

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel

### Chapter 6426

The Warrior General stood still, not seizing the opportunity to pursue. Instead, he leisurely stretched his wrists and muscles, his dark golden skin shimmering with light, his physical aura stable and undamaged.

He swept his gaze contemptuously, his tone full of mockery: "Is this all the meager skill you have? You dare to come and provoke the majesty of my divine race, to launch a forceful attack on the Northern Underworld Prison? Utterly laughable."

Just as David and the Warrior General were locked in a bloody battle, their fists and swords clashing, on the other side of the battlefield, the perilous contest between Jiang Xuelan and the Wise Warrior General had fully commenced, fraught with hidden dangers and fraught with peril.

The Wise Warrior General, throughout his life, never engaged in close combat or brute force; this was a combat instinct ingrained in his bones.

He disdained facing his enemies with swords drawn; his battlefield was never in the open clash of fists and feet, but within formations, illusions, and the depths of the soul—killing without a trace, defeating without a sound, insidious and vicious, impossible to defend against.

Jiang Xuelan knew her opponent was cunning and wouldn't give him a chance to set up an array, gather strength, or disrupt his mind. She attacked with a full-force killing move.

With a flick of her wrist, the Ice God Sword's cold light surged, and a highly refined, ice-blue sword beam shot through the air at incredible speed, aiming directly for the Wise General's throat. The angle was tricky, and the chill was bone-chilling.

Wherever the sword beam passed, the air instantly froze, tiny ice crystals fluttered down, and a chill permeated the surroundings, sealing off the opponent's escape route.

But just as the sword beam was about to reach him, an invisible silver barrier suddenly appeared in mid-air, shimmering with light and extremely resilient.

A low,

resonant sound rang out as the ice-bound sword beam slammed into the barrier, erupting with blinding light and spreading chilling energy before slowly dissipating, failing to harm the Wise General in the slightest.

The Wise General stood calmly at the core of the array, lightly waving his whisk, his expression composed, a sinister smile playing on his lips.

"The last inheritor of the Ice God lineage, indeed exceptionally talented, your icy divine abilities are truly unparalleled, living up to your reputation.

Unfortunately, once you step into the heart of my nine-layered linked trapping array, you are like a bird in a cage. No matter your combat strength or sword speed, you have nowhere to unleash your power, and can only await your death."

As his words fell, he suddenly exerted force in his wrist, rapidly waving the Heaven-Binding Whisk, activating the array's runes.

Illusions arose within the array, the world spun, and the surrounding scenery instantly distorted and changed. The original desolate battlefield transformed into a boundless icy illusion, with countless illusory souls of prisoners who had died tragically in the prison roaring and rushing

towards them, disturbing their minds. Simultaneously, countless silver, sharp blades of light suddenly shot out from all directions, each containing the full killing power of a ninth-grade True Immortal, dense as rain, sealing off all directions, all slashing towards Jiang Xuelan's vital points.

Jiang Xuelan's expression remained cold and unchanged, her mind steadfast, unaffected by the illusions.

Her Ice God Sword danced swiftly, drawing a thick, perfectly round, ice-blue defensive shield that protected her flawlessly.

Ice crystals condensed on the shield's surface, radiating a chilling aura that deflected all the incoming silver blades, the clanging sounds of their impact ringing out.

However, the blades were too numerous and their attacks relentless.

Cracks rapidly spread across the shield, forming a dense spiderweb pattern, threatening to collapse.

She had to continuously replenish and reinforce it with her internal spiritual energy, her dantian's energy rapidly depleting, her meridians aching and weak, fine beads of sweat forming on her forehead as the pressure intensified.

"Freeze for a hundred miles, lock the array's mechanism!"

Jiang Xuelan shouted in a deep voice, unleashing a wide-range ice-based divine power.

A vast, bone-chilling cold wave surged from her body, sweeping across the entire core of the array, instantly spreading in all directions. The dark red

frozen earth beneath his feet instantly froze into thick white frost, layers of ice spreading outwards, all the moisture in the air condensing into ice crystals.

Even the silver array patterns moving across the ground were covered in ice, their operation slowing down significantly, weakening the light blade attacks and drastically reducing the pressure.

Zhi Zhanjiang frowned slightly, a sense of apprehension rising within him.

He hadn't expected Jiang Xuelan's primordial ice-sealing power to directly interfere with the operation of the great array, suppressing his foundation in array techniques.

"The ice-sealing technique is indeed exquisite, but unfortunately, your cultivation foundation is a notch below mine."

A cold glint flashed in Zhi Zhanjiang's eyes, and with a sudden flick of his whisk, hundreds of silver light points suddenly appeared within the great array, exploding in mid-air.

They transformed into hundreds of slender silver longswords, densely packed, blotting out the sky, hovering in mid-air, exuding a chilling killing intent.

"Ice can only delay the inevitable, it cannot break the great formation. Today, you are destined to perish here."

