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Chapter 5856

“Wan Jianxing... Wan Jianxing...”

the Palace Master murmured, repeating the name. Her delicate body swayed slightly, and tears welled up in her eyes, but those tears were instantly frozen by the extreme cold, turning into ice crystals that slid down her cheeks.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her turbulent emotions, but her voice still trembled: “He... he’s still alive? He really... is still alive?”

“Yes, Senior Wan Jianxing is still alive, but he’s trapped and can’t escape,” David affirmed.

“Impossible!”

Xuanming suddenly interrupted, his tone filled with surprise and doubt. “Wan Jianxing violated the divine race’s prohibition, and... and...”

He glanced at the Palace Master, not daring to continue, “He should have been personally suppressed by the patriarch long ago, his soul and spirit destroyed! How could he still be alive? Boy, don’t talk nonsense and deceive the Palace Master!”

“I’m not lying.”

David met his gaze calmly. “Senior Wan Jianxing said it himself. He was cast into a void rift by the divine race’s patriarch with supreme divine power, imprisoned for eternity. If it weren’t for his extraordinary cultivation and special secret method protecting his soul, he would probably have perished long ago.”

The Palace Master closed her eyes, remaining silent for a long time.

When she opened her eyes again, the emotional storm in her eyes had subsided, returning to its previous coldness, but deep within that coldness lay an indescribable complexity.

“All of you, step back.”

She commanded Manshan, Xuanming, and the divine race warriors within the archway.

“Palace Master!”

Man Shan cried out anxiously, “This boy’s origins are unknown. He trespassed into the forbidden area and killed our warriors. He must not be let go! Moreover, his words may not be credible. The matter of Wan Jianxing is a taboo of the Divine Race...”

“I said, step back.”

The Palace Master’s voice remained calm, yet carried an undeniable authority.

Man Shan and Xuan Ming exchanged a glance, both seeing the resentment in each other’s eyes, but ultimately dared not disobey the Palace Master’s order, bowing and saying, “Yes.”

The two led the warriors within the archway and quickly retreated, disappearing into the depths of the palace. Only

David and the other two, along with the mysterious Palace Master of Beiming, remained in the room.

The Palace Master’s gaze fell on David again, this time not with scrutiny, but with a complex assessment.

She slowly spoke, “Your name is David?”

“Indeed.”

“You say Wan Jianxing is still alive, do you have any proof?” the Palace Master asked, her gaze fixed on David’s eyes.

David pondered for a moment, then said in a deep voice, “When Senior Wan Jianxing passed on his swordsmanship to me, he left behind a wisp of his innate sword intent, instructing me to show it to a trustworthy person as proof.”

As he spoke, he forcefully channeled a faint trace of chaotic immortal power into the Dragon-Slaying Sword, simultaneously recalling the unique Daoist aura Wan Jianxing had imparted when teaching the swordsmanship. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword trembled slightly, and a wisp of extremely faint yet pure silver sword intent, containing the essence of severing all laws and roaming freely across heaven and earth, slowly rose from the sword.

This wisp of sword intent was very faint, almost dissipating at any moment, but the “flavor” it contained was unique!

The moment she saw this wisp of silver sword intent, the Palace Master's delicate body trembled violently, she staggered back half a step, her face instantly turning ashen.

She reached out her trembling hand, wanting to touch that wisp of sword intent, but stopped just before touching it, as if afraid it was a fragile dream. It

really is him...it really is his sword intent..."

she murmured, her voice choked with emotion, "Thousands of years...I thought you had long ago...long ago..."

Two lines of clear tears finally slid uncontrollably down her cheeks, but before they could fall, they froze into glistening ice beads.

David sheathed his sword intent and waited quietly.

He could sense that there was probably a very deep connection between the Palace Master before him and Wan Jianxing.

After a long while, the Palace Master calmed down. She wiped away the ice tears on her face, regaining her cold expression, but the look in her eyes as she looked at David had softened considerably.

"This is not the place to talk. Come with me."

She said, turning and walking towards the Northern Underworld Palace.

David glanced at Ling Shuang and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord beside him, then at the Blood Soul Cold Pool in the distance, and hesitated, "Palace Master, my friend urgently needs the Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus from the Blood Soul Cold Pool to save his life, I wonder..."

