

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6436

The setting sun, like blood, stained the vast, desolate wilderness of the Sixteenth Heaven.

The outline of Freedom Valley gradually shrank and faded at the edge of the field of vision, with lingering smoke and the acrid smell of blood still clinging to the broken walls and ruins.

The collapsed main peak was piled with rubble; the once formidable anti-god fortress, teeming with cultivators and heavily fortified, was now nothing but a desolate ruin, with scattered mangled corpses and broken weapons of resistance cultivators.

The wind swept through the tattered armor and rags, stirring up blood and dust. The valley, which once echoed with the clash of techniques and battle cries, was now only filled with the wailing of the dead, desolate and bleak.

A gleaming armored, fiercely protective army of the gods was steadily marching across the wasteland outside the valley, heading towards the main hall of the God Alliance.

The ranks stood solemn and disciplined, their golden armor reflecting the setting sun's afterglow, radiating a chilling, holy light. Each cultivator was enveloped in pure, domineering divine spiritual power, their eyes arrogant, their steps resounding, displaying the overwhelming power of conquerors.

Wei Pengkun, clad in a gilded purple-gold robe with a dragon-patterned jade belt, walked steadily at the very front of the column,

his aura vast and imposing. He was tall and imposing, his brows furrowed with undisguised smugness, a smug, calculating smile playing on his lips.

The battle was over, the outcome was decided, and all major threats had been eliminated.

Among his personal guards were two crucial "spoils of war," heavily guarded and escorted with absolute precision, not daring to let anything slip.

One was Jiang Xuelan, on the verge of death.

A specially forged, enclosed cage made of extraterrestrial cold iron floated in the middle of the formation, its four corners engraved with triple-layered god-locking runes. The runes shimmered with golden light, tightly sealing off the surrounding spiritual energy.

Inside the cage, Jiang Xuelan's limbs were pierced by god-locking chains forged from millennia-old black iron, penetrating her shoulder bones, ankles, and wrists. The cold chains were deeply embedded in her flesh and muscle, sealing off all her meridians and acupoints.

Her top-tier ice-type spiritual power was completely sealed, unable to be mobilized in the slightest.

Her usually pure and elegant, pristine white ice silk dress had long been shattered by the holy fire of the final battle in Freedom Valley.

The hem of the dress was charred and curled, large sections of the fabric melted and torn, revealing large areas of red, swollen, ulcerated, and carbonized skin underneath.

Her close-fitting ice god armor was crumbling inch by inch, sharp fragments of armor deeply embedded in her flesh.

The edges of the wound were already inflamed and blackened, with dark red blood seeping out along the lines of her skin, forming a shallow pool of blood at the bottom of the cage—a horrifying sight.

The Golden Immortal's attack was executed with extreme precision; the flames engulfed her body without damaging her vital essence, and the severed soul did not sever her life force, keeping her alive with her last breath.

Jiang Xuelan's eyes were tightly closed, the icy primordial light between her brows completely dimmed, and the rise and fall of her chest was so weak as to be almost imperceptible.

Her breathing was as thin as a whisper, like a candle flickering in a gale in the dead of winter, on the verge of being extinguished at any moment.

Before the battle, the Crimson Flame Venerable had specifically instructed in a deep voice, each word firm and brooking no argument: "Leave this woman alive, leave her with a last breath; she will be of great use in the future. Anyone who dares to harm her vital essence will be killed without exception."

Wei Pengkun understood perfectly, strictly controlling his subordinates throughout the entire process, not daring to be negligent in the slightest.

Their only wish was to bring this legitimate heir of the Ice God lineage back to the temple unharmed, to serve as leverage against the alien races of the heavens and to control the remaining rebellious forces.

It was precisely these words from the Crimson Flame Venerable that allowed Jiang Xuelan to maintain her purity; otherwise, with her beauty, countless divine cultivators would have been eager to take advantage of her.

At that time, the entire divine alliance army would have lined up for dual cultivation, and even with Jiang Xuelan's power, she wouldn't have been able to withstand it. Secondly, there was a jet-black Soul -Suppressing Bead, small enough to be held in the palm of one's hand, exuding a chilling aura. The bead was only the size of a thumb, thick and warm in texture, with intricate,

ancient, dark golden holy fire patterns circulating on its surface. The oppressive power of the divine fire subtly leaked out, blocking all spiritual probes.

Looking through the dense bead's walls, one could see a faint, swaying ball of purple light, rising and falling within the sealed darkness of the bead's core, its light dim and unpredictable.

That was David's entire spiritual essence.

His physical body had long since shattered and annihilated under the combined attack of the Golden Immortals, his body and soul on the

verge of complete destruction. Only this wisp of his spiritual remnant remained, forcibly sealed and suppressed. The Soul-Suppressing Bead contained its own soul-locking restriction, layer upon layer suppressing the spiritual essence, gradually eroding consciousness and life force. The purple light had withered to its extreme, like a firefly in the wind, threatening to completely dissipate and vanish into nothingness at any moment.

As Wei Pengkun walked, he glanced back, his gaze sweeping over the cage and the Soul-Suppressing Pearl. A surge of exhilaration welled up within him, difficult to contain.

