

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6386

The three stood in the clearing, waiting quietly.

The spiritual energy in the air grew increasingly dense, and the consciousness of the ancient trees curiously observed David and Jiang Xuelan.

There was no hostility whatsoever; clearly, Qinghe had already informed the ancient trees of their purpose.

After about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, an aged voice came from the depths of the forest.

The voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached the ears of the three.

There was no anger, no hostility, only a faint regret and a sense of vicissitude in the voice.

"Human, you shouldn't have stepped into this place. The Spirit Race and the Human Race have long been sworn enemies; there's nothing to talk about."

Hearing this, Qinghe's face showed a hint of helplessness as she said to David, "Fellow Daoist David, this is Elder Qingxuan, an elder of our Spirit Race."

"He's responsible for guarding this outer defensive line; the clan leader should arrive soon."

David didn't pay attention to Elder Qingxuan's tone.

Instead, he clasped his hands in a fist salute towards the depths of the forest, his voice calm and firm.

"Elder Qingxuan, this junior, David, has come not to offend the Spirit Clan."

"But rather, it concerns a matter of life and death for the Spirit Clan, and I request an audience with the Spirit Clan Chief."

"The spiritual veins are drying up; this forest is on the verge of death."

"If no action is taken, the entire Spirit Clan will perish."

"This junior has a way to repair the spiritual veins and only wishes to discuss cooperation with the Spirit Clan to jointly resolve this crisis."

The forest fell silent for a moment.

Elder Qingxuan's voice rang out again, tinged with doubt and disbelief.

"You, a human, understand spiritual vein repair?"

"Spiritual veins are the foundation of our Spirit Clan. Since ancient times, only members of our Spirit Clan have been able to perceive and repair them."

"How could an outsider like you possibly have a way to repair spiritual veins?"

"I think you're exaggerating, trying to trick us into letting you into the Spirit Clan's territory for nefarious purposes."

Elder Qingxuan's voice was deafening.

"This junior is not exaggerating," David said, taking out the black, decaying stone again and holding it high.

"Elder Qingxuan, look at this stone. It's a decayed stone formed from the corruption of a spiritual vein."

"There are many such stones on the outskirts of the Misty Forest."

"The chaotic power within me is the primordial power from the beginning of time."

"It encompasses all things, nourishes all things, and can restrain the corruption of spiritual veins and repair depleted ones."

"I can prove it on the spot, as long as Elder gives me a chance."

David's face was sincere, without the slightest pretense or affectation.

After a moment, Elder Qingxuan's voice rang out again.

His tone carried a hint of hesitation and solemnity, "Alright, I'll give you a chance."

"If you can truly prove that you can repair the spiritual vein, I will take you to see the clan leader."

"If you dare to lie to me, I will make you perish under this Seven Wood Arch today, becoming nourishment for the ancient trees."

Elder Qingxuan gave David a chance.

"Thank you for your kindness, Elder." A smile appeared on David's face.

He clasped his hands towards the depths of the forest, then walked to one of the seven ancient trees.

A fine crack ran along the trunk of the ancient tree, and some of its leaves were withered and yellowed.

Clearly, it was affected by the depletion of its spiritual veins.

David reached out and placed his palm on the tree's trunk.

The chaotic power within his body slowly surged, and purple light flowed from his palm into the tree's body.

The chaotic power, gentle yet domineering, instantly spread along the trunk to its roots,

nourishing its root system and repairing the crack.

A moment later, a miracle occurred.

The crack on the ancient tree's trunk began to slowly heal. The withered leaves turned green again, radiating a rich vitality.

Even the surrounding spiritual energy became denser.

The runes carved on the tree trunks became brighter, shimmering with a faint green light.

It was as if they were cheering, thanking David.

Elder Qingxuan's voice rang out again.

His tone was filled with shock and disbelief, "This...this is really the power of chaos?"

