

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6366

The second ice gate was taller and thicker than the first.

The runes carved on it were denser and more complex.

The patterns of the runes resembled ferocious dragons, shimmering with a ghostly blue light in the darkness.

In the very center of the ice gate were three large characters—"Ice Soul Pass."

"The Ice Soul Pass tests combat strength,"

Bei Mingyuan's voice echoed in David's mind. "You need to defeat the guardians manifested by the Ice Soul. The guardians' strength will vary according to the cultivation level of those who enter. If all five of you enter together, the guardians' strength will be the sum of your five strengths."

David frowned. "The sum of five people?"

"Yes." Bei Mingyuan's voice carried a hint of solemnity. "Therefore, you need to cooperate. No one can win in a one-on-one fight."

David turned around, looking at Jiang Xuelan, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan.

"Once inside, follow my instructions."

The four nodded.

The ice gate slowly opened.

Behind the gate was an even more expansive space.

The space spanned several hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by ice walls engraved with battle runes.

In the center stood an ice-blue figure.

It was three feet tall, clad in ice armor, wielding an ice sword, its face blurred except for its blood-red eyes.

The Guardian.

David drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power flowing across its blade. "Attack!"

The five attacked simultaneously.

Jiang Xuelan's ice-blue divine light transformed into countless ice needles, shooting towards the Guardian's eyes.

Bing Wuhen's ice sword unleashed a hundred-foot-long ice-blue sword beam, slashing down from the front.

Bing Xue'er's ice whip transformed into an ice serpent, coiling around from the left.

Bing Fenghan's ice spear transformed into an ice-blue stream of light, thrusting from the right.

David's Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with purple chaotic fire, slashed down from directly above.

Five attacks, from five directions, struck simultaneously.

The Guardian did not dodge.

It raised its ice sword and slashed down.

The icy blue sword light collided with the five attacks, unleashing a deafening roar.

The space trembled violently, and the runes on the ice wall flickered wildly.

The five people were forced back several steps, and the guardian also took a step back.

A glint flashed in David's eyes.

The guardian's strength was indeed equivalent to the combined strength of the five of them.

However, it had a weakness: its speed was slow, and its attack method was limited.

"Jiang Xuelan, Ice Seal!" David shouted.

Jiang Xuelan formed hand seals, and icy blue divine light transformed into an ice wall, blocking the guardian.

The guardian shattered the ice wall with a single sword strike, but that brief pause was enough.

"Bing Wuhen, frontal restraint!"

Bing Wuhen rushed forward, his ice sword clashing with the guardian's ice sword.

His cultivation was inferior to the guardian's, but he didn't need to win; he only needed to restrain him.

"Bing Xue'er, left side! Bing Fenghan, right side!"

Bing Xue'er's ice whip wrapped around the guardian's left arm, and Bing Fenghan's ice spear pierced the guardian's right shoulder.

The guardian's movements were a beat too slow.

David moved.

His purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing behind the Guardian.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with purple chaotic fire, pierced the Guardian's back.

The Guardian's body stiffened abruptly.

The blood-red in its eyes gradually dimmed, and its body began to crumble, transforming into countless ice-blue specks of light.

The specks of light drifted through the space like countless fireflies.

David pulled out the Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned around. "Let's go."

The five of them traversed the space and arrived before the third ice gate.

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The third ice gate was even more ancient and mysterious than the first two.

The runes on the gate were somewhat blurred, but the aura it emitted was even more terrifying.

The patterns of the runes resembled ancient rivers flowing in the darkness.

In the very center of the ice gate were three large characters—"Ice Soul Pass."

"The Ice Soul Pass tests one's bloodline,"

Bei Mingyuan's voice echoed in David's mind. "Only those with pure Ice God blood can enter. David, you cannot go in." David

frowned. "Then Jiang Xuelan will go in alone?"

"Yes," Bei Mingyuan's voice was soft. "This is her destiny; she must face it alone."

