

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6556

Jiang Xuelan took out several spirit stones from her storage bag and set up a simple warning array at the cave entrance. If any creature approached, the array would sound an alarm.

David sat cross-legged inside the cave, taking out the crimson short sword he had picked up from the valley from his storage ring, examining it closely.

The holy light runes on the blade glowed faintly in the moonlight—the mark of the Flame God Palace.

“Flame God Palace,” David murmured, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

His enmity with the gods had been forged in the Celestial Realm.

He needed to find the God King of the gods and force him to release Wan Jianxing.

Wan Jianxing was his sect leader, and David was determined to rescue him.

If the God King refused, David wouldn’t hesitate to annihilate the entire god race.

But not now. David was no match for the God King now, nor even for Yan Wuji.

But he knew that day wouldn’t be far off.

He sheathed the short sword, closed his eyes, and slowly began to circulate his Mind Concentration Technique.

Chaotic power surged through his meridians, replenishing the spiritual energy consumed today, bit by bit.

The chaotic fire in his dantian burned quietly, fusing spiritual energy, medicinal power, and fragments of laws into the purest chaotic power.

Nourished by spiritual energy, the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture continued to spread, the golden dragon patterns now covering sixty-five percent of his skin. He

was one step closer to achieving the Great Golden Body.

David already possessed an indestructible golden body, and with the protection of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the golden dragon patterns spread so rapidly. At

the cave entrance, Jiang Xuelan didn't enter meditation but sat on a rock, gazing at the faint, icy-blue halo on the northern horizon.

The halo was exceptionally clear under the moonlight, like an icy-blue lamp lit on the horizon.

That was the direction of the Northern Netherworld Abyss.

The ruins of the Ice God lineage lay there.

Her fingers gently caressed the hilt of her sword, complex emotions surging within her.

If there really were members of the Ice God lineage alive in the Northern Abyss, what would that mean?

It would mean that the Ice God lineage's patience was stronger than that of other branches.

After so many years, there were still members of the Ice God lineage in the Eighteenth Heaven.

Perhaps there were also members of the Ice God lineage enduring hardship in the Twentieth Heaven, the main altar of the Divine Race?

She took a deep breath, withdrawing her gaze from the icy blue halo and looking back into the darkness outside the cave.

Something was moving in the darkness.

Jiang Xuelan's hand rested on the hilt of her sword, her spiritual energy circulating within her, icy blue light flowing from her fingertips.

But she didn't move, because the thing's aura was weak; it was just a low-level demonic beast passing by, posing no threat whatsoever.

The beast passed by the cave entrance, not even noticing anyone inside, hopping and skipping away into the darkness.

Jiang Xuelan released the hilt of her sword and sat down again.

She turned her head and glanced at David, who was meditating cross-legged inside the cave.

Purple chaotic energy flowed around him, casting flickering light and shadow on his face.

The young face was expressionless, as calm as a stagnant pool.

But Jiang Xuelan knew what turbulent emotions lay hidden beneath that calm surface.

She withdrew her gaze and looked again at the northern horizon.

An icy blue halo silently swirled in the night, like a summons to her.

The Northern Abyss, the lineage of the Ice God.

She would find it, find the ruins of the Ice God's lineage, find the people of the Ice God's lineage, find the inheritance of the Ice God's lineage.

Not for herself, but for the tens of thousands of years of humiliation and waiting endured by the Ice God's lineage.

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"Xue Lan..." David opened his eyes and called out softly.

Jiang Xue Lan was startled. Although David didn't say anything, she saw something in his eyes.

Jiang Xue Lan waved her hand, and the entire cave entrance was enveloped in a white mist, obscuring what was happening inside.

Then Jiang Xue Lan began to undress. After so long, she wanted to cultivate with David.

As the two embraced, the temperature inside the cave gradually rose.

And with each thrust, David called out Su Yu Qi's name.

