

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6486

An Dao sat alone at the bow of the boat, his back straight, his hands constantly forming a hand seal. His dark eyes stared straight ahead, his face expressionless, his hard jawline unwavering.

The surrounding scenery seemed utterly irrelevant to him; his world consisted solely of his journey.

Ling Yue sat quietly in the corner, her posture upright, eyes closed, long eyelashes casting soft shadows on her fair cheeks.

Her hands rested on her knees, her fingertips lightly pinching the threads of a whisk. A faint white aura surrounded her, whether she was quietly cultivating her spiritual energy or pondering the pros and cons of her journey was unclear.

Occasionally, she would slowly open her eyes, her clear gaze sweeping over Gui Yuanzi beside her, a hint of scrutiny and doubt hidden in her eyes.

She couldn't understand this seemingly ordinary Daoist cultivator.

Gui Yuanzi's cultivation was only at the early stage of the third rank of Golden Immortal, not considered top-tier among cultivators, yet he willingly risked his life to venture into the treacherous Chaos Secret Realm.

What intrigued her even more was the white jade bottle he always kept close to his heart. Its seal was tight, and its inner aura was obscure, as if it held a secret unknown to others.

Each time her gaze swept over it, her doubts deepened, but she never rashly investigated, adhering to propriety and boundaries.

Gui Yuanzi was aware of this but didn't take it to heart.

He knew Ling Yue meant no harm, merely a curious observer; the most important thing now was to remain vigilant and guard against any potential dangers.

He lightly gripped the boat railing, gazing at the rapidly swirling sea of clouds outside the window, his heart pounding, his thoughts racing.

The Chaos Secret Realm was located deep within the vast mountains of the eastern Northern Region, thousands of miles away from Tianque City.

This spirit bird flying boat was far faster than ordinary flying magical artifacts, able to traverse thousands of mountains and rivers in an instant. Even so, it would still take a full day to reach the outer edge of the Cangmang Mountains.

The journey seemed calm and uneventful, but Guiyuanzi dared not relax his guard in the slightest.

Human hearts were unpredictable, and the road ahead was uncertain.

He couldn't determine whether the cunning Wu Heng would harbor murderous intent along the way, secretly deploying men to intercept and kill him, eliminating any potential threats;

he also knew that the bloodthirsty and obsessive Tianji Venerable had never given up on seizing the soul of the young master David. The Venerable's cultivators were scattered throughout the Northern Region, and it was highly likely they had detected their movements and were pursuing them relentlessly.

The road ahead was fraught with countless dangers, both open and hidden, impossible to guard against.

With this thought in mind, Guiyuanzi subconsciously raised his hand and gently pressed it against the white jade bottle on his chest.

The cool jade bottle rested against his warm palm. The faint fluctuations of his divine soul within were clearly perceptible; this faint aura was all his obsession and strength.

He lowered his gaze to his palm, his lips moving slightly as he murmured in a low voice, audible only to the two of them.

"Young Master, we're setting off."

"This time, I will definitely obtain the Chaos Elixir, sparing no expense to help you rebuild your physical body."

"Rest assured, I will risk my life to protect you."

Within the tranquil jade bottle, a thin, transparent wisp of divine soul slowly floated.

David's remaining divine soul was extremely weak, almost transparent, as if it would dissipate into the world at any moment.

Hearing Gui Yuanzi's deep, solemn words, his divine soul trembled slightly, rippling with a faint spiritual light.

A weak, hoarse, yet gentle and clear voice slowly emanated from the jade bottle, clearly reaching Gui Yuanzi's ears. "Guiyuanzi, be careful in everything."

"Wu Heng is extremely cunning and unpredictable; never trust him. These two accompanying cultivators are his loyal henchmen; be wary of their every word and action, and never let them scheme against you." "

Besides, Venerable Tianji is deeply obsessed and will never easily abandon my soul. His spies are all over the Northern Region; our whereabouts are easily

exposed. We must be on guard at all times during the journey to prevent pursuit."

David's tone was calm and composed. Even in dire straits and with his soul wavering, he maintained a clear mind, accurately analyzing the crisis before him.

"Your subordinate will remember your instructions, Young Master." Guiyuanzi nodded slightly, his gaze growing increasingly solemn, his vigilance rising once more. "Your subordinate will be cautious at every step, not missing any abnormalities, and protecting both myself and the Young Master's soul."

Their secret conversation ended in an instant, and silence returned.

The flying boat continued its eastward journey, passing through layer after layer of thick clouds.