David turned to look at Jiang Xuelan. "I cannot go in. Be careful."

Jiang Xuelan nodded without speaking.

She walked to the ice gate and placed her hands on it.

Icy blue divine light surged from her palms, flowing into the runes on the ice gate.

The runes began to flicker, the blue light growing brighter and more dazzling.

The ice gate slowly opened.

Behind the gate was an endless void.

Countless ice-blue crystals floated in the void, each containing a wisp of white mist.

At the edge of the void, an ice-blue pillar of light rose, within which floated a massive ice crystal.

Confined within the ice crystal was a blurry figure—

the lingering will of Bei Mingyuan.

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath and stepped into the void.

She walked step by step towards the ice-blue pillar of light.

With each step, the surrounding ice crystals lit up, and the white mist within surged forth, coalescing into blurry figures before her.

These figures were men and women, old and young, all clad in ancient ice armor, their faces indistinct, but their eyes bright.

The ancestors of the Ice God lineage.

They looked at Jiang Xuelan, silent, but their eyes held a hint of expectation, a hint of relief, a hint of entrustment.

Tears streamed down Jiang Xuelan's face.

She passed the illusory figures of her ancestors and reached the ice-blue pillar of light. She reached out and placed her hand on the ice crystal.

The ice crystal shattered.

Bei Mingyuan's lingering will emerged from the ice crystals, transforming into a beam of icy blue light that entered Jiang Xuelan's brow.

Jiang Xuelan's body trembled violently, and an unprecedented power surged from within her.

The icy blue divine light transformed into a pillar of light that shot into the sky, illuminating the entire void. Her cultivation began to break through—the mid-stage, late-stage, and peak of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm.

She opened her eyes, her eyes filled with tears.

She saw it.

She saw the history of the Ice God lineage, the struggles and sacrifices of her ancestors, the glory and decline of the ancestral land, the terror of the Destroyer and the truth of the seal.

She knew what she had to do.

She turned around and stepped out of the void.

David stood before the ice gate, watching Jiang Xuelan emerge.

Her face was somewhat pale, but her eyes were bright, shining like stars in the night.

Icy blue divine light surrounded her, the light more condensed and purer than before.

“Did you succeed?” David asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded. “It’s a success.”

She didn’t say much, but David read a lot in her eyes.

“Let’s go.”

Jiang Xuelan turned around, looking at Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue’er, and Bing Fenghan. “Back to the ancestral land. The Ice God lineage should see the light of day again.”

Bing Wuhen's eyes reddened. "Palace Master, we've waited for this day for thousands of years."

Bing Xue'er cried.

Bing Fenghan didn't speak, but his fists were clenched tightly.

The five of them walked out of the ruins and onto the icy plain. Five people emerged from the ruins and stepped onto the icy plain.

The silvery-red moonlight cast long, elongated shadows on the ice.

Behind them, the white light emanating from the massive crack gradually dimmed, like a door closing.

The ancient aura of the ruins dissipated as the crack closed, leaving only a biting wind and swirling ice shards on the icy plain.

David stopped and glanced back.

The crack had completely closed, the ice surface smooth as a mirror, showing no trace.

But a vague unease lingered in his heart; the ruins had been opened, and their aura had leaked out.

On this icy plain, heavily monitored by the gods, such fluctuations couldn't possibly go unnoticed.

"Hurry up," he said softly, but with a hint of urgency.

Jiang Xuelan glanced at him but remained silent.

She too could sense the overwhelming power of the Ice God released when the ruins opened; cultivators within a thousand miles could perceive it.

If a patrol of the gods was nearby, they would find them soon.

Bing Wuhen walked at the head of the group, his steps steady.

His cultivation had broken through to the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, making him a whole realm stronger than before he was frozen.

But his face showed no joy, only solemnity.

He knew the Divine Alliance would not let any Ice God bloodline user go.