Freedom Valley was utterly destroyed, reduced to scorched earth and ruins;

David's physical body was destroyed, his soul sealed away, with no chance of redemption;

the Ice God's inheritor was a prisoner, utterly powerless to resist;

the Heavenly Resistance Army was leaderless, its remnants scattered and fleeing, countless killed, exiled, or hidden, no longer able to muster the strength to contend with the Divine Race. This

thorn in their side, who had occupied the Sixteen Heavens for years, repeatedly challenging the authority of the Divine Race and hindering their unification, had been completely eradicated today, leaving no further threat.

From this day forward, within the Sixteen Heavens, the Divine Race Alliance would reign supreme, and no other force would dare provoke them.

In the latter half of the procession, two figures walked heavily, closely following the main army, their auras low and devoid of any triumphant fighting spirit, completely out of place among the jubilant Divine Race elites around them.

These were the two warriors, Li Zhanjiang and Zhi Zhanjiang.

Their injuries were still not fully healed, making even movement difficult.

Li Zhanjiang had a deep, bone-revealing burn across his chest, his skin charred and necrotic. Thick layers of healing bandages wrapped around him, yet they couldn't stop the stinging pain from the overflowing spiritual energy.

Every step aggravated his wounds, causing him to sway slightly. His once invincible Pure Yang Body, which had dominated the battlefield, was severely damaged, his combat power plummeting by more than half, no longer possessing its peak might.

Zhi Zhanjiang's right arm was broken and dislocated, hanging limply, only securely fastened to his neck with a specially made spiritual cotton rope. His natal whisk, used for breaking formations and defending against enemies, had long since broken into pieces and turned to ashes during the fierce attack.

Now, he could only temporarily wear an ordinary fine iron longsword as a soldier, unable to fully utilize his top-tier formation skills.

Both men's faces were somber and solemn, devoid of any joy of victory, their eyes filled with a heavy gloom.

It wasn't dissatisfaction with the resounding victory, but rather the horrific images of the bloody battle in the Northern Underworld Prison that kept replaying in their minds, refusing to fade.

That young cultivator, despite the vast difference in their cultivation levels, had always fought fearlessly, risking his life against magic and his soul against the gods. Even with his body shattered and his soul wounded, he never bowed his head in surrender, never retreated a single step.

Such resolute character and unyielding will, even as enemy soldiers, instilled awe and unforgettable feelings in the two veteran generals.

Having won the great battle and quelled the chaos, they felt no joy, only a deep sense of melancholy and a heavy, oppressive feeling.

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High in the sky, two figures hovered, their robes fluttering slightly in the wind, unhurriedly following the army, always looking down upon the myriad lives below.

The Crimson Flame Venerable, clad in fiery red robes, had golden-red holy flames subtly flowing around him, radiating a scorching pressure;

the Cold Abyss Venerable, in silver robes like frost, had icy, indifferent eyes, his body exuding a chilling aura that froze the

surrounding void. These two Golden Immortal powerhouses possessed calm and vast auras, their realm's pressure sweeping across all directions, every gesture accompanied by the grand scheme of heaven and earth.

In their eyes, the battles and clashes of the Sixteenth Heaven, the desperate resistance of True Immortal cultivators, were nothing more than ants fighting each other, dust rising and falling, utterly insignificant.

The Golden Immortal realm had long transcended the shackles of the mortal realm, looking down upon countless beings, crushing ordinary cultivators as easily as crushing ants, without a ripple.

The army sped along unimpeded, quickly entering the heavily fortified and imposing heart of the Divine Alliance's temple complex, reaching its deepest forbidden area.

This place was off-limits to ordinary divine cultivators, heavily guarded year-round, with layers upon layers of restrictions preventing any spying or investigation.

A thousand feet beneath the temple, a top-secret chamber lay hidden, isolated from the world, utterly silent.

The chamber's walls were forged from a mixture of extraterrestrial meteorite iron and divine metal, three feet thick and incredibly hard, impervious to ordinary immortal weapons and divine artifacts.

The walls were densely engraved with ancient, blood-red sealing runes passed down through the divine race, interwoven to form a vast, inescapable net.

This net could both imprison the soul and prevent the leakage of spiritual energy, as well as shield the secrets of heaven and conceal all auras and movements. Even top-tier experts passing through would find it impossible to detect anything unusual about the chamber.

In the very center of the secret chamber, a simple and heavy black stone platform stood firmly. Its surface

, weathered and marked by time, clearly bore the marks of countless ages. Engraved upon the platform was an ancient, intricately complex soul-refining array, its patterns deeply embedded in the stone, connecting with the Yin energy of heaven and earth. This array

was specifically designed to refine the souls of powerful cultivators, stripping away impurities and obsessions, purifying their primordial soul power, and ultimately condensing it into a pure soul bead. This bead was then absorbed by top-tier experts to rapidly break through cultivation barriers and comprehend the fundamental laws.

The Crimson Flame Venerable slowly landed before the platform, gently lifting the jet-black soul-suppressing bead in his palm. His fingertips caressed the cool surface of the bead, his gaze fixed intently on the swaying purple divine soul light within its core.

