

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel

### Chapter 6416

As long as the two Supreme Elders successfully break through, David, the Spirit Clan, and Free Valley will all be utterly vulnerable and annihilated with a flick of their wrists.

Time flies, and the two days pass in the blink of an eye.

Inside Free Valley, Elder Qingxuan personally led three hundred elite Spirit Clan warriors out of the Demon Suppression Tower's secret realm in an orderly fashion.

While only two days passed in the outside world, the secret realm within the tower provided a full two hundred days of ample cultivation time.

Day after day, they quietly recuperated, honed their foundations, and tempered their spiritual power, achieving remarkable results.

All three hundred Spirit Clan warriors possessed a powerful and majestic aura, abundant spiritual power, and their meridians were fully repaired.

Their primordial blood and qi were thick and enduring, and their combat strength had returned to its peak, even far exceeding their pre-battle levels.

Elder Qingxuan's own cultivation remained stable at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, without forcibly attempting a breakthrough.

However, the spiritual energy within his body doubled in strength, its purity far surpassing its former level. The azure-green natural spiritual light surrounding him was so dense it seemed to drip, demonstrating his incredibly solid foundation.

Several spirit race team leaders under his command, who had been stuck at the seventh-grade bottleneck for many years, experienced a surge in spiritual energy, their foundations strengthened, and their auras soaring.

They were already infinitely close to the threshold of the eighth-grade True Immortal Realm, needing only a fortuitous opportunity to break through smoothly.

"Fellow Daoist David, the Demon Suppression Tower's miraculous effects are truly well-deserved!" Elder Qingxuan bowed respectfully, filled with gratitude, his tone sincere.

"The fighting strength of our entire Spirit Clan has rebounded dramatically, and our foundation is becoming increasingly solid. If we encounter the powerful

God Clan again, we will definitely confront them head-on, without fear of battle, and without hindering the Allied Forces!" David smiled calmly and replied, "Elder, there's no need for formalities. We fight side by side, sharing both glory and disgrace

. The stronger you all are, the greater our chances of overthrowing the God Clan's hegemony will be." As soon as he finished speaking, Lin Yuan strode out from the crowd, his face solemn and serious, showing none of the relaxed joy of the others. He lowered his voice and spoke, breaking the peaceful atmosphere.

"David, we have already taken down two Heavenly Prisons of the Divine Race, and our morale is high. But we absolutely cannot rashly attack the third Northern Underworld Prison; this matter is extremely dangerous."

David's gaze darkened as he looked at Lin Yuan: "I was just planning to strike while the iron is hot, taking advantage of the Divine Race's unstable defenses and the panic among their people, to take down the Northern Underworld Prison in one fell swoop and sever the Divine Race's last barrier in the Western Regions. Is there anything wrong with that?"

Lin Yuan gently shook his head, took out a tightly sealed urgent intelligence scroll from his robes, and solemnly handed it to David, his expression growing increasingly grave.

"It's too late. Wei Pengkun reacted extremely quickly, his plans were ruthless and meticulous, and he had already made thorough preparations in advance."

"He has personally ordered the dispatch of two True Immortal Realm ninth-grade experts, a Warrior of Strength and a Warrior of Wisdom, to both rush to the Northern Underworld Prison to double-guard it and defend it at all costs."

He paused for a moment, adding in a heavy tone.

"Previously, our entire team fought against the lone Shadow Warrior with great difficulty, and everyone was in grave danger, nearly suffering heavy casualties."

"Now, two ninth-rank experts are stationed together, one forceful and the other gentle, one strong and the other strategic, complementing each other perfectly, combining offense and defense, doubling their combat power, making the danger several times greater than before."

David took the intelligence scroll, quickly unfolded it, and read it at a glance, his brows slightly furrowed as he silently weighed the pros and cons.

The writing on the scroll was clear, detailing all the information about the two generals.

The Strength Warrior, a perfect ninth-rank True Immortal, specializes in the Pure Yang Undying Body Refining Divine Art, his physical body tempered to

the extreme, with copper skin and iron bones, impervious to blades and spears, a single punch could shatter mountains and rivers, tear the earth apart, and no one could stop his frontal assault.

