

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6391

David nodded, a warm feeling welling up inside him.

During this time, no matter how great the danger, Jiang Xuelan had always been by his side.

Her unwavering support had become his strongest reliance.

He knew that repairing the spiritual veins and fighting against the Divine Alliance was a path fraught with difficulties.

But as long as Jiang Xuelan was there, he had the courage to forge ahead.

Furthermore, Jiang Xuelan's words about other needs truly touched David's heart.

Without dual cultivation, he always felt something was missing.

"Xuelan, are you sure you're willing to give me your body?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak, but nodded vigorously.

David smiled and carried Jiang Xuelan into the small house.

The small house was simple yet elegant, with soft moss covering the floor.

A pot of fragrant spiritual herbs sat in the corner.

A wooden table and two chairs stood by the window.

Sunlight streamed through the vine-woven windows, filling the room with warmth and softness.

What followed was a fierce battle between the two, both drenched in sweat, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

After finishing, David walked to the window, gazing at the beautiful scenery outside, his expression gradually becoming solemn.

He knew that tomorrow's restoration ceremony not only concerned the life and death of the Spirit Clan,

but also the future of the Free Valley Resistance Army,

and even the fate of the entire Sixteenth Heaven.

He had to go all out and could not afford the slightest mistake.

Meanwhile, inside the tree hollow of the Green Wood Clan Chief,

Elder Qingyuan and several other elders were gathered around the Green Wood Clan Chief, discussing the matter with grave expressions.

"Clan Chief, do you really believe in that David?"

one of the elders asked worriedly.

"Humans have always been cunning; we cannot easily trust him."

"What if his repair of the spiritual veins is a pretense, a ploy to seize our Spirit Clan's core spiritual crystal?"

"What if his true intention is to control the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits? Then our Spirit Clan will truly be doomed."

Chief Qingmu shook his head, his tone grave. "I don't trust humans either, but we have no choice."

"The spiritual vein crisis is imminent, and the Divine Alliance is watching us with predatory eyes."

"David's chaotic power is our only hope. Moreover, his oath, sworn with chaotic power, is not a lie."

"If he dares to break his promise, the chaotic power will retaliate against him. We only need to secretly monitor him and take precautions."

"Once we discover any unusual activity from him, we must immediately strike and kill him. We must not give him the opportunity to harm the Spirit Clan."

Chief Qingmu did not yet fully trust David.

"The patriarch is right

," Elder Qingyuan nodded. "We've already arranged for people to secretly monitor David's every move."

"If he shows the slightest abnormality, we'll detect it immediately."

"Furthermore, we'll take precautions regarding the spirit crystals and spirit springs needed to repair the spirit veins, ensuring he has no opportunity to exploit them." "

Excellent!" Patriarch Qingmu gazed out the window at the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm, which had nurtured the Spirit Clan for ten thousand years.

His eyes were filled with complex emotions.

He only hoped that David could truly repair the spirit veins
and sincerely cooperate with the Spirit Clan to overcome this crisis.

If David broke his promise, he would fight with all his might to make David
pay a heavy price and
protect the Spirit Clan's homeland.

Night deepened, and the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm gradually fell silent.

Only the murmuring of the spirit stream and the soft humming of the spirit
plants echoed in the night sky.

David and Jiang Xuelan each regulated their breathing, conserving their
energy

in preparation for tomorrow's repair ceremony.

A battle for the fate of the Elven race and the human race has only just begun.

Dangers and challenges lie ahead, quietly awaiting them. The next morning,
just as dawn was breaking,

the core spiritual vein of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits was already
heavily guarded by the Spirit Clan.

The core spiritual vein was located deep within the Spirit Vein Secret Realm of
the Ancient Realm.

At the center of the secret realm stood a massive stone altar.

The altar was carved entirely from warm, lustrous spirit jade, and its surface
was covered with ancient Spirit Clan runes.

The runes shimmered with a faint green light, radiating a heavy and solemn aura.

In the center of the altar was a deep spring.

Within the spring flowed a milky-white spiritual spring.

Ripples spread across the surface of the spring, and a rich spiritual energy wafted out.

However, it carried a faint turbidity, a sign of the spiritual vein's decay.

Around the spring were eight fist-sized spirit crystals.

The crystals were emerald green, containing abundant spiritual energy, yet they appeared somewhat dim.

This was clearly due to the depletion of the spiritual vein and insufficient supply of spiritual energy.

Chief Qingmu, Elder Qingyuan, Elder Qingxuan, and several other elders

of the Spirit Clan stood around the stone altar, clad in ancient Spirit Clan sacrificial robes. Their

expressions were solemn, their hands forming hand seals, silently chanting ancient Spirit Clan incantations.

