A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6751

He could feel the patterns affecting his perception—the surrounding gray mist began to shift, the images distorting and blurring, unfolding like a dream before his eyes.

He saw a familiar scene before him: the mountain gate of Qingyun Cave, the blue stone archway gleaming faintly in the morning light.

“Mr. Chen!” Xuanzhenzi’s voice came from behind, but his figure was becoming blurred in David’s eyes, as if seen through a layer of mist.

David abruptly closed his eyes, the power of chaos flowing rapidly within his body.

The power of chaos was the source of all laws, and illusion was also a kind of law, but before him, all laws ultimately returned to the origin of chaos.

He circulated the power of chaos, transforming it into the purest spiritual protection, and then abruptly opened his eyes.

The illusions shattered layer by layer under the scouring of the power of chaos.

The mountain gate disappeared, the blue stone archway disappeared, replaced by streaks of dark purple light, like countless intertwined chains, sealing the entire space tightly.

Behind each layer of illusion array lay another, layer upon layer, like an endless maze.

Those who entered the rift, even if not killed by the bone puppets, would be forever lost within these layers of illusion arrays, unable to find the exit, until their spiritual energy was exhausted and they died in despair.

No wonder no one could return alive.

“Close your eyes!”

David’s voice carried a hint of urgency. “Follow my voice! Don’t look at anything around you!”

He pushed the power of chaos forward, the gray light like an invisible carving knife, drawing gray-white trajectories in the void ahead.

Where those trajectories passed, the dark purple light patterns shattered layer by layer like torn spider webs, and a narrow passage slowly emerged in the illusion array.

But the light patterns at the edge of the passage twisted violently, like countless struggling venomous snakes, trying to mend the gap.

“Follow!”

The four of them quickly moved forward along the passage.

Jiang Xuelan tightly protected Youlan, whose eyes were tightly closed, her face covered in tears, but she gritted her teeth and didn’t utter a sound.

Xuanzhenzi brought up the rear, his azure palm prints shattering the light patterns behind him that were trying to reassemble, but his spiritual energy was nearly depleted, and each strike was more strenuous than the last.

They traversed layer after layer of illusion arrays, each more complex and bizarre than the last.

In the final illusion array, David saw his fear—the shattered void, Mr. Shi's fallen figure, and Su Yuqi's vanished silhouette.

The images were incredibly realistic, every detail like a vivid memory.

The impact of the chaotic power violently shook his soul; he bit his tongue, the sweet, metallic taste of blood briefly bringing him back to his senses.

But he could feel his will being constantly eroded; each breakthrough in the illusion array dealt a blow to his soul.

He knew that if this continued, they would all die here.

"Old Xuan! Xue Lan! Retreat three zhang behind me!"

David raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword high, compressing the power of chaos within his body to its limit, a gray light condensing on the sword as if it were solid.

He wasn't breaking the illusion array, but forcibly tearing open the spatial barrier of this crack.

His gaze pierced through layers of illusion arrays, and through the perception of the power of chaos, he vaguely sensed the aura of the Netherworld Abyss outside.

It was the unique coldness and dampness of Yin energy, seeping in through an extremely fine spatial crack several zhang away.

"Open!"

The Dragon-Slaying Sword slashed down fiercely, the power of spatial origin squeezed to its limit, and a huge gray-white crack was forcibly torn open in the void.

The edges of the crack emitted a sharp, ear-piercing sound like metal tearing, and the world seemed to pause for a moment, then a torrent of Yin energy poured in like a flood, carrying the unique coldness and dampness of the Netherworld Abyss.

That Yin energy contained a familiar aura belonging to the Netherworld Abyss, like a bridge connecting this desolate space with the real world outside.

“Go!”

A metallic taste rose in David’s throat. He didn’t swallow, letting blood trickle from the corner of his mouth, not even bothering to wipe it away. With his last strength, he pushed Youlan out of the crevice.

Jiang Xuelan followed closely behind, and Xuanzhenzi was the last, glancing back as he leaped out of the crevice.

The bone puppets were closing in behind them, countless gray-white bone claws slowly descending amidst dark purple light patterns, like tentacles from the abyss.

Then the crevice suddenly closed behind them, the dark purple light being blocked on the other side, leaving only the Yin energy of the Netherworld Abyss and the dark red mineral light enveloping them once more.

