

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6476

Some, seeking immortality, cultivate arduously for millennia, only to fail at the last hurdle, their souls falling into the Soul Forest, their obsessions lingering.

Some, seeking supreme power, conquer the heavens, only to be besieged by powerful enemies, their bodies extinguished, their hatred enduring.

Some, to protect their sect and loved ones, sacrifice themselves, ultimately unable to withstand the onslaught, separated by death, their regrets forever etched.

Some, seeking revenge, traverse countless realms, only to find their enemies before them, powerless to reverse fate, their resentment etched into their very bones.

Countless joys and sorrows, countless partings and reunions, countless successes and failures, countless lives and deaths, are all sealed within this ancient Soul Tree, sedimented by time, their obsessions accumulating, eternally unyielding.

David carefully sensed the pain, resentment, regret, and hope within each strand of obsession, his heart filled with mixed emotions, feeling a deep empathy.

He saw the fates of others, and he saw his own reflection. If he failed, if he perished, in the future, he too would be like this, his obsessions sealed away, forgotten by all.

"So that's how it is... They are all pitiful people, all bound by their obsessions." David murmured softly, a sense of pity

welling up within him. He did not resist these chaotic obsessions, nor did he reject these sorrowful emotions, nor did he use the Great Luo Golden Scripture to forcibly suppress them.

Instead, he activated the Great Luo Golden Scripture's gentle golden light, transforming it into soft threads of light that gently enveloped each wisp of remnant soul's obsession, tenderly soothing and carefully purifying it, slowly calming their age-old resentment and wailing.

The obsessions gradually subsided, the remnant souls gradually stabilized, and all the chaotic emotions transformed into pure and gentle divine soul essence power, slowly flowing back and merging into the trunk of the Eternal Soul Tree, nourishing the Soul Tree and perfecting its essence.

Crack—

a crisp, subtle cracking sound suddenly broke the silence of the forest.

On the trunk of the Eternal Soul Tree, a fine crack quietly opened, and a black piece of wood, about the length of an arm and of perfect quality, slowly detached from the crack, hovering in the air before David's divine soul, silently flowing with a faint black light.

The wooden log was jet black, its surface covered with fine, natural golden patterns that intertwined and shimmered, ancient and weighty, exuding a rich and mellow spiritual aura. It felt warm to the touch and brimming with spiritual energy.

David gently caught the Eternal Soul Wood. It was incredibly warm to the touch, and a rich, enduring spiritual nourishing power instantly surged into the depths of his soul, flowing throughout his body. His

previously weak, dim, and wounded soul healed and repaired rapidly at a visible speed, his depleted essence quickly replenished, and his dim purple soul light regained its brilliance and vitality.

His soul was stable, his essence abundant, and his mind at peace.

A huge weight was lifted from David's heart.

"The Eternal Soul Wood, I've got it."

He carefully put the wood away, protecting it close to his body, and without lingering, he transformed into a streak of purple light, flying swiftly towards the exit of the third gate, beginning his journey home.

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Demon Emperor's Palace, Tranquil Heart Hall.

The hall was simple and elegant, with a minimalist yet grand furnishing. There were no excessive luxurious decorations, only four blue stone pillars supporting the roof. The pillars were engraved with runes that could calm the mind, soothe the soul, and protect the heart. A gentle spiritual energy lingered around the hall all year round, making it suitable for resting the soul and healing injuries.

In the center of the hall, a thick futon was laid out, and Gui Yuanzi was sitting cross-legged on it, closing his eyes and concentrating on regulating his breathing to heal his injuries.

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Previously, to protect David, to maneuver among various parties, and to make arrangements, Gui Yuanzi had repeatedly used his primordial spiritual power, damaging his foundation, causing old injuries to recur, and leaving him deficient in qi and blood.

Although his injuries had now stabilized and his life was no longer in danger, his Dao foundation was damaged, his qi and blood were insufficient, and his complexion remained pale and haggard, his former vigor difficult to regain.

He needed a long period of quiet recuperation to fully recover. However, while he was recuperating, his mind was never at rest.

Although his eyes were closed, his brows were always slightly furrowed, his mind preoccupied with countless thoughts, all focused on the trials of the Primordial Soul Forest, and on the safety of his young master, David.

The three trials of the Primordial Soul Forest were extremely dangerous and unpredictable. Countless powerful individuals had perished within them throughout the ages, never to return.

David now only had a wisp of remnant soul left, his combat power meager, his body difficult to protect, and the path ahead fraught with danger, each step a potential death sentence.