This was true thousands of years ago, and it would remain true thousands of years later.

Bing Xue'er followed behind Bing Wuhen, her long, snow-white hair fluttering in the wind.

She held a long, ice-blue whip in her hand, its tip gleaming with a faint, cold light.

Her eyes constantly scanned her surroundings, wary of any potential danger.
Bing

Fenghan walked at the very back, silent.

He held an ice spear in his hand, the tip gleaming with a ghostly blue light under the moonlight.

His footsteps were light, almost inaudible.

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

The five of them traveled swiftly across the ice plains for about two hours when golden rays appeared on the horizon ahead.

The light was faint, almost invisible, but David's chaotic power sensed all forces, and he detected it immediately.

"Stop." David raised his hand, signaling everyone to halt.

All five stopped simultaneously, lying prone on the ice.

David lay prone, pressing his ear to the ice and closing his eyes.

Chaotic power surged from his body, spreading forward along the ice. He could sense dozens of auras rapidly approaching, golden, blazing, and radiating the holy light unique to the divine race.

"Divine race pursuers."

David opened his eyes, his voice calm. "A True Immortal Realm Rank 8 leader, at least thirty True Immortal Realm Rank 5 or higher cultivators."

Bing Wuhen's pupils contracted slightly. "Thirty? We only have five people."

"Not thirty."

David stood up, looking at the faintly visible golden light in the distance. "It's thirty-seven. The leader is a True Immortal Realm Rank 8 mid-stage, there are three True Immortal Realm Rank 7, and the rest are True Immortal Realm Rank 5 and Rank 6."

Jiang Xuelan frowned. "Can we defeat them?"

David was silent for a moment, then smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible, but at that moment, everyone felt a chill.

"We can win,"

he said calmly, "but we can't let them escape. If anyone manages to get back and report, the Protoss Alliance will know our whereabouts, and we'll be in big trouble."

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Bing Wuhen gripped his ice sword tightly. "You mean annihilate them all?"

"Annihilate them all." David turned to the four of them. "I need you to help me set a trap."

There was a naturally formed ice canyon on the ice plains, with towering ice walls on both sides and only a narrow passage for entry and exit.

At the bottom of the canyon was an open space, scattered with countless huge icicles, like countless ice spears pointing to the sky.

David stood at the entrance of the canyon, looked around, and nodded in satisfaction. "This is it."

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side, looking at the terrain of the canyon. "You want to lure the Divine Race pursuers in and then seal the exit?"

"Yes."

David pointed to the ice walls on both sides of the canyon. "You and Bing Wuhen hide on the left ice wall, and Bing Xue'er and Bing Fenghan hide on the right. Once all the Divine Race pursuers have entered the canyon, you two will attack simultaneously to seal the entrance and exit. Leave the rest to me."

Bing Wuhen frowned. "You alone? There are thirty-seven people on the other side, and the leader is a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade..."

"I know."

David interrupted her. "But I have the power of chaos. Their holy light is like paper in front of me. As long as you seal the entrance and exit and don't let them escape, I alone am enough."

Bing Wuhen looked at David, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

He had seen many people, but he had never seen anyone like this. A True Immortal Realm Second Grade Peak, facing thirty-seven enemies whose realms were far superior to his, his face showed no fear, only calmness.

That calmness was not feigned, but a confidence that emanated from his very bones.

"Okay." Bing Wuhen nodded. "I believe you."

Bing Xue'er and Bing Fenghan also nodded.

The five of them quickly took their positions.

David stood on the ice plain outside the canyon entrance. Jiang Xuelan and Bing Wuhen hid on the ice wall to the left, while Bing Xue'er and Bing Fenghan hid on the ice wall to the right.

The five of them concealed their auras, becoming like five lifeless ice stones, blending into the surrounding ice and snow.

The golden light in the distance grew brighter and closer.

