

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6481

The closer they got to the depths of the corridor, the stronger Gui Yuanzi's unease grew.

The surrounding spiritual energy fluctuations became increasingly strange, and a faint, pungent smell of blood permeated the air. Though faint, he keenly detected it.

The smell was old, not recent; it had clearly been there for a long time, yet it still sent a chill down his spine.

This made him even more certain that this corridor was definitely not simple, and the place Wu Heng had brought him to was certainly not a safe place.

He subconsciously tightened his grip on the jade bottle in his hand, his fingertips lightly brushing the bottle's surface, as if sending a signal to his young master, or perhaps encouraging himself.

He silently vowed that no matter what danger they encountered, he would protect his young master's soul, even at the cost of his own life, he would never allow his young master to suffer the slightest harm.

After walking for about the time it takes to brew a cup of tea, a stone door finally appeared ahead.

The stone door was entirely black, three zhang high and about two zhang wide, covered with complex and mysterious runes.

The runes shimmered with a pale golden light, radiating an ancient and powerful aura, completely different from the runes on either side of the corridor, appearing more majestic and eerie.

The surface of the stone door was as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the figures of the two people, inspiring a sense of awe in those who saw it.

Wu Heng stopped, turned around, looked at Gui Yuanzi, and said with a gentle smile, "Sect Master Gui Yuan, my secret chamber is just ahead. Let's discuss this in detail inside."

With that, he took out a black token from his robes. The token was entirely black, engraved with the character "Shang," its runes flowing and emitting faint fluctuations of spiritual energy.

He gently placed the token against the stone door. The instant the token touched the door, the runes on the door lit up, the pale golden light becoming even more dazzling, almost blinding.

A

low rumble resounded, and the stone door slowly opened inwards. A faint fragrance wafted from the crack.

The fragrance was gentle and mellow, carrying a hint of spiritual energy that invigorated the mind.

However, Gui Yuanzi remained vigilant, knowing that the safest place was often the most dangerous.

Once the stone door was fully opened, a secret chamber was revealed.

The chamber was small, only a few feet in diameter, but exquisitely furnished.

Several landscape paintings hung on the walls, their frames made of precious sandalwood, intricately carved.

The mountains and rivers in the paintings were lifelike, shrouded in mist, appearing as if they were real scenes, making the viewer feel as if they were immersed in the landscape, dispelling much of their anxiety and unease. Even

more peculiar was that the landscape in the paintings subtly changed with the viewer's gaze, as if it possessed a life of its own—clearly an ancient painting imbued with spiritual energy.

In the center of the chamber sat a stone table, crafted from warm, dark jade, its surface as smooth as a mirror.

On it was an exquisite tea set, the teapot and teacups made of white porcelain, decorated with delicate orchid patterns, elegant and beautiful. Steam still rose from the teapot, the delicate aroma of tea mingling with the earlier lingering fragrance, filling the entire secret chamber, soothing and refreshing.

Clearly, Wu Heng had prepared all of this long ago, it was clearly premeditated.

On either side of the stone table stood a stone chair, covered with soft animal hides, which should have been very comfortable.

In a corner of the chamber was a small bookshelf, holding several books with antique covers, all appearing to be ancient texts, exuding a faint scent of ink.

The entire secret chamber was quiet and elegant, a stark contrast to the imposing and heavy atmosphere outside.

"Sect Master Guiyuan, please sit."

Wu Heng walked to the stone table, sat in the main seat, picked up the teapot, and slowly poured two cups of tea.

The tea was pale green, clear and transparent, emitting a delicate fragrance, with a thin layer of spiritual mist floating on the surface, clearly not an

ordinary tea, but brewed with precious spiritual leaves, not only with excellent taste but also nourishing spiritual energy.

Gui Yuanzi didn't sit down; he remained standing opposite the stone table, his eyes warily fixed on Wu Heng, showing no sign of relaxation.

He could sense that although this secret room appeared quiet and elegant, it was actually protected by restrictions. If a conflict broke out, escaping wouldn't be easy.

"President Wu, there's no need for formalities between us,"

Gui Yuanzi's voice was low and icy. "I know you wouldn't tell me about the substitute for no reason, nor would you invite me here for no reason."

