

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6396

David's heart tightened, and he immediately circulated the chaotic power within his body

, continuously channeling it into his divine sense to strengthen it.

Simultaneously, he manipulated the chaotic power, slowly permeating it into the white sphere of light,

attempting to merge it with the spatial origin power within.

The chaotic power, all-encompassing, gentle yet boundless,

began to slowly envelop the spatial origin power the moment it came into contact with it.

It permeated and merged little by little, without the slightest repulsion.

The white sphere of light trembled violently, its light flickering, as if struggling, or perhaps adapting.

David's face grew even paler, and beads of sweat poured down his forehead.

His chaotic power was almost completely depleted, and his divine sense was under immense pressure.

Each fusion required tremendous mental effort.

The stinging pain in his meridians grew increasingly intense, as if they were being torn apart.

But he did not give up, gritting his teeth and persevering.

He continued to manipulate the chaotic power, merging it with the spatial origin power within the white sphere of light.

He could clearly feel the primordial spatial power within the white sphere of light

being gradually assimilated by the power of chaos and controlled by his divine sense.

As the fusion deepened, the trembling of the white sphere of light gradually subsided.

The light became softer and more stable, no longer repelling David's divine sense.

Just then, a vast amount of information surged into David's mind like a tidal wave,

instantly filling his divine sense.

This information was incredibly vast, containing all the manipulation techniques of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

From the most basic spatial folding and spatial traversal, to advanced spatial sealing and spatial shattering,

and then to top-level spatial crossing and dimensional traversal, all sorts of supernatural abilities emerged one by one,

clearly imprinted in David's mind, as if they were abilities he was born with.

David closed his eyes, carefully memorizing these manipulation techniques, comprehending their mysteries one by one.

He felt as if he were in a completely new world, surrounded by the figures of spatial laws.

He could clearly feel the flow of space and its mysteries.

It was as if he had merged with this space, able to manipulate everything within it at will.

He comprehended the techniques of spatial folding, the principles of spatial travel, and

the true essence of spatial sealing. With each comprehension, his control over the Demon-Suppressing Tower deepened.

The spatial primordial power within his body also increased accordingly.

Time flowed once more, and two hours had quietly passed in the outside world.

During these two hours, David had been comprehending the methods of controlling the Demon-Suppressing Tower and fusing with the spatial primordial power.

His divine sense had completely merged with the white sphere of light.

He could freely manipulate the spatial primordial power within the white sphere and

freely mobilize the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The chaotic power within his body had also perfectly merged with the spatial primordial power,

forming a new power that possessed both the inclusiveness of chaotic power and the agility of spatial power.

Finally, David slowly opened his eyes.

The instant he opened his eyes, a dazzling white light flashed within them.

That was the power of the spatial primordial power, fleeting and then returning to calm.

But his gaze had become deeper and more resolute,

as if it contained endless spatial mysteries.

His face remained pale, but his eyes were filled with confidence and composure.

His spiritual energy was slowly recovering, and the stinging pain in his meridians was gradually disappearing. He slowly raised his right hand and gently waved it.

The spatial origin power within his body instantly circulated, flowing through his arm and into the air.

The space in front of him instantly distorted, forming a faint white ripple.

The ripple continued to spread, gradually condensing into a white light gate half a person's height.

The light gate was pure white, emitting a soft white light, and behind it was a blur, as if connecting to another space.

And opposite the light gate was the other end of the valley of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest

, hundreds of feet away from David's current location.

David slowly stood up, patted the dust off his clothes, and a relieved smile appeared on his face.

He took a deep breath and stepped into the white light gate.

As soon as his figure entered the light gate, the light gate trembled slightly and disappeared instantly.

The surrounding space also returned to normal.

The next moment, David's figure appeared on the other side of the valley, standing steadily on the ground.

He turned around, looked at the protective shield hundreds of feet away, and a confident smile appeared on his face.

Inside the protective shield, Elder Qingxuan was completely stunned.

His eyes widened, his mouth gaped open—enough to fit a fist—his face filled with disbelief.

He subconsciously rubbed his eyes, thinking he was seeing things.

Elder Qingyuan was the same, his lips trembling slightly, his eyes filled with shock.

He couldn't utter a single word.

He never imagined that David had actually mastered the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He could traverse space so easily.

The surrounding Spirit Clan members were even more dumbfounded, standing up one after another, their faces filled with shock and awe.

They looked at David as if he were a god.

They had originally thought that it would take David at least several days or even months to master the Demon-Suppressing Tower. But they

never expected that David would succeed in just six hours.

And he could use the ability to traverse space so skillfully.