Hundreds of silver longswords swooped down simultaneously, all aimed at Jiang Xuelan, their speed as fast as lightning, like a torrential downpour, leaving no room for evasion.

Jiang Xuelan gritted her teeth and focused her mind, fully activating the Ice God's essence. Ice-blue armor instantly appeared on her body, clinging to her skin, ancient runes shimmering, its protective resilience extremely strong.

The Ice God armor steadily blocked most of the silver longswords' sharpness, protecting her vital points, but a few swords still pierced through the gaps in the defense, cutting her skin and leaving fine wounds.

Warm blood slowly seeped out, staining her elegant white dress red, a shocking sight.

Yet her expression remained unchanged, she did not cry out in pain, nor did she retreat, her mind remaining taut, her Ice God Sword constantly swinging, shattering the nearby swords one by one, holding fast within the formation, refusing to retreat even a single step.

On the main battlefield, the life-or-death struggle between David and the Mighty Warrior intensified, their fist and sword clashes never ceasing, their killing intent surging.

The Mighty Warrior's attacks grew increasingly ferocious and relentless, each punch delivered with full force, crushing everything in its path.

The Pure Yang Undying Body was activated to its peak, its dark golden light blazing brightly, like a blazing sun hanging low in the sky, radiating heat and creating an oppressive atmosphere.

The range of his fist energy expanded, almost completely sealing off the battle area. No matter how fast David's movements were, he couldn't completely evade all the attacks. Sharp

fist energies grazed past him, striking his shoulders, arms, ribs, and back, causing increasing bruises and layers of pain to accumulate.

Golden blood repeatedly spilled from the corners of his mouth, dripping onto the dark red frozen earth, staining the ground crimson.

Yet David remained steadfast, his fighting spirit undiminished.

He endured the excruciating pain throughout his body, his mind focused intently, his eyes glued to the powerful warrior's every move, patiently searching for any fleeting openings or weaknesses.

He had already grasped the key to the battle: the warrior's physical body was invincible, his strength overwhelming, his defense unbreakable, and his stamina unparalleled—these were his absolute advantages.

However, precisely because he relied so heavily on brute force, his moves were wide-ranging and unrestrained, leaving an extremely brief pause when he withdrew his fist and turned.

This pause was imperceptible, something an ordinary cultivator couldn't detect, but David's divine sense far surpassed that of his peers, his perception exceptionally sharp, allowing him to pinpoint it precisely.

Enduring the pain and seizing the openings offered a chance to turn the tide.

## Chapter 6427

After dozens of intense exchanges, the opportunity finally arrived.

The powerful warrior unleashed another full-force punch, its momentum overwhelming and its power overwhelming all directions. Just as the old force was exhausted and the new force had not yet arisen, and he pulled back his fist to the side, his figure faltered slightly, revealing an opening.

David's eyes narrowed instantly. Seizing this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, his figure blurred instantly, leaving only a shadowy afterimage, while his true form ghost-like approached the powerful warrior's side.

The chaotic fire on the Dragon-Slaying Sword surged wildly, purple flames enveloping the entire blade, scorching hot. The sword's edge precisely targeted the opponent's right rib

, the weakest point in the Pure Yang Undying Body's protective patterns, where the opening for retraction was greatest.

\*Thud!

- The sharp blade pierced deep into the flesh, breaking through the hard skin, penetrating the surface fascia, and reaching the internal organs and meridians.

The raging chaotic fire surged wildly into his body through the wound, relentlessly scorching the warrior's internal organs, meridians, and vital energy. Its destructive power was immense, specifically targeting the very foundation of his physical body.

"Ah—!"

The warrior, writhing in excruciating pain, couldn't help but let out a deafening roar. The agony was excruciating, shaking his very soul.

He endured the agonizing internal pain, ignoring the sword still embedded in his body, and with a surge of power in his right arm, unleashed a brutal, sweeping punch, slamming it heavily into David's shoulder, sending him flying.

David tumbled several times in the air, landing on one knee, panting heavily. His chest heaved with surging blood and qi, a thick bruise now covering his shoulder, his sword-wielding arm trembling slightly—his strength was immensely depleted.

Yet, a faint smile played on his lips, his eyes burning with even greater fighting spirit. He

had effectively broken through David's defenses, injuring his very essence; the advantage in the battle was beginning to shift in his favor.

The warrior stared intently at the bleeding wound on his right side. The charred flesh, continuously burned by the chaotic fire, was healing at a drastically slower pace,

his pure Yang essence constantly leaking out, and his combat power quietly diminishing. His expression was ashen, his eyes blazing with murderous intent, his anger burning fiercely.

“You’ve successfully enraged me. Today, I will tear your flesh apart and crush your soul!”

In his fury, he ripped off his tattered battle robe, revealing his broad chest covered in dark golden primal patterns.

Each pattern was a mark of his primal essence, forged over millennia of physical tempering, containing immense pure Yang power. Now, they all lit up, their light surging like burning flames.

“Pure Yang Undying Body, Second Level—Burning Heaven!”

