

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel Chapter 6381

### Chapter 6381

David and Jiang Xuelan flew north for three days and three nights.

The Eastern Region was known for its fertile plains and sprawling cities. Even with mountains as barriers, the terrain consisted mostly of open, gentle hills, bustling with cultivators and vibrant with the lively atmosphere of the marketplace.

The Northern Region, however, was entirely different.

From the moment they entered the Northern Region, the spiritual energy between heaven and earth grew increasingly intense. The wind carried the astringent scent of grass and trees, along with a faint, ancient aura, and even the sunlight seemed thinner.

The further north they went, the denser the trees became, and the more precipitous the mountains grew.

Initially, they could see traces of independent cultivators in the mountain valleys.

These cultivators were mostly dressed in coarse cloth, carrying medicine baskets or weapons, and moved cautiously through the forest, presumably seeking the unique spiritual herbs or rare treasures of the Northern Region.

Occasionally, they could also see a few small towns nestled in the valleys.

The town was small, mostly wooden houses with wisps of smoke rising from their chimneys.

The townspeople, mostly dependent on the mountains for their livelihood, possessed a rugged yet simple charm characteristic of people from the northern regions. When

they saw David and Jiang Xuelan, two cultivators with distinguished attire and composed demeanor, they merely observed from afar, not daring to approach and speak.

But by noon the next day,

all signs of life had vanished. The hills beneath their feet were gradually replaced by an endless primeval forest, a vast expanse of ancient trees that blocked out the sky.

Not a trace of human activity could be seen; even the occasional lone cultivators seen before had completely disappeared.

These ancient trees were often dozens of meters tall, their trunks so thick that it took more than a dozen people to encircle them. Their bark was cracked and covered with the marks of time, as if they had been rooted here since ancient times, witnessing countless changes over the ages.

The canopies layered upon each other, intertwining to completely obscure the sky.

Sunlight strained through the gaps in the branches and leaves, casting dappled shadows on the ground, swaying in the wind like countless dancing sprites.

The forest floor was covered with a thick layer of fallen leaves, soft and rustling underfoot.

But apart from that, there was no other sound.

The forest was eerily quiet, so eerily quiet

it was unsettling. There were no birdsongs, no chirping insects, not even the rustling of the wind through the leaves.

It was as if the forest had been muted, leaving only the faint sound of their clothes fluttering as they flew through the air.

David's divine sense had been quietly spreading, covering an area of several miles around.

He could clearly sense countless faint auras hidden within the forest.

These auras were ancient, quiet, without any malice, yet carrying a hint of wariness.

They were hidden deep within the tree roots, in the thick trunks, and in the intertwined vines.

Like a group of sleeping elders, or like pairs of eyes silently watching them, taking in their every move.

Beside her, Jiang Xuelan's brows had been tightly furrowed ever since they entered this primeval forest, never relaxing.

The icy blue divine light surrounding her was much dimmer than usual, and her expression carried a hint of discomfort.

As the inheritor of the Ice God, her ice-attribute spiritual power was always domineering and fierce.

But in this forest, her ice god power was noticeably suppressed.

Not by some evil force deliberately suppressing it, but because the wood-attribute spiritual energy in this forest was too dense, almost viscous.

Her ice-attribute spiritual power clashed with this wood-attribute spiritual energy, like fire meeting ice, repelling each other.

This made it more difficult for her to circulate her spiritual power.

"This forest has lived for a very long time, longer than we imagined,"

Jiang Xuelan stopped, hovering in mid-air, her gaze slowly sweeping over the ancient trees below, and said softly.

Her voice carried a subtle, almost imperceptible, solemn tone. She could sense that every inch of this forest, every blade of grass and tree, contained a powerful life force.

This life force was ancient and tenacious, far surpassing anything she had ever seen before.

David nodded, his expression equally serious.

"It's not just that they've lived for a long time."

"Every tree, every vine, every patch of moss here has its own consciousness."

"They haven't taken form, they haven't spoken, yet they are truly alive."