"Speak frankly. What is the substitute? Where is it? What are the conditions?"

He didn't want to waste time or beat around the bush with Wu Heng. What he cared about most now was the news of the substitute, whether it could help the young master rebuild his physical body.

As for Wu Heng's conditions, although he didn't know what they were, he was mentally prepared. As long as they weren't too unreasonable, he would agree to anything to get the substitute.

Wu Heng picked up his teacup, took a small sip, and the tea was warm and sweet. A faint spiritual energy instantly flowed into his body, nourishing his meridians.

He set down his teacup, leaned back in his chair, and squinted at Gui Yuanzi, his gaze complex, tinged with calculation and scrutiny.

His eyes lingered on Gui Yuanzi for a long time, from his disheveled robes to his swollen eyes, then to his hand gripping the sword hilt, finally settling on the jade bottle in Gui Yuanzi's arms. A barely perceptible smile curved his lips, a glint of greed flashing in his eyes.

He could tell this jade bottle was no ordinary object; it must contain something important.

Moreover, Gui Yuanzi cherished it greatly, always holding it close to his chest; clearly, what was inside was of paramount importance to him.

Although he didn't know what was inside, he could sense a faint yet exceptionally pure spiritual aura emanating from it. This aura, though weak, carried an extraordinary depth, indicating that the owner of the spirit within the bottle was no ordinary person.

But he didn't reveal it. He just spoke slowly, his voice low and hoarse: "Sect Master Guiyuan, I won't hide it from you. The Primordial Divine Water was indeed taken away by Venerable Tianji. I am powerless to do anything about it, and I dare not offend Venerable Tianji easily."

"However, I have an item in my possession called 'Chaos Spirit Liquid'."

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Upon hearing the words "Chaotic Elixir," Wu Heng's tone became more solemn, and his eyes turned serious: "This substance has similar effects to the Primordial Divine Water, capable of reshaping the physical body and nourishing the soul. In some aspects, it even surpasses the Primordial Divine Water." "

While the Primordial Divine Water is miraculous, it can only reshape ordinary physical bodies. The Chaotic Elixir, however, contains the power of chaos, capable of reshaping a physical body imbued with chaotic energy. This physical body's strength far exceeds that of an ordinary body, and it may even break through limitations to reach a higher realm."

"Furthermore, the Chaotic Elixir's nourishment of the soul is gentler and more effective than the Primordial Divine Water. Even a severely damaged soul can

slowly recover under the nourishment of the Chaotic Elixir, and may even become stronger.”

Gui Yuanzi’s breathing quickened instantly, a look of disbelief flashing in his eyes, and he involuntarily took a step forward.

Chaotic Elixir?

Superior to the Primordial Divine Water?

Capable of reshaping a physical body imbued with chaotic energy?

It could better nourish the young master’s soul?

This was undoubtedly fantastic news for him, even better than the Primordial Divine Water.

The young master’s soul was severely damaged, and his physical body was destroyed. To rebuild his body, he needed not only a treasure capable of rebuilding the body but also a treasure capable of nourishing the soul.

And this Chaos Spiritual Liquid actually possessed both of these effects simultaneously, even surpassing the Primordial Divine Water. It was practically a treasure tailor-made for the young master!

“Chaos Spiritual Liquid? Are you sure?”

Gui Yuanzi’s voice trembled slightly, filled with urgency and disbelief.

He craved such a treasure so much that he couldn’t believe his ears.

He was afraid—afraid that this was just a trap set by Wu Heng, afraid that Wu Heng was deceiving him, afraid that his newly ignited hope would be shattered in an instant.

Wu Heng nodded, a confident smile on his face: "Sect Master Guiyuan, rest assured. I've worked in the Void Merchant Guild for so many years, I've seen more treasures than you've eaten meals. I've personally appraised the Chaos Spirit Liquid; it's absolutely genuine."

"Moreover, I do indeed have a small bottle of Chaos Spirit Liquid in my possession. If you don't believe me, I can show it to you."

He then reached for the Chaos Spirit Liquid in his robes.