The four of them crashed onto the rocky ground at the junction of the seventh and eighth levels, panting heavily.

Yin energy flowed slowly around them, and Netherfire danced in the distance; everything returned to normal.

Youlan curled up on the ground, trembling, tears streaming down her face.

Jiang Xuelan reached out and pulled her into her arms, gently patting her back.

Xuanzhenzi sat on the ground, his back against the rock wall, eyes closed, panting, too weak to even speak.

David knelt on one knee, his Dragon-Slaying Sword embedded in the ground, supporting his nearly exhausted body.

His spiritual energy was almost depleted, his soul was reeling, and his mind was buzzing, as if countless cicadas were chirping in his ears.

But a smile played on his lips—the crack was no longer an incomprehensible mystery.

He had seen its essence, knew what lay within.

He stood up and glanced back at the crack.

It still stood silently on the rock wall, as black as ink, its edges smooth as a mirror, unchanged from before, as if nothing had happened.

But David knew it was different now.

Chapter 6752

Before the cave of the Old Man of the Underworld

, two figures, like two burning black flames, surged with suppressed rage under the dark red glow of the mineral.

They were a male and a female ghost cultivator, their faces aged and haggard, their ghostly aura churning like boiling ink.

Their withered fingers were clenched into fists, nails digging deep into their palms, dark red blood dripping from between their fingers onto the ground with a soft hissing sound.

The male cultivator's voice was hoarse and rough, like sandpaper rubbing against iron: "Hand over my daughter! Hand over my daughter!"

His wife stood beside him, silently weeping, her dark blue eyes swirling with a mixture of despair and rage.

She didn't roar like her husband, but her silence was heavier than any roar, like a silent, imposing blade pressing down.

"You Shan, You He, calm down."

Gui Qi walked over from the other end of the suspension bridge, his black robe billowing, his dark blue eyes falling on the two of them, his voice tinged with helplessness. "This is the clan rule, you know it. Sacrifice is a rule established by the successive Abyss Lords, not targeted at any one person."

"Clan rule? Clan rule can just take my daughter's life?!"

You Shan's voice suddenly rose, his ghostly aura exploding, sending surrounding rocks tumbling down. "She's only sixteen! She did nothing wrong! Why should she fill that crack!"

You He finally spoke, her voice hoarse and broken, yet carrying a resolute determination that made people afraid to look directly at her: "Gui Qi, if you don't hand over my daughter today, I'll die here. I'll self-destruct my ghost core, we'll all perish together. I'm not joking."

Gui Qi's brows furrowed. He could feel the ghostly aura within You He's body being compressed wildly—she wasn't threatening, she meant it.

That power was compressed to its limit, ready to explode like a powder keg at any moment.

The self-destruction of a Grand Luo Golden Immortal would at least destroy the seventh level.

“Calm down.”

Gui Qi took a step forward, his voice tinged with an unusual urgency. “Your daughter has already been sacrificed. Even if you self-destruct, it won’t change anything. You still have other clansmen…”

“Other clansmen?”

You Shan smiled bitterly, his laughter filled with despair. “Do you think we don’t know? Those who were sacrificed were all nearing the end of their lifespan or were seriously injured.

Those people at least had enough years left to live, but my daughter is only sixteen! She still has a long life ahead of her, why send her in!”

Gui Qi opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end, it only turned into a sigh.

He really couldn’t find any words to refute it. Those who were sacrificed were indeed people in their clans whose lifespans were nearing the end, but You Lan didn’t belong to that category. She was young and healthy; her fate shouldn’t have been like this.

But he couldn’t change anything either.

Just as the two sides were on the verge of exchanging blows, and the ghostly energy within You He’s body had expanded to a visible extent, a series of chaotic footsteps came from below the stone steps.

“Father! Mother!”

The cry pierced the deathly silence of the Netherworld Abyss, like a rift torn open in the darkness.

You Shan and You He froze, turning their heads simultaneously to look in the direction the sound came from.

You Lan stumbled down the stone steps, her body covered in wounds, her black robe tattered, but her deep blue eyes were filled with tears, and with the relief of surviving a calamity.

Her steps were unsteady, and she almost fell several times, but she ran towards her parents with all her might.