Clan Chief Qingmu took a deep breath, slowly deactivated the protective shield, his eyes filled with shock and admiration.

He strode up to David, his voice trembling slightly, "You...you've taken control of the Demon-Suppressing Tower?"

"Fellow Daoist David, have you truly mastered its power completely?"

David nodded slowly, a humble smile on his face. "I'd say I've only begun to grasp it."

"Currently, I can use the Demon-Suppressing Tower's power to traverse freely across the sixteen heavens."

"Whether it's a thousand miles or ten thousand miles, I can arrive instantly."

"But crossing dimensions to reach other heavens is still impossible."

"After all, my cultivation is still insufficient, and my understanding of the power of spatial origin is not deep enough."

"I still need further cultivation and comprehension."

The Green Wood Clan Chief let out a long breath, a relieved smile on his face.

The awe in his eyes deepened.

“Enough, that’s enough!”

“Being able to traverse freely across the sixteen heavens is already an incredible ability.”

“With this ability, your army can instantly appear anywhere.”

“The Divine Alliance’s defenses are nothing but a facade before you!”

“From now on, our Spirit Clan will fight alongside the Valley of Freedom, and we will surely break through the oppression of the Divine Alliance and protect our homeland!”

David put away the Demon-Suppressing Tower and walked to Chief Qingmu.
“Chief, the Spirit Clan’s recovery problem has now been resolved.”

“The flow of time within the Demon-Suppressing Tower is erratic; the warriors are recuperating inside.”

“They can quickly restore their spiritual power and also use the spiritual energy within the tower to enhance their cultivation—a double benefit with half the effort.”

Chapter 6397

Chief Qingmu gave David a deep look.

The last trace of wariness in his eyes finally vanished completely,

replaced by boundless admiration and absolute trust.

He knew that David not only possessed ancient treasures, but also formidable strength and extraordinary courage.

More importantly, he had a heart dedicated to protecting all living beings.

With such a person, the Spirit Race had hope, and could truly escape the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits and break free from their predicament.

"David, you are indeed no ordinary person,"

Chief Qingmu's voice was firm and sincere.

He reached out and firmly grasped David's hand.

"My Spirit Clan is willing to formally ally with you and with Freedom Valley!"

"From this day forward, the Spirit Clan and Freedom Valley will share life and death, honor and disgrace, and will never betray each other!"

"Even if it costs the Spirit Clan all its strength, we will stand with you against the Divine Alliance."

"We will protect our common home!"

David gripped Chief Qingmu's hand tightly, his eyes filled with determination.

"Chief, rest assured, from this day forward, Freedom Valley and the Spirit Clan will be our strongest allies!"

"I, David, hereby swear that I will not let the Spirit Clan's sacrifices be in vain."

"I will lead everyone to break the oppression of the Divine Alliance and restore peace to the Sixteenth Heaven!"

Chief Qingmu acted swiftly and decisively; once he made a decision, he acted immediately.

He gave a few instructions to Elder Qingxuan beside him, who immediately accepted the order and turned to leave.

He went to select elite warriors from the clan to accompany David back to Freedom Valley.

In less than half a day, Elder Qingxuan arrived before David with three hundred Spirit Clan warriors.

These three hundred Spirit Clan warriors were all tall and imposing, their auras steady.

A dense azure-green spiritual energy surrounded them, and their cultivation levels were all above the sixth rank of True Immortal.

Among them were several seventh-rank True Immortal experts, and even a few eighth-rank True Immortal powerhouses.

Their strength was extremely formidable.

They wore uniform azure-green robes embroidered with ancient plant patterns.

Spirit Clan magical artifacts were worn at their waists, their eyes sharp, their expressions resolute.

They exuded an aura of fearlessness, clearly elites of the Spirit Clan.

“Clan Chief, three hundred elite warriors have assembled and are ready to depart at any time!”

Elder Qingxuan bowed respectfully to Clan Chief Qingmu.

He himself possessed the cultivation of an eighth-rank True Immortal, and his strength was formidable; he

would lead these three hundred Spirit Clan warriors back to Freedom Valley with David to assist Freedom Valley in its fight against the Divine Clan Alliance.

Chief Qingmu nodded, his gaze falling on the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors. He spoke solemnly, "Fellow clansmen, we have returned to Freedom Valley with Fellow Daoist David to protect our homeland.

To resist the invasion of the Divine Alliance.

You are all the elite of our Spirit Clan. I hope that in Freedom Valley, you will work together with the warriors of Freedom Valley.

Help each other, and obey the arrangements of Fellow Daoist David and the leader of Freedom Valley.