The Wise Warrior, also at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, is not adept at direct combat but is proficient in ancient trapping and killing formations, deadly illusion formations, and soul-deceiving formations. His schemes are insidious and cunning, adept at covert calculations, silently trapping and killing powerful enemies without shedding blood.

With brute force capable of breaking all laws and a single strategy capable of trapping all heavens, these two powerful figures, one overt and one covert, one forceful and one yielding, possess an unparalleled offensive and defensive capability and seamless teamwork. They are indeed ten times more difficult to deal with than the Shadow Warrior in single combat; a direct attack would inevitably result in heavy casualties. "This is indeed a tricky situation; a direct, head-on assault is not advisable." David put away the intelligence scroll, his expression grave, and sighed deeply.

Elder Qingxuan stepped forward slowly, pondered

for a moment, and then made a prudent suggestion. "Fellow Daoist David, in my opinion, it would be better to postpone the direct attack on the Northern Underworld Prison and instead go into seclusion to accumulate strength and steadily improve the team's overall power.

Especially you, your innate chaotic power naturally counters the divine light and divine power origin of the Divine Race, which is the core key to our breakthrough and turning the tide."

"If you can take this opportunity to break through to the third or even fourth rank of the True Immortal Realm, your combat power will skyrocket. Then, when we gather everyone together to launch a joint attack on the Northern Underworld Prison, our chances of victory will be greatly increased, making it a sure thing." Elder Qingxuan said.

David nodded slowly, naturally understanding this principle. Breaking through cultivation would allow him to crush powerful enemies, but the opportunity could not be delayed.

“Of course I want to focus on my cultivation and hone my combat skills, but right now, what we lack most is time. We can’t afford to waste a single second. Besides, we need resources.”

David knew that advancing even a small realm required a massive amount of resources.

Lin Yuan’s face turned deathly pale instantly. He instinctively lowered his voice, leaned close to their ears, and whispered the devastating news.

“My loyal spies, planted deep within the core of the Divine Alliance, have sent back top-secret information overnight.

Two reclusive Supreme Elders of the Divine Alliance are in the final stages of their secluded cultivation to break through to the Golden Immortal realm. They will soon emerge and ascend the Golden Immortal path.”

“Once they successfully break through and both become Golden Immortals, these two Golden Immortal powerhouses will reign supreme over the Divine Alliance, overlooking the entire Sixteen Heavens.”

“At that time, even if David breaks through to the fifth rank of True Immortal, even if our combined combat power doubles, we will be like ants trying to shake a tree before Golden Immortals—utterly vulnerable, with no chance of victory. We can only sit and wait to be slaughtered.”

As the words fell, the expressions of David, Elder Qingxuan, Jiang Xuelan, and the others present changed drastically, a chill creeping into their hearts.

True Immortals and Golden Immortals, seemingly only one realm apart, are in reality worlds apart, like heaven and earth, crossing the barrier between

immortals and mortals. The chasm of combat power is insurmountable, making them utterly incomparable.

"We must forcefully overthrow the Divine Alliance and disrupt all their plans before the two Supreme Elders break through to Golden Immortal status, or all races will perish."

David's voice was calm and even, yet it revealed an unwavering determination, his eyes filled with resolute fighting spirit.

Lin Yuan smiled bitterly, his heart filled with anxiety: "But our current strength is insufficient. We can't even contend with two ninth-rank generals. How can we buy time? How can we fight against the subsequent Golden Immortal experts? There's simply no solution."

Jiang Xuelan, who had been silently standing aside, calmly pondering, finally spoke slowly. Her voice was clear and gentle, yet every word was clear and reassuring.

"I might have a way to quickly boost our combat power, help David break through his cultivation level quickly, and accumulate enough strength to turn the tide before the Golden Immortals emerge from seclusion."

Everyone instantly turned their heads, their gazes falling on Jiang Xuelan, full of anticipation, waiting for her to continue.

"In the deepest part of the extremely cold northern region, where ice has been frozen for millions of years, lies the ancestral home of my Ice God lineage."

