

A Man Like None Other

Novel Chapter 6561

Chapter 6561

A thick layer of icy mist shrouded the ice plain, flowing slowly in mid-air and refracting the rays of the three blazing suns into countless colorful beams, casting dappled light and shadow on the ice surface.

These beams danced and swirled on the ice, seemingly alive, or perhaps some ancient formation at work.

David's divine sense probed into the mist, but upon contact, it was immediately repelled by an extremely powerful force of ice.

This force wasn't offensive; it was pure, primal, and devoid of any will.

It wasn't directed at anyone; it simply existed there, unchanging through the ages.

Anything that entered the mist's range, whether living or inanimate, would be eroded, frozen, and assimilated by this cold force, ultimately becoming part of the ice plain.

"The temperature here..."

Jiang Xuelan gasped, "is much lower than I imagined. I've cultivated in the Ice God Palace's icy chambers; the temperature there is already extreme, but compared to this, it's like the difference between a hot spring and an ice cellar."

"Can you withstand it?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded. "The Ice God lineage's techniques have a natural affinity for cold. Although the cold here is strong, it won't harm me. On the contrary, it will accelerate my cultivation speed."

She paused, then turned to look at David. "But you, while your chaotic power can isolate the cold, its intensity will increase exponentially once you enter the core area. How long can you hold out?"

David didn't speak, but instead stretched out his hand, condensing a ball of purple chaotic fire in his palm.

The flame burned in his palm, dispelling the surrounding cold and forming a cold-free area several feet in radius.

"Chaotic power restrains all elements," David said, "including ice."

Jiang Xuelan looked at the purple flame in his palm and remained silent for a moment.

Chaotic power does indeed restrain all elements, but there's a prerequisite: the user's cultivation level must be high enough, and the chaotic power must be sufficiently refined.

If the intensity of the cold exceeds the chaotic power's tolerance, restraint will turn into being restrained.

But she didn't say it aloud.

She trusted David.

"Let's go." David extinguished the Chaos Fire and stepped onto the icy plain first.

The moment he stepped onto the plain, a bone-chilling coldness surged from his feet.

That coldness penetrated through his shoes, his skin, his muscles, and directly into the depths of his bones.

The power of chaos automatically circulated, forming a purple protective shield in his meridians, repelling the cold.

Jiang Xuelan also stepped onto the icy plain, but her reaction was completely different from David's.

The cold air on the icy plain was not a threat to her, but nourishment.

She could clearly sense that every wisp of cold air on the icy plain contained the aura of the Ice God lineage, left behind by powerful members of the Ice God lineage hundreds of thousands of years ago, and had become one with this icy plain.

Her Ice God bloodline boiled within her, as if responding to this call from ancient times.

David sensed the changes in Jiang Xuelan's bloodline, and a trace of relief flashed in his eyes.

At least, Jiang Xuelan's decision to come to the Northern Netherworld Abyss was the right one.

The frigid air here could nourish her bloodline and cultivation. Perhaps if she stayed in the Northern Abyss for a while, her cultivation could break through to the Golden Immortal realm.

The two walked on the icy plain at a moderate pace.

The ice was slippery, and every step had to be taken carefully, lest they fall.

David noticed that the auras of the demonic cultivators were also beginning to enter the icy plain.

However, their speed had noticeably slowed down. Those True Immortal realm cultivators were almost at their limit; the auras of two of them began to fluctuate shortly after entering the icy plain, as the frigid air eroded their ultimate fire shields.

Su Yuqi's aura remained stable, but David could sense a trace of strain emanating from her aura.

Her ultimate fire could resist the cold, but the cold of the Northern Abyss was too intense, greatly consuming her energy.

David withdrew his divine sense and continued forward.

After walking for about another hour, the ice fog on the ice plain grew thicker, reducing visibility to only a few dozen feet.

David's divine sense was also affected; the icy power within the fog constantly eroded his senses, shrinking its coverage from fifty miles to less than ten miles.

"Something's not right here," Jiang Xuelan suddenly said.

David stopped and turned to look at her. "What's wrong?"

"I sensed something..."

Jiang Xuelan closed her eyes, her Ice God bloodline operating at full power, sensing the aura deep within the ice plain. "There's a very strong aura of the Ice God lineage ahead, very strong... much stronger than I expected."

She opened her eyes, a hint of excitement flashing within them. "That's not the aura of ordinary clansmen, it's... it's the aura of a supreme treasure of the Ice God lineage."

David raised an eyebrow. "A supreme treasure?"

