

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6566

Perhaps.

She should have died long ago.

From the day she lost her memory, the past Su Yuqi was already dead.

The present her was nothing more than a puppet whose memories had been reshaped by the demons, a tool living for the benefit of the Flame Demon lineage.

Dying here might be a relief.

She closed her eyes.

Then, she heard a sword's cry.

The cry was crisp and long, like something tearing through the air, or like something awakening from its slumber.

It wasn't an ordinary sword cry, but one containing some ancient law, each tremor resonating with some primal power of heaven and earth.

After the sword cry, there was a deafening roar.

Boom—

the golden sphere of holy light exploded less than a foot away from Su Yuqi, but not on its own; it was cleaved in two by a purple sword aura.

The moment the purple sword aura collided with the golden sphere, the two completely different forces tore at each other wildly in the confined space, releasing an unimaginable energy shock.

Golden holy light and purple chaotic power intertwined, collided, and annihilated in the air, forming visible shockwaves that spread in all directions.

Wherever the shockwaves passed, several deep furrows, several feet deep, were carved into the ice surface, the ice at the edges riddled with holes by the intense heat and chaotic power.

Su Yuqi was jolted back a few steps by the shockwave, but she didn't fall, because she was supported by a strong hand.

It was a hand that wasn't particularly large, but was exceptionally strong.

Su Yuqi suddenly opened her eyes, and what came into view was a purple figure.

The figure wasn't tall, even somewhat thin, but standing there, he was like an unshakeable mountain.

Purple chaotic power flowed around him, shimmering with a cold luster in the light of the ice-blue passage.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword lay before him, its blade burning with purple chaotic fire, the flames flickering and dispelling the surrounding chill.

David.

Su Yuqi watched his retreating figure, a complex emotion flashing in her dark red eyes.

She didn't understand why David, a mere eighth-grade True Immortal, would save her.

Was there some past between them that she didn't know about?

She wanted to ask, but the words fell into silent silence.

Her gaze was fixed on his shoulder, where a scar scorched by holy light lingered, the flesh blackened and still emitting wisps of white smoke.

It was from the aftershock of his sword strike that cleaved the golden orb of light.

He had used his own body to shield her from the holy light that could have killed her.

Su Yuqi's eyes suddenly stung.

She didn't know why.

Perhaps it was because it had been too long since anyone had protected her like this.

Since losing her memory, she had always been the Holy Maiden of the Flame Demon lineage, a high and mighty being, the protector, not the protected.

She was used to facing everything alone, used to shielding her people from all danger, used to silently licking her wounds after being injured.

She never imagined that one day a cultivator at the eighth level of the True Immortal Realm would use his own body to shield her from a fatal blow.

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The middle-aged man's killing intent intensified as he looked at David, who had suddenly appeared.

"A mere eighth-grade True Immortal dares to block my holy light?"

His voice carried an angry rage at being offended. "Since you're so eager to die, I'll grant your wish."

The golden scepter was raised again, holy light gathering at its tip.

David didn't look at him, but turned to Su Yuqi behind him.

"Can you still stand?" His voice was soft, so soft that only Su Yuqi could hear it.

Su Yuqi nodded, remaining silent.

Her throat felt blocked, unable to speak.

"Step back."

David withdrew his gaze, slowly raising the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its tip aimed at the middle-aged man's throat. "Leave this to me."

Su Yuqi opened her mouth, wanting to say, "How could an eighth-grade True Immortal possibly be a match for a fourth-grade Golden Immortal?" But she didn't speak.

Because she saw David's eyes.

In those purple eyes, there was no fear, no hesitation, only an indescribable calm.

That wasn't the calm of ignorance, but the calm of absolute confidence in one's own strength.

Like the calm of a hunter watching its prey walk into a trap.

Su Yuqi took a few steps back, leaning against the ice door, her dark red eyes fixed on David's back.

She wanted to see what trump cards David, only at the eighth level of the True Immortal Realm, possessed that allowed him to dare face a fourth-level Golden Immortal Realm expert from the Hall of Light with his mere eighth-level True Immortal cultivation.

