

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6431

Chapter 6431

At the same moment, within Freedom Valley, night had completely fallen.

The world was dark and gloomy, the evening wind biting coldly.

It carried the stench of blood from the wasteland, permeating every corner of the valley.

The atmosphere was oppressive and somber.

David, carefully supported by those around him, struggled step by step into the valley entrance.

His body was wracked with pain; every step he took aggravated his injuries.

His brow furrowed in agony, cold sweat constantly seeping from his forehead.

His injuries were extremely severe; a large area of blood had pooled in his chest, blocking his meridians.

His breathing was short and labored; each inhale felt like countless ice needles piercing his lungs.

The pain was excruciating.

His left arm was broken and dislocated, hanging limply at his side, utterly useless.

Even the slightest movement caused excruciating pain.

Dried bloodstains at the corners of his mouth had congealed; his face was as pale as paper, his lips devoid of color.

Covered in blood, his clothes tattered, he was utterly wretched.

Even with excruciating pain and utter exhaustion, he gritted his teeth and persevered.

He refused to let anyone carry or support him.

He was strong-willed; he was the backbone of Freedom Valley, the hope of everyone.

Even with his broken body, he could not fall, could not show the slightest weakness.

He moved forward slowly and steadily, step by step. His

footprints were heavy, each step stained with blood, on the bluestone path of Freedom Valley.

Every step weighed down with endless fatigue and hidden worries.

Jiang Xuelan quietly accompanied him.

Her white dress was mostly soaked with blood, the hem torn.

Strands of hair clung to her pale cheeks, her face haggard and weak.

Her vital energy was extremely depleted.

The backlash from forcibly activating the Ice God's ultimate sword technique was constantly eroding her soul and depleting her essence.

Her meridians throbbed and numbed, her spiritual energy was exhausted and difficult to gather.

Yet her eyes remained clear and firm, without the slightest sign of weakness or retreat.

He leaned his Ice God Sword diagonally on the ground, using it as a crutch to support his weakened body.

The sword tip grazed the ground, leaving a thin, long, continuous shallow mark,

silently telling of the battle's ferocity and hardship.

At the valley entrance, Zhao Tieshan still stood quietly, waiting, not moving an inch. He had waited

from daylight to night, from dawn to moonlight.

His legs were already numb, stiff, and aching.

His crutch was deeply embedded in the soil, creating a deep crater,

a testament to the length of his wait and the intensity of his worry.

His gaze was fixed on the direction of their return journey outside the valley, his eyes filled with anxiety and unease. His heart

had been hanging in suspense, unable to sit still.

He feared receiving bad news, feared seeing corpses.

When he saw David, Jiang Xuelan, and their group appear, when he saw them covered in blood and returning in a sorry state, the tension that had been building up for days suddenly eased.

The worry and fear that had accumulated for so long instantly turned into hot tears.

Tears welled up uncontrollably, streaming down his aged, wrinkled face.

"They're back...they're all back safe and sound..."

His voice choked with emotion, his steps faltering as he hurried forward.

His body trembled slightly with excitement, his words incoherent, filled only with overwhelming relief.

David turned to look at the old clan leader, forcing a faint smile, and softly reassured him ,

"Old clan leader, don't worry. I always keep my word."

"They will definitely return safely, protecting Free Valley."

Zhao Tieshan nodded emphatically, tears blurring his vision, his throat choked with emotion.

A thousand words remained stuck in his heart, unable to be uttered. He could only wipe away the hot tears from the corners of his eyes, filled with relief.

Lin Yuan dared not delay and immediately made orderly arrangements.

He ordered his men to quickly set up temporary healing tents,

properly accommodate the seriously injured cultivators who accompanied him, and count the number of casualties. He also

dealt with the wounded and sick brought back from the battlefield.

At the same time, he personally directed the relocation of the Demon Suppression Tower to the center of the square. He

stabilized the tower and opened the healing secret realm inside.

The time flow inside the Demon Suppression Tower was unique; one day outside was equivalent to a hundred days inside.

It was the only treasure secret realm in Free Valley that could quickly repair serious injuries, nourish one's source of energy, and stabilize one's cultivation.

David and Jiang Xuelan were the most seriously injured and had suffered the most loss of their source of energy.

Their souls, meridians, and physical bodies were all severely damaged.

Without saying a word, they immediately stepped into the depths of the Demon Suppression Tower.

Each of them found a secluded corner, sat cross-legged, closed their eyes, and concentrated.

They immediately began to regulate their breathing to heal their injuries, repair their damaged bodies, and soothe their damaged souls.

David calmed his mind and focused his energy, mobilizing the last remaining traces of chaotic power within his body.