"It can actually nourish spiritual plants and repair damage! It seems that what you said was true, the spiritual veins are really drying up."

David withdrew his hand and clasped his hands towards the depths of the forest, "Elder, you are wise, everything I have said is true."

"The decay of the spiritual veins is getting more and more serious. If no measures are taken, this forest will soon become a dead zone." "

Your Spirit Clan will also perish. I implore you, Elder, to take me to see the Clan Chief."

"To discuss the repair of the spiritual veins and cooperation against the God Clan Alliance."

The forest was quiet for a long time.

So long that David and Jiang Xuelan thought that Elder Qingxuan would refuse again.

Just then, Elder Qingxuan's voice rang out again,

his tone heavy with determination.

"Alright, I'll take you to see the clan leader. But I must warn you, the clan leader has a very strange temper and a deep prejudice against humans."

"Whether you can persuade him depends on your own abilities. If you can't persuade him, even if you have the ability to repair the spiritual veins, you won't be able to stay in the Spirit Clan's territory," Elder Qingxuan said.

"This junior understands, thank you, Elder."

David nodded, a sigh of relief in his heart.

He knew this was his only chance to see the Spirit Clan clan leader.

No matter what difficulties he encountered, he had to seize this opportunity to persuade the Spirit Clan clan leader to cooperate with them.

As soon as he finished speaking, a green light flew from the depths of the forest and landed on the clearing.

It transformed into an old Spirit Clan elder.

The elder had white hair, a thin face, and pale blue skin, with what seemed like wood grain flowing in his pupils.

He wore a blue robe covered with ancient runes, radiating a powerful aura.

His cultivation was at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, and he was one with the forest.

It was as if he were a part of it.

"Elder Qingxuan." Qinghe bowed respectfully to the elder.

Elder Qingxuan nodded, his gaze falling on David.

His eyes were complex, containing surprise, doubt, and a hint of barely perceptible wariness.

"You are David? You possess the power of chaos within you?"

"Indeed, this is junior." David clasped his hands in a fist salute to Elder Qingxuan, his tone respectful.

"Junior David greets Elder Qingxuan."

Elder Qingxuan looked David up and down for a moment, then nodded.

"Not bad, so young, yet you possess the power of chaos, truly remarkable."

"It seems you do indeed have the ability to repair spiritual veins. Let's go, I'll take you to see the clan leader."

With that, Elder Qingxuan turned and walked into the depths of the forest.

David and Jiang Xuelan exchanged a glance and followed.

Qinghe remained under the Seven Wood Archway, continuing to guard this outer defensive line.

Elder Qingxuan walked at the front, at a slow pace.

As he walked, he introduced the area to David and Jiang Xuelan: "Our Spirit Clan's core territory is called the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits."

"All members of our Spirit Clan reside there, along with countless ancient spiritual plants and beasts."

"The Clan Chief resides in the deepest part of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits, in a place called the Azure Wood Palace, which is our Spirit Clan's sacred ground."

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The three continued their journey, traversing dense forests.

The trees here were older and thicker than those in the Misty Forest.

Moss and vines covered their trunks, and their roots meandered and coiled across the ground, forming natural barriers.

The wood-attribute spiritual energy in the air was so concentrated it was almost liquefied.

Taking a deep breath, one could feel their spiritual power surging wildly within, an incredibly soothing sensation.

David's divine sense was constantly spreading, carefully sensing the surrounding activity.

He could sense that countless powerful auras were hidden within this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits.

Their cultivation levels ranged from the fifth to the eighth rank of True Immortal, and some even reached the ninth rank.

Clearly, they were high-ranking members of the Spirit Race.

Moreover, the spiritual plants and beasts here possessed their own consciousness.

They coexisted harmoniously, jointly protecting this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits.

The atmosphere was filled with peace and tranquility, a stark contrast to the cruel world outside.

Jiang Xuelan also gradually relaxed.

