

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6321

"What about the restrictions of the Soul Abyss? Those restrictions are ancient inheritances; even a seventh-grade True Immortal cannot break through them. How did he, a peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal, manage to get through?"

"This subordinate...this subordinate does not know."

The Judgment Venerable was silent for a moment.

"The power of chaos," he murmured, "His power of chaos can suppress all forces."

He turned around and walked back to his throne.

"Pass down the order. From today onwards, all cultivators patrolling outside are not allowed to engage David upon seeing him; they must report immediately. I need to keep track of his whereabouts at all times."

"Yes!"

"Also, notify the Shadow Palace and the Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Tell Ying Wuji and Lang Hao that I have noted their cooperation with David. After dealing with David, I will settle accounts with them."

"Yes!"

The Judgment Venerable closed his eyes and leaned back on his throne.

His fingers tapped lightly on the armrest, making a rhythmic sound.

The sound echoed in the empty hall, like the tolling of a death knell.

“David...you’ve caused me to lose a deputy hall master, a spirit beast from the Soul Abyss, over a hundred cultivators, and a Soul Gathering Grass.” His voice was soft, as if he were talking to himself. “You will pay the price.”

...

When David returned to Youyue Kingdom, it was already dark.

Yun Quan and Yun Xi were waiting at the city gate. Seeing him return, they both breathed a sigh of relief.

“Mr. Chen, did you get it?” Yun Quan asked.

David took out the Soul Gathering Grass from his storage ring and handed it to him.

Then he recounted Lang Hao’s request.

Yun Quan took the Soul Gathering Grass, his hands trembling.

The small, silvery-white grass trembled slightly in his palm, its pale blue flowers swaying gently in the night breeze, emitting a faint glow.

“This...this is the Soul Gathering Grass?”

David nodded.

“But...” Yun Quan’s expression turned serious again, “Who will refine the pill? The Soul Gathering Pill is a sixth-grade pill, requiring a Grandmaster Alchemist to refine it. Our Youyue Kingdom...has no such person.”

David was silent for a moment.

"I will."

Everyone looked at him.

"You know alchemy?" Yunxi's eyes widened.

"A little," David said. "I learned it back in the Celestial Realm. Although I haven't practiced in a long time, I should still remember it."

What he didn't say was that he not only knew alchemy, but he also possessed an ancient divine cauldron—the Shennong Cauldron.

The Shennong Cauldron wasn't large, its entire body bronze, and it was covered with ancient runes.

Those runes weren't any known script, but a more ancient and primitive language—ancient divine script.

Legend has it that the Shennong Cauldron could refine all things in the world, not only pills, but also weapons, medicines, and even souls.

Yun Quan opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately said nothing.

He turned and walked into the council hall, placing the Soul Gathering Grass on the table.

"Mr. Chen, what auxiliary materials do you need? I'll go prepare them."

David thought for a moment and recited a list of spiritual herbs: "Three Crimson Flame Grasses, two Ice Heart Lotuses, one Purple Cloud Mushroom, one Golden Dragon Beard, and one drop of Ten-Thousand-Year Spiritual Milk."

Yun Quan noted them down one by one and turned to prepare them.

David found a corner in the council hall and sat down cross-legged.

He took out a pill furnace from his storage ring and placed it in front of him. It was the Shennong Cauldron.

Looking at the cauldron, a complex emotion welled up within David.

This cauldron had been with him for many years, from the mortal realm to the celestial realm, from the celestial realm to the celestial realm, and from the celestial realm to the celestial realm.

He had always carried it with him, yet he had never used it in the celestial realm.

He placed the Shennong Cauldron before him and carefully placed the Soul-Gathering Grass and auxiliary materials into the furnace. The moment the Soul-Gathering Grass was placed into the furnace, the runes on the Shennong Cauldron suddenly lit up, illuminating the entire council hall with golden light.

The runes seemed to come alive, peeling off the cauldron and swirling and dancing in the void before merging into the spiritual herbs within.

David closed his eyes and channeled his chaotic power into the Shennong Cauldron.

The chaotic power transformed into purple flames, burning within the cauldron. The

runes on the Shennong Cauldron amplified, purified, and condensed the power of the chaotic fire, precisely controlling the temperature and intensity of the flames within the optimal range. David

probed the cauldron with his divine sense, sensing the changes in each spiritual herb.

The Soul-Gathering Grass slowly melted in the flames, its silvery-white sap flowing within the cauldron like a silver stream.

The red sap of the Crimson Flame Grass, the blue sap of the Ice Heart Lotus, the purple sap of the Purple Cloud Mushroom, the golden sap of the Golden Dragon Beard, and the milky-white sap of the Ten-Thousand-Year Spiritual Milk converged, fused, repelled, and attracted each other within the cauldron.

David carefully controlled the temperature and intensity of the flames, meticulously removing impurities from the medicinal herbs and gradually fusing their properties.

Alchemy is a delicate art, allowing no room for error. Too high a temperature, and the herbs would burn;

too low, and their properties wouldn't fuse.

Different herbs require different temperatures to fuse: Crimson Flame Grass needs high heat to melt, Ice Heart Lotus needs low heat to preserve its medicinal properties, Purple Cloud Mushroom needs a gentle simmer, and Golden Dragon Beard needs a powerful heat.

David's divine sense perceived all these changes, and his Chaos Fire fulfilled all these requirements.

He was like a conductor, directing the herbs in the cauldron to fuse step by step according to a predetermined rhythm and melody.

One hour passed.

Two hours passed.

Three hours later, the Shennong Cauldron suddenly emitted a clear, resonant sound.

The sound, like a bell or a dragon's roar, echoed in the council hall, lingering for a long time.

Nine golden rays of light simultaneously shot from the nine holes on the furnace lid, intertwining and swirling in the void before finally transforming into a golden lotus flower.

The lotus slowly bloomed, its petals unfolding one by one.

Within the flower's center, a silver-white pill floated in the air, slowly rotating.

A Soul-Gathering Pill.

The pill was entirely silver-white, its surface shimmering with faint golden patterns, like the veins of the earth or the trajectories of the stars.

It emitted a faint medicinal fragrance, a fragrance soothing and refreshing that one inhalation brought a sense of clarity, two inhalations a feeling of complete liberation, and three inhalations a feeling of spiritual energy rejoicing within.

David reached out and caught the pill, letting out a long breath.

"It's done."

Yun Quan and Yun Xi stood to the side, dumbfounded.

They didn't understand alchemy, but they could sense that the power contained within the pill was enough to bring a near-death person back to life.

"Mr. Chen..." Yun Quan's voice trembled, "You really succeeded."

David smiled and placed the pill into a jade bottle.

"Tomorrow, go to the Sirius Tribe."

The next day, David, carrying the Soul Gathering Pill, arrived at the Sirius Tribe again.

Lang Hao personally greeted him at the camp entrance.

His eyes were full of anticipation, and a hint of nervousness.

He hadn't slept a wink the night before, waiting for news from David.

"David, did you really succeed?"

David handed him the jade bottle.

Lang Hao took the bottle, his hands trembling.

He took a deep breath, turned, and went into the tent.

David followed behind him.

On the stone bed, the old chieftain remained unconscious.

The Soul-Guiding Flame slowly rotated above his chest, its golden light warm and gentle.

The old chieftain's face was as pale as paper, his breathing so weak it was almost imperceptible, his chest barely rising and falling.

His hands were clasped over his abdomen, his fingers withered and his nails blackened.

Three hundred years of coma had deteriorated his body to the extreme.

If it weren't for the Soul-Guiding Flame nourishing his soul, he would have long since perished.

Lang Hao took the Soul Gathering Pill from the jade bottle and placed it in the old chieftain's mouth.

The pill melted instantly upon entering his mouth.

The silvery-white liquid flowed down the old leader's throat and into his stomach.

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A moment later, the old chieftain's brow twitched slightly.

Then, his eyelids began to tremble, his eyelashes fluttering like butterfly wings.