Just then, an aged and weak voice suddenly echoed in his mind.

"The Northern Abyss... we've finally arrived..."

It was the Northern Abyss.

David's heart leaped with joy. "Senior, you're awake?"

"I sensed it..."

The Northern Abyss's voice was broken, as if he were speaking with his last breath. "The supreme treasure of the Ice God lineage... the Heart of the Abyss... lies deep within this icy plain..."

"The Heart of the Abyss?" David asked. "What is that?" "

The supreme treasure of the Ice God lineage... I forged it with my own blood essence... it contains the purest power of the Ice God lineage's laws of ice..."

The Northern Abyss's voice carried an undisguised excitement. "If... if I could obtain it... my remnant soul could use its power to reshape my physical body... the Ice God lineage... could rise again..."

Reshape his physical body!

David's heart trembled.

The Northern Abyss's remnant soul had been dormant in his sea of consciousness. Although it usually had little presence, it had repeatedly come to his aid at crucial moments.

If he could allow the Northern Abyss to reshape his physical body, it would not only be a great favor to the Ice God lineage, but also a great favor to David himself.

If an ancestor of the Ice God lineage who had lived for countless millennia could regain his physical body, he would become one of his most powerful allies in all the realms.

"Don't worry, Senior," David responded in his mind's eye, "I will definitely find the Heart of the Frost Abyss and help you rebuild your body."

"Be careful..."

Bei Mingyuan's voice grew weaker and weaker, "The Heart of the Frost Abyss is the supreme treasure of the Ice God lineage... Countless forces are coveting it... Here... it's not just you..."

Before he finished speaking, Bei Mingyuan's aura subsided again.

David opened his eyes, a trace of solemnity flashing in his purple pupils.

Not just them.

Bei Mingyuan's words confirmed his guess.

Those demon cultivators following them into the Northern Frost Abyss was not accidental; they were after the Heart of the Frost Abyss.

"What did Senior Bei Mingyuan say?" Jiang Xuelan asked anxiously.

David repeated Bei Mingyuan's words.

After listening, a complex emotion flashed in Jiang Xuelan's eyes.

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The Heart of the Frost Abyss, a supreme treasure forged by the Ice God Ancestor with his own blood essence, contains the purest power of the laws of ice.

If Bei Mingyuan could obtain it, he could reshape his physical body, and the Ice God lineage could rise again.

This was her purpose in coming to the Frost Abyss of Bei Mingyuan, and also the hope of the Ice God lineage for tens of thousands of years.

But at the same time, the Demon Clan also coveted this treasure.

And, it might not be just the Demon Clan.

"We must find the Heart of the Frost Abyss before the Demon Clan." Jiang Xuelan's voice carried an unprecedented determination.

"Yes."

David nodded, his gaze fixed on the depths of the icy plain. "Senior Bei Mingyuan said that the Heart of the Frost Abyss is deep within this icy plain. He didn't know the exact location, but he said there was a secret passage here, built by the Ice God lineage, leading to the core area where the treasure was stored. The entrance to the secret passage... according to his memory, should be under an ice peak." "

An ice peak?" Jiang Xuelan looked around; the icy plain stretched as far as the eye could see, without any ice peaks in sight.

"Keep going." David turned and walked deeper into the icy plain. "Senior Bei Ming said that the ice peak is in the central area of the icy plain, at least a hundred miles from here."

A hundred miles.

On ordinary land, a hundred miles would be the distance of an incense stick burning for David.

But on the icy plain of the Bei Ming Cold Abyss, every step felt like walking through mud. The slippery ice, the corrosive cold, and the obstruction of the icy mist greatly reduced their speed.

A hundred miles would take at least two hours.

David quickened his pace, with Jiang Xuelan close behind.

The aura of the demon cultivators continued to follow behind, but their speed had slowed down. The burden on those True Immortal Realm cultivators was becoming increasingly heavy, and the auras of several of them were beginning to become unstable.

David stopped paying attention to them and focused all his energy on getting there.

Two hours later, a huge ice peak appeared ahead of the icy plain.

The ice peak was hundreds of feet high, entirely ice-blue, and its summit was hidden in the icy mist, its top invisible.

The surface of the ice peak was covered with icicles and pillars, like countless sharp swords piercing the mountain, gleaming coldly in the icy mist.

Below the ice peak lay a massive fissure, about three zhang wide and bottomless. The chilling air emanating from the fissure was several times more intense than on the ice plains. The ice at the fissure's edge was a deep, almost blackish blue, a color that only appeared after hundreds of thousands of years of erosion by extreme cold.