Jiang Xue Lan didn't care, because she knew that Su Yu Qi's position in David's heart was irreplaceable.

Meanwhile, in the Flame God Palace.

In the main hall, Yan Wuji sat on the Flame God Throne, his body engulfed in golden flames.

Kneeling before him were three people: Yan Hu and Yan Bao, who had escaped from the Fallen God Wasteland, and the deputy of the middle-aged man who had been killed by Su Yu Qi in the valley earlier that day.

Yan Hu and Yan Bao were covered in wounds. The sword wound on Yan Hu's chest, though bandaged, was still bleeding. The indentation in Yan Bao's chest, though treated, still caused him excruciating pain with every breath.

They knelt in the center of the hall, supporting each other, their foreheads pressed to the ground, afraid to look up.

After a day and a night of rest, they finally returned to the Flame God Palace. They

had left full of pride, but now returned in utter disarray.

The deputy, a divine cultivator, trembled violently, his face deathly pale, as if he had just crawled out of the gates of hell. Yan Wuji remained silent

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He was silent for a long time, so long that everyone in the hall thought he was asleep.

But his eyes were open, his crimson-gold eyes flickering in the flames like two burning stars.

"So," he finally spoke, his voice chillingly calm, "Yan Po is dead. Thirty Flame Dragon Guards, all wiped out. You two, you fled back in such a sorry state."

Yan Hu and Yan Bao's bodies trembled violently.

"Your subordinate is incompetent."

Yan Hu's voice was hoarse to the extreme. "That David... his chaotic power suppresses all holy light. My Xing Huo is like waste paper before him. Senior Brother Yan Po burned his essence blood to push his cultivation to the threshold of the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, yet he was still pierced through by David's sword."

"Pierced through by a single sword." Yan Wuji repeated these four words, his crimson-gold eyes narrowing slightly.

He stood up, the flames surging with his movement, and the temperature of the entire hall suddenly increased several times.

The divine fire lamps in the hall exploded again, golden sparks flying everywhere. Several disciples kneeling on the ground were hit by the sparks, their skin instantly burned, but they dared not move, not even utter a sound.

"Eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, one sword to kill the peak of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm." Yan Wuji's voice held a hint of fear that even he himself did not realize. "Just who is this David?"

No one could answer this question.

Yan Hu and Yan Bao lowered their foreheads even further, almost touching the ground.

Yan Wuji's gaze shifted from the Flame Tiger and Flame Leopard to the divine cultivator who was serving as his deputy.

"What about your side?"

The cultivator trembled, his voice shaking. "Reporting...Reporting to the Palace Master, I was ordered to lead a patrol north of Fire Raven City. Today, on the outskirts of the Azure Cloud Mountains, we discovered a group of demonic cultivators hunting the Lava Lion King. I originally intended to wait until they were both weakened before wiping them out, but...but..." "But what?"

"But just as I was about to succeed, three powerful demons suddenly appeared. Two were at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and one... and one woman, whose cultivation was at least at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm. She killed my leader in one move, and I barely escaped with my life on the line." Yan

Wuji frowned.

Demons.

At least at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

These two words together made him feel a long-lost unease.

The demons' power in the Eighteenth Heaven had always been weak, suppressed by the Flame God Palace and the Bright Hall in the barren lands of the far north, unable to cause any significant trouble.

But recently, the demons' activities had become more and more frequent.

First, someone discovered traces of demons on the edge of the Fallen God Wasteland, and now someone encountered high-level demon cultivators on the outskirts of the Azure Cloud Mountains.

This didn't seem like a coincidence.

"What were the woman's characteristics?" Yan Wuji asked.

The cultivator pondered for a moment, "She wore a dark red dress, her face was beautiful, and there was a very complex dark red pattern on her forehead, which should be the mark of the Flame Demon lineage. Her supreme fire... the holy light of my subordinates is utterly powerless before her, unable even to get close to her."