Gui Yuanzi sat there, each day feeling like an eternity, every moment unbearable torment. His heart was filled with anxiety, wondering if his young master could overcome the maze, survive the siege of the soul beasts, withstand the trials of his inner demons, and successfully obtain the Eternal Soul Wood.

As the sect master of Gui Yuan Sect, he bore the legacy of his ancestor, the inheritance of the Daoist sect, and the heavy responsibility of protecting his master.

If David perished in the trials, the Great Luo Golden Scripture would be lost, the ancestral bloodline would be severed, and the Gui Yuan Sect's ten-thousand-year foundation and hope for revival would be utterly destroyed. A hundred years later, he would have no face to face his ancestors.

Anxiety, trepidation, worry, and anticipation intertwined in his heart, disturbing his peace of mind and making cultivation difficult.

Just as Gui Yuanzi's mind was in turmoil, two steady, light footsteps approached from outside the hall, unhurried and calm.

Gui Yuanzi's heart stirred, and he abruptly opened his eyes, his gaze sharp as he looked towards the hall entrance, a strong premonition rising within him.

The next moment, the palace doors slowly opened, and Qingqiu walked forward with a calm and composed demeanor, her imperial aura restrained yet dignified.

Behind her, a bright and lustrous purple divine soul floated silently—it was David, who had returned from his trial.

Gui Yuanzi's gaze suddenly locked onto the purple divine soul, then shifted to the piece of pitch-black soul wood floating silently beside it. His eyes instantly blazed with brilliant light.

Overwhelmed with excitement, he abruptly stood up, ignoring his unhealed injuries, and strode forward to meet her.

His gaze was fixed on the Eternal Soul Wood, then on David's soul. His lips trembled slightly, his voice filled with barely suppressed excitement and a sob: "Young Master! You...you made it through? The Eternal Soul Wood...you really got it?"

David's purple soul brightened slightly, his tone calm and composed. Having undergone the trials, his mind had become even more steady and profound: "Yes, I got it. I've passed the three trials, and the Soul Wood is in my hands. I have lived up to your expectations."

These simple six words, falling on Gui Yuanzi's ears, were like heavenly music, instantly easing his anxiety of many days and lifting a thousand-pound burden.

Gui Yuanzi's eyes instantly reddened, and tears almost fell. His heart was filled with mixed emotions—joy, relief, and感慨 (a deep sense of感慨, a complex feeling of mixed emotions, often including regret, emotion, and reflection).

He bowed deeply to David, his manners respectful, his voice hoarse and solemn: "Young Master, you have worked hard, Young Master, you are fortunate! With the blessings of Heaven and the protection of the Ancestral Master, the revival of our Daoist sect is hopeful!"

"With this Eternal Soul Wood, only the Primordial Divine Water is needed to achieve the fusion of Yin and Yang, allowing Young Master to rebuild his supreme true body, return to his peak cultivation, avenge his grievances, and restore the prestige of the Daoist sect!"

Qingqiu walked to the main seat in the hall and sat down, picking up her jade cup and taking a sip of spiritual tea. Her expression remained calm and composed, but a hint of barely perceptible satisfaction and approval flickered in her eyes.

She remained silent throughout, listening quietly without interrupting or disturbing the conversation, waiting for the two to finish speaking. Gui Yuanzi wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes, took a deep breath, and forcibly calmed his excited emotions. His expression turned solemn and serious as he spoke in a deep voice, getting straight to the point: "Young Master, I have already investigated thoroughly. The opportunity for the appearance of the Primordial Divine Water has been decided.

Three months later, the once-in-a-century Treasure Auction will be held in Tianque City of the Northern Region. The Primordial Divine Water will be auctioned as the grand finale treasure. At that time, all the major sects, forces, and powerful figures of the Northern Region will gather to bid for this treasure."

"Only by acquiring the Primordial Divine Water can we perfectly reshape the final link of our physical body."

David's soul stirred slightly, and he asked the crucial question in a soft voice: "How many spirit stones are needed to acquire the Divine Water?"

Gui Yuanzi's expression instantly became serious. After a moment of silence, he told him truthfully in a heavy tone: "I have investigated extensively and carefully estimated that the Primordial Divine Water is exceptionally gifted and has endless uses. The starting price will not be lower than five million high-grade spirit stones.

With all the forces vying for it, the final transaction price will definitely exceed ten million high-grade spirit stones."

"The Guiyuan Sect's accumulated reserves over the years, all available spirit stones, total only about three million high-grade spirit stones. The shortfall is enormous, far from enough."

Ten million high-grade spirit stones.

These five words weighed heavily on David's heart like a thousand-pound boulder.

Hope was within reach, yet the lack of funds was an insurmountable obstacle.