The ghostly energy in You He's hand suddenly dissipated. She stood there, stunned, her lips moving slightly, as if trying to confirm that what she was seeing was not an illusion, and then she suddenly rushed forward.

"Lan'er!"

You He hugged You Lan tightly, pressing her into her arms with such force that she almost melted her into her own body, "Lan'er! You're alive! You're alive…"

You Shan froze for a moment, then rushed forward, the three of them embracing each other, weeping uncontrollably.

You Lan buried her face in her mother's arms, her voice hoarse and trembling: "Father… Mother… I thought I would never see you again… I was scared… I was so scared…"

"Don't be scared, don't be scared, your father and mother are here…"

You He's voice was broken, tears soaking You Lan's black robe, "If anyone dares to touch you again, your mother will fight them to the death."

You Shan didn't speak, only held his daughter tightly, tears streaming down his wrinkled face, mixed with dust and sweat, making him look exceptionally old and weary in the dark red light.

David stood in the shadows above the stone steps, not approaching.

He simply watched this scene quietly, his purple eyes swirling with complex emotions.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue eyes slightly moist.

Xuan Zhenzi, unusually silent, just chewed on a dry blade of grass, watching silently.

Gui Qi was stunned.

His gaze lingered on Youlan for a long time before settling on David. His deep blue pupils contracted slightly. “Mr. Chen…you…you went in?”

David didn’t answer, only nodded slightly.

Gui Qi’s body tensed. His lips moved a few times, but he couldn’t say anything.

His expression was a mixture of shock, lingering fear, and a complex emotion he couldn’t quite define.

At this moment, the black curtain at the cave entrance was lifted.

The old man of the Netherworld emerged from the shadows, his hunched back appearing exceptionally aged in the dark red light.

His gaze first swept over Youlan’s family, then lingered on David for a moment, finally settling on the three ghost cultivators responsible for escorting the sacrifice.

The three cultivators were huddled in a corner, their faces filled with bewilderment and shock.

They had clearly pushed Youlan into the crevice with their own hands, watched her disappear into the darkness with their own eyes—how could she still be alive?

The old man's voice was hoarse and deep, carrying an undeniable authority: "You three, what happened? How did she get out?"

The middle-aged cultivator knelt down with a thud: "Lord Yuan! I really pushed her into the rift! I saw her disappear with my own eyes! I don't know why… how…"

"I went in and brought her out." David's voice came from above the stone steps, calm and clear.

All eyes turned to him at the same time.

The old man looked at David, his dark blue eyes swirling with complex light: "You went in?"

"Yes."

David said, "Not only me, Xue Lan and Lao Xuan went in too. We found You Lan and brought her out."

"Impossible."

The old man's voice carried a rare urgency, "No one has come out of that rift alive in ten thousand years, except…"

His voice trailed off.

"Except that madman from three thousand years ago."

David finished the sentence for him, "The one who went mad after coming out."

Chapter 6753

The old man's pupils contracted slightly: "You…you know him?"

"I've inquired about him."

David descended the stone steps and stood before the old man. "The reason that madman was able to get out is because he's insane."

The old man's brows furrowed sharply: "Insane? What do you mean?"

"There's something inside that crevice,"

David said. "Gray mist, bone puppets pieced together from skeletons, and layers upon layers of illusion arrays.

What truly prevents people from getting out isn't the bone puppets, but the illusion arrays.

These arrays, layer upon layer, conjure up the deepest fears and obsessions in people's hearts, causing them to lose their way and never find the exit.

Most people who go in either die at the hands of the bone puppets or are trapped in the illusion arrays, exhausting their spiritual energy and dying."

His gaze swept over everyone present: "But that madman is different. He went insane after entering the crevice.

His consciousness was chaotic, and the illusion arrays couldn't effectively interfere with him.

So he was able to pass through the illusion arrays and find the exit. But even after he came out, he couldn't return to normal."

The old man fell silent.

The three escorting cultivators exchanged bewildered glances. The middle-aged cultivator's voice held a hint of uncertainty: "Then… how did she get out? Did she go mad too?"

"She was lucky,"

David said. "We went in shortly after she was sent in, before Youlan died. We helped her block the bone puppets and led her through the illusion array."

The Netherworld Elder stared at David for a long time.

Complex emotions surged in his azure eyes: shock, doubt, a certain inexplicable sense of relief, and a faint, almost imperceptible realization that he had finally found the answer.