The incantations were deep and resonant, echoing throughout the entire secret realm.

The runes on the stone altar shone brighter with each chant.

Green spiritual light coiled around the altar, resonating with the spiritual spring within.

The Spirit Clan members surrounded the outer edge of the secret realm, their hands clasped together, their expressions devout, silently praying.

Their eyes held both trepidation and anticipation; this was their Spirit Clan's last hope.

David and Jiang Xuelan stood in the center of the stone altar.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside David, her icy blue spiritual energy quietly circulating around her. She remained

vigilant, constantly watching for any movement around her, protecting David's safety.

David took a deep breath and slowly closed his eyes.

His aura gradually became calm and steady.

He slowly raised his hands, palms facing each other, and the chaotic power within his body slowly surged forth.

At first, only a faint purple spiritual light overflowed from his palms.

The light was pure and domineering, carrying the primordial aura of the beginning of heaven and earth.

It formed a stark contrast with the surrounding green spiritual energy.

As David's mind calmed down, the chaotic power surged even more violently.

The purple spiritual light continuously flowed from his body,

gradually converging into a thick pillar of light, enveloping the entire stone altar.

Within the pillar of light, countless tiny purple specks of light could be vaguely seen.

These were the origin of the chaotic power, radiating a powerful nourishing force.

David slowly opened his eyes, a resolute glint in them.

He pressed his hands down sharply, and the purple pillar of chaotic light instantly plunged down,

directly into the spiritual spring in the center of the stone altar.

"Buzz..."

A deep hum resounded throughout the entire secret realm.

The moment the pillar of chaotic light entered the spiritual spring, the spring churned violently.

The milky white spring water and the purple chaotic power mingled together.

A purple and white vortex formed.

The ancient runes on the stone altar shone brightly.

Green spiritual light intertwined with the purple and white vortex

, forming a massive light shield that enveloped the entire stone altar.

The eight spirit crystals around it, nourished by the power of chaos

, gradually brightened.

Emerald green spiritual light overflowed from the spirit crystals, flowing along the runes on the stone altar.

The chaotic energy slowly flowed into the spiritual spring, aiding in the repair of the spiritual veins.

David's expression gradually became solemn, fine beads of sweat appearing on his forehead, and his face turning slightly pale.

Repairing the spiritual veins was far more difficult than he had imagined; the corruption of the core spiritual veins had penetrated deep into their foundations.

Although the power of chaos could nourish the spiritual veins and purify the impurities,

he needed to precisely control every wisp of power. He

had to thoroughly remove the impurities from the spiritual veins without damaging their essence.

He frowned slightly, his mind highly focused.

He manipulated the power of chaos, allowing it to seep little by little into the depths of the spiritual spring, following the direction of the spiritual veins, slowly nourishing their damaged foundations.

Everyone clearly saw the turbid energy within the spiritual spring

, gradually being peeled away under the influence of the chaotic energy.

It transformed into wisps of black mist, rising from the spiritual spring.

The moment it touched the light barrier, it was purified by the green spiritual light within the barrier and dissipated into the air.

As the impurities were gradually cleared away, the color of the spiritual spring became purer

, slowly transforming from milky white to a clear, translucent emerald green.

The spiritual energy surging within the spring grew increasingly concentrated, carrying a refreshing vitality.

Beneath the stone altar, the previously parched and cracked earth

gradually became moist under the nourishment of the spiritual spring and the power of chaos.

Tender green shoots sprouted from the cracks

, growing rapidly and quickly forming a lush patch of grass.

The surrounding spiritual plants, sensing the change in the spiritual veins, swayed their branches and leaves

, emitting joyful humming sounds. Their previously withered branches and leaves gradually turned vibrant green, bursting with vitality.

Even the distant spiritual beasts sensed the revival of spiritual energy, emitting clear, joyful cries.

The Green Wood Clan Chief and several elders stared in astonishment

at the scene unfolding in the center of the stone altar.

Their hand seals never ceased, and their incantations grew increasingly rapid.

They could clearly feel the aura of the core spiritual vein gradually becoming fuller.

The damaged foundation was being repaired little by little by the power of chaos.

The despair of near exhaustion was gradually dissipating, replaced by a vibrant vitality.

Elder Qingxuan

's face showed a relieved smile. His gaze towards David was filled with admiration.

He had indeed not misjudged him; David's power of chaos could truly save the Spirit Race.

Jiang Xuelan kept her eyes fixed on David, watching his pale face.

Worry appeared in her eyes.

She could feel that the power of chaos within David was rapidly being consumed.

His aura was also becoming weaker and weaker.