The middle-aged man's holy light sphere had been fully condensed, larger and brighter than the previous two, containing even more terrifying power.

"Holy Light – Annihilation!"

the middle-aged man uttered a low shout, and the golden sphere shot out, trailing a long golden tail of flame as it hurtled towards David.

Wherever the sphere passed, the air was completely ignited, the ice crystals on both sides of the passage vaporized, and a trench a foot deep was plowed into the ground. The ice at the edge of the trench was melted by the high temperature, and crimson magma flowed in the trench, emitting a pungent sulfurous smell.

This attack was more than twice as powerful as the one aimed at Su Yuqi.

The middle-aged man was clearly enraged by David's "offense"; he wanted to obliterate this arrogant ant in one strike.

David stared at the oncoming golden sphere of light, his purple eyes utterly calm.

He didn't retreat, dodge, or even parry.

He simply thrust out his sword.

The instant the tip of the Dragon-Slaying Sword collided with the golden sphere, purple chaotic fire exploded violently, transforming into a massive purple flame that completely engulfed the golden sphere.

The golden holy light struggled frantically within the purple flame, like prey caught in the jaws of a beast, twisting, struggling, and roaring desperately, but unable to escape the overwhelming power of chaos.

David flicked his sword tip slightly, and the golden sphere, consumed by the chaotic fire, changed direction, flying towards the crowd of Bright Hall cultivators.

"Not good! Get out of the way!"

The cultivators of the Hall of Light were terrified and scattered in all directions.

But the orb of light was flying too fast, and after being devoured by the chaotic fire, it became even more unstable. It exploded with a bang when it reached the crowd.

Boom!

The golden holy light and the purple chaotic fire exploded simultaneously, transforming into countless tiny pillars of light that shot in all directions. Each pillar contained enough power to kill a Golden Immortal cultivator.

Several slow-moving cultivators of the Hall of Light were struck by the pillars of light, their bodies instantly blasted into pieces. Golden blood and shattered limbs flew through the air, landing on the ice with a pattering sound. Golden blood flowed across the ice, mingling with the dark red blood left by the demon cultivators, creating a bizarre and bloody scene.

The middle-aged man's expression changed drastically.

"Chaotic Power?"

His voice was filled with disbelief and shock. "You are...you are David?!"

He had heard of this name before.

Yan Po, the Grand Elder of the Flame God Palace, had led thirty Flame Dragon Guards to hunt down a young man named David, only to be completely wiped out. Yan Po was killed with a single sword strike, and Flame Tiger and Flame Leopard fled back in disarray.

At the time, he had mocked the people of the Flame God Palace for being useless—a peak third-grade Golden Immortal leading thirty elite first-grade Golden Immortals, yet they were annihilated by a cultivator at the eighth grade True Immortal level.

Now he understood.

It wasn't that the people of the Flame God Palace were useless, but that this young man named David was terrifying.

Eighth-grade True Immortal, Chaotic Power, killing a peak third-grade Golden Immortal with a single sword strike.

This kind of cross-level combat power could no longer be measured by common sense.

David remained silent.

His purple eyes coldly stared at the middle-aged man, the chaotic fire on his Dragon-Slaying Sword burning ever brighter, illuminating the entire passage in purple light.

He didn't need to speak.

His sword was his answer.

Cold sweat beaded on the middle-aged man's forehead.

He was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, a whole major grade higher than David.

Logically, with such a difference in cultivation, he should have crushed David.

But the truth was, David's sword strike had not only easily neutralized his "Holy Light – Annihilation," but had also used the force to bounce the light sphere back, killing several of his subordinates.

This control over power, this judgment of the battle situation, this reaction made in the blink of an eye—this was not something a eighth-grade True Immortal cultivator should possess.

This was practically the fighting style of a battle-hardened peak Golden Immortal.

"I'll see just how much you're worth," the

middle-aged man gritted his teeth, his golden scepter swinging wildly. The luminous stone at the top of the scepter erupted with unprecedented holy light, illuminating the entire passage as bright as day.