Guiyuanzi quickly waved his hand, urgently saying, "No need, no need. Guild Master Wu, I trust you."

He was now eager to obtain the Chaos Spirit Liquid and had no reason to doubt Wu Heng's words.

Even if it was a trap, he was willing to take the gamble; for his young master, he had no other choice.

He suppressed his excitement, took a deep breath, and tried to calm himself down before asking in a deep voice, "President Wu, where is the Chaos Elixir? How many spirit stones do you need?"

As long as I can provide it, I will definitely give it to you. Even if I can't provide it now, I will find a way to gather it and will never owe President Wu a single penny."

In his view, since Wu Heng was a businessman, all he wanted was spirit stones.

He had already gathered eight million spirit stones. Although he hadn't won the Primordial Divine Water, these spirit stones should be enough to buy a bottle of Chaos Elixir, right?

Even if it wasn't enough, he could find another way. Even if he had to sell the last of Guiyuan Sect's possessions, he would gather the spirit stones to buy the Chaos Elixir for the young master.

Unexpectedly, Wu Heng shook his head, his smile becoming even deeper and more eerie: "Sect Master Guiyuan, this old man does not want spirit stones."

"Does not want spirit stones?"

Guiyuanzi's brows furrowed instantly, a hint of doubt and wariness flashing in his eyes. "Then what do you want? President Wu, please speak frankly. As long as I can do it, as long as it does not violate my principles, I can agree to it." He knew that Wu Heng didn't want spirit stones; what he wanted was something far more precious and dangerous.

But he had no way out. For his young master's sake, he had to agree, no matter how dangerous it was.

Wu Heng stood up, hands behind his back, and walked to the wall. Looking at the landscape painting on it, his gaze became distant, and his voice deepened: "What I need is for you to do one thing for me. One thing only you can do."

Gui Yuanzi was silent for a moment, his vigilance growing stronger, but he still asked in a deep voice, "What is it?"

Wu Heng turned around, looking at Gui Yuanzi, his eyes becoming serious, and his tone more solemn: "In the vast mountains of the eastern Northern Region, there is an ancient ruin called the 'Chaos Secret Realm.'"

"It is a Daoist temple left behind by a powerful Chaos expert in ancient times. It contains incomparably precious natural treasures, including Chaos Spiritual Liquid, countless ancient cultivation techniques, magical artifacts, spiritual materials, and even possibly the secrets to breaking through realms."

He paused, then continued, a hint of helplessness in his voice: "I once sent people in. Those I sent were all cultivators of considerable strength, including many Golden Immortal level experts, but after they went in, none of them came out alive."

"This old man suspects that they either encountered the restrictions within the secret realm, or its guardians, or were lured by its rare treasures and killed each other, ultimately perishing."

Gui Yuanzi's expression changed slightly.

Ancient ruins?

A chaotic secret realm?

He had never heard of such a place before.

Moreover, none of the Golden Immortal cultivators sent there returned alive, demonstrating just how dangerous and terrifying this secret realm was.

He had a vague premonition that what Wu Heng had asked him to do was probably related to this chaotic secret realm.

Sure enough, Wu Heng's next words confirmed his guess.

"The Chaos Elixir was taken from that secret realm."

Wu Heng's voice carried a hint of greed. "I only have a small bottle of Chaos Elixir in my possession. That was brought back from the outer perimeter of the secret realm by the people I sent earlier, who risked their last breath. It's not enough to reshape a complete physical body."

"If you want the complete Chaos Elixir, enough for your young master to reshape his body, you must personally enter the depths of the secret realm and retrieve the pool of elixir at its core."

Gui Yuanzi's face instantly turned deathly pale, a look of shock and disbelief flashing in his eyes: "You want me to venture into the Chaos Secret Realm?"

He finally understood why Wu Heng didn't want spirit stones, why he helped him.

Wu Heng wanted to use him, to exploit his eagerness for the Chaos Elixir, to make him venture into that perilous Chaos Secret Realm to retrieve more Chaos Elixir, or even other rare and precious materials within the secret realm.

Wu Heng didn't want his own people to die, so he found this gullible fool, eager for a substitute, to sacrifice himself.

