

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6501

Divine Abyss Pavilion, Ice Palace.

Venerable Xuanbing sat on his ice crystal throne, a glass of ice wine in his hand, which he gently swirled.

Ice wine was a specialty of the Divine Abyss Pavilion, brewed with ten-thousand-year-old cold spring water; it was icy cold on the palate, with a sweet aftertaste.

He liked this cool sensation, which kept him alert and prevented him from being misled by the disturbances of the outside world.

"Pavilion Master, news has come from the Heavenly Extreme Palace that they will launch an attack in a month," a black-clad cultivator knelt in the hall, head bowed, his voice respectful.

Venerable Xuanbing put down his wine cup, a slight smile playing on his lips. "A month? Venerable Tianji is in a hurry. It seems that the allure of that treasure is even greater for him than I imagined."

"Sect Master, are we really going to help Tianji Palace attack Wan Yao Ridge?"

The black-clad cultivator looked up, his eyes full of doubt. "Wan Yao Ridge has no grudge against us, why should we get involved? Although the demon race has always been xenophobic, Qingqiu has never provoked our Shenyuan Pavilion."

Venerable Xuanbing glanced at him and smiled coldly. "What do you know? Venerable Tianji promised 30% of the benefits. That's an ancient treasure, surpassing even the Golden Immortal realm.

If we can obtain that treasure, my cultivation will break through to the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. At that time, who will dare to look down on our Ice God lineage?

Those divine clan branches that once suppressed us, I will settle accounts with them one by one."

He stood up, walked to the window of the Ice Palace, and gazed at the frozen world outside.

The cold wind howled, and the ice crystals refracted the sunlight into a rainbow of colors, a scene of breathtaking beauty, yet also bone-chillingly cold.

"Moreover, do you really think I would help Venerable Tianji?"

The black-robed cultivator was taken aback. "Sect Master, you mean..."

"I know Venerable Tianji too well. He's never one to suffer a loss."

Venerable Xuanbing's voice was cold, as cold as the wind outside the window. "His agreement to give us 30% now is merely a temporary measure. Once Ten Thousand Demon Ridge is destroyed, he will definitely turn his back on us.

At that time, let alone 30%, we might not even get 10%. Perhaps, he will even turn his sword against us."

"Then why should we send troops?"

"Because of the opportunity."

A cold glint flashed in Venerable Xuanbing's eyes. "After Ten Thousand Demon Ridge is destroyed, Tianji Palace will also be severely weakened. At that time, I will seize the opportunity to destroy Tianji Palace.

All of Tianji Palace's resources, including that supreme treasure, will be ours. This is the real opportunity, killing two birds with one stone."

The black-robed cultivator's expression changed. "Sect Master, are you going to make an enemy of Tianji Palace?"

"To be an enemy of the Heavenly Pole Palace?"

Venerable Xuanbing sneered. "The Heavenly Pole Palace has never been our friend. When the Divine Race suppressed our Ice God lineage, did the Heavenly Pole Palace ever utter a word of help? Did

those high and mighty branches of the Divine Race ever even glance at us? Now they want to use us, so I will play along and let them reap what they sow."

He turned around, looking at the black-clad cultivator, his eyes sharp as knives. "Pass down the order, have all disciples prepare. One month from now, you will accompany me on the expedition. Remember, when you reach the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge, do not fight desperately; conserve your strength. We will strike when the Heavenly Pole Palace and the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge are both weakened. What I want is final victory." "

Yes!"

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Heavenly Saint Palace, Holy Light Hall.

Venerable Holy Light sat cross-legged on a futon, a golden sphere of light floating before him—the Eye of Holy Light.

Countless tiny points of light flowed within the sphere; these were the Heavenly Saint Palace's intelligence network, covering most of the Northern Region.

He was investigating the situation at Wan Yao Ridge, the Tianji Palace, and even the movements of Shenyuan Pavilion. "Palace Master, news has come from the Heavenly Pole Palace that they will send troops in a month." A cultivator in a white robe entered the hall and bowed.