Along the way, the sky occasionally revealed flying artifacts piloted by other cultivators: spirit birds with wingspans reaching thousands of miles, exquisitely carved jade chariots, and simple wooden boats.

Cultivators came and went in an endless stream, all traveling to various parts of the Northern Region.

An Dao focused intently on controlling the flying boat, his divine sense spreading wide, keenly detecting the surrounding activity.

Whenever he sensed a high-level cultivator approaching, or a flying artifact with a strange aura, he would subtly change course and quietly give way, unwilling to create unnecessary trouble before reaching the secret realm.

Ling Yue would occasionally open her eyes, her clear gaze sweeping over the rapidly passing mountains and rivers below, her expression calm and undisturbed.

After a brief observation, she would close her eyes again, immersing herself in her own world.

Her occasional glances at Gui Yuanzi still carried a hint of scrutiny and doubt, yet she remained silent, never uttering a single question.

Gui Yuanzi, while secretly guarding his surroundings, secretly circulated the Daoist spiritual energy within his body.

The long, pure spiritual energy flowed slowly through his meridians, cleansing his weary body and nourishing his depleted spirit.

He hadn't slept all night, and his spirit was severely exhausted. He needed to take advantage of the safe passage to quietly recuperate and maintain peak condition.

He knew that once he entered the Chaotic Secret Realm, there would be no more opportunities for rest and recuperation. Only by maintaining his best combat strength could he fight for a sliver of survival in this perilous situation.

Time slowly passed, the sunlight shifted from east to west, the bright daylight quietly faded, and the dusky twilight slowly painted the sky.

After a full day of high-altitude flight, the flying boat finally slowed down.

In the distance, a vast, undulating, dark mountain range came into view.

The mountain range stretched endlessly between heaven and earth, its peaks intertwined, layer upon layer, seemingly without end.

The Cangmang Mountains, a renowned ancient mountain range in the eastern part of the Northern Region, spans tens of thousands of miles. Its terrain is precipitous and rugged, with numerous towering peaks.

Ancient trees reach for the sky, their dense foliage blocking out most of the sunlight, leaving the forests perpetually dark and gloomy.

This area is perpetually shrouded in a thick, viscous, greyish-white fog, which lingers and carries an eerie, mysterious aura.

The spiritual energy here far surpasses that of other cities and plains in the Northern Region, being pure and abundant, ideal for cultivators.

However, this spiritual energy is mixed with a large amount of decaying, cold, and gloomy energy, a murky and impure mixture.

Anyone who steps into the mountain range will feel a chill seep into their flesh and bones, chilling them to the bone and making them uneasy.

Chapter 6487

The flying boat descended slowly, landing smoothly on a spacious stone platform on the outskirts of the mountains.

The platform was exposed, its surface covered with a layer of damp moss, and the soil beneath its feet was soft, mixed with decaying leaves, emitting a faint, pungent, and damp odor.

An Dao raised his hand and formed a hand seal, a flash of black spiritual energy disappearing from his fingertips.

The pure white flying boat instantly transformed into a streak of shimmering white light, shrinking several times its original size, and was precisely stored in an ancient-looking storage jade pendant at his waist.

The two cloud-feathered spirit birds also transformed into two streaks of white light, concealed within the jade pendant, lying dormant quietly.

The three of them landed, and the cool, damp mountain air instantly enveloped them, chilling them to the bone.

The damp mist seeped into their flesh through the gaps in their clothing, mingling with the acrid smell of decaying leaves, rotten wood, and damp earth, assaulting their senses and causing a slight nausea in their stomachs.

An Dao's expression remained unchanged, his cold and stern face still indifferent, as if the surrounding frigid environment had no effect on him whatsoever.

He rapidly formed a probing hand seal with his fingertips, a wisp of dark, ghostly spiritual energy swirling around him and spreading rapidly through the surrounding mountains and forests like ripples.

The energy swept across the grass, trees, and rocks, meticulously probing for lurking demonic beasts, restrictions, and deadly intent.

A moment later, the dark energy returned, flowing back into his meridians.

The probing revealed nothing unusual; there were no high-level demonic beasts lurking nearby, nor any hidden killing restrictions.

"This is the outer edge of the Cangmang Mountains, a miasma forest."

An Dao finally spoke again, his clear, cold voice breaking the silence of the forest. His icy tone carried a rare hint of warning. "The forest is teeming with low-level poisonous beasts, and the vegetation harbors a mesmerizing miasma. Numerous natural barriers exist.

Once inside, do not speak loudly, do not touch unfamiliar plants, and do not stray from the group."