The icy blue divine light surrounding her harmonized with the surrounding wood-attribute spiritual energy.

No longer were they mutually exclusive as before.

She looked at the exotic flowers and plants around her, at the spirit beasts darting through the forest, a hint of curiosity in her eyes.

She had never seen such a place before.

No strife, no killing, only peace and tranquility.

It was like a paradise on earth.

After walking for about half an hour, a wide valley appeared ahead.

The valley was vast, so vast that it seemed to stretch to the horizon, like a small, independent world.

David's breath caught in his throat.

Everywhere in the valley were enormous ancient trees.

Some trunks were as thick as small mountains, requiring hundreds of people to encircle them.

Some canopies soared into the clouds, reaching straight to the sky.

Some roots meandered and twisted across the ground, forming natural bridges and platforms.

Clear streams flowed between the ancient trees.

The water was crystal clear, with colorful petals floating on its surface.

The babbling brook made a clear, melodious sound, like a beautiful song.

The ground was covered with all sorts of exotic flowers and plants.

Some trees emitted a soft glow in the darkness, while others swayed gently in the breeze.

Some even seemed to be softly chanting, releasing a faint fragrance.

The wood-attribute spiritual energy in the air was so concentrated that it almost condensed into water droplets.

Inhaling it refreshed the mind and body, making one's spiritual energy incredibly active.

But David's gaze did not linger on these beautiful scenes.

His eyes were fixed on an ancient pine tree deep within the valley.

That ancient pine was larger than any tree he had ever seen. Its

trunk was as thick as a magnificent palace, requiring hundreds of people to encircle it.

Its bark was cracked, covered with the marks of time, as if it had been rooted there since ancient times,

witnessing countless changes over the years.

Its canopy blocked out the sky, enveloping the entire valley in its shade.

Its branches and leaves were lush and verdant, exuding a powerful vitality.

The roots of the ancient pine rose from the ground, forming natural steps that meandered upwards, leading to a huge hollow in the trunk.

The tree hollow was spacious and bright, with a curtain woven from vines and flowers hanging at the entrance.

A faint, sweet fragrance emanated from the curtain.

A middle-aged man stood before the tree hollow. Tall and imposing, with a resolute face, his long, blue hair cascaded over his shoulders, fluttering in the wind.

His skin was pale blue, and his pupils were deep green.

Wood grain seemed to flow within his pupils, radiating a calm and powerful aura.

He wore a long robe woven from leaves and vines.

Several unidentified small flowers adorned the robe, emitting a faint spiritual energy that blended perfectly with the surrounding environment.

His cultivation had reached the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

His aura was as steady as a mountain, merging with the entire valley.

It was as if he were the ruler of this ancient realm of myriad spirits, every movement carrying an unquestionable majesty.

"That is our Spirit Clan Chief, Chief Qingmu,"

Elder Qingxuan stopped and whispered to David, his tone filled with respect.

"The patriarch has lived for a hundred thousand years, his cultivation is unfathomable."

"He is the most powerful person in our Sixteen Heavens Spirit Clan, and also the guardian of this Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits."

"You must be careful with your words, do not offend the patriarch," Elder Qingxuan instructed.

David nodded, his heart filled with awe.

The cultivation of a ninth-grade True Immortal was stronger than any enemy he had encountered before.

Even if he possessed the power of chaos, defeating Patriarch Qingmu was almost impossible.

But he did not back down; he knew this was his only chance.

No matter what difficulties he encountered, he had to persuade Patriarch Qingmu to cooperate with them.

Elder Qingxuan led David and Jiang Xuelan slowly to the tree cave and stopped.

He bowed respectfully and said in a respectful voice, "Patriarch, the person has been brought."

"He is David, who possesses the power of chaos within him."

"He says he can repair our Spirit Clan's depleted spiritual veins and wants to discuss cooperation with our Spirit Clan to jointly fight against the God Clan Alliance."