Lang Hao's tears welled up instantly.

"Father..."

The old chieftain's fingers twitched.

Then, his eyelids slowly opened.

They were aged eyes, cloudy and weary, the whites yellowish, the pupils dim.

But in those eyes, there was a light suppressed for three hundred years—the flame of life, the desire to live, the attachment to this world.

His gaze wandered in the tent, finally settling on Lang Hao's face.

"Hao'er..." His voice was hoarse, almost inaudible, like sandpaper rubbing together.

"Father!" Lang Hao rushed to the stone bed, grasped his father's hand, and sobbed uncontrollably.

His tears dripped onto the back of his father's hand, hot and scalding.

The old chieftain looked at his son, a slight smile playing on his lips.

His lips were dry and cracked, the smile accentuating the wrinkles on his face, like a crumpled piece of paper.

"Why are you crying... I'm... awake now..."

His voice was soft, almost inaudible, but every word struck Lang Hao's heart like a hammer blow.

David stood by, watching this scene, a warmth welling up inside him.

He turned and walked out of the tent.

Lang Hao followed, wiping away his tears, and bowed deeply before David.

"David, I can't thank you enough. From now on, the Tianlang tribe owes you a life. Not just me, the entire Tianlang tribe owes you a life."

David helped him up: "Don't be like that. The Soul-Guiding Flame..."

Lang Hao nodded, turned, and went back into the tent.

A moment later, he emerged, holding the golden flame.

The Soul-Guiding Flame slowly rotated in his palm, warm and gentle.

Its color was golden, but not a dazzling gold; it was a warm, soft gold, like the afterglow of the setting sun, like a mother's gaze.

"Take it," Lang Hao said. "My father's soul has been repaired; he no longer needs it."

David took the Soul-Guiding Flame, its warmth like holding a ray of sunshine.

He could feel the powerful reincarnation energy within the flame, the key to opening the path of reincarnation.

"Thanks,"

Lang Hao shook his head. "We should be thanking you."

He paused, then added, "You don't need to worry about the Judgment Hall's decree. The Heavenly Wolf Tribe isn't afraid of them. From now on, your affairs are the affairs of my Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Anyone who dares to touch you is touching my Heavenly Wolf Tribe."

David smiled and turned to leave.

Behind him, Lang Hao stood at the camp entrance, watching his retreating figure, motionless for a long time.

"This person will surely achieve great things," he murmured.

Then, he turned and went into the tent to see his father.

Inside the tent, the old chieftain was already able to sit up.

He leaned against the headboard, looking at Lang Hao who entered, his eyes filled with affection.

"Hao'er, who was that person just now?"

Lang Hao sat down beside the bed and took his father's hand.

"His name is David. He saved you."

The old chieftain was silent for a moment, then nodded.

"Thank him for me..."

"I will."

The old chieftain looked at the tent entrance, as if he could still see the young man in the blue robe.

"This person... is not simple," he murmured.

Lang Hao didn't speak, but simply tightened his grip on his father's hand.

Outside the tent, the setting sun dyed the entire wasteland golden red.

The Tianlang tribe's camp stood silent in the sunset, like a sleeping behemoth.

But everyone knew that this behemoth had awakened.

When David returned to Youyue Kingdom with the Soul-Guiding Flame, Yun Quan and Yun Xi had been waiting at the city gate for a whole day.

When the golden flame lit up in the twilight, Yun Quan's tears welled up again.

"The Soul-Guiding Flame...it really is the Soul-Guiding Flame..."

His voice trembled. "The Core of Reincarnation, the Soul-Guiding Flame, two pieces...only one more..."

He carefully held the Soul-Guiding Flame in his hands, turned, and walked into the council hall, placing it alongside the Core of Reincarnation.

The two treasures shone brightly under the moonstone's light; the Core of Reincarnation was as black as night, while the Soul-Guiding Flame was as brilliant as day, one black, one gold, like the convergence of yin and yang.

Yun Xi stood beside David, looking at his slightly tired face, and softly asked, "Are you injured?"

"No," David smiled, "Just a little tired."

He wasn't lying.

In the battle of the Soul Abyss, he had killed the guardian spirit beast and over a hundred divine cultivators. Although the power of chaos restrained everything, the consumption was still considerable.

Moreover, he had sat before the Shennong Cauldron for three hours, using his divine sense to manipulate the flames, remove impurities, and fuse the medicinal properties.

That kind of meticulous work was far more tiring than fighting.

"Then go and rest." Yunxi tugged at his sleeve. "Xiaoyou has been waiting for you, saying she wants to hear your story."

David thought of the little girl holding the rag doll, and a warm feeling welled up in his heart.

He nodded and followed Yunxi out of the council hall.

Behind him, Yunquan was still standing in front of the two supreme treasures, muttering to himself, "One more... one more..."

The next day, in the council hall.

Yunquan spread the map of the Fifteen Heavens on the table, pointing to the location of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall.

"Mr. Chen, the Netherworld Lamp is in the Judgment Hall's treasury. The Judgment Hall's treasury is heavily guarded, and there are ancient restrictions. The Judgment Venerable himself is a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank, the number one person in the Fifteen Heavens. If you force your way in..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but the meaning was clear.

David looked at the red mark on the map that read "Judgment Hall" and remained silent for a moment.

"Don't force your way in."

Yun Quan was taken aback. "Then what do we do?"

"Let's put that aside for now."

David stood up, walked to the door, and looked at the moonlight shining through the black mist outside. "My strength isn't enough. I can't beat an eighth-grade True Immortal right now. Forcing my way in will only lead to my death."

Yun Quan opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately said nothing.

He knew David was telling the truth.

"Then Mr. Chen plans to..."

"Do something else first." David turned his head and looked at Jiang Xuelan sitting in the corner. "Help Jiang Xuelan find people from the Ice God lineage."

Jiang Xuelan's fingers twitched slightly. She didn't speak, but a hint of expectation flashed in her eyes.

Yun Quan nodded: "What kind of help do you need? Although Youyue Kingdom is poor, it still has manpower."

"No need." David shook his head, "This matter shouldn't be publicized. Too many people will only cause trouble. Jiang Xuelan and I are enough."

Yun Xi stood up: "I'll go too."

David looked at her: "Your injury hasn't fully healed yet."

"It's almost healed."

Yun Xi raised her arm, black ghostly energy flowing in her palm, "Besides, I'm a princess of the Ghost Clan, and I know more people in the Fifteenth Heaven than you. I can help with finding people."

David was silent for a moment, then nodded.

"Okay. You go too."

Yun Xi's lips curled up slightly.

David, Jiang Xuelan, and Yun Xi left Youyue Kingdom and flew southwest towards the Youming Mountains.

Their first target was the five Ice God bloodline practitioners that David had sensed in the Heavenly Fire Pit.

David only found out the general location of these five people, all of them in the gathering places of rogue cultivators around the Youming Mountains.

"How do you plan to persuade them?" Yun Xi asked. David thought for a moment: "Let's see how things go. If they're willing to join the Ice God Palace, we'll take them. If not..."

"We won't force them," Jiang Xuelan interjected. "The Ice God lineage never forces anyone. But I'll let them know they're not alone."

Yun Xi glanced at Jiang Xuelan but said nothing.

The three flew for about two days before landing on a desolate plain.

There was a small town on the plain called "Frostwind Town."

The town was small, with only a few hundred households, mostly independent cultivators.

The buildings in the town were made of stone, low and simple, swaying precariously in the wind.

Based on the information in the jade slip, David found a stone house on the east side of the town.

The door of the stone house was ajar, and coughing could be heard from inside. David knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

an old voice came from inside.

"A passing independent cultivator. I'd like to ask for a drink of water."

The door opened.

An old man stood at the door. His hair was gray, his face was aged, and his back was somewhat hunched.

His cultivation was only at the first level of the True Immortal Realm, which was at the lowest level of the fifteenth Heaven.