The Holy Light Venerable opened his eyes, a slight smile playing on his lips. "A month? The Heavenly Pole Venerable is truly impatient. It seems that the supreme treasure has indeed made him restless."

"Palace Master, should we really help the Heavenly Pole Palace?" the cultivator asked.

"Help?"

The Holy Light Venerable laughed, a hint of mockery in his smile. "Why should I help the Heavenly Pole Palace? I just want a share. The Heavenly Pole Venerable promised fifty percent of the benefits, so I'll take fifty percent. As for the fate of the Heavenly Pole Palace, what does it have to do with me?"

He stood up, walked to the window, and gazed at the Holy Light Ridge outside.

Sunlight shone on the white palace, reflecting a dazzling light; the entire Heavenly Saint Palace resembled a fairyland built in the clouds.

"That ancient treasure surpasses even the Golden Immortal realm. If I could obtain it, my cultivation would break through to the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

At that time, what would the Heavenly Extreme Palace be? What would the Divine Abyss Pavilion be? The entire Northern Region would be my possession.

Those who once looked down on the Heavenly Saint Palace, I would make them all kneel at my feet."

The Holy Light Venerable's ambition was even greater than that of the Profound Ice Venerable.

"But Palace Master, Venerable Tianji promised to give us fifty percent. Will he honor that promise?"

Venerable Saint Light sneered. "I know Venerable Tianji too well. His promise to give us fifty percent now is just a temporary measure.

Once Ten Thousand Demon Ridge is destroyed, he will definitely turn his back on us. Therefore, I will not really fight for him. If he wants to fight, let him fight. I will only provide the work, not the effort."

"Then what does Palace Master mean?"

"Preserve our strength." Venerable Saint Light said calmly. "We will make our move after Tianji Palace and Ten Thousand Demon Ridge have fought to a standstill. By then, neither Tianji Palace nor Ten Thousand Demon Ridge will be our match. What I want is to reap the benefits without lifting a finger."

He turned around, looked at the cultivator, and a shrewd glint flashed in his eyes. "Pass down the order to have the disciples prepare, but don't tell them they are going to war. Just say... they are going for training. Have everyone bring their best magical artifacts, but don't make a fuss. I want to catch Venerable Tianji off guard."

"Yes!"

The three major divine races hadn't even set off yet, but their thoughts were already divided, a stark contrast to the two thousand cultivators of the Myriad Demon Ridge who were united against a common enemy.

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Heavenly Extreme Palace, Main Hall. The Heavenly

Extreme Venerable sat on his throne, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest, one tap after another.

Four Golden Immortal elders stood before him, each with a solemn expression.

"Palace Master, everything is ready," Elder Zhao said, clasping his hands in a fist salute. "The two thousand elite troops have assembled and are ready to depart at any time. Armor, weapons, pills, and talismans have all been distributed, and every cultivator is in peak condition."

"What about the Divine Abyss Pavilion?" the Heavenly Extreme Venerable asked.

"Venerable Xuanbing has replied; five hundred cultivators have assembled and will join us in half a month. They cultivate ice-based techniques, excelling in control, and can serve as support on the battlefield."

"What about the Heavenly Saint Palace?"

"Venerable Shengguang agreed to send eight hundred troops, but demanded the spoils be divided after the battle. His disciples cultivate light-based magic, specializing in ranged attacks and healing, and can provide fire support on the battlefield."

Venerable Tianji sneered, "Venerable Shengguang is indeed an old fox. Dividing the spoils after the battle—he wants to see who wins and who loses. If we win, he takes fifty percent;

if we lose, he loses nothing. A truly shrewd calculation. However, I don't intend to let him take it for free."

"Palace Master, what should we do then?" Elder Qian asked.

"What should we do?" Venerable Tianji stood up. "Fight. No matter what they think, our goal is Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. As long as we conquer Ten Thousand Demon Ridge and obtain that supreme treasure, nothing else matters. In the end, whoever has the strongest fist will get more."