Holy light coalesced around him, forming a set of golden holy light armor. The armor's surface was covered in dense holy light runes, each running wildly, maximizing his defense and attack power.

This was the Temple of Light's secret technique—"Holy Light Armor"—which condensed holy light into solid armor, significantly increasing not only defense but also the power of holy light spells.

The middle-aged man clearly now considered David a true opponent, no longer underestimating him.

David looked at the golden holy light armor on the middle-aged man, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

His chaotic power could restrain all holy light, but only if the degree of condensation of his chaotic power was not lower than that of the holy light.

The middle-aged man was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, and the degree of condensation of his holy light far exceeded that of Yan Po, a peak third-grade Golden Immortal.

Although David's chaotic power could restrain holy light, against this level of holy light, the restraint would be greatly reduced.

However...

a slight smile appeared on David's lips.

He had plenty of ways.

The middle-aged man moved.

His figure flashed in the air and disappeared from the spot. The next moment, he appeared behind David, and the golden scepter, carrying enough power to shatter a mountain, smashed towards the back of David's head. The scepter was enveloped in compressed holy light, its color shifting from gold to blazing white, so intensely hot it seemed to ignite the air, crackling and popping.

David didn't turn around.

He slightly shifted his body, the scepter grazing his ear, lifting a strand of black hair.

At the same time, the Dragon-Slaying Sword swung upwards, its purple blade aura slashing towards the middle-aged man's wrist.

The middle-aged man coldly snorted, retracting his scepter to block the sword aura.

The sword aura struck the scepter, producing a piercing metallic clang, sparks flying.

The middle-aged man was forced back half a step, a hint of seriousness flashing in his eyes.

David's power was far greater than he had imagined.

How could a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivator possess such strength?

He had no time to think further, for David's second sword strike was already upon him.

This strike was no longer a test, but a true killing blow.

The purple chaotic fire on the Dragon-Slaying Sword condensed into a three-zhang-long sword aura. Wherever the sword aura passed, the air was torn apart, the ice surface was cleaved, and even space itself trembled slightly under its sharpness.

The middle-aged man dared not take it head-on and dodged to the side.

But the sword aura was too fast. Although he dodged the direct attack, his right arm was still grazed by the sword aura. His

golden holy light armor was like paper in front of the sword aura, easily torn apart. The sword aura left a deep, bone-revealing wound on his right arm, and golden blood gushed from the wound, splashing onto the ice surface with a hissing sound.

The middle-aged man groaned and retreated dozens of zhang, widening the distance between himself and David.

He looked down at the wound on his right arm, a trace of horror flashing in his eyes.

His holy light armor was broken by a junior at the eighth level of the True Immortal Realm with a single sword strike?

How could this be?

His holy light armor could even withstand the full-force attack of a fourth-level Golden Immortal Realm expert.

"Who exactly are you..." The middle-aged man's voice trembled slightly, "Who are you?"

David didn't answer.

His purple eyes coldly stared at the middle-aged man, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword slowly rose, its tip aimed at the man's throat.

Purple chaotic power condensed at the sword tip, forming a thin, hair-like purple thread of light.

It was his strongest attack, compressing all his chaotic power into a single point, the same move he used to kill Yan Po.

But compared to when he killed Yan Po, this purple thread of light was more refined, purer, and contained a more terrifying power.

After the continuous battles in the Fallen God Wasteland and the outskirts of the Azure Cloud Mountains, his chaotic power was purer than before, and his understanding of the laws of chaos had deepened.

The middle-aged man looked at the purple thread of light, his pupils suddenly contracting.

He sensed the power contained within it.

That wasn't the power a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivator should possess.

It was a terrifying power capable of threatening his life.

"Retreat!"

The middle-aged man made a decisive decision, shouting as he turned and ran.

He wasn't a reckless fool; he was an elder of the Hall of Light, having lived for tens of thousands of years and experienced countless battles, deeply understanding the importance of assessing the situation.

This young man before him was too strange. He was already being forced to this point by a True Immortal of the eighth rank; if he broke through to the Golden Immortal realm, what would become of him?