His eyes were cloudy and weary, but the moment he saw David, his pupils contracted slightly.

He sensed something.

That feeling... was subtle.

It was as if something deep within his bloodline had been touched, as if dormant memories had been awakened.

"You are..." The old man's voice trembled slightly.

David looked at him, his voice calm: "My name is David. This is Jiang Xuelan, a descendant of the Ice God lineage."

The old man's body trembled violently.

"The Ice... Ice God lineage?"

His eyes widened. "Impossible... The Ice God lineage has long since..."

"No." Jiang Xuelan stepped forward and stood before the old man. "The Ice God lineage has not perished. I am proof that it is alive."

She raised her right hand, and a ball of icy blue light condensed in her palm.

The light was pure and cold, radiating an ancient and noble aura.

That aura resonated with the old man's bloodline, causing his body to tremble involuntarily.

"You...you really are..." Tears welled up in the old man's eyes. "My grandfather said...our ancestors were of the Ice God lineage...I thought it was just a legend..."

"It's not a legend. I am of the Ice God lineage, the Palace Master of the Divine Palace."

Jiang Xuelan withdrew her light. "You have the Ice God bloodline within you. Although it's very weak, it truly exists. If you're willing, I can help you awaken it."

The old man remained silent for a long time.

Then, he knelt down.

His voice was hoarse but firm, "This old servant...is willing."

The old man's name was Hanshan, and he was 3,700 years old this year.

His ancestors were indeed cultivators of the Ice God lineage, but the bloodline had been diluted over generations, and by his generation, only a faint trace remained.

He thought his life would end like this, never expecting to meet a descendant of the Ice God lineage in his lifetime.

Jiang Xuelan had him sit cross-legged and placed her hands on his back.

Icy blue divine light surged from her palms, flowing into Hanshan's body through his meridians.

David stood to the side, channeling a stream of chaotic power into Hanshan's dantian.

The power of chaos is an all-powerful catalyst.

It can activate dormant bloodlines, repair damaged meridians, and temper the strength of the physical body.

Under the combined effects of David's power of chaos and Jiang Xuelan's power of the Ice God, the Ice God bloodline within Han Shan began to awaken.

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It was a wondrous feeling.

Han Shan felt his blood boiling, his bones trembling, and his meridians expanding.

An unprecedented power surged from the depths of his bloodline, like a sleeping dragon opening its eyes.

His cultivation began to break through—the peak of the first rank of True Immortal Realm, the second rank of True Immortal Realm.

He opened his eyes, his eyes filled with tears.

“Palace Master... Mr. Chen... Your great kindness is beyond repayment.”

Jiang Xuelan shook her head: “No need for repayment. The Ice God lineage is one family.”

Han Shan stood up and bowed respectfully.

Then, he asked: “Palace Master, how many people are left in our Ice God lineage?”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment: “Currently, there are only you, me, and David. But David is not a member of the Ice God lineage; he merely... possesses the Ice God bloodline.”

She glanced at David, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes.

“But we are searching.”

She continued, “There are other Ice God bloodline holders in the Fifteenth Heaven. We will find them one by one, awaken them, and allow the Ice God lineage to rise again.”

Han Shan’s eyes lit up.

“Palace Master, I know someone,” he said. “There’s a young man living on the west side of town named Han Shuang. He’s my grand-nephew. His bloodline concentration is higher than mine, and his cultivation is also stronger. But he doesn’t know his origins and always thinks he’s just an ordinary human rogue cultivator.”

Jiang Xuelan’s eyes lit up.

"Take us there."

Han Shuang lived on the west side of Frostwind Town, in a stone house even smaller than Han Shan's.

He was a young man, looking to be in his twenties, but actually over five hundred years old.

His cultivation was at the third rank of True Immortal Realm, which was quite good among rogue cultivators.

He had a cold face, didn't like to talk, and usually made a living by hunting monsters in the wilderness.

When Han Shan led David and the other two to Han Shuang's residence, Han Shuang was sharpening a bone knife in the courtyard.

Seeing Han Shan, he put down the knife and stood up.

"Uncle, what brings you here?"

"Han Shuang, I've brought you guests."

Han Shan's face was full of smiles. "This is Jiang Xuelan, the Palace Master of the Ice God lineage. This is David."

Han Shuang's pupils contracted slightly.

He had certainly heard of David's name.

The Heavenly Fire Pit, Heavenly Thunder Mountain, Soul Abyss—the entire Fifteenth Heaven had been buzzing with this name these past few days.

But he never expected this legendary figure to appear before him.

"Greetings, Mr. Chen, greetings, Palace Master Jiang." He clasped his hands in a respectful bow, his tone neither humble nor arrogant .

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, a hint of admiration flashing in her eyes.

"You possess the bloodline of the Ice God. Its concentration is far higher than your uncle's. If you awaken it, your cultivation will at least reach the fourth rank of the True Immortal Realm." Han Shuang remained silent for a moment. "And then?" Jiang Xuelan was taken aback. "And then?" "After awakening, what do I need to do?" Han Shuang's voice was calm. "Serve you? Serve the Ice God lineage?" Jiang Xuelan looked at him, silent for a moment. "No." Jiang Xuelan shook her head. "After awakening, you can do what you want. The Ice God lineage doesn't force anyone. I just want you to know that you are not alone. The bloodline flowing within you has a name, a history, a past you can be proud of." Han Shuang remained silent for a long time. Then, he smiled. The smile was faint, but a glimmer of light shone in his eyes.

"Alright. I'll awaken."

Jiang Xuelan and David used the same method to help Han Shuang awaken the Ice God bloodline.

Han Shuang's bloodline concentration was indeed much higher than Han Shan's.

During the awakening process, his body was enveloped in icy blue light, the surrounding temperature plummeted by dozens of degrees, and a thin layer of ice formed on the ground in the courtyard.

His cultivation level broke through from the third rank of True Immortal Realm to the peak of the fourth rank, only one step away from the fifth rank.

He opened his eyes, looked at his hands, and remained silent for a long time.

"So... this is the Ice God bloodline."

His voice was somewhat hoarse. "I always felt that there was something inexplicable about the spiritual power in my body... like something was missing. Now I know, what I lacked was awakening."

He looked at Jiang Xuelan, a hint of respect in his eyes.

"Palace Master, from now on, the affairs of the Ice God lineage are my affairs, Han Shuang's affairs."

Jiang Xuelan shook her head: "I said I wouldn't force you. You can do what you want to do."

Han Shuang smiled: "This is what I want to do."

After awakening, Han Shuang was like a completely different person.

It wasn't a change in appearance, but in temperament.

He used to be aloof and taciturn, like an unsheathed sword, sharp yet restrained.

Now he remained aloof, but a glimmer of light shone in his eyes—the light of someone who had found belonging.

He walked up to Jiang Xuelan, clasped his hands in a respectful bow, and said, "Palace Master, I know a place."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him. "What place?"

"A town."

Han Shuang's voice was calm, but a complex emotion flashed in his eyes. "It's in the northeast, called Falling Snow Town. I've been there a few times. Each time, I have a special feeling in my body, like something is calling to me from the depths of my blood."

David's eyes narrowed slightly.

"A feeling? What kind of feeling?"

Han Shuang thought for a moment. "I can't quite explain it. It's like my heart is racing, like my blood is boiling, like something is about to burst out of my body.

I didn't know why before, but now I know—it's the resonance of the Ice God's bloodline. There should be quite a few descendants of the Ice God's lineage in that town."

Jiang Xuelan turned to look at David.

David nodded. "Let's go take a look."

Falling Snow Town was in the northeast, nestled between two snow-capped mountains.

The town's buildings were constructed of wood and stone, their roofs covered in thick snow, with wisps of smoke rising from their chimneys.

From a distance, it resembled a tranquil ink painting.

David, Jiang Xuelan, Yun Xi, Han Shan, and Han Shuang landed outside the town and walked in.

