

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.

Chapter 6422

Jiang Xuelan slowly walked to his side, standing shoulder to shoulder, both gazing at the solemn ice mountain, at this ancestral land that bore witness to the rise and fall, the blood and tears, and the obsessions of the Ice God lineage for a thousand years.

The chill around her softened, the murderous intent in her eyes vanished, leaving only a heart full of complex emotions. After a long silence, she spoke softly, her tone carrying thousands of years of forbearance and anticipation.

"The ancestral land of the Ice God lineage, where the roots of our culture and bloodline converge, cannot be allowed to remain under the control and oppression of the gods, becoming a forbidden ground for foreign races, suffering humiliation generation after generation."

As her words fell, she slowly raised the Ice God Sword in her hand, its tip pointing steadily at the open, flat, spiritually rich, and easily defensible frozen plain at the foot of the ice mountain. Her gaze was firm, her tone resounding, without the slightest hesitation.

“Right here, on this very spot, build the Ice God Palace as a permanent residence, take root in our homeland, and never wander again,” Jiang Xuelan said.

Bing Wuhen, standing to the side, trembled, his eyes instantly blazing with intense light. His breathing quickened involuntarily as he stepped forward, his voice filled with disbelief and excitement.

“Palace Master, is this true? Can we really establish ourselves here, have our own legitimate base, and no longer have to hide and flee?”

“Absolutely true, without a doubt.” Jiang Xuelan nodded gently, her voice soft yet each word carrying immense weight and conviction.

“The ancestral land is protected by an ancient bloodline restriction, allowing only those of the true bloodline of the Ice God to freely enter and exit. No external enemies or alien races can approach the core area; the natural barrier is secure and worry-free.”

“The spiritual energy here is rich and abundant, far surpassing the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. Its terrain is treacherous, easy to defend and difficult to attack, far from the encirclement and suppression range of the core forces of the Divine Race.

It is safer and more secure than any previous hiding place, making it the most suitable base for the revival and rise of my Ice God lineage, to restore the glory of our race.”

Having said this, she turned to David beside her, her gaze filled with a mixture of inquiry and trust, awaiting his decision.

Having fought side-by-side and shared life and death along the way, David was already the most trusted support of the Ice God lineage. Important matters of the race should be discussed and decided together.

David smiled faintly, his expression gentle and resolute, and readily agreed, "Your mind is made up. What the clan needs is what is feasible. If you think it's suitable, then we will begin construction immediately, build on the spot, and provide full support without delay."

A simple sentence, without flowery language, yet it firmly supported the Ice God lineage's thousand-year-long yearning, giving everyone a sense of security.

Bing Wuhen's eyes instantly reddened, warm tears welling up, which he forcefully held back, a thousand years of hidden bitterness surging into his heart.

Bing Xue'er quickly raised her hand to cover her lips, unable to suppress the bittersweet joy in her heart, tears silently sliding down her cheeks, soaking her clothes.

Bing Fenghan, usually taciturn, remained silent, but his fists clenched tightly, his eyes filled with burning emotion and excitement.

Thousands of years of wandering, thousands of years of hiding and enduring, thousands of years of oppression by foreign races, thousands of years of his bloodline being scattered.

The Ice God lineage had been scattered and separated, afraid to acknowledge their ancestors, afraid to return to their clan, afraid to reveal their identities, living day and night in fear and humiliation, homeless, without a place to call home, without a branch to perch on.

But today, their suffering has turned the page, their humiliation has ended, and their wandering has ceased.

The Ice God lineage has finally reclaimed their homeland, taken root in their ancestral land, and possesses a truly stable home of their own, with the foundation to revitalize their clan.

After calming their emotions, everyone immediately set to work, building their home with great enthusiasm.

Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan fully activated the pure power of the Ice God's origin, raising their hands to condense energy into bricks, and solid, heavy, and chilling Xuanbing Divine Bricks quickly took shape. Layer upon layer, they worked together to build houses, organize streets and alleys, and fortify the towering outer walls. Their movements were swift and efficient, driven by a passion for building their homeland.

David and Jiang Xuelan assisted side by side, accelerating the process.

David unleashed his powerful chaotic energy to stabilize the foundation, solidify the walls, and level the terrain, smoothing out the uneven battlefield and reinforcing the entire settlement's foundation, making the city impregnable.

Jiang Xuelan channeled the power of the Ice God, outlining defensive runes for the city walls, setting up protective barriers for the settlement, and perfecting the offensive and defensive formations, ensuring both stability and protection.

The chaotic energy and the power of the Ice God intertwined and merged, filling the sky with spiritual light, and the interplay of cold and warmth complementing each other, making the construction twice as efficient and progressing rapidly.

