

A Man Like None Other

Novel Chapter 6420

Chapter 6420

On the outer defensive line, the division of labor was meticulous, the defenses were tight, and there was not a single oversight.

Bing Wuhen stood tall and straight like a pine tree, holding a sharp ice blade, his eyes as sharp as an eagle's, fixed on the direction of the main camp of the Divine Race in the distance. No matter how small the movement of spiritual energy or the slightest movement of a figure, it would not escape his detection.

Bing Xue'er moved lightly, hidden in the shadows of the ice rocks, her fingertips forming hidden lines of ice, silently setting up multiple warning restrictions. If any alien aura approached, the restrictions would be triggered immediately, alerting and blocking the enemy.

Bing Fenghan guarded the rear blind spot, his heavy spiritual energy fully activated, his fists taut, his offensive and defensive spiritual energy ready to be unleashed at any moment, ready to fight at any time and block any ambush.

The three formed a triangular encirclement, firmly locking down the entire airspace of the ancestral land's exit, giving no opportunity for the enemy.

Jiang Xuelan stood alone half a step away from David, never leaving his side, protecting him closely.

She had just successfully received the complete inheritance of the Ice God and the ancient divine weapon. A faint, icy-blue divine radiance emanated

from her, her aura of cold majesty perfectly natural. The Ice God Sword hung diagonally at the ground, its tip lightly touching the ice. Fine wisps of icy sword energy seeped into the earth, creating an invisible ice barrier. Any hostile creature approaching within a hundred feet was instantly frozen, slowed, and had its fighting power suppressed.

Her cold gaze swept across the surroundings, her expression solemn and composed, she did not retreat an inch, isolating all potential dangers outside David's cultivation aura, protecting him and ensuring his safe breakthrough.

Time steadily passed, the wind and snow still howled across the wasteland, the surrounding chill biting to the bone. The four guardians remained vigilant, not daring to relax for a moment, their minds tense, protecting the peace within the arena.

Inside, the purple light around David grew increasingly intense, his chaotic aura rising steadily; the opportunity for his breakthrough was quietly approaching.

A full hour passed peacefully, undisturbed by external enemies or disrupted in his cultivation.

David suddenly opened his eyes, two condensed and pure purple beams of light flashing from them. The sharp edge instantly subsided, returning to a calm and profound state, revealing not a trace of ferocity.

The turbulent spiritual energy surging around his body instantly calmed and returned to its proper place. The chaotic vortex in his dantian became stable and full, his meridians wide and resilient. The barriers to his cultivation completely shattered and dissolved, and his realm landed steadily, solid and substantial, without the slightest hint of superficiality.

The shackles of the peak of the second rank of the True Immortal Realm were completely broken, and he perfectly stepped into the third rank of the True Immortal Realm!

David slowly stood up, his back straight and upright, his aura calm and restrained. He seemed no different from usual, but in reality, the power within his body had undergone a tremendous upheaval, increasing several times over.

He gently clenched his fist, the force in his palm as solid as a mountain, a faint, chaotic, destructive power swirling between his knuckles, capable of shattering the surrounding icy winds from a distance.

His physical strength, spiritual power, spiritual refinement, and explosive power of his techniques had all leaped to a new level, giving him increasing confidence in fighting high-level cultivators.

"A solid foundation, doubled combat power, enough to handle the crisis in the Northern Underworld Prison and contend with a ninth-rank general of the Divine Race,"

David assessed in a low, deep voice, his mind calm and undisturbed, not arrogant despite his breakthrough, but simply because he had gained more confidence to protect his companions and resist powerful forces.

"Once we've rested properly, we can set off to return and reinforce Freedom Valley," Jiang Xuelan said softly, her gaze sweeping across the deep night in the distance, a hint of urgency in her eyes, worried that the Divine Race might make a move prematurely.

"Hmm." David responded indifferently, his expression cold as he raised his eyes, his gaze fixed on the densely packed, brightly lit Divine Clan camp outside the ice mountain. A murderous intent suddenly gathered in his eyes, chilling him to the bone.