The Palace Master paused, then said without turning her head, "We'll talk about the Blood Lotus later. Follow me first, I have something to ask you, and some things... I need to tell you."

Her tone left no room for argument.

David was silent for a moment, then nodded to Ling Shuang and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, "Let's follow."

The three followed the Palace Master and stepped into the mysterious and majestic Northern Underworld Palace.

Passing through the tall archway, a completely different scene unfolded inside. On both sides of the wide ice crystal avenue stood various exquisite ice sculptures and ice crystal lamp pillars, emitting a soft glow.

The interior of the palace complex was intricate, with interconnected corridors and hanging ice waterfalls, as beautiful as a dreamlike fairyland, yet so silent that it made one's heart uneasy.

Along the way, they occasionally encountered patrolling divine warriors. These warriors bowed respectfully to the Palace Master, but cast curious, wary, and even hostile glances at David and his companions. However, under the Palace Master's imposing presence, no one dared to approach and question them.

Finally, the Palace Master led them to a relatively small but more exquisite side hall.

The hall was simply furnished, with only a few ice crystal chairs and an ice table. The walls were smooth as mirrors, reflecting their figures.

"Sit,"

the Palace Master gestured for David and his companions to sit, taking the main seat herself.

Once everyone was seated, the Palace Master's gaze fell on David again, and she slowly spoke: "Now, tell me everything you know about Wan Jian Xing. Don't leave anything out."

David nodded and recounted in detail how he had mistakenly entered the void passage, encountered Wan Jian Xing, and received his inheritance and instructions, omitting only the matter of the Heavenly Dragon Palace.

The Palace Master listened quietly, her face expressionless, but her tightly clenched hands and slightly trembling eyelashes betrayed her inner turmoil.

When she heard that Wan Jianxing had endured thousands of years of torment in the void passage, suffering the agony of spatial rifts day and night, yet still held onto hope and longed for his deceased loved ones, she finally couldn't help but close her eyes, taking several deep breaths to barely suppress her surging emotions.

"Did he...did he say anything else about me?"

The Palace Master opened her eyes, a glimmer of hope in them.

David recalled for a moment, then shook his head, saying, "Senior Wan Jianxing didn't mention a specific name, only that...if there's an opportunity, help him find an old friend from the divine race, tell them he's still alive, don't seek revenge, just live well."

David made up a story; he had long suspected that the Palace Master and Wan Jianxing were not a simple couple.

They might even be having an affair, or perhaps be lovers.

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The Palace Mistress trembled, and gave a bitter smile: "Don't seek revenge... Live well... Sword Star, you're still so foolish."

She was silent for a moment before looking at David again: "Do you know what my relationship is with Wan Jianxing?"

David shook his head.

"We were lovers."

The Palace Master's voice was soft, yet it carried a deep, unforgettable pain. "Ten thousand years ago, I was a Holy Maiden of the Divine Race, and he was a dazzling swordsmanship genius of the Divine Race. We could have been the most enviable couple in the Divine Race, but..."

Her eyes turned cold and resentful: "The Divine Race has an ironclad rule: the Holy Maiden must remain pure and chaste, serve the Ice God for life, and cannot marry, much less have any romantic relationship with any man of another race... no, with any man at all."

"Sword Star... he openly defied the clan rules for me, even attempting to elope with me."

"The Clan Chief was furious and personally suppressed me. I should have died, but Sword Star spared my life by bearing most of the punishment himself."

"In the end, I was stripped of my Holy Maiden title and exiled to this bitterly cold northern land, where I established the Northern Underworld Palace, effectively severing ties with the Divine Race."

"And Jianxing... the clan leader publicly declared that he had annihilated his soul and spirit as a warning to others. I have searched for him for thousands of years, but I have never been able to find a trace of him, and can only assume that he really..."

She choked up at this point, unable to continue.

David was deeply moved, never expecting that Wan Jianxing and the palace master before him had such a tragic and heroic past.

Defying orders for love, not hesitating to become an enemy of the entire divine race, ultimately ending up imprisoned for eternity...