He pointed towards the depths of the mountains, his gaze sharp and icy: "According to the map of the secret realm provided by the guild leader, we need to traverse this miasma forest and reach the cliffs at the back of the mountain to set up camp and rest.

At dawn tomorrow, proceed to the entrance of the secret realm to begin the challenge."

Ling Yue slowly opened her eyes, her clear gaze sweeping over the thick, grayish-white miasma around her.

Her slender, white fingers gently brushed the snow-white threads of her jade whisk, warm, pure spiritual energy flowing slowly from her fingertips, perfectly counteracting the poisonous miasma of the mountains.

With a soft hum, a nearly transparent circular light shield rapidly expanded from the three of them.

The shield was thin and light, its radiance delicate and gentle, like a thin layer of glass, enveloping them completely.

The surrounding murky, grayish-white miasma and cold, gloomy aura collided with the shield and were instantly shut out, unable to get any closer.

"I've set up a dust-free barrier to isolate the miasma and resist the cold, turbid aura,"

Lingyue's voice was soft and melodious, a stark contrast to Andao's cold, hoarse tone, yet equally detached and indifferent. "The barrier's spiritual energy is stable and can last for twelve hours. Do not forcibly break through the barrier, otherwise the spiritual energy will become disordered, the barrier will shatter, and the miasma will invade your body."

Guiyuanzi nodded slightly, his gaze sweeping over the thick, persistent mist around him, his heart growing increasingly cautious.

He tightened his collar, ensuring the white jade bottle on his chest remained securely against his skin and wouldn't shift due to the commotion.

The three didn't linger, stepping into the dark and secluded miasma forest before dusk completely enveloped it.

The thick, grayish-white mist, like cotton wool, hovered in mid-air, obscuring vision and blocking spiritual senses.

The visible range was only three zhang (approximately 10 meters); beyond that, all was a vast expanse of white mist, concealing trees, strange rocks, and ravines, making them indistinct and difficult to discern.

Chapter 6488

The forest was dimly lit, with ancient trees and branches intertwining to block out the sunlight. A cold, damp wind rustled through the gaps in the leaves, creating a chilling and eerie atmosphere, accompanied by the distant roars of beasts and chirps of insects.

Although the spiritual energy here was abundant, it was mixed with a large number of chaotic and violent fragments of Golden Immortal Laws.

These fragments, hidden within the mist and invisible to the naked eye, were sharp and piercing.

If ordinary cultivators were to attempt to fly here without a strong protective spiritual force, the fragments would tear their meridians apart, causing internal injuries that were difficult to heal.

Even for Golden Immortal cultivators, flying here would require a significant amount of spiritual energy to build up protection, making it a losing proposition.

Therefore, the three of them unanimously chose to walk, taking firm steps forward.

After nightfall, the temperature in the forest plummeted, the mist thickened, and visibility decreased further.

Gui Yuanzi took the initiative to walk at the head of the group, his blue Daoist robe standing out conspicuously in the dim forest.

He was fully alert, constantly vigilant of his surroundings, each step deliberate and cautious, avoiding hidden ditches and poisonous plants.

The white jade bottle pressed tightly against his chest, its warmth emanating continuously. David's soul lay dormant, occasionally releasing a faint wisp of divine sense to resonate with Gui Yuanzi, jointly probing for potential dangers.

An Dao moved to the right side of the group, his body shimmering with dark light, his murderous aura subtly concealed. His cold eyes gleamed faintly in the darkness, keenly detecting subtle movements within the mist.

Any poisonous insects or low-level demonic beasts that approached would be deterred and forced to flee without a fight, his chilling killing intent causing them to flee.

Ling Yue walked on the left side of the group, her whisk gently swaying. The dust-free barrier remained stable, its soft white light isolating all poisonous and turbid energy.

Her gaze was calm as she silently observed her surroundings, while secretly watching Gui Yuanzi's every move, her doubts never fading.

The three formed a triangular formation, maintaining a distance of no more than ten zhang (approximately 33 meters) between each other—neither too close nor too far, enough to support each other while ensuring sufficient safety.

No one spoke throughout the journey; only the soft crunch of their footsteps on decaying leaves echoed slowly through the silent, eerie forest.

The long night passed without rest.

Relying on their powerful cultivator physiques, the three traveled day and night, constantly traversing the miasma-filled forests, secluded valleys, and rocky plains.

Along the way, they avoided dozens of natural illusionary barriers, bypassed three high-level demonic beast lairs, and slew several venomous beasts that launched surprise attacks.