She quietly took a step forward, and the icy blue spiritual energy around her slowly flowed into David's body to replenish his strength, whispering, "David, hold on, I'm with you."

David felt Jiang Xuelan's spiritual energy and nodded slightly.

A weak but determined smile appeared on his face.

He did not stop what he was doing, continuing to manipulate the power of chaos.

Gradually, the impurities within the spiritual veins were purified, nourishing their foundation.

Time passed slowly, and the spiritual energy within the secret realm grew increasingly dense.

The spiritual spring became clearer, and the runes on the stone altar shone ever brighter.

Deep within the spiritual veins, the previously broken and damaged vein patterns,

nourished by the power of chaos, gradually reconnected, flowing with pure spiritual energy.

Suddenly, David's body shuddered violently.

His face instantly turned deathly pale, and a mouthful of blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

Deep within the spiritual veins, a powerful force of impurity lay hidden.

It was the root of the spiritual veins' decay, now stirred by the power of chaos.

It erupted suddenly, frantically assaulting David's chaotic energy.

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"Not good!"

Clan Chief Qingmu's expression changed, and he exclaimed in alarm.

"It's the turbid core of the spiritual vein! That's a turbid core formed from years of decay in the spiritual vein, containing powerful corrupting energy. Fellow Daoist David probably won't be able to withstand it!"

Elder Qingyuan's expression also changed drastically, and he hurriedly said, "Clan Chief, let's help!"

"If Fellow Daoist David is harmed, the spiritual vein will never be repaired!"

Clan Chief Qingmu didn't hesitate at all and suddenly raised his hand.

The wood-attribute spiritual power around him surged, and green spiritual light gathered into a huge palm.

He slammed it towards the center of the stone altar.

The other elders also made their moves.

They each circulated their spiritual power, gathering it into beams of spiritual light.

They merged into Clan Chief Qingmu's palm and together they rushed towards the turbid core of the spiritual vein.

David felt the impact of the turbid core, and a resolute look flashed in his eyes.

He gritted his teeth and unleashed all the remaining chaotic power in his body.

The purple light pillar surged again, merging with the green spiritual light of Clan Chief Qingmu and the others.

A massive force, a blend of purple and green, slammed down upon the turbid core of the spiritual vein.

"Boom!"

A deafening roar echoed as the immense force struck the core.

The core trembled violently, black mist gushing forth, yet it was firmly contained by the purple-green force.

David exerted all his strength, manipulating the power of chaos to gradually erode the core.

The Green Wood Clan Chief and several elders also poured their spiritual energy into assisting David in purifying the core.

Jiang Xuelan gripped David's hand tightly, continuously channeling her spiritual energy into his body.

Her eyes were filled with worry, but she showed no sign of retreat.

After half an hour of stalemate, the turbid core of the spiritual vein was finally purified and dissipated under the combined influence of the chaotic and spiritual forces of the Spirit Clan.

As the last wisp of black mist vanished into the air, the spiritual spring in the center of the stone altar became completely clear and transparent.

Emerald green water gurgled and flowed, radiating a rich and pure spiritual energy.

Below the stone altar, the previously cracked earth was now covered with lush green grass.

The surrounding spiritual plants grew ever more lush, and spiritual energy flowed freely within the secret realm, brimming with vitality.

David could no longer hold on; his legs buckled, and he nearly collapsed.

Jiang Xuelan quickly supported him, her eyes filled with heartache.

His face remained deathly pale, his breath extremely weak, and the chaotic power within his body was almost completely depleted.

Yet, a relieved smile appeared on his face.

He had done it.

He had successfully repaired the core foundation of the spiritual vein.

He had secured a chance of survival for the Spirit Clan and for the Free Valley Resistance Army.

Clan Chief Qingmu and several elders quickly walked to the center of the stone altar and bowed deeply to David.

Their voices were filled with admiration and gratitude.

"Thank you, Fellow Daoist David!"

"Thank you, Fellow Daoist, for saving the Spirit Clan!"

"The Spirit Clan will never forget your great kindness!"

The Spirit Clan members surrounding the secret realm also knelt on the ground, shouting in unison,

"Thank you, Fellow Daoist David! Thank you, Fellow Daoist David!" The voice was loud and clear, echoing throughout the entire secret realm, filled with gratitude and awe.

David leaned against Jiang Xuelan, waved his hand slightly, and said weakly but with a smile, "Clan Chief,

you're too kind." "Repairing the spiritual veins is also for our common goal. As long as we can fight against the Divine Alliance and protect this world, this sacrifice is nothing."

Elder Qingxuan quickly stepped forward, took out a crystal-clear spiritual fruit, and handed it to David.

