

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6454

Han Yuan Venerable instantly understood, and without the slightest hesitation, he immediately broke free from the entanglement and followed closely behind Chi Yan Venerable, fleeing side by side at full speed, once again joining forces to break through the encirclement.

Elder Qian and Elder Li exchanged a glance, instantly reacting, and roared angrily, immediately giving chase.

Elder Zhao and Elder Sun, who had failed to seize the treasure in the distance, also turned back upon hearing the commotion, and the four golden streams of light merged again, forming a new encirclement and pursuit.

The six figures of light once again raced across the wasteland, pursuing at top speed, the sound of air being torn apart deafening.

Chi Yan Venerable's injuries were becoming increasingly serious; with each step he took, his chest was filled with unbearable pain, his blood was churning, his aura was growing weaker and weaker, and his speed was visibly decreasing.

Han Yuan Venerable had been fighting relentlessly, his spiritual power was on the verge of exhaustion, his wounds were bleeding profusely, his silver robe was already heavily soaked with blood, and his physical strength was pushed to the limit.

The two ran side by side, but they had already reached the brink of despair.

Ahead lay a vast, desolate wasteland, behind them a raging inferno of killing intent; there was

no room for maneuver. Crimson Flame Venerable, struggling to maintain his speed, transmitted a low, bitter laugh, his voice filled with exhaustion and despair: "It's no use. My spiritual energy is depleted, my injuries are reopening, we can't escape."

Cold Abyss Venerable remained silent for a moment, his silver eyes sweeping over the four golden lights closing in behind them. His tone was calm yet resolute: "If we can't escape, then we won't. Stop, fight to the death."

The two simultaneously halted their escape, turning side by side to stand firmly on the wasteland, facing the four Golden Immortals who had surrounded them. There was no retreat, no fear, only a resolute determination to fight to the death.

Crimson Flame Venerable said nothing more, decisively raising his hand and forcefully placing the Soul-Suppressing Pearl from his palm into Cold Abyss Venerable's hand.

His tone was extremely solemn, each word heavy: "Your physical body is intact, your spiritual power remains, and you are faster than me. You take the Soul-Suppressing Pearl and leave; I will stay behind to cover your retreat, desperately holding them off to buy you time to escape."

Venerable Hanyuan shook his head slightly, his attitude resolute: "We'll go together. We've stood side by side since then, never living alone."

"I can't leave." Venerable Chiyan smiled bitterly, his eyes filled with relief and resentment. "My injuries are too severe, my Dao foundation is damaged, and I'm already exhausted. Even if I escape, I won't live more than three days. Staying to die in battle is more satisfying."

You take the treasure and escape, find a reclusive expert who can refine it, and preserve your opportunity. If you have the chance in the future, avenge my death today.”

Before Venerable Hanyuan could offer any more advice, Venerable Chiyan had already turned around, his crimson holy fire suddenly blazing violently, flames soaring into the sky, the firelight dyeing half of the desolate horizon red.

He held nothing back, no longer caring about his life, directly detonating half of his original spiritual power, burning his lifespan potential, and overdrawing his Golden Immortal foundation, forcibly raising his cultivation from the first rank of Golden Immortal to the second rank in a short period of time. His body

was engulfed in flames, his aura surged, and his fighting spirit soared.

Elder Zhao frowned deeply upon seeing this, his expression grave, and he warned his companions in a deep voice: “He’s going all out, burning his original lifespan. His explosive power is extremely strong. We cannot fight him head-on. Spread out in all directions, circle around and encircle him, wear him down. Don’t confront him directly!”

The four Golden Immortals instantly dispersed in all directions, forming a circle, their spiritual power ready to be unleashed. They applied pressure simultaneously from the four directions, taking turns attacking, avoiding a direct confrontation with the Crimson Flame Venerable, and instead using attrition tactics to slowly wear him down.

The Crimson Flame Venerable’s eyes were bloodshot as he charged forward recklessly, his longsword condensed from holy fire in his hand.

Every strike was delivered with the utmost effort, every blow carried a desperate resolve to perish together. Each strike was a desperate act, each move a fight to the death, flames

crisscrossing as he forcefully withstood the relentless onslaught of the four. The violent shockwaves of spiritual energy spread in all directions, burning the withered grass of the wasteland to ashes and cracking the ground with countless fissures.

But two fists cannot fight four hands, and valor cannot withstand a combined attack.

One man's desperate struggle was ultimately no match for the combined might of four Golden Immortals. In the next instant, a golden blade flashed, swiftly piercing the air. The Crimson Flame Venerable's left arm was severed, golden blood gushing out, staining the desolate plain before him crimson.