David stood on the ice plain, his cyan robe fluttering in the wind, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, the purple light on the blade already reduced to its extreme.

His eyes were purple, and stars seemed to be spinning in his pupils.

He looked at the approaching golden light, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"It's here."

The golden light swept across the ice plain, like a golden river, flowing towards the ruins.

Leading the way was a tall, powerful cultivator of the Divine Race, a mid-stage eighth-rank True Immortal, with a cold face and hawk-like eyes.

Behind him followed thirty-six divine cultivators, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

They wore golden armor, wielded golden longswords, and holy light swirled around them, dispelling the chill of the icy plains.

The leading cultivator, the deputy commander under Shadow Warrior, was named Jin Lie.

Suddenly, he raised his hand, signaling the group to halt.

"My lord, what's wrong?" a cultivator behind him asked.

Jin Lie's gaze swept around, his brow furrowing slightly. "The aura of the ruins has disappeared."

"Disappeared? Could it be..."

"Shut up."

Jin Lie interrupted him, his gaze settling on the icy canyon ahead.

His intuition told him something was amiss.

But he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

The icy canyon was a common natural feature of the icy plains, showing no unusual fluctuations in aura.

"My lord, shall we continue?" a cultivator behind him asked.

Jin Lie was silent for a moment, then nodded. "Continue. The Alliance Leader said, we must find them alive or dead."

The group continued forward, surging towards the Ice Canyon.

Jin Lie walked at the front, and the moment he stepped into the Ice Canyon, his steps faltered.

His intuition warned him again that something was wrong.

But he looked around and found nothing.

There was only ice on the ice walls, only snow on the ground, and only wind in the air.

"Keep going," he waved his hand.

Thirty-seven divine race cultivators filed in, stepping into the Ice Canyon.

The group wound its way through the canyon, the golden holy light illuminating the ice walls.

Jin Lie walked at the front, his eyes scanning the surroundings warily.

He held a golden longsword in his hand, its blade shimmering with dazzling holy light.

When the last divine race cultivator stepped into the canyon, David moved.

He stood up from the ice field outside the canyon entrance, purple chaotic power flowing around him, completely dispelling his concealment.

His eyes were purple, with stars seemingly swirling within their pupils.

He gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its blade crackling with purple chaotic fire.

“Attack!”

His voice echoed through the canyon like thunder.

Jiang Xuelan burst forth from the left ice wall, her icy blue divine light forming a wall that sealed the canyon entrance.

The ice wall was tens of feet high and several feet thick, covered with densely packed ice-sealing runes, completely blocking the entrance.

Bing Wuhen also burst forth from the left ice wall, his icy blue sword light slashing at the canyon’s exit, sealing it off.

The sword light transformed into an icy blue light curtain, its surface flowing with ancient runes of the Ice God lineage, sealing the exit completely.

Bing Xue’er and Bing Fenghan emerged from the right ice wall, their ice whips and spears striking simultaneously, activating the defensive runes on the ice walls on both sides of the canyon.

Icy blue light shone from the ice walls, enveloping the entire canyon.

Thirty-seven divine cultivators were trapped in the canyon, unable to advance or retreat.

Jin Lie’s expression changed. “An ambush! Form ranks!”

The thirty-seven divine cultivators quickly formed ranks, golden holy light flowing around them, condensing into a massive golden light shield.

The shield had five layers, each containing the supreme laws of the divine race.

David walked in from the canyon entrance, step by step, unhurried and deliberate.

His footsteps echoed through the canyon, each step feeling like a blow to the hearts of the divine cultivators.

Purple chaotic power surrounded him, the light not violent, but quiet, like a sleeping dragon.

Jin Lie's pupils contracted. "You...who are you?"

David did not answer.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic fire burning on its blade.

The temperature of the flames was so high that the surrounding air began to distort, and the ice on the ice wall began to melt, turning into water droplets that flowed down the ice wall.