With a deep command, the warrior’s skin rapidly changed color, from dark gold to crimson, like red-hot iron, scorching hot.

The surrounding temperature soared, the permafrost melted rapidly, steam rose, and moisture in the air evaporated instantly, turning the surrounding area dozens of feet dry and scorching hot, with oppressive heat waves.

His strength, speed, reaction, and explosive power all increased by 50%, doubling his combat power to an terrifying degree.

David’s pupils contracted slightly, his mind becoming serious. This was the true combat power that the Mighty Warrior had been holding back; the real battle had only just begun.

With the Heaven-Burning state enhanced, the Mighty Warrior took a step forward, the ground exploding into a huge crater, his figure swooping down like a meteorite, so fast that David’s dynamic vision could hardly capture it clearly.

Bang!

A heavy punch struck David's chest precisely, with overwhelming force.

David was sent flying backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily to the ground, creating a deep, human-shaped crater, his whole body wracked with pain, his blood churning.

He gritted his teeth, supporting himself on his sword as he got up, spitting out another mouthful of golden blood essence, his injuries continuing to worsen.

The relentless attack gave him no chance to breathe, pressing forward with a barrage of punches that rained down relentlessly, each punch capable of shattering mountains and destroying solid rock.

David tried his best to dodge and maneuver, but he was still constantly grazed and struck by the force of the punches, leaving him covered in wounds, his clothes completely torn, looking disheveled and in excruciating pain. Even so, he refused to retreat even a step, refusing to surrender.

David concentrated his energy, channeling all the chaotic power in his dantian into the Dragon-Slaying Sword. The sword's purple light blazed intensely, the chaotic fire intertwining and fusing with his primordial spiritual power, condensing into a giant purple light sword over ten feet long, its imposing aura overwhelming.

"Chaos Annihilation Slash!"

He unleashed a full-force strike, the purple destructive sword light clashing head-on with the crimson incandescent fist energy.

Boom—!

The two supreme forces collided violently, a circular shockwave exploding outwards, blasting away hundreds of feet of frozen earth, sending rubble and mud flying everywhere, obscuring the sky—a horrifying scene.

David was blasted back dozens of steps, his tiger's mouth split open and bleeding, blood dripping down the hilt of his sword, staining the frozen earth red. His meridians ached and throbbed, and his spiritual power was mostly depleted.

The Warrior General was also blasted back three steps, his fist scorched black by the chaotic fire, his body throbbing with pain, his very essence damaged.

"You're severely injured, your spiritual energy depleted, yet your strength is still increasing?"

The warrior was utterly shocked and incredulous.

David didn't answer, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, and charged again with his sword.

He no longer dodged or maneuvered, no longer deliberately seeking weaknesses, but directly confronted

his opponent head-on, trading injury for injury, risking his life for his life. With each clash of fist and sword, the power of chaos would seize the opportunity to invade his opponent's body, burning his meridians and continuously weakening the foundation of his Pure Yang Undying Body.

His physical body was inferior to his opponent's, his spiritual energy was less abundant, and his combat experience was slightly less, but he possessed the natural advantage of the chaotic origin restraining all external forces.

As long as he could endure the excruciating pain, withstand the onslaught, and continuously accumulate the erosion damage, dragging it out until his opponent's origin was exhausted, he would achieve final victory.

Inside the great formation, Jiang Xuelan had been pushed to her limit, her situation extremely dangerous.

The silver longswords rained down relentlessly, causing the Ice God Armor's radiance to dim continuously. Her spiritual energy rapidly depleted, her meridians throbbed with unbearable pain, and her wounds multiplied, leaving her weak from blood loss and a significant drop in stamina.

Her breathing became rapid, and her posture gradually became unsteady, yet she steadfastly held her ground within the formation, refusing to retreat even a single step.

The Wise General stood outside the formation, calmly controlling it, his expression cold and smug, toying with her like a cat playing with a mouse.

"So what if you inherit the Ice God's legacy? Alone and trapped in the formation, your spiritual energy depleted, you will ultimately meet your demise.

The Divine Race will unify the heavens; the tide is irreversible. You rebels are destined to perish in the wasteland, your bones never to be found."

Jiang Xuelan ignored him, her mind returning to zero, shutting out all external distractions.

She slowly closed her eyes, the Ice God Sword held horizontally before her chest, calmly recalling her inherited memories, searching for the ultimate killing technique of the Ice God lineage.

In the past, during her cultivation, she had only roughly memorized the sword techniques' incantations, never forcibly activating them, for the cost was too great, depleting her essence and damaging her foundation.

But today, in this desperate situation with no way out, she couldn't rush to David's aid without breaking the formation, and she was certain to die without breaking the formation; her only option was to fight to the death.

In an instant, she suddenly opened her eyes, her icy blue pupils blazing with cold light, revealing her resolute intent.

She fully activated the Ice God's essence within her body, pouring all her divine soul power into the sword, causing the chilling aura around her to rise to its extreme, and the extreme cold energy of heaven and earth to frantically converge upon her.