He slowly circulated it throughout his meridians, repairing his damaged flesh inch by inch.

He mended misaligned bones and cleansed away accumulated blood stasis.

He struggled against the remaining domineering pure Yang energy within his body.

Like countless tiny steel needles, it was densely embedded deep within his meridians

, wandering and colliding, constantly pricking his spiritual veins and hindering the flow of spiritual energy.

It burned the very source of his dantian, causing a dull ache that was difficult to completely eradicate.

He gritted his teeth, enduring the excruciating pain, his mind resolute.

He absorbed, transformed, refined, and expelled the remaining pure Yang energy bit by bit,

daring not to relax even slightly.

Not far away, Jiang Xuelan sat silently, her aura weak.

The Ice God Armor's spiritual light had dimmed, almost dissipating.

Her close-fitting spiritual energy shield was as thin as a cicada's wing, offering no protection whatsoever.

The Ice God Sword lay horizontally on her knees, its ancient runes having completely lost their luster.

It remained motionless, devoid of its former chilling aura.

She calmly activated the remaining essence of the Ice God, slowly nourishing her damaged soul.

She repaired the meridians of her consciousness, which had been eroded by the power of the Illusionary Killing.

She soothed her restless mind, gradually warming her body and restoring her spiritual foundation.

Time passed silently within the tower,

isolated from all external disturbances and anxieties.

While only three days passed outside,

three hundred days of arduous cultivation and recuperation had already taken place within the tower.

The time difference was exceptionally favorable, making the healing process twice as efficient. After

three hundred days of secluded cultivation, David's severe injuries were completely healed.

His fractured left arm was perfectly repaired, and the blood stasis in his chest cavity was completely cleared.

The remaining pure Yang energy in his meridians was thoroughly refined and expelled.

The chaotic vortex in his dantian operated smoothly, its essence intact.

Although his cultivation did not break through to the next level, it remained firmly at the third rank of True Immortal.

However, his chaotic energy became increasingly refined and mellow, circulating more smoothly and freely.

His understanding of the origins of heaven and earth and the laws of the void became increasingly profound and insightful.

Her foundation steadily improved, and her mind became increasingly calm and resilient.

Jiang Xuelan also recovered most of her combat strength, her blood and qi returning to

normal. Her spiritual energy was abundant, and her damaged soul was fully repaired.

The Ice God Armor once again shone with a clear, cold light, its protective resilience restored to its original state. The runes

on the Ice God Sword revived and flowed, and a chilling aura returned to the sword.

Her killing power returned in full.

Her cultivation was firmly established in the late stage of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm.

She was only a hair's breadth away from the peak of the ninth rank. With

her combat strength fully restored, she remained a top-tier killing expert.

Chapter 6432

The two opened their eyes at the same moment, their gazes meeting across the void.

Without a word,

they saw the same heavy worry deep within each other's eyes.

They saw the lingering shadow of the road ahead, the life-or-death crisis weighing on their hearts.

The Divine Alliance, two Supreme Elders who had been in seclusion for many years,

were reaching the final stage of their assault on the Golden Immortal realm.

They could break through at any moment and ascend to the Golden Immortal status.

Once a Golden Immortal appeared, True Immortals would be nothing but ants.

The chasm was insurmountable.

David slowly rose, his steps steady as he walked out of the Demon Suppression Tower.

His gaze swept across the entire Free Valley Square.

On the square, all the cultivators were training with all their might, daring not to slacken in the slightest.

Elder Qingxuan personally led three hundred elite Spirit Clan warriors,

traveling day and night between the Demon Suppression Tower and the valley.

Utilizing the time difference within the tower, they diligently cultivated and accumulated strength, their spiritual power growing richer day by day.

Their battle formations became increasingly coordinated, their vitality and spiritual energy filling their bodies, their combat power steadily increasing.

Lin Yuan directed the human resistance army, training them day and night in combat formations.

They honed their fighting skills, strengthened offensive and defensive coordination, and tempered their will and courage.

Discipline was strict, formations were orderly, and morale was decent.

They were determined to defend Freedom Valley to the death.

Everyone was desperately trying to become stronger, desperately preparing for war.

They wanted to protect their homeland, to preserve their hard-won peace.

But David knew perfectly well that these efforts were far from enough, a drop in the ocean, futile.

No matter how many cultivators there were, how skilled their formations, or how abundant their spiritual power,

before a true Golden Immortal, they were like ants and dust, utterly vulnerable.

Numbers, tactics, weapons, secret techniques—everything

was insufficient to bridge the chasm between True Immortals and Golden Immortals.

He stood alone atop the city wall, facing the wind,

gazing towards the direction of the Northern Frontier Divine Alliance.