The moment they stepped into the town, the Ice God bloodline within David surged violently.

The feeling... was as if someone had ignited a flame within him, scorching and restless.

His chaotic power automatically circulated, suppressing the restlessness.

He glanced at Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan's expression also changed slightly.

Her Ice God power surged within her, an icy blue light flickering on her skin.

She took a deep breath, suppressing the power.

"You felt it?" David asked in a low voice.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, her voice slightly strained: "At least several dozen people."

Yun Xi glanced at her but remained silent.

As a member of the Ghost Clan, she had no connection to the Ice God bloodline, but she could tell from Jiang Xuelan's expression that this town was no ordinary place.

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The town's streets were narrow, lined with shops selling various ironware and medicinal herbs.

Few pedestrians were on the road, mostly ordinary people dressed in coarse cloth, with a few rogue cultivators, none of whom possessed high cultivation levels, at most only at the second rank of True Immortal Realm.

They looked at David and his group with wary eyes.

In this desolate place, strangers always attracted attention.

David approached an old woman selling vegetables, clasped his hands in a respectful greeting, and said, "Grandma, we are rogue cultivators passing through, looking for a place to rest. Is there an inn in town?"

The old woman glanced at him, then at Jiang Xuelan and Yun Xi behind him, and shook her head.

“No. The town is small; we don’t accommodate outsiders.”

Her tone was cold, carrying a sense of aloofness that kept them at arm’s length.

David didn’t mind, thanked her again, and turned to leave.

They asked several more people, receiving the same answer each time: no inns, no outsiders, please leave.

Every person’s eyes held wariness, even a hint of fear.

David stopped and looked at Jiang Xuelan. “They know their bloodline.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

Her face was pale, not from exhaustion, but because she could sense that these people all possessed the bloodline of the Ice God.

Though weak and deeply hidden, it was undeniable.

They were descendants of the Ice God’s lineage, but they dared not admit it.

“Why?” Jiang Xuelan’s voice was soft, as if asking David, yet also as if asking herself.

David didn’t speak. He turned and looked towards the end of the street.

There, a group of people were walking towards them.

Leading them was an elderly man with gray hair, a burly build, and a dignified face.

His cultivation was at the fourth rank of True Immortal Realm, the highest in the town.

Behind him followed more than twenty townspeople, men and women, young and old, each with a face full of vigilance and hostility.

They surrounded David and his group of five.

“Who are you? What are you doing in Falling Snow Town?” The old man’s voice was deep, like muffled thunder in winter.

David clasped his hands in a salute: “I am David, passing through your esteemed place, and wish to ask for lodging for the night.”

The old man’s pupils contracted slightly.

David.

Of course, he had heard of this name.

Heavenly Fire Pit, Heavenly Thunder Mountain, Soul Abyss—these past few days, the entire Fifteenth Heaven had been buzzing with this name.

But he did not lower his guard; instead, he became even more tense.

“Falling Snow Town does not keep outsiders. Please leave.”

His tone left no room for argument.

Han Shuang stepped forward, clasped his hands in a salute: “Mayor, I am Han Shuang from Frostwind Town. This is Jiang Xuelan, the Palace Master of the Ice God lineage. We are not bad people, we just want to...”

“Shut up!”

The old man interrupted him, a flash of anger in his eyes, "What Ice God lineage? I don't know what you're talking about. There are no people from the Ice God lineage in Falling Snow Town. If you don't leave, don't blame us for being impolite!"

The townspeople behind him gripped their weapons tightly, some whispering in agreement: "That's right! Go! Leave quickly!"

"We don't have the person you're looking for here!"

"Leave!"

David remained silent.

His gaze swept over everyone present—the elderly, the townspeople, and even the women and children peeking from street corners.

They all carried the aura of the Ice God's bloodline.

Some were faint, some strong, but none were willing to admit it.

He understood their fear.

A people forced to hide in a remote town, a people who dared not even acknowledge their own bloodline—their fear couldn't be dispelled with just a few words.

Han Shuang panicked: "Mayor, I'm telling the truth! This David is the most famous David in the Fifteenth Heaven right now! He's not a bad person, he's here to help us!"

The old man's expression changed.

Of course, he had heard of David's deeds.

But he hadn't seen him with his own eyes, and he couldn't believe it.

"You say you're David, so you're David?"

The old man's voice remained indifferent. "I could also say I'm the Judgment Venerable."

Han Shuang opened her mouth, wanting to refute, but didn't know what to say.

Just then, someone suddenly stepped forward from the crowd.

It was a middle-aged man, thin, with an ordinary face, wearing a gray coarse cloth robe.

His cultivation was only at the first level of the True Immortal Realm, inconspicuous in the town.

But his eyes were bright, as bright as stars in the night.

He looked at David, his voice trembling slightly: "You...you're really David?"

David looked at him and nodded.

Tears welled up in the middle-aged man's eyes.

"The Heavenly Fire Pit...in the Heavenly Fire Pit...you glanced at me."

David's pupils contracted slightly.

He recognized the man; he was one of the five Ice God bloodline users he had sensed in the Heavenly Fire Pit.

He had only glanced at a few people in the crowd then, but this man remembered him.

"My name is Bingyan," the middle-aged man's voice trembled. "You glanced at me in the Heavenly Fire Pit. I know you recognized me. I've been wanting to find you, but I didn't dare."

He turned to the town mayor, his voice becoming firm.

"Mayor, he really is David. I saw him punch Jin Huan and slap away the Divine Clan's deputy in the Heavenly Fire Pit. He came to help us, not to harm us."

Four more people stepped out from the crowd.

Two men and two women, all with cultivation levels between the first and second rank of True Immortal Realm.

They were dressed plainly, their faces ordinary, easily blending into the crowd.

But when they stepped forward, David recognized them—the other four Ice God bloodline users he had sensed in the Heavenly Fire Pit.

"Mayor, I can testify."

"Me too."

"David isn't a member of the God Clan; he's a rogue cultivator from the Human Clan. He has a grudge against the God Clan and wouldn't harm us."

The mayor remained silent for a long time.

He looked at the five people, then at David, and finally sighed.

"Please follow me."

David and the others followed the mayor toward a mansion.

The mayor's mansion was in the center of the town, a two-story wooden and stone building, slightly larger than the surrounding houses, but not by much.

The mansion's living room wasn't large, with a long table, a few wooden chairs, and a landscape painting on the wall depicting snow-capped mountains and pine forests.

The mayor invited David and the others to sit down and had tea served.

The tea was ordinary coarse tea, but in this place, it was the highest form of hospitality.

"Mr. David, I apologize for my earlier rudeness." The mayor's voice was much gentler than before. "My name is Bingfeng, and I am the mayor of Falling Snow Town."

David returned the greeting with clasped hands: "Mayor Bing, you are too kind. We were presumptuous."

Bingfeng sighed, looking at Jiang Xuelan, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

"The Ice God lineage... the Palace Master of the Divine Palace... I thought I would never meet people like you in my life."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, her voice slightly tense: "Mayor Bing, how many descendants of the Ice God lineage are there in Falling Snow Town...?"

Bingfeng was silent for a moment.

"Everyone."

Chapter 6325

Jiang Xuelan's pupils contracted slightly.

"The entire Snowfall Town, with over three hundred households and more than a thousand people, are all descendants of the Ice God lineage."

Bingfeng's voice was low, as if recounting a long-buried secret. "Ten thousand years ago, the Ice God lineage suffered suppression from other branches of the Divine Race. Many cultivators of the Ice God lineage fled the center of the Divine Race and escaped to this desolate place in the Fifteenth Heaven.

They built Snowfall Town here, hiding their identities, pretending to be ordinary human cultivators, and living ordinary lives."

"For ten thousand years, it has been passed down generation after generation. Although the bloodline has diluted, the roots remain. It's just... no one dares to admit it."

Jiang Xuelan clenched her fists.

"Why don't you dare to admit it?"

Bingfeng looked at her, his eyes filled with bitterness.