Ling Shuang and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord were also moved.

“For thousands of years, I have never stopped thinking about avenging Jianxing, overthrowing those cold-blooded clan rules, and overthrowing the clan leader who suppressed him!”

The Palace Master’s eyes burned with raging anger. “But I am weak and alone. Although I founded the Northern Underworld Palace and it seems independent, it is actually still under the surveillance of the gods. I can only endure, accumulate strength, and wait for an opportunity.”

She looked at David, her eyes filled with gratitude: “Thank you for telling me that he is still alive. This is more important to me than anything else.”

David shook his head: “Senior has taught me skills, so informing me of his situation is what I should do.”

The Palace Master pondered for a moment and asked: “You just said that you want to take the Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus to save people?”

“That’s right.”

David quickly gave a brief account of the matter between the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and the Spirit Moon Fairy.

After listening, the Palace Master nodded slightly: “You are quite a devoted lover. Although the Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus is precious, it is nothing to me. I can give it to you, and I can even help you remove the protective array outside the Cold Pool.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was overjoyed upon hearing this and was so excited that he was about to get up and thank him.

“However,” the Palace Master changed the subject, “I have conditions.”

David’s heart skipped a beat: “Palace Master ,
please speak.”

“First, I need to know the exact location of your void passage and how to enter it. If I have the opportunity in the future, I want to see him.”

The Palace Master’s gaze was firm.

David thought for a moment, then nodded in agreement: “Alright. However, that void passage is extremely hidden and dangerous. Even with my current strength, I cannot guarantee safe entry again. Moreover, the area where Senior Wan Jianxing is located is extremely unstable. Going there rashly might be...”

David didn’t know how to enter, and he knew that Wan Jianxing now only had a wisp of his soul left, and it was even uncertain whether his soul still existed.

Back then, to save him, Wan Jianxing forcibly left the void passage, causing his soul to dissipate!

But David couldn’t say these things; if he did, the Palace Master might turn against him.

“I know it’s dangerous, but I must go,”

the Palace Master interrupted him. “After a century of longing, I must see for myself that he’s safe. As for the danger... I’m prepared.”

“Secondly,”

the Palace Master continued, “since you’ve received Sword Star’s inheritance, you’re, in a sense, his disciple. I need you to promise me that if you’re strong enough in the future, you’ll find a way to help him escape!”

“If possible... overthrow the corrupt rules of the God Clan, so that lovers no longer have to suffer this torment!”

David nodded!

He had already wanted to challenge the God Clan Chief!

Although he wasn’t strong now, it didn’t mean he wouldn’t be in the future.

Even if he encountered the God Clan Chief now, David dared to curse him.

The God Clan Chief was known to be ruthless; David knew Mr. Shi would definitely appear.

Then, what would the God Clan be worth?

Mr. Shi would wipe them out.

“I promise you.”

David nodded. “Once I am strong enough, I will definitely go to the God Clan and demand that the Clan Chief release Senior Wan Jianxing. If he refuses... I will fight until he agrees! As for those outdated rules, they will be broken!”

“Good! You have spirit!” A hint of admiration flashed in the Palace Master’s eyes. “No wonder you were chosen by Jianxing.”

She paused, then added, “However, your strength is still weak, and you know too little about the God Clan. Going there blindly is tantamount to suicide.”

“Take this opportunity to ask me any questions you have about the God Clan. I will tell you everything I know.”

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David’s spirits lifted; this was exactly what he needed.

“Palace Master, what kind of existence is the Divine Race? Why are they so arrogant and xenophobic? Just how strong are they? And what realm is their patriarch?” David asked several questions in a row.

The Palace Master composed himself and slowly began to speak:

“The Divine Race is not a single race, but a vast and ancient alliance.”

“They claim to be descendants of ancient, primordial gods and demons, their bloodline imbued with divinity, naturally attuned to various laws, their cultivation speed far surpassing that of ordinary races, and their lifespans far exceeding those of others.”

“This has instilled in them a deep-seated sense of superiority, viewing other races as ‘mortals’ and ‘inferior beings.’”