"Fellow Daoist David, this is our Spirit Clan's thousand-year-old spiritual fruit."

"It can quickly replenish spiritual power and nourish the body. Please take it and meditate properly." Elder Qingxuan said.

David took the spiritual fruit, nodded to Elder Qingxuan, and said gratefully, "Thank you, Elder Qingxuan."

Then, he put the spiritual fruit in his mouth, and it melted instantly.

A sweet spiritual power instantly surged into his body, nourishing his exhausted meridians and chaotic power.

The fatigue in his body gradually eased.

Clan Chief Qingmu looked at the vibrant spiritual veins before him, his eyes filled with relief and emotion.

He turned to David, his tone incredibly solemn, and said, "Fellow Daoist David, from this day forward, the Spirit Race and the Free Valley Resistance Army are allies."

"No matter what dangers we face, the Spirit Race will fight alongside you, together against the Divine Alliance, to protect the peace of this world!"

The Azure Wood Clan Chief's voice boomed like thunder through the valley of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest, resounding with unwavering conviction.

Every word carried an undeniable firmness, as if etched into the hearts of every Spirit Race member present.

A faint cyan-green spiritual energy swirled around him, the very essence of the Spirit Race.

As his words rose and fell, even the ancient trees around him seemed to tremble slightly, their branches rustling, as if echoing his decision.

The surrounding Spirit Race members, whether strong young warriors, white-haired elders, or beautiful female cultivators, all raised their heads, their eyes blazing with fighting spirit.

They gripped their magical artifacts tightly, loudly echoing his sentiments.

“Fight alongside Freedom Valley!”

A tall Spirit Clan warrior roared first, his voice booming like a bell, rippling the surrounding air.

“Fight against the God Alliance! Never retreat!”

“Protect our homeland! Protect the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits!”

Shouts rose and fell, growing louder and louder, converging into a mighty torrent.

They echoed through the valley, striking the cliffs with reverberations, even causing the ground to tremble slightly.

This heartfelt resolve was the Spirit Clan’s deep love for their homeland, and their resistance against the oppression of the God Alliance.

David leaned against Jiang Xuelan’s soft shoulder, his face still as pale as paper, but a weak yet incredibly relieved smile slowly appeared on his lips.

His spiritual energy was almost completely depleted, and the stinging pain from repairing his meridians lingered in his veins.

Each breath carried a trace of weariness, but seeing this scene before him, all the hardship and sacrifice vanished.

This trip to the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits had finally been worthwhile.

The alliance of the Spirit Race undoubtedly injected a powerful boost into Freedom Valley and the battle against the God Race alliance.

Elder Qingxuan quickly stepped forward and carefully supported David's other arm.

His movements were gentle, as if afraid of aggravating David's damaged meridians, and his tone was full of concern.

"Fellow Daoist David, you have exhausted yourself. Your spiritual energy is almost depleted, and your meridians are slightly damaged. Go to the side hall to rest and recuperate."

He paused, a trace of gratitude and relief flashing in his eyes.

"The repair of the spiritual meridians is all thanks to you. It is now completely successful, and the foundation of the Myriad Spirit Ancient Forest has been preserved."

"Leave the remaining alliance matters to us. You don't need to push yourself."

David slowly shook his head.

He took a deep breath, and a faint chaotic power slowly flowed through his meridians, barely supporting his body.

Though her voice was soft, it carried a firm tone, "It's alright, I'll recover after a short rest." "

Chief Aoki, regarding the cooperation between the Spirit Clan and Free Valley to jointly fight against the God Clan Alliance, there are still some details I'd like to finalize with you."

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Chief Qingmu waved his hand, a gentle smile on his face, his eyes overflowing with gratitude.

"Fellow Daoist David, there's no need for such formality. You saved the foundation of our Spirit Clan, and the entire Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits."

"Cooperation is naturally no problem, no need for further discussion."

He looked up at the Spirit Clan members behind him, his tone becoming serious.

"I will immediately arrange for men, selecting the elite of the clan to accompany you back to Freedom Valley."

"We will fight alongside you, jointly resisting the invasion of the Divine Alliance, even if it costs the Spirit Clan all its strength, we will never retreat."

David's heart leaped with joy, a glint of light flashing in his eyes.

He forced himself to stand, deeply clasped his hands in a fist salute to Chief Qingmu, his tone respectful and sincere.

"Thank you for your trust, Chief!"

"With the Spirit Clan's assistance, our chances of defeating the Divine Alliance have increased even further!"

However, just as David finished speaking, the smile on Chief Qingmu's face gradually faded.