"Palace Master, don't you know? The Judgment Hall has a rule: any cultivator who exposes the aura of the Ice God's bloodline is arrested and sent to the mines as slaves.

The men mine, the women do laundry and cook, and the children do chores. They don't treat the Ice God's lineage as human beings, only as cattle and horses."

His voice trembled.

"Three hundred years ago, there was a young man in the town named Bingfeng. His bloodline concentration was very high, and he awakened the power of the Ice God. He thought he was very powerful and went to the Judgment Hall to demand an explanation.

As a result... he was arrested. He was sent to the mines and became a slave. His parents went to find him, and they were also arrested. The three of them never returned."

The living room fell silent.

Jiang Xuelan's face was as pale as paper, her fingers trembling, and an icy blue light flickered in her palms.

"The Judgment Hall... why?"

Her voice was very soft, almost inaudible, but every word seemed to be squeezed out from between her teeth, "The Ice God's lineage is also a member of the divine race. Why treat us like this?"

Bingfeng smiled bitterly.

"Palace Master, you're right. The Ice God lineage is indeed a member of the God Clan. But the God Clan has dozens of branches, some high, some low, some noble, some lowly. The Ice God lineage... is the lowest, the most lowly.

The other members of the God Clan acknowledge us as Gods, but they only treat us as servants. In their eyes, we are not worthy of being called Gods, only worthy of being called 'Ice Slaves.'"

"Ice Slaves." Jiang Xuelan repeated these two words, her voice as cold as the winter wind.

"Yes, Ice Slaves."

The frozen voice was very low, "In the mines of the Judgment Hall, there are still quite a few cultivators of the Ice God lineage. They exposed their bloodline aura and were captured to be slaves.

Some have been working there for thousands of years, some were captured not long ago. Their souls are locked by the Spirit Locking Chains, unable to escape, unable to resist, they can only mine, work, and wait to die day after day."

Jiang Xuelan stood up.

"Where are they?"

Bingfeng looked at her. "Palace Master, what are you going to do?"

"Save them." Jiang Xuelan's voice was calm, so calm it was frightening. "My people cannot be treated like cattle."

Just then, David's sea of consciousness suddenly surged.

Bei Mingyuan's remnant soul awoke.

"Beasts! Beasts!"

His voice was like thunder, exploding in David's sea of consciousness. "The descendants of my Ice God lineage are actually being treated like cattle? The Judgment Hall? The God Clan?"

A bunch of ungrateful bas**ds! If it weren't for my Ice God lineage guarding the seal back then, the God Clan Alliance would have collapsed long ago! What right do they have..."

His voice grew louder and louder, and icy blue light flashed wildly in David's sea of consciousness, making the entire sea of consciousness tremble.

David felt like his head was about to explode.

Just then, the Great Luo Golden Scripture lit up.

Golden light surged out from the Great Luo Golden Scripture, sweeping across the entire sea of consciousness like a tide.

The light was warm and gentle, yet it carried an irresistible power. The icy blue light melted, contracted, and retreated rapidly before the golden light, like snow meeting the blazing sun.

Bei Mingyuan's remnant soul was enveloped in the golden light, compressed into a fist-sized sphere of light, hovering above his sea of consciousness.

His voice became weak and indistinct, like a distant shout, or perhaps underwater speech.

"Let me go... I want to get out... I want to kill those..."

The voice grew fainter and fainter, finally disappearing completely.

The light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture slowly receded, and the sea of consciousness returned to calm.

David opened his eyes, his forehead covered in cold sweat.

"What's wrong?" Yun Xi asked anxiously.

"Nothing." David shook his head, taking a deep breath. "Bei Mingyuan just woke up. He was furious to hear that the descendants of the Ice God lineage were being treated as slaves."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, a complex expression flashing in her eyes.

"Bei Mingyuan... is still in your sea of consciousness?"

"Yes." David smiled bitterly. "If I don't keep him, his remnant soul will surely perish."

"Thank you..." Jiang Xuelan said!

She knew that David had taken in Bei Mingyuan's remnant soul entirely because of her.

"No need to thank me, you understand our relationship..." David smiled slightly.

Jiang Xuelan fell silent, remaining so for a moment. Of course, she understood David's meaning!

Moreover, she herself had said that as long as David helped her revitalize the Ice God lineage, she would do anything!

Even cultivate with David...

This was her own promise, and now that David was helping her, she had to keep her promise.

Jiang Xuelan then looked at Bingfeng.

"Mayor Bing, tell me, where is the mine?"

Bingfeng looked at her, remaining silent for a long time.

Then, he stood up, walked to the wall, and unfolded a map.

"Here."

He pointed to a location on the map, "The North Mine of the Judgment Hall, at the northernmost point of the Fifteenth Heaven. It's heavily guarded by the divine race, and the mine is surrounded by ancient restrictions and spirit-locking chains—magical artifacts specifically designed to suppress the divine soul. Once locked, spiritual power cannot circulate, leaving one completely vulnerable."

Jiang Xuelan looked at the mark on the map, a cold glint flashing in her eyes.

"Palace Master,"

the frozen voice was low, "I know you want to save people. But there are thousands of divine race cultivators in the mine, the mine's commander is a sixth-grade True Immortal, and the elders of the Judgment Hall patrol regularly. If you go alone, you'll only..."

"Not alone." Jiang Xuelan interrupted him, turning to look at David.

David smiled. "I'll go with you."

Yun Xi also stood up. "I'll go too."

Han Shuang stood up. "Palace Master, I'll go too. You saved my life, you awakened my bloodline. If you're going to save people, I'll go with you."

Han Shan also stood up, his body still trembling, but his eyes were firm. "Palace Master, although this old servant is useless, one more person means one more strength."

Bing Feng looked at them, his eyes filled with complex emotions.

"You... really want to go?"

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

Bing Feng was silent for a long time, then bowed deeply.

"Palace Master, the more than a thousand people in Luo Xue Town are in your hands."

Chapter 6326

After leaving Snowfall Town, David and his group didn't head directly to the North Mine. Instead, they stopped in a secluded valley along the way.

The valley wasn't large, surrounded by mountains on three sides, with only a narrow entrance.

A stream flowed through the valley, its water crystal clear, and a meadow stretched along its banks.

The setting sun cast its golden-red glow upon the valley.

David spread a map on a flat rock, pointing to the location of the North Mine.

"The mine has over a thousand Divine Race cultivators, the guard commander is a True Immortal Realm Sixth Grade, and elders from the Judgment Hall patrol regularly. Even if I'm incredibly strong, I can't kill that many by myself. And..."

He paused, "We're not going to kill people, we're going to rescue them. Once we rescue them, we have to take them away safely."

Yun Xi squatted in front of the map, her brows furrowed.

Her fingers lightly traced lines on the map, as if calculating distance and time.

"Thousands of Divine Clan cultivators, and we only have a few people? Even including the people from Snowfall Town, there are only a few dozen. We have no chance of winning in a head-on fight."

Her voice was soft, but everyone could hear the worry in her tone.

Han Shuang stood to the side, his fists clenched so tightly they cracked.

He had only recently awakened his Ice God bloodline, and the power within him was still surging, like a flame that had been suppressed for too long and had finally found an outlet.

"Then what do we do? Are we just going to give up?"

His voice was a little tense. "Those people are my people. They're working like slaves in the mines, and we're just going to watch from the outside?"

"Save them." David's finger moved across the map, drawing a line to the left from the location of the North Mine. "Look here."

The others followed his finger.

On the map, about three thousand miles west of the North Mine, there was a marked area—the Sirius Tribe.

That area was marked with beastman runes, surrounded by a red boundary line; that was the territory of the Sirius Tribe.

Jiang Xuelan's eyes narrowed slightly. Her Ice God power flowed slowly within her body, dispelling some of the surrounding chill.

"The Sirius Tribe? You want Wolf Hao's help?"

David nodded.