Jiang Xuelan looked towards the extreme north, a hint of obsession and expectation flashing in her eyes, and slowly said, "Within the ancestral home, the ancient Ice God's legacy treasures are sealed: a complete set of Ice God armor and an Ice God sword, both ancient divine weapons with boundless power."

"If I can successfully retrieve it, my bloodline will awaken, my cultivation will

surge, and my combat power will directly rise a whole level, enough to directly contend with a ninth-rank general.”

“In addition, within the ancestral land, there are also a vast amount of pure cultivation resources and primordial spiritual materials accumulated by the ancestors of the Ice God lineage. Among them, there is a high probability that there are primordial treasures that are compatible with David’s chaotic physique, enough to help you break through your realm and quickly increase your combat power.”

David’s eyes instantly lit up with a glint of light. His heart stirred, and he suddenly remembered what the remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan had said in the Ice God ruins: Deep in the northern region of the sixteenth heaven, there is the true ancestral land of the Ice God, but it has long been forcibly occupied by the divine race’s heavy troops and is strictly guarded, making it difficult for outsiders to approach.

“What is the exact location of the ancestral land? Are there heavy troops blocking the way or strong restrictions along the way?” David immediately asked in a deep voice, finalizing the itinerary.

“The deepest part of the ancient frozen wasteland in the northern region, thousands of miles of ice, tens of thousands of miles of snow, and extreme cold all year round,” Jiang Xuelan said.

“The outer perimeter has long been heavily guarded by the Divine Race, with camps stretching as far as the eye can see and constant patrols. Ancient isolation barriers have also been erected, making it impossible for anyone without the pure bloodline of the Ice God to approach the core secret realm. Any attempt to force their way in will only result in being strangled by the barriers, leaving no trace of their remains.”

“Only those of the true bloodline of the Ice God can pass through safely and open the three trial stages of the ancestral land.”

Without further hesitation, David immediately stood up and made decisive arrangements.

"Time is of the essence, let's set off immediately. Jiang Xuelan will lead the way. Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, Bing Fenghan, and I will travel lightly and stealthily towards the ancestral land of the Ice God in the Northern Region.

We must return as quickly as possible." "The rest of you must remain in Freedom Valley, focusing all your efforts on seclusion in the Demon Suppression Tower to prepare for battle. Strictly guard the valley entrance and do not leave without permission. Just wait for our return."

Lin Yuan opened his mouth, wanting to dissuade them, worried about the dangers ahead and the ambush of the divine race's heavy forces. However, meeting David's firm, resolute, and unyielding eyes, all his words of dissuasion were swallowed back. He only solemnly instructed,

"Be extremely careful on the journey, protect your own safety, and be sure to return safely. Everyone in Freedom Valley is waiting for your triumphant return."

David smiled faintly and nodded calmly: "Rest assured, I will not fail everyone's trust."

A moment later, the five figures quietly left Freedom Valley, then took out the Demon Suppression Tower and used spatial teleportation to send the five of them to the deepest part of the Northern Region.

Deep within the Northern Region lies a vast, desolate wasteland, completely frozen by ancient ice for millennia, where only extreme cold remains.

The biting wind, like sharp blades, carries countless ice shards and snowflakes, howling and slashing at the skin, chilling to the bone.

The frigid intensity here is terrifying; even a low-level True Immortal cultivator, activating their protective spiritual power, would have their meridians instantly frozen, their body stiffened, and perish on the spot.

Braving the biting wind, David and his companions raced forward, finally catching a glimpse of the majestic outline of the Ice God's ancestral land in the distance.

It was a colossal iceberg rising abruptly from the ground, towering into the clouds, entirely formed from millennia-old black ice, crystal clear and untouched by dust. Under the cold moonlight, it gleamed with a deep, eerie blue light, solemn and sacred, exuding an ancient pressure.

At the foot of the icy mountain, the Divine Clan's camp stretched as far as the eye could see, its tents densely packed together, heavily guarded, brightly lit, and heavily fortified. At least a thousand elite Divine Clan cultivators were stationed there, their combat power formidable.