"This is it,"

David said, standing before the ice peak, his gaze fixed on the fissure. "The entrance to the secret passage is below this fissure."

Jiang Xuelan walked to the edge of the fissure and looked down.

The fissure was bottomless; only a layer of icy blue light could be seen shimmering below, as if something was glowing deep within.

She sensed it; the aura of the Ice God lineage's treasure emanated from the depths of the fissure.

"I'm going down," Jiang Xuelan said, about to jump into the fissure.

David grabbed her. "Wait."

He took out a rope from his storage bag. The rope was woven from golden silkworm silk, incredibly strong, capable of withstanding tens of thousands of kilograms of pulling force.

He tied one end of the rope to a thick icicle at the edge of the crevice, and the other end to Jiang Xuelan's waist.

"I'll go down first, you wait up here. If anything unusual happens, pull the rope up immediately."

Jiang Xuelan opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but seeing David's unwavering gaze, she finally nodded.

David grabbed the rope and leaped into the crevice.

The cold air inside was several times more intense than outside; even David's chaotic power began to feel strained

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Purple chaotic fire burned around him, dispelling the chill, but David could feel that the chaotic power was being consumed more than twice as fast as outside.

He descended rapidly, the icy blue light growing brighter and brighter, illuminating the ice walls on either side of the crevice.

The ice walls were covered with ancient ice god runes, which flickered in the icy blue light, as if they were still alive.

David's divine sense swept over the runes, sensing the power of laws within them.

These were the inheritance runes of the Ice God lineage, each rune containing a piece of the Ice God lineage's history, recording the achievements and glory of the Ice God's ancestor.

The rope wasn't long enough, and when he reached a depth of about two hundred zhang, David's feet finally touched solid ground.

At the bottom of the crevice was a passage paved with ice crystals, about two zhang high and one zhang wide, its walls also made of icy blue ice crystals, emitting a soft light.

At the end of the passage stood a massive ice gate, inscribed with the mark of the Ice God lineage:

a six-petaled snowflake, each petal bearing an ancient Ice God rune.

David stood before the ice gate, placing his hand on it.

Chaotic power surged from his palm, its purple light colliding with the ice gate's icy blue light, producing a buzzing sound.

The ice gate remained unmoved.

David frowned, increasing the output of his chaotic power.

Purple chaotic fire burned in his palm, attempting to devour the icy power on the ice gate.

However, the icy power on the ice gate was extremely powerful, not ordinary icy power, but the primordial icy power condensed from the Ice God Ancestor's own blood essence, its level exceeding even David's comprehension.

While chaotic power could restrain icy power, when the level of icy power far surpassed the level of condensation of chaotic power, the restraint would fail.

David withdrew his hand, and the icy blue light on the ice gate stabilized once more, as if it had never been disturbed.

He turned and looked up at the exit above the crack.

Jiang Xuelan's figure was like a tiny black dot at the exit.

"Xuelan!" David called out, his voice echoing through the crack.

"What's wrong?" Jiang Xuelan's voice came from above.

"The ice door won't open! Can you come down?"

After a moment, Jiang Xuelan grabbed the rope and slowly descended.

She landed at the bottom of the crack and saw the ice door in front of David, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes.

"The seal of the Ice God Ancestor." She walked to the ice door, placed her hand on it, closed her eyes, and activated her Ice God bloodline at full power.

Ice-blue light surged from her palm, resonating with the ice-blue light on the ice door.

The six-petaled snowflake runes on the ice door began to rotate, each petal slowly turning, making a clicking sound, as if some ancient mechanism had been activated.

Jiang Xuelan opened her eyes, a hint of joy flashing within them. "The Ice God's bloodline is the key to opening this door."

She continued to channel icy blue spiritual energy into her palm, causing the runes on the ice door to spin faster and faster, the six-petaled snowflakes growing brighter, and the entire ice door trembled.

Boom—

the ice door slowly opened inward, and an even more intense chill surged out from behind it, enveloping David and Jiang Xuelan simultaneously.

David's Chaos Fire surged upward, forcing back the chill.

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath, inhaling the surging chill into her body; the color drained from her face instantly, but a gleam of wild joy flashed in her eyes.

This chill was nourishment for her cultivation. Behind the ice gate was a deeper passage, at the end of which the outline of an ice crystal palace could be vaguely seen.

"Let's go." David stepped into the passage first, followed closely by Jiang Xuelan.

They had barely walked ten paces when a series of hurried footsteps sounded behind them.