The distant sky was dark and oppressive, a faint aura of killing intent emanating from it.

He stood silently for a long time, his heart churning with helplessness, resentment, and despair.

"We have no choice but to gamble," he murmured to himself.

His voice was low and hoarse, filled with exhaustion and bewilderment. "I'm betting that those two Supreme Elders will fail in their attempt to break through to the Golden Immortal realm, that they'll fall short."

"I'm betting that they'll stumble during their seclusion and suffer severe backlash."

"I'm betting that we can break through the heart of the Divine Alliance before they succeed."

"I'm betting to end this war sooner. There's no other way out."

Lin Yuan slowly walked up the city wall to David's side.

Hearing this whisper, David's heart sank, a bitter smile appearing on his face.

He was filled with sorrow.

"Gamble? All our lives, the safety of everyone in Freedom Valley."

"The survival of tens of thousands of our people, all staked on a single gamble?"

"Do we have any way out?"

David didn't turn around, didn't answer.

He was speechless, seeing no light at the end of the tunnel.

He couldn't find a foolproof plan.

A formidable enemy was approaching, a dead end was inevitable, and there was no choice but to gamble.

A sense of powerlessness, like a cold tide, slowly engulfed their hearts, suffocating them with oppression.

Several days passed quickly, arriving in the blink of an eye.

That morning, the sky was a gloomy gray.

Thick, dark clouds piled up, pressing low over the horizon, obscuring the sun and the breeze.

The oppressive atmosphere weighed heavily on their chests, making them restless.

A nameless unease lingered, as if a great calamity was about to befall the world.

In Free Valley, the cultivators rose as usual for their morning practice.

The clanging of swords echoed throughout the valley, a sound usually commonplace and peaceful.

But today, a strange sense of unease crept into everyone's hearts. Restless and uneasy,

David stood atop the city wall, gazing at the distant horizon.

His unease grew stronger, a chilling alarm bells ringing in his heart.

A coldness crept in.

The next second, he clearly sensed it.

Two vast, boundless, and terrifying auras, overwhelming the heavens and earth,

surged into the sky from the distant heart of the Divine Alliance.

They tore through the clouds, shaking the surrounding landscape.

Not a slow, gradual ascent,

but a volcanic eruption, a cataclysmic collapse.

They violently shot into the heavens, traversing the entire world.

The entire world trembled violently; mountains shook, valleys roared.

The earth cracked, and spiritual energy surged wildly out of control.

Thick, dark clouds were instantly ripped apart by the terrifying pressure, collapsing layer by layer.

Light managed to filter through the gaps, but it was icy

cold, chilling to the bone.

The aura of a Golden Immortal.

Two powerful, undeniable Golden Immortal auras emanated from David, domineering and overwhelming, surveying the entire world.

David's pupils contracted sharply, his heart sinking.

A chill ran through him, an extreme cold rising from his feet to his head, chilling every limb.

The chaotic power within his body surged uncontrollably and wildly.

He instinctively wanted to rise and resist this terrifying, overwhelming pressure.

But the difference in their levels was too vast; he was insignificant and powerless.

Even with its inherent domineering power and exceptional talent, the chaotic power

was insignificant and trembling before the laws of the Golden Immortal Great Dao.

This wasn't cowardice, nor fear.

It was the instinctive awe and helplessness of a lower-level cultivator facing a higher-level Great Dao expert.

Within Free Valley, all the cultivators instantly stopped what they were doing.

They all looked up at the distant horizon.

Their faces turned deathly pale, their legs went weak, and their bodies trembled with cold.

Some collapsed to the ground, their eyes glazed over, filled with despair.

Some people's hands, gripping their weapons, trembled violently, nearly causing them to fall from their hands; their minds crumbled.

Others stopped breathing, their faces ashen, their bodies stiff, unable to move.

Panic, like a plague, swept through the entire valley in an instant, despair spreading to every corner.

Lin Yuan, his face deathly pale, rushed out of the council hall without regard for anything else.

He quickly ran up the city wall, gazing at the terrifying aura tearing through the sky in the distance.

His voice trembled, his eyes filled with despair.

“Golden Immortals... really Golden Immortals... and two of them... Heaven is going to destroy my Freedom Valley...”

Elder Qingxuan also quickly walked out of the Demon Suppression Tower, his aged face filled with bitter sorrow.

He sighed deeply, saying helplessly, “Eight thousand years... the two Supreme Elders of the Divine Race have finally broken through and ascended to the Golden Immortal realm.”

“The natural barrier of the Northern Frontier is no longer there; our fate is sealed, there is no way to turn back...”

Jiang Xuelan moved swiftly, instantly appearing beside David.

