

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6376

Free Valley had never been so lively.

Tables and chairs, brought from various households, were scattered across the open space in the center of the valley. They varied in size and color, some even missing a leg and propped up with stones.

The tables were piled high with food and wine jars.

The food wasn't fancy, mostly roasted animal meat, coarse grain cakes, and pickled vegetables, but to those who had eaten pig feed for centuries in Black Rock Prison, these things were more precious than delicacies.

The wine was brewed by Free Valley itself, using the spiritual grains and wild fruits grown in the valley, fermented using traditional methods. It was rough in taste but strong enough.

Zhao Tieshan sat at the main table, holding a bowl of wine, his hands trembling.

Not because of his injuries, but because of excitement.

For the first time in three hundred years, he was sitting in a brightly lit place drinking, with the starry sky above, his compatriots beside him, and the distant laughter of children playing.

He took a sip of wine, and tears streamed down his face.

“Old Zhao, why are you crying?” Old Zhao sat beside him, grinning, his scars crinkling into a ball. “On such a joyous day, one should laugh.”

Zhao Tieshan wiped away his tears and smiled. “Yes, one should laugh. I’m happy.”

Old Zhao poured himself a full bowl of wine, stood up, and raised the bowl towards David. “Mr. Chen, I, Old Zhao, was blind to your greatness and spoke rudely to you on the first day. This bowl of wine is a toast to you, an apology!”

He then tilted his head back and gulped it down.

David, sitting in the main seat, smiled, raised his bowl, and also drank it dry. “Old Zhao, you’re too kind. With your strength, you couldn’t even break through my protective inner energy. What’s there to apologize for?”

Old Zhao’s face flushed red, and everyone around burst into laughter.

The tall, thin man, fanning himself with a folding fan, laughed so hard he almost dropped the fan into his wine bowl.

The middle-aged woman slapped the table, laughing so hard she couldn’t straighten up.

Old Xu stroked his beard, his eyes narrowed as he smiled, his wrinkles resembling blooming chrysanthemums.

The tall, thin man stood up, snapped his folding fan shut, and bowed to David. “Brother Chen, when I touched your neck with my finger, all your spiritual power vanished. It felt like punching cotton—no, even weaker than cotton, like hitting air.

In all my years of cultivation, this is the first time I’ve felt so frustrated.” He poured himself a bowl of wine. “A toast to you, a toast to your chaotic power.”

David drank another bowl.

The wine was strong, burning from his throat to his stomach, but it was exhilarating.

The middle-aged woman also stood up.

She didn't say much, simply raising her bowl to David before downing it in one gulp.

David also drank his, and she nodded and sat down.

Old Xu finally stood up, holding his wine bowl, and walked to David. He said earnestly, "Mr. Chen, I have cultivated fire-based techniques for three thousand years, and I considered myself to have reached the pinnacle.

But seeing your Chaos Flame, I realize I'm just a frog in a well. This bowl is for you, and for the Chaos Flame itself." He finished his drink in one gulp and bowed deeply to David.

David helped him up and also drank. "Old Xu's flame is very pure, but it lacks a little refinement. Perhaps we can spar sometime in the future."

Old Xu's eyes lit up, and he nodded repeatedly.

Lin Yuan sat beside David, remaining mostly silent.

He simply kept drinking, bowl after bowl, his expression gradually shifting from solemn to relaxed.

When the third jar of wine was empty, he finally spoke.

"David, in my life, I, Lin Yuan, have never truly respected anyone. My master is one, and you are another."

His voice was hoarse, and his eyes were red.

Not because of the wine, but because of his emotions.

The resistance army had struggled in the Sixteenth Heaven for so many years, suffered so many deaths and hardships, and had never fought such a brilliant battle. Three men, deep into the lion's den, rescued 537 people, killed the warden, and destroyed a prison.

Such achievements were unimaginable to him before.

"You have no idea what kind of life we've lived these past years,"

Lin Yuan said, his voice low as he drank another bowl of wine. "Hiding in Freedom Valley, afraid to go out, afraid to show our faces. When the Divine Race patrols passed through the valley entrance, we didn't dare breathe.

Every operation had to be rehearsed repeatedly, and then rehearsed again, for fear of making even the slightest mistake. Yet, even so, many of us still died."