Instead, a hint of difficulty appeared on his face, his brows furrowed slightly, and his tone became heavier,

as if he had some unspeakable secret.

"However, Fellow Daoist David, there's a problem I must inform you of beforehand,"

Chief Qingmu said. "This might affect our subsequent cooperation plans."

Seeing Chief Qingmu's sudden change in expression, David's heart sank, and a bad premonition quietly rose within him.

He wiped the smile from his face, his expression becoming solemn, and slowly said,

"Chief, please speak. Whatever the problem is, we can work together to find a solution."

Chief Qingmu sighed softly, his gaze sweeping over the lush ancient forest around him, his eyes filled with longing and helplessness.

His tone carried a touch of melancholy.

"We, the Spirit Clan, have been rooted here since ancient times, born and raised in this ancient forest."

"We have long been one with this land."

"The spiritual power within us is not simply the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, but is intimately connected with the spiritual energy of this Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits."

"It is the spiritual vein power of the ancient forest that nourishes us and has also created the innate supernatural abilities of our Spirit Clan."

He stretched out his hand, a wisp of greenish-blue spiritual power emanating from his palm.

The spiritual power was mixed with a faint fragrance of grass and trees, as if it contained the vitality of the ancient forest.

"Once we leave this ancient forest, the spiritual power within us will lose its source of nourishment."

"The speed at which we absorb the spiritual energy of heaven and earth will become extremely slow, even less than one-tenth of what it is in the ancient forest."

"Even with high-grade pills and spirit stones to replenish it, the external spiritual energy is difficult to integrate with the spiritual vein power within our bodies."

"It takes a very, very long time to refine it and transform it into usable spiritual power."

As he spoke, the Azure Wood Clan Chief's tone became increasingly heavy, a trace of bitterness flashing in his eyes.

"More importantly, after each battle, our Spirit Clan warriors suffer immense depletion of spiritual energy."

"It takes far longer for us to recover to our peak condition compared to other races."

"Only by returning to this ancient forest and bathing in the power of the spiritual veins can our recovery speed be significantly increased."

"Only then can we quickly return to the battlefield."

He paused, then slowly continued,

"This is one of the reasons why our Spirit Clan has been confined to this place for thousands of years, never easily stepping out of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits."

"It's not that we don't want to go out, it's not that we fear the Alliance of the Gods."

"It's that we can't go out."

“Leaving the ancient forest, our combat power will be greatly reduced, and our recovery will be slow.”

“Once we encounter a powerful enemy, we will only become lambs to the slaughter.”

“Not only will we be unable to help our allies, but we will also become a burden.”

Hearing this, the surrounding Spirit Clan members all showed a somber expression.

Some lowered their heads, their eyes filled with resentment.

They too longed to leave the ancient forest, longed to contribute more to protecting their homeland. Their innate constitution, however, became a shackle binding them.

Jiang Xuelan frowned, a hint of worry flashing in her eyes.

She understood the Spirit Clan’s predicament.

If Spirit Clan warriors were to leave the Ancient Forest, their combat strength would be greatly reduced and their recovery slow.

Even if they joined the Valley of Freedom, they would struggle to play a truly effective role.

They might even suffer significant losses in the battle against the God Clan Alliance.

However, after hearing Chief Qingmu’s words, David showed no worry.

Instead, a confident smile slowly appeared on his face.

He gently patted Jiang Xuelan’s hand, signaling her to relax.

Then, looking at Chief Qingmu, he said firmly, "Chief, I can solve this problem."

Chief Qingmu was stunned, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He suddenly raised his head, staring intently at David, his tone filled with urgency and doubt.

"You can solve it?"

"Fellow Daoist David, are you aware that this is an innate predicament of our Spirit Clan?"

"For thousands of years, we have tried countless methods, but none have been able to break it."

"You really have a way?"

David slowly nodded, his confidence growing stronger.

He slowly raised his right hand, palm up, and gently flipped it.

A black halo emerged from his palm.

A black tower, about the size of a palm, slowly condensed and landed in his hand.

This black tower was as black as ink, its body ancient and heavy.

It was covered with densely packed ancient runes, which twisted and intertwined, as if containing the mysteries of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

It exuded a desolate, heavy, and majestic aura, as if it had been tempered by countless ages.

It inspired awe in everyone.

The top of the tower was slightly pointed, with a wisp of black mist swirling around it, exuding a powerful aura that suppressed all things.

"This is the Demon-Suppressing Tower," David's voice slowly rang out, carrying a faint trace of majesty.

"This tower is an ancient treasure, containing its own unique space."

"The flow of time within this space is completely different from the outside; one day outside is equivalent to a hundred days inside."