He walked to the sand table and pointed to the location of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. "Half a month later, the entire army will launch an attack. I will personally lead the team to flatten Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. Remember, our target is that purple divine soul. Whoever obtains that divine soul will be richly rewarded."

"Yes!" the four elders responded in unison.

Chapter 6502

Preparations for the battle at Wan Yao Ridge continued intensively.

Every day, demon warriors arrived from all directions, and every moment, defensive barriers were reinforced and array patterns were redrawn.

Disciples of the Guiyuan Sect set up hundreds of early warning arrays in the Misty Forest, sword cultivators of the Qingyun Sword Sect established sword arrays on the peaks on both sides of the mountain gate, and sorcerers of the Wanfa Sect inscribed layers of defensive runes around the Demon Emperor's Palace.

The entire Wan Yao Ridge resembled a colossal beast awakening, baring its fangs, awaiting the impending storm.

But Qingqiu harbored a persistent doubt.

She sat in a side hall, holding an ancient scroll in her hands.

It was a sect secret record brought by Guiyuanzi from the Guiyuan Sect; the animal hide cover was yellowed and brittle, the edges severely worn, clearly having withstood countless years.

The pages were made of a special kind of spiritual silk, densely covered with tiny characters, recording the life stories, cultivation insights, and ascension records of the Guiyuan Sect's successive patriarchs.

She read through them for a long time, from the first patriarch to the fifth, examining each page carefully, not missing a single detail.

She wanted to know why that white-robed old man—the patriarch of the Guiyuan Sect—had become the guardian of the Chaos Secret Realm.

How many years had he been guarding it?

Was what he was guarding truly just a pool of chaotic spiritual liquid?

Finally, in the last chapter of the scroll, she found a vague record.

"The third patriarch of the Guiyuan Sect, whose Daoist name was 'Xuanqing,' ascended to heaven 38,000 years ago. On the day of his ascension, auspicious clouds descended from the sky, golden lotuses sprang from the earth, and cultivators within a radius of ten thousand miles all sensed the pressure of the Heavenly Dao. Spiritual beasts knelt in submission, vegetation shone brightly, and the world was filled with peace.

However, after his ascension, the patriarch disappeared without a trace. Later generations tried to contact him using the sect's secret methods, but all attempts were in vain, like stones sinking into the sea. Some say the patriarch ascended to a higher celestial realm, while others say he perished in a heavenly tribulation. Opinions vary, and

no consensus is reached. The entire Guiyuan Sect laments this loss, and on every ancestral worship day, they burn incense and pray, hoping that the patriarch's spirit in heaven will protect the sect for eternity."

Qingqiu put down the ancient book, his brow furrowed.

Patriarch Xuanqing ascended 38,000 years ago, yet now he appears in the Chaos Secret Realm, becoming a guardian.

Was his ascension a hoax, and his entry into the secret realm the real one?

Or did he return to the lower realm after his ascension?

What exactly happened in between?

What could have driven a powerful being who had already ascended to immortality to willingly lower their cultivation, guarding a small secret realm and a pool of spiritual liquid, waiting for thirty-eight thousand years?

She pondered for a moment, repeatedly considering various possibilities in her mind, then shook her head.

With only fragments of information from ancient texts, she couldn't reconstruct the truth of what happened back then.

She needed more information; she needed to ask that white-robed elder herself.

She stood up and walked out of the side hall.

The morning light of Wan Yao Ridge shone on her white dress, casting a long shadow.

The morning mist hadn't completely dissipated, shimmering faintly golden in the sunlight.

She walked through several long corridors and arrived at Gui Yuanzi's residence. Gui Yuanzi's residence was a small, clean stone chamber. There was

a stone bed, a stone table, a stone chair, and a portrait of the Guiyuan Sect's founder hanging on the wall.