David turned sharply, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

At the entrance of the passage, more than a dozen figures filed in, their bodies engulfed in dark red flames, illuminating the icy blue passage in a crimson glow.

Leading them was a dark red figure, tall and slender, with long, ink-black hair, an exquisitely beautiful face, and a complex dark red marking on her forehead.

Su Yuqi.

David's heart pounded, his purple eyes reflecting that familiar figure.

His hand involuntarily tightened on the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, wanting to rush forward, wanting to call out her name.

But his foot had barely taken a step when he was nailed to the spot by an invisible force.

It wasn't Jiang Xuelan holding him back, but Su Yuqi's gaze.

Those dark red eyes looked at him, devoid of any emotion, as if looking at a stranger.

No, colder than a stranger.

Like a high and mighty saint looking at an insignificant ant.

"Su..." David opened his mouth, his voice slightly hoarse.

Su Yuqi's brows furrowed slightly, as if trying to recognize him.

Her gaze lingered on David's face for a moment, then on the Dragon-Slaying Sword at his waist, before she looked away.

"It's you?" Her voice was soft, tinged with uncertainty, "David?"

She didn't finish her sentence, but David understood.

She remembered him.

But only "remembered."

It was from their first meeting in the Fourteenth Heaven.

She didn't remember anything before.

Or rather, she had never experienced those things.

The Su Yuqi who appeared before David was not the one who came to the Celestial Realm with him, the one who had faced life and death with him.

She was a Su Yuqi with amnesia, a Su Yuqi whose memories had been reshaped after being taken away by the Demon Clan, a Su Yuqi who no longer remembered any of their past.

David stood motionless.

Something shattered in his purple eyes.

"You've also come to retrieve the Heart of the Cold Abyss?" Su Yuqi spoke, her voice as calm as if she were asking about the weather.

David took a deep breath, suppressing his surging emotions. "Yes."

"You can't open that door."

Su Yuqi's gaze passed over David, landing on the already opened ice door behind him. A glint of light flashed in her dark red eyes. "Ice God bloodline...you are a descendant of the Ice God's lineage?"

The last sentence was directed at Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside David, her ice-white dress standing out starkly against the ice-blue light.

Her eyes held no fear, only vigilance.

"Yes," Jiang Xuelan's reply was brief.

Su Yuqi nodded, as if confirming something.

"I don't want to fight you,"

she said calmly. "The Heart of the Frost Abyss is very important to our Flame Demon lineage. I need it to activate an ancient artifact. You're here for the inheritance of the Ice God lineage, too.

But I sense that behind that door lies not only the Heart of the Frost Abyss, but also other things from the Ice God lineage. The Heart of the Frost Abyss is mine, and the rest are yours. What do you say?"

David remained silent.

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He knew how important the Heart of the Frost Abyss was to Bei Mingyuan.

It was the supreme treasure inherited by the Ice God lineage, Bei Mingyuan's only hope for rebuilding his physical body.

He couldn't possibly give the Heart of the Frost Abyss to anyone, not even Su Yuqi.

But Su Yuqi had lost her memory; she didn't remember him, didn't remember anything between them.

In her eyes, he was just a stranger, an obstacle between her and the treasure.

"The Heart of the Frost Abyss is very important to me,"

David's voice was low but firm, "I can't give it to you."

Su Yuqi's brows furrowed even more, a hint of impatience flashing in her dark red eyes.

"Then you should leave."

Her voice held a chill, "I don't want to fight here, but if you insist on taking it, I don't mind showing you what the difference in strength is." As soon as

she finished speaking, the demon cultivators behind her stepped forward simultaneously, dark red flames surging from their bodies, illuminating the entire passage in a crimson glow.

Two Golden Immortal Realm Rank 3 cultivators stood behind Su Yuqi, one wielding a dark red battle blade, the other a chain burning with intense fire, their bodies radiating a violent killing intent.

David's hand rested on the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, chaotic fire burning in his palm, the purple light clashing with the dark red flames in the passage.

Jiang Xuelan also drew her silver-white longsword, its blade shimmering with an icy blue light.

The atmosphere instantly became tense.

Su Yuqi looked at David, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes.

She didn't know why she had glanced at this True Immortal Realm Rank 8 youth.

Perhaps it was the light in his eyes, a light she had never seen in anyone's eyes before.

That light wasn't fear, nor anger, but something... indescribable.

Like sadness, yet also like longing.

Like looking at someone long lost.

"Do you know me?" Su Yuqi suddenly asked again.

She had asked David this question back in the Fourteenth Heaven.