He looked up at David, tears welling in his eyes. "Last time during the prison break, I took two hundred men out, but less than a hundred returned. Their bodies are hanging on the wooden stakes outside Black Rock Prison, exposed to the wind and sun; we don't even dare to collect them."

The table fell silent.

Old Zhao put down his wine bowl, the tall, thin man closed his folding fan, the middle-aged woman lowered her head, and Old Xu sighed.

David didn't speak.

He poured Lin Yuan a bowl of wine.

Lin Yuan took the wine bowl, took a sip, and continued, "But you're different. You came, and in three days, you took down Black Rock Prison. Five hundred and thirty-seven people, brought back without a single one missing."

He put down the wine bowl, looked at David, his eyes full of admiration, "David, I, Lin Yuan, admire you."

David smiled. "It wasn't just my achievement. Without the map you gave me, without Old Zhao's cooperation inside, without Jiang Xuelan and Bing Wuhen's help, I couldn't have done it alone."

Lin Yuan waved his hand. "You're being modest. I gave you the map, but you were the one who got in. You found Old Zhao, you broke the seal, you killed the warden. We all saw it."

Old Zhao chimed in from the side. "That's right, that's right. Mr. Chen, please don't be modest. This is the first time in so many years that Freedom Valley has been so proud."

The tall, thin man waved his folding fan and said with a smile, "Brother Chen, how exactly did you cultivate that Chaos Power? Teach us, please?"

David glanced at him. "Can't be trained, talent."

The tall, thin man's smile froze for a moment, then he sighed. "Talent? That's hopeless. I'll never develop it in my lifetime."

Everyone laughed again.

After a few rounds of drinks, the atmosphere grew increasingly lively.

Someone started singing an ancient human folk song, the tune and lyrics were old, but everyone present knew it.

The song echoed in the valley, deep and lingering, as if telling a story.

Some people started dancing, around the campfire, hand in hand, their steps unsteady but joyful.

Some hugged each other and cried, then laughed, then cried again.

Zhao Tieshan, drunk, grabbed David's hand and rambled on and on.

He talked about his time in the resistance, about being imprisoned in Black Rock Prison, about how he survived there.

David listened, nodding occasionally, without interrupting him.

He knew it was better to say these things than to keep them bottled up inside.

Lin Yuan was also drunk.

He patted David's shoulder, his voice loud. "David, what do you think we should do next? Should we go to those two prisons?"

David took a sip of wine, his tongue a little thick. "Go. Why not? Saving one or two is the same. Let's go tomorrow."

Lin Yuan's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Really."

David put down his wine bowl. "We can take down Black Rock Prison, and the other prisons are no different. The warden is a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade; I've killed more than one. If a few more come, we'll kill them without hesitation."

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Old Zhao egged them on from the side. "Mr. Chen is awesome! Tomorrow we'll take down the other two prisons too!"

The tall, thin man, fanning himself with a folding fan, smiled until his eyes narrowed into slits. "The Divine Alliance won't be able to sleep now."

The middle-aged woman rarely smiled, raising her wine bowl and gesturing to David.

Old Xu stroked his beard, nodding repeatedly.

Lin Yuan stood up, raised his wine bowl, and shouted to everyone, "Brothers, Mr. Chen said we'll take down the other two prisons tomorrow. Everyone go back and get some rest, conserve your energy, and let's go again tomorrow!"

A cheer erupted in the valley.

"Long live Mr. Chen!"

"Long live the human race!"

"Defeat the Divine Race!"

David smiled and waved his hand, signaling everyone to be quiet. "Get some rest. We have important business to attend to tomorrow."

The crowd gradually dispersed.

The valley quieted down, leaving only the campfire still burning, crackling softly.

David sat by the campfire, watching the flames dance, his smile slowly fading.

Jiang Xuelan walked over to him and sat down. "Drunk?"

David shook his head. "Not much. This little bit of wine won't get me drunk."

"Then what you said earlier about going to raid the other two prisons tomorrow, were you serious or just talking drunk?"

David turned to look at her. "Serious. The Black Rock Prison can't be kept secret for long; the Divine Alliance will find out soon. Rather than waiting for

them to strengthen their defenses, we should strike while the iron is hot and do it before they can react."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment. "Are you confident?"

"Yes."

David's voice was calm. "But we need to be quick. We'll leave first thing tomorrow morning."

Jiang Xuelan nodded. "Okay. I'll go prepare."