"They are sensing the presence of outsiders, wary of our every move, as if waiting for something," David said.

His chaotic power was extremely sensitive to all forces in the world.

Those faint consciousnesses hidden in the grass and trees, in his perception, were like twinkling stars.

Though faint, they were incredibly clear.

The two didn't linger and continued flying north.

Along the way, that eerie silence always enveloped them.

The presence hidden in the grass and trees never dissipated, always following behind them.

Not too close, not too far, as if monitoring, or perhaps probing.

Jiang Xuelan gradually adapted to the spiritual energy environment, and her icy blue divine light stabilized again.

However, she still deliberately concealed her aura to avoid a strong conflict with the wood-attribute spiritual energy of the forest.

David, on the other hand, remained vigilant, his divine sense not daring to relax for a moment.

He knew that this forest, seemingly peaceful, actually concealed hidden dangers.

A slight misstep could lead to utter destruction.

On the evening of the third day, the last rays of the setting sun shone through the gaps in the tree canopy, casting a final golden-red glow that bathed the entire forest in a soft, warm hue.

Just then, a thick fog suddenly appeared ahead.

Like an invisible barrier, it blocked their path.

This fog was no ordinary water vapor, but rather formed from the purest wood-attribute spiritual energy in the world.

It was as thick as melted paste, allowing visibility to only a few meters ahead.

Beyond that, everything was completely shrouded in fog, obscured.

Countless tiny threads of wood-attribute spiritual energy were also mixed within the fog.

The threads were thin yet strong, invisible to the naked eye.

They intertwined into a vast and complex net, enveloping the entire area and emanating a faint pressure.

David's divine sense probed into the thick fog, instantly becoming entangled by the spiritual energy threads, his divine sense's movement becoming sluggish.

He knew that anyone stepping into this fog would trigger the alarm formed by those spiritual energy threads.

Not only would they lose their way, trapped in an endless maze, but they would also be corroded by the wood-attribute spiritual energy within the fog.

Cultivators with slightly weaker cultivation levels might even be trapped and die in the fog, becoming nourishment for this forest.

"We've arrived at the Misty Forest."

David stopped, his gaze solemn as he looked at the thick fog before him, his tone carrying a hint of certainty.

This was the outer barrier of the Spirit Clan, and the only way to enter their territory.

Ordinary cultivators couldn't even take a single step inside.

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Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue divine light surging slightly, forming a thin protective shield that kept the surrounding fog at bay.

Looking at the thick fog before her, her brows furrowed even more.

“How do we get through? This fog is too thick; my divine sense can’t penetrate it at all, and those spiritual energy threads are very strange,” Jiang Xuelan asked.

David closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The chaotic power within his body slowly surged, spreading out along his meridians, transforming into an invisible purple stream of light that stretched towards the thick fog ahead.

Chaotic power is the primordial force from the beginning of heaven and earth, encompassing all things and suppressing all types of spiritual energy.

Those threads woven from wood-attribute spiritual energy, once they encountered chaotic power, were like ice and snow meeting the scorching sun.

They melted away silently, leaving not a trace.

After a moment, David’s divine sense, aided by the chaotic power, finally penetrated the thick fog and perceived the scene deep within it.

He could clearly sense countless intricate paths deep within the dense fog.

Some led to traps strewn with spikes, some to bottomless abysses, and others to swamps teeming with poison.

Only one narrow path wound its way forward, leading into the depths of the Misty Forest.

It was the only correct path through the Misty Forest.

He slowly opened his eyes, a flash of purple light appearing within them, and said to Jiang Xuelan,

“Follow me, don’t stray from my path.”

“No matter what you see, don’t touch the surrounding fog light,” David instructed.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, following closely behind David.

The icy blue light shield around her was reinforced again, constantly alert to any movement around them.

The moment David and Jiang Xuelan stepped into the Misty Forest, the world seemed to change color instantly.

The previously bright sky darkened in an instant.