“The Divine Race is further divided into many branches, such as the ‘Ice God Branch,’ from which I originate, specializing in ice-based laws; there are also the ‘Fire God Branch,’ ‘Thunder God Branch,’ ‘Wood God Branch,’ and so on, each with its own strengths.” “

The various branches jointly elect a 'Divine Emperor' to govern the entire race, under whom are established the 'Council of Elders' and the 'Hall of Divine Generals.'"

"The current God Emperor is said to have reigned for over 30,000 years, with unfathomable cultivation, at least... a Golden Immortal!"

A Golden Immortal!

David's pupils contracted.

Above Celestial Immortals are Upper Immortals, and above Upper Immortals are True Immortals!

And above True Immortals are Golden Immortals.

Those are truly peerless powerhouses who can roam freely across a realm and establish their own lineages!

David's head started to ache at the thought. With his current strength, an Upper Immortal could easily kill him!

He dared not even consider taking on a Golden Immortal?

Unless Mr. Shi could help him.

But no matter what, he had to rescue Wan Jianxing in the end; after all, Wan Jianxing was a hall master of the Heavenly Dragon Palace.

"The reason the Divine Race is so xenophobic is partly due to their sense of bloodline superiority, and partly because they possess many ancient secrets and powerful inheritances, which they fear being leaked."

"At the same time, they need to maintain the purity of their divine lineage, therefore strictly prohibiting intermarriage with other races, especially for a saintess like myself; the rules are outrageously strict."

The Palace Master sneered, "The Sword Star incident is just the tip of the iceberg. Countless similar tragedies have unfolded over the past hundred years."

"Then the Northern Underworld Divine Race..."

"The Northern Underworld Divine Race is actually a force I established after arriving in the Eternal Ice Plains, by gathering some Ice God branch members who were also dissatisfied with the Divine Race or frustrated within it."

The Palace Master explained, "Nominally, we are still a branch of the Divine Race, under their control, but in reality, we have already become disloyal."

"The Divine Race is aware of my intentions, so they have always been on guard and monitoring us. Your rampage here has likely already alerted the main Divine Race."

David's heart sank.

If this attracts the attention of the main sect of the Divine Race, then the trouble will be immense. The Palace

Master, seeing his worry, said calmly, "Don't worry, the main sect of the Divine Race won't easily intervene in the short term. They're used to their arrogance and will only think it's the Northern Underworld Palace's incompetence."

"Moreover, I've been operating here for thousands of years, and I'm not without my trump cards. Even if the main sect of the Divine Race sends people, I have room to maneuver." "

The most urgent thing is for you to improve your strength as quickly as possible. Your cultivation technique is extremely special, seemingly encompassing all things, possessing dragon might, and having limitless potential. But your realm is too low; facing the true powerhouses of the Divine Race, you're still no match."

David nodded: "I understand. So after obtaining the Blood Lotus this time, I plan to go to the Eleventh Heaven to find the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk, and also to seek an opportunity for a breakthrough."

"The Eleventh Heaven..."

the Palace Master pondered, "It's more dangerous there than the Tenth Heaven, and the competition for resources is even fiercer. However, with your strength and potential, you could certainly give it a try."

"My Northern Underworld Palace also has several hidden strongholds in the Eleventh Heaven, which can provide you with some information and assistance."

Saying this, she took out an ice-blue, rhombus-shaped token and handed it to David: "This is the Northern Underworld Token. With this token, you can obtain certain assistance at my Northern Underworld Palace's strongholds in the Eleventh Heaven." David

took the token; it was icy cold to the touch. The front was engraved with the character "" (Underworld), while the back was covered with intricate snowflake patterns.

He carefully put it away: "Thank you, Palace Master."

David carefully put the token away. He knew that with the Palace Master's strength, she could easily venture into the Eleventh Heaven, or even the Twelfth Heaven.

It seemed that staying here was an order from the main sect of the Divine Race, preventing her from wandering around.

"No need to thank me. You are the successor of Sword Star, just like my junior."

The Palace Master's tone softened considerably. "You will rest in this hall tonight. I will have someone bring you healing pills."

"Tomorrow morning, I will take you to retrieve the Blood Lotus and tell you some precautions regarding the Eleventh Heaven."