The Chaos Realm is so dangerous; even the Golden Immortal cultivators sent there didn't return alive. If he went, could he come back alive?

His death wouldn't matter, but what would happen to the young master's soul?

What would happen to the Guiyuan Sect?

His heart was filled with hesitation and struggle. On one side was the hope of the young master rebuilding his physical body; on the other was the near-death experience.

He didn't know what to choose.

If he didn't go, the young master would never be able to rebuild his physical body, only able to eke out a living as a soul, eventually slowly dissipating.

If he went, he might die in the realm. Then, the young master would not only fail to obtain the Chaos Elixir but would also lose him as his guardian, making his situation even more perilous.

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Wu Heng seemed to sense his hesitation and said with a smile, "Sect Master Guiyuan, you don't need to worry too much. You won't be going alone."

"I can provide a map of the secret realm and some information, tell you about the restrictions and dangers on the outer perimeter, and I will also send two

Golden Immortal cultivators to accompany you. With the three of you working together, your strength will greatly increase, and you should have a chance to come out alive and obtain the Chaos Elixir."

"Send two Golden Immortal cultivators to accompany me?" Guiyuanzi's brows furrowed even more deeply.

He knew that the cultivators Wu Heng sent were nominally accompanying him, but in reality, they were probably monitoring him. Once he obtained the Chaos Elixir, or discovered other treasures in the secret realm, those people would likely immediately seize the treasures, or even kill him to silence him.

He remained silent for a long time, his inner struggle growing increasingly intense.

He looked at the jade bottle in his hand, as if he saw the young master's faint soul, as if he heard the young master's expectations.

He remembered his vow, the expectations of the entire Guiyuan Sect, and everything he had sacrificed.

He had no choice. He truly had no choice.

The Primordial Divine Water had been taken by the Celestial Venerable; it was his only hope, the only hope that could allow the young master to rebuild his physical body.

Even if it meant facing an abyss, even if it meant certain death, he had to go. He couldn't afford to gamble, and he couldn't afford to lose.

Just as he hesitated, David's voice slowly emanated from the jade bottle, still calm and firm: "Promise him."

The voice was soft, yet it carried an undeniable power, instantly dispelling Gui Yuanzi's hesitation and struggle.

He raised his head, looked at Wu Heng, took a deep breath, his eyes hardening, and said, word by word, "Alright. I agree. Where is the Chaos Secret Realm? When do we depart?"

Seeing Gui Yuanzi agree, Wu Heng's smile instantly brightened, a hint of smugness and calculation flashing in his eyes: "No rush, no rush. Sect Master Gui Yuan, you've traveled a long way and suffered a considerable blow;

you're exhausted, both physically and mentally." "Rest at the Merchant Guild for the night and recuperate. Tomorrow morning, I'll send someone to take you to the entrance of the secret realm. I've prepared a map and supplies, and two Golden Immortal cultivators will accompany you."

Gui Yuanzi nodded without speaking.

He knew Wu Heng wouldn't harm him, at least not now.

Wu Heng still needed him to retrieve the spiritual liquid from the secret realm, still needed him to risk his life for him, so until he obtained the Chaos Spiritual Liquid, Wu Heng would ensure his safety.

But he was still somewhat uneasy and asked in a deep voice, "Who are those two Golden Immortal cultivators? What is their cultivation level? What are they good at?"

He needed to understand the situation of these two cultivators in order to prepare for a countermeasure and avoid being tricked by them. Wu Heng smiled and slowly said, "They are both guest elders of the Void Merchant Guild, both at the first rank of Golden Immortal, and their strength is not weak."

"The man is skilled in stealth and assassination, with rich experience, and is quite well-known in the Northern Region; the woman is skilled in formations and healing, and can provide assistance and ensure your safety in dangerous situations. With them accompanying you, your success rate in venturing into the secret realm will be much higher."

Gui Yuanzi nodded, his vigilance not relaxing in the slightest.

A first-rank Golden Immortal, skilled in stealth, assassination, formations, and healing—such a combination is indeed very practical, capable of both offense and defense, and also healing injuries.