David's hand trembled slightly.

He wanted to say "I know you," he wanted to say "You're a very important person to me," he wanted to say "Don't you remember? We've walked so many roads together."

But the words that came out were just one: "Yes."

A flicker of emotion crossed Su Yuqi's eyes, but it was quickly replaced by calm.

"I have amnesia. I don't remember most of what happened in the past. You know the past me, not the present me. The past me..."

She paused, a self-deprecating smile curving her lips, "...is probably dead."

David's heart felt like it had been gripped tightly by an invisible hand.

The past me is dead.

These words were like a knife, piercing his chest.

He wanted to argue, to say, "You're not dead, you're still alive, you're standing right in front of me," but he knew it was useless.

The amnesiac Su Yuqi wouldn't believe him; she would only see him as a stranger trying to get close.

He took a deep breath, swallowing back the words that rose to his throat.

"The Heart of the Cold Abyss..." he began, his voice hoarse, "I really can't let it."

A flicker of disappointment crossed Su Yuqi's eyes, but it was quickly replaced by coldness.

"Then there's nothing more to say."

She raised her hand, a ball of dark red supreme fire condensing in her palm. The fire was so hot that it began to melt the ice crystals on both sides of the passage, water droplets sliding down the ice walls with a dripping sound.

David drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple sword energy condensing on its blade. Chaos Fire and supreme fire clashed, the two completely different flame powers colliding in the passage, producing crackling and popping sounds.

Just as the two were about to fight, a series of hurried footsteps suddenly came from the entrance of the passage, accompanied by a golden light. "Halt!"

A majestic voice echoed from the entrance.

All eyes turned to the entrance simultaneously.

A dozen figures filed in through the passage.

They wore white robes embroidered with golden sun symbols, each ablaze with golden holy flames, illuminating the icy blue passage with dazzling light.

Leading them was a middle-aged man with a handsome face, a long beard, a golden robe, and a crown of light. He held a golden scepter, topped with a fist-sized stone of light that emitted blinding holy light.

His cultivation was at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Behind him followed a dozen or so people, the lowest being at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, including two at the third rank and three at the second rank.

People from the Hall of Light.

David's heart sank.

Su Yuqi was already difficult enough to deal with; now, people from the Hall of Light had arrived.

And led by a fourth-rank Golden Immortal, their force far superior to the team sent by the Flame God Palace.

The treasure within the Northern Abyss had indeed attracted more than one force.

"I wondered who it was, but it's just the Holy Maiden of the Flame Demon lineage."

The middle-aged man's gaze fell on Su Yuqi, a contemptuous smile curving his lips. "You think you can come to the Northern Abyss to steal treasures with a bunch of shrimp soldiers and crab generals? Are all demons so overconfident?"

Su Yuqi frowned, a hint of killing intent flashing in her dark red eyes. "When did the people of the Hall of Light learn to sneak around and follow others?"

"Sneak around?"

The middle-aged man laughed, his smile icy. "The Northern Abyss has always been within the Hall of Light's sphere of influence. When did it become your demon territory? I came here openly and aboveboard. It's you demon brats who trespassed into the Hall of Light's forbidden area; that's a capital offense."

As he spoke, his gaze swept over the crowd in the passage, lingering for a moment on David and Jiang Xuelan, a hint of contempt flashing in his eyes.

"A True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade and a True Immortal Realm Ninth Grade? And they're even accompanied by a remnant of the Ice God lineage?"

His smile grew even more contemptuous. "It seems these young people really don't know the meaning of death."

David didn't speak, but a cold glint flashed in his purple eyes.

He remembered this face.

A Golden Immortal Realm Fourth Grade was indeed considered a top expert in the Eighteenth Heaven.

But for David, a Golden Immortal Realm Fourth Grade was not invincible.

It was just that now was not the time to act.

There were too many people from the Hall of Light, more than a dozen of whom were above the Golden Immortal Realm. Adding Su Yuqi's demonic forces, it was a three-way battle. He and Jiang Xuelan were caught in the middle, and

their chances of survival were slim. The best strategy was to sit back and watch the tigers fight, let the Hall of Light and the demons fight first, and then seize the treasure when they were both exhausted.

But would Su Yuqi let him have his way?

The middle-aged man clearly didn't intend to waste any more words with Su Yuqi.

He raised the golden scepter in his hand, and the Light Stone at the top of the scepter burst out with dazzling holy light, illuminating the entire passage.