"Kill him!" Jin Lie roared.

The thirty-seven divine cultivators attacked simultaneously.

Golden holy light surged towards David like a tidal wave, transforming into countless blades, spears, and swords of light that swept towards him relentlessly.

Each attack was enough to level a mountain.

David did not dodge.

He raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down.

The purple sword light collided with the golden holy light.

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There was no explosion, no deafening roar. The golden holy light was like paper before the power of chaos, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated.

The sword light continued forward, blasting away the dozen or so divine cultivators at the front.

They crashed heavily against the ice wall, spitting blood, unable to rise again.

Jin Lie's face turned deathly pale. "You...you are the one who possesses the power of chaos..."

David remained silent.

He took a step forward, his purple figure leaving a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing before Jin Lie. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with purple chaotic fire, pierced towards Jin Lie's chest.

Jin Lie desperately raised his golden sword to block.

The sword clashed with the Dragon-Slaying Sword, the golden sword like rotten wood before the power of chaos, instantly shattering.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword continued forward, piercing Jin Lie's chest.

Purple chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting Jin Lie's body.

He let out a shrill scream, his body burning in the flames, the holy light like paper before the chaotic fire, instantly devoured.

His eyes widened in disbelief, even in death.

"You...you'll regret this..." His voice grew weaker and weaker until it vanished completely.

Jin Lie was dead.

The remaining divine cultivators, witnessing their leader's swift demise, utterly collapsed.

They threw down their weapons and turned to flee.

But the canyon's entrance and exit were sealed; they had nowhere to escape.

Jiang Xuelan plunged down the ice wall, her icy blue divine light transforming into countless ice needles, freezing over a dozen divine cultivators into ice sculptures.

Bing Wuhen's ice sword unleashed a hundred-foot-long sword beam, cleaving seven or eight divine cultivators in two.

Bing Xue'er's ice whip wrapped around a divine cultivator's neck, pulling gently as his head rolled to the ground.

Bing Fenghan's ice spear pierced a divine cultivator's chest, pinning him to the ice wall.

David stood in the center of the canyon, watching the fleeing divine cultivators, his eyes devoid of emotion.

He raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and began to slash, sword by sword.

Each sword strike claimed a life, purple sword light flashing in the canyon, golden blood flowing on the ice.

In less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, all thirty-seven Divine Race cultivators were lifeless.

The canyon fell silent.

Thirty-seven corpses lay on the ice, golden blood staining the white ice a dark gold.

The air was thick with the stench of burning and blood, thick smoke rising from the bodies and drifting through the canyon.

David stood amidst the corpses, his blue robe stained with golden blood, but his face was expressionless.

He turned and looked at the last Divine Race cultivator, a young True Immortal Realm fifth-grade cultivator, pinned to the ice wall by Bing Fenghan's ice spear, still alive.

His face was deathly pale, his eyes filled with terror.

He had seven or eight wounds on his body, each bleeding.

His left arm was severed, and his right leg was pierced by the ice spear; he hung on the ice wall like a rag doll.

David walked up to him, drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, and pressed it against his throat.

"How many of you came? Are there any pursuers behind you?"

The cultivator's lips trembled, his teeth chattering. "I...I don't know..."

David's eyes narrowed slightly, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword drew closer.

The tip of the sword pierced the skin, and golden blood flowed down the blade.

"I'll ask you one more time. How many of you came? Are there any pursuers behind you?" Tears and snot streamed down the cultivator's face. "I'll talk... I'll

talk... We're just the vanguard... There's... there's General Shadow Warrior behind us... He's leading a thousand elite troops... Behind us..."

David frowned. "General Shadow Warrior? What's his cultivation level?"

"Ninth Rank True Immortal... Ninth Rank True Immortal..."

The cultivator's voice grew weaker and weaker. "The Alliance Leader said... said you came to the Sixteenth Heaven... and ordered General Shadow Warrior to be in charge of the pursuit... He wants to see you alive... or dead..."