"Before we leave, let's clear out the surrounding troubles, leaving no future problems, and leave this place cleanly."

The five of them stood up side by side, their steps steady and orderly, and together they stepped out of the protective light barrier of the Ice God

Ancestral Land. The moment their feet stepped beyond the edge of the light barrier, the patrol team of the Divine Race on the outer perimeter instantly detected the disturbance and turned to look in unison.

Their eyes sharp and wary, they gripped their holy light spears and gilded battle blades tightly, their bodies radiating holy light and spiritual energy, their postures fully alert.

This patrol team consisted of fifty elite Divine Race cultivators, each with solid cultivation, the lowest being at the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm.

They had been stationed on the outskirts of their ancestral land for years, possessing rich combat experience and ruthless methods, accustomed to bullying scattered cultivators in the surrounding area, and were known for their arrogance and domineering nature.

The team leader, a seventh-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, stared intently at David and his group of five with a sinister and sharp gaze, his shout echoing across the icy plains.

"Halt! This is a forbidden area of the Divine Race, the entire Ice God Ancestral Land is sealed off. Trespassers will be killed without exception! Anyone who dares to step out of the restriction will perish here tonight, leaving no trace of their remains!"

The arrogant and domineering voice still echoed in the cold wind.

David was too lazy to waste any more words. His killing intent condensed in his sword heart. With a slight lift of his wrist, the Dragon Slayer Sword was silently drawn. Its sharpness did not shake the wind and snow, and its ferocity did not diminish in the slightest. He raised his hand and slashed horizontally!

A purple chaotic sword light, condensed to the extreme, swept across the sky. It was as fast as lightning and as sharp as divine punishment. It did not have any fancy moves, but contained only pure destructive power.

Wherever the sword light passed, the void trembled slightly, the cold wind was instantly torn apart, and the holy light protection, golden armor, and protective magic artifacts on the fifty Divine Race cultivators were as fragile as paper, shattering inch by inch.

There were no screams or wails, no struggles or pleas for mercy, no chance to retaliate.

Fifty elite Divine Clan cultivators didn't even have time to defend themselves, nor to sound the call for help.

Their bodies were instantly disintegrated and dissolved by the chaotic sword light, turning into fragments of golden light that dissipated in the biting wind. Not even a single bone or piece of clothing remained; they were utterly annihilated into the world.

One sword strike, fifty men dead—clean, swift, and decisive.

The next second, in the distant Divine Clan main camp, the guards witnessed this horrifying scene. Instantly, their scalps tingled, their faces drained of color, and the piercing alarm bells rang frantically, their booming sound tearing through the silent night of the ancient icy plains, echoing for miles around!

"Enemy attack! A powerful enemy has broken through the forbidden territory and broken out of the ancestral land! All troops, prepare for battle! Form ranks to meet the enemy!"

Urgent and panicked shouts rose and fell, and figures thronged within the tents, the sounds of clashing armor, grinding weapons, and shouts of orders mingling together.

Thousands of elite Divine Clan cultivators, clad in armor and wielding weapons, rushed out of the sprawling camp at full speed, their holy light and spiritual energy blazing forth.

Golden light spread across the entire frozen wasteland, their killing intent surging as they converged and charged towards the ancestral land, their formation disciplined, their aura of slaughter overwhelming.

At the forefront of the ranks, two Divine Clan True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade Elders, clad in gilded elder robes and with grim and cold faces, led

the charge side by side. Their auras were fierce and domineering, their bodies surrounded by holy light, their oppressive power pressing down in all directions.

One wielded a heavy Holy Light Pagoda, skilled in defense, suppression, and trapping groups of enemies.

The other held a Soul-Devouring Demon Scythe, specializing in close combat and severing the soul.

The two have been stationed together for many years, their cooperation is seamless, they are good at both offense and defense, and they are ruthless in killing. They are the most important combat force on this outer defense line.