Dark Blade struck ruthlessly, killing with a single blow; Spirit Moon reinforced the barrier in time, dispelling the miasma's corrosive effects; Gui Yuanzi stabilized his mind, breaking through the illusions.

The three cooperated seamlessly, each fulfilling their role without communication, steadily advancing.

The night slowly faded, and a faint glimmer of dawn appeared once more on the eastern horizon.

The cool morning light pierced through the thick fog, illuminating the depths of the vast mountains.

After a grueling night's trek, the three finally traversed layers of mist and arrived at the entrance to the Chaotic Realm.

The entrance to the Chaotic Realm was situated halfway up a towering peak.

The mountain was majestic and steep, its smooth, jagged cliffs piercing the clouds.

Halfway up the mountain, a massive, flat rock face recessed inward, naturally forming a spacious platform.

In the center of the platform stood a magnificent, ancient, pitch-black stone gate. The stone gate, approximately ten zhang high and five zhang wide, was carved entirely from jet-black Xuan Tie divine stone. Heavy and imposing, its

surface devoid of superfluous decoration, except for a dense array of ancient runes of varying depths covering the gate panels.

The runes were twisted and obscure, their forms ancient and strange, belonging to no common script of the time, exuding a sense of a barbaric and ancient era.

The morning light spilled onto the stone gate, causing the obscure runes to slowly shift, gleaming with a chilling blue light.

The blue light flickered, and an ancient and powerful mysterious aura emanated from the stone gate—heavy, vast, and violent, as if from the primordial chaos of antiquity, inspiring instinctive awe and deterring approach.

On either side of the stone gate stood two colossal humanoid stone statues, symmetrically carved from dark blue-green rock. They wore heavy, ancient armor, the armor plates clearly defined, and gripped long, sharp spears, the tips pointing diagonally to the ground, their postures imposing and menacing.

The stone statue's face was exquisitely carved, with strong eyebrows and distinct features, except for its empty, black eyes, devoid of pupils, yet exuding an indifferent and majestic aura that looked down upon all living beings.

Like an ancient guardian deity, it silently guarded the entrance to the secret realm, indifferently watching every creature that dared to trespass.

A mountain breeze stirred, causing the surrounding mist to shift slowly, the blue light of the stone gate flickering, and the statue's shadow twisting and elongating on the ground,

creating a somber and solemn atmosphere. An Dao stepped forward first, his steady footsteps landing crisply on the hard rock.

He stood directly in front of the dark stone gate, raising his well-defined right hand, his fingertips gently tracing the uneven ancient runes on the door panel.

The cold, hard black iron stone door felt slightly cool to the touch, and the runes concealed ancient restrictive power.

After a moment of examination, he withdrew his right hand, turned to look at Gui Yuanzi behind him, his tone still cold and concise, without any unnecessary embellishment.

"The sealing power of this gate is extremely strong; a single person's spiritual power cannot break it. The entrance restriction requires three Golden Immortal cultivators to simultaneously inject their spiritual power. Only when the three forces merge can the seal be unlocked and the gate to the secret realm opened."

Gui Yuanzi raised his eyes and gazed at the magnificent and ancient stone gate before him. The jade bottle in his heart trembled slightly, and David's soul seemed to be sensing the ancient chaotic aura outside the gate as well.

He suppressed the fluctuations in his heart and nodded solemnly:
"Understood."

After speaking, Gui Yuanzi slowly stepped forward and stood in the center of the stone gate, raising his hand and placing his palm flat against the cold black iron door panel.

His cyan Daoist robe fluttered in the wind, and a faint cyan spiritual power slowly flowed around him, ready to be unleashed.

An Dao moved to the right side of the stone gate, his black bodysuit clinging to his body. His palm was pressed tightly against the door panel, and dark, cold black spiritual power surged in his palm, his murderous aura restrained, ready to be unleashed.

Lingyue stood to the left of the stone gate, dressed in pristine white, her movements graceful and light. Her fair palm gently covered the stone gate, and a warm, pure white spiritual energy flowed slowly and gently.

The three of them formed a triangle, their palms pressed against the heavy stone gate simultaneously, their auras instantly converging, their minds highly focused.

"Make your move," Andao commanded in a low, deep voice.

The next instant, three distinct streams of spiritual energy surged forth from their palms simultaneously.

Guiyuanzi's azure Daoist spiritual energy was pure and continuous, warm and profound, carrying a righteous and righteous aura;

Andao's black killing spiritual energy was dark and cold, sharp and violent, carrying a chilling killing intent;

Lingyue's white healing spiritual energy was gentle and pure, warm and refined, possessing its own purifying power.