The thick fog didn’t slowly gather around them, but surged in from all directions like a tidal wave,

instantly engulfing the two of them completely.

The fog was so thick it almost had a texture, clinging to the skin with a cool, sticky feel.

It was like countless invisible hands gently caressing and probing, or issuing a silent warning,

cautioning them not to proceed rashly.

David’s chaotic energy automatically activated, instantly unfurling a purple light shield that enveloped both him and Jiang Xuelan.

The thick fog, upon contact with the purple shield, sizzled as if burned by flames,

rapidly dissolving into wisps of faint spiritual energy, absorbed by the chaotic energy.

Jiang Xuelan wasn't idle either; icy blue divine light swirled rapidly across her body,

freezing the fog that tried to bypass the purple shield and approach them into tiny ice crystals.

The ice crystals fell to the ground with a crisp "clinking" sound,

but before they could even land, they were completely swallowed by the new dense fog and vanished.

"The consciousness of this forest is stronger than we imagined,"

Jiang Xuelan said softly, her tone tinged with seriousness.

"It's watching us, judging our good and evil, testing our strength," David said.

She could clearly feel that the wood-attribute consciousnesses hidden in the thick fog had become more active than before.

It was as if they were observing them closely, assessing whether they were qualified to step into the Spirit Clan's territory.

"Stay close to me, don't get distracted."

David's voice was calm, but her tone carried an undeniable gravity. His consciousness remained highly focused.

The power of chaos transformed into an invisible serpent, carving a narrow passage through the thick fog.

The fog on either side of the passage churned incessantly, as if alive, constantly converging towards it,

attempting to trap them .

But the restraining effect of the power of chaos was too overwhelming.

The threads woven from wood-attribute spiritual energy instantly dissolved upon contact with the purple chaotic light, unable to get even a fraction closer.

The two cautiously proceeded along the passage David had created.

Along the way, the fog grew thicker, visibility decreased, and the wood-attribute spiritual energy in the air became increasingly viscous.

They could even smell a faint fragrance of grass and trees, mixed with a barely perceptible stench of decay.

These were signs of the spiritual veins beginning to decay, though obscured by the fog.

David's chaotic energy probed ahead, avoiding one trap after another hidden in the fog.

Some of these traps were sharp tree roots suddenly emerging from the ground.

The tree roots were as hard as iron, shimmering with an eerie green light.

Once touched, they would instantly coil around the person, binding them tightly.

Some traps were poisonous mushrooms disguised as stones.

These mushrooms appeared ordinary, yet emitted a colorless and odorless toxin; inhaling even a trace of the toxic gas would paralyze the entire body and cause the loss of all cultivation.

Other traps were invisible poisonous spores

floating in the dense fog. These spores, once they came into contact with a cultivator's skin, would quickly penetrate the body, corroding the meridians, making them impossible to defend against.

Fortunately, David's chaotic power countered all other forces.

Before the traps could even get close, they were completely devoured by the purple chaotic light

, transforming into wisps of spiritual energy that David absorbed. This

not only did not harm them, but also nourished the chaotic power within David's body.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind David, her eyes vigilantly observing everything around her.

Occasionally, she would intervene, using the power of the Ice God to freeze any stragglers, ensuring the safety of the two.

The two continued their journey through the thick fog for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn. Just

when they thought they would continue smoothly, a subtle movement suddenly came from ahead.

It sounded like something was moving rapidly, accompanied by the rustling sound of branches and leaves rubbing together.

Several faint yet concentrated auras were rapidly approaching them.

David instantly stopped, his divine sense spreading out and locking onto the auras.

There were five auras, all with cultivation levels between the fourth and fifth ranks of the True Immortal Realm.

Their auras were concentrated and steady, carrying a rich wood-attribute spiritual energy that blended perfectly with the aura of this forest.

Without careful perception, their presence would be impossible to detect.

Moreover, those auras carried obvious wariness and hostility, clearly targeting them.

"Someone's coming, it's the Spirit Clan,"

David whispered to Jiang Xuelan, his tone wary.