Do not let down the expectations of the Spirit Clan, do not let down the expectations of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits!"

"We obey the Chief's command!" The three hundred Spirit Clan warriors shouted in unison, their voices booming and deafening, their eyes filled with unwavering determination.

They bowed deeply to Chief Qingmu, their expressions respectful yet resolute.

Chief Qingmu then looked at Elder Qingxuan and said solemnly, "Qingxuan, as the leader of this expedition, you must take good care of all the clansmen."

"Think thrice before you act, and cooperate with Fellow Daoist David to deal with any crisis together."

"The Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits is entrusted to Qingyuan and me; you can go with peace of mind."

"Please rest assured, Chief, your subordinate will certainly not fail in his mission!" Elder Qingxuan bowed and said firmly. Elder Qingyuan stepped forward, cupped his hands in greeting to Elder Qingxuan and the three

hundred Spirit Clan warriors, and said sincerely, "Fellow Daoists, take care on your journey. May you achieve a resounding victory and return soon."

"I will guard the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits and await your triumphant return."

David looked at the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

With the addition of these three hundred elite warriors at the True Immortal Realm or above, the strength of Freedom Valley would greatly increase.

Their confidence in confronting the Divine Alliance would also be much stronger.

He cupped his hands respectfully to Clan Chief Qingmu and Elder Qingyuan, saying, "Clan Chief, Elder Qingyuan, thank you for your trust and support."

"Please rest assured, I will take good care of all my fellow Spirit Clan members and will not let their sacrifices be in vain."

"Once we have quelled the rebellion of the Divine Alliance, we will definitely return to visit you and celebrate peace with you."

"Good, good!" Clan Chief Qingmu nodded with a smile, his eyes full of anticipation. "I await your good news!"

Jiang Xuelan walked to David's side and asked softly, "David, how do we get back?"

"From the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits to the Valley of Freedom, the distance is vast. If we fly back, it will take at least several days."

"Moreover, we might encounter patrols from the Divine Alliance along the way. If a conflict occurs, casualties are inevitable."

"It will also waste time."

David smiled, a confident glint in his eyes. "No need to fly, we have a faster way."

With that, he took out the Demon-Suppressing Tower again and gently lifted it.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower floated in mid-air, its body emitting a soft white light, enveloping everything around it.

"Come closer to me, everyone! Whether you're a fellow cultivator from the Spirit Clan or Xue Lan, stay close and don't scatter."

Three hundred Spirit Clan warriors gathered around, Elder Qingxuan standing beside David, his expression expectant.

He couldn't wait to experience the spatial traversal power of the Demon Suppression Tower.

Jiang Xue Lan also walked to David's side, standing close to him, her eyes full of trust.

David took a deep breath, his hands rapidly forming hand seals.

The chaotic power and spatial origin power within his body circulated simultaneously, continuously pouring into the Demon Suppression Tower.

With the infusion of spiritual power, the light of the Demon Suppression Tower surged.

A dazzling white pillar of light shot into the sky, instantly enveloping everyone present.

It enveloped them within the pillar of light.

The pillar of light was gentle and warm, without any aggression, instead giving people an incomparably safe feeling.

David raised his head, his gaze resolute, and shouted,

“Spatial traversal, destination—Valley of Freedom!”

As soon as he finished speaking, the white pillar of light enveloping everyone suddenly contracted, instantly becoming incredibly dazzling.

So dazzling that people couldn't open their eyes.

The next instant, the pillar of light vanished completely, and everyone present disappeared into the valley of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits.

Only Chief Qingmu and Elder Qingyuan remained, standing in place, gazing in the direction the pillar of light had disappeared.

At the same time, at the entrance to Freedom Valley, a dazzling white pillar of light suddenly descended from the sky,

instantly enveloping an area at the valley entrance.

After the pillar of light dissipated, David, Jiang Xuelan, and three hundred Spirit Clan warriors appeared at the valley entrance.

On the stone tablet at the valley entrance were engraved two powerful characters—Freedom.

It was the symbol of Freedom Valley, the faith in the hearts of all Freedom Valley warriors.

The surrounding valley was lush and verdant, filled with birdsong and fragrant flowers.

Unlike the ancient and solemn atmosphere of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, the aura of Freedom Valley was more one of resilience and hope.

It was the spiritual sustenance of countless cultivators resisting the oppression of the Divine Alliance.

Freedom Valley, arrived.

Chapter 6398

At this moment, on the city wall of Free Valley, Lin Yuan was patrolling alone.

His brows were furrowed, his expression weary, and his eyes bloodshot, clearly indicating he hadn't had a proper rest in a long time.