A long silence followed, and the secret chamber fell into a deathly stillness, broken only by the faint sound of flowing spiritual energy.

After a moment, he slowly spoke, his voice low and thoughtful, breaking the silence: "Han Yuan, do we truly intend to refine this child's soul? Once this is done, there will be no turning back."

Venerable Han Yuan stood with his hands behind his back, his silver eyes empty and devoid of emotion, his tone cold and flat, utterly unwavering.

"This child possesses the power of innate primordial chaos, a supreme source preserved from the beginning of heaven and earth, a rare find, occurring only once every ten thousand years, extremely rare throughout the myriad realms.

If we can purify and refine it using the Soul Refining Array, condensing a Chaos Soul Pearl, and then we both consume it, we can break through our current Golden Immortal barriers, deeply comprehend the fundamental laws of heaven and earth, and take a crucial step towards a higher realm.

Such a tremendous opportunity, such an unparalleled temptation, are we willing to give it up and let it slip away?" Venerable Han Yuan's eyes were filled with greed.

Venerable Chi Yan did not immediately respond, but he already understood.

He naturally could not bear to part with it. The power of chaos, surpassing ordinary immortal and divine power, is the foundation of all things and the basis of the Great Dao.

In ancient times, the gods had encountered peerless geniuses with chaotic physiques, but unfortunately, their luck was too shallow. Before they could capture them, their souls dissipated and their origins vanished, leaving them with nothing but regret.

Now, David's soul has fallen completely intact into their palm, and his chaotic origins are perfectly sealed without any loss. Such a heaven-sent opportunity is extremely rare, and if missed, there will be no second chance in this life.

"There is no time to lose, activate the formation immediately."

Venerable Crimson Flame no longer hesitated, raising his hand to precisely place the Soul-Suppressing Pearl on the core of the Soul-Refining Formation on the stone platform, the position was perfect.

Venerable Cold Abyss immediately moved to the other side of the stone platform, his palms flying rapidly, forming ancient and profound divine hand seals, and pure and fierce Golden Immortal icy spiritual power continuously poured into the formation's patterns.

In an instant, golden array patterns lit up one by one along the veins of the stone surface, the light gradually intensifying, spreading out layer upon layer, illuminating the entire dark chamber as bright as day. Simultaneously,

Venerable Crimson Flame raised his hand to cast a spell, a torrent of golden-red inextinguishable holy fire surging from his palm. The holy fire was scorching and domineering, carrying the pressure of a Golden Immortal's essence, precisely injecting into the four corners of the array's base, enhancing its power.

The next instant, the entire ancient Soul Refining Array roared into full operation, an invisible and intangible vast power of soul locking instantly enveloping the entire area, firmly binding the central Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

Under the array's pressure, the hard, dense pearl wall softened, melted, and disintegrated little by little, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun, quickly dissipating without a trace.

The Soul-Suppressing Pearl completely dissolved, David's weak, flickering purple divine soul light ball was exposed without cover in the center of the array, isolated and helpless, at the mercy of others.

A raging fire of soul-refining energy rose from the depths of the great formation, pure golden flames, burning the soul and refining the will, without a trace of warmth or warmth.

Only excruciating, soul-burning pain remained, firmly enveloping and binding the purple divine soul orb, scorching and tempering it from top to bottom.

The pain of refining the divine soul was far beyond physical injury; it was the ultimate torture of the heavens.

The flames not only burned the very fabric of the divine soul but also followed its meridians, directly attacking the memories, obsessions, emotions, desires, and entanglements deep within the soul.

Layer by layer, it peeled away fragments of the past, inch by inch burning away emotional imprints, gradually smoothing out obsessions and temperament, forcibly purifying the most primal and coldest essence of the divine soul, obliterating all vibrant consciousness.

David's dormant consciousness was instantly awakened by the excruciating pain. A tearing, extreme pain came from the depths of his divine soul, piercing to the bone and stabbing to the core, a thousand times more terrible than the shattering of the body and the breaking of bones. Boundless darkness, accompanied by the agony, completely enveloped him.

Scenes etched into his very being flashed uncontrollably through his soul, crystal clear and undiminished.

Sonya's lonely figure as she turned away, her gentle eyes filled with longing;

Yunxi's bright smile amidst the mountains, lively and warm;

Jiang Xuelan's desperate moment as she withstood a Golden Immortal's attack to protect her companions, collapsing with a devastating crash;

the horrific scene of the Free Valley's gates shattered, flames soaring into the sky, innocent cultivators bleeding profusely, corpses strewn across the ground...

All the cherished attachments, obsessions, tenderness, and hatred were brutally torn from his heart by the Soul-Refining Fire, burned in public, inch by inch, obliterated.

Each piece of memory stripped away felt like a sharp knife stabbing into his heart, piercing his very soul, causing unbearable agony.

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David's soul trembled violently, the purple light flickering wildly. He instinctively wanted to roar and howl, to break free of his confinement.