In just half a day, a small, orderly, solemn, sturdy, and spiritually rich ice city rose from the foot of the ancestral mountain. The city was laid out

in a well-organized manner, with orderly streets and alleys, complete with residences, and possessing both offensive and defensive capabilities. It was beginning

to resemble the headquarters of a major sect, peaceful and solemn. On the smooth ice stone in front of the city gate, Jiang Xuelan personally raised her hand and concentrated her power, using the essence of the Ice God as ink and the spiritual power at her fingertips as a brush.

Stroke by stroke, powerful and resounding, she personally carved three ancient and awe-inspiring characters—Ice God Palace. The characters, once completed, were surrounded by spiritual light, exuding a domineering aura, rooted in her homeland, and proclaiming the rebirth of her clan.

She stood alone beneath the city gate, quietly gazing at these four characters, at the new city, at the ice mountain of her homeland. She stood there for a long, long time, her heart churning with emotions. A thousand words finally condensed into a soft whisper, each word heavy, each sentence touching her heart.

“From this day forward, this will be the only home for the Ice God lineage, where we will be rooted for generations, never to be exiled.”

David slowly stepped forward, standing beside her, both gazing up at the large characters on the city gate. His gaze was firm and steady as he softly reassured and promised.

“Settle down here and protect our home, steadily rebuilding our clan. When we return from this journey, we will join forces to overthrow the God Alliance and crush the powerful and tyrannical.

At that time, the Ice God lineage can stand openly among all the races of the heavens, no longer needing to hide and endure, no longer needing to fear oppression, but standing tall and proud, regaining our glory.”

Jiang Xuelan turned to look at him, a complex and unreadable emotion flashing in her clear, cold eyes—gratitude, trust, emotion, and reassurance, a thousand feelings converging in one place.

“Thank you,” Jiang Xuelan said.

David smiled calmly and waved his hand casually, “No need for thanks. Comrades-in-arms should help each other and overcome difficulties together.

It’s getting late, and the people of Free Valley are still waiting for us to return and provide reinforcements. The battle ahead is intense, so we shouldn’t linger. Let’s set off immediately.”

Just as everyone was about to leave, David suddenly whispered in Jiang Xuelan’s ear, “You are my woman, so it’s only right that I help you.”

Jiang Xuelan’s face flushed slightly, and she quickly looked at Bing Wuhen and the others, afraid they would hear.

After all, she was the Palace Master of the Ice God lineage, and everyone respected her. If the people of the Ice God lineage knew that their noble Palace Master had been taken advantage of, they would definitely feel bad.

David saw Jiang Xuelan’s embarrassment and smiled faintly, “Don’t worry, I won’t touch you in front of the people of the Ice God lineage...”

After saying that, David took out the Demon Suppression Tower, and the spatial origin began to slowly activate. A flash of light appeared, and the figures of the five people disappeared. The biting winds of the northern icy plains had barely faded from their ears

when the unique spatial power within the Demon-Suppressing Tower suddenly unleashed itself. Layers upon layers of spatial runes enveloped five tall figures, tearing through thousands of miles of void without leaving a trace.

There was no loss of spiritual energy from a long journey, no weariness from crossing realms.

David, Jiang Xuelan, and their three companions, using the Demon-Suppressing Tower's exclusive spatial traversal ability, instantly traversed the entire far northern frontier, landing steadily outside the entrance to the heart of the long-awaited Freedom Valley.

The blinding white light of space slowly receded and dissipated, transforming into specks of shimmering white light that merged into the morning sky.

The five figures, their robes fluttering slightly, exuded a steady aura, their feet firmly planted on the cool bluestone valley path, their postures upright, showing no sign of fatigue.

It was the break of dawn, the sky just beginning to lighten. A pale blue morning mist, like a veil, enveloped the entire valley, swirling and obscuring the outlines

of the nearby vegetation. The dew that had condensed overnight still clung to the roadside herbs and ancient trees, dampening them.

The crisp, rich spiritual energy of the plants, mingled with the moist scent of the morning dew, wafted through the air, soothing the biting chill brought back from the icy northern plains. At

the valley entrance, where the view was expansive, a group of people stood ready, waiting patiently without a moment's hesitation.

Leading them was Lin Yuan, standing alone in the most conspicuous spot beneath the valley's entrance gate.

His posture was as straight as a pine tree, his dark, fitted robe soaked through with the overnight dew, the edges slightly sagged, clinging tightly to his body.

It was obvious without a word that he had been waiting there since before dawn, before the night had faded, never leaving his side, his anxiety suppressed, hoping only for the figure returning ahead.

The heavy burden, the worry, and the restless anxiety that had weighed on his heart for days were all etched on his brow.

His aura was taut, his spiritual energy subtly gathering, yet his mind remained unsettled.

Only when his gaze firmly landed on David's returning figure did his furrowed brows relax, a huge weight lifted from his heart.