If he didn't run now, he might not be able to escape later.

Seeing their elder flee, the cultivators of the Hall of Light also turned and ran, each one faster than a rabbit, their golden holy light leaving long trails of flame in the passage.

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Su Yuqi leaned against the ice gate, watching the retreating figures of the Bright Hall cultivators fleeing in disarray, a complex expression flashing in her dark red eyes. A

Bright Hall elder at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm was routed by a mere eighth-rank True Immortal youth.

Who would believe such a thing if it were told?

But David had no intention of letting them escape.

His figure flashed, disappearing from his spot, a purple streak of light streaking through the passage, so fast that even his afterimage was barely visible.

The next moment, he appeared behind the slowest Bright Hall cultivator, and with a gentle flick of his Dragon-Slaying Sword, a purple sword aura slashed across the cultivator's neck.

The cultivator's head flew off, his headless body continuing to run forward a few steps before crashing to the ground.

Golden blood gushed from his neck, staining the icy blue surface a dark gold.

David didn't linger; his figure flashed again, appearing before another Bright Hall cultivator.

The cultivator stared in terror at David, who had suddenly appeared before him. His mouth opened, as if to beg for mercy, but before he could utter a word, David's sword pierced his chest.

Purple chaotic fire surged into his body from the wound, devouring his holy light, essence, meridians, and bones, one by one.

His body stiffened for a moment, then slowly collapsed, his eyes still open, frozen in fear and resentment.

David's figure moved through the passage, each flash accompanied by the fall of a cultivator from the Temple of Light.

His sword was not fast, even slow; each strike was clear and precise, without any frills or unnecessary movements.

But it was precisely this extremely concise swordsmanship that gave the cultivators of the Temple of Light no chance to react before they were killed with a single blow.

This was not a battle; this was a massacre.

David harvested the lives of the cultivators of the Temple of Light one by one, like reaping wheat.

In the blink of an eye, more than a dozen cultivators of the Temple of Light lay in pools of blood, golden blood flowing on the ice, forming dark golden streams.

Only the middle-aged man at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm remained.

He stood at the entrance of the passage, looking at the corpses scattered on the ground, watching David slowly walk towards him. His face was deathly pale, and his hand gripping the scepter trembled.

"You...you can't kill me..."

His voice trembled, all his previous dignity and arrogance gone. "I am an elder of the Hall of Light. If you kill me, the Hall of Light will not let you off..."

David stopped in front of him, only three steps away.

His purple eyes looked down at him, devoid of any emotion, like an executioner looking at a prisoner about to be executed.

"The Hall of Light?"

David finally spoke, his voice soft, but exceptionally clear in the silent passage.

"Do you think I care?"

The middle-aged man's body trembled violently.

"You..."

He wanted to say something, but David didn't give him the chance.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was raised, its tip aimed at the middle-aged man's heart.

Purple chaotic power condensed at the tip of the sword, forming a thin, hair-like purple thread of light.

"Wait!"

the middle-aged man shouted suddenly. "You can't kill me! I know a secret! A secret about the Heart of the Cold Abyss! A secret about the Ice God lineage! Let me go, and I'll tell you!"

David's hand paused.

He turned to look at Jiang Xuelan behind him.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside the ice gate, her long, ice-white dress covered in ice shards and dust. Her face was pale, but her eyes shone with unwavering determination.

Upon hearing the words "the secret of the Ice God lineage," her body trembled slightly. David withdrew his gaze and looked at the middle-aged man.

"Speak."

"You must first swear you won't kill me!"

A cunning glint flashed in the middle-aged man's eyes. "Swear on your Dao Heart, or I'd rather die than speak!"

David was silent for a moment.

Then he smiled.

The smile was cold, so cold it chilled the middle-aged man to the bone.

"You think you have the right to negotiate with me?"

David's voice was as cold as ice. "You only have two choices now—either speak, and I'll give you a quick death. Or don't speak, and I'll cut your flesh piece by piece and slowly burn it with Chaos Fire, letting you experience what it means to wish you were dead."