"Come in,"

the Netherworld Elder turned, lifting the curtain. His voice was hoarse and deep. "I have something to ask you privately."

David glanced at Jiang Xuelan, who nodded slightly, indicating that he should go ahead.

He followed the Netherworld Elder into the cave.

The curtain fell behind them, shutting out the dark red light and the clamor of voices.

The Netherworld Elder sat back on his black stone bench, his hunched figure appearing like a frozen sculpture in the dim light.

He remained silent for a long time before speaking, his voice hoarse: "That crack… do you know what's inside?"

"A sleeping demonic soul,"

David said. “Or rather, it was once a demonic soul. It’s absorbing the souls of those who sacrificed themselves to restore itself.”

The old man’s body trembled slightly.

His fingers tightened on his knees, and he remained silent for a long time: “It… has awakened?”

“Awake,”

David nodded, “but not fully recovered. Its power is still very weak; it can only manipulate those skeletons to piece together bone puppets to guard the crack.

If it fully recovers… the entire Netherworld Abyss might be devoured by it.”

The old man closed his eyes.

His wrinkles appeared even deeper in the dark red light, like an old piece of paper repeatedly folded and unfolded, each crease etched with the weight and weariness of ten thousand years.

He opened his eyes: “How did you break the illusion array?”

“The power of chaos.”

“The power of chaos is the source of all laws, and illusion is also a kind of law. I can see the patterns of the laws and tear them apart layer by layer,” David said.

The Netherworld Elder looked at David with complicated eyes: “That rift has existed for ten thousand years, and the Ghost Clan has sacrificed for ten thousand years. We always thought it was a natural disaster, something we were powerless to do. We never expected… that it was actually man-made.”

“It wasn’t man-made.”

“It was an ancient demon soul. It was cleaved into the abyss by the Immortal Emperor, and its remnant soul sank into the void rift.

It used the sacrificed souls to recover itself. Although it didn’t actively set up illusion arrays, its power leaked out, naturally forming those illusion arrays,” David explained.

The Netherworld Elder remained silent for a long time.

His gaze was fixed on the dark red ore at the top of the cave, and his voice carried a kind of weariness that finally came after ten thousand years: “In these ten thousand years… how many people of the Ghost Clan have died?

So many clansmen were sacrificed, so many Abyss Explorers died… yet they didn’t even know who their opponent was.”

David didn’t reply.

He just looked at the Netherworld Elder quietly, waiting for him to continue.

The Old Man of the Netherworld withdrew his gaze and looked at David: “Can you destroy it?”

“Yes,”

David replied firmly, “but it will take time. I’m not strong enough yet; I need the strength of a Great Luo Golden Immortal to completely destroy that demonic soul. However, before it recovers, I can at least suppress it. There won’t be any more sacrifices.”

“No more sacrifices? Then the entire Netherworld Abyss will be in turmoil, even collapse…”

The Old Man of the Netherworld frowned slightly.

“If you trust me, then listen to me. From today onwards, stop the sacrifices. Wait for the Yin energy in that crack to cause turmoil in the Netherworld Abyss.”

“Inside that crack, although I’m no match for that thing, outside, I’m not afraid of him,”

David said confidently.

David knew that no matter how powerful the Yin energy or demonic energy was, he could digest it.

After all, David possessed several demonic techniques.

The Old Man of the Netherworld sat on the black stone bench, his deep blue eyes fixed on David, remaining silent for a long time.

His fingers tapped lightly on his knees, producing a soft thumping sound—a habitual gesture he made when deep in thought, like the slow, unchanging swing of an ancient bell.

The sound echoed through the cave, each tap like a collision with an invisible chain.

The dark red light from the cave ceiling swirled silently, casting their shadows, sometimes long, sometimes short.

The old man of the underworld looked down at his withered fingertips, etched with lines of time, each like a crack in the depths of the underworld abyss.

Ten thousand years—a full ten thousand years—he had sat in this spot, guarding this crack, watching one clansman after another be sent into darkness, watching wave after wave of explorers disappear into the depths of the illusionary array.

As he did all this, he told himself it was an inescapable fate.

But now someone was telling him that this fate could be broken.

“Are you sure?”