She stood up, took a few steps, then stopped without turning back. "David, you said you wanted to establish a Celestial Realm without classes, where all races are equal. Is that true?"

David was stunned.

He remembered saying something similar to Youying in Youyue Kingdom.

At that time, he had just saved Xiaoyou, and seeing the child clinging to his leg and refusing to let go, he had this idea.

But he had never seriously thought about how to achieve it; he just felt that it should be done.

"It's true," he said.

Jiang Xuelan didn't say anything more and left.

David sat by the campfire, staring at the flames, his mind a jumbled mess.

The alcohol was kicking in, making him a little dizzy, but he didn't want to sleep.

He thought of Sonya, of her standing beside Ning Zhi, of the way she glanced back at him.

He thought of Yun Xi, of her injured state in the Heavenly Fire Pit, of her standing on the city wall saying, "You must come back."

He thought of Chu Tianxing, of him saying, "You are the hope of all of us."

Hope.

That word was too heavy, so heavy that sometimes he felt he couldn't bear it.

But he couldn't let go, because letting go meant that those who believed in him would be disappointed, would despair, would lose everything.

...

In the main hall of the Divine Alliance, the lights shone brightly.

Wei Pengkun sat in the main seat, his face as gloomy as the sky before a storm.

His fingers tapped lightly on the table, once, once, and again, the sound echoing in the empty hall like the tolling of a death knell. Before him knelt a divine cultivator, trembling, forehead pressed to the ground, afraid to raise his head.

"Black Rock Prison, it's been raided?" Wei Pengkun's voice was calm, but everyone could hear the anger beneath.

"Yes...yes, Alliance Leader." The cultivator's voice trembled. "The warden was killed, over a thousand guards were wiped out, and all five hundred and thirty-seven prisoners were rescued."

Wei Pengkun's finger paused. "Who did it?"

"David. The one with the power of chaos. He infiltrated the prison with two others, attacking from the inside."

Wei Pengkun remained silent for a long time.

The images of those five men flashed through his mind: the captain's cold face, his silver spear; the dual-wielder's sharp swordsmanship; the greatsword master's ferocious strength; the whip-wielder's insidious moves; the archer's precise archery.

Five people, five True Immortal Realm eighth-grade experts, wiped out in the fifteenth heaven.

His scout, Shadow, hadn't returned either.

Now, Black Rock Prison had also been taken.

"David..." he murmured, his voice soft, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth.

He stood up, walked to the star map, and looked at the map of the Sixteen Heavens.

Black Rock Prison, located at the border of the Eastern and Northern Regions, had already been destroyed.

The other two prisons, one in the Southern Region and the other in the Western Region, were still under the control of the Divine Race.

"Pass down the order,"

his voice was cold, "Immediately strengthen security in the prisons of the Southern and Western Regions. Activate all restrictions and double the patrols. No one is allowed to enter or leave without my order."

"Yes!" The cultivator stood up and turned to leave.

"And another thing," Wei Pengkun called after him, "Notify Shadow General to take men to garrison the Western Regions Prison. If David dares to come, make sure he doesn't return."

The cultivator's expression changed slightly. "Shadow General, you're going personally?"

"David is no ordinary person. He killed Jin Lie and the warden of Black Rock Prison. Ordinary cultivators can't handle him."

Wei Pengkun's voice was calm. "Tell Shadow General to see him alive or dead."

"Yes!"

The cultivator turned and left.

The hall fell silent.

Wei Pengkun stood before the star map, looking at the location of the Western Regions Prison, and remained silent for a long time.

"David, do you think that taking down Black Rock Prison will shake the foundation of the Divine Alliance?"

His voice was soft, but a cold glint flashed in his eyes. "Naive. The Sixteenth Heaven is the territory of the Divine Race. You alone cannot overturn the heavens."

He turned around, walked back to the throne, and sat down.

His fingers began to tap lightly on the armrest again, once, once, and again.

The sound echoed in the hall, like some ancient timer calculating something.

Outside the window, two moons hung high in the sky, one silvery-white, the other crimson.

Moonlight spilled onto the golden dome of the Divine Alliance's main hall, reflecting a cold, icy glow.

When Shadow Warrior received the order, he was resting with his eyes closed in his camp at the edge of the icy plains.

He opened his eyes, looked at the messenger, and a slight smile played on his lips.

"David? Interesting." He stood up, picked up his spear, and said, "Let's go to the Western Regions."