"If Spirit Clan warriors need to recover after battle, they only need to enter the Demon-Suppressing Tower to recuperate."

"They will have ample time to refine spiritual energy and heal their injuries."

"Even those severely injured can recover to their peak condition in a short time."

Chief Qingmu's pupils suddenly contracted, his eyes filled with shock.

He stared intently at the Demon-Suppressing Tower in David's palm, his body trembling slightly.

His lips moved, but he couldn't utter a word for a long time.

After a long while, he finally managed to squeeze out a few words, his voice choked with emotion.

"The Demon-Suppressing Tower...this is actually the legendary Demon-Suppressing Tower!"

David was somewhat surprised by Chief Qingmu's excited reaction.

He had only known that the Demon-Suppressing Tower was an ancient treasure with the ability to accelerate time.

He hadn't expected Chief Qingmu to recognize the tower and react so strongly.

He raised an eyebrow slightly, asking curiously, "Does the clan leader recognize this tower?"

Clan Chief Qingmu took a deep breath, trying to calm his shock.

He slowly reached out, wanting to touch the Demon-Suppressing Tower, but stopped just before he touched it.

His eyes were filled with awe, as if it were an inviolable sacred object.

After a long while, he slowly withdrew his hand, his tone tinged with a sense of vicissitude and reverence.

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"Yes, of course I know it."

"In the ancient books of our Spirit Clan, there is a legend about an ancient divine tower."

"That is the legend of the Three Towers."

He raised his eyes and looked into the distance, his gaze seemingly traversing countless ages, returning to the ancient times.

"Legend has it that in ancient times, when heaven and earth were first created, the three realms were in chaos, demons roamed freely, and immortals and gods fought endlessly, causing immense suffering to all living beings."

"To pacify the three realms and protect all living beings, ancient powerful beings forged three divine towers."

“These are the Demon-Suppressing Tower, the Monster-Suppressing Tower, and the Immortal-Suppressing Tower.”

“These three divine towers each possess supernatural powers, their might boundless, shaking the three realms.”

“The Demon-Suppressing Tower is primarily for suppression, capable of suppressing all demons and evil spirits in the world.”

“The time flow within the tower is unpredictable, helping cultivators to quickly recuperate and break through realms.”

“The Monster-Suppressing Tower is primarily for space, able to control the laws of space, traversing between heaven and earth, ignoring distance limitations.”

“The Immortal-Suppressing Tower is primarily for purification, able to purify all evil and nourish the immortal soul.”

“It enhances the cultivator’s state of mind and cultivation.”

The Green Wood Clan Chief’s tone grew increasingly solemn, a hint of longing flashing in his eyes.

“Legend has it that if these three divine towers could be gathered together and unified,” “

they would transform into the Three Realms Suppressing Tower, possessing unparalleled power to suppress all realms, control time and space, and purify everything.”

“They could even reshape the order of heaven and earth, restoring peace to the Three Realms.” “

However, since ancient times, these three divine towers have been scattered throughout the Three Realms.”

"No one has ever seen any of them, and over time, this legend has gradually been forgotten."

"Only in the ancient books of our ancient races are there a trace of records."

He looked again at the Demon Suppressing Tower in David's palm, his eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

"I never imagined that in my lifetime I would actually see the Demon Suppressing Tower with my own eyes."

"Even more unexpectedly, this legendary treasure is actually in your hands!"

"Fellow Daoist David, who exactly are you?"

After hearing the words of the Green Wood Clan Chief, David was not surprised. The Green Wood Clan Chief's words were similar to what Shen Zhiyan had said, so it seemed that the legend of the three towers was true.

David smiled slowly and said calmly, "Clan leader, please don't worry. I'm just an ordinary rogue cultivator.

I belong to no sect or faction; I only obtained these two towers by chance."

"I'm not a special person."

As he spoke, he extended his left hand again, flipped his palm, and a white halo appeared.

Another white tower, about the size of a palm, slowly condensed and landed in his palm.

This white tower was pure white like jade, crystal clear, as if carved from the finest mutton-fat jade.

The tower body was also covered with ancient runes.

However, these runes were softer than those on the Demon-Suppressing Tower, emitting a faint white light.

Pure and warm, they formed a stark contrast with the dark and heavy Demon-Suppressing Tower.

One black, one white; one hard, one soft, complementing each other perfectly.

“The Demon-Suppressing Tower!”

Elder Qingxuan exclaimed in surprise upon seeing this white tower, his eyes widening

in disbelief, his body trembling slightly .

As an elder of the Spirit Clan, he had also perused the clan’s ancient texts

and was familiar with the legend of the Three Towers, so he naturally recognized the origin of this white tower.