But the Soul Refining Array locked away all sounds from his soul, sealing off all channels for his consciousness to leak out. He could

only grit his teeth and endure the boundless pain, refusing to show the slightest weakness or utter a single plea for mercy. With an indomitable spirit,

he stubbornly persevered. Inside the secret chamber, the fire blazed, and the array roared. No one knew the extreme torment his soul was enduring.

Half an hour passed in the blink of an eye.

Under such intense Soul Refining Fire, the souls of ordinary True Immortal cultivators would have long since disintegrated, turning into pure primordial soul liquid, about to condense into beads.

But David's purple soul remained firmly condensed into a human form. Although the purple light gradually dimmed and weakened, it remained as steadfast as ever, showing no signs of disintegration or collapse. Its resilience was beyond comprehension.

Crimson Flame Venerable's brows furrowed sharply, his eyes filled with astonishment and doubt. He whispered with suspicion, "Strange. This boy's soul is unusually peculiar, its resilience far exceeding that of other cultivators of the same level. It's completely illogical."

Cold Abyss Venerable's gaze grew even colder, his tone devoid of any emotion. He coldly ordered, "No hesitation! Go all out! Increase the intensity! Forcefully temper it!"

The two Golden Immortals no longer held back, simultaneously channeling their primordial spiritual power into the Soul Refining Array without reservation.

The array's light surged, its color rapidly transforming from pure gold to a more domineering and scorching white-gold. Terrifying heat instantly engulfed the entire secret chamber.

The hard black stone platform was scorched red by the intense heat, its surface slightly warm and soft. The

meteorite iron walls surrounding the chamber churned with heat waves, the sealing runes flashing rapidly, desperately resisting the leaking heat.

The free spiritual energy in the chamber's air was instantly ignited, crackling and exploding, sparks flying everywhere. The entire chamber resembled a scorching furnace, its oppressive power terrifying beyond measure.

Another full hour of extreme burning and tempering followed.

The smoke and dust dissipated, and the flames subsided slightly.

David's divine soul remained stable and condensed, its humanoid outline clearly visible, only the purple light was weaker, showing no sign of collapse or dissipation.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's expression darkened completely, his brows furrowed with solemn apprehension.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, holding the high position of a Golden Immortal, refining countless powerful enemy souls, and witnessing countless geniuses, yet he had never seen such a resilient and powerful True Immortal realm divine soul, completely defying the common sense of cultivation throughout the heavens.

How could a mere True Immortal realm third-grade cultivator, without roots or support, without the blessing of a top-tier bloodline, possess a divine soul strong enough to withstand a Golden Immortal's Soul Refining Array?

This matter was strange in every way, far from an ordinary phenomenon.

"Something's not right, something's very suspicious."

The Crimson Flame Venerable slowly withdrew most of his spiritual power, walked slowly to the edge of the stone platform, focused his mind, and leaned down to carefully examine the swaying purple divine soul, his eyes sharp as knives, trying to see through its hidden secrets.

Through the layers of flowing purple light, he vaguely glimpsed a strange object quietly floating at the very core of his soul.

It was a book entirely gilded, with ancient and thick pages, surrounded by a warm and majestic golden light. The light was restrained and unassuming, yet it carried an unchanging, majestic, and supreme aura. The raging platinum-gold soul-refining fire, once it approached within half an inch of the gilded tome, was blocked by an invisible, intangible golden barrier, unable to get any closer, much less damage the tome or its core divine soul.

“What is that?”

Venerable Hanyuan also moved closer, and upon seeing the strange phenomenon, his silver pupils suddenly contracted, his eyes filled with shock, and his tone, for the first time, carried a hint of emotion.

Venerable Chiyan, cautiously probing, activated his peak Golden Immortal divine sense, carefully extending a wisp of his divine thought, attempting to penetrate the purple divine soul aura to investigate the true origin and details of the golden tome.

But the instant his divine sense touched the purple divine soul barrier, a terrifying, boundless backlash force originating from the very source of the Great Dao suddenly erupted, crashing down upon him.

Its power was incomparably strong, far exceeding the limits of a Golden Immortal’s endurance, instantly repelling his divine sense violently, numbing his soul and causing his blood to surge.

Crimson Flame Venerable’s body trembled violently, a sweet taste rising in his throat. A wisp of pure golden divine blood uncontrollably spilled from the corner of his mouth, dripping slowly down his chin onto the stone platform, its gleam striking.

“A Golden Immortal-level soul defense barrier?”

Cold Abyss Venerable’s expression changed drastically, his face becoming utterly solemn. “How could a True Immortal cultivator from the lower realm

possess such a heaven-defying treasure within his soul? It's completely against the rules of Heaven."

Crimson Flame Venerable wiped the golden blood from the corner of his mouth, his face as gloomy as a deep, cold pool. His tone was extremely grave: "It wasn't his own cultivation that propelled the power; it was this golden book that possessed its own primordial divine might, protecting the foundation of his soul.

This object's aura is ancient and vast, its age far exceeding our cultivation years, its power surpassing even that of a Golden Immortal, and even... transcending the realm of Golden Immortal cultivation."