His tense aura instantly dissipated, his steps quickened, and he strode forward, his eyes burning with anticipation and eagerness.

The core members and the leading cultivators waiting around him also turned to look, their gazes fixed on David and his group. The atmosphere instantly became solemn; no one spoke, everyone eagerly awaiting the good news.

"How was it? Did you successfully break through to the next level during your seclusion in the Northern Ice Plains?"

Lin Yuan strode up to David, his voice barely concealing his excitement.

His gaze immediately fell upon David's aura, scrutinizing him meticulously from top to bottom, repeatedly probing his spiritual energy reserves and cultivation level. His eyes practically overflowed with anticipation, and his tone was filled with barely suppressed urgency.

David remained calm and composed. Having endured the harshness of the Northern Ice Plains and the trials of life and death, his temperament had become increasingly reserved and profound, showing no trace of impetuosity.

He nodded slightly, his palm gently raised, and a wisp of pure and condensed purple chaotic energy quietly flowed out, a fleeting flash of light, neither

ostentatious nor leaky, calm and restrained, yet possessing an overwhelming primal pressure that crushed ordinary spiritual energy.

"I was fortunate enough to live up to everyone's expectations and successfully broke through the barrier, stabilizing

my cultivation at the third rank of True Immortal Realm." David's voice was steady and his words were firm. His gaze swept over the white-clad figure beside him, and he added, "Xue Lan accompanied me throughout the entire process to protect me during my enlightenment.

By chance, I fully inherited the original legacy of the ancient Ice God, perfecting my Ice Dao Laws and Ice Sealing Divine Powers. My combat power has doubled and surged, making me capable of standing alone and contending with top-tier Immortal Realm opponents."

Chapter 6423

Those two short sentences, like a reassuring needle, firmly pierced the hearts of everyone present.

Upon hearing this, Lin Yuan exhaled a long, heavy breath, releasing the pent-up pressure, fear, and torment of the past few months.

His fists clenched unconsciously, his knuckles turning white, the bones creaking softly as he released his pent-up emotions.

He had waited far too long for this breakthrough, for this main force to take shape, for this battle of revenge and rescue. He

had endured countless sleepless nights, weathered numerous small-scale attacks from the Divine Race, and now the perfect opportunity had finally arrived.

"Good! Excellent!"

Lin Yuan shouted in a deep, resonant voice, his eyes flashing with a cold light, an aura of killing intent instantly filling the air.

"The two Supreme Elders of the Divine Race are about to emerge from seclusion. Once they succeed, their cultivation will undoubtedly reach new heights.

At that time, we will have no power to resist, and our chance to rescue our people and fight against the Divine Race will be completely cut off. We can no longer afford to waste time or wait any longer!"

He suddenly turned around, his posture sharp, his gaze abruptly fixed on the thousands of elite cultivators who were arrayed and ready to go deep in the valley.

His breath suddenly rose, his voice resounding throughout the Free Valley, each word ringing out with powerful penetration, reaching the ears of every cultivator.

"The Northern Underworld Prison imprisons countless compatriots of all races, and has slaughtered countless fellow cultivators. Today, the time is ripe. We will march forth immediately and storm the Northern Underworld Prison!"

David's expression was fierce, without the slightest hesitation. His fighting spirit soared, and he immediately issued a command in a deep voice, his order as firm as a mountain: "The entire army, assemble and form ranks immediately! After a short rest, our target is the Northern Underworld Prison. A full-scale assault! We will not return to the valley until the prison gates are breached!"

The powerful command echoed through the valley, reaching every corner of Freedom Valley and clearly reaching the ears of every waiting cultivator.

The Freedom Valley's elite warriors, who had been diligently cultivating and resting in the Demon Suppression Tower for many days, along with the Spirit

Clan's elite troops who had rushed to their aid from neighboring territories, acted immediately upon hearing the order, their steps perfectly synchronized.

They quickly rushed to the open area at the valley entrance and assembled in formation, the sound of armor clashing echoing in unison, their aura solemn.

Elder Qingxuan, clad in a flowing emerald robe, strode in, his body enveloped in spiritual light, exuding a powerful and profound aura.

He personally led three hundred elite spirit race warriors, their steps steady and orderly as they emerged from the Demon Suppression Tower's secret realm.

Over two hundred days of secluded cultivation, refining their spiritual power, tempering their physical bodies, and perfecting their battle formations, had transformed the spirit race warriors' foundation.

Each warrior was surrounded by a rich and enduring emerald-green spiritual light, brimming with vitality, their spiritual power flowing smoothly and powerfully, like the boundless vitality nurtured in fertile spring soil—resilient and with far greater endurance than before.

Although Elder Qingxuan himself had not yet broken through his cultivation bottleneck, the depth of his spiritual power had more than doubled.

His meridians had widened and strengthened, his spiritual power flowing without any stagnation, and every gesture carried the composed and imposing aura of a seasoned expert.