The three-colored spiritual energy flowed continuously into the stone gate along the obscure rune patterns.

The originally dull runes were suddenly illuminated, and the eerie blue light rapidly increased, transforming from light blue to a deep ice blue. The light was dazzling and illuminating the entire rock platform.

Chapter 6489

Runes flowed and swirled along fixed trajectories, slowly prying open the ancient sealing power, causing a heavy spatial tremor to emanate from the surface of the stone door.

Boom!

A deep, muffled rumble exploded from within the stone door, shaking heaven and earth, echoing through the empty mountains.

The hard, heavy black iron stone door slowly slid inward along the central crack, gradually widening into a dark, deep crevice.

The instant the crevice opened, a vast, ancient, and chaotic aura rushed out.

The airflow was turbid and heavy, carrying countless fragments of chaotic laws, its impact extremely powerful.

Gui Yuanzi's flowing azure spiritual energy suddenly stagnated, his meridians slightly numb, the speed of his internal spiritual energy flow involuntarily slowing, instinctively generating a feeling of oppression and discomfort.

He frowned slightly, took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the unease surging in his heart, tightened the jade bottle in his chest, and gripped the Qingfeng sword at his waist.

The cool hilt of the sword brought him a sense of security; his gaze was firm, without the slightest hesitation.

"Enter."

With a single, swift word, Gui Yuanzi moved, stepping first into the dark, deep crevice of the stone door.

His azure figure was instantly swallowed by the chaotic mist, disappearing into the light outside.

An Dao and Ling Yue followed closely behind; one black figure and one white figure stepped through the stone door, and all three vanished within the entrance to the secret realm.

After the three entered, the heavy stone door rumbled again, the crevice slowly closing, the blue light gradually dimming, until it finally returned to its original closed state, as if it had never been opened.

The two stone statues still stood on either side, their empty eyes gazing indifferently, silently guarding this ancient secret realm.

The moment they stepped through the stone door, the surrounding light vanished abruptly, cutting off all sounds of the wind, birdsong, and air currents.

Within the secret realm, there was no sky, no earth, no mountains, no vegetation, and no sun, moon, or stars.

As far as the eye could see, there was only an endless expanse of gray mist.

The mist was thick and murky, its color dark and somber, resembling a primordial space before the creation of chaos and heaven and earth—desolate, lifeless, and vast.

Countless tiny, transparent fragments of chaotic laws floated in the air, varying in size and shape, drifting, colliding, and annihilating randomly.

Compared to the fragments of Golden Immortal laws in the mountains outside, the chaotic fragments here were far more violent, more primal, and more sharp.

Each fragment contained the purest and most domineering chaotic power, tearing and slicing apart any living being that dared to enter.

Gui Yuanzi was spontaneously surrounded by a layer of azure spiritual energy, its protective aura faintly flowing.

However, before the violent chaotic fragments, this barrier appeared exceptionally fragile.

The fragments collided and rubbed against the spiritual energy barrier, emitting sharp, hissing sounds, and the spiritual light dimmed and dissipated at a visible rate.

His spiritual energy was rapidly draining away, his meridians throbbed slightly, and a strong sense of exhaustion swept over him.

Gui Yuanzi knew this place was not safe to linger; he had to find the Chaos Spiritual Liquid as soon as possible to complete his mission.

He suppressed the discomfort caused by the depletion of his spiritual energy and continued forward steadily, not daring to stop for even a moment. Dark Blade led the way, clearing the path.

A dark, swirling light enveloped him, his tight-fitting clothes covered in a layer of condensed, dark spiritual energy that shielded him from the surrounding chaotic mist.

His steps were steady, his gaze sharp, his black eyes piercing the gray fog, precisely surveying the path ahead and avoiding hidden spatial rifts and chaotic vortexes. An

aura of killing intent surrounded him, intimidating any unknown creatures lurking within the secret realm.

Lingyue brought up the rear, her white robes standing out starkly against the gray mist.

She gently waved her white jade whisk, the snow-white threads tracing soft arcs in the air, spreading out rays of shimmering white light that formed a second, delicate protective shield around the three of them.

The pure white spiritual energy was gentle yet resilient, actively intercepting numerous fragments of chaotic laws, reducing the spiritual energy consumption of the other two.

Her expression was calm, her breathing even, silently guarding the rear of the group, wary of any potential attacks from behind.

Gui Yuanzi walked in the center of the group, the white jade bottle pressed tightly against his skin, its warmth constant and clear.

Within the sealed jade bottle, David's senses were amplified, allowing him to perceive the raging chaotic power, the shattered laws, and the spiritual energy of the three individuals.