"The North Mine is very close to the Sirius Tribe. The Judgment Hall has been mining there for thousands of years, and the Sirius Tribe has long disliked them. They just haven't had a reason to act, nor dared to. The Judgment Venerable is an eighth-grade True Immortal; Wolf Hao can't defeat him."

"And now?" Yun Xi looked up at him.

David smiled.

The smile was faint, but a glint of light shone in his eyes.

"Now it's different. The Sirius Tribe owes me a favor. I saved the old chief's life; if I ask, Wolf Hao won't refuse."

He put away the map and stood up.

His cyan robe fluttered slightly in the evening breeze, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist reflected a faint light in the setting sun.

"To the Sirius Tribe."

The Sirius Tribe's camp was on the wasteland, tents stretching out, smoke curling from chimneys.

At dusk, the camp was filled with the aroma of roasted meat and herbs.

The orc warriors sat around the campfire, some sharpening their weapons, some conversing in hushed tones, and others tending to the wounded.

Children chased and played among the tents, their laughter ringing out.

When David and his companions arrived, Lang Hao was practicing with his axe on the training ground.

His battle axe was a massive double-edged axe, its handle as thick as an arm, its blade as large as a millstone, entirely black and engraved with orcish bloodline runes.

Each swing tore through the air, producing a piercing shriek.

Deep furrows were cleaved in the rock beneath, sending fragments of stone flying.

Seeing David, he put down his battle axe and strode over. He wore a wolf-skin cloak, his face etched with three bloody gashes, his muscles bulging, and each step he took made the ground tremble slightly.

"David! What brings you here?" His voice boomed like thunder, making ears ring.

David clasped his hands in a fist salute: "Chief Wolf Hao, I have a request."

Wolf Hao looked at him, then at Jiang Xuelan, Yun Xi, Han Shuang, and Han Shan behind him, his brows furrowing slightly.

His gaze lingered on Han Shuang and Han Shan for a moment longer; he could sense that these two possessed extraordinary auras.

"What is it?"

David recounted the events at the North Mine in detail.

Wolf Hao's expression changed.

His brows furrowed into a knot, his fingers tapping rhythmically on the handle of his axe.

After a long silence, he finally spoke.

"You want me to attack the North Mine?"

His voice deepened, like distant rumbling thunder. "David, do you know what that means? That's the Judgment Hall's mine. While my Heavenly Wolf Clan isn't afraid of trouble, we don't want to provoke it. Taking action would be tantamount to declaring war on the Judgment Hall."

"I know." David looked at him, his gaze calm and resolute. "That's why I won't let you help for nothing."

He paused, his voice calm and firm, each word seemingly etched into stone.

"It won't be long before I destroy the Judgment Hall. I'll free the Fifteenth Heaven from the Judgment Hall's oppression."

Lang Hao's pupils contracted slightly.

"Destroy the Judgment Hall? The Judgment Venerable is a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade, you..."

"I can't beat him now." David interrupted him. "But it won't be long. You've seen how fast my strength is growing."

Lang Hao fell silent.

He had seen David severely injure Jin Huan with a single punch in the Heavenly Fire Pit, kill Lei Zhentian with a single move on Heavenly Thunder Mountain, and kill over a hundred Divine Race cultivators in the Soul Abyss.

This young man's strength was indeed growing at an incredible speed.

From the Heavenly Fire Pit to Heavenly Thunder Mountain, only a few days had passed.

From the Soul Abyss to the North Mine, only a few days had also passed.

Each time they met, David was stronger than the last.

Perhaps what he said was true.

Perhaps he really could destroy the Judgment Hall.

Lang Hao turned around and looked at the beastmen warriors training on the training ground.

Their faces were covered in sweat, and their eyes were full of fighting spirit.

They were warriors of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe, the backbone of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.

"Good." Lang Hao nodded, his voice low and firm, "I'll help you."

He turned around and shouted to the beastmen warriors behind him, "Pass down the order! Gather five hundred warriors, bring the best weapons, and come with me to the North Mine!"

"Yes!" The beastmen warriors responded in a roar, their voices echoing in the valley.

Lang Hao then looked at David: "David, I have a condition."

“Speak.”

“My men will be responsible for attracting the attention of the gods, but they won’t fight to the death. Once you rescue the people, we will retreat. I can’t let my warriors die in vain.”

David nodded: “It’s only right.”

Lang Hao extended his hand.

David grasped it.

The two hands were clasped tightly together, like the meeting of two eras. The Northern Mine, located at the northernmost edge of the Fifteenth Heaven, is a desolate valley.

The pre-dawn darkness shrouded the entire valley; the starlight was dim, and the moon was obscured by clouds.

A cold, damp atmosphere permeated the air, and the frost on the ground shimmered with a silvery-white light in the dim light.

Towering cliffs rose on both sides of the valley, barren and devoid of any vegetation.

A massive pit, hundreds of feet wide and deep, had been carved into the valley floor, like a gaping maw pointing towards the sky.

The pit walls were riddled with mine shafts, pitch black and bottomless, occasionally escaping with a stench of decay and dust. A

golden light barrier surrounded the mine—the holy light barrier of the Judgment Hall.

The runes on the barrier were densely packed, like countless eyes, gleaming warily in the darkness.

Outside the barrier, divine cultivators patrolled, a team of ten men every hundred feet, their armor gleaming, their spears sharp.

Their footsteps were perfectly synchronized, exceptionally clear in the silent night.

In the center of the mine stood a stone hall, the residence of the guard commander.

The hall was built of black stone, square and windowless, with only an iron door.

Two True Immortal Realm fourth-grade divine cultivators stood at the entrance, one on the left and one on the right, like two stone statues.

They wore golden armor, long swords hung at their waists, and their gazes swept across the surroundings like hawks.

Inside the mine, hundreds of ragged cultivators were working.

Some of them had worked all night, their eyes bloodshot and their faces as pale as paper.

They were all bound by black chains—Spirit-Locking Chains.

These chains were forged from ancient cold iron, engraved with sealing runes, magical artifacts specifically designed to suppress the soul.

Once bound, spiritual power could not circulate, leaving them completely vulnerable.

One end of the chains was fastened to their wrists and ankles, the other to iron stakes at the mine entrance, restricting their movement to a fixed area.

Their clothes were tattered, revealing their emaciated bodies.

Some were digging with pickaxes, the hammer blows striking the rock with dull thuds; others were pushing heavy mine carts, their shoulders marked with deep, bloody welts; still others were sifting ore, their hands mangled and bleeding from the sharp stones.

No one spoke.

Only the sounds of pickaxes striking rock, the creaking of mine carts, and the occasional cough and groan could be heard.

The air was thick with the stench of dust, blood, and sweat, a mixture that made one want to vomit.

A young monk collapsed to the ground.

His eyes were closed, his face deathly pale, his lips cracked and bleeding.

He hadn't rested for three days, the chains binding him making it hard to breathe.

"Get up!" A divine cultivator walked over and kicked him in the waist. "Stop pretending to be dead!"

The young cultivator groaned, struggling to get up, but his body wouldn't obey him.

He fell back down, his forehead hitting the rock, blood streaming down his face.

"Useless!" The divine cultivator drew a whip from his waist and lashed it across the young cultivator's back.

The whip was barbed, and with one lash, the skin was torn open.

The young cultivator gritted his teeth, not uttering a sound.

He was used to it.

Here, making a sound would only invite more whippings.

There were no tears in his eyes, only numbness.

The kind of numbness that comes after being tortured to the extreme, where even the pain is no longer felt.

Lang Hao led five hundred beastmen warriors, lying in ambush behind the hills outside the mine.

The darkness before dawn was the best cover.

The beastmen warriors lay prone on the ground, covered with animal hides, becoming one with the earth.

Their breathing was very light, almost inaudible.

Their eyes were bright, as bright as a pack of wolves in the night.

Wolf Hao lay prone at the front, peering through the gaps in the grass at the light screen in the mine and the patrolling Divine Race cultivators.