Several days had passed since David left Free Valley to seek an alliance with the Spirit Clan in the

Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. No news had returned during this time, as if the message had sunk without a trace.

Lin Yuan was filled with worry.

He didn't know what David had encountered in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. He didn't know

if the negotiations with the Spirit Clan had gone smoothly. He

didn't even know if David was alive or dead.

Free Valley was currently in a difficult situation, with

the Divine Clan alliance pressing forward relentlessly, and their forces vastly outnumbered. If David couldn't successfully persuade the Spirit Clan to form an alliance, then the future of Free Valley would be incredibly difficult, perhaps even facing annihilation.

The pressure on his shoulders was immense; every minute was agonizing.

Just then, a dazzling white beam of light suddenly shone at the valley entrance.

The light was blinding, instantly illuminating the entire valley entrance, even bathing the city wall in a white glow.

Lin Yuan abruptly raised his hand to shield his eyes, startled, and instinctively shouted,

"Enemy attack?!"

He thought it was a sneak attack by cultivators from the Divine Clan Alliance, and his heart tightened. He

quickly turned around, wanting to order the warriors on the city wall to be on alert and prepare for battle.

But the moment he turned, the dazzling white pillar of light suddenly vanished.

It left no trace, as if it had never appeared at all.

Lin Yuan lowered his hand and looked towards the valley entrance in confusion.

When he saw the scene at the valley entrance, he was completely stunned.

His pupils suddenly contracted, his mouth gaped open, big enough to fit a fist, his face full of disbelief.

His body was trembling slightly.

At the valley entrance stood more than three hundred people.

Leading them were David and Jiang Xuelan, whom he had been thinking about day and night.

Although David's face was still somewhat pale, his eyes remained firm and composed.

He exuded a faint aura, which, compared to when he left, had gained a touch of the spiritual energy of spatial origin.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her expression calm, icy blue spiritual energy swirling around her. She

remained as aloof and beautiful as ever.

Behind them followed three hundred cultivators clad in turquoise robes.

Each of them had a faint turquoise complexion, and their pupils seemed to shimmer with wood grain.

A dense turquoise spiritual energy surrounded them, their auras steady and powerful.

They were clearly not ordinary people.

The Spirit Race!

These two words flashed through Lin Yuan's mind instantly.

Although he had never seen Spirit Race cultivators, he had heard of their characteristics.

These people looked exactly like the legendary Spirit Race cultivators!

“Chen...David?” Lin Yuan’s voice trembled slightly, filled with disbelief.

He called out tentatively, afraid that everything before him was just an illusion.

David looked at Lin Yuan on the city wall, a gentle smile on his face.

He waved to Lin Yuan and said in a loud voice, “Lin Yuan, I’m back.”

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors beside him, and said firmly, “The Spirit Clan has agreed to ally with our Free Valley to fight against the God Clan Alliance.”

“These three hundred Spirit Clan warriors are now our allies, our brothers-in-arms!”

Lin Yuan was stunned for a moment before slowly reacting.

The weariness and worry on his face were instantly replaced by ecstatic joy.

He jumped up, gesturing wildly with excitement, his voice trembling with emotion.

“We succeeded! We really succeeded!”

Chapter 6399

“David, you really did it!”

“The Spirit Clan really agreed to cooperate with us!”

He was so excited, so happy.

He had waited for this day for far too long.

Free Valley had been trapped for so long, struggling and resisting time and time again against the oppression of the God Clan Alliance.

They had made countless sacrifices, yet still saw no hope.

But the alliance with the Spirit Clan undoubtedly brought new life to Free Valley.

It brought hope of defeating the God Clan Alliance.

Lin Yuan turned around and shouted with all his might into the valley,

“Brothers! David is back!”

“David has returned with his fellow cultivators from the Spirit Clan!”

“The Spirit Clan has agreed to cooperate with us to fight against the God Clan Alliance!”

“We are saved! We have hope!”

His voice echoed through Free Valley, instantly breaking the oppressive atmosphere of the past few days.

The Free Valley warriors, hearing Lin Yuan’s shouts, rushed out of their houses.

Old Zhao was the first to rush out; his tall, thin figure appeared somewhat unsteady. He

even accidentally dropped his folding fan to the ground, but he didn’t notice.

Staring intently at David at the valley entrance, his face was filled with ecstatic joy and disbelief.

"Mr...Mr. Chen? You're really back?"

"The Spirit Clan...the Spirit Clan has really come?"

The middle-aged woman, usually known for her bold and forthright personality and always carrying twin swords, also rushed up the city wall.

When she saw the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors at the valley entrance, her eyes were filled with shock and elation.