The camp's leaders were two genuine eighth-grade True Immortal Realm Divine Clan elders, possessing profound cultivation and proficiency in both offense and defense, maintaining a tight grip on the defenses and preventing any outsiders from approaching the icy mountain.

"The Divine Clan's forces are too overwhelming. A direct assault would inevitably alert the entire army, resulting in heavy casualties—a loss that would not outweigh the gains,"

Bing Wuhen said in a low voice, his expression wary as he quickly surveyed the surrounding defenses, offering a stern warning to his men.

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David did not respond with a rebuttal. He slowly closed his eyes and focused his mind, sinking his consciousness into his dantian. The vast power of chaos quietly spread out, transforming into an invisible network of perception that

comprehensively covered the entire iceberg, the outer camp, and all the surrounding restrictions and formations.

The power of chaos naturally breaks illusions, concealments, and restrictions. In a short moment, all the patrol routes, troop checkpoints, weak points in the restrictions, and blind spots in the formations were clearly imprinted in his mind, leaving no trace.

A moment later, David slowly opened his eyes, a confident smile playing on his lips. He calmly said, "There's no need for a direct, forceful assault.

The core restrictions of the ancestral land only recognize the true bloodline of the Ice God. Even with heavy troops stationed on the outer perimeter, the divine race cultivators cannot even take a single step inside; they

can only watch and defend from the outside." "We only need to avoid the patrol teams, find the blind spots, and quietly sneak around the outer defenses, stepping into the barrier's light screen

. The divine race army will be helpless, forced to watch us enter the ancestral land, unable to stop us." The five immediately lowered their bodies, pressed themselves against the cold ice surface, concealed all their auras, and silently stealthily made their way towards the foot of the iceberg.

David used the power of Chaos Concealment throughout, perfectly concealing and shielding all their figures, auras, and spiritual energy fluctuations, leaving no trace.

Squads of divine patrol soldiers, wielding holy light artifacts, brushed past the five figures just steps away, their eyes scanning the surroundings, completely unaware that a powerful enemy was already close.

Successfully avoiding all patrol checkpoints, the five figures lightly stepped into the invisible, colorless protective barrier surrounding the ancestral land at the foot of the iceberg.

The barrier isolated the inside from the outside, shielding sound and blocking auras. The moment they stepped inside, the surrounding biting wind abruptly ceased, the oppressive atmosphere instantly dissipated, and the spiritual energy of heaven and earth became pure and warm, a stark contrast to the icy, bitter cold outside.

The divine cultivators in the main camp behind them could only watch helplessly as the five figures vanished into thin air before the barrier, powerless to pursue them across boundaries. They could only immediately sound the alarm, maintain a high level of vigilance, and await orders.

Passing through the outer protective barrier, a gigantic ice gate, ten zhang high, stood before them.

The gate, a pure, icy blue, had remained frozen for millennia. Engraved on it were three ancient characters, their strokes powerful and ancient, exuding a chilling aura—"Ice Heart Pass."

Within Ice Heart Pass lay an endless, dark void, devoid of sky and earth, light and warmth, sound and stillness, a deathly, oppressive place specifically designed to test a cultivator's true heart and Dao heart, to dispel inner demons and obsessions.

"This pass only tests one's inner heart and inner demons. There's no need for us to fight side-by-side. I will enter alone. You all stay here and guard the outer perimeter, preventing a surprise attack from the gods,"

Jiang Xuelan solemnly instructed the four, then stepped calmly into the dark space of Ice Heart Pass alone.

David, Bing Wuhen, and the others stood guard outside the pass, their concentration on guard, silently waiting.

Jiang Xuelan stood alone in the boundless darkness, surrounded by utter silence.

Only a thin, slender path of light stretched straight ahead towards the distant exit; otherwise, thick darkness enveloped her.

She took a deep breath, suppressing the slight turmoil in her heart, and steadily stepped forward.

After walking no more than a hundred steps, the surrounding darkness suddenly surged and shifted, countless incredibly realistic illusions appearing out of thin air before her eyes, striking directly at the deepest fears and obsessions in her heart.