Ancient runes on the Ice God Sword lit up, flowing around her body, echoing and resonating with the patterns on the Ice God Armor, creating an overwhelming power.

"Ice God – Eternal Annihilation!"

A clear, cold shout fell, and with a single sword strike, the heavens and earth were shaken, and the formation was shattered.

## Chapter 6428

A three-foot-long, condensed, ice-blue sword beam pierced the air, seemingly slender, yet containing an extreme, frigid power capable of freezing eternity and sealing all things.

Wherever the sword beam passed, the void frosted, the air currents froze, leaving behind an indelible white ice trail, its chill piercing to the bone.

Silver swords along its path, upon touching the sword beam, instantly shattered into ice crystals;

wandering array patterns, upon touching the sword beam, froze and collapsed, losing their spiritual energy; thick array walls, upon touching the sword beam, collapsed and shattered with a deafening roar, the chill spreading throughout the entire area.

The Wise General's face turned deathly pale, his mind reeling. He frantically poured all his spiritual energy into activating his whisk, reinforcing the array's core,

desperately trying to block it. But the ancient Ice God's ultimate killing move was overwhelmingly powerful, far exceeding the limits of ordinary immortal realm combat strength, and he was utterly powerless to stop it.

The sword beam precisely struck the core of the great array.

Boom—!

The array's core shattered, the silver light dissipated, and the nine-layered, interconnected trapping array collapsed like shattered glass, vanishing into thin air.

The array was linked to the strategist's mind; its destruction unleashed a backlash that instantly engulfed him.

His body trembled violently, a sharp pain shooting through his chest. He coughed up a mouthful of golden blood, suffering severe internal injuries, his breathing disordered, and his combat power reduced by thirty percent.

Jiang Xuelan seized the opportunity to break free. Ignoring her own depleted spiritual energy and the excruciating pain in her meridians, she moved with ghostly speed, her Ice God Sword aimed directly at the strategist's throat: "The array is broken, it's your turn."

Close combat was always the strategist's weakness.

He hastily swung his whisk to block, the clanging of metal against metal piercing the air. He was forced back several steps by the sword, his arm numb, his mind filled with apprehension.

Jiang Xuelan pressed her advantage, her sword speed increasing rapidly. Layers of chilling energy suppressed her, sealing off her retreat and freezing her meridians, forcing the strategist to retreat steadily, forced into a passive defensive posture, utterly powerless to retaliate.

On the front lines of the wasteland, the bloody battle raged for half an hour, both sides exhausted and riddled with wounds, the battle extremely fierce.

The warrior's infernal state was nearing its end, the crimson color fading from his body, returning to its dark gold hue.

His primordial spiritual power was greatly depleted, dozens of charred wounds on his body burning uncontrollably, golden blood slowly seeping out, his pure yang power continuously draining away, his combat strength plummeting.

David's situation was even more dire, his robes torn, his body covered in wounds and bruises, his left arm fractured and hanging limply, each breath causing excruciating chest pain, his essence and blood repeatedly draining away, his stamina on the verge of collapse.

Yet, the fighting spirit in his eyes remained burning brightly, the purple flames of his Dragon-Slaying Sword never extinguished.

"You're a madman."

The warrior gasped for breath, utterly incredulous. "You could have retreated or defended, yet you insisted on fighting head-on, risking your life for injury. Why go through all that?"

David wiped the blood from his lips, his smile indifferent yet stubbornly resolute: "Hiding will never win against a strong enemy. Only a fight to the death can break the deadlock."

With that, he charged again, sword in hand, a purple sword light slashing down.

The warrior gritted his teeth and raised his fist to block, both being forced back, the gap narrowing, the scales of victory tipping.

The warrior knew he couldn't delay any longer; dragging it out would surely lead to defeat. A ruthless glint flashed in his eyes as he desperately activated his trump card.

Dark gold patterns converged on his chest, his primordial blood burning and depleting.

"Pure Yang Undying Body, Third Level—World Destruction!"

His body suddenly swelled, muscles bulging and veins throbbing, a terrifying, world-destroying pressure sweeping across the land, cracking the earth and crushing rocks into dust. The warrior's eyes were bloodshot, his skin pale, and his temperature reached its peak. He gathered his life's essence, condensing it into a white, world-destroying fist light, intending to end the battle with a single blow and perish together.

Seeing this, David neither retreated nor dodged, choosing to fight to the death.

He planted his sword in the ground, formed hand seals, and mobilized all the chaotic essence, chaotic fire, chaotic thunder, and spatial power in his dantian. He combined these four forces into one, unleashing the ultimate profound mystery he had comprehended when breaking through to the third rank of True Immortal.

"Chaos – The Beginning of Heaven and Earth!"

A fist-sized purple ball of light condensed in his palm. Seemingly insignificant, it contained the power of the primordial origin of heaven and earth, trembling the void and oppressing all directions.

The two ultimate forces, one purple and one white, collided with a deafening roar.