The Ice God Sword was immediately drawn to protect her, its icy blue divine light flowing across her body. She

forcefully resisted the overwhelming pressure of the Golden Immortal.

She didn't retreat a single step, nor did she show any fear.

Yet, her body trembled uncontrollably, a chill running down her spine.

Knowing their fate was sealed, she still resolved to stand shoulder to shoulder, through life and death.

David took a deep breath of cold, turbid air, suppressing the despair and helplessness surging within him.

He forced himself to steady his mind.

His gaze swept over every cultivator in the valley,

over their terrified, helpless, and despairing faces.

His heart felt as if a boulder was pressing down on it, suffocating him with pain.

It was too late; there was no turning back. With the Golden Immortal pressing in, annihilation was imminent.

Staying meant certain death, leaving no trace, and Free Valley would be utterly destroyed.

Only by scattering and escaping could they preserve a spark, a glimmer of hope. "Everyone, heed my command." David's voice was unusually calm.

So calm it sent a chill down one's spine, revealing not a trace of emotion.

Yet it carried an unyielding resolve.

"Immediately lay down your weapons, abandon your packs and supplies, and disperse to leave Freedom Valley."

"Do not travel in groups, do not huddle together, do not look back."

"Do not linger on your homeland. Escape as far as you can, conceal your whereabouts, and lie low in seclusion."

"Never return to Freedom Valley. Go now, depart immediately!"

Old Zhao was the first to rush forward, his eyes red and his voice choked with emotion. "Mr. Chen! What do you mean by this? Are you telling us to abandon you and flee alone?"

"We won't leave! We'll fight together, we'll die together! We will never live alone!"

"Go." David's gaze was firm, his tone leaving no room for argument, each word heavy.

"The power of a Golden Immortal is beyond our ability to contend with. Staying means certain death."

"Not a single one will survive. There is no chance of victory, no hope of turning the tide."

"Only if you escape can Freedom Valley have a spark, a future."

The tall, thin man's folding fan suddenly fell to the ground, untouched.

His eyes dimmed completely, filled with despair and hopelessness.

The middle-aged woman's twin swords fell from her hands, landing with a sharp, jarring sound.

She stood frozen,

bewildered and helpless. Old Xu's hand, stroking his beard, abruptly stopped. His face turned ashen, and he sighed deeply, utterly powerless.

Everyone was stunned, panicked, and overwhelmed by the despair of death.

Zhao Tieshan, leaning on his cane, shakily and laboriously stepped forward, his aged body swaying precariously. His voice was hoarse as he said, "Mr. Chen, let's go together. My old bones are nothing."

"You can't stay here to die. If we escape together, we can survive."

David gently shook his head, a sorrowful smile appearing on his face. "I won't leave. You must leave. I'll stay and hold off the two Golden Immortals."

"Hold off the Divine Clan army, buying you time to escape."

"Only if I don't leave will you have a chance to escape."

"If I leave, the Golden Immortals' pressure will lock onto everyone; no one will escape, and we will all be annihilated."

His gaze swept across the entire area; his voice wasn't loud, but every word was clear, reaching everyone's ears.

"The roots of Freedom Valley have never been on this land."

"The roots are in your hearts, in the living."

"As long as you live, Freedom Valley is not dead, and hope remains."

"No need for sorrow, no need to linger, go quickly."

Elder Qingxuan remained silent for a long time, giving David a deep look.

His eyes were filled with admiration, guilt, and sorrow as he solemnly clasped his hands in a salute.

"Fellow Daoist David, your righteousness is boundless; you sacrificed yourself to protect your entire clan."

"The entire Spirit Clan will never forget this great kindness."

"We will not be a burden; we will immediately lead our men to retreat and live well."

"We will await the day when we can avenge this blood feud."

Having said this, he didn't hesitate any longer, turning and waving his hand.

Leading three hundred Spirit Clan warriors, he transformed into streaks of azure light, soaring into the sky.

They quickly dissipated into the horizon, not daring to look back, their hearts filled with tragic grandeur.

Lin Yuan's eyes were red, tears welling up, but he gritted his teeth, refusing to shed a tear.

"I won't leave! I want to stay and fight alongside you, what does death matter!"

"Go!" David's voice suddenly became more forceful, carrying an unyielding authority.

"Take everyone and evacuate immediately. Don't be a burden to me."

"Don't betray my willingness to sacrifice myself to cover our retreat."

"The gods won't immediately pursue those who flee; you still have a chance to survive."

"Go quickly, as far as possible! Live on and protect the flame of Freedom Valley for me!"

Lin Yuan's tears finally streamed down his face as he hugged David tightly.

Suppressing his grief, he turned and roared the order.

"Everyone, listen up! Evacuate Freedom Valley immediately and scatter!"