A dark red dress, complex patterns, cultivation level of at least the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Yan Wuji searched his memory for powerful demons, but none matched this description.

He knew all the Golden Immortal cultivators of the Flame Demon lineage, but in the Heavenly Realm, the demons were always suppressed by the gods.

Where the gods were, the demons couldn't cause any trouble.

But now, a new face had appeared in the Eighteenth Heaven, a new female demon.

"Interesting," Yan Wuji said softly, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes, "What are the demons up to?"

He turned around, sat back on his throne, and the flames engulfed him once more.

"Pass down the order."

His voice, cold and authoritative, emanated from the flames. "Dispatch the first and second teams of the Flame Dragon Guard to seal off all passages north of the Azure Cloud Mountains.

The first team is responsible for searching for David's whereabouts. If you find him, kill him without mercy. Do not capture him alive, just kill him.

The second team is responsible for investigating that demon woman, finding out her identity, origin, and purpose. I want results within three days."

"Yes!"

The people in the hall acknowledged the order and withdrew.

Yan Wuji sat alone on the throne, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest, producing a dull thud.

David, the demon woman, the Fallen God Wasteland, the Azure Cloud Mountains, the Northern Netherworld Abyss...

These words swirled in his mind, like scattered chess pieces, their pattern yet to be found.

But he had a hunch that these pieces would connect to form a line.

And the end of that line would definitely not be a good thing for him.

"Whatever you want to do," Yan Wuji muttered to himself, his crimson-gold eyes flashing coldly in the flames, "on my territory, you have to follow my rules. Whoever breaks the rules will die."

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Qingyun Cave Heaven, Enlightenment Cliff.

Master Yuxu still sat cross-legged on the bluestone, his white hair and beard fluttering gently in the night breeze.

Before him floated a bronze Bagua mirror, Yun Yi's face reflected on its surface.

"Master Uncle,"

Yun Yi's voice came from the mirror, calm and clear, "This disciple has recorded the details of the battle in the Fallen God Wasteland in a jade slip and sent it back to the cave heaven via the teleportation array. Furthermore, a conflict occurred today on the outskirts of the Qingyun Mountains, where the gods and demons fought over a Lava Lion King."

"And the result?" Master Yuxu's voice remained calm.

"More than ten gods died, and the demons also suffered heavy casualties. But in the end, three powerful demons appeared, one of whom, a woman, possessed a cultivation level of at least the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. She killed the god leader with a single move. The demons left with the Lava Lion King's corpse."

Master Yuxu's brow twitched slightly.

A demon woman of at least the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

This information interested him more than David's battle.

"What were the woman's distinguishing features?"

"A dark red dress, a mark of the Flame Demon lineage on her forehead, her cultivation... I can't quite discern it, but at least at the peak of the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, possibly higher."

Yun Yi paused. "There's something else, Master Uncle might be more interested in."

"Speak."

"Before leaving, the woman glanced at a pile of rubble outside the valley. I sensed two people hiding behind that pile of rubble. They were there from beginning to end, witnessing the entire conflict."

Master Yu Xu's eyes widened slightly for a moment, then returned to calm.

"Did the woman discover them?"

"Not sure. She looked for a long time, seemed to sense something, but didn't stop, turned and left."

Yun Yi said, "I dared not get too close, afraid of being discovered. But when she left, she headed north."

North.

The direction of the Northern Cold Abyss.

Master Yu Xu's fingers tapped lightly on his knees, lost in thought.

David was going to the Northern Cold Abyss, and so was the woman.

Coincidence?

Or arrangement?

If it was arrangement, whose arrangement?

The Demon Clan?

Or some other force?

"Yun Yi," Master Yu Xu spoke.

"This disciple is here."

"Stay close to David. Don't get too close, don't let him notice you. If he encounters danger, help him without revealing your identity. If he enters the Northern Abyss... you follow him in."