There was no loud noise, no violent shockwave, only the two forces devouring, annihilating, battling, and stalemated with each other. The world was silent, and the atmosphere was extremely oppressive.

David's meridians tore with excruciating pain, his dantian trembled as if about to burst, and his essence blood gushed out continuously, leaving him on the verge of exhaustion. The Warrior's life force was rapidly depleting, his body withering, his markings dimming, and his life force fading.

Both roared simultaneously, unleashing their last remaining strength.

The next instant, the sphere of light exploded!

A circular shockwave swept hundreds of feet, shearing away several feet of ground, shattering rocks, overturning tents, and leaving the wasteland in ruins.

David crashed heavily into the deep pit, his body wracked with pain and powerless, unable to move, only his eyes remaining bright as he murmured, "I haven't lost yet, I can't die."

The Warrior was slammed against the rock wall, a bloody hole pierced through his chest by chaotic power, his internal organs ruptured, his life force dissipated, and he knelt heavily injured, no longer able to fight.

On the other side, Jiang Xuelan, enduring the backlash from her depleted spiritual energy, once again condensed an icy sword light, severely injuring the Wise Warrior.

The Wise Warrior, his essence blood exhausted and severely injured, was unable to fight any longer, filled with fear and apprehension.

Both generals were severely wounded and rendered powerless. The morale of the elite Divine Race collapsed instantly, their will to fight gone, and they scattered and fled for their lives, no longer daring to fight.

The wise general gritted his teeth and uttered a single word: "Retreat!"

The two generals helped each other up and retreated in a sorry state into the depths of the prison gates, with the remaining soldiers following closely behind. The defensive line completely collapsed.

David, enduring the pain, raised his hand to stop the allied forces that wanted to pursue: "No need to pursue. Prioritize rescuing people. Do not cause any unnecessary trouble."

Elder Qingxuan and Lin Yuan immediately led the charge, breaking through the restrictions and entering the heart of the Northern Underworld Prison.

Old Zhao cleaved the remaining enemies with his battle axe, the tall, thin man used his folding fan to slit throats, the middle-aged man wielded twin swords to kill enemies, and Old Xu held the line to protect the team. The allied forces advanced unstoppably, clearing the way without hindrance.

They reached the third level of the prison, smashed open the prison doors, cut the shackles, and hundreds of prisoners from various races saw the light of day again. With tears in their eyes, they knelt down and kowtowed to express their gratitude.

David leaned against the wall, gazing at his compatriots who had regained their freedom. A slight smile played on his lips, and a sense of peace settled in his heart.

This battle had successfully breached the Northern Underworld Prison, rescuing thousands of prisoners.

Yet, he knew clearly in his heart that the powerful enemy was not yet defeated, and the two Supreme Elders of the Divine Race were still in seclusion. The true life-or-death battle was yet to come.

Today was merely the prelude; the subsequent battles would be even more perilous.

As darkness fell, two strange moons hung high in the night sky, one silver and one red, their cold light casting a desolate and

chilling glow over the wasteland. David and Jiang Xuelan, supporting each other, covered in blood and grime, walked slowly out of the prison gates.

Behind them followed their rescued compatriots and the orderly allied forces. The procession moved slowly, their steps steady, their hearts filled with hope.

## Chapter 6429

As dawn approached, the last rays of the cold night faded completely from the northern wilderness.

Two strange moons still hung lonely in the sky, one silver and one red, their cold light like knives.

The cold light slanted across the carved skylight of the main hall of the Divine Alliance, streaming straight into the hall.

The light fell on the cold, jade-like bluestone floor tiles, and also on two disheveled figures.

It stung the eyes and the heart.

The Warrior of Strength and the Warrior of Wisdom clung tightly to each other's arms, their steps heavy and unsteady.

Their robes were torn and tattered, soaked with dark red blood.

Dust and blood clung to their flesh, making them look utterly wretched.

Gone was the former majesty of the top warriors who once commanded the Northern Underworld and dominated the northern frontier.

Every step forward required the expending of their last remaining strength.

Their bodies swayed precariously, as if they would collapse to the ground at any moment.

The once robust and indestructible body of Li Zhan, tempered over millennia, was no longer the mighty warrior it once was.

A gruesome, fist-sized hole pierced through his chest, piercing his entire body.

His flesh was charred and rotting, the meridians along the edges completely carbonized by the chaotic flames.

A foul, acrid stench slowly permeated his surroundings. The once

radiant, pure Yang Undying Body's original patterns, which adorned his chest and limbs,

were now completely dim and lifeless, as silent as ashes. No

longer could he muster even a trace of pure Yang spiritual power.

His supreme physical body, painstakingly cultivated for millennia, had been shattered at its very foundation by David's chaotic original power.

Like a weathered, utterly broken rock, riddled with holes, its life force constantly draining away.

Arms that could once shatter mountains with a mere gesture now hung limply, trembling slightly.

Every breath aggravated his severe chest injury, the pain excruciating.