She couldn't help but shout, "Great! Really great!"

"With the Spirit Clan's help, we can finally teach those god-race scum a lesson!"

Old Xu stroked his beard, a relieved smile on his face, his eyes filled with tears.

He bowed deeply to David at the valley entrance, saying sincerely, "Mr. Chen, thank you for your hard work. You haven't disappointed us."

Zhao Tieshan, leaning on his cane, walked shakily out of the house.

His face was still pale, and his injuries hadn't fully healed, but his eyes were filled with light—

filled with hope.

He walked to the city wall, gazing at David at the valley entrance, his eyes red-rimmed, his voice choked with emotion.

"Mr. Chen, you really did it..."

"You truly brought hope to our Freedom Valley..."

In an instant, Freedom Valley erupted in jubilation.

The warriors cheered and jumped for joy, their faces filled with ecstasy and excitement.

The fatigue and oppression of the past few days vanished completely at this moment.

They cheered and shouted, as if they could already see the day they would defeat the Divine Alliance and gain their freedom.

Watching this scene, David felt a surge of warmth in his heart.

He quickly walked up the city wall, stood before Lin Yuan, and gently patted him on the shoulder.

A resolute smile appeared on his face.

"Lin Yuan, thank you for your hard work. It's all thanks to you that you've held Freedom Valley safe these past few days."

"From now on, we have allies. With the help of our fellow cultivators from the Spirit Clan, we no longer have to fight alone."

"The good days of the Divine Alliance are over."

"From this day forward, we of Freedom Valley will fight side-by-side with the Spirit Clan, united in purpose."

"We will surely break the oppression of the Divine Alliance and restore peace to everyone."

"We will restore freedom to all cultivators!"

Lin Yuan nodded vigorously, tears finally streaming down his face.

They were tears of excitement, tears of joy, tears of seeing hope.

He had waited for this day for far too long, and now, it had finally arrived. Before Lin Yuan could even wipe away his tears, David had already pulled him by the arm and led him to Elder Qingxuan.

“Lin Yuan, this is Elder Qingxuan of the Spirit Clan, a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade, an elder who has lived for over ten thousand years. He’s leading the three hundred elite troops the Spirit Clan sent this time,”

David introduced.

Lin Yuan quickly clasped his hands in a fist salute, his voice still hoarse from sobs: “Elder Qingxuan, thank you so much for the Spirit Clan’s righteous assistance! The entire Free Valley is deeply grateful!”

Elder Qingxuan wore a long, azure-green robe with spiritual patterns, its hem swirling with delicate spiritual light from plants and trees.

His face was gentle and refined, his white hair tied back, his eyes reflecting the weight and peace of ten thousand years.

The wood-elemental spiritual energy around him was long and mellow, unlike the domineering and fierce holy light of the Divine Clan, instead possessing a gentle and inclusive quality that nourished all things.

Hearing Lin Yuan’s earnest thanks, Elder Qingxuan slowly raised his hand, smiled gently, and returned the greeting with composure, his demeanor humble and devoid of the arrogance of an ancient elder.

“Chief Lin, there’s no need for such formalities, nor for words of thanks.”

Elder Qingxuan spoke slowly, his gaze distant, his tone extremely solemn.

“Back then, Fellow Daoist David ventured deep into the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, breaking the ancient seal within the clan, slaying the ancient

ferocious beasts that had eroded the Spirit Clan's essence, preserving the foundation upon which the Spirit Clan had dwelled for generations, and protecting the survival of tens of thousands of our clansmen."

"This grace of rebirth is heavier than mountains and rivers; the entire Spirit Clan will forever remember it, never to be forgotten."

He looked up at David beside him, his eyes filled with heartfelt respect.

"Even a drop of water in need is repaid with a spring of gratitude, let alone the immense favor of saving lives. From this day forward, the Spirit Race and the Valley of Freedom are sworn allies, bound by blood, sharing life and death." "We will share both

fortune and misfortune, advance and retreat in unison. Whenever the Valley of Freedom faces hardship, the Spirit Race will mobilize its entire force, braving fire and water, without hesitation."

These simple words solidified the bond between the two forces, firmly securing a crucial foundation for the precarious resistance.

The two men clasped hands deeply, their palms touching, a fusion of the unwavering resolve of the human cultivators and the boundless vitality of the Spirit Race's ancient vegetation.

An invisible alliance was quietly forged; from this moment on, the Valley of Freedom was no longer fighting alone.

After the handshake, David stepped aside, raising his hand to introduce the several powerful Spirit Race experts behind him.