She stood up. "Rest well." "

Palace Master, I didn't know beforehand that I had killed so many disciples of your Northern Underworld Palace. I..."

Seeing the Palace Master about to leave, David said apologetically.

"It's alright..." After the Palace Master finished speaking, she gently waved her hand.

Inside a transparent light barrier, the disciples of the Northern Underworld Palace that David had killed lay one by one.

Even Han Yu, the Third Divine General, was there.

However, these people seemed to be asleep.

"Don't worry, as long as they are within this icy plain, their souls will not be destroyed and will recover."

After saying this, the Palace Master drifted away, leaving David and the other two in the quiet side hall.

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The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord couldn't hide his excitement: "David, that's wonderful! There's hope for the Blood Lotus!"

“Yes!” David nodded excitedly as well!

Shortly after the Palace Master left, several divine maidens entered the side hall carrying ice jade trays.

The trays held several kinds of crystal-clear pills exuding a rich medicinal fragrance, as well as some pastries made from spiritual fruits unique to the Ice Plains and a pot of steaming spiritual tea.

“The Palace Master instructed that our distinguished guest should rest and heal in peace,”

the head maid said in a cool voice. After bowing, she put down the items and quietly withdrew.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord picked up a bottle of pills. The fragrant aroma wafted out, and just smelling it calmed the turbulent blood and qi within him. “These are all top-quality healing medicines,” he said. “The Palace Master of the Northern Underworld is truly thoughtful.”

Ling Shuang also took a pill and closed her eyes to regulate her breathing.

Her injuries weren’t too severe; her meridians were mainly eroded by the cold energy of the Xuanming Ice Soul Silk, requiring time to heal.

David took out a pill to restore his immortal power and swallowed it. He then looked at the healing pills and said to the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, “Senior, these pills are mild yet potent, perfect for your recovery.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord didn’t stand on ceremony; he indeed needed to recover quickly. Ling Yue was still waiting for the Blood Lotus to save her life; every moment of delay increased the risk.

The little fire qilin lay at David’s feet, looking somewhat exhausted.

Its fierce battle with Man Shan had taken a toll, and it was now dozing with its eyes half-closed, its golden flames dimming considerably.

David gently stroked its head, injecting a wisp of chaotic immortal power into its body to aid its recovery.

The little fire unicorn nuzzled David’s hand comfortably, making soft purring sounds.

That night, the three of them quietly healed and recuperated in the side hall.

Occasionally, the orderly footsteps of patrolling warriors could be heard outside the hall, along with the ceaseless howling of wind and snow on the distant ice plains.

As David healed, he recalled the words of the Palace Master.

The God Clan, the God Emperor, the Golden Immortal Realm, the millennia-old grudges...

This information gave him a clearer understanding of the God Clan, but also made him feel the pressure.

The Golden Immortal Realm was an existence he could only look up to.

As for himself, he was only at the first rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm. Although his combat power far surpassed that of his peers, and he could even kill peak eighth-rank cultivators, he probably couldn't even withstand a fart from a Golden Immortal.

"My strength... is still too weak,"

David thought to himself. "I must go to the Eleventh Heaven. Only there can I improve faster. I must obtain the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk, and I must find the Nine Aperture Divine Soul Grass, but more importantly, I must find an opportunity for breakthrough."

His Chaos Immortal Power encompassed all things, but the resources and insights required for breakthrough were more numerous and more difficult than those of ordinary cultivators.

He had already touched the barrier of the second rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, but he always felt something was missing.

As the first rays of dawn shone through the ice crystal window into the side hall the next morning, David slowly opened his eyes. After a night of recuperation, his immortal power had recovered to seventy or

eighty percent, and his injuries were basically healed. The slight fatigue left by forcibly using "Severing the Void" had also dissipated under the nourishment of the elixir.

Ling Shuang and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord also woke up one after another, their complexions much better.

The little fire unicorn also stood up spiritedly, its golden flames shining brightly again.

Just then, the hall door opened silently, and the Palace Master appeared in the doorway.

She was still wearing a plain white dress, but today her hair was combed more neatly, showing less of the sorrow of the previous night and more of a coldness and majesty.