He could clearly sense Gui Yuanzi's rapidly depleting spiritual energy, his meridians enduring a constant tearing pain, and a wave of worry washed over his weakened soul.

"Gui Yuanzi,"

David's deep voice softly emanated from the jade bottle, avoiding the other two's detection, audible only to Gui Yuanzi, "The chaotic power is too violent, the laws here are disordered, and your spiritual energy is being consumed far faster than in ordinary places. Do not force yourself to endure it. If your spiritual energy is exhausted, retreat immediately to rest. Do not be stubborn."

Gui Yuanzi's steps did not falter, his back remained straight, his tone firm and steady, without the slightest wavering.

"Young Master, rest assured, I can still hold on."

"This loss of spiritual energy is nothing to fear. As long as we can find the Chaos Spiritual Liquid, this pain and consumption are insignificant."

He had already prepared to pay the price. To reshape David's physical body, even if it meant exhausting his spiritual energy and suffering serious injuries, he would never give up halfway.

The three continued to venture deeper into the secret realm. The surrounding fog grew increasingly thick, the dark fog almost turning black, compressing the visible range to within two zhang.

There was no clear path beneath their feet; the ground was formed from soft, condensed chaotic energy, soft and weak to the touch, slightly sticky. Each step required extra spiritual energy to maintain their form.

The surroundings were deathly silent, without wind, without beast roars, without any sound of living beings. The extreme silence was oppressive, instilling fear in their hearts.

Only the faint crackling sound of fragments of law colliding with the barrier, monotonous and repetitive, constantly pounded on their minds.

This silent and tedious journey continued for a full half hour.

Just as the three maintained their usual pace, a blurry figure slowly emerged from the thick gray fog ahead.

The figure was tall and slender, with an elegant and upright posture; one could vaguely discern that it was an elderly man dressed in a loose white robe.

The old man stood with his hands behind his back, his spine straight, surrounded by a faint halo of chaotic spiritual light. His aura was vast and profound, as deep as the sea, making it impossible to accurately determine his cultivation level.

He lightly held a whisk in his hand; the whisk was snow-white and smooth, its threads floating gently in the turbid fog, radiating a warm and pure white light, particularly conspicuous in the dark and desolate secret realm.

This man stood silently in the center of the fog, motionless and unmoving, yet possessing an aura of detachment and indifference that seemed to look down upon all living beings.

The raging chaotic fog around him would automatically disperse and avoid him if it approached within a ten-foot radius.

Gui Yuanzi suddenly stopped, his azure spiritual energy instantly tensing, his mind highly focused.

He subconsciously spread his divine sense, trying to probe the old man's cultivation level, origin, and aura. The moment the invisible divine sense touched the old man's aura, it vanished without

a trace, like a mud ox sinking into the sea. There was no leakage of spiritual energy, no heartbeat, no breath, no trace of any living being; he was like a phantom formed out of thin air, not existing in this world.

"Dark Blade, what's ahead?" Gui Yuanzi lowered his voice, his tone grave, and softly asked Dark Blade beside him.

Dark Blade's dark eyes were fixed on the white mist figure, his brows furrowed, and for the first time, a clear seriousness appeared on his usually cold face.

His black spiritual energy stirred slightly, and his killing intent quietly condensed, ready to strike at any moment.

"I don't know."

Dark Blade's tone was low, carrying a rare hint of caution. "The map of the secret realm provided by the guild leader never marked this place as having a humanoid phantom.

It's most likely a guardian spirit naturally born in the secret realm, or the remnant soul of a cultivator who perished here in ancient times. Do not approach rashly; beware of hidden dangers."

Lingyue also stopped, her clear gaze falling on the white-robed elder. She slightly tightened her grip on her whisk, and the pure white protective shield subtly thickened.

Her spiritual energy circulated smoothly, her spiritual light contained, silently observing the phantom's every move, ready to assist in the defense at any moment.

The three maintained a vigilant posture, exchanged glances, and then tacitly moved forward slowly.

One zhang, five zhang, ten zhang...

When the three were exactly ten zhang away from the white-robed elder, the phantom, which had remained motionless and silent, suddenly spoke.

An aged, hoarse, gentle voice, carrying a trace of ancient vicissitudes, rang out from nowhere in the deathly silence of the mist, precisely reaching Guiyuanzi's ears.

The tone was calm, yet it seemed to transcend endless ages and the cycle of life and death.

"Guiyuanzi, you've finally arrived."