Gui Yuanzi was sitting cross-legged on a futon, healing his injuries. Azure spiritual energy flowed slowly around him, like strands of azure silk, traveling through his meridians, repairing his broken bones and damaged meridians.

Hearing footsteps, he opened his eyes and saw Qingqiu. He quickly rose and bowed.

"Your Majesty, what brings you here? Is there news from the front?"

"No." Qingqiu waved his hand, handing him an ancient book. "Take a look at this section."

Gui Yuanzi took the book and quickly scanned it.

His gaze lingered between the lines, his expression growing increasingly grave. Finally, his brows furrowed, and fine beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

"Ancestor Xuanqing...ascended 38,000 years ago? But the one we saw in the secret realm was clearly the Ancestor himself.

His whisk, his Dao patterns, his aura—none of it could be faked.

I grew up in the Guiyuan Sect and have seen the portrait of the sect's ancestor countless times. I could draw the Dao patterns on that whisk with my eyes closed. There's absolutely no way I could mistake him." "

Therefore, I suspect that the so-called 'ascension' is nothing but a facade." Qingqiu's voice was soft, but every word carried weight, echoing in the silent stone chamber.

"Ancestor Xuanqing didn't leave the Seventeenth Heaven at all, but entered the Chaos Secret Realm and became its guardian.

There must be a reason he's guarding it. Perhaps, something more important than the Chaos Spirit Liquid is hidden in that secret realm, perhaps he's waiting for someone, perhaps he's protecting some secret. We must find out."

Guiyuanzi raised his head, looking at Qingqiu, his eyes filled with shock and doubt. "Your Majesty, you mean..."

"I will go to the Chaos Secret Realm again." Qingqiu's tone was unquestionable, leaving no room for negotiation. "This time, I will go personally. You lead the way."

Guiyuanzi hesitated for a moment.

His injuries hadn't fully healed; his left arm was still in a sling, and although the broken bones in his chest had been set, he couldn't exert any force.

Moreover, the guardian's cultivation was unfathomable; last time, he had been severely injured by a single palm strike and almost died.

If he were to fight again this time, he didn't know if he would survive.

"Your Majesty, that guardian's cultivation is unfathomable, I'm worried..."

"Worried about what?" Qingqiu interrupted him, her voice carrying a hint of arrogance. "I've lived for tens of thousands of years, what storms haven't I weathered? A guardian at the peak of the third rank of Golden Immortal can't frighten me.

Besides, I'm a demon, my cultivation method is different from his, he won't attack on sight. We're going to talk, not fight."

She paused, then added, "Moreover, I sense that the guardian has no ill intentions towards us. He injured you last time because you attacked first. If you hadn't attacked, he wouldn't have attacked first. I can see that."

Guiyuanzi was silent for a moment, repeatedly recalling the scene in the main hall that day.

The white-robed elder indeed didn't attack first; he attacked first, and the elder retaliated.

Moreover, the elder could have killed him, but he didn't.

What did this mean?

It meant that the elder had no intention of killing them, but was simply upholding his duty, not allowing anyone to easily take the spiritual liquid.

He nodded, "Alright."

Chapter 6503

An Dao and Ling Yue had been guarding the mountaintop of the Cangmang Mountains for several days.

The high altitude offered a wide view, allowing them to clearly see the entrance to the Chaos Secret Realm.

They had set up a concealment array on the mountaintop, completely concealing their aura and blending into the surrounding vegetation.

From a distance, it appeared as a barren mountain, completely unremarkable.

The two took turns resting, constantly watching the entrance to the secret realm, not daring to relax for a moment.

During the day, the view was clear, and any movement was easily observed.

At night, the mountain was bitterly cold, with howling winds and pitch-black darkness, forcing them to rely solely on their divine sense.

They dared not extend their divine sense too far, fearing detection by passing demonic beasts or cultivators, and could only cautiously probe within a hundred feet of their surroundings.

Apart from Gui Yuanzi's visit, no one else had ever entered.

Ling Yue leaned against the stone wall, wrapped her gray cloak tighter around herself, yawning, utterly bored.