The Divine Clan cultivators behind him quickly assembled and followed him towards the Western Regions.

Shadow Warrior led the way, his black armor gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

He twirled his spear gently in his hand, the cold glint of its tip drawing silvery-white arcs in the night.

"David, don't disappoint me," he murmured.

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The next morning, just as dawn was breaking, Freedom Valley was still shrouded in a thin layer of morning mist.

The mountain air, carrying the fragrance of grass and trees, flowed slowly through the valley's crevices. The embers of the bonfire from the previous night's revelry had long since cooled, leaving only wisps of pale smoke drifting gently in the air.

The entire valley was not yet fully awake; only a few clear birdsongs, intermittently drifting from the depths of the dense forest, broke the morning's tranquility.

David stood alone in the center of the courtyard, slowly stretching his limbs.

He had drunk quite a bit at the victory banquet the previous night, bowl after bowl of strong liquor going down his throat, the scalding liquid burning his chest. An ordinary cultivator would probably be passed out drunk and unconscious by now.

But for David, this amount of alcohol was nothing.

He only gently circulated the chaotic energy within his body for two cycles, and a gentle yet extremely domineering power coursed through his meridians throughout his body.

Wherever he passed, the lingering smell of alcohol was instantly swept away, his mind clearing instantly, leaving not a trace of drowsiness.

He stood there, eyes slightly closed, breathing long and even.

With each inhale and exhale, the sparse spiritual energy of heaven and earth was drawn to him, slowly swirling around his body.

After a moment, David slowly opened his eyes, a barely perceptible purple light flashing in them.

He stretched out his arms, pushing his hands forward slowly, and wisps of purple chaotic power quietly emerged in his palms.

This power was not as sharp and aggressive as ordinary spiritual energy, nor as scorching and violent as divine fire, nor as biting and piercing as ice.

It was quiet and gentle, yet it carried a profound sense of encompassing all things and suppressing everything, like a slumbering galaxy, or a quietly

flowing underground river, seemingly gentle, but actually containing the potential to destroy the world.

A purple aura slowly flowed through his palm, within which a hazy, mysterious scene, reminiscent of the beginning of time, could be vaguely seen.

David focused his mind, feeling the surging power within his body.

In the battle of Black Rock Prison, he had slain the eighth-rank True Immortal Prison Guardian, broken the seal, and rescued hundreds of his comrades. His own cultivation had also become increasingly stable in actual combat, and his control over the power of chaos had become more and more adept.

However, he knew in his heart that this was far from enough.

The Divine Alliance had a profound foundation and countless powerful figures; his current achievements were far from enough to shake their foundation.

Just then, a series of light footsteps came from outside the courtyard gate.

Lin Yuan walked in from outside.

His eyes were bloodshot, and his face showed a trace of fatigue, clearly indicating that he had not slept all night. A lingering worry lingered between his brows.

In his hands, he carried a large, rough earthenware bowl filled with steaming spirit grain soup. The soup was light in color, with a few tender wild vegetables floating on top, its aroma simple yet warm.

Lin Yuan walked up to David and gently handed him the soup bowl without saying a word.

David took the bowl, feeling its warmth on his fingertips.

He lowered his head and took a sip; the soup flowed smoothly down his throat, carrying the unique sweetness of the spiritual valley and the faint fragrance of wild vegetables.

The taste wasn't particularly delicious, but it was exceptionally warming, a warmth slowly sinking down his throat into his dantian, dispelling the lingering chill of the morning.

"Is something wrong?"

David put down the bowl and spoke softly.

He could tell that Lin Yuan's expression was off today, far from a simple morning greeting. Lin Yuan nodded, but didn't immediately look up. He silently walked to the steps and squatted down.

He hugged his knees, curling himself up into a ball, looking somewhat like a child who had done something wrong and didn't know how to speak, a stark contrast to the composed and decisive demeanor of the resistance leader.

Silence spread through the courtyard.

A morning breeze blew, causing a few fallen leaves to swirl gently.

After a long while, Lin Yuan finally spoke, his voice slightly hoarse, with a hint of barely concealed struggle: "Last night you said we should continue the prison break today and take down the remaining two Divine Clan prisons as well... I thought about it all night after I got back."

David hummed in agreement, quietly waiting for him to continue.

"Then I felt something was wrong."