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His fingers traced lines on the ground, calculating the time interval between each patrol.

"One incense stick's time," he whispered. "Every incense stick's time, the shift changes. The light barrier will weaken for a moment during the shift change. That's when we attack."

He turned to look at the orc warriors behind him.

"Brothers, today we're not going to our deaths. We're going to rescue people. Fight our way in, draw the gods' attention, then retreat. Don't linger, don't be greedy for glory. Come back alive."

The orc warriors didn't speak, only gripped their weapons tightly.

Lang Hao took a deep breath.

"Kill!"

Five hundred orc warriors charged down the hill simultaneously.

They surged towards the mine like a tidal wave, their footsteps shaking the earth.

Their battle cries ripped through the pre-dawn silence, like thunder, like a landslide.

"The Heavenly Wolf Tribe!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

The gods' cultivators were terrified.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack!"

"It's the Sirius Tribe! The Beastmen are attacking!"

"Quick! Report to the commander!"

The patrolling Divine Clan cultivators hastily formed ranks, golden holy light shining in the darkness like dozens of suns.

They raised their spears and charged towards the Beastmen warriors.

The two torrents collided.

The sounds of clashing metal, roars, screams, and the cracking of bones mingled together, echoing throughout the valley.

Lang Hao charged at the forefront. His battle axe spun in his hand, each swing taking a life.

With one axe, a True Immortal Realm Second Grade Divine Clan cultivator was cleaved in two, blood gushing out and splattering all over him.

With the second axe, three Divine Clan cultivators were cut in half at the waist, their upper and lower bodies separated, their internal organs spilling onto the ground.

With the third axe, the first batch of reinforcements sent by the guard commander were struck by his axe blade; seven or eight men were sent flying, spitting blood.

His body was covered in blood—his own and that of his enemies.

His eyes were filled with fighting spirit, like a volcano that had been ignited and could not be extinguished.

“Come on! Come on!” he roared, his battle axe cleaving a divine cultivator and his shield in two.

The beastmen warriors followed behind Lang Hao, like a pack of wolves, fierce and frenzied.

A young beastman warrior, a first-grade True Immortal, was on the battlefield for the first time.

His hands trembled, but his eyes shone brightly. He followed behind Lang Hao, using his bone axe to cut down enemy after enemy.

He was slashed three times, blood flowing freely, but he did not retreat.

He could not retreat.

Behind him were his brothers.

An old beastman warrior, a third-grade True Immortal, had a scar running from his forehead to his chin.

He had fought on the battlefield for thousands of years, his body covered in scars more than his clothes.

He was calm and composed, each axe blow precise and deadly.

His eyes were cold, as cold as ice in winter.

Although the divine cultivators outnumbered them, they were caught off guard by the beastmen's surprise attack.

Their formation was disrupted, and they fought individually, unable to form an effective defense.

Golden holy light collided with blood-red axe blades in mid-air, unleashing a deafening roar.

Large craters were blasted into the ground, sending debris flying and dust billowing.

The protective barrier outside the mine teetered precariously under the onslaught of the orcs.

Cracks spread outwards like a spiderweb, and the golden light flickered, like a candle burning in the wind.

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Inside the stone hall, the guard commander, a sixth-grade True Immortal cultivator from the Divine Race, rushed out.

He was tall and imposing, with a resolute face, wearing golden armor engraved with the emblem of the Judgment Hall.

In his hand, he held a golden longsword, its blade shimmering with holy light, so dazzling it was blinding.

Seeing the beastmen warriors swarming across the mountains, his expression changed drastically.

"The Heavenly Wolf Tribe? Wolf Hao? Are you insane? You dare touch the Judgment Hall's mines?"

Wolf Hao stood at the forefront of the beastmen warriors, his battle axe pointed at the guard commander, his voice like thunder.

"Insane? I've had my eye on you for a long time! You've been mining on my territory for thousands of years without even a word! Today I'll demolish this mine!"

"You dare!" the guard commander roared, "The Hall Master won't let you get away with this!"

"Then let him come!"

Wolf Hao swung his axe.

A blood-red axe beam transformed into a hundred-foot-long blade of light, slashing towards the guard commander.

Where the light blade passed, the air was torn apart, a deep trench was plowed into the ground, and rubble flew everywhere.

The guard commander gritted his teeth and took the hit. Golden holy light surged from his body, condensing into a huge golden lightsaber in front of him. The lightsaber collided with the axe blade.

Boom!

The two forces collided, unleashing a deafening roar.

The entire valley trembled, and rubble from the cliff was shaken off, crashing to the ground and kicking up clouds of dust.

The guard commander was knocked back several steps, his hand split open, blood flowing down the hilt of the sword.

His face turned deathly pale, his eyes filled with shock.

"You...you really want to go against the Judgment Hall?"

Lang Hao did not answer, his second axe already striking.

While the battle raged outside the mine, David, along with Jiang Xuelan, Yun Xi, Han Shuang, and Han Shan, sneaked into the mine from the other side.

They didn't go through the main entrance, but instead circled around to the northernmost end of the valley and climbed down the cliff.

The cliffs here were steeper than elsewhere, the rock walls covered in moss and frost, slippery and difficult to traverse.

But David's chaotic power flowed around his body, completely concealing their auras; the divine restrictions were useless against them.

They landed silently deep within the mine. Chaos reigned

in the mine.

The divine cultivators, caught off guard by the beastmen's surprise attack, had mostly been redeployed to the front lines, leaving very few guards at the rear.

The enslaved Ice God bloodline cultivators huddled in the mine shafts, watching outside in terror, bewildered by what had happened.

David walked to the nearest mine shaft.

The entrance was sealed with an iron fence, a large padlock hanging on it.

David reached out and grasped the padlock; chaotic fire surged from his palm, instantly melting the padlock, molten iron dripping onto the ground.

He pushed open the iron fence and entered the mine.

The mine was dark, with only a few oil lamps casting a faint glow on the walls.

The air was damp and foul, thick with the stench of sweat, mildew, and blood.

A dozen or so ragged cultivators huddled in a corner, their bodies bound by black chains, their faces pale, their eyes sunken, filled with terror.

Some hugged their knees, burying their heads between their legs, trembling uncontrollably.

Others leaned against the cave wall, eyes closed, their lips moving silently as if chanting something. Still

others curled up on the ground, covered by a tattered animal hide, coughing intermittently.

David crouched down, his voice soft.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here to save you."

The men looked up at him.

Their eyes were cloudy and weary, as if they had been tormented for too long and could no longer trust anyone.

"Save us? Who are you?"

"David."

The name David was like a pebble thrown into stagnant water, creating ripples. Heavenly Fire Pit, Heavenly Thunder Mountain, Soul Abyss—these days, the entire Fifteenth Heaven was abuzz with this name.

Although the mine was remote, news wasn't isolated.

They had heard of David's exploits: the one who severely injured a Divine Clan elder with a single punch, killed the Vice Hall Master of the Judgment Hall in one move, and single-handedly slashed through the Soul Abyss—a human cultivator.

But they couldn't believe this legendary figure would come to their rescue.

"The Soul-Locking Chains...you can't open them..."

an old man said in a trembling voice.

His voice was hoarse, like sandpaper rubbing together. "Only the elders of the Judgment Hall have the key...we've tried...smashing with stones, prying with iron bars...but nothing works..."

David remained silent.

He raised his right hand, a ball of chaotic fire condensing in his palm.

Purple light intertwined with golden flames, dazzlingly bright in the dark mine.

The flames were so hot that the surrounding air began to distort, but the cultivators felt no heat; the chaotic fire only burned what it wanted to burn.

He gently pressed the chaotic fire onto the Soul-Locking Chains.

The Soul-Locking Chains were like paper before the Chaos Flame.

The black chains melted instantly, molten iron dripping onto the ground with a sizzling sound.

The sealing runes flickered a few times in the flames, then dimmed, completely ineffective.