"Their cultivation isn't high, but their auras are very well concealed."

"They should be a Spirit Clan patrol, responsible for guarding this misty forest and preventing outsiders from intruding," David said.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, and the icy blue divine light around her instantly sharpened, preparing for battle.

"Should we intervene and subdue them?"

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"No need," David shook his head.

"We're here to see the Spirit Clan Chief and discuss cooperation. It's not wise to act rashly, lest we escalate the conflict."

"Let's observe their intentions first. If they insist on obstructing us, then we can act." After speaking, David carefully surveyed his surroundings. No sooner had he

finished speaking than five green figures darted out of the thick fog, instantly blocking their path.

They were five Spirit Clan cultivators, all young. Tall and slender  
, with pale bluish-green skin and subtle wood-like patterns swirling in their pupils. They

wore robes woven from leaves and vines, adorned with simple runes that emitted a faint wood-attribute spiritual energy.

Each held a wooden staff, the tip of which was inlaid with a small green crystal, emitting a soft glow—clearly their magical artifact.

Leading them was a young Spirit Clan man, handsome with sharp eyes, his cultivation at the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

He stared coldly at David and Jiang Xuelan, his tone filled with undisguised hostility.

“Humans? How did you trespass into the Misty Forest?”

“This is the territory of the Spirit Clan; outsiders are not allowed to enter.”

“Retreat immediately, or don’t blame us for being impolite!”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it carried an undeniable authority.

Clearly, he held a high position within the Spirit Clan patrol.

The other four Spirit Clan cultivators also raised their wooden staffs.

The green crystals at the tips of their staffs shone brightly, gathering faint streams of wood-attribute spiritual energy.

They aimed at David and Jiang Xuelan, their expressions wary, ready to attack at any moment.

David took a step forward, the purple light shield around him slightly receding.

A gentle expression appeared on his face as he clasped his hands in a fist salute to the leading Spirit Clan man.

"Fellow Spirit Clan cultivator, I am David, and this is Fellow Daoist Jiang Xuelan beside me."

"We have not come here with the intention of offending the Spirit Clan's territory."

"But we have important matters to discuss with the Spirit Clan Chief. We would be grateful if you could grant us this favor and inform him." David said politely.

"Seeking an audience with the clan leader?" The leading spirit race man sneered, his hostility intensifying.

"Humans dare to seek an audience with our clan leader?"

"You humans are greedy and cunning, cutting down our trees, harvesting our medicinal herbs, and destroying our homes."

"Your hands are stained with the blood of our spirit race, and now you still have the nerve to seek an audience with the clan leader?"

"I think you've come to probe our spirit race's strength, intending to harm us again!"

The leading man didn't believe David's words at all.

The other four spirit race cultivators, upon hearing this, became even more enraged.

The wooden staffs in their hands trembled slightly, and streams of wood-attribute spiritual energy became increasingly condensed.

The tense atmosphere in the air instantly escalated, as if a battle would erupt at any moment.

Jiang Xuelan frowned, stepped forward, her icy blue divine light surging slightly, and spoke in a cold tone.

"Fellow Daoist, watch your words!"

"Not all humans are as you describe."

"We've come here to discuss cooperation with the Spirit Clan, not to harm you."

"If you insist on obstructing us, don't blame us for being impolite!"

Jiang Xuelan was somewhat angry.

"Impolite?" A hint of disdain flashed in the eyes of the leading Spirit Clan man.

"Just the two of you humans? You dare to act so presumptuously on our Spirit Clan's territory?"

"I advise you to be sensible and retreat immediately."

"Otherwise, today we'll let you perish in this misty forest and become nourishment for our Spirit Clan's vegetation!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly raised his hand, pointed his wooden staff at David, and shouted. "Attack!"

The other four Spirit Clan cultivators responded immediately, swinging their wooden staffs simultaneously.

Streams of green wood-attribute spiritual energy transformed into sharp vines, swiftly coiling towards David and Jiang Xuelan.

