

# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 6421

"A mere five people dare to trespass into my divine race's forbidden area and slaughter my divine race's elite guards? They're utterly courting death!"

The elder holding the tower roared fiercely, his eyes filled with a chilling ferocity and murderous intent.

"Everyone, form the ultimate killing formation! Trample these five and tear them apart alive! Take the head of the leader and bring it back to the alliance to claim credit and reward, as a warning to others!"

Thousands of divine race cultivators responded in unison, their voices echoing across the icy plains as they rapidly deployed the ultimate killing formation.

Holy light intertwined into a net, sealing off all escape routes, layer upon layer, determined to trap and kill David and his companions on the spot, leaving no survivors.

Facing the densely packed, layered divine army, and the overwhelming pressure of the two eighth-rank elders, David's expression remained unchanged, his eyes as cold as ice.

Without retreating or dodging, he took the initiative, his figure transforming into a streak of purple light, charging straight into the heart of the thousand-

strong army formation, brazenly engaging in battle and breaking through the formation with his own body!

"Today, I will make sure you all die without a burial place!" David roared in a deep voice, his voice carrying chaotic spiritual power, causing the eardrums of the surrounding divine cultivators to buzz.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword high, purple chaotic flames blazing fiercely, the sword's spiritual light surging several feet, unleashing unparalleled destructive power, and slashed down, crashing into the crowd!

Boom!

The earth-shattering sword power exploded, purple shockwaves sweeping in all directions, dozens of divine cultivators around him were instantly blown away by the sword energy, their bodies exploding, golden blood spraying everywhere, staining the snow-covered ground beneath their feet red.

David's figure moved swiftly and powerfully through the army formation, his movements unparalleled, his sword strikes expansive and fiercely lethal.

With each strike, several Divine Race cultivators perished. Wherever the sword light passed, heads rolled, armor shattered, and spiritual energy dissipated, reaping enemy lives like harvesting wheat. No one could withstand the power of a single sword strike!

After breaking through to the third rank of True Immortal, his combat strength had increased several times over. Combined with the innate chaotic power that naturally countered the Divine Race's Holy Light origin, he was even more formidable.

The Holy Light protection that the Divine Race cultivators were so proud of was utterly useless before the chaotic sword light, completely vulnerable. All their defensive measures were forcibly crushed and broken through; close combat meant instant death, with no chance to fight back.

Seeing this, the two eighth-rank elders were enraged and charged forward at full speed, attacking David from both sides, attempting to encircle and disrupt his killing rhythm.

“Youngster, how dare you be so arrogant! We two elders will suppress you!”

David’s eyes were cold and sharp. Without dodging or avoiding, he slashed diagonally with his sword, unleashing chaotic sword energy to meet the combined attack of the two elders head-on.

With a loud bang, the holy light spiritual power and the chaotic violent power collided and exploded violently. The shockwaves rolled and swept in all directions, and all the divine cultivators within several feet were shattered by the aftershocks and died instantly.

The two elders felt a sharp pain and numbness in their mouths, their blood surging and flowing backward. They involuntarily took several steps back, their hearts filled with horror.

Their faces were full of disbelief. A mere young cultivator’s combat power was so strong, and he could withstand the pressure from a higher level without any effort!

Just as David was holding back the main force of the entire battlefield and holding back the two elders, Jiang Xuelan’s figure soared into the air, her clothes fluttering.

Her cold figure stood high in the air, overlooking the entire battlefield below. Her aura was majestic and awe-inspiring, fully displaying the orthodox majesty of the Ice God lineage.

She calmly raised her hand, gathering her strength, and pointed the Ice God Sword directly at the sky, unleashing the vast power of the Ice God’s origin.

A sudden cold wave swept across the world, a gale carrying ice shards that engulfed the entire area, and the temperature plummeted by hundreds of feet

in an instant, even causing the void to faintly show patterns of white frost and ice. "A hundred miles of ice, an eternal blade of icy chill!" Jiang Xuelan coldly uttered, her divine power surging as her voice fell.