The scenes flashed back a thousand years, recreating the tragic calamity of the past: in her youthful ignorance, the peaceful homeland of the Ice God lineage was mercilessly slaughtered by the divine army; the sect was shattered, the clansmen perished, elders fell, blood flowed for miles, and cries of agony echoed across the land.

As a child, she huddled alone beneath the cold ruins, afraid to utter a sound, afraid to weep.

She watched helplessly as her kin fell beneath the blades of other branches of the divine race, their families destroyed, their homes destroyed, and their lives lost.

Growing up, she alone shouldered the immense burden of reviving the Ice God lineage, without family or friends, without support, walking alone for a thousand years, a thousand years of solitude, bearing the mission of revival day and night, enduring endless pressure, with no one to share her burdens, no one to accompany her, her heart weary with nowhere to confide.

In the darkness, countless phantoms of her fallen clansmen slowly emerged, their faces filled with sorrow, approaching Jiang Xuelan step by step. Their cold, ethereal hands gently touched her shoulders, whispering in a seductive voice, bewitching her soul.

"Xuelan...stay...come with us...don't bear it all alone anymore...it's too tiring..."

The piercing chill accompanied the mournful whispers, striking her very soul, shaking her resolve.

Jiang Xuelan's eyes instantly reddened, her heart aching unbearably. All the loneliness, exhaustion, and grievances of the past surged into her mind, almost causing her to stop and turn back, succumbing to the illusion.

But just as her mind was about to break down, David's image suddenly appeared in her mind.

The figure who had accompanied her all the way from the fifteenth heaven, rebuilding the Ice God Palace for her, searching for her bloodline members, repairing her spiritual veins, facing the divine power for her, never abandoning her, fighting side by side.

"I have never been alone," Jiang Xuelan murmured softly, her eyes suddenly hardening, her mind as firm as a rock, no longer bewitched by the illusion.

"I have comrades-in-arms, fellow clansmen, and those who carry the flag alongside me. Behind me, countless hopes remain. The divine race is not yet destroyed, my people are not yet at peace. I must not succumb to my inner demons and stop here!"

With unwavering resolve and a steadfast Dao heart, the slender path of light beneath her feet suddenly widened, and the dense darkness around her vanished with a deafening roar. All the illusions of her inner demons dissipated.

Jiang Xuelan stepped safely out of the Ice Heart Pass, successfully passing through. A second giant ice gate slowly appeared before her, its chilling aura intensifying, inscribed with three words—Ice Soul Pass.

The Ice Soul Pass does not test the heart, only combat strength. One pass determines life or death, one pass tests one's edge.

Inside the pass, an ancient ice behemoth lay coiled, its combat power overwhelming, ready to fight to the death.

The ice behemoth's body was as majestic as a mountain, forged entirely from millennia-old, ultimate profound ice. Its body was as hard as top-grade divine metal, a true peak ninth-grade True Immortal Realm combat power.

The colossal beast's claws tore through the void, their cold light gleaming. A single breath of extreme cold could instantly freeze a hundred miles of mountains and rivers, even the souls of cultivators, its killing power unparalleled.

"All of you join forces! A swift victory! Slay the ice beast and advance!" David roared, his fighting spirit surging, and he was the first to strike.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, its boundless purple chaotic fire blazing fiercely, its destructive power poured into the blade.

A sharp, purple sword aura pierced the air, slashing fiercely at the weakest point of the ice beast's foreleg joint.

With a deafening hiss, a deep, charred crack, revealing bone, was instantly cleaved in its hard ice body. The chaotic fire scorched the ice, continuously melting it and suppressing the beast's inherent power.

The ice beast, writhing in pain and rage, roared to the heavens, its massive, mountain-like claws slamming down with immense force towards David, determined to crush its enemy in one blow.

## Chapter 6418

David stepped through the air, his figure as swift as lightning, deftly dodging the attack with a sidestep. His giant claw slammed into the ground, instantly creating a massive ice crater several meters deep, sending ice shards and fragments flying in all directions with terrifying force.