Immediately afterward, a surge of water-based spiritual energy pierced his chest, leaving him a bloody mess and damaging his Dao foundation. A final, heavy golden palm struck his back, the sound of shattering bones echoing piercingly, his internal organs severely injured.

Golden blood splattered everywhere, splashing onto the withered earth, a horrifying sight.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's body crashed to the ground, slamming heavily into a pool of blood. His eyes wide open, staring at the dark golden sky, filled with resentment, regret, and hatred. His breath ceased completely; he was dead.

On the desolate plain, the wind stopped, the fire died down, and the killing intent stagnated.

The Cold Abyss Venerable stood silently, gazing at the Crimson Flame Venerable's cold body lying in the pool of blood. For the first time, a ripple stirred deep within his silver eyes.

No sorrow, no lament, only a chilling, overwhelming rage, silently rising and spreading, freezing his heart.

They had walked side-by-side, entered the Seventeenth Heaven together, stormed the Heavenly Palace together, plotted opportunities together, and endured peril together; today, in the blink of an eye, they were separated forever, killed in the wasteland.

He would remember this grudge.

Elder Zhao slowly stepped forward, his cold gaze sweeping over the corpses on the ground before turning to Venerable Han Yuan.

His tone was devoid of warmth as he spoke indifferently: "Han Yuan, the tide has turned. One man cannot fight against four. Hand over the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, and we may spare your life. Resist to the end, and your fate will be no different from Chi Yan's."

Venerable Han Yuan remained silent, standing still, his palm tightly gripping the pitch-black Soul-Suppressing Pearl with extreme force.

The next instant, he suddenly looked up, his eyes flashing with cold light, raising his arm high, lifting the Soul-Suppressing Pearl into the air, and then, without hesitation, slamming it down fiercely onto the hard ground!

"No! Stop!"

Elder Zhao's face turned ashen, and he shouted in a hoarse voice, rushing forward at full speed to intercept, seize the treasure, and salvage the situation.

Too late.

Bang!

A muffled, deafening crash echoed across the wasteland.

The Soul-Suppressing Pearl slammed into the ground, shattering instantly, countless black fragments scattering everywhere.

The sealing power within the pearl instantly dissipated, and the long-sealed purple divine soul within, freed from its restraints, slowly floated out from the fragments, revealing itself to the world.

The purple divine soul shimmered faintly, swaying gently. At its core, the warm golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture flickered, possessing an ancient majesty that protected the origin of the divine soul, remaining steadfast.

Elder Zhao trembled with rage, his anger

reaching its peak. He gritted his teeth and growled, "You're insane! You dare destroy the treasure's container, ruining your own future!" Venerable Han Yuan remained silent, his eyes filled with chilling coldness. He raised his hand, drew his sword, and a silver light flashed as he slashed directly at the purple divine soul.

He would rather destroy this wisp of divine soul and this treasure with his own hands than let it fall into the hands of the Heavenly Palace people, and he would never let his opponents get their way.

The piercing silver light tore through the air and arrived before the divine soul in an instant, a fatal blow imminent.

At that very moment, a sudden change occurred.

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A deep ,

ancient Daoist sound resounded from the depths of the divine soul.

Sensing a fatal crisis, the Great Luo Golden Scripture autonomously exerted all its power to protect its master. The golden light protecting its body instantly surged violently, transforming into an indestructible golden shield that firmly

enveloped and protected David's entire purple divine soul, impervious to all attacks. The

sharp silver light slashed fiercely at the golden shield, like a firefly hitting the sun and moon, a mantis trying to stop a chariot. It shattered, annihilated, and dissipated instantly, leaving not even a faint mark, failing to harm the divine soul in the slightest.

Venerable Han Yuan's pupils suddenly contracted, his heart filled with shock, his face filled with disbelief.

Elder Zhao, Elder Qian, and the others were also stunned on the spot, their expressions frozen, staring blankly at the scene before them, their hearts filled with horror. Such defense was too heaven-defying, unbelievable.

Before everyone could react, the purple divine soul moved slightly, autonomously changing direction, transforming into a condensed, extremely fast purple stream of light, using the power of the golden light protecting it, and sped away into the depths of the wasteland.

The speed was extreme, covering a thousand miles in an instant, disappearing into the vast expanse of the world without a trace.

"Chase! We must retrieve the divine soul, we cannot let it escape!"

Elder Zhao, regaining his senses, roared angrily and took the lead in accelerating after it.