The old man’s voice was hoarse and deep, like the sound of water rising from the bottom of a deep well. “Once the sacrifice stops, the Yin energy in the rift will surge out in large quantities, and the turmoil in the Netherworld Abyss will affect all the ghosts. Can you guarantee you can suppress it?”

“I can’t guarantee absolute success.”

David’s voice was calm, but his eyes showed no evasion. “But I can guarantee that I will do my best. Continuing the sacrifice is just feeding that demonic soul, making it stronger and stronger.

Senior, haven’t you thought about how long the Yin energy turmoil cycle was when the sacrifice started?”

Chapter 6754

The Old Man of the Netherworld fell silent, something flickering slightly deep within his azure eyes.

“At first, it was once every ten years,”

the Old Man of the Netherworld’s voice was almost inaudible. “Then it became five years, three years, one year… and now, it’s unpredictable, requiring sacrifices every few days.”

The Old Man of the Netherworld was utterly helpless; the sacrifices

had become increasingly frequent. “It’s getting stronger and stronger. Each sacrifice accelerates its recovery, which is why the sacrifice intervals are getting shorter.”

“Continuing to sacrifice will only lead to death,”

David’s voice was clear and calm. “Rather than watching it slowly recover and then devour the entire Netherworld Abyss, it’s better to strike proactively before it fully recovers.”

The Old Man of the Netherworld closed his eyes.

His wrinkles, under the dark red light, resembled cracks in an abyss, each etched with the weight and weariness of millennia.

He remained silent for a long time. Only the silent flow of dark red mineral light filled the cave, and the faint cries of joy from the Youlan family could be heard outside.

Those cries, muffled and distant through the thick rock walls, pierced the Old Man of the Netherworld’s last line of defense like a fine needle.

He opened his eyes: “Alright. I trust you. From today onwards, the Netherworld Abyss will cease its sacrifices.”

As he finished speaking, his body hunched slightly, as if a tremendous burden had been lifted, yet also as if he had lost the crutch that had supported him for many years.

Complex light surged in his deep blue eyes—a mixture of relief, worry, and a resolute determination, like finally taking the first step off a cliff.

David stood up and bowed to the Netherworld Elder: “Don’t worry, senior, I will handle it.”

The Netherworld Elder waved his hand, his voice weary as if a tremendous burden had been lifted: “Go. I should rest too.”

David turned and walked out of the cave.

The moment the curtain was lifted, dark red light surged in again, casting his figure as a long, slender shadow.

The noise outside the cave instantly became clear—the cries of the Youlan family, the chatter of the onlookers, the creaking of the suspension bridge in the wind—all flooded his ears.

David stood on the stone steps at the cave entrance, his gaze sweeping over the ghost cultivators.

His voice wasn't loud, but it reached everyone's ears clearly: "From today onwards, the Netherworld Abyss will cease its sacrifices. I will handle the matter of that crack."

A deathly silence fell upon these words.

The few ghost cultivators standing closest to the bottom of the stone steps were the first to react. Their faces, under the dark red light, were like frozen ice, which then suddenly cracked open.

Some gaped, some stared wide-eyed, and some took a half-step back as if processing the weight of those three words.

Then, like dry tinder being ignited, the entire seventh level of the Netherworld Abyss erupted in chaos.

"Stop the sacrifices?! Really?!"

"No more sacrifices? No more sending people to their deaths?!"

"It was Mr. Chen who said it! It was Mr. Chen who saved Youlan who said it!"

"The Abyss Lord agreed? The Abyss Lord really agreed?!"

Cheers, cries, and laughter mingled together, echoing through the abyss, causing the cliffs on both sides to vibrate and hum.

Some of the ghost cultivators huddled together, weeping bitterly, their withered shoulders trembling violently, as if they were releasing all the grief and anger accumulated over ten thousand years;

others knelt on the ground, kowtowing towards the entrance of the Netherworld Elder's cave, their foreheads striking the rocks with dull thuds, yet they seemed oblivious to the pain;

still others gazed up at the dome, their lips moving, seemingly thanking some deity.

A young cultivator excitedly tossed his magical artifact into the air, only to be caught and slapped by an old man beside him, who roared, "You spendthrift! That's a magical artifact!"

But the old man himself was smiling, a smile that stretched across his wrinkled face, like ice frozen for ten thousand years finally cracking, revealing warmth beneath.

You Shan, embracing his wife and daughter, bowed deeply in David's direction.