These vines moved with incredible speed, carrying a fierce aura, and instantly reached them,

attempting to bind them tightly .

At the same time, the surrounding fog thickened further.

Countless tiny threads of wood-attribute spiritual energy also coiled towards them,

forming a massive net that completely blocked their escape route.

"It seems I have no choice but to act,"

David thought with a hint of helplessness.

He didn't want to be enemies with the Spirit Clan, but their insistence on obstructing him left him no choice but to retaliate.

He simply raised his hand, and the chaotic power within his body surged instantly. A

burst of purple light erupted, forming a massive protective shield that enveloped him and Jiang Xuelan.

The attacking vines and threads of spiritual energy, upon touching the purple shield, melted instantly, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun,

turning into wisps of spiritual energy absorbed by the chaotic power.

Upon seeing this, the leading Spirit Clan man's expression changed slightly, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

"What kind of power is this? It can actually restrain our wood-attribute spiritual power?"

He had never seen such power before.

Neither human spiritual power nor the power of other races possessed such a domineering restraining effect.

Their prized wood-attribute spiritual power was utterly vulnerable before this purple power.

"Fellow Daoist, we do not wish to be your enemy. Please do not obstruct us any further."

David's voice remained calm, but his tone carried an undeniable authority.

"We have indeed come here to discuss cooperation with the Spirit Clan."

"It concerns the life and death of the Spirit Clan. If this matter is delayed, you cannot bear the responsibility." David persuaded.

"Life and death?" The leading Spirit Clan man sneered, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes.

"Our Spirit Clan has survived in this forest for tens of thousands of years, enduring countless storms and remaining unscathed."

"How could there possibly be a life-or-death crisis?"

"Stop spreading alarmist rumors! You think you can fool us into letting you pass? Not so easy!"

With that, he waved his wooden staff again, chanting incantations.

Instantly, the surrounding ground began to tremble violently.

Countless thick tree roots burst forth from the earth, like giant venomous snakes, swiftly attacking David and Jiang Xuelan.

These roots were thicker and harder than the previous vines.

Their surfaces were covered with a thick layer of scales, shimmering with a ghostly green light, clearly containing immense power.

If struck, even a cultivator at the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm would be severely injured.

Jiang Xuelan's eyes turned cold, and she no longer hesitated.

The power of the Ice God within her body erupted instantly, the icy blue divine light surging forth.

It transformed into countless sharp ice blades, slashing towards the attacking tree roots.

A series of cracking sounds rang out.

The thick tree roots, struck by the ice blades, were instantly frozen into blocks of ice.

Then they shattered, turning into countless tiny ice shards that fell to the ground.

But the tree roots seemed endless.

As one wave was destroyed, another surged forth from the earth, relentlessly attacking them.

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At the same time, the five spirit race cultivators also attacked together.

Their wooden staffs flashed, unleashing various attacks from green spiritual energy:

sharp wooden swords, poisonous wooden spikes, and highly binding vines.

They completely blocked their retreat.

David, observing the scene, knew that continuing this stalemate would not only waste time but

also attract more spirit race cultivators.

Meeting the spirit race chief would then become even more difficult.

Therefore, he decided to act quickly,

without harming the spirit race patrol while forcing them to make way.

He took a deep breath, and the chaotic power within him surged once more.

Purple light instantly surged, transforming into a gigantic purple palm, gently patting towards the five spirit race cultivators.

The palm appeared slow, yet it contained immense power.

There was no killing intent, only a powerful pressure enveloping the five spirit race cultivators.

Upon seeing this, the five spirit race cultivators' faces instantly turned deathly pale.

They could clearly feel that the pressure was far too strong, exceeding their tolerance.

They were utterly powerless to resist.

The leading spirit race man tried to swing his wooden staff in retaliation, but found his body completely immobile.

His wood-attribute spiritual power had also completely stalled, as if frozen.

The other four spirit race cultivators were also enveloped by the pressure, unable to move.