Simultaneously, Bing Wuhen launched a lightning-fast attack from the left, his ice-elemental natal sword gleaming coldly, precisely piercing a weak spot in the ice crevice beneath the giant beast's ribs, breaking through the ice and injuring its vital points.

Bing Xue'er's wrist flicked, and a long, flowing ice whip instantly wrapped around the giant beast's thick hind legs, tightly binding and restricting its movement.

Bing Fenghan focused his energy, gathering all his spiritual power into a sharp ice spear, aiming precisely at the giant beast's eye, a blind spot.

Jiang Xuelan stood high behind, her hands rapidly forming hand seals, unleashing a dense rain of ice-blue sealing needles, precisely locking down the giant beast's various spiritual energy acupoints, freezing its spiritual energy flow and slowing its movements.

The five fighters coordinated flawlessly, their offense and defense perfectly ordered, one controlling and the other attacking, one at long range and the other at close range, employing tactics to their fullest potential.

David engaged head-on, drawing aggro while the other four flanked, providing damage and controlling the battlefield, giving the behemoth no chance to retaliate or catch their breath.

Chaos Fire countered the source of ice, while ice-based spiritual energy targeted and broke through its defenses. The five fighters complemented each other's strengths, battling fiercely for a full half-hour without a moment's rest.

The ice behemoth roared repeatedly, its icy body cracking more and more, its spiritual energy gradually depleting, and its combat power steadily declining.

Finally, with a deafening roar, its massive icy body shattered into countless tiny ice crystals, dissipating into the void of Ice Soul Pass, its final demise.

David sheathed his sword, his aura slightly fluctuating, his face a little pale. The continuous high-intensity battle had taken its toll, but the fighting spirit in his eyes remained bright and sharp. He spoke in a deep voice.

“Rest for a moment, then immediately proceed to the final trial.”

The final trial, the Ice God Trial, the ultimate test of the ancestral land, has four ironclad rules engraved on its lintel—Only Bloodline.

Those who are not of pure Ice God lineage, even with extraordinary cultivation, will be forcibly blocked outside by the invisible barrier at the entrance, unable to take even half a step.

David, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan were all isolated outside the Ice God Trial, unable to move forward an inch.

“You all wait here peacefully, I will go inside to retrieve the inherited divine weapon.” Jiang Xuelan nodded, took a deep breath, and stepped alone, calmly entering the core secret realm of the Ice God Trial. Inside the

trial, a magnificent and ancient ice palace stood silently, its interior filled with a rich, ancient aura, exuding a solemn and imposing aura.

Above the center of the ice palace, two dazzling ice-blue primordial spiritual lights floated, shining brightly, their spiritual energy overwhelming.

Within the spiritual light on the left was a complete and flawless set of ancient Ice God armor. The armor plates were engraved with ancient ice runes, flowing with an eternally chilling aura, possessing the miraculous triple effects of protection, amplification, and freezing.

Within the spiritual light on the right stood a long, icy blue sword, its blade crystal clear and incomparably sharp. The hilt was inlaid with a fist-sized natal ice crystal, its foundation profound—this was the inherited divine weapon, the Ice God Sword.

Jiang Xuelan slowly stepped forward and gently touched the Ice God armor.

The armor instantly became sentient, transforming into an icy blue radiance that instantly merged into her limbs, meridians, and dantian.

A vast and boundless ancient Ice God power instantly washed over her entire body, repairing her foundation and elevating her cultivation.

Her aura surged, instantly breaking through the shackles of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, reaching the ninth rank, her foundation solidified and her foundation greatly enhanced.

She then raised her hand and firmly grasped the hilt of the Ice God Sword.

The divine sword trembled with spiritual energy, and a clear sword cry resounded throughout the ice palace, as if it were celebrating its master.

## Chapter 6419

The icy crystal on the sword hilt shone brightly, and a vast and boundless stream of information from the complete lineage of the Ice God instantly flooded into the depths of her mind.

It encompassed ancient ice-based techniques, deadly sword skills, enemy-trapping formations, and insights into the ultimate laws of ice—everything was there.