The two locked eyes, silently staring at each other for a moment. No words were needed; both saw deep, heartfelt apprehension and fear in each other's eyes.

Unbeknownst to anyone, a silent transformation was already taking place deep within David's dormant sea of consciousness.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture, which had silently protected him since the beginning of his cultivation, finally awakened completely under the stimulation of the ultimate Soul-Refining Fire, no longer lying dormant.

Without any dazzling fluctuations or violent roars, the entire sea of consciousness trembled violently, the power of the laws of heaven and earth surging wildly.

The next second, a vast and gentle golden primordial light surged forth from the pages of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, like a surging tide, instantly sweeping across every corner of the sea of consciousness, leaving no blind spots.

The golden light was gentle and soft, possessing no aggression whatsoever, yet it carried the supreme primordial power of the beginning of heaven and

earth, impervious to all laws, and inherently possessed an absolute protective law.

The Soul-Refining Fire that surged in from the outside, once it touched the golden barrier of the sea of consciousness, was like ice and snow melting under the blazing sun, silently and rapidly annihilated, unable to penetrate the sea of consciousness in the slightest, let alone harm David's soul.

Meanwhile, the nearly shattered, teetering ice-blue sphere of light in the corner of his consciousness was also steadily enveloped and properly protected by the golden light emanating from the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

That was the remnant soul of the ancient Ice God, Bei Mingyuan, which had previously been scorched by the Soul Refining Fire, its essence damaged, its consciousness blurred, and it on the verge of dissipation.

Now, under the nourishment and repair of the golden light, the remnant soul's essence rapidly stabilized, its dim luster gradually warmed and revived, and the fragmented structure of its divine soul was pieced back together.

Bei Mingyuan's dormant consciousness slowly awakened, his divine soul's perception gradually returned, and he clearly felt the warm, profound, stable, and reliable supreme power surrounding him. A monstrous wave surged within him, filled with utter shock.

As the ancestor of the ancient Ice God lineage, he had traversed countless ages, witnessing countless rare treasures and supreme divine abilities, yet he had never seen such a pure and fundamental protective power.

Without attack or destruction, without war or killing, solely for protecting the divine soul and nourishing its essence, it was the most supreme power of the Great Dao's essence.

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The Great Luo Golden Scripture not only forcibly protected David's soul, but also repaired and nourished the damaged soul's structure in real time.

The fragments of his soul, previously torn apart and scattered by the Soul Refining Fire, were precisely gathered, pieced together, adhered, and reshaped by the golden light, returning steadily to their rightful place.

Those memories, obsessions, tender past experiences, and deep-seated hatreds that had been forcibly stripped away and were on the verge of being erased were all completely retrieved, firmly engraved deep within his soul, never to be erased.

The boundless pain quickly subsided, and his chaotic consciousness gradually cleared. David slowly regained his soul's perception and clearly "saw" the entire scene within his sea of consciousness.

In the center floated the ancient, gilded Great Luo Golden Scripture, surrounded by golden light; in the corner, an ice-blue orb of light lay dormant, its aura incredibly familiar.

He immediately summoned his remaining, faint divine sense and whispered, "Bei Mingyuan, is that you?"

Bei Mingyuan's weak but thankful voice responded instantly, filled with the relief of surviving a calamity: "It's me, David. Your soul is still intact, you're extremely fortunate."

"What exactly is the situation outside? My soul is in excruciating pain, almost collapsing." David suppressed his doubts and asked in a deep voice.

"It was this golden tome deep within your soul that saved our lives."

Bei Mingyuan quickly explained through telepathy, his tone full of awe, "The Golden Immortal Soul Refining Array and the Soul Burning Sacred Fire couldn't break through the tome's defenses, nor could they harm your soul in the slightest.

This thing has an unfathomable origin and boundless power; it is your supreme life-saving opportunity."

David silently focused his mind, carefully summoning his divine sense and gently touching the Great Luo Golden Tome floating in the center.

The tome remained stable and silent, neither agitated nor still, only quietly emitting golden light, protecting his soul, silently guarding it, steady and reliable.

Inside the secret chamber, the two Golden Immortals remained relentless, launching wave after wave of attacks.

They pushed the Soul Refining Array to its limits, squeezing out every last drop of its primal power;

they personally unleashed their Golden Immortal primal sacred fire, directly scorching the soul barrier at close range;

they even sacrificed their own cultivation foundation, forcibly mobilizing their divine sense to violently tear apart the golden light and destroy the core scripture...

They exhausted every means,

yet the outcome remained the same. All their attacks and all their power were firmly blocked by the golden protective barrier derived from the Great Luo Golden Scripture, unable to penetrate it even slightly, achieving absolutely no result.

The two Golden Immortal powerhouses, standing at the pinnacle of the sixteenth heaven, joined forces and exhausted all their methods, yet they could not overcome a silent, ancient scripture. They lost face, their hearts filled with resentment and helplessness.

Crimson Flame Venerable's face was extremely grim. He spoke in a low voice, full of apprehension: "This is no ordinary object. Its level far surpasses our cultivation realm.