Fear appeared on their faces.

A purple palm gently landed on the heads of the five spirit race cultivators.

It caused no harm, merely injecting a gentle stream of chaotic power into their bodies,

suppressing their spiritual power and preventing them from attacking.

"Fellow Daoist, we truly have no ill intentions,"

David's voice rang out again, gentle in tone, yet carrying an undeniable force.

"The spiritual veins are drying up; this forest is dying."

"Your Spirit Clan is also facing annihilation."

"We've come to help you resolve this crisis and discuss cooperation."

"To jointly fight against the Divine Alliance."

"If you continue to obstruct us and delay this important matter, not only you, but the entire Spirit Clan will be wiped out."

David reminded them again.

The fear on the leader of the Spirit Clan's face gradually faded,

replaced by a hint of doubt and shock.

"What did you say? The spiritual veins are drying up? That's impossible!"

"Our Spirit Clan's spiritual veins have been incredibly stable since ancient times; how could they be drying up?"

"You must be lying to us!" The leader of the Spirit Clan simply didn't believe him.

David didn't argue; he simply took out a black stone from his robes.

He had found it on the outskirts of the Misty Forest.

The stone's surface was covered in cracks, from which a black liquid seeped, emitting a faint, putrid odor.

He tossed the stone to the leader of the Spirit Clan and said...

"Fellow Daoist, take a look for yourself. I found this on the outskirts of the Misty Forest."

"Your Spirit Clan has lived here for generations, so you should know what this is."

"This is decaying stone produced after a spiritual vein decays."

"Once a spiritual vein begins to decay, stones like this will appear." "As the spiritual veins continue to dry up, there will be more and more stones like these."

"Until the entire forest becomes a dead zone, barren of everything."

David finished speaking and quietly looked at the man before him.

The leading spirit race man caught the black stone and examined it carefully for a moment.

His face instantly turned deathly pale, and his body trembled slightly.

He was the captain of the spirit race's patrol team, named Qing He. He

had grown up in this forest since childhood and knew the state of the spiritual veins extremely well.

He knew clearly that these black, decaying stones were indeed a symbol of the spiritual veins' decay.

However, he had never imagined that the spirit race's spiritual veins had decayed to this extent.

He raised his head and looked at David, the hostility in his eyes gone.

In its place was a trace of doubt and worry.

"Are you telling the truth? The spiritual veins are really drying up? Will our spirit race really face annihilation?" Qing He asked.

"Absolutely true." David nodded, his tone grave. "I can sense that thirty percent of the spiritual veins in this forest have already dried up."

"Moreover, the rate of decay is accelerating. If no measures are taken soon, this forest will become a dead zone."

"Your Spirit Clan will also face destruction. The chaotic power within me can repair the spiritual veins and nourish this forest."

"This is why I have come to see the Spirit Clan Chief. I wish to cooperate with the Spirit Clan to help you resolve the crisis of the depleted spiritual veins."

"At the same time, I hope the Spirit Clan can help us fight against the God Clan Alliance." After

David finished speaking, Qing He fell silent.

He looked at the black, decaying stone in his hand, then at David before him, his heart filled with struggle.

He knew that what David said was likely true.

Because recently, he too had felt that the spiritual energy in this forest was indeed much thinner than before.

Some ancient plants had also begun to show signs of withering.

He had always thought this was just a normal natural phenomenon, never considering that it was caused by the depletion of the spiritual veins.

The other four Spirit Clan cultivators, upon hearing the conversation, also showed expressions of shock and worry.

They all looked at Qing He, awaiting his decision.

After a long while, Qing He slowly raised his head, the struggle in his eyes gradually fading,

replaced by a resolute expression.

He knew that this matter concerned the life and death of the entire Spirit Clan, and could not be taken lightly.

He could no longer obstruct David and the others based on his own prejudice.

Therefore, he clasped his hands in a fist salute to David and said respectfully,

"Fellow Daoist David, I have offended you greatly, please forgive me."