But precisely because of this, he was even more worried; these two were probably not simple characters, and dealing with them would likely not be easy.

"Alright, I understand,"

Gui Yuanzi said in a deep voice. "I'll rest at the guild for the night and set off for the Chaos Secret Realm early tomorrow morning."

Wu Heng nodded and said with a gentle smile, "Good. I'll arrange for someone to take you to your room to rest. I'll have someone call you early tomorrow morning."

After speaking, he called out to the outside of the secret room, and the two armored cultivators who had been at the entrance of the corridor immediately entered and bowed, "Guild Master."

"Take Sect Master Gui Yuan to your room to rest, treat him well, and do not neglect him," Wu Heng instructed.

"Yes, Guild Master,"

the two armored cultivators replied in unison, then turned around and gestured for Gui Yuanzi to come with them. "Sect Master Gui Yuan, please come with us."

Gui Yuanzi glanced at Wu Heng, said nothing, and turned to follow the two armored cultivators out of the secret room.

He knew that from the moment he agreed to Wu Heng's request, he had embarked on a path fraught with peril.

But he had no regrets. For the young master, for the Guiyuan Sect, no matter how dangerous, he would go forward without hesitation.

Watching Guiyuanzi's departing figure, the smile on Wu Heng's face gradually disappeared, replaced by a cold calculation.

He walked to the stone table, picked up a teacup, took a small sip, his gaze distant, and murmured to himself, "Guiyuanzi, I hope you won't disappoint this old man. The treasures in the Chaos Secret Realm are not so easy to obtain."

"You'd better come back alive and bring back the Chaos Spirit Liquid and the other treasures in the secret realm for this old man. Otherwise, neither you nor that little remnant soul in your arms will leave alive."

In the secret chamber, only he remained. The faint fragrance of tea and the aura of spiritual energy intertwined, creating an exceptionally eerie atmosphere.

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At dawn the next day, the night had not yet completely faded, and a thick, inky darkness still hung heavily over Tianque City.

On the far horizon, a faint sliver of pale light broke through the thin, almost imperceptible glow of dawn, like a cicada's wing, unable to penetrate the heavy night.

A cool morning mist permeated the entire city, the white fog swirling around the eaves and cobblestone streets, carrying the lingering chill of deep winter, a fine, icy touch against the skin.

The entire city of Tianque was still fast asleep. The once bustling streets, teeming with people and carriages, were now completely devoid of their usual vibrancy; the cobblestone pavement, damp with the morning mist, gleamed with a cool, watery sheen.

Shops lining the streets stood with their doors and windows tightly shut, banners hanging limply. Only the occasional clear, melodious birdsong drifted through the woods, piercing the tranquil morning mist and gently breaking the silence of the ancient city, only to vanish in an instant, making the cold peace seem even more profound.

Inside a guest room on the top floor of the stone tower, Gui Yuanzi had already risen.

No candles were lit, only a sliver of sunlight filtering through the window, barely illuminating the simple room.

The wooden table and chairs were simply furnished, without any luxurious decorations, and the air still held a faint scent of sandalwood and the cool aroma of spirit stones.

Gui Yuanzi stood by the window, his plain undergarment clean and elegant, his figure slender and upright, his back ramrod straight, only his eyes revealing an undisguised weariness and solemnity.

He hadn't slept all night.

It wasn't that the guest room was simple or the rest was uncomfortable, but rather that a thousand thoughts tangled in his mind, like a jumbled mess, leaving him utterly unable to sleep.

Last night, sitting quietly on his couch, he closed his eyes and concentrated, repeatedly replaying every detail of his journey to the Chaos Realm in his mind.

Wu Heng's hidden, unpredictable schemes, the perilous rumors circulating about the Chaos Realm, the unpredictable unknown dangers within, and the fragile divine soul within the jade bottle in his arms—countless thoughts piled up, weighing heavily on his heart, keeping him restless all night.

He knew better than anyone that stepping into the vast mountains and venturing into the Chaos Realm was tantamount to risking his life.

That realm, known as a death trap, had seen countless cultivators enter over the centuries, most perishing without a trace, with very few surviving—a near-death experience was no exaggeration.