Seven simple words, devoid of sharp killing intent or oppressive force, yet they caused Guiyuanzi to stiffen abruptly, his blood nearly freezing.

His pupils contracted sharply, his heart clenched, and a storm raged within him.

An overwhelming sense of shock and bewilderment instantly engulfed his thoughts.

Did this person know him?

Guiyuanzi clearly remembered that this was the first time in his life he had stepped into the Chaos Secret Realm; he had never set foot on this land before, nor had he ever seen this white-robed elder.

Yet, the other not only recognized him but also accurately called him by name, his tone familiar, as if he had been waiting for him for a long time.

Countless questions surged into his mind, tangled together in a chaotic mess. Guiyuanzi suppressed his inner turmoil and asked in a tense voice, "Who are you?"

The white-robed figure did not answer immediately.

His movements were slow and elegant, as he slowly turned his body.

A wide white robe swayed gently with the movement, its hem brushing against the murky mist without a speck of dust.

An aged, ancient face slowly came into view.

The old man's brows were lined with fine wrinkles, his forehead deeply furrowed, and his white hair was casually tied back. His face was unfamiliar; Gui Yuanzi was certain he had never seen this person before.

Yet, for some reason, gazing at this aged face, he felt a strange sense of familiarity, both warm and bewildering.

Chapter 6490

In his moment of confusion, Gui Yuanzi's gaze suddenly fixed on the whisk in the old man's hand.

In that instant, his entire body trembled violently, his pupils contracted sharply, his breath caught in his throat, and a tidal wave of emotion surged within him.

That whisk was etched into his very being, unforgettable for a lifetime.

Inside the ancestral hall of the Guiyuan Sect, portraits of past patriarchs hung.

Among them, the portrait of the founding patriarch, the ancient ancestor who laid the foundation for the Guiyuan Sect's thousand-year lineage, held tightly in his hand this very same white jade whisk, identical in style, texture, and luster.

This object was the founding patriarch's natal magic weapon, vanished a thousand years after his patriarch's death. How could it appear in this chaotic secret realm, held by a strange, ethereal figure?

Shock, bewilderment, disbelief—countless emotions intertwined and clashed, assaulting Gui Yuanzi's mind.

His lips trembled slightly, his voice dry and trembling, filled with undisguised astonishment and awe.

"You...you are the founder of the Guiyuan Sect?"

The white-robed elder's expression was calm, neither explicitly affirming nor outright denying.

He merely raised the corners of his lips, revealing a distant and enigmatic smile, gentle yet carrying a world-weary air.

The next instant, the elder slowly raised his right hand, his withered, slender fingertips flicking gently.

A ball of soft, pure white light rapidly condensed from his palm, instantly transforming into a gigantic white palm of light.

The palm of light had a clear outline, its spiritual light warm and gentle, lacking any violent killing intent, yet it carried a heavy, oppressive force, tearing through the murky mist, and crashing directly towards Guiyuanzi's position.

The white light descended with incredible speed, approaching him in an instant, giving Guiyuanzi no time to think or hesitate.

Instinctive alertness erupted instantly, Guiyuanzi's pupils contracted sharply, and his azure spiritual energy surged forth without reservation.

He swiftly gripped the hilt of his sword at his waist with his right hand, his wrist snapping with a sharp, resonant clang that echoed through the mist. The Qingfeng sword was drawn, its cold light gleaming as it sliced through the murky gray fog.

"Hah!"

A low shout dispersed the surrounding air currents, pure Daoist spiritual energy flowing into the sword, instantly causing a thick, azure light

to emanate from its clear blade. This light condensed into a sharp sword beam, carrying an unstoppable, resolute momentum, and slashed straight towards the white giant hand.

Boom—!

The azure light and white light collided violently, the two drastically different forces exploding outwards.

A blinding wave of light swept across the surroundings, forcibly dispersing the murky fog, and a transparent shockwave radiated outwards from the point of impact.

A deafening roar echoed through the deathly silent secret realm, lingering for a long time.

The violent impact traveled back along the sword, striking Guiyuanzi's body directly.

The muddy ground beneath his feet instantly collapsed, and his legs slid backward involuntarily under the immense force of the impact.

One step, two steps, three steps...

he stumbled back more than ten steps before barely managing to regain his footing.

His tiger's mouth was split open from the shock, and fine blood trickled down the hilt of his sword, the warm blood staining the ancient cloud patterns and leaving glaring red marks on the cyan blade.

His face turned deathly pale, his blood surged, and a sweet taste rose in his throat, which he forcibly suppressed.