With an imposing presence that commands respect and keeps the enemy in check, they are the most reliable logistical and tactical asset in the army.

On the other side, Lin Yuan skillfully orchestrated the situation, personally leading five hundred elite human resistance fighters who swiftly converged from various garrison points throughout the valley. The thousand-strong ranks

formed a tight, orderly formation, advancing and retreating with perfect precision.

The gleaming swords were all drawn, their sharp edges reflecting the dawn light, radiating a chilling killing intent;

heavy, sturdy black iron armor clung to their bodies, the plates clashing and clanging with a continuous, crisp sound, and an aura of grim determination swept across the entire valley entrance. Within the ranks, familiar faces gleamed with fighting spirit, each fulfilling their duties, their auras palpable.

Old Zhao, wielding a heavy black iron battle axe, its blade gleaming coldly, grinned broadly, revealing a set of neat white teeth. His rugged features were filled with fearless bravery, awaiting only the order to charge into battle.

A tall, thin cultivator waved a plain folding fan, seemingly casual and relaxed, yet his eyes held a glint colder and sharper than a drawn blade. The fan's opening and closing concealed deadly moves, specializing in close-quarters ambushes and blocking escape routes. A

middle-aged female cultivator's fingers flew, two short-bladed swords twirling rapidly in her palms, their blades flashing with a sharp, cold light, undefeated in close combat.

The white-haired elder, Xu, stroked his long, white beard, his gaze deep and unfathomable, silently observing the surrounding formation, anticipating the changing tides of battle, his meticulous mind controlling the entire situation.

Only Zhao Tieshan stood alone at the rear of the group, leaning on his old ironwood cane. His body was hunched, his cultivation completely destroyed, unable to fight.

Yet, he insisted on being there to see them off, unwilling to miss this crucial battle for the survival of his clan.

The war drums hadn't sounded, but his mind was made up. The road ahead was fraught with danger, surrounded by powerful enemies, but no one retreated a single step.

Zhao Tieshan looked up at David, his voice hoarse and dry, his eyes uncontrollably reddening, filled with concern and worry. He softly instructed, "Mr. Chen, the Northern Underworld Prison is a heavily guarded, perilous place of the gods, with two powerful figures stationed there. It's extremely dangerous. You must protect yourself and bring everyone back alive."

David slowly stepped forward, gently patting Zhao Tieshan's shoulder. His palm was warm and steady, his gaze gentle yet resolute.

With a faint smile and a resolute tone, he said, "Elder Chief, rest assured. I have never broken a promise to you, and I will certainly return safely today, leading our people out of this predicament and protecting the Valley of Freedom."

He said no more, raising his hand and making a grasping motion in the air. The ancient and imposing Demon-Suppressing Tower instantly emerged from his dantian storage space.

Completely black, its surface was inscribed with ancient demon-suppressing runes, their patterns weathered and ancient, exuding an imposing aura. It floated silently in the morning light, serene and solemn.

The next instant, a magnificent and dazzling white pillar of light shot into the sky, piercing through heaven and earth. Its soft light slowly spread, precisely enveloping all the assembled cultivators at the valley entrance, leaving no one out.

"Cross the entire spatial domain, lock onto the coordinates—the outer wasteland of the Northern Underworld Prison!"

David commanded in a deep voice, activating the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower's primordial space.

The white light suddenly contracted rapidly, engulfing over a thousand figures within its pillar. The next second, they vanished from the entrance to Freedom Valley without a trace, leaving only an empty stone arena.

Zhao Tieshan stood alone, gazing at the dissipating white pillar of light, his gaze lingering. He silently wiped the warm tears from his eyes, offering a silent prayer for a triumphant return.

The Northern Underworld Prison, a forbidden land on the very edge of the Northern Region, far from the habitable territories of humans and spirits, stands alone on a desolate, barren black frozen wasteland, isolated from the world, permeated with malevolent energy. Among the

renowned infernal realms of the heavens, each possesses its own ferocious characteristics.

In the depths of the Black Rock Prison, magma surges, flames scorch the body, and the intense heat is enough to melt metal and corrode bones, leaving nothing but barrenness. The Crimson Flame Prison

is filled with lava ravines, its fiery energy attacking the heart; spiritual cultivators who enter will suffer a depletion of their vital energy, severely restrained.

The Northern Underworld Prison, however, is the complete opposite—an extremely yin and frigid wasteland. The entire prison is buried deep beneath millennia-old permafrost, cutting off sunlight, spiritual energy, and all life in the world.

This place is not a naturally dangerous location, but rather the ruins of an ancient battlefield left behind by a great war

between gods and demons. Tens of thousands of years ago, countless powerful beings fought and bled here, their souls and spirits annihilated, their blood soaking through layers of rock and soil, penetrating thousands of feet into the earth. Despite tens of thousands of years of erosion, the soil remains a

dark, mottled red, like unhealed, blood-red scars on the earth, a shocking sight.