The old man's eyes widened.

"This... how is this possible..." His voice trembled, "The Soul-Locking Chains... ancient cold iron... even a seventh-grade True Immortal couldn't break them..."

David didn't explain. He stood up and walked towards the next cultivator.

One after another, the chains melted.

With each chain that melted, the cultivator's body shuddered violently, as if their long-suppressed spiritual power had finally found an outlet, surging and roaring through their meridians.

Some people's legs went weak the moment they stood up, and they almost fell.

Han Shuang reacted quickly and caught them.

The person looked up at Han Shuang, their eyes filled with tears.

"Thank you... thank you..."

"Don't thank me." Han Shuang's voice was a little tight. "Hurry up. There are people waiting for you outside."

Jiang Xuelan stood at the entrance of the mine, comforting the rescued cultivators.

Her voice was very soft and gentle, like a spring breeze.

"The Ice God lineage has not perished. You are not alone. From now on, you don't need to hide anymore, you don't need to be afraid anymore."

Some knelt down and kowtowed, some wept uncontrollably, and some stood there stunned, unable to believe it was true.

David did not stop. He turned and walked towards the next mine.

One mine, two mines, three mines...

David led Jiang Xuelan and the others through all the mines in the mine.

The mine was very large, and there were many mines, some at the bottom of the pit, some on the pit wall, some bottomless, and some only a few feet deep.

At each mine, he used Chaos Fire to melt the Spirit-Locking Chains.

Jiang Xuelan comforted the rescued cultivators, telling them that the Ice God lineage had not perished and that they were not alone.

Han Shuang and Han Shan were in charge of counting the number of people, while Yun Xi was in charge of guarding the area.

More and more cultivators were being rescued.

In the first mine, thirteen people.

In the second mine, nine people. In

the third mine, twenty-one people. In the fourth mine, seven people...

soon there were over a hundred.

Some of them had been working there for over a thousand years; their skin was stained grayish-black by the ore, their fingers were large and deformed, their nails were missing, and their hands were covered in calluses and scars.

Some had only recently been captured; their clothes were still relatively intact, but the fear in their eyes was deeper than anyone else's.

Some knelt down and kowtowed, their foreheads hitting the rocks until blood flowed freely.

"Benefactors! Benefactors!"

Chapter 6329

David helped them up one by one.

"Don't kneel. Let's go. There are people waiting outside."

His voice was calm, but his hands were trembling slightly, not from exhaustion, but from anger.

He looked at the wounds on their bodies, the numbness in their eyes, their emaciated forms, and his anger burned within him.

But he didn't show it.

Now was not the time for anger.

He turned to Jiang Xuelan: "Is everyone here?"

Jiang Xuelan shook her head.

Her face was pale; she could sense that there was another mine shaft deep within the mine.

The aura of the Ice God's bloodline in that mine shaft was so intense it startled her.

"There's still one mine shaft missing. In the deepest part."

David frowned: "The deepest mine shaft? What's there?"

Jiang Xuelan's voice was strained: "I don't know. But I can sense the aura of the Ice God's bloodline there. It's very strong."

David glanced at the depths of the mine. It was pitch black there; nothing could be seen.

"Let's go."

David led the group to the deepest mine shaft.

This mine was larger and deeper than the others.

The entrance was sealed by a massive stone door, covered in densely packed runes of the Judgment Hall's restrictions, like countless eyes gleaming with golden light in the darkness.

David placed his hand on the stone door, and chaotic fire surged from his palm.

The restrictive runes were like paper before the chaotic fire, dimming, shattering, and disappearing one after another.

The stone door slowly opened.

Inside the mine, crystals were piled high. These

weren't ordinary crystals, but high-quality cultivation crystals.

Each one was the size of a fist, crystal clear, radiating a rich spiritual energy.

They were piled up in the mine like a small mountain, numbering at least hundreds of thousands.

The light from the crystals illuminated the entire mine, as bright as day.

Jiang Xuelan's pupils contracted slightly.

"These crystals... are enough for a True Immortal cultivator to cultivate for hundreds of years. The Judgment Hall has been digging here for thousands of years, hiding the best crystals here, preparing to transport them away."

David remained silent. He walked to the pile of crystals and placed his hand on it.

"Take them away."

He opened his storage ring and put the crystals in one by one.

The storage ring had limited space, but these crystals were too precious to leave to the Judgment Hall.

One, two, ten, a hundred...

He moved quickly, but there were too many crystals, and it would take time to collect them all.

Just then, footsteps came from outside.

"Someone's coming!" Yun Xi whispered. Chen

Ping turned his head and saw several golden points of light appear at the mine entrance.

Those were the holy light of the divine cultivators, rapidly approaching.

More and more points of light appeared, growing brighter and brighter, at least a dozen in total.

"It's the people from the Judgment Hall! They've discovered us!" Han Shuang gripped her bone knife tightly, blocking the mine entrance.

David glanced at the pile of crystals; most of them were still uncollected.

"You all go out first, I'll cover the rear."

"But..." Jiang Xuelan wanted to say something.

"Go!" David's voice left no room for doubt.

Jiang Xuelan gritted her teeth and led the rescued cultivators away from the other side of the mine.

Yunxi, Hanshuang, and Hanshan followed behind, protecting the weaker ones.

Their steps were quick but light, careful not to make a sound.

Only David remained in the mine.

Chapter 6330

He continued collecting crystals.

One, two, ten, a hundred...

The footsteps outside grew closer.

"Here!"

“Quick! Notify the commander!”

“Don’t let him escape!”

A dozen or so divine cultivators rushed into the mine, golden holy light illuminating the dark cavern.

They saw David, their expressions changing drastically.

“David! It’s David!”

Some turned and ran, but many more charged.

Golden sword beams, light blades, and lightning spears rained down on David like a storm.

David didn’t move.

His hands were still collecting crystals, unable to free themselves.

Just then, he suddenly remembered something.

In his storage ring, there was a little creature.

He probed the storage ring with his divine sense, awakening a long-dormant life.

A Fire Qilin.

A ball of crimson light flew out of the storage ring, landing on the ground and transforming into a small beast.

It wasn’t large, only the size of a calf, its entire body covered in crimson scales, each scale the size of a palm, sharp as a knife, reflecting a fiery luster in the crystalline light.

Golden flames flowed from the gaps in the scales, like magma flowing through cracks in rock.

Two curved horns on its head burned fiercely, their color constantly shifting from crimson to golden-white.

Its eyes were golden, their pupils seemingly filled with flowing magma, sparks flying with every blink.

The Fire Qilin.

It had slept for a long time in David's storage ring.

Now, it was finally released.

It stretched and yawned.

Its body crackled as it stretched, as if its bones were rearranging.

Its tail flicked, the flame at the tip drawing an arc in the air.

Then, it looked around.

Seeing the divine cultivators, its eyes lit up.

"Roar!"

The Fire Qilin let out a deafening roar.

The roar was like a volcanic eruption, like a thunderclap. The

sound waves transformed into tangible fire shockwaves, sweeping towards the divine cultivators.

Wherever the shockwaves passed, the air ignited, the ground scorched, and the rocks melted.

Before the divine cultivators could react, they were struck by the fire shockwaves.

“Ah!”

Cries of agony rose and fell.

Some were burned to ashes, not even having time to scream.

Others rolled on the ground, their bodies engulfed in flames, the flames burning through their armor and charring their flesh, the air filled with the stench of burning flesh.

Some turned and ran, but the fire qilin was far faster than them.

The fire qilin darted through the mine.

Its speed was too fast for the naked eye to follow; only a crimson light could be seen flashing through the mine.

Wherever it passed, flames raged, the rocks on the mine walls glowed red-hot and began to melt, lava flowing down the walls.

The air ignited, making even breathing difficult. The ground was scorched, leaving blackened trenches, from which flames still burned.

The divine cultivators were like ants before the fire qilin.

In less than three breaths, more than a dozen divine cultivators were completely annihilated.