"Live on, you must live on!"

Old Zhao, the tall, thin man, the middle-aged woman, and Old Xu shouted.

Chapter 6433

All the warriors of Freedom Valley, their eyes red with tears, forced back their stares and turned away, gritting their teeth.

They followed Lin Yuan, fleeing frantically.

No one looked back, not out of reluctance or lack of concern
, but because they dared not look back. To look back
would mean to stay and die.

Zhao Tieshan was the last to move, leaning on his broken cane ,
trudging step by step towards the valley entrance.

Reaching the edge, he stopped, never looking back.

He simply mustered all his strength and shouted hoarsely,

“Mr. Chen, you must live! We’ll wait for you to come back!”

His mournful cry echoed through the valley.

With those words, he resolutely stepped forward and disappeared beyond the
valley.

In an instant, the crowd dispersed, footsteps faded, and shouts vanished.

The once bustling and vibrant Freedom Valley became empty, desolate, and
lifeless.

Not a trace of life remained.

The vast valley lay in ruins, chilling in the wind.

Only David and Jiang Xuelan remained, standing side by side atop the city
wall, facing

the impending doom of the Golden Immortals. Isolated and helpless,
surrounded by a dead end.

At midday, the sunlight was a stark, blinding white, utterly devoid of warmth.

Wei Pengkun personally led the way, accompanying the two newly promoted Golden Immortal elders.

They descended slowly above Freedom Valley ,

their imposing aura enveloping the entire valley, silencing all sounds.

The two Golden Immortals hovered

in the void, surrounded by a faint, transparent halo of law.

The holy light was not blazing, yet it possessed the majesty of the Great Dao.

Sunlight, falling upon them, was repelled by the halo of law, daring not to approach.

Looking down at the valley below, their eyes were indifferent and cold,

like mortals looking down at ants beneath their feet, showing no pity, no emotion whatsoever.

On the left stood the Crimson Flame Venerable, tall and ancient, his hair streaked with white.

His plain white robe fluttered slightly in the wind, his body enveloped in scorching holy light.

A wave of heat swept across the void, slightly scorching and distorting it.

Deep within golden eyes, an inextinguishable holy fire seemed to burn fiercely.

A single glance carried the power to incinerate all things.

To the right stood the Venerable Han Yuan, his figure lean and sinister, his hair dry and gray.

A long, dark robe draped him solemnly, his body enveloped in the power of extreme cold and shadow.

The chill descended upon all directions, freezing the air and the earth.

Deep within his silver eyes, it seemed as if ancient ice had solidified.

A single glance from him froze the mind and chilled the soul.

One fire, one ice; one heat, one cold—the two Golden Immortals stood side by side.

One on the left, one on the right, they suppressed the entire 天地气机 (the energy of heaven and earth).

They sealed off all escape routes, locking in a deadly situation.

Wei Pengkun stood behind them, his golden robe fluttering in the wind.

He was full of vigor, his smile arrogant and smug.

His gaze swept across the empty Freedom Valley, his brow furrowing slightly before a cold laugh appeared.

"They ran fast, a bunch of ants, cowardly and afraid of death, scattering in all directions."

"Unfortunately, they can only escape for a while, not forever."

His gaze shifted, precisely locking onto two solitary figures atop the city wall.

David and Jiang Xuelan stood alone, neither fleeing nor retreating.

Wei Pengkun laughed loudly, "David, all your henchmen have fled, your clansmen have scattered and fled."

"Betrayed by everyone, all alone, still trying to maintain appearances?"

"They do have a sense of loyalty, willing to stay and die alone, laughable and pathetic."

Chapter 6434

David remained silent, his face calm and expressionless.

Yet, a deep sorrow and resentment weighed on his heart.

He drew his sword, the Dragon-Slaying Sword gleaming coldly, its purple chaotic flames raging fiercely.

He defied the odds, facing the oppressive aura of a Golden Immortal, refusing to bow his head or kneel.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, the Ice God Sword firmly in her hand.

Ice-blue divine light protected her body, her face pale and weak.

Yet, her sword-wielding hand was as steady as a rock, her eyes resolute, her resolve unwavering, her commitment unyielding.

Wei Pengkun bowed respectfully, requesting instructions.

"Two Supreme Elders, these two are the culprits who wreaked havoc in the Northern Frontier."

"The culprits who destroyed my three Heavenly Prisons and killed two of my Divine Race's generals."

"We beg the Elders to act, to execute them on the spot, to uphold divine might and deter all."

The Crimson Flame Venerable glanced at them indifferently, his gaze casual and detached.

As if examining an insignificant object, his tone languid.