Patriarch Qingmu did not speak, and did not even glance at Elder Qingxuan.

His gaze was fixed on David.

His eyes were cold, so cold that the surrounding temperature seemed to drop several degrees.

There was no emotion in his gaze, only a condescending scrutiny.

It was as if he were looking at an ant that had strayed into his territory, carrying a hint of disdain and indifference.

His gaze lingered on David for a long time

, scrutinizing him meticulously, as if trying to see through him inside and out.

Then, his gaze shifted to Jiang Xuelan, glancing at her briefly

before returning to his own, his eyes still icy and unchanging.

"Human race,"

the Qingmu Clan Chief finally spoke, his voice deep and resonant, like wind blowing through a pine forest.

A powerful pressure enveloped David and Jiang Xuelan.

"The Spirit Race and the Human Race are sworn enemies, there has never been anything to talk about since ancient times."

"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 the Spirit Race."

"Now, you come here again, what tricks do you intend to play?"

The oppressive aura was incredibly strong, the aura of a ninth-grade True Immortal, like Mount Tai pressing down on David.

The chaotic power within David automatically activated, and a purple light shield instantly unfolded, blocking the oppressive aura.

His face paled slightly, but his eyes remained firm, without the slightest hesitation.

Jiang Xuelan also felt the powerful oppressive aura.

The Ice God power within her instantly erupted, and an icy blue light shield unfolded, barely blocking the oppressive aura.

Her brows furrowed tightly, her expression somewhat grim.

The oppressive aura of a ninth-grade True Immortal was simply too powerful.

Even as the inheritor of the Ice God, she found it difficult to withstand.

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David took a deep breath and respectfully clasped his hands in a fist salute to Chief Qingmu.

His voice was calm yet firm.

"Chief Qingmu, this junior is David, from the Human Resistance Army of Free Valley."

"This junior has come not to offend the Spirit Race, nor to play any tricks."

"But to discuss a matter of life and death for the Spirit Race with you, Chief."

David's expression remained calm and unchanging.

"Resistance Army?" Chief Qingmu's lips curled into a cold smile.

That smile was filled with disdain and mockery. "Your human race's resistance against the God Race Alliance is your own business, none of our Spirit Race's concern."

"The Spirit Race does not participate in any conflicts. You fight your battles, we live our lives."

"We keep to ourselves. You don't need to try to deceive me with some matter of life and death."

Chief Qingmu didn't believe David's words at all.

David looked at Chief Qingmu, his eyes resolute, without the slightest wavering.

"Chief Qingmu, if the Spirit Clan could truly remain neutral, I wouldn't have come to interfere."

"But you can't. You know the ambitions of the Divine Alliance better than I do."

"They've already conquered the Human, Beast, Demon, and Ghost races; their next target is your Spirit Clan."

"The reason they haven't attacked the Spirit Clan yet is simply because they feel the Spirit Clan has no immediate value."

"Moreover, the Spirit Clan's restrictions are powerful, and they don't want to pay too high a price."

"But once they conquer the other races and are free to act, they will not hesitate to attack the Spirit Clan."

"No matter how strong your Spirit Clan's restrictions are, can they stop the Divine Alliance's army?"

"Can they stop those Golden Immortal level experts?"

David's words struck Qingmu's heart like a heavy hammer.

Chief Qingmu's eyes narrowed slightly.

The coldness in his eyes was gradually replaced by a hint of solemnity.

He had lived for ten thousand years, witnessing the rise of the Divine Alliance and the destruction of countless races.

He knew better than anyone that the Divine Alliance's ambition was to rule the entire Sixteen Heavens.

No non-divine race can remain unaffected.

David's words were true.

He simply refused to acknowledge them, unwilling to confront them.

"Are you threatening me?"

Chief Qingmu's voice grew even colder, a barely perceptible hint of anger in his tone.

He was the chief of the Spirit Race, the ruler of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits.

No one had ever dared to speak to him like this before.