David was silent for a moment. "Where is General Shadow Warrior?"

"At... at the camp on the edge of the Ice Plains... He told us to come and explore the ruins first... He'll be there soon..."

David sheathed his Dragon Slayer Sword, turned around, and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

"Finished questioning."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, raised her hand, and a beam of icy blue divine light shot into the cultivator's brow.

The cultivator's body stiffened abruptly, then slowly collapsed, his eyes still open, but he was already lifeless.

Bing Wuhen walked to David's side, looked at the corpses, and remained silent for a long time. "Shadow Warrior, a ninth-grade True Immortal. We can't beat him."

"I know," David's voice was calm. "So we can't fight head-on. We need to find help."

"Help? Where to find them?" Bing Xue'er's voice trembled slightly.

David took out a silver-white jade slip from his robes, the resistance token given to him by Chu Tianxing. "There's a human resistance army in the Sixteenth Heaven. They're in the Free Valley of the Eastern Region. We need to find them."

Bing Wuhen frowned. "The Free Valley of the Eastern Region? That's human territory, our Ice God lineage..."

"The Ice God lineage is also an enemy of the gods,"

David interrupted him. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend. Let's go, we can't stay here. Shadow Warrior will soon find out his men are dead, and then he won't be able to leave even if he wants to."

The five of them quickly left the Ice Valley and sped towards the Eastern Region.

Behind them, in the Ice Valley, thirty-seven corpses lay silently under the moonlight, golden blood congealing on the ice, turning into dark golden ice crystals.

...

The edge of the ice plains, the god camp.

The Shadow General sat in the main tent, eyes closed, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest.

His face was cold and stern, his long black hair tied back, and he wore a black battle armor covered in concealment runes.

His cultivation was at the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, making him the most skilled in concealment and assassination among Wei Pengkun's three generals.

Before him floated a jade tablet.

The light on the tablet grew dimmer and weaker.

It was Jin Lie's life tablet; the light on it represented the life of its owner.

When the light completely extinguished, it meant Jin Lie was dead.

The Shadow General opened his eyes, looked at the jade tablet, and remained silent for a long time.

"Dead." His voice was soft, but each word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth. "Thirty-seven people, all dead."

He stood up, walked out of the main tent, and looked towards the depths of the icy plains.

There, the fluctuations of the icy ruins had disappeared, but his intuition told him that those who killed Jin Lie were fleeing towards the Eastern Region.

"Pass down the order." His voice was cold. "Gather all forces and pursue them."

"My lord, which direction should we pursue them?" the cultivator behind him asked.

The Shadow General's lips curled slightly. "The Eastern Region. They're heading to Free Valley to find the Resistance Army."

The cultivator behind him's expression changed. "My lord, Free Valley is the territory of the Human Resistance Army, we..."

"I know." The Shadow General interrupted him. "So we can't let them in. We must intercept them before they reach Free Valley."

He turned around and walked into the main tent.

"Messenger."

"Yes, sir!"

"Notify the Alliance Leader that the person possessing the power of chaos is in the Sixteenth Heaven Ice Plains area, and request the Alliance Leader to send reinforcements."

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"Yes!"

Shadow General sat in the main tent, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest.

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

"David... Chaotic Power... Interesting." His voice was soft, but a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

...

David and his group of five traveled swiftly across the icy plains all night.

At dawn, they finally emerged from the plains.

The ice beneath their feet had turned into gray-black rock, and the biting cold in the air gradually dissipated, replaced by a dry wind carrying the scent of sand and dust.

The two moons in the sky had set, replaced by a golden sun.

The sunlight shone on the wasteland, dyeing everything a golden-red.

David stopped and glanced back.

The icy plains receded into the distance behind them, becoming a gray-white line.

He breathed a sigh of relief, but dared not let his guard down; Shadow General was still in pursuit, and they were not yet safe.