But he had no choice. For his young master David, for that Chaos Elixir that could reshape his body, even if the road ahead was fraught with peril, he had to forge ahead without hesitation.

He had to be fully prepared, eliminating any oversights or hidden dangers. Only in this way could he have even the slightest chance of escaping the secret realm alive, and personally bring back the Chaos Spirit Liquid to help the young master rebuild his physical body and return to his peak.

Gui Yuanzi withdrew his gaze from the distance and slowly raised his hand to straighten his robes.

He walked to the copper basin of clear water in the room, dipped his fingertips in the cool water, and wiped his face and wrists.

The cool water flowed over his skin, dispelling some of the drowsiness from a sleepless night, and barely calming his chaotic mind.

After washing up, he took out a brand-new blue Daoist robe from his storage ring.

The robe was made of simple, unadorned fabric, without intricate embroidery or precious spiritual silk; it was merely the most ordinary Daoist clothing, yet it was washed clean and crisp.

The soft fabric clung to his figure, making him appear even thinner and more upright, surrounded by a detached and otherworldly Daoist aura.

After changing his robes, Gui Yuanzi's movements became cautious and solemn.

He reached into his robes and took out a warm, translucent white jade bottle.

The jade bottle was pure white, with a delicate texture. A layer of faint blue spiritual energy was sealed at the mouth of the bottle, isolating it from internal and external energies. Inside the bottle, David's remaining divine soul was quietly sealed. The spirit within was weak and fleeting, like a candle flickering in the wind, ready to vanish at the slightest carelessness.

His fingertips gently caressed the cool surface of the bottle, a flicker of resolve mixed with tenderness in his eyes. He then pressed the jade bottle tightly against his chest, securing it firmly with his robe.

The warmth of his skin against the bottle allowed him to constantly sense the faint fluctuations of the spirit within, confirming the young master's safety. In the event of sudden danger, he could also protect his heart immediately, preserving this only hope.

Having properly placed the jade bottle, Gui Yuanzi raised his hand and touched an ancient, black storage ring on his left ring finger.

Spiritual energy slowly flowed into it, and the contents of the ring appeared clearly and distinctly in his mind.

Eight million high-grade spirit stones were neatly stacked, providing the foundation for this trip's consumption, emergencies, and procurement of supplies;

dozens of lustrous, round healing pills, rich in medicinal properties, could quickly repair damaged meridians and heal external injuries;

more than ten talismans with restrained radiance, divided into offensive and defensive categories, the defensive talismans could form barriers to defend against enemies, while the offensive talismans contained explosive spiritual power, serving as a life-saving trump card in desperate situations.

Finally, a clear blue light flowed from the storage ring, and a long sword silently hovered before him.

The Azure Edge Sword, with its slender and long blade, clear as autumn water, and chillingly sharp light, had a scabbard engraved with simple cloud patterns, ancient and understated.

This was Gui Yuanzi's natal magic weapon, accompanying him in his cultivation for hundreds of years, venturing into countless dangerous places, slaying demons and monsters, breaking formations and killing enemies, experiencing countless bloody battles, and had long since become one with his spiritual power and mind.

Within the sword, Gui Yuanzi's pure Daoist spiritual energy constantly lingered, allowing him to become one with the sword, their minds in perfect harmony—his most trusted and reliable reliance.

He lightly flicked the blade, a crisp, resonant sound echoing slowly in the silent room, its lingering echo long and deep.

Gui Yuanzi gazed at the sword, his eyes resolute, then with a slight flick of his wrist, sheathed the Qingfeng sword and slung it diagonally at his waist.

He checked all his belongings, finding nothing amiss.

Gui Yuanzi took a deep breath of the cool mist, suppressing the surging unease in his heart, and pushed open the wooden door to the guest room.

The door creaked slightly as it opened and closed, the morning mist outside thicker than inside.

Within the greyish-white mist, two figures stood silently, motionless, their auras completely different, yet both exuding a sense of unapproachability.

These two were the two Golden Immortal cultivators whom Wu Heng had arranged beforehand to accompany Gui Yuanzi to the Chaos Secret Realm.

The man on the left was extremely burly and imposing, easily over seven feet tall, with broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and a muscular, powerful physique.