David's spiritual light dimmed slightly, his heart sinking, but he did not panic or despair.

Seeing this, Guiyuanzi quickly reassured him, his tone unwavering: "Young Master, do not worry. I have a comprehensive plan and will not allow the spirit stone shortage to delay your plan to rebuild your physical body."

"I will immediately return to the Guiyuan Sect and sell all non-core assets, idle magical artifacts, treasured pills, and rare spiritual materials, using all the sect's accumulated wealth over tens of thousands of years, which should raise five million high-grade spirit stones."

"With a remaining shortfall of five million spirit stones, I will personally visit the two major allied sects of the human race, the Qingyun Sword Sect and the Wanfa Sect, to seek their help.

These three sects share a common origin, and the human race is a unified whole; their fates are intertwined. They will never stand idly by while their young master is in dire straits, nor will they allow the Tianji Palace to dominate.

With the three parties joining forces, we will surely gather the necessary spirit stones and secure the Primordial Divine Water."

David remained silent for a moment, a warmth flowing through his heart, and softly said, "Guiyuanzi, thank you for your hard work. For my sake, the sect has spared no effort."

Guiyuanzi shook his head repeatedly, his expression solemn as a mountain, and bowed in reply, "Young master, you flatter me. I am not working for your sake alone, but for the last wish of the Guiyuan Sect's founder, for the continuation of the human race's Daoist tradition, and for the survival of the righteous path in all heavens. With the appearance of the

Great Luo Golden Scripture, and the young master bearing the founder's bloodline, you are the only hope for the Daoist sect. Even if I have to give my all and exhaust the sect's reserves, I will never let this hope be extinguished."

The next day, just as dawn broke and the first rays of sunlight appeared, the sky began to brighten.

Gui Yuanzi dared not delay for even a moment. He bid farewell to Qingqiu and David, and alone departed from Wan Yao Ling, rushing back to Guiyuan Sect at full speed to devote himself entirely to the fundraising.

Qingqiu arranged for David to remain in the Demon Emperor's Palace to recuperate, nourish his soul and spirit, and stabilize his origin.

Firstly, the Demon Emperor's Palace was safe and secluded, and the Tianji Palace dared not easily provoke him, leaving him without enemies to bother him;

secondly, the spiritual energy here was abundant, providing excellent conditions for nourishing the soul, suitable for David to harmonize his divine soul, recover from his losses, and await the start of the auction. David had nowhere else to go, and with only a wisp of divine

soul left, he could not help with the fundraising, so he stayed to recuperate and await good news. Guiyuan Sect, Sect Master's Hall. Upon his return, Gui Yuanzi immediately summoned all the sect's elders and core disciples to the hall, with no one absent, for a meeting. The hall was solemn and dignified, with the ancestral statue sitting majestically in the center, and the ancestral tablets of the sect members arranged on both sides, incense burning. Li Qingyun and the elders sat on either side, their expressions solemn, knowing that something of great importance must have happened, and they waited for the sect leader to speak. Gui Yuanzi stood solemnly before the statue of the patriarch, recounting in detail David's background, the patriarch's bloodline, the inheritance of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the tribulation to obtain the Soul Wood, and the need to bid for the Primordial Divine Water with tens of millions of spirit stones to reshape his physical body, without concealing a single detail.

Finally, his gaze swept over the crowd, and he commanded in a firm tone: "Elders and core disciples, the Daoist sect now hopes that the young master's physical body can be reshaped without delay.

All spirit stones in the treasury must be mobilized, and all non-essential assets, idle magical artifacts, treasured pills, and rare spiritual materials within the sect must be sold off for cash.

All resources will be used to bid for the Primordial Divine Water to help the young master reshape his true body. Does anyone have any objections?"

A brief silence fell over the hall.

Gui Yuan Sect had accumulated wealth over tens of thousands of years, and selling it all would inevitably damage the sect's strength and vitality, causing a significant drop in power in the short term and making it vulnerable to external enemies.

But in the next instant, a white-haired, senior elder was the first to rise, bowing and clasping his hands in a firm voice: "Sect Master, I have no objection!"

The foundation of the Guiyuan Sect lies in the lineage of our ancestor. Now that the ancestor's descendant has appeared, there is hope for the sect. Even if the sect exhausts its resources and suffers great losses, we will not hesitate! I swear to support you to the death!"

The second elder followed suit, bowing and echoing: "I second that! Resources can be replenished, and industries can be rebuilt, but once the lineage of our ancestor is severed, there will be no turning back.

Supporting the young master is the right thing to do! I am willing to donate my life savings to help raise funds!"