"Let's rest for a bit." David sat down on a rock and took out some pills and crystals from his storage ring, distributing them to the group.

The long journey had left them all exhausted and in dire need of replenishment.

Bing Wuhen sat beside him, took the pills, but didn't eat them. "Mr. Chen, are you sure the resistance will help us?"

David looked at him. "Not sure. But we have to try."

Bing Wuhen was silent for a moment. "What if the resistance doesn't want to help us?"

David smiled. "Then we'll persuade them."

Bing Xue'er sat beside him, hugging her knees, looking at the distant sky.

There was a hint of confusion and a hint of expectation in her eyes.

Thousands of years of ice had changed the outside world.

She didn't know what awaited her, but she knew that as long as the Palace Master and David were there, she wouldn't be afraid.

Bing Fenghan stood on a high rock, gazing into the distance.

He held an ice spear in his hand, the tip gleaming with a cold blue light in the sunlight.

His eyes were bright, as bright as stars in the night.

Jiang Xuelan walked to David's side and sat down. "David, what do you think is in Freedom Valley?"

David thought for a moment. "Hope."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him without speaking.

She knew that the hope David spoke of wasn't just the hope of the resistance army, but the hope of all races oppressed by the gods.

David stood up, dusted himself off, and said, "Let's go. There's still a long way to go."

The five of them stood up and continued their journey towards the Eastern Region.

They walked for another three days across the wasteland.

The gray-black rocks beneath their feet were gradually replaced by sparse grass, which then turned into low shrubs.

The air was no longer dry, carrying a hint of damp earth.

The sun rose in the east and set in the west, and two moons appeared alternately in the night, like two silent watchmen.

David rarely spoke along the way.

His gaze remained fixed ahead, occasionally glancing back at the path they had come from.

The Shadow Warriors' pursuers hadn't appeared, but he knew it wasn't because they had shaken them off, but because the pursuers were waiting, waiting for them to lower their guard, waiting for them to reveal their weaknesses. On the evening of the third day, a mountain range appeared ahead.

The range stretched endlessly, its peaks soaring into the clouds, their slopes covered in dense vegetation, a deep green hue in the setting sun.

The entrance to the range was a narrow canyon, its sides flanked by steep cliffs covered in vines and moss, appearing no different from any other ravine.

Bing Wuhen stopped, looking at the canyon, his brow furrowing slightly. "Is this it? Freedom Valley?"

David didn't answer.

He walked to the canyon entrance, closed his eyes, and drew chaotic energy from within.

Purple light spread forward along the ground, like an invisible serpent, disappearing into the crevices of the rocks deep within the canyon.

A moment later, he opened his eyes, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"There's a restriction. Very well hidden; you wouldn't find it unless you were deliberately searching."

He took out the silver-white jade slip from his robes and held it in his palm.

A faint light flowed across the jade slip, resonating with some power deep within the canyon.

On the rock walls on both sides of the canyon, the previously ordinary vines and moss began to glow. The light converged into runes, which flickered in the air a few times before slowly dissipating.

The entrance to the canyon had changed.

The narrow passage widened, and a smooth stone path appeared beneath their feet. Two rows of stone pillars stood on either side of the path, their surfaces engraved with defensive runes.

At the end of the path, a stone gate could be vaguely seen.

"Let's go," David said, taking the first step.

The five of them walked forward along the stone path.

The path was long and winding, with openings appearing from time to time in the mountain walls. People peered out from these openings, but no one came out to stop them.

They wore various kinds of clothing—humans, beastmen, demons, and even a few ghosts.

Their cultivation levels were all quite high, the lowest being at the fourth rank of True Immortal.

They looked at David and his group with wariness and curiosity in their eyes.

At the end of the stone path was a stone gate.