He didn't speak, but his hunched back was bent to its limit, his forehead almost touching his knees, his withered back bulging like a mountain ridge beneath his black robe.

Youhe bent down as well, and Youlan, nestled in her parents' arms, sobbed and cast a grateful glance at David.

The cries of the three mingled together, but were no longer the weeping of despair, but the relief of surviving a catastrophe.

Gui Qi stood at the edge of the crowd, his azure eyes fixed on David, his lips slightly parted.

He wanted to say something, but in the end, it only turned into a barely audible sigh.

That sigh carried relief, gratitude, and a hope he had never dared to hope for.

He had lived for thousands of years, witnessing countless members of his race disappear into the rift. Every year, as he saw one member

of his race depart, he watched with his own eyes as those young or old faces were swallowed by darkness. He thought this was a fate he could never escape, until today, until this outsider from the human race told him—fate can be broken.

David didn't say much, only nodded slightly, and turned to walk towards his cave.

In the following days, the atmosphere in the Netherworld Abyss was noticeably different.

In the once somber and oppressive abyss, sounds rarely heard before have emerged—children's laughter echoes across the suspension bridge, crisp and clear like wind chimes;

the idle chatter of old men drifts from the cave entrance, accompanied by the puffing of pipes;

the rapid, light footsteps of young cultivators running across the bridge seem to be making up for all the joy they've missed over the years.

The gloom of sacrifice, like clouds dispersed by the winter wind, though not completely gone, has already revealed a long-lost glimmer of light.

When the ghost cultivators see David, they invariably stop.

Some bow, some give a slight curtsy, some simply cast a grateful glance and whisper, "Thank you, Mr. Chen."

Their gazes no longer hold scrutiny or distance, but genuine closeness and gratitude, like melting ice water in spring—cold yet full of life. The

young Taoist boy has also become much more active these past few days, spending his days running around the suspension bridge with the ghost children.

He was shorter than the ghost children, but exceptionally agile, treading the edge of the suspension bridge as if it were flat ground.

The ghost children were initially somewhat reserved, but quickly warmed up to the young Taoist, their small figures weaving between the ropes like nimble little monkeys.

Xuanzhenzi sat on a platform at the edge of the cliff, a dry blade of grass between his teeth, watching the young Taoist, muttering, “This little rascal, he’s having more fun than I am… I never saw him this energetic when I was helping him escape.”

David, on the other hand, sat cross-legged in the Yin Spirit Grass near the crevice every day, circulating his chaotic energy and sensing the changes within.

He could feel that with the cessation of the sacrifice, the dormant power deep within the crevice was stirring.

That power was like an ancient beast disturbed, slowly turning over, each tremor causing the rocks at the edge of the crevice to emit an extremely subtle hum.

Chapter 6755

On the fourth night, the change began.

At first, only a thin, faint wisp of black yin energy seeped from the edge of the crack, like a silent breath, almost imperceptible in the dark red light.

That wisp of yin energy slowly climbed along the rock wall, like a tiny black snake wriggling.

But soon, a second, a third, a tenth… more and more yin energy surged from the crack, like a spring suppressed for millennia finally finding its outlet, gushing forth in a frenzy.

This yin energy was different from the yin energy of the Netherworld Abyss itself—it was denser, more violent, carrying a decaying and ancient devouring power.

That power was like a venomous snake that had slumbered for millennia finally awakening, spreading outwards with hunger and greed.

Where the Yin energy passed, black frost flowers condensed on the rock walls, resembling black moss, covering the rocks with a faint hissing sound;

the light of the Netherfire dimmed and flickered, like a candle burning in the wind;

even the air became viscous, as if filled with an invisible glue, each breath feeling as if something heavy was blocking the lungs.

“Mr. Chen!”

Gui Qi’s voice came from above the suspension bridge, tinged with urgency, “Yin energy is starting to seep out of the crack!”

David stood up, his purple eyes fixed on the crack.

The crack was no longer a calm, pitch-black fissure; its edges were constantly overflowing with black Yin energy, like a gaping wound bleeding.

The Yin energy surged and spread in the air, extending outwards.

The Yin spirit grass around the crack withered, curled, and turned black at a visible speed, finally turning into a pool of black liquid that seeped into the ground.

More and more ghost cultivators were alarmed.