The wasteland is barren, devoid of flowers, grass, insects, and beasts; devoid of any vibrant life force, only deathly silence and coldness prevail. A constant howling of the wind carries a lingering malevolent aura, causing any living being to feel oppressed and their spiritual energy stagnant upon stepping upon it.

The entire main prison area of the Northern Underworld Prison is hidden deep underground, surrounded by layers of thick, unyielding permafrost, as hard as top-grade black iron;

further reinforced by continuous, heavy basalt layers, its defenses are unparalleled. Even a full-force attack from an ordinary immortal cultivator would find it difficult to breach the barrier.

The entire prison area is connected to the surface only by a single, deep, narrow, dark passage, offering no other escape route. Easy to defend and difficult to attack, it is a natural fortress heavily fortified.

The cliff walls on both sides of this sole passage are densely covered with holy light restrictions exclusive to the divine race. Layers of ancient golden runes flicker and fade in alternating light and shadow.

Deep within the dimly lit passage, these restrictions are like countless pairs of vigilant, cold eyes, fixed on the movements of the surrounding wasteland.

The restrictions are interlocking, layer upon layer, numbering over a hundred, forming a unified offense and defense, an unbreakable force.

Ordinary low- or mid-level cultivators, within a hundred feet of the passage, will be instantly locked onto by the restrictions, their bodies annihilated by the raging holy light, leaving not even a trace of their souls.

Even high-level immortal cultivators, if they rashly attempt to force their way in, will pay a heavy price, severely injured and on the verge of retreat, with a slim chance of survival.

At this moment, at the entrance to the only surface passage of the Northern Underworld Prison, two towering figures stand side by side, their auras icy and overwhelming, firmly guarding the vital passage, giving no opportunity for a surprise attack.

Both were core combatants of the Divine Race, their cultivation reaching the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, just a step away from the Perfect Immortal Realm. Their combat power was immense, and their fearsome reputation was legendary.

The man on the left was as imposing as a mountain, towering over the heavens and the earth. He was over twelve feet tall, with broad shoulders and a thick back, his physique incredibly powerful and terrifying.

Every muscle on his body was bulging and taut, its lines sharp and angular, unlike flesh and blood. Instead, it seemed to be forged from refined steel, unbreakable.

His skin was perpetually enveloped in a faint, dark golden luster, even and dense, without a single flaw.

This was the exclusive mark left by ten thousand years of arduous cultivation of the Pure Yang Undying Body, his physical body transcending the limits of the mortal realm, impervious to swords and blades, water and fire, and unbreakable by magic. His physical defense was unparalleled among those of the same level.

He carried no divine weapons or blades, his bare hands alone were enough to dominate the Northern Region, intimidating cultivators of all races.

His fists were covered with calluses and old scars of varying depths, each a medal for countless battles and life-or-death struggles, witnessing the demise of numerous enemies.

This man was none other than the strongest physical warrior under the Divine Race—the Mighty Warrior.

He specialized in the Pure Yang Undying Supreme Physical Cultivation Technique, refusing to take shortcuts in spiritual power or magic, focusing solely on tempering his physique.

In close-quarters combat, no one of his level could withstand three punches from him; his physical combat prowess was unparalleled in the entire Northern Frontier Divine Race territory.

The Mighty Warrior's eyes were sharp as unsheathed blades, scanning the vast, desolate wasteland.

Piercing through the howling wind, he precisely locked onto a faint white light flickering on the distant horizon, a wild and arrogant smile playing on his lips.

Then, his voice was deep and resonant, carrying an inherent pressure: "They've arrived. These ignorant remnants of the rebel army, they really dare to venture alone into my Northern Underworld Prison."

Chapter 6424

On the right stood a figure completely opposite, slender and thin, with an upright posture but lacking any fierceness.

His face was sinister and cold, his skin as pale as if he had never seen the sun in years, devoid of any color. A single glance evoked a chilling aura, instilling wariness.

In his hand, he lightly gripped an ancient whisk, its white bristles fine and resilient, remaining perfectly still and unwavering despite the howling winds of the desolate plains. This was no ordinary object.

It was the ancient treasure, the Heaven-Binding Whisk, specifically designed for setting up formations to trap enemies, seal their souls, and aid in combat; its power was unfathomable.

A strange, flowing silver light swirled around him, his aura cold and malevolent, not the orthodox holy light of the divine race, but rather his unique, centuries-old, illusory killing power.

Specializing in disrupting the soul, confusing the mind, and severing spiritual consciousness, it could silently dismantle an opponent's mind, killing without bloodshed, ruthless and vicious beyond measure.

This man was the divine race's trump card—the Wise Warrior.