Lin Yuan finally raised his head, revealing a pair of bloodshot eyes with faint dark circles under them, clearly showing he hadn't slept all night and was exhausted.

"The Divine Alliance is well-informed. Such a major event as the breach of Black Rock Prison, the killing of the warden, and the rescue of hundreds of prisoners couldn't possibly be kept secret.

By now, the news has probably already reached the Divine Palace. The other two prisons must be on full alert, with all restrictions lifted, guards doubled, and possibly even powerful figures personally overseeing them."

He paused, his tone heavy: "If we go now, it's not bravery, it's like walking into the line of fire, it's just throwing our lives away."

David put down his empty bowl on the stone steps beside him, turned to look at him, his expression calm: "You didn't say that last night."

Last night by the campfire, Lin Yuan raised his glass and shouted, full of vigor, declaring that he would follow David to sweep through the Divine Prisons and right the injustice. The atmosphere was extremely heated, and everyone was blinded by that passion.

Lin Yuan gave a bitter smile, a smile tinged with helplessness and self-mockery.

"I'm genuinely happy, and genuinely excited. For three hundred years, our resistance has never felt so triumphant. A few drinks, a surge of passion, a few grand pronouncements—that's normal."

He sighed softly, his voice low. "But I'm the leader of the resistance, not some hotheaded youth seeking only pleasure. Happiness is one thing, but I can't lose my head, and I can't forget my responsibilities."

"The lives of these hundreds of people in Freedom Valley are in my hands. We've already lost too many brothers in the last prison break; we can't afford to take unnecessary risks again.

Another assault, if it fails, will bring utter destruction to Freedom Valley. I can't afford to gamble, and I can't afford to lose."

David listened without rebuttal, simply sitting down on the steps beside Lin Yuan, side by side.

The stone steps were cool, carrying the scent of morning dew.

He gazed into the depths of the valley, where distant mountains rose and fell, lush forests, a scene of tranquility and peace.

But he knew this tranquility was incredibly fragile, easily shattered by the iron hooves of the gods.

"Then, in your opinion, what should we do?" David asked softly.

Lin Yuan fell silent again.

His lips were slightly pursed, his brows furrowed, and his knuckles turned slightly white from the pressure, clearly indicating an intense internal struggle.

He had pondered this question all night; every path was fraught with thorns, every choice carried immense risk.

After a long while, he finally spoke, his voice low and firm: "We need help."

"We're not enough. The Free Valley only has a few hundred people truly capable of fighting, mostly the elderly, women, and children, with very few experts.

Black Rock Prison succeeded last time because of the surprise attack and your presence. But facing the fully prepared, heavily armed forces of the gods, our numbers are simply insufficient."

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David raised an eyebrow slightly: "Where can we find help?"

In this Sixteenth Heaven, the human race is weak and helpless, like stray dogs, hunted down by the gods.

Other races either submit to the gods or remain isolated for self-preservation. Who would be willing to risk offending the god alliance and lend a helping hand?

Lin Yuan slowly raised his head, his gaze fixed on the distant, undulating, and vast mountain range.

Those mountains soared into the clouds, ancient trees reached for the sky, shrouded in mist, concealing countless unknown secrets and dangers.

His eyes were complex, filled with a hint of awe and uncertainty, as if he were telling a long-buried secret.

"Within the Sixteen Heavens, there lies another race."

"A race that has not been completely suppressed or exterminated by the gods."

"They live in seclusion deep within the mountains and forests, without any contact with the outside world. The gods search far and wide, yet find it difficult to locate their true lair.

Even if they occasionally sense something amiss, they are unwilling to get too involved, much less to wage a large-scale war to annihilate them."

David's heart stirred: "Why?"

"Because this race is peaceful and content with its lot,"

Lin Yuan explained. "They never initiate conflict, do not expand their territory, do not plunder resources, and do not covet power. They pose no threat to the rule of the gods.

The gods weigh the pros and cons and decide that rather than expending a large amount of military force to attack a territory with no profit, it is better to let them be. As long as they do not cause trouble, they turn a blind eye."

A glint flashed in David's eyes: "What race?"

"The Spirit Race."

Lin Yuan lowered his voice, his tone solemn, as if revealing a secret that could shake the entire Sixteen Heavens.

"Some also call them the Spirit Plant Clan."

"They are not beings of flesh and blood, nor are they transformed from beasts through cultivation. Rather, they are spirits directly nurtured by the spiritual energy of heaven and earth.