She had been squatting on this hilltop for several days, her robes rumped, her hair disheveled, and her face weary.

"Do you think Gui Yuanzi will come again?" she asked softly.

An Dao didn't speak, only staring intently at the entrance to the secret realm, his eyes unblinking.

His hands gripped the hilt of his sword, his knuckles slightly white from the pressure, his entire being like a fully drawn bow, ready to explode at any moment.

He was a top assassin of the Void Merchant Guild, having carried out countless surveillance missions, never letting his guard down because of boredom.

Ling Yue sighed, "Your mouth is truly hard to open. In all these years of partnering with you, I can count the number of words you've spoken on one hand."

Just then, two figures appeared on the distant horizon.

One after the other, they flew towards the entrance of the secret realm.

Ling Yue's body tensed abruptly, her eyes fixed on the two approaching figures.

The figure in front wore a blue Daoist robe, a long sword at his waist, and his left arm draped across his chest—it was Gui Yuanzi.

His flight speed was slow, clearly indicating that his injuries had not fully healed.

The figure behind him wore a long white dress, had ink-black hair, and a cold demeanor, surrounded by a faint white aura—it was none other than the Demon Emperor Qingqiu.

An Dao's pupils contracted slightly. "They've arrived."

Ling Yue quickly perked up, taking out a warm, smooth communication jade slip from her bosom and probing it with her divine sense.

Countless tiny runes appeared on the jade slip. She composed herself and quickly wrote: "Guild Leader, Gui Yuanzi has brought the Demon Emperor Qingqiu back into the Chaos Secret Realm. The two seemed to be in a hurry, as if they had come prepared. Please give instructions."

A moment later, Wu Heng's reply was only two words: "Keep an eye on them."

Ling Yue put away the jade slip and continued watching the two figures disappear through the stone gate of the secret realm.

Qingqiu and Gui Yuanzi passed through the stone gate and stepped into the Chaos Secret Realm.

Grayish-white mist surged all around, so thick it was almost tangible.

The mist contained tiny fragments of chaotic laws, sharp as knives, constantly eroding the intruders' spiritual energy shield.

A faint white spiritual light shone around Qingqiu—the primordial power of the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox, gentle yet resilient, keeping the mist at bay. Gui

Yuanzi walked ahead, his cyan longsword constantly drawn, a faint spiritual light swirling on its blade as he vigilantly surveyed his surroundings.

"This is it," Gui Yuanzi murmured, his voice echoing in the empty space, carrying a hint of suppressed awe.

"Last time we reached this point, we were stopped by the guardian. That guardian is in the main hall. His cultivation is unfathomable; he severely injured me with a single palm strike. If he hadn't shown mercy, I probably would have perished there."

Qingqiu nodded, remaining silent as she continued forward.

The pale golden gate still stood silently, radiating a soft light.

The light rippled gently like water, carrying an indescribable warmth and tranquility.

Qingqiu stood before the gate, closing her eyes and sensing the aura within.

After a moment, she opened her eyes, a knowing glint in them.

"This is the Daoist spirit, gentle and inclusive, without a trace of hostility. The person who set up this gate of light possesses a very high state of mind. Go in, nothing will happen."

She took the lead and stepped inside.

Behind the gate was a grand hall.

The hall was vast, hundreds of feet in circumference, its dome inlaid with countless luminous crystals, illuminating the entire hall.

Dozens of stone pillars stood on either side of the hall, their surfaces engraved with chaotic runes.

At the far end of the hall was a high platform.

On the platform sat a jade pool. The jade pool was small, only three feet square, filled with a milky white liquid that emitted a gentle glow.

Beside the jade pool stood an old man in white robes.

He held a whisk, his white hair flowing, his face aged yet possessing a transcendent serenity.

His eyes were bright, as bright as the stars in the sky, or like a bottomless abyss, making it impossible to see through his thoughts.

A faint spiritual light swirled on his white robes, like a thin mist, blending him seamlessly into his surroundings.