"These are the captains of the Spirit Clan's elite squads, each a seasoned veteran with

countless battles under their belt, their minimum cultivation level being the seventh rank of True Immortal." "They've been stationed on the ancient

forest's borders for years, fighting countless battles against alien races and ferocious beasts, their combat experience far surpassing that of other cultivators of the same level."

Following David's guidance, Lin Yuan looked at each of them, his heart trembling violently, his eyes brimming with uncontrollable joy and excitement.

The Spirit Clan captains possessed a restrained and focused aura, their surrounding vegetation radiating spiritual light with ease. Their postures were as steady as mountains, their gazes sharp and profound.

Even without uttering a word, one could feel the killing intent honed through countless battles.

Three hundred elite Spirit Clan soldiers stood in neat formation, their ranks orderly and disciplined. Each possessed abundant spiritual power, a resilient physique, and a unified, powerful aura, without a trace of slackness or negligence.

Every single one of them was a veteran who had fought to the death.

The sudden addition of such an elite force was like sending charcoal in snowy weather.

Lin Yuan quickly calculated in his mind that Free Valley had suffered heavy losses after a series of bloody battles, with nearly half of its elite troops lost and wounded everywhere, resulting in a sharp decline in its combat strength. The three hundred Spirit Clan warriors before them were all top-tier fighters with formidable overall strength. Combined, this more than doubled the overall combat power of Free Valley, making them capable of directly confronting a medium-sized garrison from the Divine Clan Alliance.

The gloom and despair that had lingered for days vanished in an instant.

Lin Yuan's heart surged with heroic spirit. He suddenly raised his hand and waved it, his voice echoing throughout the valley.

"All troops, form ranks! Open the valley gates! Enter the city immediately to rest!"

"Tonight, Free Valley will host a banquet, with a hundred tables set up, and all the wine and meat prepared."

"I will personally accompany Mr. Chen, Elder Qingxuan, and all the Spirit Clan friends who have traveled from afar, to welcome them and celebrate the alliance!"

The moment the order was given, the previously demoralized and wounded Free Valley warriors erupted in thunderous cheers.

The shouts echoed throughout the valley; within the shattered city, despair dissipated, and their fighting spirit was rekindled.

Countless cultivators, clad in tattered armor and wielding broken weapons, surged forward, surrounding David and the group of powerful Spirit Race warriors, and poured into the heart of Freedom Valley.

As the setting sun cast its last rays, a long-dormant vitality and passion slowly revived amidst the ruined mountains and valleys.

Night fell, the bright moon hid behind the clouds, and countless stars adorned the dark night sky.

The giant plaza in the center of Freedom Valley had already been swept clean, with rows of tables and chairs neatly arranged, stretching for hundreds of meters.

Bright lights shone, and bonfires blazed, their flickering orange flames dispelling the chill of the night and illuminating the smiles on everyone's faces.

This feast was far more lively and grand than any previous gathering.

Three hundred Spirit Race warriors were scattered throughout the crowd, their distinctive turquoise robes with spirit patterns standing out vividly in the flickering firelight.

The spiritual light emanating from the plants and trees subtly mingled with the aura of the surrounding human cultivators, creating a seamless connection.

The cultivators of Free Valley, having shed the tension and vigilance of days of fighting, laid down their weapons and gathered around the Spirit Clan warriors.

Their eyes were filled with curiosity and longing, and a constant stream of questions filled the air, creating a lively atmosphere.

"Fellow cultivators of the Spirit Clan, it is said that you are naturally close to all living things, able to manipulate mountains, rivers, plants, and ancient trees at will. Even in the most dangerous and dense forests, you can use the power of plants to defend yourself. Is this true?"

"I have heard that the Spirit Clan understands the language of heaven and earth, can comprehend the whispers of flowers and the cries of birds and beasts, and perceive the changes in the energy of mountains and rivers. Is this true?"

"You seniors are all powerful beings with lifespans of ten thousand years. In those long years, have you personally witnessed the magnificent battles of ancient immortals and gods?"

"Did those ancient gods and demons, whose legends have lasted for millennia, truly possess unparalleled power capable of destroying the world?"

A variety of questions followed, filled with curiosity, awe, and longing.

The Spirit Clan members are naturally gentle and kind, with a tranquil nature and aversion to conflict.

Faced with the human cultivators' persistent and curious questions, they showed no impatience or annoyance, each offering a warm smile and patiently answering each question meticulously.

They slowly recounted the wonders of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, the mysteries of plant cultivation, and the hidden legends passed down from ancient times.

Laughter and cheerful conversation filled the air, quickly dissolving the initial awkwardness.