The other three elders dared not slacken, following closely behind, the four golden lights racing at full speed towards the direction where the purple light had disappeared.

On the wasteland, only Venerable Hanyuan remained alone in the wind.

He raised his eyes to the distant horizon, remained silent for a long time, then turned slightly and silently left in the opposite direction, departing alone, his back lonely, hiding his anger, waiting for the opportunity for revenge.

The purple light raced across the vast wasteland without rest, not daring to stop for even a moment.

David's divine soul was curled up in the thick, warm golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, his mind tense, fleeing at full speed.

He couldn't see the pursuers behind him, but he could clearly sense the lingering pressure of the four Golden Immortals behind him, their killing intent still lingering, relentlessly pursuing him.

He had only one thought: run, run for his life, he couldn't stop, for if he stopped, his soul and spirit would be annihilated. He raced

through the night, traversing thousands of miles of desolate plains.

The three blazing suns on the horizon slowly shifted, the sky gradually brightening, morning light spilling across the earth, clearly revealing the outline of the wasteland.

David finally couldn't hold on any longer; his soul was utterly exhausted. He forced his escape light to slowly land on a remote, desolate low hill, temporarily resting and hiding.

Looking around, all he saw was desolation. Rolling hills stretched endlessly, withered yellow grass swaying in the wind, utterly deserted, without caves to hide in, without spiritual springs to nourish oneself, without a trace of cultivators—a remote and isolated place, cut off from the world.

The air was thick with the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, carrying sharp and violent fragments of Golden Immortal Laws, which drifted about silently and invisibly, constantly assaulting all living beings around them.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture barely kept the deadly fragments of laws at bay, protecting David's soul.

However, David's soul was already extremely weak, and the days of travel and fright had greatly depleted it, pushing it to its limit.

Even with the golden light protecting him, he couldn't withstand the erosion of the remaining power of the laws. His soul was throbbing and numb, exhausted and on the verge of collapse and death.

His most urgent and only way to survive was to find a complete physical body, rebuild his body, and stabilize his soul. Or perhaps he could find a superior soul-nourishing secret realm to absorb the spiritual energy, nourish his soul's origin, and stabilize his injuries.

There was no other way to survive.

But in the vast Seventeenth Heaven, adrift in a foreign land, without relatives or friends, surrounded by enemies and lurking dangers, where could he find a physical body?

Where could he find a soul-nourishing secret realm?

It was as difficult as ascending to heaven; the road ahead was fraught with despair.

The wind rustled across the wasteland, lonely and cold.

Three blazing suns hung high overhead, their dark golden light enveloping the vast expanse, yet there was no one to rely on, no place to settle.

David's mind was in a daze, involuntarily recalling his days in the Sixteenth Heaven, the peaceful times in Freedom Valley, his comrades-in-arms, Jiang Xuelan's gentle eyes, and countless familiar figures.

Lin Yuan fell tragically, Zhao Tieshan collapsed to the ground weeping. Old Zhao, the tall, thin man, the middle-aged woman, Old Xu—vivid faces flashed through his mind, ultimately freezing in the moment of death.

To protect their homeland, to resist the gods, everyone else perished in battle. Only he remained, a mere remnant soul, adrift in a foreign land, helpless and powerless to avenge himself, powerless to return.

Grief and indignation surged within him, a bitter ache swirling in his soul, an unbearable torment.

David slowly composed himself, suppressing his overwhelming grief and despair, forcibly stabilizing his trembling soul.

He could not die, nor could he allow himself to perish.

The blood feud remained unavenged, the souls of his fallen comrades rested in peace, his homeland unreturned—he had to live, he had to rebuild his physical body, he had to return to the Sixteenth Heaven, and settle scores with all his enemies.

“Bei Mingyuan,” David murmured, using his divine sense to silently call out to his companion.

“I am here,” Bei Mingyuan’s weak yet steady voice slowly echoed from the depths of his consciousness, his remnant soul also severely depleted.

“What should we do now, in our current predicament? The road ahead is uncertain, we have nowhere to go,” David asked softly, his voice betraying his exhaustion.

Bei Mingyuan remained silent for a moment, quickly assessing the surrounding aura, spiritual energy, and concentration of laws. He calmly analyzed the situation and replied in a deep voice, “Your soul is severely depleted and extremely weak. You cannot withstand prolonged exposure to the violent spiritual energy of the Seventeenth Heaven.

The fragments of Golden Immortal laws here are too dense, with extremely strong corrosive power. Even with the protection of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, you cannot last long; your soul will eventually dissipate.

The most urgent task is to leave this wasteland immediately and head north.