His back muscles tensed, his arms trembled slightly, his spiritual energy was disordered, and his meridians throbbed with pain.

Looking up at the white-clad phantom in the distance, Gui Yuanzi's eyes were filled with disbelief and shock.

With just a casual palm strike, without any build-up or killing move, the seemingly ordinary force had injured and defeated this early-stage Golden Immortal Rank 3 cultivator.

The true cultivation level of this illusory figure far surpassed his own, reaching the peak of the third rank of Golden Immortal and infinitely approaching the fourth rank.

The difference was enormous and obvious.

"Attack!"

Dark Blade's cold shout suddenly rang out.

The instant Gui Yuanzi retreated, Dark Blade had already moved. His aura of black killing intent surged suddenly, his black bodysuit billowing slightly in the air currents. His figure blurred, becoming a black afterimage that completely merged into the gray mist.

His speed was so fast that the naked eye couldn't even follow his trajectory.

The next second, the black shadow abruptly appeared three feet behind the white-robed elder.

A flash of cold light, and two black short swords at his waist were simultaneously drawn, their blades gleaming with a dark, cold light, their sharp edges piercing to the bone, carrying concentrated killing power, aimed fiercely at the elder's nape.

At the same moment, Lingyue acted in sync.

With a slight flick of her fair wrist, the white jade whisk in her hand suddenly burst forth with dazzling white light.

Snow-white threads instantly lengthened and thinned, like countless silver threads, densely weaving into a net, wrapping around the white-robed elder's limbs and torso from all directions, intending to imprison his movements and restrict his space to attack.

One assassinated, the other restrained; their coordination was perfect, combining offense and defense.

Both were first-grade Golden Immortals, unleashing their full power to suppress the unknown phantom.

Yet, the white-robed elder remained calm and composed.

Facing the sudden attack from behind, he merely raised his left hand, palm facing outward, and calmly unleashed a soft white light.

The light wasn't fast, but it was incredibly precise, striking the elder's chest squarely.

Thud...

A dull impact rang out.

The elder's condensed black aura barrier shattered instantly, and his powerful body flew backward uncontrollably like a kite with a broken string.

He gritted his teeth, his face cold, enduring the blow. After landing, he staggered two steps before barely regaining his footing, his chest heaving slightly, his breathing visibly disordered. For the first time, a deep sense of apprehension appeared between his cold, handsome features.

Then, the elder's gaze swept across the scene, and he casually flicked his finger.

A thin beam of white spiritual light shot out, precisely striking the countless interwoven white threads in the sky.

A series of crisp snapping sounds rang out as the incredibly strong threads of the whisk, capable of binding even Golden Immortals, broke like fragile cotton threads, dissipating into countless tiny white specks of light that vanished into the murky mist.

Lingyue's wrist went slightly numb, her spiritual energy momentarily stagnant, and she staggered back two steps, her clear eyes filled with astonishment.

In just two moves, the combined attack of two Golden Immortal cultivators was easily shattered.

The white-robed elder remained standing still, his robes impeccable, his hair perfectly styled, his aura calm and gentle, his presence completely still, as if the previous exchange had been nothing more than a casual brush away of dust, requiring no effort whatsoever.

His gaze returned to the pale-faced Guiyuanzi, his tone calm and gentle, yet carrying an unyielding resolve.

"Guiyuanzi, you are no match for me."

"Leave now, exit the secret realm. The Chaos Spirit Liquid is not something you can covet in your current state."

A simple sentence, without mockery or contempt, yet carrying an indifferent acceptance of fate, directly shattered Guiyuanzi's obsession with this journey.

Guiyuanzi's right hand, hanging by his side, gripped the sword hilt tightly.

Blood from the wound on his palm soaked the hilt, sticky and warm.

He lowered his head slightly, his disheveled hair obscuring his eyes, making it impossible for others to see his expression.

After a moment of silence, he slowly raised his head, his once gentle eyes now dark and resolute, revealing a stubborn determination.

"I cannot leave."

His voice was hoarse, yet each word was firm and unwavering, "The young master is still waiting for the Chaos Spirit Liquid to reshape his body. If I leave, the young master's body will not be able to recover."

"Young master?" The white-robed elder looked puzzled.

"Yes, Young Master, our Daoist Young Master possesses the Great Luo Golden Scripture, a relic of our Daoist ancestor," Gui Yuanzi said.

The white-robed elder's eyes widened in shock.

The Daoist Young Master?

He was merely the patriarch of the Guiyuan Sect, one of countless sects within the Daoist sect. Compared

to the entire Daoist Young Master, he was utterly insignificant.