Elder Qingyuan, standing to the side, was also stunned, his lips trembling slightly, his eyes filled with shock. He couldn’t utter a single word.

The surrounding Spirit Clan members erupted in jubilation, kneeling down and clasping their hands together.

Their expressions were respectful and devout, as if on a pilgrimage.

They bowed and worshipped the two divine towers in David’s palms, chanting incantations.

It was the Spirit Clan’s awe and reverence for ancient treasures.

The Green Wood Clan Chief’s face instantly turned pale, his eyes filled with utter shock.

He stared intently at the two divine towers in David's palms, his voice trembling and distorted.

"You...you actually have two!"

"Fellow Daoist David, you actually possess both the Demon Suppression Tower and the Monster Suppression Tower!"

"This...this is simply unbelievable!"

David chuckled lightly, his tone remaining calm. "This junior obtained these two towers by sheer chance." "

I've had the Monster Suppression Tower for some time now, but I haven't been able to fully control it."

"My understanding and use of it are still very shallow; I can only unleash a negligible portion of its power."

The Green Wood Clan Chief took a deep breath, slowly calming his extreme shock.

He looked at the Monster Suppression Tower in David's palm, a hint of solemnity and expectation flashing in his eyes. "The Monster Suppression Tower is a spatial treasure, its power boundless."

"If one can fully control it, one can truly control the laws of space, ignoring all spatial distances, and reach any place you wish to go."

"Whether it's traversing thousands of miles, crossing different realms, or even crossing dimensions, it's all within reach."

David's eyes lit up, a flash of surprise instantly appearing within them.

He hurriedly asked, "Really? Clan Chief, are you telling the truth?"

"As long as you fully control the Demon-Suppressing Tower, you can freely traverse the sixteen heavens, even cross dimensions?"

Clan Chief Qingmu slowly nodded, his tone certain, "That's what the ancient texts record."

"The core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower contains pure spatial origin power."

"As long as you can draw upon and control this power, you can unlock its full might."

"And you possess the power of chaos, which encompasses all things and can be compatible with all attributes of power."

"Whether it's the power of time or the power of space, you can merge with it."

"Therefore, I believe you can definitely fully control the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower."

David looked at the Demon-Suppressing Tower in his hand, a strong impulse surging within him.

His eyes gleamed with a burning light.

If he could truly fully control the Demon-Suppressing Tower, then travel, combat, and rescue would all become incredibly convenient.

The battlefield between Free Valley and the Divine Alliance spanned the sixteen heavens.

If he could traverse freely, he could flexibly mobilize troops and strike the enemy unexpectedly,

rendering the Divine Alliance's defenses ineffective.

“Clan Chief, I want to try.” David’s voice was firm and powerful, without the slightest hesitation in his eyes.

He couldn’t wait to try and control this powerful spatial force.

Although he had subdued the Demon-Suppressing Tower, David still didn’t know how to use its spatial abilities.

If, as Clan Chief Qingmu said, controlling the Demon-Suppressing Tower meant controlling space, then they wouldn’t need to fly for days to return to Freedom Valley; they could arrive instantly using the tower.

Clan Chief Qingmu nodded slowly, his eyes full of expectation and approval.

“Good! Your chaotic power is unique; perhaps you can truly awaken the full power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.”

“Try controlling the power of spatial origin right here; we will protect you.”

“We will absolutely not let anyone disturb you, ensuring you can calmly refine and control the Demon-Suppressing Tower.”

After speaking, Clan Chief Qingmu winked at Elder Qingxuan and several Spirit Clan elders beside him.

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The elders immediately understood and dispersed, forming a large protective circle around David.

Their spiritual energy circulated, gathering into a sturdy shield that

enveloped David, vigilantly observing their surroundings to prevent any unforeseen events.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside David, her icy blue spiritual energy subtly circulating.

A chilling aura emanated from her, her eyes sharp as knives.

She stared intently at everything outside the shield; even a bird approaching wouldn't escape her notice.

David took a deep breath, slowly closed his eyes, and regulated his breathing, allowing his mind to gradually calm down.

He sat cross-legged, putting away the Demon-Suppressing Tower, leaving only the Demon-Suppressing Tower,

and gently placed it on the ground before him.

At this moment, his mind was free of any distractions; all his attention was focused on the Demon-Suppressing Tower,

feeling the soft white light emanating from it,

and sensing the vast and pure spatial primordial power it contained.

After a moment, David slowly opened his eyes, a resolute glint in them.

He slowly raised his hands, palms facing the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The chaotic power within his body began to circulate, and a purple halo emerged from his palms,

gently enveloping the tower.

This chaotic power was gentle yet vast, encompassing all things without the slightest aggression.