The cultivators from both clans became familiar with each other, and the atmosphere was extremely harmonious.

Chapter 6400

At the central table in the square sat the most honored seat.

Elder Qingxuan was forcibly pulled to the head seat by Lin Yuan. The table was laden with meats, spirit wines, and mountain vegetables from Free Valley's treasured collection, along with a dazzling array of cultivation supplements—a display of utmost hospitality. Elder Qingxuan

had long lived in seclusion in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, feeding on the spiritual energy of the plants and trees, drinking morning dew, and eating spiritual fruits. He was accustomed to a simple and austere diet for cultivation. He found

it difficult to adapt to the heavy oil and salt of human meat and strong liquor.

However, he could not refuse the hospitality and did not want to disappoint Lin Yuan and the people of Free Valley. He could only pick at a few plates of sweet mountain vegetables, slowly savoring them, his demeanor calm and elegant.

After several rounds of drinks, the atmosphere grew more intense. Amidst the noisy banquet, Elder Qingxuan slowly put down his jade chopsticks. The

warmth in his gentle eyes gradually faded, his expression turning solemn and dignified. The relaxed aura around him suddenly deepened, striking straight to the core, with no more polite greetings.

“Chief Lin, Fellow Daoist David has already informed our Spirit Clan of the current situation of Freedom Valley and its entanglements with the Divine Clan Alliance.”

“The Divine Clan Alliance dominates the Sixteen Heavens, its influence spreading across the four seas and eight wastelands, with vast territories and countless strongholds.”

“Among them, the most formidable are the three Heavenly Prisons, specifically used to imprison powerful figures and rebellious cultivators from various races who oppose the Divine Clan.”

“Previously, you fought a bloody battle, paying a heavy price, and forcefully destroyed one of the three Heavenly Prisons, the Black Rock Prison, severely damaging the Divine Clan’s reputation and shocking the entire Sixteen Heavens.”

“Now that the Black Rock Prison has been destroyed, the remaining two Heavenly Prisons are still firmly controlled by the Divine Clan, suppressing countless rebellious cultivators from various races.”

“When do you plan to take action next to eliminate the remaining two major threats?”

The direct and sharp question instantly broke the hustle and bustle of the banquet.

Lin Yuan raised his hand and put down his wine bowl, the smile on his face vanishing abruptly.

A deep, unyielding melancholy settled between his brows, and all traces of ease vanished from his body, replaced by the chilling, battle-hardened aura of someone who had been through countless battles.

“Elder Qingxuan is straightforward and outspoken, so I will also cut to the chase and speak the truth.”

Lin Yuan took a deep breath, a deep sense of apprehension and worry flashing in his eyes, and slowly began to speak. “This afternoon, I received urgent intelligence from a spy embedded within the Divine Race.” “

Of the three Heavenly Prisons, the Crimson Flame Prison, located in the Flaming Mountains of the Western Regions, has been heavily fortified by the Divine Race Alliance.” “

The Divine Race’s high command values this place highly, and has specially dispatched Shadow Warrior, one of their three great generals, to personally oversee its defense.”

“This person’s cultivation has reached the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, placing him among the Divine Race’s top combat forces.”

“Most terrifyingly, he does not employ direct offensive tactics, but has devoted his life to honing techniques of concealment, assassination, and tracking. His methods are ruthless and unpredictable, appearing and disappearing unpredictably, making him impossible to defend against.”

“In five thousand years of cultivation and slaughter, the number of top experts from various races, sect leaders, ancient demon kings, and human powerhouses who have died under his assassination is no less than a hundred.”

“Countless renowned figures have been silently murdered by him without anyone noticing, their bodies left no trace.”

"His methods are ruthless and impossible to defend against; his infamous reputation has spread throughout the heavens and earth."

"But things are different now. With Elder Qingxuan in charge, three hundred elite Spirit Clan warriors providing strong support, plus the remaining fighting force of my Free Valley."

"The two forces combined have a surge in combat power, giving us the strength to directly confront Crimson Flame Hell."

"My plan is to seize this opportunity and take down Crimson Flame Hell in one fell swoop..."

Before he could finish speaking, all eyes turned to David.

The entire hall was silent; everyone awaited the answer from this key decision-maker.

David held a white jade wine cup between his fingers, slowly picking up a bite of spiritual vegetables, chewing slowly and deliberately.

His expression was calm and serene, his eyes indifferent, as if the heavy situation around him and the dangerous enemy could not stir his emotions in the slightest. He remained

silent for a long time.

The evening breeze swept across the square, and the campfire crackled.

The silence that followed was heavy with anxiety.

Several breaths passed before David slowly put down his chopsticks and looked up.