Yun Yi paused for a moment, "The Northern Abyss is an extremely cold forbidden area, and this disciple's cultivation..." "Your Taoist cultivation techniques can't withstand that extreme cold,"

Master Yuxu interrupted him. "But your Heavenly Wood Sword can. It's forged from peach wood struck by lightning ten thousand years ago. Peach wood is warm in nature and can resist all cold. With it, you won't freeze to death."

"Disciple understands."

"Furthermore,"

Master Yuxu paused, "if you encounter that demon woman, do not engage her in conflict. Her cultivation is above yours, and... her origins may be more complex than we imagine."

Yun Yi didn't ask any more questions, accepted the order, and ended the message.

The image in the Bagua Mirror dissipated, returning to an ordinary bronze mirror.

Master Yuxu placed the bronze mirror on his lap, looking up at the night sky above the Enlightenment Cliff.

The night sky of Qingyun Cave Heaven lacked the three blazing suns, only a deep darkness and countless stars.

Those stars twinkled in the night sky, like countless eyes watching over this land.

"The inheritor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the possessor of the power of chaos, an ally of the Ice God lineage, and now he has crossed paths with a woman from the Demon Clan."

Master Yuxu murmured to himself, his voice carrying an unusual solemnity. "Just how many secrets does this young man hold?"

No one could answer him.

The night wind blew across the Enlightenment Cliff, ruffling his white beard and hair, and his azure Daoist robe.

Below the cliff, the blessed land of Qingyun Cave slept in the night, the waterfall on the spiritual peak shimmered with silver light under the moonlight, and cranes rested quietly in the spiritual lake.

Everything was peaceful.

But Master Yuxu knew that the peace was only on the surface.

Undercurrents were surging, and a storm was brewing.

And that young man from the lower realm stood at the eye of the storm.

...

The next morning, David and Jiang Xuelan continued their journey.

A night's rest had restored David's spiritual power to its peak, the power of chaos surged through his meridians, and the barrier of the mid-stage eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm had become even more pronounced.

One more battle, or one more batch of resources, and he could break through to the late stage of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

The two continued northward along the dried-up riverbed. After about two hours, the riverbed gradually disappeared, replaced by a dense primeval forest.

This was the outer edge of the Qingyun Mountains.

The trees in the forest were tall and ancient, some probably over ten thousand years old, their trunks so thick that it would take more than a dozen people to encircle them.

The canopy blocked out most of the sun's rays, with only sparse light filtering through the gaps in the leaves, creating dappled shadows on the ground.

The air was filled with the damp scent of earth and decaying leaves, and the occasional bird call came from deep within the canopy, making it exceptionally quiet.

David's divine sense covered an area of fifty miles in radius, and he walked very carefully with every step.

There were far more demonic beasts in this forest than outside. His divine sense had already sensed the presence of at least a dozen demonic beasts, some sleeping, some foraging, and some fighting each other.

However, the cultivation levels of those demonic beasts were not high; the strongest was only around the fifth rank of True Immortal, posing no threat to him.

The two walked for about another hour, the forest becoming increasingly dense, the fallen leaves on the ground growing thicker, feeling like walking on cotton wool.

Just as David was about to take out the map jade slip to confirm their direction, he suddenly stopped.

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David suddenly stopped, and Jiang Xuelan almost bumped into his back.

"What's wrong?" she asked softly.

David didn't answer immediately, but closed his eyes, spreading his divine sense in all directions.

After about ten breaths, he opened his eyes, a complex emotion flashing in his purple eyes.

"There's the aura of demonic cultivators," he said, "about twenty miles ahead, not just one, at least a dozen."

Jiang Xuelan's hand rested on her sword hilt. "Is it the group from yesterday?"

"No."

David shook his head, his voice low. "That group has already left with the Lava Lion King's corpse. This group... just entered this area, and their direction of travel is the same as ours."

He paused, his purple eyes narrowing slightly. "One of them has an aura... that of Su Yuqi."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment.