The Northern Region is crisscrossed by mountains, with relatively mild spiritual energy, numerous secret realms, many sects, and frequent visits from cultivators. There are more opportunities, and you are likely to find a place to nourish your soul, or even find rare and precious materials and opportunities to reshape your physical body."

David silently nodded, saying nothing more. He suppressed all his emotions, activated the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture to envelop his soul, and, supporting his weary body, rose and continued his journey towards the vast northern horizon, seeking survival step by step.

David traveled north, drifting alone across the wasteland for three days and three nights.

For three days, all he could see were endless barren mountains, withered grass, and a dark sky. No cities, villages, cultivators' cooking smoke, or sect lights were visible; only loneliness and danger accompanied him.

His soul grew weaker day by day, the golden protective shield visibly dimming and thinning, its defensive power constantly decreasing. Sharp fragments of Golden Immortal Laws gradually pierced through the shield, eroding his soul bit by bit, causing unbearable pain and tormenting his body and mind.

His consciousness began to blur frequently, his soul trembled incessantly, and the risk of collapse increased. Despair gradually enveloped his heart, and he was almost at his breaking point.

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On the evening of the third day, as the sun dipped below the horizon and twilight descended,

David, mustering his last ounce of strength, landed on a low hill, intending to rest briefly and conserve his remaining energy, even if only for a moment.

His mind was hazy, his vision blurred, and he was on the verge of despair.

Just as despair overwhelmed him, he suddenly heard clear footsteps, steady and orderly, approaching the hill.

Someone!

A living cultivator!

David's spirit jolted, instantly regaining his senses. A faint hope ignited in his heart, and he quickly looked up.

In the distance, on a winding path, a young cultivator dressed in a simple gray Daoist robe walked slowly towards him. His face was handsome and gentle, he was in his early twenties, and his demeanor was calm and pure. His cultivation was

firmly planted at the peak of the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, only one step away from becoming a Golden Immortal. His foundation was solid, and his aura was upright.

The cultivator held an ancient bronze soul-detecting mirror in his hands. A faint, shimmering light flowed across its surface as he scanned the surrounding landscape, searching for unusual phenomena and fluctuations in the soul. He was clearly a disciple of his sect on patrol or training mission in the wilderness.

As the young cultivator approached, the mirror suddenly shone brightly, its light surging and precisely locking onto David's purple soul atop the hill, its movement obvious.

The cultivator abruptly stopped, his face showing surprise. Following the mirror's guidance, he quickly stepped forward, his gaze falling upon the floating purple orb. His face was filled with astonishment as he muttered to himself, "Deep in the wilderness, deserted and uninhabited, a complete True Immortal soul has appeared out of nowhere?"

The laws of the Seventeenth Heaven are violent; an ordinary soul would be eroded and disintegrated in an instant. How can this soul survive alone? Strange, truly strange."

Curious, he crouched down, carefully examining the purple soul, wanting to reach out and touch it to investigate its secrets.

The moment his fingertip approached, the protective golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture instantly flared up on its own, and a gentle yet powerful elastic force suddenly erupted, repelling his finger and preventing any further exploration.

The young cultivator's surprise deepened, followed by a flicker of joy: protected by a divine weapon, possessing an extraordinary soul, this was no ordinary rogue cultivator's remnant soul; it was highly likely to possess a fortuitous encounter. If he brought it back to the sect, it would surely bring him merit.

He no longer dared to touch it rashly, and quickly took out a communication jade slip from his robes, bowing his head and whispering a rapid report of his strange encounter in the wasteland. The jade slip flashed with spiritual light, transforming into a streak of light that streaked through the air and disappeared into the distance, urgently sending a message to the sect leader.

Having done everything, he crouched down again, speaking gently to the soul, "I don't know if you can hear me, senior, but I mean no harm. I am Li Qingyun, a disciple of the Guiyuan Sect in the Northern Region.

Your soul is extraordinary, possessing a priceless treasure. My sect master is knowledgeable and highly skilled; he will surely protect your soul and heal and nourish it. Please

wait here patiently, senior. I will immediately return to report to my sect master and will be back within half an hour, without delay."

With that, Li Qingyun turned and strode away, his figure quickly disappearing into the twilight of the wasteland.

David hovered in place, his heart pounding with unease, yet a strong hope finally ignited within him.

Guiyuan Sect, a righteous sect—perhaps this place could truly save his life, truly help him rebuild his physical body.

Less than half an hour later, footsteps sounded again.