"This junior dares not threaten the chief; this junior is merely stating the facts,"

David's voice remained calm, devoid of the slightest fear.

"The strength of the Divine Alliance is growing ever stronger, and so is their ambition."

"If the Spirit Race continues to hide here, refusing to join forces with other races, they will inevitably be conquered by the Divine Alliance."

"At that time, not only will this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits be destroyed, but all the Spirit Race members will be enslaved by the Divine Race, or even killed."

"I have come here to seek cooperation with the Spirit Race."

"We will help the Spirit Race repair the spiritual veins and resolve the crisis of their depletion."

"The Spirit Race will help us resist the Divine Alliance and jointly protect our homeland."

"This is a win-win cooperation, beneficial to both sides."

Chief Qingmu fell silent.

He stood before the tree hollow, his gaze falling upon the ancient trees and exotic flowers and herbs in the valley.

His eyes were complex, filled with struggle, reluctance, and a barely perceptible worry.

He had lived for a hundred thousand years and witnessed too much greed and betrayal from the human race.

He did not trust the human race and was unwilling to cooperate with them. But David's words were impossible for him to ignore.

The issue of the spiritual veins and the threat from the gods weighed heavily on his mind like two mountains.

"You came to the Spirit Clan just to say these things?"

Chief Qingmu's voice softened slightly, but remained icy.

"If you only wanted to persuade me to cooperate with your human race, then you can leave."

"The Spirit Clan will not cooperate with the human race, nor does it need your help."

"No." David shook his head.

He took out the black, decaying stone from his robes and handed it to Chief Qingmu.

"This is the main reason I've come."

"Clan Chief, you should recognize this stone. It's a decaying stone formed from the corruption of a spiritual vein."

"I found many such stones on the outskirts of the Misty Forest."

"Moreover, the deeper one ventures into the Spirit Clan's territory, the more obvious the signs of spiritual vein corruption become."

"I can sense that thirty percent of the spiritual veins in this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits have already withered."

"And the rate of corruption is accelerating."

"If measures aren't taken quickly, this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits will soon become a dead zone."

"All the spiritual plants will wither, and all the Spirit Clan members will perish."

Clan Chief Qingmu reached out and took the black decaying stone, examining it carefully for a moment.

His pupils contracted slightly. His

fingers clenched tightly in his sleeve.

The coldness on his face was instantly replaced by solemnity.

He knew better than anyone what this decaying stone meant.

The corruption of the spiritual veins had reached a point that could no longer be ignored.

He had simply refused to face this fact, choosing to conceal it.

But he quickly regained his composure, his expression turning cold again.

He tossed the corrosive stone back to David, saying in an icy tone, "Just an ordinary stone. The Spirit Clan has plenty."

"The matter of the Spirit Vein is none of your concern, outsider. We, the Spirit Clan, have our own ways of resolving it."

"Chief Qingmu, you know better than I do that this stone is no ordinary stone." David caught the corrosive stone, gripping it tightly in his hand.

His gaze fixed firmly on Chief Qingmu's eyes.

"The corruption of the Spirit Vein is becoming increasingly severe. Your Spirit Clan's higher-ups should have noticed this problem long ago."

"It's just that you have no way to solve it. Your Spirit Clan cannot leave this Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits, cannot leave the Spirit Vein."

"If you leave, you will wither, you will die. You are already trapped here."

"If you do not accept my help, only annihilation awaits you."

David's words were heavy, carrying a hint of threat.

Chief Qingmu's face turned grim.

He stared at David, his eyes cold, but he did not refute him.

Chief Qingmu's face turned grim.

He stared at David, his eyes icy, but offered no rebuttal.

David's words were like daggers, striking at the truth he least wanted to face.

He was already aware of the crisis of the depleted spiritual veins, and the elders of his clan had discussed countermeasures many times.