"I am willing to donate my treasured elixirs!"

"I am willing to sell my personal magical artifacts!"

"We are willing to live and die with the sect to help the young master rebuild his physical body!"

In an instant, all the elders and disciples in the hall rose to express their opinions. No one objected, no one backed down, and no one cared about personal gains or losses. They were united as one, with one heart and one mind.

Upon seeing this, Gui Yuanzi's heart burned with emotion, and his eyes reddened. He bowed deeply to everyone, saying, "Thank you all for your unity and dedication in protecting our lineage.

When our young master achieves his goal, he will surely not forget this kindness and will revitalize the Gui Yuan Sect, ensuring the eternal peace and stability of our human race!"

In the following days, everyone in the Gui Yuan Sect worked tirelessly, each fulfilling their duties.

Disciples rushed to various industrial strongholds, selling shops, mines, and medicinal fields;

elders offered their personal treasures, converting pills, spiritual materials, and magical artifacts into cash;

the entire sect tightened its belt, all to raise enough spirit stones, to protect their young master, and to ensure the survival of their lineage.

With all their might, the Gui Yuan Sect raised five million high-grade spirit stones in just a few days, storing them safely in a storage ring.

Afterward, Gui Yuanzi personally went to the Qingyun Sword Sect and the Wanfa Sect, two allied sects of the human race, to seek their assistance.

Upon learning the whole story, the leaders of the two major sects, knowing the domineering and oppressive nature of the Heavenly Palace and that David carried the hopes for humanity's revival, immediately stepped in to help.

The leader of the Azure Cloud Sword Sect personally presented him with one million high-grade spirit stones, stating, "Guiyuanzi, humanity is one, interdependent.

The Heavenly Palace, with its wolfish ambitions, has oppressed us for years. Now, with the opportunity to support a fellow cultivator, we will not back down. No need for thanks!"

The leader of the Myriad Laws Sect also sent one million high-grade spirit stones, conveying a message of mutual encouragement: "Wait patiently for

the young master to rebuild his physical body. One day, we will fight side by side against the gods and protect our human land!”

The three sects joined forces, united in purpose.

In less than ten days, Guiyuanzi had gathered a total of eight million high-grade spirit stones, only two million short of his ten million goal. The outcome was within reach; only the final payment was needed to secure the prize at the auction, where he was determined to win

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Tianque City, located in the heart of the Northern Region, is the largest and most populous core city for independent cultivators in the Seventeenth Heaven.

The city is vast, lined with shops and bustling markets, a constant flow of cultivators and traders.

Not controlled by any single sect, it is a melting pot of various forces, a diverse and vibrant place, making it the largest resource trading center in the Northern Region and the permanent venue for the Wanbao Auction.

Behind the Wanbao Auction is the Void Merchant Guild.

The Void Merchant Guild’s influence spans across all realms, its foundation unfathomable, its connections ubiquitous. Even the top forces of the Divine Race must give the Void Merchant Guild considerable respect and dare not easily provoke them.

The Primordial Divine Water, a supreme treasure for reshaping the physical body, nourishing the soul, and repairing the foundation of one’s Dao, has already been secured by the Void Merchant Guild as the grand finale of this Wanbao Auction, to be publicly auctioned for maximum profit.

The Lord of the Heavenly Pole Palace, the Heavenly Pole Venerable, a top-tier expert at the peak of the third rank of Golden Immortal, and the ruler of the Northern Region of the Divine Clan Alliance, is ambitious, domineering, ruthless, and cruel.

He had already thoroughly investigated the matters concerning the Eternal Soul Wood, the Primordial Divine Water, and the reshaping of the physical body. He knew that once David gathered the Primordial Divine Water, reshaped his physical body, and returned to his peak, he

would inevitably seek revenge, join forces with the human clan sects, oppose the Heavenly Pole Palace, and shake the hegemony of the Divine Clan.

He absolutely could not give David any chance.

David had already obtained the Eternal Soul Wood and could not be intercepted. He had to firmly control the last item, the Primordial Divine Water, and absolutely could not allow it to fall into David's hands.

If they waited for the public auction, with all forces gathered, there would be too many variables, and the bidding would be disorderly. It was inevitable that things would get complicated, and perhaps Gui Yuanzi would risk everything to win it.

He could not wait, nor could he afford to gamble.

Before the auction even began, Venerable Tianji decisively made his move, leading Elder Zhao and four other core Golden Immortal elders directly to the stone tower at the headquarters of the Void Merchant Guild in Tianque City, intending to seize the Primordial Divine Water by force.