Li Qingyun returned, accompanied by an elderly man in a green robe. The man possessed an extraordinary demeanor, walked with a steady gait, had a full head of white hair, a lean yet vigorous face, and eyes as bright as stars, revealing his profound understanding of the world. A warm, azure spiritual light enveloped him, his aura peaceful and profound, devoid of any murderous intent, yet possessing the inherent authority of a sect leader.

The old man's cultivation was unfathomable; he was clearly a third-grade Golden Immortal, his aura restrained yet his foundation solid. He was none other than Guiyuanzi, the current sect leader of the Guiyuan Sect.

Guiyuanzi strode forward, his gaze immediately landing on the purple divine soul, then piercing through the outer layer of purple light to precisely lock onto the faintly visible outline of an ancient, golden scripture at its core.

In an instant, his pupils contracted sharply, his body trembled slightly, and his expression changed drastically, filled with disbelief. He murmured to himself, his tone brimming with endless感慨 and shock: "This aura, these patterns, this ancient Daoist charm... it's actually the Great Luo Golden Scripture, lost for tens of thousands of years!"

David's divine soul jolted violently, his heart filled with horror.

This person actually knew the Great Luo Golden Scripture?

The opportunity had truly arrived!

Gui Yuanzi forcefully suppressed the turmoil in his heart, composed himself, and solemnly instructed the disciple beside him, "Qingyun, carefully collect the soul and take it back to the sect's secret chamber. Keep this a secret and do not leak it to anyone."

Li Qingyun nodded hurriedly, took out a high-grade soul-nourishing jade bottle, its mouth glowing warmly with spiritual light, containing a rich soul-nourishing liquid. He said respectfully in a soft voice, "Senior, please rest peacefully inside. The soul-nourishing liquid inside can nourish the soul, isolate it from the erosion of laws, and ensure your safety."

David did not hesitate for a moment; he had no other choice now, and trust was his only hope.

He transformed into a streak of purple light and gently flew into the jade bottle.

The soul-nourishing liquid inside was cool and warm, instantly enveloping his soul. The stinging pain from the laws dissipated completely, and his fatigue was instantly relieved, leaving him feeling safe and comfortable.

Gui Yuanzi carefully put away the jade bottle, hiding it close to his body, then turned and led his disciple back, quickly leaving and heading straight for the Guiyuan Sect's mountain gate.

Guiyuan Sect is nestled in the heart of the Northern Region of the Seventeenth Heaven, surrounded by mountains, where spiritual energy converges and dragon veins stretch endlessly.

The sect's scale is not grand, covering only a hundred miles in circumference. It lacks the opulent splendor of divine palaces and the imposing grandeur of the Heavenly Palace.

The mountain gate is constructed of simple, ancient bluestone, and the buildings are elegant and understated, exuding the sect's low-key, calm, and focused cultivation spirit—a place of peace and tranquility, free from worldly strife.

Guiyuanzi, returning with his divine soul, did not linger, avoiding the sight of the sect disciples, and went straight to the forbidden area behind the mountain, entering the deepest, most secluded chamber.

The walls of the chamber were engraved with high-level soul-suppressing and defensive runes, soundproofing, locking in energy, preventing detection, ensuring absolute safety and secrecy.

In the center of the chamber stood a natural warm jade platform, upon which a blue spirit-gathering crystal perpetually glowed, its warm spiritual energy continuously permeating the room, nourishing the divine soul and stabilizing the aura.

Gui Yuanzi gently placed the Soul-Nourishing Jade Bottle on the stone platform, then sat cross-legged, calming his mind and carefully probing a wisp of gentle divine sense into the bottle.

His tone was calm and steady, respectful and courteous: "Fellow Daoist, you are now in the Guiyuan Sect's secret chamber, safe and sound. You may speak with peace of mind. Can you hear my voice?"

The purple divine soul glowed slightly and responded softly, "Yes."

"May I ask your name? Where do you come from? Why are you alone, with only a wisp of divine soul left, adrift in the Seventeenth Heaven?" Gui Yuanzi asked slowly, his attitude humble, without a trace of the airs of a Golden Immortal.

"My name is David, I come from the Sixteenth Heaven. Hunted by enemies, my physical body was destroyed, leaving only a wisp of divine soul adrift here." David's voice was calm, unperturbed, having experienced life and death, he had long since become indifferent to honor and disgrace.

"The Sixteenth Heaven? The borderlands of the lower realm." Gui Yuanzi frowned slightly, sighing softly, "It is truly not easy for a cultivator from the lower realm to cross realms and find themselves in such a desperate situation. I wonder which powerful force is responsible for the person who pursued and destroyed your physical body?"