Jiang Xuelan closed her eyes to calmly digest the inheritance. After a moment, she opened them, her aura completely transformed. Her cool demeanor was now tempered with composure and majesty. Her cultivation was firmly established at the peak of the ninth rank, and she was half a step away from entering the ranks of Golden Immortals. Her strength was now vastly different from before.

She turned to leave the Ice Palace when her gaze suddenly fell upon a strange, warm, and luminous purple crystal quietly floating in a corner, faintly emitting familiar fluctuations.

She reached out and took it; its warmth enveloped her, and a chaotic aura emanated from it. She immediately strode out of the Ice God's Gate and handed it to David.

"This was obtained from a corner of the hall. It contains a rich aura of primordial chaos, and is suspected to be a relic left behind by the progenitor of the Northern Underworld Abyss. It is perfectly compatible with your physique and can help you break through your realm." The

moment David's fingertips touched the chaotic spirit stone, a warm and scalding primordial texture surged through his palm and meridians, flowing straight to his limbs and bones without any abruptness or ferocity, pure to the point of being almost flawless.

The next second, a vast and powerful torrent of primordial chaos burst forth from the stone.

Like a primordial spring that had been dormant for countless ages suddenly unsealed, it surged rapidly through his seventy-two main meridians, instantly resonating and merging with the natal chaotic power that had been swirling and settling deep within his dantian.

Only the deep and powerful roar of spiritual energy resounded in his ears, and his eyes were instantly filled with a rich and pure purple light.

His mind was clear and transparent, and external objects, the cold wind, and the movements of the distant divine race camp were all shut out, unable to disturb him in the slightest.

He focused his mind and introspectively perceived the preciousness of this spirit stone.

This was no ordinary cultivation material; it was a crystallized primordial chaos essence preserved from the beginning of time, containing no impurities or violent energy, perfectly suited to his innate primordial chaos body.

The primordial essence sealed within the spirit stone was abundant, refined, and perfectly complemented his current cultivation shortcomings—just the right amount to steadily propel him from the peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm, breaking through all barriers to reach the third rank.

No need to forcibly deplete his foundation, no need to worry about a fragile realm—it was a top-tier opportunity that was rare and precious.

“A primordial chaos spirit stone, a gift from the origin of heaven and earth,”

David murmured softly, his tone calm and even, yet his heart was already certain that this breakthrough was a sure thing, without a doubt.

Jiang Xuelan, standing to the side, had a calm and composed gaze. Her icy blue aura subtly tightened, isolating her from all the noise and disturbances of the surrounding wind and snow. Her tone was crisp and decisive, each word firm and resolute.

“This opportunity is rare, the timing is perfect. There’s no need to hesitate. Simply sit cross-legged here and focus on absorbing

the energy to break through. As for all external affairs and surrounding threats, the four of us will protect you fiercely, without yielding an inch, without the slightest disturbance.” David nodded slightly, saying nothing more. He then lowered his body and sat steadily cross-legged on the eternally frozen Xuanbing platform.

The ice was bitterly cold, but it didn’t affect him in the slightest. His palms remained firmly gripping the Chaos Spirit Stone, his eyes slowly closed, and his mind completely immersed in the secret realm of his dantian, devoting himself entirely to cultivation and breakthrough, leaving no room for distractions.

In the next instant, the spiritual light on the surface of the spirit stone peeled away layer by layer, and a massive amount of chaotic essence poured out like a surging river, flowing steadily and orderly into his body along the meridians in his palm, gently cleansing every blocked meridian.

The subtle and impure evil energy remaining from his past cultivation, as well as the hidden injuries in his meridians accumulated during cultivation, were swept away by the chaotic essence and completely dissolved.

His meridians were slowly expanded, widened, and tempered by the powerful spiritual energy, with their resilience and breadth increasing simultaneously.

The chaotic vortex that had been swirling endlessly in the center of his dantian suddenly increased its rotation speed, expanding larger and larger, becoming more condensed and heavier, with purple spiritual light surrounding the vortex, its pressure steadily rising, and his cultivation aura advancing layer by layer.