“How did you rest?” the Palace Master asked.

“Thank you for the medicine, Palace Master. I’m much better now,” David said as he stood up.

“That’s good then.” The Palace Master nodded. “Follow me, I’ll take you to the Cold Pool.”

The three quickly followed.

The Palace Master didn’t bring many attendants, only four composed divine maidens. The group moved through the palace complex, heading towards the three ice peaks at the back.

Along the way, the Beiming Palace personnel they encountered, whether warriors or maids, all bowed respectfully to the Palace Master, but their gazes towards David and the other two were much more complex.

There was curiosity, hostility, and a hint of inquiry. Clearly, news of the Palace Master personally receiving and settling the three last night had already spread throughout the palace.

Passing through numerous palaces and corridors, they finally arrived at a secluded side door. Pushing open the door, the depression lay outside, with the Blood Soul Cold Pool just a few hundred feet away.

By now, it was already bright, the aurora had faded, but the ice field remained shrouded in a gray haze.

The three ten-thousand-foot ice peaks stood like three silent giants, guarding the central depression. The surface of the icy pool remained a dark, blood-red hue. The blood lotus buds on the pool’s edge trembled slightly in the morning breeze, seemingly fuller than the night before.

“The blood lotus is about to bloom,”

the Palace Master said softly, gazing at the buds. “The blooming period is only three days; you’ve come at the perfect time.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord trembled with excitement, his eyes fixed on the blood lotus, as if he saw a glimmer of hope for Lingyue’s resurrection.

“However,”

the Palace Master's tone shifted, "my consent alone isn't enough to harvest the blood lotus."

David's heart tightened: "What does the Palace Master mean?" "

The Blood Soul Cold Pool is a naturally formed place of extreme yin and cold poison. The fact that this thousand-year-old Ice Soul Blood Lotus can grow here is extraordinary,"

the Palace Master explained. "It's not ownerless; rather, it has its own guardian."

"Guardian?" The three of them simultaneously looked at the icy pool.

The water was calm and still, revealing nothing special except for its eerie dark red color and bone-chilling cold.

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"It's not in the water."

The Palace Master shook her head, pointing to the tallest of the three ice peaks. "It's over there."

David looked in the direction she was pointing and saw a huge ice cave halfway up the mountain.

The cave entrance was shrouded in a perpetually thick, frigid mist, obscuring the interior. However, a faint yet incredibly powerful aura emanated from within.

That aura... ancient, cold, and majestic, carrying the savage ferocity unique to wild beasts.

"That is..." David's pupils constricted slightly.

"The guardian spirit beast of the Ice Soul Blood Lotus is also one of the true natives of this eternal ice plain,"

the Palace Master said slowly. "It has guarded the Blood Lotus here for over a thousand years, and has a special symbiotic relationship with it."

“The Blood Lotus grows by absorbing the cold poison and the blood energy of the earth’s veins, while it cultivates by absorbing the pure cold essence emitted by the Blood Lotus.”

“To harvest the Blood Lotus, one must obtain its consent, or... defeat it.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s face paled: “Defeat it? What is the spirit beast’s strength?”

The Palace Master glanced at him: “When I first arrived thousands of years ago, it was already a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal. Now... I don’t know its strength.” A

seventh-grade Celestial Immortal thousands of years ago!

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord gasped, his newly risen hope instantly plummeting.

Such an existence, let alone them, even if the Palace Master himself were to take action, he probably wouldn’t be able to easily defeat it.

David also frowned.

A seventh-grade Celestial Immortal?

In the past few thousand years, if the opponent’s strength had broken through, it would be an eighth or ninth-grade Celestial Immortal, or even higher.

This was already beyond his current limits.

Even if he exerts all his strength and uses all his trump cards, he can at most defeat a peak eighth-grade Celestial Immortal, and he can keep up with a ninth-grade one.

But if that spirit beast is stronger, I’ll be in trouble.

What’s more, generally speaking, human cultivators are no match for such spirit beasts at the same cultivation level.

“Palace Master, isn’t there any other way?” Ling Shuang asked anxiously.