She could understand why David had become so agitated. In

that fleeting glimpse in the valley yesterday, he seemed completely different; she had clearly seen the impulse of emotions that had been suppressed for so long erupting in an instant.

And now, that aura was only twenty miles ahead.

"Shall we go take a look?" Jiang Xuelan asked tentatively.

David stood still, silent for a long time.

His hand gripped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly, then loosened, then gripped again.

Finally, he took a deep breath and shook his head.

"No."

His voice returned to calm, but that calmness was the result of deliberate suppression, like an undercurrent beneath ice, calm on the surface, yet turbulent deep within. "Continue along the original route to the Northern Abyss."

"But..."

"She has amnesia; she won't recognize me if she sees me."

David interrupted Jiang Xuelan. "If she's here now, it means they're also going to the Northern Abyss. Since they share the same destination, they'll meet again."

He turned and continued walking north, his pace much faster than before.

Jiang Xuelan watched his back, a barely perceptible smile curving her lips, and then followed.

She noticed that although David said he "wouldn't go," his pace had noticeably quickened.

This was probably what they called "saying one thing but meaning another."

The two quickened their pace, traversing the dense forest.

David's divine sense remained locked onto the familiar aura ahead, an aura that fluctuated in strength, seemingly deliberately released yet unable to be contained.

The distance was gradually closing.

Twenty li, fifteen li, ten li...

When the distance closed to ten li, David's pace slowed again.

He sensed something more.

There were sixteen demon cultivators in total. Besides Su Yuqi, there were two Golden Immortals, two at the third rank, and one at the second rank.

The remaining thirteen were all at the ninth rank of True Immortal.

These were not scattered individuals, but a well-trained group.

There was a peculiar resonance between their auras, an aura formed only through long-term cultivation and combat together.

What concerned David even more was that these demon cultivators were traveling in the same direction as him, heading directly north, towards the Northern Abyss.

They were also heading north. Moreover, they didn't seem to be in a hurry, moving at a moderate pace, always maintaining a distance of about ten miles from David.

Not too far, not too close, just at the edge of his divine sense's perception.

This made David somewhat uneasy.

What were the demons doing?

Had Su Yuqi discovered his tracks and was deliberately waiting for him?

Or were they already heading to the Northern Cold Abyss, and just happened to be traveling the same route?

Or perhaps... they were tracking him?

David couldn't figure it out, so he simply stopped thinking about it.

In any case, he and Su Yuqi would eventually meet in the Northern Cold Abyss.

Then, everything would be answered.

The two walked through the dense forest for about two more hours. The terrain gradually rose, the trees began to thin out, and a chill filled the air.

David stopped, took out a map jade slip to confirm their direction.

According to the map, they had already crossed the outer edge of the Azure Cloud Mountains; about a day's journey further, they would enter the Northern Cold Abyss.

"Almost there," David said, putting away the jade slip and looking north.

The horizon ahead was no longer the outline of continuous mountains, but a hazy gray mist, within which a faint, icy blue light could be seen flowing, like the aurora borealis frozen for millennia.

The halo appeared clearer and more eerie in the daytime than at night.

It wasn't static, but slowly flowing, like an icy blue river suspended in the sky, flowing silently.

But David could sense that the power contained within that halo was terrifying.

It wasn't the aurora, but a solidified entity of frigid air frozen for hundreds of thousands of years.

Any cultivator below the Golden Immortal realm who came within a hundred miles of that icy blue halo would be frozen into an ice sculpture.

"The Northern Abyss of Cold Water," Jiang Xuelan said, standing beside him, gazing at the icy blue halo, her voice filled with undisguised awe, "We're almost there."

"Yes," David replied, withdrawing his gaze. "Keep going. Try to get as close to the edge of the Northern Abyss of Cold Water as possible before dark, and enter first thing tomorrow morning."

The two continued onward.