"I will give you ten breaths." His voice was cold and authoritative, "Take your people and get out of the Northern Abyss. Anyone still here in ten breaths will be killed without mercy."

Su Yuqi's face darkened.

The demon cultivators behind her instinctively took a step back, a flicker of fear in their eyes.

The hatred between the Hall of Light and the Flame Demon lineage was long-standing. The holy light of the Hall of Light had a natural restraining effect on the demons' supreme fire; at the same cultivation level, demon cultivators rarely defeated those of the Hall of Light.

Moreover, the Hall of Light's team included one fourth-grade Golden Immortal, two third-grade, three second-grade, and the rest were all Golden Immortals.

On the demon side, the strongest, Su Yuqi, was only at the peak of the third-grade Golden Immortal. Although there were two third-grade Golden Immortals, there was only one second-grade, and the rest were only ninth-grade True Immortals.

The difference in cultivation level, coupled with the elemental advantage, made the outcome of this battle, which hadn't even begun, a foregone conclusion.

But Su Yuqi did not retreat.

A stubborn flame burned in her dark red eyes, and the supreme fire in her palm burned ever brighter, evaporating the melting water droplets from the surrounding ice crystals into white steam.

"Ten breaths?"

Her voice was as cold as ice. "No need for ten breaths. I can tell you now, the Heart of the Cold Abyss is mine. You people of the Hall of Light, either get out or die."

The middle-aged man's smile froze.

A murderous intent flashed in his eyes, and he pointed his golden scepter forward sharply. "Seeking death!"

Before his words even finished, the dozen or so cultivators of the Hall of Light behind him attacked simultaneously, golden holy light transforming into blinding beams of light that blasted towards the demon cultivators.

Su Yuqi snorted coldly, and the supreme fire in her palm exploded violently, transforming into a dark red fire shield that blocked the incoming beams of light.

Boom!

The moment the beams of light collided with the fire shield, the entire passage trembled violently.

Large chunks of ice crystals broke off from the dome, shattering into dust upon impact with the ground. The icy blue fragments danced in the air, refracting golden holy light and crimson flames, illuminating the entire passage as a dreamlike realm of death.

Su Yuqi was thrown back several steps, her feet carving deep furrows into the ice beneath her.

Her hands split open, dark red blood dripping from her fingertips onto the ice with a hissing sound. The flames within her blood melted small, smoking pits in the ice.

But she did not yield.

Her crimson eyes were fixed on the middle-aged man before her. The flames in her palms reformed, burning even more intensely than before. Within the crimson flames, faint dark red patterns of light could be seen flowing—a sign that appeared only when the Flame Demon bloodline was activated to its extreme.

"Interesting."

The middle-aged man looked at the re-condensed supreme fire in Su Yuqi's palm, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes. "A peak third-grade Golden Immortal, able to withstand my holy light impact without falling... the Holy Maiden of the Flame Demon lineage does indeed have some skill."

He paused, a cold smile curving his lips. "But only 'some skill'."

He raised the golden scepter again, the light stone at its tip erupting with an even more dazzling holy light than before.

This time, the holy light was no longer a scattered beam, but condensed into a fist-sized golden sphere at the top of the scepter. The surface of the sphere was covered with dense holy light runes, each rune radiating a terrifying aura capable of incinerating the heavens and destroying the earth.

"Holy Light – Judgment."

The middle-aged man murmured these four words, and the golden sphere flew out of his hand, trailing a long golden tail of flame as it hurtled towards Su Yuqi.

Wherever the sphere passed, the air was completely ignited. The ice crystals on both sides of the passage vaporized instantly upon contact with the sphere, without even melting, turning directly into white steam and dissipating into the air.

A deep trench, several feet deep, was plowed into the ice surface, and the ice at the edge of the trench was burned into glassy black crystals by the high temperature.

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Su Yuqi's expression turned solemn.

She could sense the power contained within the golden sphere of light. It wasn't an ordinary attack from a fourth-grade Golden Immortal cultivator; it was a killing move condensed from the core inherited laws of the Bright Palace, powerful enough to kill any third-grade Golden Immortal cultivator.

But she didn't dodge.

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

Behind her were her clansmen. Those True Immortal demon cultivators couldn't withstand the aftershocks of an attack of this level. If she dodged, the shockwave from the sphere hitting the passage would be enough to severely injure everyone, or even kill those demon cultivators with lower cultivation levels.

Su Yuqi took a deep breath, her Fiery Demon bloodline surging wildly. Dark red flames erupted from every pore of her body, condensing into a several-foot-thick armor of flames around her.