The Void Merchant Guild headquarters was a towering nine-story black stone tower, its surface covered with ancient restrictive runes, its defenses unparalleled and impregnable; even a Golden Immortal would find it difficult to breach.

Venerable Tianji, without troops or engaging in combat, only exuded overwhelming pressure, standing before the stone tower's entrance, his aura as imposing and domineering.

Elder Zhao went inside to report, and moments later, Wu Heng, the president of the Void Merchant Guild's Tianque City branch, personally came out to greet them.

Wu Heng, a second-grade Golden Immortal, was meticulous, tactful, and neither arrogant nor servile, deeply understanding the interests of all parties involved.

"Venerable Tianji, your presence is an honor. Please come in," Wu Heng said, bowing respectfully with clasped hands, his attitude humble and courteous.

The Celestial Venerable spoke without hesitation, his expression cold and his tone domineering: "President Wu, I have come today for only one thing. The Primordial Divine Water, I want it."

Wu Heng's smile froze, his heart sank, and he hurriedly replied: "Palace Master, please forgive me, the Primordial Divine Water has been designated as the auction's grand finale. According to the Chamber of Commerce's rules, it can only be auctioned publicly, and there will be no private transactions. I request that Palace Master proceed to the auction house for fair bidding."

The Celestial Venerable's lips curled into a cold killing intent, chilling him to the bone: "Rules? Before me, I am the rule. I will not wait, I will not bid, I want the Primordial Divine Water now. Name your price."

Wu Heng still insisted on his bottom line: "Palace Master, the Chamber of Commerce's rules cannot be broken, please understand."

Boom...

The Celestial Venerable said no more, and with a wave of his hand, golden holy light soared into the sky, and the terrifying pressure of a third-grade

Golden Immortal descended like a mountain collapsing and a tsunami crashing down instantly, locking onto Wu Heng with overwhelming momentum and murderous intent.

Wu Heng's expression changed drastically. His Golden Immortal second-grade cultivation was like an ant trying to shake a tree before the Heavenly Venerable—utterly powerless, instantly overwhelmed by the oppressive aura, struggling to breathe.

"Wu Heng, I'll say it one last time. Hand over the Primordial Divine Water now.

Otherwise, I'll demolish this stone tower and raze your branch to the ground today. Do you believe me or not?" The Heavenly Venerable's tone was icy, his killing intent chilling.

Wu Heng's face turned ashen, caught in a dilemma.

Refusing meant the destruction of his branch;

giving it would break the guild's rules, leading to endless trouble.

After much deliberation, forced by the overwhelming pressure, Wu Heng could only compromise.

A moment later, Wu Heng retrieved an exquisite jade box. Inside lay a thumb-sized, milky-white divine water bead, warm and radiant, brimming with life—the Primordial Divine Water.

The Heavenly Venerable verified the goods, casually tossing down a storage ring containing ten million high-grade spirit stones, and departed with the treasure.

Wu Heng stood before the stone tower gate, watching the five golden lights disappear into the distance, and sighed bitterly, "Heavenly Venerable, your power and tyranny are bound to lead to your regret sooner or later."

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Several days later, Gui Yuanzi, carrying eight million high-grade spirit stones, rushed to Tianque City full of hope and excitement to bid for the Primordial Divine Water.

However, when he arrived at the Wanbao Auction House and looked through the list of auction items, a line of small print caught his eye—Primordial Divine Water, withdrawn from the auction for unforeseen circumstances, not to be publicized.

Gui Yuanzi's mind went blank, as if struck by lightning, his face instantly turned deathly pale, his body turned ice-cold, and he was incredulous.

He grabbed the staff member tightly, his voice trembling, and anxiously questioned, "Why was it withdrawn from the auction? Why was this highly anticipated finale item suddenly canceled? What happened!"

The staff member remained expressionless, shaking his head and saying only that it was a decision made by superiors and that there was no further information to disclose.

Gui Yuanzi walked out of the auction house, dejected, and stood on the bustling street, watching the people and traffic. The hope that had accumulated in his heart for many days slowly extinguished, leaving him feeling cold and heartbroken.

David, sensing Gui Yuanzi's emotional collapse and despondency from within the Soul-Nourishing Jade Bottle, softly asked, "Gui Yuanzi, what has happened?"

Gui Yuanzi's voice was hoarse, filled with endless resentment and anger. He knelt on the ground, tears streaming down his face, "Young Master... this subordinate is incompetent, this subordinate has failed you. The Primordial Divine Water... was taken ahead of time, the auction was withdrawn, and we had no chance to bid."

David's soul trembled slightly, his heart sank, but he did not erupt in anger. He had already anticipated that the Heavenly Supreme Venerable must have interfered in secret.