"I have also noticed the matter of the depleted spiritual veins, but I have not taken it to heart."

"Since you have a way to resolve the crisis of the spiritual veins, then I will take you to see the clan leader."

"However, the clan leader has always disliked humans, whether you can persuade him depends on your own ability."

Qing He's hostility had lessened considerably.

"Thank you for your understanding, Fellow Daoist." A smile appeared on David's face.

He gently raised his hand and withdrew the chaotic power that had enveloped the five Spirit Clan cultivators.

"If we can meet the clan leader and persuade him to cooperate with us, it will be a blessing not only for the Spirit Clan but also for all of us humans," David said.

Qing He nodded and put away the black, decaying stone in her hand.

She winked at the other four Spirit Clan cultivators and said, "You continue patrolling here and keep a close watch on the surrounding area."

"If any other outsiders intrude, report it immediately. I will take Fellow Daoist David and Fellow Daoist Jiang Xuelan to see the clan leader."

"Yes, Captain!" the four Spirit Clan cultivators replied in unison.

They put away their wooden staffs and disappeared back into the thick fog to continue their patrol.

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Qinghe turned around and gestured for David and Jiang Xuelan to follow her.

"Fellow Daoists, please follow me." "

The paths deeper into the Misty Forest are far more complex than here, and there are many powerful restrictions."

"Without my guidance, even if you manage to cross this dense fog, it will be difficult to reach the core territory of the Spirit Clan."

"Thank you for your trouble, fellow Daoists," David said, clasping his hands in a fist salute.

Together with Jiang Xuelan, they followed Qinghe deeper into the Misty Forest.

Qinghe walked at the front, gently waving her wooden staff, releasing streams of green spiritual energy that

dispelled the surrounding fog, clearing a wide path.

As he walked, he explained to David and Jiang Xuelan, "This Misty Forest is our Spirit Clan's first line of defense."

"It's filled with restrictions set up by our Spirit Clan. These restrictions are made of ancient spiritual plants and wood-attribute spiritual energy."

"They're specifically designed to prevent outsiders from intruding. What you encountered just now was only the outermost patrol."

"Further in, there are even stronger patrols and more powerful restrictions."

Hearing Qinghe's words, David nodded, his divine sense constantly spreading out, carefully sensing the surrounding activity.

He could feel the surrounding wood-attribute spiritual energy becoming increasingly dense.

The consciousnesses hidden within the vegetation were also becoming more active.

However, their hostility towards them had vanished.

Only a trace of curiosity and wariness remained, clearly because of Qinghe.

Jiang Xuelan also relaxed her guard, the icy blue divine light around her slightly receding.

However, she remained vigilant, observing everything around her.

Looking at Qinghe beside her, she couldn't help but ask, "Fellow Daoist Qinghe, when exactly did the Spirit Clan's spiritual veins begin to decay?"

"Didn't your Spirit Clan's higher-ups notice?"

Qinghe's face showed a hint of helplessness and bitterness.

"I don't know exactly when it started. It was probably several decades ago when we noticed the spiritual energy in the forests was becoming thinner." "

Some ancient plants also began to show signs of withering."

"We reported this to the clan's higher-ups."

"But they said it was just a normal natural phenomenon and told us not to make a fuss."

“Now that I think about it, they must have discovered the problem of the depleted spiritual veins long ago.”

“They just couldn’t solve it, so they chose to hide it, fearing it would cause panic among the clansmen,”

Qinghe analyzed.

David’s heart sank slightly upon hearing this.

The problem of depleted spiritual veins had actually existed for decades.

And the Spirit Clan’s higher-ups had chosen to conceal it.

This meant that the decay of the spiritual veins might be more serious than he had imagined.

If it had been a few years later, even with his Chaos Power, he probably wouldn’t have been able to reverse it.

The three continued their journey, Qinghe leading them, avoiding one powerful restriction after another.

These restrictions were incredibly powerful; if accidentally triggered, even a seventh-grade True Immortal would be severely injured.