The middle-aged man's face turned completely pale.

He knew David wasn't bluffing.

A person who could kill more than a dozen Bright Hall cultivators without batting an eye was absolutely capable of such a thing.

"I'll talk...I'll talk..."

His voice seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth, "While the Heart of the Frost Abyss is the supreme treasure of the Ice God lineage, it is also the key to opening the Ice God Palace headquarters in the twentieth heaven. Sealed within the Ice God Palace headquarters is the complete legacy of the Ice God Ancestor.

Whoever obtains the Ice God Ancestor's complete legacy will control the entire Ice God lineage. The Hall of Light has been searching for the Heart of the Frost Abyss precisely to open the Ice God Palace headquarters in the twentieth heaven and seize the Ice God Ancestor's legacy."

The twentieth heaven.

The Ice God Palace headquarters.

The Ice God Ancestor's complete legacy.

These words exploded in David's mind like a bombshell.

He turned to look at Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan's expression became extremely complex, her eyes churning with shock, excitement, disbelief, and other emotions.

If the Heart of the Frost Abyss truly is the key to opening the Ice God Palace headquarters in the twentieth heaven, then the hope for the Ice God lineage's revival is not just in the eighteenth heaven, but in the twentieth heaven—the twentieth heaven where the God Clan's headquarters is located.

What does this mean?

This meant that the Ice God lineage had never truly perished. Their main altar in the twentieth heaven still sealed the complete legacy of their ancestor. As long as they obtained the legacy, the Ice God lineage could rise again.

"Finished?" David withdrew his gaze and looked at the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man nodded vigorously. "Finished, finished. Can you let me go now?"

David didn't answer.

He simply raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword again.

"You...you're not keeping your word!" The middle-aged man retreated in terror, but behind him was the rock wall of the passage; he had nowhere to go.

"When did I say I would let you go?"

David's voice was terrifyingly calm. "I only said, 'Say it, and I'll give you a quick death.' I mean what I say."

Purple light shot out from the sword tip, silent and fast as lightning.

The middle-aged man tried to dodge, but the light was too fast. Before his body could react, the light pierced his forehead. His

body stiffened for a moment, his eyes widened, and his mouth opened, as if he wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

Golden blood slowly flowed from the wound on his forehead, dripping down his nose and cheeks.

His body slowly fell backward, crashing onto the ice with a dull thud.

The golden scepter slipped from his hand, clattering and rolling a long way, the luminous stone at its tip dim and lifeless, no longer emitting any holy light.

David sheathed the Dragon Slayer Sword and turned back to Su Yuqi and Jiang Xuelan.

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His body was stained with golden blood, his purple robes mottled, but his expression remained calm, as if he had just returned from a stroll, not from slaying over a dozen Golden Immortal cultivators.

The passage was silent, save for the faint sounds of shattering ice crystals and the whistling of the wind blowing through the cracks.

Su Yuqi leaned against the ice door, her dark red eyes fixed on David, filled with shock.

She had witnessed the entire process of David slaughtering the Bright Hall cultivators.

From the first sword strike that neutralized "Holy Light – Annihilation," to the reaping of Bright Hall cultivators' lives one by one, to the final strike piercing the middle-aged man's forehead with a purple light thread.

Every strike was clean and swift, without any unnecessary movements, without any hesitation.

That wasn't the swordsmanship of an eighth-grade True Immortal cultivator.

That was a killing technique honed through countless life-or-death battles, honed amidst mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

Su Yuqi suddenly felt a pang of relief that David hadn't attacked her earlier.

If David had attacked her just now, she would probably be lying on the ground like those cultivators from the Hall of Light, a cold corpse.

"You..." Su Yuqi began, her voice hoarse, "Who exactly are you?"

David turned to look at her, a complex emotion flashing in his purple eyes.

"I am David."

His voice was soft, as if answering a simple question, "Someone you once knew."

Su Yuqi was silent for a moment.

There must be a past between her and this David that she didn't know about.