It is definitely not an ordinary divine weapon or sacred artifact, and may even transcend the category of Xuanxian spiritual treasures... This object is suspected of carrying the primordial Dao of Heaven and Earth; it is a vessel of the Dao."

Cold Abyss Venerable's eyes flickered slightly, and he repeated in a low voice: "A vessel of the Dao?" "

The power of chaos is a wisp of the primordial Dao's manifestation, and this book is the true vessel of the primordial Dao."

Crimson Flame Venerable's voice was extremely low, full of awe. "It has already autonomously recognized David as its master, and the Dao has blessed it. We mortal Golden Immortals are powerless to shake it in the slightest."

"Then what should we do with this person's soul now?" Cold Abyss Venerable asked, looking up, his tone tinged with helplessness.

Crimson Flame Venerable remained silent for a long time, filled with resentment and unwillingness, yet helpless. He could only slowly withdraw all his spiritual power, and the light of the Soul Refining Array gradually dimmed, and the raging Soul Refining Fire was completely extinguished.

David's purple divine soul re-suspended in mid-air above the stone platform, its purple light even brighter than before the refinement. The golden luster of the Great Luo Golden Scripture shone through the texture of his divine soul,

mysterious and unpredictable. Refining it is hopeless, and destroying it is impossible.”

Venerable Crimson Flame’s tone was somber, filled with resentment. “If we keep it here, we will be wary of it day and night, and it will become a major threat sooner or later; if we forcibly suppress it, it will inevitably lead to unforeseen changes and endless troubles. Both are potential dangers, and we are in a dilemma.”

Venerable Cold Abyss pondered for a moment, his gaze firm, and suggested in a deep voice, “Send it to the Seventeenth Heaven.”

Venerable Crimson Flame looked up at him, waiting for him to continue.

“Both of us have reached the pinnacle of cultivation, breaking through the shackles of the Golden Immortal realm. According to regulations, we should be heading to the central hub of the Seventeenth Heaven soon to report for duty,”

Venerable Hanyuan explained clearly and calmly. “The Seventeenth Heaven is teeming with powerful figures, countless veteran Golden Immortals, and many more hidden talents and extraordinary individuals cultivating in seclusion.

There must be powerful beings there who can discern the secrets of heaven and identify supreme treasures. They can either decipher the hidden secrets of the Golden Scriptures or forcibly refine David’s chaotic soul.

If we remain in the Sixteenth Heaven, we will be helpless; sending him to the Seventeenth Heaven, with the help of high-level powerful beings, will surely lead to a solution and eliminate future troubles.”

Venerable Chiyan pondered for a moment, weighing the pros and cons, and slowly nodded in agreement: “This makes sense. We will proceed as you say and depart for the Seventeenth Heaven immediately.”

He raised his hand and condensed a thick, pure shell of Golden Immortal primordial spiritual power, carefully sealing David's soul back into the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

No more soul-refining restrictions were added; only basic sealing was performed to avoid needlessly stimulating the Great Dao scriptures and inviting unknown disasters.

"First, imprison that Ice God Jiang Xuelan strictly, lock her in the Heavenly Prison Secret Realm, and seal her layer by layer. After you and I return from reporting to the Seventeenth Heaven, we will deal with her carefully and extract all her value."

Venerable Crimson Flame put away the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, turned around, and strode towards the door of the secret chamber.

Venerable Cold Abyss followed closely behind and left together.

The heavy meteorite iron secret chamber door slowly closed, the mechanism locked, and darkness once again swallowed the entire secret chamber.

The residual heat on the stone platform had not dissipated, and the air was filled with a faint acrid smell of burnt souls, silent and concealing secrets.

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, David's soul was extremely exhausted and slowly fell into a deep sleep to recuperate and deplete his source.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture withdrew most of its outward golden light, leaving only a thin layer of source barrier, firmly protecting the core of his soul, safe and sound.

The remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan, nourished by the warmth, lay dormant, resting peacefully and awaiting its opportune moment.

The road ahead was long and arduous, the void a barrier, the Seventeenth Heaven unpredictable, countless unknown dangers and supreme experts waiting silently in the distance.

Meanwhile, throughout the Sixteenth Heaven, killing intent surged, and war reignited.

Wei Pengkun dared not delay. Taking advantage of the momentum of his great victory, the imprisonment of David, the destruction of Freedom Valley, and the leaderless state of the Heavenly Resistance Army, he swiftly mobilized the elite forces of the entire Divine Clan Alliance, preparing for battle, sharpening their swords.

Tens of thousands of elite Divine Clan cultivators, clad in armor and wielding weapons, their spiritual power surging, their killing intent soaring, gathered at the reviewing stand outside the Divine Temple, their ranks impregnable, their fighting spirit fierce.

Clad in full battle armor, bathed in divine light, Wei Pengkun stood atop the high platform, his sharp gaze sweeping over the army below. His voice boomed, echoing across the land, each word ringing with conviction: "The Spirit Race is stubborn and unyielding, disregarding the divine might of the God Race, openly colluding with the traitor David.

They have allied with the Valley of Freedom to oppose the orthodoxy of the God Race, disrupting the order of the Sixteen Heavens. This is a heinous crime punishable by extermination, unforgivable!"