Also firmly established at the peak of the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, he was not adept at close-quarters combat, but was proficient in ancient trapping and killing formations and deadly illusionary formations, capable of setting up elaborate

schemes over vast distances and manipulating people's hearts. He excelled at using formations to trap and kill hordes of enemies, silently annihilating invading armies, treacherous and cunning, making him impossible to defend against.

The Wise General's eyes were as deep as an abyss, filled with layers of calculation, showing no trace of emotion.

At this moment, he narrowed his eyes slightly, gazing at the white pillar of light that was constantly approaching on the distant horizon, a cold and chilling smile slowly curving his lips, killing intent hidden in his heart.

"I had already predicted the enemy's marching route, and spent three days and three nights in advance, using my own divine soul as the guide, spiritual power as the foundation, and the

evil energy of heaven and earth as the auxiliary material, to set up a nine-layered linked trapping and killing formation." The Wise General flicked his wrist, and the Heaven-Binding Horsetail whisk slowly swung, instantly revealing dense, continuous, and eerie silver array patterns beneath the ground.

The array patterns writhed and moved slowly like living things, a chilling, murderous aura constantly rising and enveloping the entire outer wasteland.

"The nine-layered array extends from the outer wasteland all the way to the prison gate entrance, interlocking and mutually reinforcing, forming a unified offense and defense.

Once these people step into the array's range, they've walked into a trap, with no way to escape. They are destined to perish here today."

The powerful warrior glanced sideways, snorted coldly, and said with a hint of disdain, "A mere nine-layered array is making a mountain out of a molehill.

A bunch of rogue cultivators and rebels, a rabble. Why do you need to go to such lengths to set up an array? I can crush them all with my bare fists and slaughter them all."

The Wise Warrior shook his head slightly, his expression unusually grave, his tone serious, devoid of his usual composure: "We must not underestimate them. The Shadow Warrior, despite his formidable strength, still perished at the hands of David and his group;

the successive breaches of the heavily fortified Crimson Flame Prison and Black Rock Prison, with their annihilated defenders, are no accident.

This group is courageous and resourceful, possesses considerable combat power, and is further aided by a strange primal force. To underestimate them is to invite destruction.”

Behind the two, three thousand elite armored warriors of the Divine Race were already arrayed, their military bearing impeccable, their aura overwhelming.

A continuous expanse of golden, orthodox holy light emanated from them, converging into a dazzling sea of light, illuminating the dark wasteland and dispelling most of the chilling malevolent aura.

The warriors wielded various divine weapons: longswords with sharp edges, spears pointing forward, and heavy, ferocious battle axes, all enveloped in holy light, gleaming with a deadly chill, exuding a chilling killing intent.

The entire team breathed in unison, moved in synchronized steps, focused their minds, and were on high alert, ready to charge forward and annihilate the invading enemy at the first command. A biting wind howled across the wasteland, whipping up fine, dark red sand that slammed against the hard armor, producing a piercing rustling sound.

The world was silent except for the howling wind, the air thick with killing intent, making it hard to breathe.

Everyone present knew perfectly well that this decisive battle was a matter of life and death, a battle that would determine the fate of the Northern Frontier and the survival of all races—a battle to the death.

A white pillar of light suddenly plummeted from the sky, landing precisely a hundred feet from the entrance to the Northern Underworld Prison on the open wasteland, avoiding the coverage of the frontline restrictions.

The dazzling white light vanished abruptly, revealing over a thousand figures standing firmly on the dark red frozen earth, their auras concentrated, their formation intact. They had taken their positions the instant they landed, ready for battle.

The frigid wind of the wasteland was biting and piercing, like ice blades cutting into the skin, seeping into the bones through the seams of their robes, the chill penetrating to the bone.

Every cultivator present felt their blood surging, their fighting spirit boiling, their chests burning with intense heat, unable to withstand the slightest chill.

No one flinched, no one retreated, no one harbored any thought of retreat; their gazes were fixed intently on the divine army and the two top generals ahead.

David stood alone at the very front of the army, his azure robe fluttering in the wind, his posture upright as a pine tree, as steady as Mount Tai.

His gaze was calm and unwavering as he slowly surveyed the entire scene, yet his eyes concealed a thunderous fighting intent.

His gaze swept over the three thousand elite divine warriors, who stood ready in battle, protected by holy light; it swept over the layers of holy light barriers, concealing deadly intent, finally settling precisely on the two warriors at the entrance of the passage: the Strength General and the Wisdom General. He quickly assessed the battle situation and devised a strategy.

These two top warriors were both at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, half a step towards perfection, their combat power formidable, each possessing unique strengths, complementing each other perfectly, making them extremely difficult to deal with.

David's voice was calm and even, without the slightest inflection. His instructions were clear and the division of labor precise: "Xue Lan, you focus on the strategist general wielding the whisk. Break his formation, disturb his mind, and suppress him at close range. No need to linger; just hold him off and wait for an opportunity to kill him.