But neither ancient sacrificial rituals nor the secret techniques of the Spirit Clan could only temporarily slow the decay of the spiritual veins.

They couldn't solve the problem at its root.

Over the years, he had watched the spiritual energy of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits thin out day by day. He

had watched some ancient spiritual plants quietly wither.

He had watched the cultivation of the younger members of his clan stagnate.

The anxiety in his heart had long been etched into his very bones.

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"Insolence!"

Chief Qingmu suddenly raised his hand, unleashing a powerful burst of wood-attribute spiritual energy.

The surrounding air instantly thickened.

Countless vines sprouted from the ground, coiling around him,

radiating a sharp aura.

"Human brat, how dare you speak ill of the Spirit Race's fate!"

"Even if the Spirit Vein truly faces a crisis, it's none of your human race's business to interfere!"

His voice was filled with suppressed anger, a mixture of

embarrassment at having his truth exposed, ingrained prejudice against humans, and

fear of an unknown destiny.

Elder Qingxuan, standing to the side, immediately stepped forward

, bowing respectfully and urgently to Chief Qingmu.

“Clan Chief, Fellow Daoist David’s words are all true.”

“Just now, under the Seven Wood Arch, he used the power of chaos to repair a damaged ancient tree.”

“His power can indeed nourish the spiritual veins. Now, the spiritual veins are in imminent crisis, and the Divine Alliance is eyeing us covetously.”

“We can no longer cling to our prejudices and miss our only chance!” Elder Qingxuan said.

Clan Chief Qingmu glanced coldly at Elder Qingxuan, his tone carrying a hint of rebuke.

“Qingxuan, do you know what you’re saying?”

“Humans have always been cunning. Back then, in order to seize the spiritual herbs of the Spirit Clan, they didn’t hesitate to slaughter unarmed Spirit Clan cubs.”

“Have you forgotten this blood debt?”

“How can we trust a human? How can we entrust the life and death of the Spirit Clan to outsiders?” Clan

Chief Qingmu’s tone was heavy.

“Clan Chief, this junior dares not forget the blood debt.”

David stepped forward, his tone still respectful, but now with a touch more earnestness.

"Those who harmed the Spirit Race back then were those greedy human cultivators."

"Not all humans are like that. The Free Valley Resistance Army, where I belong, has always upheld its principles."

"We have never harmed any innocent race."

"Now, we are fighting with all our might against the invasion of the Divine Alliance."

"To protect the peace of this world, I know that a mere promise is not enough to convince the clan leader."

"But I am willing to swear by the power of Chaos." "

If I utter even a single falsehood, if I harbor the slightest intention to harm the Spirit Race," "

I will surely suffer the backlash of the power of Chaos, my soul scattered, never to be reborn."

As soon as he finished speaking, the power of Chaos within David surged suddenly.

A purple light shot into the sky, forming a massive pillar of light,

enveloping the entire valley.

Within the pillar of light lay the primordial aura of the beginning of heaven and earth.

Pure and domineering, without a trace of malice.

Only the power of a solemn oath.

The surrounding spiritual plants sensed this power, swaying their branches and leaves,

emitting a soft hum, as if witnessing this oath.

Chief Qingmu's eyes finally showed a noticeable change.

He had lived for a hundred thousand years and witnessed countless oaths of various races.

Yet, he had never seen anyone dare to swear an oath with the power of chaos.

The power of chaos was domineering and unparalleled; once an oath was broken, the backlash was something no one could withstand.

He could sense that David's oath was utterly sincere.

There was no falsehood whatsoever; that resolute determination did not seem feigned.

Just then, three green lights flew from the depths of the valley.

They landed behind Chief Qingmu and transformed into three aged elders of the Spirit Clan.

They were all elders of the Spirit Clan, all at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

Their auras were steady, and their expressions were solemn.

The elder at the head of the group had an aged face and snow-white hair.

His eyes were cloudy yet held a hint of sharpness; he was none other than Elder Qingyuan, the Great Elder of the Spirit Clan.