He couldn't help but bend over, gasping for breath.

His once towering, imposing figure was now hunched over, utterly exhausted. He had

even lost the strength to straighten his back.

The Wise Warrior's situation was no better than the Might Warrior's; he too was mortally wounded.

His right shoulder was pierced by the Ice God Sword, the wound penetrating, the flesh frozen and scabbed over.

His internal meridians were severed and damaged, his primordial spiritual energy scattered and lost, difficult to gather and circulate.

His left arm was deeply frostbitten by the extreme cold.

The skin was stiff and purple, the chill seeping into his dantian along his meridians.

His entire body was cold and numb, his limbs stiff and sluggish.

His most treasured possession, the Heaven-Binding Dust, which he had relied on throughout his life and used in countless battles, was

now mostly broken and incomplete.

The array's spiritual light surrounding it had almost completely dissipated, leaving it dim and lifeless.

He could no longer set up even a half-complete trapping and killing array.

The lingering power of the Ice God's freezing force within him was like a persistent, malignant infection.

It coursed through his meridians, constantly severing his spiritual veins and disturbing his soul.

This caused him great unease, and his spiritual energy flowed sluggishly.

Even raising his hand to pay respects was incredibly difficult

. His once strategic, ruthless eyes

were now bloodshot, filled with lingering fear and apprehension.

Gone was any trace of calculation or composure.

On either side of the hall, layers of divine guards and high-ranking cultivators stood solemnly on guard. Their gazes all fell upon the two men.

The next second, their faces turned deathly pale, their legs trembling uncontrollably.

A chill ran through them, and even their breathing became unconsciously shallow.

They dared not utter a sound.

The hall was deathly silent; you could hear a pin drop.

Only the heavy, labored breathing of the two men echoed slowly in the empty hall.

They had guarded the Alliance Hall for many years.

Every day, I witnessed firsthand the awe-inspiring might and decisive ruthlessness of these two great generals.

They held the northern frontier as a stronghold, firmly suppressing cultivators of all races.

They were always invincible, unstoppable in battle.

When had I ever seen them so battered and bruised, their life force waning?  
These were

peak ninth-grade True Immortals, the two strongest barriers in the northern region of the Divine Clan Alliance.

They had been brutally beaten, reduced to cripples, and forced to flee back to their heartland in a sorry state. Panic, like invisible ice water, instantly seeped into the hearts of every cultivator on duty.

A chill ran through them, and unease gripped them.

Even two great generals had suffered a crushing defeat; how terrifying must the invading enemy's strength be?

Had the Divine Race's northern defense line completely collapsed?

Countless thoughts surged within them, but no one dared to speak, no one dared to move.

At the very top of the hall, a majestic, gilded throne hung high.

Wei Pengkun sat upon it, his posture upright, his aura cold and icy.

Just moments before, he had lightly raised his fingertips, slowly and deliberately tapping the armrest of the throne.

The rhythm was gentle and languid, his expression calm and unhurried.

Every gesture exuded the air of a leader in control, strategizing and maneuvering.

It was as if all the variables in the world were within his calculations, easily manipulated.

But when his sharp gaze swept down, he

precisely captured the pitiful state of the two men, their bodies heavily injured, their blood and qi depleted, their very essence shattered.

The fingertips tapping the armrest suddenly paused, frozen in mid-air, unable to fall.

His composed aura vanished instantly.

A chilling coldness quietly permeated the hall, making everyone tremble.

Deathly silence, utter deathly silence.

Enveloped in suppressed rage, it enveloped the entire main hall of the divine race.

No one dared to look directly at Wei Pengkun on the throne.

No one dared to break this suffocating silence.

"You... have lost?"

Wei Pengkun spoke slowly, his voice flat and emotionless, revealing no trace of joy or anger.

Yet everyone in the hall clearly sensed it.

Beneath this calm surface, a raging fire was simmering, ready to ignite and destroy everything.

A single misstep could unleash a bloodbath, leaving rivers of blood.

The warrior's heart sank, daring not to hesitate.

Enduring the excruciating pain tearing through his body, he forced himself to kneel on one knee.

His burly body swayed precariously.

Cold sweat mixed with dark red blood trickled down his forehead.

The impact struck the bluestone floor, leaving damp patches.

His voice was hoarse and dry, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth,

filled with endless humiliation and resentment.

"Alliance Leader, I am incompetent, my command was ineffective, and my fighting strength was insufficient."

"The Northern Underworld Prison has completely fallen, utterly lost."

"The defending army suffered heavy casualties, and the defensive line has completely collapsed." "

I fought desperately to break through the encirclement and only managed to return to the palace in such a sorry state. I beg the Alliance Leader to punish me."

"Clang—"

Wei Pengkun's five fingers suddenly gripped the armrest of the throne tightly.

The hard, gilded solid wood armrest creaked instantly, cracks spread, and debris flaked off.

A cold light flashed in his eyes, and a raging fire burned in his chest.