His features were sharply defined, his jawline cold and sharp, devoid of any gentleness.

His skin was a cold white, tinged with the aura of violence accumulated from years of wandering dangerous places.

His eyebrows were thick, black, and sharp, slanting upwards towards his temples. Most chilling were his eyes, deep and dark, devoid of any light, as if sculpted from millennia of ice. His eyes were devoid of emotion, cold and empty; a mere glance from them was enough to

send shivers down one's spine. He wore a tight-fitting, pure black suit that clung to his skin, perfectly outlining his smooth, muscular lines, revealing strong bones and concealing explosive power.

Two short swords hung at his waist, their sheaths entirely black, their surfaces engraved with intricate, twisted dark patterns. A cold glint flickered within the patterns, radiating a bone-chilling, sinister aura—clearly no ordinary weapon.

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The man didn't deliberately release any pressure, yet the refined, pure, and intensely piercing killing intent couldn't be completely concealed.

It was the culmination of countless life-or-death battles and the slaughter of countless lives—cold, violent, and ruthless. Anyone who approached him would instinctively feel fear and dare not easily speak to him.

This man was named Dark Blade, a specialist in close-quarters assassination, his methods ruthless and decisive. He was a trusted assassin under Wu Heng.

The woman on the right was a stark contrast to Dark Blade.

She was petite and slender, no more than five feet tall, with a graceful and gentle figure.

Her skin was fair and delicate, like the finest white jade. Her eyebrows and eyes were delicate and gentle, with slightly upturned corners. Her almond-shaped eyes were clear and bright, as warm as water, without a trace of ferocity.

A pure white flowing dress draped her body, its wide, swaying hem moving like clouds in the wind. Embroidered with delicate white lotus patterns, the dress exuded elegance and refinement, adding a touch of ethereal beauty.

In her hand, she lightly held a white jade whisk, its handle carved from millennia-old warm jade, smooth and lustrous to the touch.

The whisk's threads were snow-white, fine, supple, and smooth, their surface shimmering with a faint, gentle white light—a high-grade auxiliary magical artifact.

The woman's aura was mellow and soft, her spiritual power gentle and restrained, devoid of any aggression, causing one to instinctively lower their guard and feel a sense of closeness.

This woman was named Ling Yue, proficient in array formations, barriers, defense, and healing, skilled in support and balance; her strength was not to be underestimated.

The two noticed the door opening and simultaneously looked up at Gui Yuanzi.

Their gazes fell on Gui Yuanzi, indifferent and unresponsive, devoid of any respect or friendliness.

There were no pleasantries, no formalities, only pure businesslike conduct, cold and distant.

Gui Yuanzi understood.

These two hadn't come voluntarily; they were merely under Wu Heng's orders, forced to accompany him into the secret realm.

In their eyes, he was nothing more than a mission target to be escorted and guarded, regardless of status or sentiment, so naturally they wouldn't show any extra courtesy.

Gui Yuanzi didn't initiate a conversation, but calmly raised his eyes to observe the two.

His divine sense quietly spread out, carefully probing their auras, memorizing their physical characteristics, spiritual energy fluctuations, and aura attributes.

His refined divine sense swept over them, clearly sensing that both An Dao and Ling Yue were Golden Immortals of the first rank, their auras steady and refined, their foundations solid, without the slightest hint of superficiality—truly top-tier cultivators.

Dark Blade's spiritual energy is dark and cold, its aura violent and sharp, shrouded in murderous intent. It excels at close-quarters attacks, assassinations, and breaking through defenses, its methods ruthless and decisive.

Spirit Moon's spiritual energy is warm and mellow, gentle and enduring, its fluctuations calm and restrained, leaning towards defense, formation, and healing, a combination of offense, defense, and support.

The two, one offensive and one supportive, one hard and one soft, complement each other perfectly, exactly as Wu Heng had previously told them.

After a brief silent standoff, Dark Blade broke the silence first.

His thin lips parted slightly, his voice cold and flat, devoid of any emotional fluctuation, like an ice bead striking a cold stone, piercingly chilling.

"Let's go."