She crossed her hands in front of her, the flames in her palms condensing into a dark red fire sword, its blade covered in dense Fiery Demon runes. Each rune burned, roared, and yearned to incinerate everything before it.

"Flame Demon Slash!"

Su Yuqi shouted, her dark red fire sword slashing out fiercely, colliding head-on with the golden sphere of holy light.

Boom!

This explosion was several times more powerful than before.

The golden holy light and the dark red flames clashed violently at the point of impact, the two opposing fire powers mutually restraining and annihilating each other, releasing an unimaginable energy shockwave.

The shockwave spread in all directions, cracking the ice walls on both sides of the passage, and large chunks of ice crystals broke off from the dome, crashing to the ground and scattering ice shards everywhere.

A crater several meters wide was blasted into the ground, the ice layer at the bottom completely gone, revealing the dark rock beneath.

Su Yuqi's body was thrown backward by the shockwave, tumbling several times in the air before crashing heavily into the ice door at the end of the passage with a dull thud.

Dark red blood spilled from the corner of her mouth, dripping down her chin onto her ice-white dress, staining the hem dark red.

Her arms trembled, the gash between her thumb and forefinger deepened, and dark red blood dripped from her fingertips, pooling on the ground.

The intense fire in her palm dimmed considerably, and the deep red patterns within the flames became faint, a sign of depleted spiritual energy.

Yet, she did not collapse.

She slowly rose, leaning against the ice gate, wiping the blood from her lips. Her dark red eyes remained fixed on the middle-aged man before her, the stubbornness and killing intent in them undiminished.

"My lady!"

came the anxious cries of the demon cultivators behind her.

The demon cultivator at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm rushed to Su Yuqi's side, trying to help her, but she pushed him away.

"I'm fine,"

Su Yuqi's voice was hoarse, but her tone remained firm. "You all retreat, do not approach the battlefield."

"But my lady, you are injured..."

"I said retreat!"

Su Yuqi's voice suddenly turned cold, carrying an undeniable authority.

The demon cultivator gritted his teeth, but ultimately led the other demon cultivators to retreat to the corner of the passage, leaving the battlefield to Su Yuqi and the people of the Hall of Light.

The middle-aged man looked at Su Yuqi, his surprise turning into solemnity.

His move, "Holy Light Judgment," was enough to kill any Golden Immortal Realm Third Grade cultivator, and could even pose a threat to a Golden Immortal Realm Fourth Grade cultivator. But this witch, only at the peak of the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, actually withstood the attack head-on. Although injured, she didn't lose her fighting ability.

"I take back what I said earlier."

The middle-aged man's voice held a hint of approval. "You don't just 'have some tricks,' you 'have a lot of tricks.' Unfortunately..." He paused, his killing intent intensifying, "No matter how many tricks you have, you'll die here today."

The golden scepter was raised again, and the light stone at the top of the scepter once more condensed holy light.

This time, the condensation was faster, the holy light was more refined, the light sphere was smaller, but the power it contained was even more terrifying.

Su Yuqi gritted her teeth, her Flame Demon bloodline surging wildly, squeezing out the last bit of spiritual power, condensing it into a fist-sized ball of dark red flame in her palm.

She knew she couldn't hold on much longer.

Her spiritual power was exhausted, her essence blood was more than half depleted, and the injuries to her arms made every movement accompanied by intense pain.

But she couldn't retreat.

The Heart of the Cold Abyss was behind the ice gate, the last hope of the Flame Demon lineage.

She took a deep breath, compressing the intense fire in her palm to its maximum, preparing to meet the middle-aged man's next attack.

Just then, a scream came from the other side of the battlefield.

Su Yuqi's heart sank. She turned her head sharply and saw a scene that made her eyes widen in horror.

The three Golden Immortal level demon cultivators were fighting fiercely with the cultivators of the Hall of Light, but they were outnumbered and surrounded by the Hall of Light cultivators, already on the verge of death.

The second-grade Golden Immortal level demon cultivator was surrounded by three Hall of Light cultivators, his body already scorched with countless blackened wounds by holy light. The holy light burned on his skin, suppressing the intense fire within his body layer by layer.

His movements became slower and slower, more and more sluggish, like a tiger surrounded by wolves, brave but unable to withstand too many opponents.

"Ah—"

He finally couldn't hold on any longer and was pierced through the chest by a golden longsword.

Golden holy light surged into his body from the wound, completely extinguishing the intense fire within him.

His body stiffened for a moment, then slowly collapsed, dark red blood gushing from the wound in his chest, staining the icy blue ground crimson.