He almost broke through his reason and burned everything.

The wise general followed closely behind, kneeling down with difficulty.

A chill ran down his spine, and his heart was filled with lingering fear and apprehension.

Weakly speaking, he reported the truth without daring to conceal anything.

"Alliance Leader, the battle situation has suddenly changed, beyond human control."

"David has successfully broken through his cultivation, stabilizing his True Immortal Realm, Grade Three."

"The chaotic power within his body is becoming increasingly domineering and potent, its destructive power multiplying."

"It specifically counters the orthodox Holy Light Origin of our Divine Race, making it difficult to contend with."

"Furthermore, Jiang Xuelan has fully inherited the legacy of the Ancient Ice God." "

She has awakened the complete set of Ice God divine abilities, wielding the Ice God Sword and wearing the Ice God Battle Armor."

"Her combat power has increased several times over, combining offense and defense, making her unstoppable in breaking formations and killing." "

Your subordinate and General Li Zhan have exhausted all our life's cultivation and our trump cards. "

"We fought to the death for half a day, desperately maneuvering."

"In the end, we only managed to achieve a draw with both of them." "

We were powerless to stop the allied forces from breaking out of the prison to rescue people; we were truly powerless to reverse the situation. "

# Chapter 6430

"A lose-lose situation?"

Wei Pengkun's lips twitched uncontrollably, a low, cold laugh escaping his lips, chilling to the bone.

"I have assigned you three thousand elite Divine Race armored warriors."

"Sufficient provisions and excellent weaponry."

"Plus two peak ninth-rank True Immortal Realm warriors to guard the area."

"To defend the strategically important and heavily fortified Northern Underworld Prison."

"And tell me, is it merely a lose-lose situation?"

His questioning voice fell, his oppressive aura sweeping across the entire area.

The Warriors of Strength and Wisdom pressed their foreheads to the cold floor tiles.

They dared not breathe, dared not look up, dared not utter a single word of explanation.

The facts were undeniable: a crushing defeat, inescapable guilt.

Any excuse would be utterly futile.

Wei Pengkun slowly rose, his magnificent golden robe trailing on the ground.

The fabric rustled against the bluestone floor.

Each step he took felt like a heavy hammer blow to the hearts of everyone present.

The oppressive atmosphere was suffocating and bone-chilling.

He slowly walked to the two men, looking down at them with cold eyes at their mangled bodies.

His gaze was sharp as an ice blade, piercing straight into their hearts.

Their chests heaved violently as the pent-up anger, frustration, and defeat of the past few days surged forth. They

almost lost their reason and were about to kill on the spot in a fit of rage.

The three Heavenly Prisons had fallen one after another, breached one after another by David's powerful attacks.

His Golden Fierce General and Shadow General had died one after another on the battlefield, losing core combat power.

His spies and agents sent out had all gone missing or perished, resulting in a breakdown in intelligence.

Now, the last two top generals had also returned in a sorry state, seriously wounded, and the northern border barrier was completely shattered.

Step by step, they had retreated, suffering losses time and time again.

Not only had they failed to wipe out the Free Valley rebels, but David had become stronger with each battle.

His power had grown increasingly strong, already approaching the heartland of the Divine Clan Alliance, threatening the foundation of the alliance leader.

Such a crushing defeat had caused them to lose face and damage their authority.

How to suppress the cultivators under his command, how to consolidate the rule of the Divine Clan Alliance?

Wei Pengkun took a deep breath, forcibly gritting his teeth to suppress the violent killing intent surging in his heart.

Reason forced his way back.

No matter how intense his anger was, he could not wantonly kill core generals at this moment.

With a formidable enemy at hand, this was the time to use manpower; cutting off his own arm would be a loss.

The killing intent was hidden in his heart, to be settled later.

"Strategist." He suppressed his anger, his voice returning to its cold calm.

From the shadows to the side, Zhuge Ming quickly stepped out, bowing.

Dressed in a blue scholar's robe, his expression solemn and dignified, he bowed respectfully, awaiting orders.

"Alliance Leader."

"Issue the order throughout the entire region." Wei Pengkun said coldly.

"The entire territory under the jurisdiction of the Divine Alliance shall immediately enter the highest level of wartime alert."

"All patrolling scouts, garrisoned cultivators, and border patrol teams,

regardless of distance or post, shall immediately retreat at full speed to the main hall in the heart of the territory.”

“No delay is permitted.” “

All defensive restrictions, deadly arrays, and holy light barriers throughout the territory shall be activated at full power.”

“Layer upon layer, sealing off all entrances and exits.”

“Without my personal order, no one shall enter or leave the Alliance territory.”

“No one shall engage in battle without authorization; those who disobey will be executed immediately, and their entire clan will be implicated.” “

Your subordinate obeys. The message will be relayed throughout the territory immediately.” Zhuge Ming bowed and accepted the order.

“And one more thing.” Wei Pengkun’s gaze returned to the two kneeling figures.

“Take them both down and send them to their private healing chamber.”