"Who took it?" David asked calmly.

Gui Yuanzi gritted his teeth, angrily saying each word, "Heavenly Venerable Tianji! Relying on his superior cultivation, he used his power to pressure the Void Merchant Guild, forcibly buying the Primordial Divine Water ahead of schedule. No matter how many spirit stones we raise, it's useless now."

David remained silent for a moment, his mind still calm, and slowly said, "Get up. It's not your fault. It's not your fault; the enemy is strong and we are weak, it's just that power is domineering. This is not the end, but only the beginning."

"Without the Primordial Divine Water, in the vast world of the Seventeenth Heaven, there must be other opportunities. We will search slowly, we will find them eventually, and there will be a day when we can rebuild our physical bodies."

Gui Yuanzi looked up, wiping away his tears, and nodded heavily, his eyes rekindling with determination: "Young Master is absolutely right! No matter how difficult the road ahead, we will never give up! We will find opportunities at the ends of the earth to help Young Master rebuild his true body!"

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Gui Yuanzi didn't linger and turned to walk towards the city gate of Tianque City.

He planned to leave Tianque City first, find a safe place, and then slowly discuss the next step of the plan.

Tianque City was within the sphere of influence of the Tianji Palace. Staying here would only make things more dangerous, and he might even encounter people from the Tianji Palace.

At that time, not only would he be in danger, but even the young master's soul would be threatened.

The sunlight shone on him, casting a long, long shadow, making him appear particularly lonely, yet carrying an indomitable tenacity.

His steps were slow but firm, each step steady, as if telling of his determination.

Just as he had taken less than ten steps, a warm hand suddenly reached out from behind and gently patted his shoulder.

The touch was light, but it carried an undeniable force, causing Gui Yuanzi's body to stiffen abruptly, and the hairs on his body instantly stood on end.

Years of cultivation and battle had instilled in him an extremely vigilant habit, especially in times of mental vulnerability and danger. Any unusual movement would instantly put him on alert.

He instinctively gripped the cyan longsword at his waist; the hilt was cold to the touch, yet it gave him a sense of security.

Simultaneously, his divine sense instantly expanded outwards, like an invisible net, instantly covering a ten-zhang radius around him, carefully probing everything, searching for the owner of the hand.

His divine sense was sharp, able to clearly perceive the aura of every cultivator around him, every fluctuation of spiritual energy, but strangely, he sensed no hostility.

The owner of the hand stood quietly behind him, motionless, his aura steady, as if he were just an ordinary passerby.

But Gui Yuanzi dared not be careless in the slightest.

Tianque City was a melting pot of all sorts of people, and moreover, he had just lost the Primordial Divine Water, his mind unsettled, making him most vulnerable to a sneak attack.

He slowly turned around, his movements deliberate and cautious, his longsword always ready to be drawn, his eyes warily fixed on the person behind him.

Behind him stood an old man, dressed in a long black robe of luxurious fabric, embroidered with intricate dark patterns that shimmered faintly in the sunlight.

The old man was thin, his hair white and neatly combed, his face etched with wrinkles yet remarkably spirited.

His eyes, though cloudy, held a sharp edge, as if they could see right through people.

A faint smile played on his lips, appearing gentle and kind, but beneath that smile lay a subtle, unsettling calculation.

Gui Yuanzi's brows furrowed instantly, a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

He recognized this man; to be precise, he had heard his name and seen his portrait—Wu Heng, the president of the Void Merchant Guild's Tianque City branch.

The Void Merchant Guild was a renowned guild throughout the entire Heavenly Realm, its power vast, spreading across various domains, and monopolizing most of the treasure trade.

Whether it's spiritual materials, elixirs, magical artifacts, or various rare and precious natural treasures, you can find them all at the Void Merchant Guild.

The members of the Void Merchant Guild are all shrewd merchants, prioritizing profit over righteousness. They are willing to cooperate with or betray anyone for sufficient profit.

Gui Yuanzi didn't understand why Wu Heng would stop him.

He and Wu Heng had no connection whatsoever; their only interaction was that he had come to Tianque City intending to bid for the Primordial Divine Water at the Wanbao Auction.

But now that the Primordial Divine Water has been bought by Venerable Tianji, he and Wu Heng have even less to do with each other.

"President Wu, what brings you to stop me?"

Gui Yuanzi's voice was low and wary, his eyes fixed on Wu Heng without any relaxation.

He could sense that Wu Heng's cultivation was not weak. Although his realm was only the second rank of Golden Immortal, his true power was definitely no less than his own. Moreover, Wu Heng had held a high position for many years, and he carried an inherent pressure that made him feel vaguely uneasy.