A gigantic, hundred-zhang-long, immensely thick, ice-blue blade materialized out of thin air, its chilling aura piercing to the bone, its oppressive power overwhelming, crashing down upon the vast array of divine race soldiers below!

The moment the blade struck the ground, a hundred-mile-long ice domain instantly formed, the biting cold freezing all spiritual energy, all movements, and all life force.

The hundred-plus divine race cultivators at the forefront didn't even have time to utter a scream before their bodies were instantly frozen solid by the extreme cold.

They transformed into lifelike, motionless ice sculptures, frozen in their charging, battle-ready postures.

The next instant, cracking sounds echoed across the battlefield, the ice sculptures shattering inch by inch, turning into countless ice dust particles that drifted away with the wind. A hundred cultivators perished on the spot, their bodies vanishing without a trace. A

chilling aura enveloped the entire battlefield, suppressing the fighting power of the entire divine race. Seeing this, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan immediately seized the opportunity, rapidly flanking and encircling the enemy from both sides. Their coordination was seamless and their movements perfectly synchronized.

Bing Wuhen charged forward head-on, his ice-based blade sweeping across, cutting off the enemy's retreat, dividing the battlefield, and eliminating isolated cultivators one by one. Bing Xue'er moved to the flanks, her ice silk binding and binding, sealing off enemy movements and precisely controlling any who slipped through the net.

Bing Fenghan forcefully brought up the rear, unleashing powerful punches that shattered the enemy's formation head-on, crushing the remaining cultivators. The three had cooperated for years, their offense and defense flowing seamlessly, their combat power at its peak, quickly clearing out the scattered remnants on both sides, giving the enemy no chance to regroup and counterattack.

On the battlefield, purple light crisscrossed, blue light swept across the sky, and the sounds of killing, explosions, freezing, and wails mingled together, shaking the heavens. Divine cultivators fell in droves, their holy light and spiritual power extinguished in droves, and the camp's tents were repeatedly overturned and torn apart by sword energy and icy chill. Firelight, ice light, and purple light intertwined and reflected each other, staining the frozen wasteland red.

The battle was fierce and explosive, the overwhelming force of the enemy clearly evident. In less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the massive, fully armed elite force of the divine race, numbering over a thousand, was completely annihilated.

Not a single one escaped, and not a single one broke through to seek reinforcements. The entire camp was utterly reduced to a deathly silence. Tents were broken and collapsed, weapons and armor were scattered everywhere, and blood soaked through the millennia-old ice, staining the frozen wasteland red. The stench of blood mixed with the chill permeated the air, a horrifying sight, filled with murderous intent.

The last two True Immortal Realm eighth-grade elders were covered in wounds, their spiritual power mostly depleted, their bodies disheveled and their hearts filled with fear. They were no longer able to resist and considered turning back to flee for help. David's eyes turned cold. He teleported and pursued them, piercing their hearts with his sword.

Chaotic power instantly invaded their dantian, crushing their spiritual energy. The two elders froze for a moment before collapsing to the ground, completely dead, their cultivation destroyed, and their souls annihilated.

With this, all the divine forces stationed around the ancestral land were wiped out, utterly eradicated, leaving no trace, their camps destroyed, and their defenses breached. A cold wind swept across the wasteland once more, stirring up shards of armor and ice, the stench of blood carrying a chilling aura.

The battlefield was littered with corpses, deathly silent, devoid of any trace of the divine race's arrogance. Only five tall figures stood atop the pool of blood and ice, unmoved as mountains, their aura imposing. David slowly sheathed his sword, his movements calm and composed, showing no sign of fatigue.

The chaotic and malevolent energy around him completely subsided, restoring his tranquil demeanor. He slowly turned around, raising his eyes to gaze at the towering, majestic, and solemn Ice God Mountain behind him.

His gaze was deep and thoughtful. The battle had ended, the smoke of war had dissipated, but a different kind of thought arose in his heart, not just about hurrying back home.