Thousand-year-old trees absorb the essence of the sun and moon, ten-thousand-year-old Ganoderma lucidum absorbs the energy of mountains and rivers, and rare flowers and herbs endure the baptism of heaven and earth. Over time, they awaken their intelligence, condense their physical bodies, and transform into humans, forming their own race."

"They do not belong to the human race, nor to the divine race, nor to the demon race, nor even to the beast race. They are life born from the very nature of heaven and earth, the spirits of the mountains and forests, the souls of plants and trees."

David paused slightly upon hearing this.

He was extremely familiar with the beast race; they were birds and beasts who cultivated and attained enlightenment, transforming into human form, many of whom possessed astonishing talent.

The fox princess he had once played with, named Bai Qian, was a fox in her true form, possessing unparalleled beauty and captivating charm, who had once unsettled his heart and haunted his dreams.

A complete race that could be formed from plants, flowers, ancient trees, and spiritual herbs, possessing its own territory, rules, and traditions—this was something he had never heard of or seen before.

A sense of curiosity arose in his heart.

“Are they very strong?” David asked directly.

In this dog-eat-dog world, strength is the foundation of all cooperation.

Lin Yuan nodded without hesitation: “Very strong.”

“But not in the way you imagine—the kind of strength that comes from charging into battle and acting decisively. The Spirit Race isn’t good at head-on combat, nor do they cultivate berserk offensive techniques. Their strengths lie in perception, healing, and formations.”

“An ancient divine tree that has lived for over ten thousand years can manifest, its roots spreading across an entire mountain range. Within a thousand miles, no rustling of wind, fluctuation of spiritual energy, or movement of a person can escape its perception. Against them, there is virtually no possibility of sneak attacks or ambushes.”

“A spirit cultivator manifested from a ten-thousand-year-old *Ganoderma lucidum* can revive the dead and heal bones with a single drop of its primordial sap. Ordinary fatal injuries can be healed in the blink of an eye. Even a cultivator severely injured and on the verge of death can be forcibly brought back to life as long as they have a breath left.”

“Moreover, their vitality is almost immortal. As long as their innate spiritual root is not completely destroyed, even if their physical body shatters and their soul is scattered, they can reassemble themselves using the essence of plants

and trees, slowly recovering. Ordinary attacks are nothing more than superficial wounds to them.”

David nodded slightly, gaining a general understanding of the Spirit Race.

Such a race might not be top-tier in direct combat, but as allies, their role is irreplaceable.

Perception and early warning, array restraint, healing and sustainment—they can perfectly compensate for the resistance army’s shortcomings.

“Since they are so powerful, why didn’t the God Race completely suppress them and eradicate them completely?” David wondered.

Given the domineering and greedy nature of the God Race Alliance, it would be impossible for them to tolerate the peaceful existence of such a dissident force.

Lin Yuan held up two fingers and slowly explained the reasons: “There are two reasons.”

“First, they are too well hidden. The Spirit Clan’s lair is called the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm, hidden within a primeval forest shrouded in ancient restrictions. The restrictions are profound, forming a world of its own; outsiders simply cannot find the entrance. Even if they manage to enter, they will be trapped by endless mazes, forever unable to escape.

Moreover, the ancient forest is the Spirit Clan’s absolute home ground. In the forest, they thrive like fish in water. Even powerful members of the Divine Clan would gain no advantage and would likely suffer heavy losses.”

“Second, there is no profit to be made. The Spirit Clan is naturally indifferent to worldly gains. They do not mine resources, forge divine weapons, create elixirs, or hoard wealth.

They rely on the spiritual energy of heaven and earth for natural cultivation, living off the land and water. Apart from plants and living creatures, they possess almost nothing.

The Divine Clan would go to great lengths and incur enormous costs to conquer it, only to gain no resources and attract a host of trouble—a net loss.”

“Therefore, in the rules of the Divine Race Alliance, the Spirit Race is the only non-divine race not on the list of those to be attacked.

It’s not that they don’t want to destroy them, but destroying them would be troublesome and offer no benefit, so they simply let them run wild.”

David understood.

He was silent for a moment, then looked at Lin Yuan: “In that case, are they willing to help us?” As

soon as he asked this question, Lin Yuan’s face instantly turned extremely ugly, as if a layer of gloom had been cast over it. His brows, which had just relaxed slightly, furrowed tightly again, and his tone became even heavier.