Wu Heng smiled, his smile still gentle, yet even more unfathomable.

He slowly spoke, his voice low and hoarse, carrying a hint of age and a subtle calculation: "Sect Master Gui Yuan, please wait. I have a few words I wish to say to you."

"Speak frankly," Gui Yuanzi said coldly. "I have important matters to attend to and have no time for pleasantries with President Wu."

He only wanted to leave Tianque City and did not want any involvement with the people of the Void Merchant Guild.

The people of the Void Merchant Guild are too shrewd; dealing with them can easily lead to falling into a trap.

Wu Heng seemed unfazed by his coldness, still smiling as he said, "Sect Master Guiyuan, you've traveled a long way from Guiyuan Sect to Tianque City, a long and arduous journey, surely for the Primordial Divine Water at the Wanbao Auction?"

Upon hearing the words "Primordial Divine Water," Guiyuanzi's face instantly darkened, a flash of pain and anger in his eyes.

He knew that Wu Heng, as the president of the Void Merchant Guild's Tianque City branch, must know that the Primordial Divine Water had been bought by Venerable Tianji. Bringing it up now was undoubtedly reopening old wounds.

"President Wu, you know perfectly well what you're doing,"

Guiyuanzi's voice was icy, tinged with impatience. "The Primordial Divine Water has already been taken by Venerable Tianji, and your Void Merchant Guild has withdrawn from the auction. What's the point of me staying in Tianque City? Please, President Wu, step aside and don't waste my time."

With that, he tried to walk past Wu Heng and continue on his way.

Wu Heng gently stepped aside, blocking his path, his smile unchanged.

"Sect Master Guiyuan, please calm down,"

Wu Heng shook his head and said slowly, "The Primordial Divine Water was indeed taken by Venerable Tianji, a fact I cannot change. After all, Venerable Tianji's strength and influence are undeniable, and I dare not easily offend him."

He paused, deliberately lowering his voice, and leaned closer to Guiyuanzi, speaking in a voice only the two of them could hear: "However... although the Primordial Divine Water is gone, there is something that can replace it."

"A treasure comparable to, or even surpassing, the Primordial Divine Water."

"What is it?"

Guiyuanzi's eyes lit up, his body involuntarily taking a step forward, his voice filled with urgency and disbelief.

He asked almost instinctively, all his wariness and impatience replaced by hope.

A substitute?

A treasure that could replace the Primordial Divine Water?

For him, this was undoubtedly a ray of hope in a desperate situation, the only hope for the young master to rebuild his physical body.

Seeing Gui Yuanzi's anxious appearance, a hint of smugness flashed in Wu Heng's eyes, but he quickly concealed it.

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He didn't immediately answer Gui Yuanzi's question, but instead made a "please" gesture, smiling gently as he said, "This isn't the place to talk. Too many people will overhear, and it could cause unnecessary trouble."

"Sect Master Gui Yuan, please follow me. Once we get there, I'll naturally tell you what the substitute is."

Gui Yuanzi's brow furrowed again, his vigilance returning.

He knew there was no such thing as a free lunch; Wu Heng's seemingly kind offer of a substitute couldn't possibly be out of goodwill.

The people of the Void Merchant Guild were always driven by profit, not loyalty. Wu Heng's willingness to help him must have some ulterior motive; he must want something from him.

He hesitated, subconsciously glancing down at the jade bottle in his hand, wanting to ask the young master's opinion.

He knew that although the young master only possessed a wisp of divine soul, he was meticulous and insightful, and would surely be able to judge the pros and cons of this matter.

Almost the instant he lowered his head, David's voice slowly emanated from the jade bottle, soft yet exceptionally clear, carrying a hint of certainty: "Follow him and see. Whatever his purpose, as long as the substitute is genuine, it's worth the trip. Even if it's a trap, we might still have a chance to escape."

Hearing his young master's words, Gui Yuanzi's hesitation vanished instantly.

He nodded, raised his head, looked at Wu Heng, and said firmly, "Alright. I'll go with President Wu. But let me make this clear: if President Wu dares to play any tricks, don't blame me for being impolite."

Wu Heng smiled and waved his hand: "Sect Master Gui Yuan, rest assured, I only want to make a deal with you, a mutually beneficial one. How could I possibly play any tricks? Please."

After speaking, Wu Heng turned and walked towards the depths of the street.

His steps were slow and steady, his back upright, exuding the composure of a superior.

Gui Yuanzi followed closely behind him, the jade bottle pressed against his chest, constantly alert to any movement around him. His long sword at his waist remained firmly at his side, ready for battle at any moment.