"Chief, Elder Qingxuan is absolutely right,"

Elder Qingyuan bowed to Chief Qingmu and said solemnly.

"We have just tested the core spiritual vein of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits."

"The situation is more serious than we imagined." "The corruption of the spiritual veins has already spread to the core area."

"If this continues, within a hundred years, the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits will be completely reduced to a dead zone."

"Fellow Daoist David's chaotic power is our only hope."

"Even if we distrust the human race, we cannot risk the fate of the entire Spirit Race."

The other two elders echoed this sentiment.

"Clan Chief, the Great Elder is right."

"The spiritual veins are the foundation of our Spirit Race; without this foundation, the Spirit Race will perish."

"The threat of the Divine Alliance is imminent; if we hold out alone, we will be breached sooner or later."

"Cooperation with the human race may be the only way out."

All the elders agreed with David.

Because they knew that only David could save their entire Spirit Race.

Clan Chief Qingmu fell silent.

He looked at the elders before him, at the resolute David,

and then at the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits that had nurtured the Spirit Race for ten thousand years.

The struggle within him grew increasingly intense.

He hated the human race, hated their cruelty and greed of the past.

But he loved the Spirit Race even more, and did not want to see this homeland where they had lived for generations destroyed.

He didn't want to see his people perish.

After a long while, he slowly closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The spiritual power within his body gradually receded, and the vines around him slowly faded away.

When he opened his eyes again, the coldness and indifference in his eyes had been replaced by solemnity and determination.

However, his gaze towards David still carried a trace of wariness.

"Alright."

The Greenwood Clan Chief's voice was low and hoarse, carrying a trace of weariness, yet incredibly firm.

"I'll give you a chance, and I'll give the Spirit Clan a chance."

"If you help us repair the spiritual veins, I will agree to cooperate with your Free Valley Resistance Army."

"Together against the God Clan Alliance, but I must warn you, if you dare to play any tricks,"

"If your method of repairing the spiritual veins harms the Spirit Clan," "

I will definitely tear you to pieces, ensuring you never reincarnate.”

The Greenwood Clan Chief’s words also carried a hint of threat.

Upon hearing this, David was not angry, but rather showed a hint of joy on his face, and quickly clasped his hands in a fist salute to the Greenwood Clan Chief.

“Thank you for your trust, Clan Chief!”

“This junior will certainly not fail in my mission and will do my utmost to repair the spiritual veins. ” ”

I will not dare to slack off in the slightest, nor will I dare to harm the Spirit Clan in the slightest!”

“If there is anything needed during the repair of the spiritual veins,” ”

I ask for your cooperation, Clan Chief and all elders.” David looked at the elders.

Elder Qingxuan also showed a relieved smile and nodded to David.

“Fellow Daoist David, rest assured, we will fully cooperate with you.”

“Repairing the spiritual veins requires the core spiritual spring of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm, as well as the ancient spiritual crystals of the Spirit Clan.”

“We will prepare these for you as soon as possible.”

Clan Chief Qingmu waved his hand, beckoned Elder Qingxuan to his side, and whispered, “Qingxuan, take Fellow Daoist David and Fellow Daoist Jiang Xuelan to rest.”

"Arrange their accommodations, but also send someone to secretly monitor them to prevent them from secretly probing the Spirit Clan's strengths and weaknesses."

"Yes!" Qingxuan nodded.

"Qingyuan, take a few elders and prepare the items needed to repair the spirit vein."

"Tomorrow morning, begin the repair ceremony at the core spirit vein," said Chief Qingmu.

"Yes, Chief!"

Elder Qingyuan replied.

Chief Qingmu gave David a deep look.

His eyes still held wariness, but also a hint of expectation.

"David, remember your oath. The fate of the Spirit Clan rests in your hands."