“This is the most difficult part.”

“The Spirit Race... is extremely unfriendly to the human race.”

David frowned slightly: “Why?”

The Spirit Race lives in seclusion in the mountains and forests, and has no direct conflict with the human race, so how could they have any enmity?

Lin Yuan sighed deeply, his voice filled with guilt and helplessness: “When you traveled in the lower realm and the Celestial Realm, you must have seen the forests that had been extensively cut down, and the spiritual mountains and veins that had been hollowed out, right?”

David nodded.

The path of cultivation is inherently about plundering the resources of heaven and earth.

Spiritual herbs, spiritual trees, and spiritual plants are all top-grade materials for alchemy, weapon crafting, and array formation. Human cultivators routinely seek out rare and precious materials to improve their cultivation.

“Those ancient trees felled, those ten-thousand-year-old *Ganoderma lucidum* dug up, those rare flowers and herbs picked—to us, they are cultivation resources.

But in the eyes of the Spirit Race, they are their unborn kin, their children, their compatriots.”

“Countless spiritual plants, before they even awaken their sentience, are ruthlessly felled, harvested, smelted, and refined by humans, becoming pills, magical artifacts, and stepping stones for cultivation.

For billions of years, this blood feud has been deeply etched into the Spirit Race’s very bones.”

“They don’t hate the suppression of the gods, they don’t hate the invasions of the beast race, they only hate the greed and plunder of humans.”

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David fell silent upon hearing this.

He recalled his own cultivation in the Celestial Realm, when, in order to break through his cultivation level, he had ventured into the deep mountains to gather spiritual herbs and cut down spiritual trees for alchemy and array formations.

At that time, he considered them ordinary resources, using them as needed without giving them much thought.

Now, putting himself in their shoes, he understood the immense suffering that must have caused the Spirit Race.

"Therefore, the Spirit Race hates the Human Race," David slowly began.

"It's more than just hatred,"

Lin Yuan said with a bitter smile, "it's a hatred etched into our bones, an ancient grudge spanning millennia. In recent years, our resistance army has been hunted down by the Divine Race, fleeing everywhere, repeatedly driven to the brink of despair. When we passed through the Spirit Race's territory, they never offered assistance, nor did they ever take advantage of our misfortunes.

They simply closed their doors, isolating themselves from the outside world, turning a blind eye to all human conflicts."

"To them, the Human Race is no different from an enemy."

David stopped speaking, simply gazing silently at the distant mountains.

The morning mist gradually dissipated, and sunlight pierced through the clouds, illuminating the mountains and gilding the endless forest with a golden edge.

The wind rustled through the treetops, creating a soft whisper, as if countless plants were murmuring.

He knew in his heart that uniting a group of beings who hated his race was incredibly difficult, almost impossible.

But now, Free Valley had no way out.

The Divine Alliance, enraged, would undoubtedly launch a furious retaliation, and Free Valley, with its limited strength, was utterly powerless to resist.

Once surrounded by the Divine Army, only annihilation awaited them.

There was no other choice.

David remained silent for a long time before finally speaking, his voice calm yet firm: "Where is the Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits?"

Lin Yuan was startled, looking at him in disbelief: "You...you're going?"

"How will I know if they're willing to help if I don't try?"

David said calmly. "You always have to try to have hope. Sitting and waiting for death will only lead to certain demise."

Lin Yuan's expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly tried to dissuade him: "Are you crazy? The Spirit Race hates the Human Race to the bone. Going there alone is no different from walking into a trap. The

Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits is filled with restrictions, mazes, and killing formations, as well as countless natural traps set by the Spirit Race. It's extremely dangerous.

Before you even see the Spirit Race's high-ranking members, you'll probably be trapped in the forest, or even killed outright."

In his view, this was tantamount to suicide.

David slowly stood up, a flash of purple chaotic power appearing on his body, his aura as steady as a mountain.

"My chaotic power can break all laws. All restrictions and formations in the world are useless before me."

"As for their hatred, that's their old grudge against the entire human race, not just me.

I'm not going here to seek revenge, not to provoke, but to discuss cooperation and seek coexistence. If we can reach an agreement, that would be best; if not, I'll simply turn around and leave. They can't stop me."

Lin Yuan looked into David's unusually calm eyes and was shocked.

In those eyes, there was no arrogance, no anxiety, only unfathomable composure and absolute confidence.