"Today, I will personally lead the army, divided into three routes, straight to the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits! We will raze the ancestral land of the Spirit Race, annihilate its core members, slaughter the old, weak, women, and children, eradicating them completely, ensuring no future troubles!

Let all the alien races of the heavens witness that those who oppose the God Race and defy its authority will only face death, with no chance of survival!"

Tens of thousands of God Race cultivators roared in unison, their voices shaking the heavens and earth, their murderous aura soaring into the sky, causing the earth to tremble slightly, their power terrifying beyond measure.

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Despite their injuries, the powerful warriors and the strategist generals accompanied the army on the expedition, daring not to disobey orders.

The powerful warrior, whose Pure Yang Undying Body was severely damaged, had only 30% of his peak combat power remaining, yet he still wielded his divine weapon, charging ahead to intimidate the enemy. The strategist general,

whose whisk was broken, had his formation strength greatly reduced, but he remained clear-headed, responsible for the overall command of the army, marching and deploying troops, breaking through formations and attacking strongholds, and controlling the overall battle situation.

Three thousand elite vanguard cavalry launched a frontal assault on the Misty Forest, tearing apart the outer defenses;

two thousand left-wing cultivators quietly bypassed the northern mountains and forests, flanking and cutting off the retreat route;

two thousand right-wing cultivators rushed to the southern pass to prevent escape and encircle and intercept them;

the remaining three thousand elite central troops, personally led by Wei Pengkun, advanced to the rear, heading straight for the core of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest, determined to annihilate the entire clan in one fell swoop.

Beyond the Misty Forest, the ancient spirit race's protective barrier, which had operated for millennia, shone with boundless spiritual light and possessed an

impenetrable fortress. However, under the relentless onslaught of the divine army, the overwhelming holy light and relentless bombardment of the array rapidly eroded the barrier, leaving it cracked and on the verge of collapse.

Zhi Zhan, shrewd and strategic, surveyed the area from a high vantage point, instantly discerning the flaws in the barrier's formation. He pinpointed the weakest point and loudly ordered the cultivators to concentrate their firepower for a targeted assault.

Golden light surged continuously, relentlessly bombarding the single point. In less than half a day, the millennia-old protective barrier shattered, dust billowing, and the defensive line completely breached.

Elder Qingxuan personally led three hundred elite spirit race warriors, holding the frontline pass to the death, refusing to retreat an inch.

Three hundred against ten thousand—a vast disparity in strength, a difference as vast as heaven and earth. Even with the exceptional talent and formidable physiques of each spirit race cultivator, they could not withstand the overwhelming onslaught of the divine army.

Even more deadly was the fact that the pure holy light spiritual power of the gods naturally countered the wood-based spiritual power of the spirit race.

The spirit race's defensive techniques—vine bindings, piercing spikes, poisonous spores, and plant mazes—were greatly weakened under the overwhelming holy light, rapidly dissolving and becoming utterly vulnerable.

“Hold the pass to the death! Protect the ancient forest clan! Don't retreat a single step!”

Elder Qingxuan roared, his hair and beard bristling. His azure spiritual light surged, and thousands of thick vines burst from the earth, coiling and binding a group of charging gods, attempting to annihilate them.

But the next second, scorching holy light swept in, instantly burning the vines to ashes, reducing them to nothingness.

Bing Xue'er stood atop a thousand-year-old tree, her white robes fluttering, her ice whip lashing wildly, a chilling mist spreading. Each strike could freeze several gods into solid ice sculptures, demonstrating her formidable combat prowess.

The divine cultivators poured in relentlessly, wave after wave, while her spiritual energy was rapidly depleted. In moments, her face paled, her breath became weak, and she was utterly exhausted.

Bing Fenghan stood guard beside her, wielding an ice spear, fighting fiercely, the spear tip stained with divine blood as he slashed down enemies. His shoulders and back were repeatedly scorched by holy light, the wounds gaping open, blood soaking through his heavy robes, his injuries worsening.

These members of the Ice God lineage had followed the Spirit Clan to safety, but now they faced death once more.

In just one hour of bloody battle, the outer defenses collapsed completely. More than half of the three hundred elite Spirit Clan soldiers were killed or wounded; corpses littered the battlefield, blood flowed like rivers, and the pass was a scene of utter devastation.

Elder Qingxuan's eyes were red-rimmed as he watched his kinsmen and descendants, who had been with him day and night, fall one after another, dying on the battlefield. His heart was torn apart, filled with unbearable pain.

These elites were the future hope of the Spirit Clan, the backbone protecting their ancestral land, yet now they were all bleeding on the battlefield, powerless to reverse the tide.

"Retreat across the board! Retreat to the heart of the ancient forest and hold out to the death, relying on the terrain!" With no

other choice, Elder Qingxuan gritted his teeth and ordered the retreat, tears streaming down his face.

The remaining Spirit Clan cultivators fought and retreated, suffering defeat after defeat, finally reaching the depths of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest.