With that one word, he said nothing more, showing no intention of waiting. He turned and strode directly out of the stone tower.

His steps were steady and swift, his black figure blending into the white morning mist, decisive and indifferent.

Lingyue pursed her lips slightly and nodded gently to Guiyuanzi, her movements soft and subtle, still remaining silent.

Her slender white fingers lightly gripped a whisk, which hung at her side as she followed closely behind Andao, walking slowly forward. Her pure white skirt swept across the thin mist on the ground, leaving not a speck of dust. Gui Yuanzi stood rooted to the spot, watching the two figures walk away, one after the other. The jade bottle pressed against his chest allowed him to clearly feel a faint, warm aura of divine soul energy emanating from it.

He slowly exhaled a breath of pent-up energy, suppressing the surging vigilance and unease in his heart. Concealing the complex emotions in his eyes, he followed in their footsteps.

The three remained silent the entire way, exchanging not a single word.

The morning mist enveloped the three figures—one in black, one in white, and one in blue—their distinct colors creating a somber and oppressive atmosphere. The cool, damp cobblestone path beneath their feet echoed softly in the morning stillness.

The three followed the empty street towards the southern gate of Tianque City.

Upon reaching the stone tower gate, an exquisite flying artifact awaited them on the empty stone platform.

It was a flying boat propelled by a spirit bird, crafted entirely from thousand-year-old spirit wood. Its exterior was pure white, its hull sleek and simple, devoid of elaborate carvings, its surface engraved with dense silver runes.

Runes were concealed within the wood grain, their spiritual light restrained, swirling with faint, shimmering white spiritual energy.

Two snow-white, long-winged cloud-feathered spirit birds were tethered to the bow of the flying boat. Their eyes were clear and full of intelligence, and their bodies were surrounded by a thin layer of wind-elemental spiritual energy, crucial for controlling the flying boat and propelling it through the air.

This boat flew extremely fast and smoothly, able to withstand the fierce winds of high altitudes, making it a superior flying artifact for long journeys.

An Dao was the first to leap onto the flying boat, landing silently, his body as steady as a rock.

He went straight to the control position at the bow, sat cross-legged, and rapidly formed hand seals, channeling his spiritual energy into the runes of the flying boat.

Ling Yue followed closely behind, her movements light and graceful, like a falling flower, landing quietly in a corner at the rear of the flying boat. She sat

down quietly, her whisk resting lightly on her knees, her eyes closed, focused and tranquil.

Gui Yuanzi was the last to board the flying boat, his blue Daoist robe fluttering slightly in the morning breeze.

He deliberately chose to sit on the edge of the boat, leaning against the cool railing, his gaze fixed on the hazy outline of the city in the distance. The jade bottle in his heart remained warm, a constant reminder of his mission.

The next instant, a faint white light emanated from the runes on the flying boat, gentle spiritual energy lifting it and slowly lifting it off the ground.

Two cloud-feathered spirit birds flapped their wings and soared into the air, emitting two clear chirps, then pulled the flying boat steadily towards the gates of Tianque City.

The flying boat passed through the towering city gates, completely leaving the jurisdiction of Tianque City.

Outside the city, the wilderness was covered in frost, white mist filled the air, and few people were visible.

An Dao's eyes turned cold, his finger seals suddenly changed, and his spiritual energy output surged dramatically.

*Whoosh—

- The runes on the boat suddenly brightened, a blinding silver light flashing and disappearing in an instant.

The flying boat, like an arrow released from a bow, tore through the white mist, broke through the high-altitude air currents, and sped towards the vast mountains in the eastern part of the Northern Region.

The sound of something cutting through the air was low and short, instantly dissipating into the fierce winds high above.

Ten thousand miles above, a biting wind howled, and clouds churned.

The flying boat headed east, traversing layers upon layers of clouds.

Below, the mountains and rivers receded rapidly, verdant peaks, winding rivers, villages, and cities all becoming blurred patches of color, rushing past.

The air currents whistled and pounded against the boat, completely blocked by a surface barrier of spiritual energy, keeping the interior undisturbed.

The atmosphere on board remained deathly silent and oppressive; no one spoke.