Like a spring drizzle, it slowly seeped into the tower's structure.

The instant the chaotic power touched the tower, it trembled slightly, emitting a deep and resonant hum, as if a colossal beast that had slumbered for millennia had finally been awakened.

The ancient runes on the tower's surface lit up one after another, like stars being illuminated.

White light emanated from the runes, growing brighter and more dazzling, gradually enveloping the entire protective circle and bathing everything around it in a pure white light.

David's divine sense, following the chaotic power, slowly probed into the interior of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The moment his divine sense entered the tower, a vast and pure spatial force instantly enveloped it,

giving him an unprecedented sense of lightness and freedom.

It was as if he had transformed into a gentle breeze, able to freely traverse this space.

Inside the tower was a void of white space.

There was no heaven or earth, no sun or moon, no mountains or rivers, not even a distinction between up, down, left, or right.

Only endless white, with no visible boundaries, and no sense of the passage of time.

It was as if this were a chaotic land independent of the Three Realms.

The former staircase was gone, each floor where Old Hei and the others were imprisoned had vanished, and the spirit of the artifact was gone too. The Demon-Suppressing Tower seemed to have become a primordial object, needing to be rebuilt.

The air was filled with a rich, pure spatial primordial power.

Inhaling even a trace of it made David's divine sense more concentrated.

Without hesitation, David manipulated his divine sense, slowly traversing this void,

searching for the core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He knew that the core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower was the place containing the spatial primordial power.

Only by finding the core and activating its power could he truly control the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Time flowed slowly, and the hours outside gradually passed.

Inside the protective shield, David remained seated cross-legged, eyes closed, his expression calm and focused.

Only fine beads of sweat gradually appeared on his forehead, slowly sliding down his cheeks and dripping onto

the ground, spreading into a small puddle.

His face also gradually grew paler.

The chaotic power within his body was continuously flowing into the Demon-Suppressing Tower. The consumption of his divine sense was increasing, and each time he manipulated it, it required a tremendous amount of mental effort.

One hour, two hours, three hours...

a full three hours passed, and David's divine sense was still wandering in the void of the Demon Suppression Tower.

He still hadn't found the core of the Demon Suppression Tower.

His divine sense had become somewhat weak, and the white space before him was beginning to blur.

Stinging pains emanated from his meridians, and the consumption of his chaotic power had reached its critical point. He

might collapse at any moment.

Jiang Xuelan, standing beside him, looked at David's pale face, her eyes filled with worry.

She wanted to persuade David to stop and rest several times, but she was afraid of disturbing him.

She could only bite her lip tightly and silently circulate her spiritual power, sending a tiny bit of spiritual power to David

to help him hold on.

The Qingmu Clan Chief and several Spirit Clan elders also looked at David with solemn expressions,

their eyes filled with expectation and worry.

They could feel that David's chaotic power was being consumed rapidly,

and his divine sense was becoming increasingly weak.

But they also knew that controlling an ancient treasure was no easy feat.

They could only silently protect David and pray for his success.

A sense of weariness crept into David's heart, but he didn't give up.

He knew this was the key to controlling the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Giving up would mean all his previous efforts were in vain,

and who knew how long he would have to wait to try again.

He gritted his teeth, forcing himself to focus, and circulated the remaining chaotic energy within his body

, constantly nourishing his divine sense and making it more refined.

He took a deep breath, concentrating all his attention on his divine sense.

No longer wandering aimlessly, he calmed his mind and sensed the flow of the spatial origin energy around him.

He discovered that the spatial origin energy in this void was not chaotic,

but slowly converging towards a central point.

Although the convergence was extremely slow, it was remarkably regular.

David was overjoyed and immediately manipulated his divine sense,

moving slowly in the direction of the converging spatial origin energy.

This time, his speed became even slower, and he was even more cautious.

He proceeded cautiously, afraid of missing even the slightest clue.

As he moved forward, the primal power of the surrounding space grew increasingly dense.

The feeling of lightness and freedom intensified.

The consumption of his divine sense gradually decreased.

Another hour passed, which was the fourth hour in the outside world.

David's divine sense finally touched the center point where the primal power of space converged.

It was a fist-sized white sphere of light, suspended in the very center of the void.

The sphere was pure white, radiating a soft yet powerful white light.

It contained an extremely vast and pure primal power of space.

It seemed to be the core of this space, the soul of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The moment David's divine sense touched the white sphere, it trembled violently.

A massive force erupted instantly, attempting to repel David's divine sense.

This force was extremely powerful, carrying pure spatial pressure.

It caused David's divine sense a sharp pain, almost causing it to dissipate.