As for the physical powerhouse generals, their fists are domineering and their physical strength is unmatched. I'll handle them alone."

Jiang Xue Lan stood quietly beside him, dressed in white, her figure aloof and cold, her eyes sharp as icy blades.

Hearing this, she nodded slightly without needing any further words, their understanding perfect.

With a slight movement of her fingertips, the Ice God Sword was drawn, a chilling blue light instantly flowing across its blade, the extreme cold spreading outwards, even freezing the surrounding wind.

The essence of the Ice God Armor within her quietly gathered, condensing within her dantian. With just a thought, it could instantly protect her body, providing both offense and defense, giving her immense confidence.

Having inherited the complete legacy of the Ice Goddess, her soul, spiritual power, and the laws of ice were all enhanced, making her more than capable of contending with the Wise Warriors.

Elder Qingxuan stepped forward, his expression solemn, and solemnly coordinated the overall command: "The rest of you, follow me in a frontal charge, forcefully break through the outer barriers, tear apart the divine race's defenses, and head straight for the prison gates to rescue them.

Avoid engaging in prolonged battles with the common soldiers along the way, do not greedily fight, prioritize breaking through the formations and clearing the

path. The sooner we rescue our trapped comrades, the higher our chances of victory." Lin Yuan gripped his longsword tightly, channeling his spiritual energy into the hilt. Pure, pale golden spiritual energy flowed along the blade, causing its light to surge and its sharpness to become overwhelming.

His gaze was fixed on the dark prison gate passage ahead, his chest heaving violently. The anger, worry, and resentment that had been building up for days converged in his heart, awaiting only the order to charge.

Countless comrades of his race were trapped in the prison, suffering endless torment. Today, the day of rescue had finally arrived, and he could no longer suppress his killing intent.

No further mobilization or encouragement was needed. Hatred looms ahead, compatriots lie behind, there is no way to retreat, only to fight to the death.

Chapter 6425

"All troops, heed my command—Kill!"

A battle cry echoed across the desolate plains, tearing through the cold wind and reverberating throughout the land.

David took a step forward, his figure charging ahead like a streak of purple light, leading the charge against two top-tier experts without the slightest fear.

David's attack was at its peak from the start, leaving no room for probing, rushing to the battlefield at full speed.

The void beneath his feet instantly shattered, tiny fragments of space scattering in all directions, the air currents violently twisting.

His entire being enveloped in a vast, chaotic power, transforming into a condensed, ultra-pure purple streak, hurtling through

the air, heading straight for the powerful generals, locking onto them for a fight to the death, refusing to detour. The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn in response, its clanging sound deafening, soaring into the sky.

A raging purple chaotic flame erupted from the sword's blade, the flames domineering and intensely hot, scorching the void, twisting the air currents, the temperature terrifyingly high.

The cold wind within several feet was instantly incinerated, the frozen ground slightly blackened by the heatwave.

The Chaotic Flame Origin, capable of suppressing all orthodox spiritual power and divine/demonic power, was David's greatest asset in resisting powerful enemies.

Seeing this, the warrior remained calm, neither dodging nor retreating, but a fervent fighting spirit ignited in his eyes.

He loved head-on confrontations above all else; the stronger the opponent, the more it ignited the ferocity within him.

Suddenly, he raised his right arm, gathering immense power, his dark golden pure Yang Origin energy frantically converging at his fist. The fist's surface shone with golden light, becoming dense, powerful, and utterly domineering.

A massive, mountain-crushing fist force erupted, a direct punch aimed straight at David's vital point.

No fancy moves, no flanking maneuvers, just a pure, extreme clash of power—the most primal and the most dangerous.

The next instant, sword and fist collided with a deafening roar, their Origin Forces clashing violently.

Boom—!!!

A deafening roar suddenly erupted, the sound waves sweeping across a radius of a hundred feet, causing eardrums to buzz and minds to tremble.

The purple chaotic flames and the dark golden pure yang fist energy collided violently, the two supreme forces eroding, crushing, and annihilating each other. The violent shockwaves rolled and swept outwards, cracking the frozen ground layer by layer, the fissures crisscrossing like a spiderweb.

Centered on the point of impact, a radius of several dozen feet of thick frozen ground was instantly ripped away, large chunks of rock and dark red soil flying in all directions like cannonballs, with immense destructive power. Even the surrounding divine race soldiers watching were forced to retreat.

David retreated three steps, each step leaving deep footprints in the hard frozen ground. The edges of the footprints were instantly scorched black by the chaotic heat, a horrifying sight.

His tiger's mouth throbbed violently, the meridians in his arm trembled uncontrollably, his blood surged and flowed in reverse, and his chest felt a dull ache. A heavy force rebounded from the sword, consuming his entire body.