"True Immortal Realm, third rank, with meager Chaos Power, it does bear a resemblance to the ancient origin."

"Barely passable. Unfortunately, the realm is too low, merely an ant."

Venerable Hanyuan's lips curled into a contemptuous smile as he coldly stated.

"No matter how rare Chaos Power is, no matter how outstanding one's talent, it ultimately cannot overcome the chasm of realm."

"A True Immortal ant, worthy to be presumptuous before a Golden Immortal? I could crush him with a flick of my wrist."

David turned to look at Jiang Xuelan, his voice extremely low.

With a final plea, "You go too. Before the great battle begins, before the oppressive aura is locked, immediately break through the void and escape."

"If you stay, you'll only face death, it's meaningless."

"Live on, and see what the future holds for me."

Jiang Xuelan gently shook her head, her eyes resolute and unwavering.

"I won't leave. You're alone; you can't withstand the combined attack of two Golden Immortals."

"If you die, my life is meaningless. We live together, we die together."

David's throat tightened, a thousand words stuck in his throat, unable to be uttered.

He couldn't persuade him, nor could he bear to.

After a moment of silence, a resolute glint flashed in his eyes, and he whispered,

"Alright. Then let's fight together, let's battle together, let's defend the last stretch of Freedom Valley together."

Crimson Flame Venerable didn't want to waste any more time and took the lead in raising his hand.

It was effortless, without any sense of exertion.

A ball of extremely pure golden holy fire condensed in his palm.

The flames were blazing and scorching, burning the void, and the surrounding air was completely burned and distorted.

Ripples spread across the void, the temperature terrifying beyond compare.

With a gentle push, the golden holy fire condensed into a fire dragon, roaring and howling.

With the power to burn mountains and boil seas, it directly crushed down, heading straight for David.

A Golden Immortal's attack, no need for charging, no need for techniques.

Simply put, it contained world-destroying power.

David refused to dodge, unwilling to retreat.

Gritting his teeth, he fully activated the last remaining chaotic power within his body.

The chaotic flames of the Dragon-Slaying Sword surged, and purple fire soared into the sky. He

head-on clashed with the golden fire dragon, using his mortal body to resist a Golden Immortal, defying the heavens with his meager strength.

Boom—!

The disparity in strength was immense, like heaven and earth.

The purple chaotic flames only lasted for a fleeting moment

before being instantly engulfed and incinerated by the golden holy fire dragon.

He had no power to resist.

The terrifying residual force crushed down, slamming heavily onto David's body.

David was sent flying backward like a kite with a broken string. He crashed

heavily into the thick city wall.

With a deafening roar, the city wall collapsed and shattered.

Rocks flew everywhere, dust filled the sky, and most of his body was buried under the rubble.

He was in excruciating pain, his blood surging and flowing backward, and he spat out a mouthful of golden essence blood. His old injuries flared up again, worsening the fracture in his left arm.

Large, charred gashes burned his chest, the flesh festering.

The pain nearly made him faint.

He endured the agony, struggling to crawl out of the rubble.

Covered in blood and filth, he was a pathetic sight, his strength rapidly fading, his body utterly powerless.

"Is that all you've got?" The Crimson Flame Venerable shook his head with a cold laugh, his face filled with disappointment.

"Chaotic power, all talk and no action, utterly useless."

On the other side, the Cold Abyss Venerable simultaneously raised his hand, expressionless.

A silver, icy glint shot from his fingertip, silently piercing the air.

It aimed directly at Jiang Xuelan's vitals

, sealing off all escape routes. Jiang Xuelan gritted her teeth and focused her mind, activating all of her Ice God essence.

The Ice God Armor shone brightly, the Ice God Sword held horizontally before her, desperately blocking the Golden Immortal's attack.

The icy blue light and the silver glint collided violently.

Crack—

the Ice God Sword's light dimmed instantly, its blade trembling and humming, all the runes on its surface shattering.

The Ice God Armor was covered in dense spiderweb-like cracks, its spiritual light dissipating.

Its protective power shattered instantly.

Jiang Xuelan was violently thrown back by the lingering chill .

Her blood and qi surged backward, and she spat out a mouthful of blood.

She crashed heavily onto the cold ground.

Her body was stiff and cold, her spiritual energy nearly frozen and depleted.
She

couldn't even lift her hand to push herself up.

David witnessed Jiang Xuelan's severe injuries and weak breath.

A surge of anger instantly burned through his internal organs, a mixture of grief and indignation.

Ignoring everything, he endured the excruciating pain and desperately struggled to his feet.

From his storage ring, he retrieved his most treasured ancient divine weapon—the God King Bow.

This was his last trump card.

He exhausted all his Daoist energy, channeling it into the bow, drawing the bowstring taut.