The stone gate was enormous, several dozen feet high, carved from a single piece of mountain stone, with two large characters engraved on it—"Freedom."
"

Two guards stood before the gate, both human, at the sixth rank of the True Immortal realm.

Upon seeing the silver-white jade slip in David's hand, their expressions changed, and they quickly stepped aside.

"Elder Chu Tianxing's token?" one of the guards asked, his voice trembling slightly.

David nodded. "I need to see your leader."

The guards exchanged a glance, and one of them turned and ran through the stone gate.

A moment later, the stone gate slowly opened.

Behind it lay a vast valley.

The valley was enormous, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Wooden houses and stone halls were scattered throughout the valley, arranged in a pleasing, irregular pattern.

A small river flowed through the valley, its water crystal clear, with a few fallen leaves floating on its surface.

People were washing clothes, drawing water, and chatting by the river.

Children chased and played in the open space, their laughter ringing out.

On the distant hillside, people were training; the sounds of clashing swords and shouts mingled together, creating a lively atmosphere.

This didn't seem like a secret base; it looked more like an ordinary mountain village.

David stood at the entrance, watching all this, a strange feeling welling up inside him.

These people, these people oppressed, hunted, and driven away by the gods, had built a home here.

A home where there is no need to hide, no need to fear, no need to bow one's head.

A middle-aged man walked from the depths of the valley.

He looked to be in his forties, tall and strong, with a resolute face, short black hair, and wearing a gray robe .

His steps were quick but steady, each step solid.

His cultivation was at the peak of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, a level higher than Bing Wuhen.

His eyes were bright, like torches in the night.

He walked up to David, his gaze falling on the silver-white jade slip in David's hand, then looking at David's face.

"Chu Tianxing's token. Are you David?"

David nodded. "Are you Lin Yuan?"

The middle-aged man did not answer, but extended his hand.

David handed him the jade slip. Lin Yuan took the jade slip, examined it carefully for a moment, then looked up at David.

There was a complex look in his eyes, a mixture of admiration, doubt, and an inexplicable expectation.

"Is Master alright in the Fifteenth Heaven?" His voice was somewhat low.

"He was injured, but his condition has stabilized," David said. "He sent me to find you, saying you need help."

Lin Yuan was silent for a moment, then returned the jade slip to David. "Come with me."

He turned and walked towards the depths of the valley.

David followed behind him, followed by Jiang Xuelan, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xueer, and Bing Fenghan.

Deep in the valley stood a stone hall, slightly larger than the surrounding buildings, but not by much.

The hall's doors were open, revealing a spacious hall.

In the center of the hall was a long table with a map spread out on it.

The map marked various regions of the Sixteen Heavens, with different colored markers indicating the strongholds, troop deployments, and patrol routes of the Divine Alliance.

The red markers were dense, almost covering the entire map.

Lin Yuan walked to the table, turned around, and looked at David.

"Master mentioned your deeds in the jade slip. You possess the power of chaos, a True Immortal of the second rank, and you killed five True Immortals of the eighth rank. You also united various races in the Fifteenth Heaven to overthrow the Judgment Hall."

His voice was calm, but every word carried weight. "To be honest, I don't quite believe it."

David remained silent.

Lin Yuan continued, "It's not that I doubt Master's judgment. But you should understand that the Fifteenth Heaven is different from the Sixteenth Heaven.

The alliance of gods here isn't some small-scale skirmish like the Judgment Hall. Any general here has a higher cultivation level than a Judgment Venerable.

You say you killed five True Immortals of the eighth rank, but none of us here witnessed it."

David nodded. "How do you want to see it?"

Lin Yuan smiled.

He turned and called out to the outside of the hall, "Old Zhao, come in."

A burly man walked in.

He wore a fur vest, revealing two thick, scarred arms.

His cultivation was at the fifth rank of True Immortal. His expression was fierce, but his eyes held a kind of honest light.

He walked up to Lin Yuan, looked David up and down, and then grinned.

"Chief, did you call me?"