In contrast, the Mighty Warrior stood firm as a mountain, unmoved, yet the ground beneath his feet cracked open with several wide, deep fissures spreading outwards.

A genuine admiration flashed in his eyes, and his gaze towards David became more respectful, no longer entirely dismissive.

"A True Immortal Realm third rank cultivator, yet you withstood seventy percent of my Pure Yang Fist power without serious injury or being sent flying. Your physical body and spiritual power are both commendable."

The Mighty Warrior's voice boomed like thunder, his rough, cold laughter echoing, "No wonder that piece of trash like Shadow Warrior died at your hands. Unfortunately, you've met me today, not him. Today, you are doomed."

Before his words even finished, the Mighty Warrior suddenly took a step forward, the ground beneath his feet exploding with a deafening roar, sending rubble flying.

His entire body transformed into a heavy, dark golden meteor, carrying boundless, domineering power as he charged forward at full speed.

His speed was so extreme that the naked eye could hardly follow his trajectory, leaving only a faint golden afterimage in his wake. His fist aimed directly at David's vitals, his attack fierce and domineering. David knew that a head-on confrontation would be disadvantageous, and he refused to blindly take the hit. He

suddenly unleashed his movement technique, channeling chaotic power into his legs, his figure shifting sideways like a ghost, light and agile, avoiding the direct attack.

His swift and graceful movements far surpassed the cumbersome strength of the warrior, a natural advantage he had to firmly grasp.

The warrior's deadly punch grazed past David's clothes, missing its target before slamming heavily into the thick frozen earth behind him.

Boom—!

A massive crater, several meters wide and bottomless, instantly formed. The rock and soil at the bottom, scorched by the extreme force and heat of the punch, became glassy, gleaming with a dark red, cold light, and hard to the touch.

Debris and dust billowed into the sky, obscuring half of the view, a terrifying sight.

"Your movement technique is fast enough, quite slippery,"

the warrior sneered, his fighting spirit intensifying. He immediately unleashed a barrage of punches without pause.

Layer upon layer of fist shadows, like mountains and seas, densely packed, blocked all of David's escape routes, covering him from all directions, leaving no gaps.

Each punch carried an overwhelming, domineering pure Yang power, tearing through the air and emitting a piercing shriek, the sound waves shaking the very soul.

David strode through the void, his figure flashing like lightning, nimbly maneuvering amidst the overwhelming fist shadows, narrowly avoiding fatal blows.

At the same time, his wrist flicked, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword unleashed seven rapid strikes in succession. Seven condensed purple chaotic sword beams landed on the vital points of the warrior's chest, shoulder, and forearm, the attacks fierce and the angles tricky. However

, the sword light only left shallow white marks on the opponent's dark golden, hard skin, which were instantly smoothed over by the body's self-healing power, without even breaking the surface flesh, let alone damaging the meridians and the source of life.

David understood, and his heart grew heavy.

The power of chaos naturally counters the orthodox holy light of the gods. However, the Warrior General, having painstakingly cultivated the Pure Yang Undying Body, fights relying solely on his physical strength, without any aid from holy light. This perfectly circumvents the weakness of the chaotic power's counter, significantly weakening his own advantages and drastically increasing the difficulty of the battle.

"Useless! All futile efforts!"

The Warrior General roared with laughter, his voice echoing across the wasteland, brimming with arrogance. "My Pure Yang Undying Body, tempered and refined day and night for ten thousand years, makes my body as hard as ancient divine metal, impervious to blades and spears,

and unaffected by magic! Even a peak True Immortal Realm expert, at full power, wouldn't be able to harm me in the slightest! Your chaotic fire is nothing but a tickle in my eyes!"

Before his laughter subsided, the Warrior General's aura suddenly surged, his movement speed doubled, and he charged forward with ferocious fury.

David couldn't dodge in time, and could only barely manage a sideways parry. The opponent's fist, imbued with the force of ten thousand pounds, slammed solidly into his chest.

Bang!

A deep, resounding boom shook the very core

of David. He felt an unbearable pain in his chest, as if his sternum had shattered instantly. His internal organs trembled violently, and a surge of violent energy rushed into his meridians and dantian, causing his blood and qi to surge wildly backward.

A mouthful of golden cultivator's essence blood gushed out uncontrollably, and his body flew backward through the air like a kite with a broken string, completely out of his control.

He forced himself to steady himself in mid-air, rolling several times to dissipate the force. After landing, he staggered back more than ten steps before barely managing to regain his balance and avoid falling.

His robes were torn to shreds by the force of the fist, revealing large patches of thick, bluish-purple bruises—a horrifying sight.

His breathing was rapid and erratic, and blood dripped continuously from the corners of his mouth, splashing onto the dark red frozen earth—a stark contrast to his appearance.