He recalled the scene last night when David casually blocked his full-force attack, his invincible demeanor as he stormed into Black Rock Prison as if it were empty, and his terrifying strength in suppressing True Immortal Realm experts with a mere wave of his hand.

Perhaps...

perhaps this person can truly do what ordinary people cannot.

Perhaps he can truly resolve the ancient enmity between the human and spirit races, and bring a glimmer of hope to Freedom Valley and all of humanity.

Lin Yuan opened his mouth, but the words of dissuasion that were on the tip of his tongue were ultimately swallowed back.

He took out a neatly folded animal hide map from his robes. The map was old and yellowed, marked with mountains, rivers, canyons, and dangerous terrain; it was clearly a precious artifact that had been perfected over many years.

Lin Yuan gently spread the map on the ground and pointed to a specially circled area in the deepest part of the north.

"The Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits is located in the deepest part of the Northern Region."

"Starting from here, head north, passing through a perpetually misty forest, and you will find the outer edge of the Ancient Realm." " The entrance is sealed by an ancient restriction, and only members of the Spirit Clan can open it. Outsiders who wish to enter must be personally guided by someone from within the Spirit Clan; otherwise, they cannot move an inch."

"How can I find someone to guide me?" David asked.

"Inside the Misty Forest, there are Spirit Clan patrol teams that patrol year-round,"

Lin Yuan pondered. "If you encounter one, state your identity and purpose, and you might be taken to see the clan leader. Of course, you might also be directly expelled, or even captured on the spot and imprisoned; anything is uncertain."

David bent down, picked up the map from the ground, and carefully put it into his pocket.

"I'll go try."

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned to walk out.

"David!"

Lin Yuan suddenly stood up and hurriedly called out to him.

David paused and turned back.

Lin Yuan's expression was solemn as he instructed, word by word, "The Spirit Clan clan leader's name is Qingmu."

"His true form is the transformed ancient pine tree that has lived for 100,000 years. His cultivation is unfathomable. It is said that he has already reached the ninth rank of True Immortal, only one step away from the Golden Immortal realm." " He

is eccentric and withdrawn, taciturn, and extremely dislikes outsiders, especially humans. You must be careful on your journey. Do not act impulsively or recklessly. Always prioritize harmony."

David nodded slightly: "I understand."

He said no more and stepped out of the courtyard.

Outside the courtyard gate, Jiang Xuelan was already standing quietly.

She was dressed in plain clothes, her posture upright, her face cold and aloof, like a snow plum blossom untouched by dust.

Clearly, she had heard every word of the conversation in the courtyard.

She did not speak, but simply looked at David quietly, her gaze calm, yet carrying an unspoken determination.

"Are you coming too?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded gently, her voice light, yet carrying an undeniable resolve: "Wherever you go, I will go." "

No matter if the road ahead is a bottomless abyss or a perilous wasteland, she will follow closely behind, never abandoning me. "

David looked at her, a faint smile appearing on his lips.

With someone like her by his side, even the most dangerous places would be no obstacle.

"Alright, let's go then."

As soon as the words fell, the two of them moved simultaneously, transforming into two streaks of light, soaring into the sky and speeding towards the northern horizon.

Their speed was so fast that they disappeared in an instant.

In the morning light, Freedom Valley grew smaller and smaller, gradually becoming blurred, and finally shrinking into a dot, disappearing at the edge of sight, like a dream about to slowly close.

At the valley entrance, Lin Yuan stood alone.

He stared at the direction where David and Jiang Xuelan had disappeared, remaining motionless for a long time.

The mountain wind blew his robes, making them flutter.

His mind was in turmoil, both hoping that David could successfully persuade the Spirit Clan to bring powerful reinforcements to the resistance army, and... They feared he would provoke the Spirit Clan, bringing trouble upon himself and completely worsening the already precarious situation.

But he had no other choice.

The mere few hundred people of Free Valley were as fragile as candles in the wind before the overwhelming wrath of the Divine Alliance.

To survive, to continue the resistance, to fight for a way out for humanity, they had to find outside help, they had to take a gamble.

Even if the hope was slim, even if the road ahead was fraught with danger.

Lin Yuan took a deep breath, his gaze hardening once more.

He turned and walked back into the valley.

Whatever the outcome, he would protect this place, protect these homeless compatriots, and wait for David's return.