The demonic aura behind him remained close, never too close, always keeping a distance of about ten miles.

David noticed that among the demonic cultivators' auras, Su Yuqi's aura was becoming increasingly clear.

It wasn't because she was getting closer, but because she seemed to no longer deliberately conceal her aura.

The feeling was strange, as if she knew David was sensing her, so she deliberately released her aura for him to detect.

David's heartbeat quickened uncontrollably.

He took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the turmoil in his heart, and continued walking.

After another hour, the sky began to darken.

The gold and crimson of the three blazing suns had already sunk near the horizon, dyeing the western sky in gold and red.

The silvery-white moon had risen, its cool moonlight spilling onto the earth, reflecting the western sunset.

David found a relatively flat rocky plateau and decided to spend the night there.

The plateau was small, only a dozen or so feet in circumference, surrounded by a sparse pine forest, the tree trunks covered with gray moss, and the air filled with the fragrance of pine resin.

Looking north from here, the icy blue halo was much clearer, and one could even see faint ice crystals shimmering within it, like countless diamonds suspended in the sky.

Jiang Xuelan set up several warning formations around the plateau, took out some spiritual fruits from her storage bag, and handed them to David.

David took them but didn't eat them.

He sat cross-legged on the edge of the plateau, his gaze fixed on the icy blue halo to the north, his purple eyes reflecting a flowing icy blue light.

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"Still following us?" Jiang Xuelan walked to his side and asked softly.

David nodded. "Ten miles, no more, no less."

"What do you plan to do?"

David was silent for a moment. "We'll enter the Northern Abyss tomorrow. If they continue to follow, it means their target is also the Northern Abyss. We'll see how things go then."

Jiang Xuelan didn't ask any more questions.

She sat down beside David and also looked towards the icy blue halo to the north.

The night wind blew from the north, carrying a biting chill.

That was the cold air emanating from the Northern Abyss. Although it was still hundreds of miles away, the cold air had already reached this place, indicating that the coldness of the Northern Abyss far exceeded what was marked on the map.

Jiang Xuelan shivered.

She was a descendant of the Ice God lineage and cultivated ice-attribute techniques. Ordinary cold was nothing to her.

But the cold air emanating from the Northern Abyss made her feel cold.

This meant that the temperature in the core area of the Northern Abyss was extremely low.

She turned to look at David, but found that David was expressionless, seemingly completely oblivious to the cold.

Chaotic power circulated around David, forming an invisible shield that kept out all the cold air.

Chaos was the origin of all things, encompassing and restraining everything.

This bit of cold air was nothing to him.

Jiang Xuelan withdrew her gaze, took out a white fur cloak from her storage bag and put it on, then took out an ice-blue pill and swallowed it, which slightly relieved the chill in her body.

"You said," she suddenly spoke, her voice very soft, "that there are really still members of the Ice God lineage in the Northern Abyss?"

David did not answer immediately.

He closed his eyes, his divine sense probing into his sea of consciousness, trying to awaken the Northern Abyss.

But the remnant soul of the Northern Abyss was as silent as if it were dead, without any response.

"Senior Beiming said he sensed a trace of the Ice God lineage's bloodline aura."

David opened his eyes, his voice somewhat low, "but he was not sure whether it was a living member of the lineage, a remnant soul, or something sealed within."

"So... maybe there's nothing at all?" A hint of disappointment appeared in Jiang Xuelan's voice.

"It could be anything."

David turned to look at her, his purple eyes shimmering softly in the moonlight. "Whatever it may be, we have to go see. You've come all this way with me, haven't you? You wanted to find your people and revive the Ice God lineage, didn't you?"

Jiang Xuelan remained silent for a long time, then nodded.

"Sleep." David stood up. "We still have to travel tomorrow."

He walked to the edge of the plateau, leaned against a pine tree, sat down, placed the Dragon Slayer Sword across his lap, closed his eyes, and slowly circulated the Mind Concentration Technique.