His dark eyes, deep as a frozen pool, calmly gazed at Lin Yuan, each word spoken with a detached yet undeniable resolve.

"The entire defenses, terrain, troop distribution, and elite personnel of the Western Regions' Crimson Flame Prison,"

David commanded. "Provide all the detailed intelligence, without reservation, in detail."

Lin Yuan dared not delay, immediately retrieving a neatly folded animal hide map from his robes and quickly spreading it across the table.

The map was meticulously drawn, clearly marking mountains, volcanic landscapes, prison structures, and checkpoint locations.

Red and blue runes intertwined, densely covered with annotations—firsthand intelligence gathered by spies at great personal risk.

Lin Yuan's fingertip landed on a crimson area on the western side of the map, and he began to explain in a deep voice.

"The Crimson Flame Prison is located deep within the Flaming Mountains, a perilous region in the Western Regions. The entire mountain range is formed from millennia-old volcanic rock, its geology incredibly hard, resistant to high temperatures, magic, and direct attacks—a naturally perfect prison fortress."

"Beneath the mountain range lies a crisscrossing network, through which flows a massive, ceaselessly rushing river of magma, its currents constantly surging and scorching."

"The entire Flaming Mountains are scorching hot year-round, with scorching heatwaves." "

The main body of the Crimson Flame Prison is carved directly into the heart of the volcano, reinforced layer by layer. The outer layer of the prison is completely encased and isolated by layers of molten lava, surrounded by constant intense heat and flames, naturally forming an insurmountable barrier of death."

"The entire prison is connected to the outside world by only one narrow, deep, private passage—a

formidable stronghold, easy to defend and difficult to attack." "Breaking through by force is extremely difficult. The prison is structured in three layers, each with its own defenses and suppression, with extremely strict control."

"The first layer holds ordinary prisoners from various races, mostly low-level cultivators who rebelled against the gods."

"The second level holds the most heinous criminals, all of whom are mid-level cultivators who have committed serious crimes and repeatedly rebelled against the gods."

"The most dangerous third level is a top-secret death row, specifically used to imprison powerful individuals of various races above the seventh rank of True Immortal, ancient monsters, and rebel leaders."

"The punishments are cruel, and the seals are strict. Once imprisoned, there is almost no chance of survival."

David stared intently at the map and asked calmly, "How are the outer guard forces divided? Explain the core experts and hidden combat forces one by one."

Lin Yuan's fingertips quickly traced the markings on the map, his expression growing increasingly solemn.

"The prison is surrounded by twelve checkpoints, both overt and covert, forming a ring that seals off all entrances and exits to Flame Mountain, strictly preventing outsiders from infiltrating."

"Each checkpoint is manned by one hundred regular Divine Race cultivators, all with stable cultivation levels between the third and fifth ranks of the True Immortal Realm."

“Equipped with Divine Race holy light restrictions, early warning arrays, and deadly traps, they are on duty around the clock, maintaining tight security.”

“The prison’s internal defenses are layered: the first layer is manned by three hundred Divine Race guards, the second layer by two hundred elite cultivators, with each layer reinforcing the defense.”

“The most crucial third layer, the death row, is manned by fifty top-tier Divine Race elites, each starting at the sixth rank, utterly loyal and possessing formidable combat power.”

“The apparent warden is a True Immortal Realm eighth-rank cultivator, with considerable skill, controlling the prison’s daily operations and laws and punishments.”

“He appears to be the highest-ranking official in Crimson Flame Prison, but he is merely a pawn used to deceive external enemies.”

At this crucial point, Lin Yuan’s voice suddenly lowered, a deep sense of apprehension appearing in his eyes.

“The true controller of the Crimson Flame Prison, and also the greatest life-or-death crisis of our journey, is the Shadow Warrior.”

“The Shadow Warrior, a ninth-grade True Immortal, ranks among the three top warriors of the Divine Clan Alliance, his fame shaking the Sixteen Heavens.”

“He has devoted his life to cultivating the peerless assassination technique, the ‘Shadow Assassination Art,’ which allows him to devour darkness, merge with the shadows, conceal his whereabouts, and completely hide his aura.”

“He moves silently between reality and illusion, tracking across thousands of miles and killing within a hundred steps.”

“In five thousand years of cultivation and slaughter, no fewer than a hundred top experts from various races have died under his assassination.”

"Countless renowned figures have been silently annihilated by him without anyone noticing, their bodies left without a trace." "

His methods are ruthless and impossible to defend against; his fearsome reputation has spread throughout the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths." After

the intelligence was fully revealed, the plaza fell into a deathly silence.