"I have amnesia, "

Su Yuqi said. "Except for our first meeting at the Fourteenth Heaven, I don't remember anything else. So... what you've said about the past is like a story that happened to someone else to me."

David was silent for a long time.

A hint of sadness flashed in his eyes, but he quickly regained his composure.

"It's alright," he said calmly, "Whether you remember or not, you are still you."

Su Yuqi looked at him, a complex emotion flashing in her dark red eyes.

She didn't know how to respond to those words.

"You're injured," David suddenly spoke, his gaze falling on the wound on her shoulder. "It needs some treatment."

He took out a healing pill from his storage ring and handed it to Su Yuqi.

Su Yuqi took the pill, hesitated for a moment, and then put it in her mouth.

As soon as the pill entered her stomach, a warm power surged from her dantian, stabilizing her injuries, and the wound on her shoulder began to heal slowly.

"Thank you," she said, her voice very soft.

David shook his head and turned to walk towards Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside the ice gate, her long, ice-white dress covered in ice shards and dust. Her face was somewhat pale, but the light in her eyes remained firm.

"You heard everything?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

"The Heart of the Frost Abyss is the key to opening the main altar of the Ice God Palace in the twentieth heaven. The complete inheritance of the Ice God Ancestor is sealed there."

Her voice trembled slightly, not from fear, but from excitement. "If this is true, then the Ice God lineage..."

"Whether it's true or not, we'll know once we go in." David turned to look at the massive ice gate. "Let's go in."

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath, walked to the ice gate, and placed her hand on it.

The Ice God bloodline activated at full power, and icy blue light surged from her palm, resonating with the six-petaled snowflake runes on the ice gate.

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The ice gate slowly opened, and an even more intense chill surged out from behind it, enveloping all three simultaneously.

David's Chaos Fire automatically activated, repelling the chill.

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath, inhaling the surging chill, her face regaining some color, a glint of wild joy flashing in her eyes.

Su Yuqi's body trembled slightly, dark red supreme fire appearing on her skin, keeping the chill at bay. Her injuries had not yet healed, her face still pale, but her dark red eyes remained resolute.

The three stepped through the ice gate, entering a deeper passage.

The ice walls on both sides of the passage were covered with Ice God runes, flickering in the icy blue light, as if recounting the rise and fall of the Ice God lineage over hundreds of thousands of years.

At the end of the passage was a massive ice crystal palace.

The palace was tens of meters high, its dome densely covered with ice crystals, which refracted the outside light, illuminating the entire palace.

The palace floor was a single, translucent slab of ice crystal, a deep blue, revealing ancient runes flowing beneath the surface.

In the center of the palace stood a high ice crystal platform, upon which floated a ball of ice-blue light. Within this light, a fist-sized bead was faintly visible, its surface covered in densely packed ice god runes, radiating an extremely powerful force of icy law.

The Heart of the Frost Abyss.

The three stopped simultaneously.

David gazed at the ball of ice-blue light, his purple eyes reflecting the flowing ice-blue halo.

He could sense that the bead contained an immense power of icy law, a power so pure, so powerful, so ancient.

It was a power no Golden Immortal cultivator could possess.

It was the primordial power condensed from the Ice God Ancestor's own blood essence, the core of the Ice God lineage's inheritance for hundreds of thousands of years.

"The Heart of the Cold Abyss."

Jiang Xuelan's voice trembled slightly. She sensed the aura of the Ice God lineage within the bead, causing her Ice God bloodline to boil wildly, as if responding to some ancient call.

Su Yuqi looked at the Heart of the Cold Abyss, a complex expression flashing in her dark red eyes.

She had come to the Northern Cold Abyss for this bead.

But now, she was injured, her spiritual power depleted, and more than half of her essence blood consumed. She had no strength to compete with David.

Moreover, even in her prime, she wasn't confident she could snatch the Heart of the Cold Abyss from David.

Someone capable of killing a fourth-grade Golden Immortal was not someone she could handle.

Su Yuqi was silent for a moment, then turned and walked towards the palace exit.

"Where are you going?" David's voice came from behind.