His eyes were still open, frozen with resentment and rage, but his pupils had begun to dilate, and the breath of life was rapidly fading.

"Third Brother!"

The Golden Immortal Realm Third Grade Demon Clan cultivator wielding the dark red battle blade roared upon seeing this, frantically swinging his blade at the Bright Hall cultivators surrounding him.

The intense fire on the battle blade surged upwards, the dark red flames turning deep red—a manifestation of him burning his life essence to its extreme.

With a single slash, a Golden Immortal Realm First Grade Bright Hall cultivator, unable to dodge, was struck in the shoulder by the battle blade, cleaving him in two, golden blood and internal organs splattering everywhere.

But this strike also exhausted his last bit of strength.

His body staggered, and several Bright Hall cultivators rushed up from behind, seizing the opportunity, several beams of holy light simultaneously slamming into his back.

His back was blasted into a bloody mess, the sound of his spine breaking clearly audible.

He coughed up dark red blood, collapsed forward onto the ice, struggled a few times, and never got up again.

"Second Brother!"

The last demon cultivator at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, the one wielding the burning iron chain, saw his two companions fall one after another, and tears of blood welled up in his eyes. He swung his iron chain wildly, forcing the Light Temple cultivators surrounding him back several steps, but he was quickly surrounded by more Light Temple cultivators.

Golden holy light bombarded him from all directions. He dodged left and right, but was still struck by several beams. The golden holy light burned on his skin, charring his flesh and emitting a pungent, acrid smell.

He roared, and the iron chain lashed out, wrapping around the neck of a Light Temple cultivator. With a forceful pull, the cultivator's neck snapped, his head flying off. The headless body swayed twice and crashed to the ground.

But this was his last attack.

Several beams of holy light simultaneously struck his chest, blasting a fist-sized hole in it.

Dark red blood and shattered internal organs gushed from the hole. His body stiffened for a moment, then slowly knelt down, the iron chain slipping from his grasp and clanging against the ice.

His eyes were still open, staring in Su Yuqi's direction. His mouth opened as if to say something, but only a spurt of dark red blood escaped, and then he breathed his last.

All three Golden Immortal level demon cultivators were dead.

Su Yuqi watched this scene, tears welling in her dark red eyes.

They weren't tears of sorrow, but tears of rage.

Her people fell one after another before her, and she was powerless to stop it.

Her fists clenched so tightly they cracked, her nails digging into her palms, drawing dark red blood.

She wanted to rush forward, to fight those Bright Hall cultivators to the death, but her body wouldn't allow it. Her

spiritual energy was exhausted, her vital essence was more than half depleted, and the injuries to her arms made even clenching her fists difficult.

Rushing forward now would only be suicide.

But she didn't care.

She would rather die than watch her people being slaughtered before her eyes and do nothing.

Su Yuqi gritted her teeth and struggled towards the battlefield, each step leaving a bloody footprint on the ice.

"My lady, no!"

The few remaining True Immortal Realm demon cultivators rushed forward, desperately pulling her back.

"Let go!" Su Yuqi's voice was hoarse and trembling.

"My lady, you can't go! You are the Holy Maiden of the Flame Demon lineage. If you die, the Flame Demon lineage will be completely finished!"

A young demon cultivator's eyes were filled with tears. "Please, go quickly! We'll cover you!"

"I said let go!"

Su Yuqi abruptly shook off their hands, but after taking only two steps, she stumbled and almost fell.

Her body had reached its limit; even walking had become difficult.

The middle-aged man looked at Su Yuqi, a cruel smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

"The Holy Maiden of the Flame Demon lineage, a peak third-grade Golden Immortal, is indeed a formidable opponent."

His voice carried a cat-and-mouse-like pleasure. "Unfortunately, you brought too many burdens. If you had come alone, you might have been able to fight me to a draw, and even have a chance to take the Heart of the Cold Abyss. But you brought this bunch of trash..." He shook his head, "...and you died without regret."

He raised his golden scepter, and the luminous stone at the top of the scepter once again condensed holy light.

"Now, it's time to send you on your way."

The golden holy light condensed at the top of the scepter, growing brighter and denser, finally forming a golden sphere the size of a human head, containing enough power to completely annihilate Su Yuqi.

Su Yuqi stood still, neither dodging nor blocking.

It wasn't that she didn't want to, but that she had no strength left.

She simply raised her head, her dark red eyes looking at the golden sphere, her eyes devoid of fear, only a sense of relief and calm.

Was it really over?