“Use high-grade divine pills and primordial spirit liquid to heal them with all your might.”

“Once they are fully healed, immediately return to the Northern Frontier and guard the border fortress.”

“They must atone for their crimes through meritorious service; there must be no mistakes or shirking of responsibility.”

The two warriors, Li Zhan and Zhi Zhan, were simultaneously stunned, utterly astonished.

They had expected a crushing defeat and severe punishment. At best , their cultivation would be

crippled; at worst, they would be executed on the spot to uphold military law.

Unexpectedly, the Alliance Leader had shown no remorse, even granting them resources for healing and allowing them to remain to guard the border.

Overjoyed, they were filled with remorse and even greater awe and submission.

The two immediately kowtowed deeply, their voices hoarse, their hearts filled with sincerity. "Thank you for sparing our lives, Alliance Leader!"

"We two will fight to the death to defend the northern frontier and atone for our crimes."

"We swear to be loyal to the Alliance Leader to the death and will never betray your trust!"

Wei Pengkun didn't even glance at the two men before turning and slowly walking back to the gilded throne.

He sat down silently.

His fingertips rose again, gently tapping the armrest.

One tap, one tap, the rhythm slow and muffled.

Like an ancient death knell counting down, it tolled, making everyone in the room uneasy and anxious.

"Strategist, tell me the truth. How should we plan to deal with David's rebel army?"

Wei Pengkun asked in a deep voice.

Zhugue Ming stepped forward, analyzing in a low voice, his reasoning clear and logical.

"Alliance Leader, in my assessment," "

Although David and his group have won consecutive victories, breaking through three Heavenly Prisons and gaining great momentum,"

"they have also paid a heavy price, suffering severe damage."

"Last night, in the bloody battle at the Northern Underworld Prison, David was severely injured, his chest meridians were damaged."

"His bones are fractured and his internal injuries are difficult to heal." "

Jiang Xuelan forcibly activated the Ice God's ultimate killing move, damaging her soul and depleting her spiritual power."

"The two of them are simply unable to fight again in the short term, their combat strength is less than three-tenths."

"They would never dare to rashly invade the heartland of the Divine Clan Alliance."

"Currently, our heartland is safe, there is no need to rush to take the initiative."

"Wouldn't dare?" Wei Pengkun's lips curled into a cold sneer.

"He even dared to launch a strong attack on three heavily guarded Heavenly Prisons."

"He even dared to slaughter my own generals."

"Is there anything in this world that he wouldn't dare to do?"

Zhugue Ming gently shook his head, a deep calculation flashing in his eyes.

"Alliance Leader, the core issue right now isn't David, but time."

"The two Supreme Elders are in seclusion, striving to break through to the Golden Immortal realm, and have reached the final stage."

"They are only one step away from success."

"As long as these two Golden Immortal experts successfully emerge and oversee the Northern Frontier," "

no matter how domineering David's chaotic power is, no matter how outstanding his talent," "

his mere True Immortal cultivation is ultimately like an ant trying to shake a tree, utterly vulnerable."

"The gap between Golden Immortal and True Immortal is insurmountable, a difference in fundamental level."

"It cannot be bridged by secret techniques, divine weapons, or talent."

Wei Pengkun's fingers paused slightly, his eyes darkening, and he remained silent in contemplation.

"My only plan is to hold out and wait for them to emerge," Zhuge Ming said firmly.

"Contract the outer defenses across the board, abandoning remote outposts."

"All forces should concentrate in the heartland, holding the main hall fortress."

"Avoid pointless engagements with David's remaining troops, do not initiate battle, only defend and do not attack."

"Hold on for as long as possible, until the two Supreme Elders emerge from their seclusion." "

That will be the day David is destroyed, Free Valley is razed, and future troubles are eliminated forever.”

Inside the main hall, only the dull sound of fingertips tapping the armrest echoed endlessly, oppressive and suffocating.

Wei Pengkun remained silent for a long time, his eyes filled with murderous intent, weighing the pros and cons.

Finally, he made a solemn decision.

“Good. Issue the order as you said.”

“Contract the entire army’s defenses, hold the line, strictly blockade the entire area, and defend the heartland to the death.”

“Monitor all movements in Free Valley around the clock, and report back immediately at the slightest sign of trouble.”

“No delays allowed.”

“Your subordinate obeys.” Zhuge Ming bowed and withdrew, immediately coordinating all forces in the area.

Wei Pengkun leaned back on his throne, slowly closing his eyes.

His fingertips continued to tap lightly on the armrest.

Outside the window, two strange moons shone coldly, the night was deep, and a chill permeated the palace.

He muttered to himself, his voice light, yet full of sinister resolve.

“David, you destroyed three of my Heavenly Prisons and killed two of my trusted generals.”

"You lost countless elites of my divine race. This blood debt, I will remember."

"You may be smug for a few days, I have no hurry."

"But remember, you will never win."

"The final winner in this world is destined to be the divine race, destined to be me. "