"If you break your promise, not only you, but the entire Free Valley Resistance Army will become the enemy of the Spirit Clan," Qingmu said.

"This junior will remember it and will never break my promise,"

David solemnly replied.

Afterwards, Elder Qingxuan led David and Jiang Xuelan away from Chief Qingmu's tree hollow,

heading towards the residential area of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm.

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Along the way, Jiang Xuelan secretly gave David a reassuring look.

David nodded slightly, but his heart remained uneasy.

He knew this was just the beginning.

The process of repairing the spiritual veins would certainly not be smooth sailing.

Moreover, the prejudice of the Spirit Race against the Human Race could not be eliminated in a short time.

There was still a long way to go before true cooperation could be achieved.

Elder Qingxuan said to David and Jiang Xuelan as they walked, "Fellow Daoists, the residential area of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm is just ahead on the banks of the Spirit Stream."

"The spiritual energy there is abundant and suitable for resting, but there is one thing I would like to remind you both."

"There are many ancient spiritual plants and spirit beasts in the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm."

"They are all companions of the Spirit Race, so please do not touch them casually."

"To avoid causing unnecessary conflict. In addition, although the clan leader has agreed to cooperate, there are still many clansmen who harbor hostility towards the Human Race."

"Please try not to go out alone."

Elder Qingxuan thoughtfully reminded the two of them.

"Thank you for the reminder, Elder Qingxuan. We've taken note," David nodded respectfully.

He understood the Spirit Clan's hostility.

After all, the grudges of the past were too deep to be easily resolved.

He could only demonstrate his sincerity through actions, proving that humans weren't all greedy and cunning.

Soon, the three arrived at the banks of the Spirit Stream.

The scenery here was even more beautiful than deep in the valley.

The clear Spirit Stream flowed gently.

Tender green grass and colorful exotic flowers grew along its banks.

A refreshing spiritual energy filled the air, invigorating the spirit. Small, exquisite houses made of wood and vines sat along the banks, blending perfectly with their surroundings.

Clearly, these were the dwellings of the Spirit Clan.

Elder Qingxuan led them to a small house at the end of the Spirit Stream and said, "Fellow Daoists, this is your lodging."

"The facilities inside are all prepared; please rest here for now."

"Tomorrow morning, I will come to pick you up and take you to the core spiritual vein to begin the restoration ritual."

"If you need anything, simply circulate your spiritual energy and send a signal, and I will come immediately."

"Thank you for your trouble, Elder Qingxuan," David said gratefully, clasping his hands in a fist salute.

Elder Qingxuan nodded, gave a few more instructions, and then turned and left.

Watching Elder Qingxuan's departing figure, Jiang Xuelan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She said to David, "I didn't expect that Clan Chief Qingmu would actually agree to cooperate."

"This journey has been incredibly difficult."

"But, are you really confident in restoring the spiritual vein?"

"Even the Spirit Clan itself cannot solve the problem of the depleted spiritual vein."

"Can the power of chaos really do it?" Jiang Xuelan wasn't sure either.

David smiled. "Don't worry, I'm confident. The power of chaos is the primordial force from the beginning of heaven and earth, encompassing and nourishing all things."

"The corruption of spiritual veins is essentially the depletion and impurity of spiritual energy."

"The power of chaos can purify the impurity, nourish the spiritual veins, and repair their damaged foundations." "

However, repairing the core spiritual veins requires a large amount of chaotic power."

"Moreover, we may encounter some unknown dangers during the process, so we must be careful."

A resolute look appeared in David's eyes.

"I will always be with you." Jiang Xuelan looked at David, her eyes filled with love.

Along this journey, Jiang Xuelan had long since fallen in love with David.

They were no longer just partners, and Jiang Xuelan was no longer asking David to help her find her clansmen.

They were more like companions, soulmates.

"No matter what dangers we encounter, we will face them together. If you need anything else, I can help you too..."

As she finished speaking, Jiang Xuelan's face flushed.