The power of chaos surged through his meridians, gradually dispelling the fatigue of the day.

His divine sense still maintained its maximum coverage, everything within a fifty-mile radius was within his perception.

The auras of those demon cultivators were still there, having stopped in a valley ten miles away, presumably to spend the night.

Su Yuqi's aura was at the very center of that group of demon cultivators, clear and stable, like a dark red flame burning in the darkness.

David sensed that flame, his heart surging with indescribable emotions.

She was just ten miles away.

Ten miles. For a Golden Immortal cultivator, this distance was nothing more than a blink of an eye.

But he couldn't go to her.

Not because he didn't want to, but because he couldn't.

He didn't know her current identity, who the demon cultivators around her were, or what her purpose was in appearing near the Northern Cold Abyss.

A hasty recognition might bring trouble to her, and it might bring trouble to himself.

The best way was to wait.

Wait until he reached the Northern Cold Abyss, wait for the opportune moment, wait for everything to become clear.

David took a deep breath, suppressing his chaotic thoughts, and fully activated the Mind Concentration Technique. Chaotic power surged through his meridians, launching an attack towards the late stage of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

The night passed uneventfully.

The next morning, David opened his eyes from meditation, a glint of light flashing in his purple pupils.

Although the night's cultivation hadn't allowed him to break through to the late stage of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, the chaotic power in his meridians was more condensed than before, and his total spiritual power had increased considerably. He

was only a thin veil away from breaking through.

He stood up, stretched his limbs, and his bones crackled slightly.

Jiang Xuelan had finished preparing and stood on the edge of the plateau, gazing north.

Her attire was different from yesterday; she wore a long, ice-white dress embroidered with ice-blue snowflake patterns on the hem, and her long hair was tied up with an ice-blue hairpin, making her look like a snow lotus blooming in the icy landscape.

"This outfit..." David was somewhat surprised.

"The clan robes of the Ice God lineage,"

Jiang Xuelan said softly. "If there are indeed members of the Ice God lineage in the Northern Abyss, I wish to meet them as a descendant of the Ice God."

David nodded, saying nothing more.

The two continued their journey.

Heading north from the plateau, the terrain became increasingly steep, the pine forests gradually disappearing, replaced by vast stretches of bare rocks and pebble beaches.

The temperature dropped lower and lower, and the moisture in the air condensed into tiny ice crystals, shimmering with iridescent light in the sunlight.

Frost began to appear on the ground, initially a thin layer, but thickening as they went north, eventually crunching underfoot like snow.

David noticed that the auras of the demon cultivators were still following, remaining about ten miles away.

However, their speed had noticeably slowed, not because they didn't want to move faster, but because they were also dealing with the chill emanating from the Northern Abyss.

While the demons' supreme fire could resist the cold, the chill of the Northern Abyss was not ordinary cold, but the extreme cold power inherited from the

Ice God lineage for hundreds of thousands of years, naturally restraining fire attributes.

The True Immortal realm demon cultivators were already struggling, their speed significantly slower than yesterday.

But Su Yuqi and the three Golden Immortal realm demon cultivators remained relaxed; their cultivation was high enough that the chill had negligible effect on them.

"They're still following," Jiang Xuelan whispered.

"Yes," David's gaze turned north, "Ignore them, let's go our own way."

The two quickened their pace, heading towards the Northern Abyss.

After walking for about two more hours, the sight before them made David and Jiang Xuelan stop simultaneously.

They had arrived at the Northern Abyss.

Standing at the edge of the Northern Abyss, David finally understood why the map described this place as an "extremely cold forbidden land."

Before them stretched an endless expanse of ice, its surface a deep, icy blue, like a giant sapphire laid across the earth.

The ice was riddled with cracks and folds, each crack several meters deep, each fold a mark of immense pressure, recording the history of glacial movement over hundreds of thousands of years.