A refined purple divine arrow pierced the air.

The arrow moved with the speed of a meteor, its killing intent chilling, aiming straight for the Crimson Flame Venerable's brow.

The Crimson Flame Venerable didn't even lift an eyelid.

With a casual wave of his hand, golden holy fire filled the air.

The purple divine arrow was instantly incinerated into ashes.

Not even a ripple was stirred. His trump card had failed

, all his efforts were in vain. David refused to accept his fate and took out his protective treasure, the Dragon Pattern Bell.

He fully activated his primordial spiritual power, and the golden bell hovered around him.

Golden dragon patterns coiled around him, their roars shaking the heavens, protecting him and

resisting the oppressive attack of the Golden Immortal.

Venerable Han Yuan casually pointed, and a silver glint of light accurately struck the Dragon Pattern Bell.

With a crisp crack, the protective treasure shattered.

Golden fragments scattered everywhere, completely destroyed.

The terrifying shockwave penetrated the wreckage and struck David hard in the chest and abdomen.

David coughed up blood and flew backward to the ground.

Multiple meridians throughout his body were broken, his dantian trembled, and his primordial essence was damaged.

His injuries instantly worsened several times over, and he was on the verge of exhaustion.

The Divine King Bow was shattered, the Dragon Pattern Bell was destroyed, and his spiritual power was depleted.

His physical body was broken, and his soul was exhausted.

All trump cards had been used up, and all combat power had been exhausted.

Before two Golden Immortals, all struggles, all resistance, and all trump cards were insignificant and laughable, utterly worthless.

David felt that his most powerful Divine King Bow and the sturdy Dragon Pattern Bell were utterly useless before the Golden Immortals.

The Golden Immortals, this truly extraordinary realm, were indeed not so easy to deal with.

Chapter 6435

The Crimson Flame Venerable landed slowly in mid-air, standing before David.

Looking down at him, he coldly surveyed the heavily wounded man lying on the ground.

His eyes held no pity, only indifference.

"A True Immortal Realm Third Grade, possessing two ancient divine weapons—that's quite an achievement."

"Unfortunately, today is your death day. Even the finest weapons are beyond your reach."

He slowly raised his hand, golden holy fire condensing once more in his palm.

It was even more intense and violent than before, incinerating everything.

He prepared to end David's life with a single blow, concluding this battle.

David lay amidst the blood-soaked ruins, utterly powerless, struggling to move. He

looked up with difficulty at Jiang Xuelan not far away.

She lay quietly on the ground, her breath faint, her white robes stained with blood, motionless.

The Ice God Sword was stuck diagonally beside her, dim and lifeless.

"Go...go quickly..." David's voice was hoarse and broken, almost inaudible.

He whispered with his last strength, filled with reluctance and guilt.

Jiang Xuelan struggled to lift her eyes to look at him, tears finally streaming down her cheeks, soaking the dust.

She wanted to get up, to protect him, to fight alongside him again.

But her body was no longer under her control; her spiritual power was frozen, her meridians severely injured, and she was powerless.

She gently shook her head, her lips slightly moving, silently saying—I won't leave, I'll stay with you until the end.

David closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, his eyes were filled with resentment and grief.

He was unwilling to lose like this, unwilling to die like this.

Unwilling to see Freedom Valley destroyed.

Unwilling to see his people flee everywhere, displaced and homeless. But what could he do? He

was powerless to change fate, and destiny was inescapable.

The golden sacred fire dragon had already taken shape, roaring and swooping down, heading straight for David.

Death was imminent.

In this desperate situation, Jiang Xuelan suddenly unleashed her last bit of primal power from somewhere.

She suddenly pushed herself up and staggered forward.

The Ice God Sword slashed out with all its might, the icy blue sword light forcefully blocking the fire dragon.

The sword's edge severed half of the fire dragon, but it was powerless to stop the remaining flames.

Golden holy fire instantly engulfed Jiang Xuelan's body.

Her white robes burned, her armor shattered, and the chill dissipated.

Enveloped in flames, she was thrown heavily to the ground, silent and motionless.

"Xuelan—!!!"

David roared, his voice tearing through the sky,

filled with unbearable grief. His eyes instantly turned bloodshot, his heart overflowing with sorrow and anger.

He disregarded everything, burning all his essence, soul, and lifespan.

He forcibly reversed his meridians, igniting the chaotic vortex in his dantian.

The chaotic fire around him instantly turned from purple to black, violent and terrifying.

His aura surged, rising from the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks...

all the way to the peak of the sixth rank of the True Immortal Realm before finally stopping.

A final burst of energy, burning away his life force, briefly boosting his combat power.