The two traversed the bustling streets, avoiding the crowds, and headed towards the headquarters of the Void Merchant Guild.

The headquarters of the Void Merchant Guild was a towering stone tower, standing in the center of Tianque City.

Constructed entirely of black boulders, the tower was dozens of feet tall, its surface covered with intricate runes that shimmered with a faint spiritual light, radiating powerful defensive energy.

From afar, it appeared majestic and imposing, deterring anyone from approaching lightly.

Gui Yuanzi followed Wu Heng into the stone tower.

He knew that from the moment he stepped into this tower, an unknown battle had begun.

But he had no way back. For his young master, for the Guiyuan Sect, even if there was an abyss ahead, he had to brave it.

The interior of the stone tower was far more magnificent and imposing than its exterior. In stark contrast to the ancient and austere exterior, the interior was exquisitely and luxuriously furnished, revealing the wealth and resources of the Void Merchant Guild.

The first floor was a grand hall, over ten zhang high, with countless fist-sized luminous crystals embedded in its dome.

These crystals emitted a soft yet bright light, illuminating the entire hall as if it were daytime, leaving no dark corner.

These crystals were not ordinary spirit crystals, but high-grade spirit crystals imbued with rich spiritual energy, each one incredibly valuable.

There were over a hundred such crystals on the dome alone, a testament to the Void Merchant Guild's immense wealth.

On either side of the hall stood dozens of thick stone pillars, their surfaces entirely black and engraved with ancient runes.

Runes shimmered with a faint spiritual light, radiating a powerful defensive force that enveloped the entire hall, forming a solid defensive barrier.

Neither external attacks nor internal turmoil could breach this barrier.

The bases of the stone pillars were intricately carved with auspicious dragons and phoenixes, and lifelike mythical beasts, seemingly ready to leap from the pillars at any moment, adding a touch of dynamism to the majestic hall. In the center of

the hall stood a long counter, crafted from warm, white jade, its surface as smooth as a mirror.

On it were displayed exquisite jade boxes and glass bottles, containing various spiritual materials and elixirs, emanating a faint spiritual aura.

Behind the counter stood several cultivators dressed in uniform, their expressions respectful and their demeanor humble, methodically receiving guests who came to trade or entrust their items for auction.

Guests strolled in twos and threes, some inquiring about prices and quality at the counters, others pacing back and forth in the hall, examining the surrounding furnishings, and still others whispering and discussing transaction details.

Despite the large number of people, the hall was orderly and without any chaos.

Wu Heng didn't linger in the hall; he led Gui Yuanzi directly through it, heading towards a deep corridor at the back.

At the entrance of the corridor stood two cultivators clad in black armor. They were tall, with imposing expressions and steady auras, both at the peak of the True Immortal realm.

Upon seeing Wu Heng approach, they immediately bowed respectfully, saying, "Guild Master."

Wu Heng nodded slightly, said nothing, and continued walking.

Gui Yuanzi followed behind him, his eyes warily scanning everything around him.

He could sense that these two armored cultivators were quite powerful, and their auras were icy cold; they were clearly experts who had spent years in battle or carrying out assassination missions, likely Wu Heng's bodyguards.

This showed that Wu Heng was also very vigilant.

The corridor was long, with pale blue spirit lamps embedded in the walls on both sides. The lamps emitted a faint, dim light, barely enough to make out the path beneath one's feet.

The floor was paved with blue stone slabs, covered with fine patterns that subtly emanated spiritual energy fluctuations, clearly a simple protective barrier.

The corridor twisted and turned, with a corner every so often. Walking through it felt like being in a maze, with no end in sight and no outside sounds.

Only the footsteps of the two echoed in the corridor, exceptionally clear and oppressive.

Gui Yuanzi's hand never left the long sword at his waist, his divine sense constantly probing the movements on both sides of the corridor.

He knew that this seemingly peaceful corridor might actually harbor hidden dangers; an ambush might be lurking around any corner.

Wu Heng was a deep and calculating individual; no one knew what he was planning. He had to remain vigilant at all times, without the slightest lapse in concentration.

He didn't trust Wu Heng, not at all.

Although the Void Merchant Guild has a renowned reputation and claims to offer fair trade, it is ultimately a place for doing business. Merchants prioritize profit; in their eyes, there is only profit, not human relationships.

Wu Heng's willingness to tell him about the alternative, and even his initiative to bring him here, could not possibly be out of kindness. He must want something from him.

Perhaps he covets some treasure he possesses, perhaps he wants to use him for something dangerous, or perhaps it's all a trap—a trap targeting him and the young master.