drawn on a wasteland at the northernmost point, next to which was a line of small print—"Ancient Teleportation Ruins: Tianxuan Array."

"This place is called the Tianxuan Array Ruins, an ancient inter-heaven teleportation array. It's said to have been built by the Daoist sect, but after their decline, the array was abandoned.

The Void Merchant Guild controlled its use in its early years, maintaining it regularly. Later, the gods of the 21st Heaven tightened their spatial control, and this channel gradually fell into disuse."

David looked at the red circle on the map, a glint of light flashing in his purple eyes: “This Tianxuan Array… can it still be used?”

“Theoretically, it can be used,”

Manager Qian said. “The main structure of the array base is still there, but many rune nodes are damaged and need to be reactivated. The method of activation… to be honest, I don’t know either.”

The cultivators who were responsible for maintaining this teleportation array back then have been gone for thousands of years.

David was silent for a moment: “Where are the blueprints?”

“Blueprints?” Shopkeeper Qian was taken aback. “The array diagram of the teleportation array?”

“Yes. If you have the array diagram, I’ll figure something out myself,” David said.

Shopkeeper Qian hesitated for a moment, then turned around and rummaged through a cabinet behind him, pulling out a wooden box. He opened the box, revealing a similarly yellowed scroll inside.

He carefully took out the scroll and unfolded it on the counter: “This is the array diagram of the Tianxuan Array, which the Void Merchant Guild collected when they took over.

I’ve studied it a few times, but many of the runes on it are marked in ancient Taoist script, which I don’t quite understand.” “

The array diagram was densely covered with complex array patterns, which flowed like countless interwoven rivers across the parchment.

The edges were marked with tiny characters, their strokes ancient and archaic, indeed resembling the script of ancient Taoist sects.

David looked at the diagram, his gaze slowly sweeping over the ancient Taoist characters.

He recognized some of them—the characters were somewhat similar to the annotations in the Great Luo Golden Scripture he cultivated, though not exactly the same, but sharing the same origin.

“Could I borrow this array diagram?” David asked.

Shopkeeper Qian shook his head: “Mr. Chen, it’s not that I refuse, but it’s the rule of the Void Merchant Guild. Array diagrams and maps can be sold to customers, but not lent out.”

“Then sell it to me,”

David said, “including the map, how much is it in total?”

Shopkeeper Qian looked at David, then at the array diagram, hesitated for a long time, and finally held up three fingers: “Three million high-grade spirit crystals.

The array diagram and map will be packaged together, plus three Heavenly Crystals needed to activate the teleportation array.” “This is the biggest concession I can make.”

Xuanzhenzi wanted to speak again, but David raised his hand to stop him: “Deal.”

He took out three million high-grade spirit crystals from his storage ring.

These spirit crystals were piled on the counter, emitting a rich spiritual light that made Manager Qian’s face glow.

Manager Qian put away the spirit crystals and took out three fist-sized cyan crystals from under the counter, placing them in front of David: “These are the Heavenly Crystals needed to activate the teleportation array.

Originally, the teleportation array's energy source was the earth's spiritual energy, but it has been abandoned for too long, and the earth's spiritual energy has dried up. Using Heavenly Crystals instead should be able to support one teleportation."

David took the Heavenly Crystals, feeling the profound spatial power contained within them, a hint of satisfaction flashing in his purple eyes: "Thank you."

He put away the map and array diagram, turned around and walked out of the Void Merchant Guild's gate.

Xuanzhenzi followed behind, lowering his voice to ask: "Mr. Chen, you really spare no expense… three million high-grade spirit crystals, gone just like that?" "

Being able to go to the Twenty-First Heaven, those three million spirit crystals are well spent,"

David said calmly. "Moreover, we still have four million spirit crystals left, enough for us to gain a foothold in the Twenty-First Heaven."

Jiang Xuelan looked at the array diagram in David's hand, her icy blue eyes filled with curiosity: "Can you understand the Daoist characters on it?"

"I can understand part of it," David said. "The rest… once we get to the Tianxuan Array ruins, we should be able to deduce it through on-site research."

Four figures soared into the air, flying towards the northernmost wasteland of the Twentieth Heaven.