They poured out of the cave, crowding the suspension bridge, stone steps, and platforms, their figures packed tightly into every available space.

Their eyes were fixed on the crack from which yin energy was seeping out, their faces, which had only recently relaxed, were once again covered by fear.

“Yin energy… so much yin energy…”

“Faster and more intense than any previous uprising!”

“Didn’t Mr. Chen say he would deal with it? Why isn’t it stopping?”

“It’s over… it’s over… if only the Abyss Lord were still here…”

“Is he incapable of handling it? We’ve been deceived?”

Fear spread through the crowd, like a drop of ink falling into clear water, quickly staining the entire surface black.

Some cultivators began to retreat unconsciously, their footsteps making a frantic sound on the suspension bridge;

some gripped their magical artifacts tightly, their knuckles turning white from the force;

some prayed softly, their lips moving rapidly;

some looked around blankly, helpless, like travelers trapped in a sudden blizzard.

Those ghost cultivators who had only been happy for a few days were now gripped by that age-old fear once again.

They thought they could escape this cage of fate, but they found that the moment the cage door was opened a crack, darkness rushed out.

David ignored the whispers and fearful gazes.

He took a step forward, and gray chaotic power surged around him, silently devouring, assimilating, and purifying the approaching Yin energy.

The gray light acted as an invisible barrier, intercepting all the Yin energy that tried to get close.

He raised his hands, fully circulating the Mind Concentration Technique within his body. The chaotic fire in his dantian surged high, the gray flames burning fiercely in his chest.

He began to absorb the Yin energy.

The black Yin energy, as if finding its home, surged into David's body, flowing into his dantian along his meridians.

The sensation was like thousands of fine needles piercing his meridians simultaneously, carrying a cold, stinging pain, yet upon entering the dantian, it was fiercely burned by the chaotic fire, transforming into a warm current that flowed into his limbs and bones.

The violence and decay within the Yin energy were peeled away and purified layer by layer under the burning of the chaotic fire, like iron ore forged in a raging fire, impurities burned away, leaving only the purest refined iron.

The influx of Yin energy fueled the Chaos Fire, its gray flames shimmering with a deep, dark luster, like refined iron after tempering, becoming increasingly solidified.

David could feel his meridians being cleansed, widened, and tempered by the Yin energy.

Each meridian was like a dried-up riverbed being breached by a sudden flood, its bed widened and deepened to hold more water.

Each absorption made the Chaos Power within him thicker and purer.

Although his cultivation remained at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, his foundation was being forged by the Yin energy accumulated over millennia, becoming as solid as rock.

It felt like repeatedly folding and forging a piece of rough iron; each fold removed impurities, each forging increased density. Though the external form remained unchanged, the internal workings were undergoing a complete transformation.

The surging Yin energy, as if finding an outlet, no longer dispersed but flowed continuously towards David.

A gray vortex formed around him, drawing in all the black Yin energy, like a bottomless black hole devouring everything.

The Yin energy condensed, surged, and swirled on his body, then was decomposed, purified, and absorbed by the power of chaos.

The fear in the crowd gradually turned into shock.

“He…he’s absorbing that Yin energy?!”

“Such dense Yin energy, he can actually swallow it directly? Isn’t he afraid of bursting?”

“When that Yin energy touched him, it didn’t corrode his soul…it’s like he devoured it…”

“This…what kind of technique is this?”

Some people began to step forward, trying to see more clearly.

The crowd that had retreated gathered again, all eyes focused on David.

The black Yin energy surged around him, like countless black snakes coiling around his body, but when it came into contact with the gray light, it was silently melted, purified, and absorbed.

The Netherworld Elder had also emerged from the cave at some point, standing high on the stone steps, his hunched figure resembling an ancient stone statue in the dark red light.

His deep blue eyes were fixed on David, watching as the surging Yin energy was peeled away, purified, and absorbed layer by layer by David’s chaotic power, like muddy water being filtered into a clear stream.

His lips moved slightly, his fingers clenched lightly in his sleeve, and the lingering worry deep in his eyes finally subsided a little at this moment.

“He can actually do it…”

The old man’s voice was extremely soft, only Ghost Seven standing beside him could hear it, “I have lived for tens of thousands of years, and this is the first time I have seen someone use Yin energy as a resource for cultivation…”