Wei Pengkun's army followed closely behind, relentlessly pursuing them. Their iron cavalry trampled through vegetation, their holy light scorching the forest. They burned

, killed, and looted along the way, committing countless atrocities. The flames of war quickly spread throughout the entire ancient forest. Deep within the forest, ancient trees, some ten thousand years old, burned fiercely in the holy light and flames, billowing thick smoke. Their trunks charred and broken, collapsing with

a deafening roar. Newly awakened spiritual seedlings were uprooted and trampled mercilessly, their life force extinguished. The Spirit Clan's settlement was forcibly breached, leaving the elderly, women, and children with nowhere to escape. They were all surrounded, and despair enveloped the entire ancient forest.

The Azure Wood Clan Chief stood atop the high platform before the Azure Wood Palace, gazing at the raging flames and billowing smoke, listening to the cries and battle cries of his people. His face was ashen, his heart aching.

His natal spirit wood staff trembled slightly, and his azure primordial light flowed ceaselessly around him.

He had reached the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, making him the strongest among the Spirit Clan. Yet, facing tens of thousands of elite Divine Clan troops, and two wounded but still formidable Divine Clan generals, he knew in his heart that the odds of victory were slim, and the situation was hopeless.

Several elderly elders rushed forward, knelt, and kowtowed, tears streaming down their faces, their voices hoarse with despair: "Clan Chief, the tide has turned, there's no turning back!

Immediately surrender the city to the Divine Race, hand over all spiritual vein resources and inherited cultivation techniques, and perhaps we can preserve the remaining bloodline of the Spirit Race, leaving a glimmer of hope. Do not resist to the end, lest you destroy the entire clan!"

Another elder, filled with regret, sobbed softly, "We shouldn't have been soft-hearted and formed an alliance, we shouldn't have helped David, we shouldn't have gotten involved in the mess of Freedom Valley! If we had

just lived peacefully in the Ancient Forest, why would we have brought about this catastrophe? David is now barely able to protect himself, his soul sealed, why should our Spirit Race be buried with him?"

More and more clansmen knelt and begged, their cries, regrets, and complaints mingling together, filling the valley, the atmosphere of despair growing ever heavier.

Panic gripped the hearts of the people, the morale of the army crumbled, and the shadow of annihilation loomed over every member of the Spirit Race.

Clan Chief Qingmu slowly closed his eyes, took a deep breath of the air thick with the smell of gunpowder and blood, and countless memories flashed through his mind.

For a thousand years, the Ancient Forest of Myriad Spirits had been peaceful, its inhabitants living in harmony and contentment, undisturbed by worldly strife.

Then, David ventured alone into the forest, exhausting his cultivation to repair the depleted spiritual veins and save the entire clan.

Elder Qingxuan led his elite troops into battle, his resolute figure, full of vigor and determined to protect his clan to the death... Scene after scene vividly flashed before his eyes, unforgettable.

He slowly opened his eyes, his gaze resolute, without the slightest hesitation. His wooden staff slammed heavily onto the bluestone ground, a dull thud echoing throughout the valley, drowning out all cries of sorrow and complaint.

"Fellow clansmen, rise!"

His voice was not loud, yet it was authoritative and profound, striking straight to the heart: "Our Spirit Clan has dwelled in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits for generations, guarding the mountains and protecting the spiritual veins, living in peace with the world, owing nothing to anyone in the heavens.

In the past, when the spiritual veins were depleted and the entire clan was on the verge of extinction, it was David who devoted himself to helping, repairing the spiritual veins, continuing the foundation of our Spirit Clan for ten thousand years, and saving the lives of all the young and old.

This life-saving grace will be remembered by the Spirit Clan for generations to come, and will never be forgotten. How can we betray this righteousness and forget our gratitude in times of crisis?"

"The Divine Race's massive invasion today is not because we aided David."

Chief Qingmu's tone grew increasingly resolute, his gaze sweeping over all the clansmen present, each word powerful. "The Divine Race is ambitious, desiring to unify the Sixteen Heavens, enslave all other races, and claim supremacy solely for ourselves!

Today they destroy Free Valley, tomorrow they slaughter our Spirit Race, and the day after tomorrow they will conquer the rest of the weaker races! Even if we shut ourselves in, bow our heads in submission, and sue for peace, we will still not escape the calamity of annihilation and enslavement!"

"Today's battle is not for David, nor for external aid, but only for the survival of the Spirit Race's bloodline! Only so that our descendants will not be slaves to the Divine Race! Only to protect our ancestral homeland, to uphold the dignity of our race!"

"Rather than kneeling on the ground, lingering on in humiliation, we would rather stand tall, fight to the death, and die standing!" As

his words fell, his spirit soared.

The kneeling clansmen rose to their feet, wiping away tears, gripping their weapons and staffs tightly. The fear in their eyes faded, replaced by a burning fighting spirit, their bloodlust fully rekindled.

"We are willing to follow our chieftain and defend the ancient forest to the death!"

"We would rather die standing than live kneeling!"

"We will fight to the bitter end and never surrender!"

Hundreds of remaining soldiers roared in unison, their voices powerful and resounding, facing the tens of thousands of divine soldiers without fear.