Su Yuqi stopped, but didn't turn around.

"I'm injured, I don't have the strength to fight you for the Heart of the Cold Abyss."

Her voice was calm, devoid of any emotion. "You take your treasure, I'll go my own way. We're strangers."

"What if you go out now and encounter reinforcements from the Hall of Light?"

Su Yuqi's body stiffened slightly.

David was right.

So many people had died in the Hall of Light, they would definitely send reinforcements to investigate.

She was currently overdrawn on her spiritual power, her essence blood was more than half depleted, and her injuries had not yet healed. If she

encountered reinforcements from the Hall of Light, she wouldn't even be able to run away.

"Stay here, heal your injuries before you leave." David's voice came from behind her. "We'll talk about what happens outside when you're healed."

Su Yuqi remained silent for a long time.

She stood there, her back to David, motionless.

Her dark red dress appeared somewhat dim in the icy blue light, and her long, ink-black hair hung down her back, swaying gently in the cold air. After a long silence, she finally spoke.

"Okay."

The word was so soft it was almost inaudible.

But David heard it.

A barely perceptible smile curved his lips.

Su Yuqi turned around, walked to a corner of the palace, sat down against the ice wall, took out a pill from her storage ring, swallowed it, closed her eyes, and began to regulate her breathing and heal her injuries.

Her ultimate fire slowly burned on her body, its dark red light standing out conspicuously against the ice-blue palace.

David looked at her profile, a soft light flashing in his purple eyes.

But he quickly withdrew his gaze and turned to walk towards the ice crystal platform.

The Heart of the Frozen Abyss hovered three feet above the platform, its surface shimmering with ice-blue light, like a star frozen for hundreds of thousands of years.

David walked to the platform and reached into the ice-blue light.

Chaotic power circulated in his palm, the purple light colliding with the ice-blue light, producing a faint resonance.

He could sense that the Heart of the Cold Abyss contained an immense power of the laws of ice, a power so pure, so powerful, so ancient.

Yet, this power held no hostility towards him; in fact, it was friendly.

This was because his chaotic power was the source of all elements, and ice power, as an element, possessed a natural affinity for chaotic power.

David retrieved the Heart of the Cold Abyss from the light and held it in his palm.

The Heart of the Cold Abyss was cool to the touch, but not piercing; instead, it had a warm, jade-like feel.

The ice god runes on the surface of the bead glowed faintly in David's palm, as if welcoming his arrival.

Just then, an aged and weak voice suddenly resounded in David's sea of consciousness.

"The Heart of the Cold Abyss...finally...found..."

It was Bei Mingyuan.

David was overjoyed. "Senior, you're awake?"

"I've been waiting..."

Bei Mingyuan's voice was broken, as if he were speaking with his last breath, "Place the Heart of the Cold Abyss... on the Ice God Altar... I want to... use the altar's power... to reshape my physical body..."

David looked around and saw an ice crystal altar on the north side of the palace.

The altar was about ten feet high and three feet wide, entirely ice-blue, its surface covered with densely packed Ice God runes. The runes flickered in the ice-blue light, as if breathing.

In the center of the altar was a groove, its shape exactly the same as the Heart of the Cold Abyss.

David walked to the altar and gently placed the Heart of the Cold Abyss into the groove.

The moment the Heart of the Cold Abyss fell into the groove, the entire palace trembled.

The Ice God runes on the altar lit up simultaneously, illuminating the entire palace with ice-blue light.

From within the light, a phantom floated out of David's sea of consciousness and slowly landed before the altar.

It was an old man with white hair, a gaunt face, and an ethereal figure, as if a gust of wind could disperse him. This was

Bei Mingyuan.

His remnant soul stood before the altar, gazing at the Heart of the Cold Abyss on it, tears welling in his eyes.

"Hundreds of thousands of years..." his voice was hoarse to the extreme, "I... have finally returned..."

He reached out, and the instant his ethereal fingers touched the Heart of the Cold Abyss, it erupted with a blinding icy blue light, completely enveloping Bei Mingyuan's remnant soul.