“Yes,”

the Palace Master nodded. “I can try to communicate with it and exchange it for treasures of equal value. However, this beast is arrogant and violent, and has coexisted with the Blood Lotus for thousands of years, sharing a deep bond. It might not agree. Moreover...”

“What it hates most is the mortal aura on human cultivators. Yesterday, you fought your way here, your blood energy soaring to the sky, which probably already alarmed it. The fact that it didn’t attack immediately is already out of consideration for me.”

David was silent for a moment, then asked, “What if the communication fails?”

“Then you’ll have to rely on yourself,”

the Palace Master said calmly. “I can temporarily suppress the protective array outside the Cold Pool to allow you to enter the depression. But whether you can obtain the Blood Lotus depends on your ability.”

“Can’t the Palace Master lend a hand?” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord couldn’t help but ask.

The Palace Master shook his head: “I made an agreement with it, a mutual non-interference. It guards the Blood Lotus, and I will not step into the depression;

I rule the Northern Underworld Palace, and it will not attack my people. If I take action, it will be breaking the agreement, and if it goes berserk, the entire Northern Underworld Palace will suffer.”The Palace

Master then looked at David: “I can tell you that this beast possesses a trace of ancient Ice Dragon bloodline. Although not pure blood, it is still extraordinary. It is extremely sensitive to dragon might and the aura of divine beasts. If you have any special methods, perhaps you could give it a try.”

Ancient Ice Dragon bloodline?

Dragon might?

David’s heart stirred.

He possessed pure Golden Dragon bloodline. The other party was a spirit beast; even a divine beast would kneel and worship upon seeing him, a Golden Dragon.

Although David’s Golden Dragon bloodline could not yet fully erupt, it was still pure.

Perhaps, he really could give it a try.

“I understand.”

David took a deep breath, a determined look flashing in his eyes. “Please, Palace Master, open the great formation for me. I’ll go and meet that guardian spirit beast.”

“David!” Crimson Cloud Demon Lord exclaimed anxiously. “That’s a ferocious beast of the fifth rank or higher in the True Immortal Realm! You…”

“Senior, this is our only hope.”

David interrupted him. “No matter what, I have to try. Senior Lingyue can’t wait much longer.”

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord opened his mouth, but finally let out a long sigh, patting David’s shoulder heavily: “Be careful… If things don’t work out, retreat immediately. We’ll think of another way to deal with Lingyue.”

Ling Shuang also looked at David worriedly, but knew she couldn’t dissuade him, so she could only whisper: “Senior, you must come back safely.”

David nodded to the two of them, then patted the little fire qilin’s head: “Little guy, I might need your help this time.”

The little fire qilin rubbed against his hand, its eyes blazing with fighting spirit, and let out a low growl, indicating that it was ready to fight at any time.

The Palace Master looked at David, a hint of approval flashing in her eyes: “You have courage. Remember, if things become unbearable, immediately retreat to the edge of the depression. I will reactivate the great formation to ensure your temporary safety.”

With that, she formed hand seals, chanted incantations, and the icy crystal divine rune between her brows lit up.

“Buzz—!”

The forbidden protective formation enveloping the depression began to fluctuate violently, the icy blue light curtain rippling like water. A narrow gap, just wide enough for one person to pass through, slowly opened directly in front of David.

From within the gap, an even stronger aura of cold poison and blood rushed out, causing David to shiver involuntarily.

“Go,” the Palace Master said.

David no longer hesitated. He nodded to the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang, then bowed respectfully to the Palace Master. His figure blurred, transforming into a stream of light, passing through the gap and entering the depression.

The little fire qilin roared and followed closely behind.

The crack in the great formation quickly closed after David entered, returning to its original state.

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang stood tensely outside the great formation, their eyes fixed on David's back.

The Palace Master stood silently, his gaze deep, lost in thought.

The moment David stepped into the depression, he felt the surrounding temperature drop by at least ten times!

The bone-chilling cold seemed capable of freezing the soul; even with his Chaos Immortal Power protecting him, he still felt the chill seeping into his body.

The ice beneath his feet wasn't pure white, but rather tinged with faint crimson patterns, as if blood flowed beneath the ice.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and a chilling toxin; inhaling it made even the circulation of his immortal power sluggish.