Along the way, they encountered several patrols of the Spirit Race.

The patrols all bowed respectfully upon seeing Qinghe.

Although they looked at David and Jiang Xuelan, the two humans, with suspicion and wariness in their eyes,

they did not stop them, clearly because Qinghe had given prior notice.

The three traveled through the Misty Forest for about half an hour.

The thick fog ahead gradually thinned, and the trees became more sparse.

The stench in the air faded, replaced by a rich and pure wood-attribute spiritual energy,

refreshing their spirits.

After walking for a while, a wide clearing suddenly appeared ahead.

The clearing was vast, covered with tender green grass and blooming with colorful, exotic flowers.

The air was filled with the fresh scent of grass and trees, a stark contrast to the eerie atmosphere of the misty forest.

Seven enormous ancient trees grew in the clearing.

These trees were even older than the trees in the misty forest, their trunks so thick that dozens of people would need to encircle them.

Their bark was marked with the marks of time, and their layered crowns intertwined to form a natural archway.

Ancient runes were carved into the trunks of the trees.

These runes shimmered with a faint green light in the light mist,

emanating a powerful restrictive force that enveloped the entire clearing.

At the very center of the archway, a fist-sized green crystal floated.

The crystal emitted a soft, pure wood-attribute spiritual energy, its gentle light illuminating the entire clearing.

The crystal's aura blended perfectly with the surrounding ancient trees and the restrictive force.

Clearly, this was the core of the entire restriction.

David stopped, his gaze fixed solemnly on the natural archway.

His divine sense probed within, but was instantly blocked by a powerful restrictive force.

He could sense an extremely strong fluctuation of spiritual energy behind the archway.

It was the power of an ancient restriction, stronger than any restriction he had encountered before.

Clearly, this was the outer defensive line of the Spirit Clan. Only

after passing through this gate would one truly enter the core territory of the Spirit Clan.

"This is our Spirit Clan's outer defense line, called the 'Seven Wood Arch',"

Qinghe stopped and introduced to David and Jiang Xuelan. "These seven ancient trees are spiritual plants that have lived for tens of thousands of years, containing powerful vitality."

"The restrictions they form are incredibly strong; even a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivator would find it difficult to break through."

"The green crystal in the center of the arch is the core of the restriction, called the 'Spirit Heart Crystal'."

"Once the Spirit Heart Crystal is destroyed, the entire restriction will collapse."

Jiang Xuelan looked at the seven enormous ancient trees, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes.

"These ancient trees actually have their own consciousness, and their cultivation is not low. No wonder this restriction is so powerful," Jiang Xuelan said.

She could sense that each ancient tree contained power at least at the True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade.

The restriction they formed, working together, was indeed beyond the reach of ordinary cultivators.

"This should be the Spirit Clan's outer defense line,"

Jiang Xuelan said softly, her tone grave.

"Only after passing through this gate will you truly enter the territory of the Spirit Clan and meet the Spirit Clan Chief."

David nodded, his gaze fixed on the archway, his expression serious.

"This restriction is indeed powerful. If we force our way through, it will not only damage these ancient trees,"

but also "may attract an attack from the Spirit Clan. Fellow Daoist Qinghe, please inform the Chief."

"Tell him that David requests an audience with a matter of life and death concerning the Spirit Clan, to discuss with him."

David said, looking at Qinghe.

Qinghe nodded and said, "Please wait a moment, fellow Daoists. I will go and inform the Chief."

"However, the Chief's temperament is rather eccentric, and he has always disliked humans."

"I cannot guarantee whether he will be willing to see you."

After saying this, he clasped his hands together in front of the archway and chanted incantations.

As Qinghe chanted, the runes on the seven ancient trees instantly lit up.

The eerie green light became even more intense, and the radiance of the Spirit Heart Crystal also surged.

A beam of green light shot out from the Spirit Heart Crystal, transforming into a streak of light that flew towards the depths of the forest.

Clearly, it was going to inform the Spirit Clan Chief.