The price was the complete annihilation of his physical body and soul after the battle; certain death was inevitable.

Ignoring the excruciating pain of his shattered body, he forced himself to his feet.

Black chaotic flames enveloped the Dragon-Slaying Sword,

and he took a step forward. He slashed against the Crimson Flame Venerable, fighting to the death, a desperate gamble.

The Crimson Flame Venerable frowned slightly, somewhat surprised.

"Burning your essence, fighting to the death? You have some guts, but unfortunately, it's still useless."

Sword and fire clashed, the black flames briefly engulfing the golden holy fire, a stalemate for a moment.

But the difference in their levels was ultimately insurmountable; the Golden Immortal's laws crushed their essence.

The black flames retreated rapidly, the backlash engulfing David.

Seeing this, the Cold Abyss Venerable, unwilling to delay, struck.

A beam of extreme silver light struck David's body. David's body froze instantly, countless cracks appearing on his skin.

Golden blood seeped from the cracks, flesh tore apart, and excruciating pain gnawed at his bones.

He gritted his teeth, enduring the excruciating pain, disregarding life and death, and once again swung his sword at Venerable Han Yuan.

He was determined to die.

Venerable Han Yuan's eyes turned cold, and he raised his hand and struck out with a palm.

A silver, cold light condensed into a giant palm, which slammed heavily into David's chest.

David, like a kite with a broken string, crashed heavily into the deep pit.

His bones were shattered, his flesh was a mess, his left arm was broken, and his right leg was fractured.

A gaping hole pierced through his chest, and he was on the verge of death, barely clinging to life.

He lay at the bottom of the pit, looking up at the gray sky.

The clouds were broken, and the sunlight was pale.

Countless figures flashed through his mind.

His relatives and friends flashed by, his clansmen flashed by, his comrades-in-arms flashed by.

He flashed the peaceful smoke of Free Valley flashed by.

Finally, his mind settled on Jiang Xuelan's pale, blood-stained face.

Tears streamed down his face, mingling with blood, his heart filled with sorrow and regret.

Just then, on the distant horizon,

Lin Yuan, unable to rest easy, led the remaining soldiers of Free Valley back.

Knowing they would die, he returned to die alongside David, without regret.

"Kill! Fight to the death, protect Mr. Chen!" Lin Yuan roared as he charged.

The remaining soldiers followed closely behind, knowing they were futile, yet still fearless.

Wei Pengkun coldly waved his hand, and the elite of the Divine Race swarmed forward.

Holy light filled the sky, swords clashed, and a bloody battle instantly erupted.

Outnumbered and outmatched, the remaining soldiers fell in droves, staining the valley with blood.

Old Zhao, his battle axe slashing down several enemies, finally succumbed to exhaustion, several longswords piercing his heart.

He fell to the ground, his eyes wide open, dying with unfulfilled grievances.

The tall, thin man, his folding fan slaying two, was pierced through the chest by a spear in his back.

He lay motionless in a pool of blood.

A middle-aged woman fought valiantly with twin swords, her body riddled with wounds.

Finally, a sword pierced

her heart, and she slid against the wall, dying silently. Old Xu fought desperately, but exhausted, he was beheaded; his head rolled off, his white hair stained with blood.

Lin Yuan, covered in blood, his long sword broken, charged forward with his life.

He was pierced through the chest by Wei Pengkun's golden sword, pinned to the ground, his eyes filled with resentment, dying with bitterness.

Zhao Tieshan rushed to his aid, but was kicked to the ground by a divine cultivator.

His cane broke, and he lay on the ground, unable to rise, crying out in despair and helplessness.

David used his last ounce of strength, using his elbows to prop himself up. He crawled slowly out of the deep pit, leaving a long trail of blood.

He struggled to reach Jiang Xuelan's side, wanting to see her one last time, to protect her one last time.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's holy fire flared again in his palm, crashing down and engulfing David's body.

Flesh, bones, and meridians were all burned to ashes.

Only a wisp of his soul remained, firmly bound by the chains of holy fire, unable to dissipate.

"Spare the woman's life; she will be useful. Seal this man's soul into a Soul-Suppressing Pearl."

"Take him back to the Alliance and refine his soul into a Soul Pearl,"

Venerable Hanyuan commanded in a deep voice.

A black Soul-Suppressing Pearl flew out, absorbing David's remnant soul and sealing it within.

Endless darkness, eternal damnation, never to be reborn.

The valley was deathly silent, corpses littered the ground, and blood flowed like rivers.

The tattered eagle battle flag fluttered in the wind, half burned, yet still standing tall against the wind.

The cold wind howled, like the heavens and earth weeping.

A low lament for Freedom Valley, for David, for all those who died in battle.