He looked at Qingqiu, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"The demon race? Interesting. I've guarded this place for tens of thousands of years, and this is the first time I've seen a demon race set foot here. You are the first."

Qingqiu stopped, clasped his hands in a respectful bow, his posture both humble and dignified. "Junior Qingqiu, Demon Emperor of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. This is Guiyuanzi, the Sect Master of Guiyuan Sect, whom you should have already met, Senior."

The white-robed elder glanced at Guiyuanzi and nodded slightly. "I remember you. Last time you came, you desperately protected the divine soul in your arms, refusing to yield. You are stronger than your master.

Your master was too steady, too cautious, never doing anything out of line in his entire life. But you, you dared to fight, dared to take risks, dared to fight me for an outsider."

He paused, then added, "In this respect, you are stronger than many others."

Guiyuanzi's eyes reddened slightly, but he remained silent.

The white-robed elder looked at Qingqiu again, his gaze scrutinizing her from head to toe. "The Demon Emperor has come personally. What brings him here? Is it to avenge this brat?"

Qingqiu didn't mince words. "Senior, this junior wishes to know why you became the guardian of this Chaos Secret Realm? Shouldn't you have ascended to immortality 38,000 years ago?"

The white-robed elder's smile froze.

He remained silent for a long time, as if lost in distant memories.

His gaze deepened, his pupils seeming to hold the flow of time, traversing 38,000 years to return to that distant era.

The surrounding mist seemed to sense his emotional fluctuations, slowly churning and emitting a low hum.

Chapter 6504

"Ascension?" He repeated the two words in a low voice, then gave a bitter laugh, a laugh filled with endless bitterness and helplessness.

"I did indeed ascend. Thirty-eight thousand years ago, I successfully ascended in the back mountains of the Guiyuan Sect. Auspicious clouds descended from the sky, golden lotuses sprang from the earth, and all things shone with glory.

I thought that was the end of cultivation, the perfection of the path, the destination that all cultivators dream of. With a heart full of passion, I stepped into a higher celestial realm."

He raised his head, looking at the dome of the hall, as if he could see the world above through the rocks.

"But after ascending, I discovered that the world above was not what I wanted. There were no traditions, no inheritances, only endless strife and slaughter.

The strong were respected, the weak were prey; there was no morality, no compassion, only naked survival of the fittest.

My Dao heart almost collapsed there. I could not accept such a world."

"My Dao is about protection, not slaughter. My sword is for protecting all living beings, not for slaughtering my own kind.

But in that world, only the strong can survive; only by constantly becoming stronger and constantly killing can one avoid being eliminated. I cannot do it, nor do I want to."

His voice was low and slightly hoarse. "So I lowered my cultivation and returned to the Seventeenth Heaven. But the Heavenly Dao is flawed; after returning, my cultivation could never return to its peak, remaining only at the peak of the Third Grade Golden Immortal.

I originally wanted to return to the Yuan Sect to continue teaching, but my cultivation is no longer what it used to be, and my appearance has changed. Returning would only bring trouble to the sect and even attract the covetous eyes of those who covet it."

"I had nowhere to go, and by chance I found this Chaos Secret Realm. When I entered this Chaos Secret Realm, there was a guardian here. He asked me to guard this Chaos Spirit Liquid and wait for a suitable person."

"Of course I refused, but he said that this Chaos Spirit Liquid was related to the prosperity of the Dao Sect, so I agreed."

Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi were stunned. Neither of them expected that tens of thousands of years ago, someone would already know about the present situation.

"Ancestor, the young master has the Great Luo Golden Scripture and needs the Chaos Spirit Liquid to reshape his physical body, so why did you stop me?"

Guiyuanzi asked, puzzled.

The white-robed elder smiled faintly: "If he truly possesses the Great Luo Golden Scripture, then let him obtain the spiritual elixir himself. No one can do it for him."

Gui Yuanzi stared blankly at the white-robed elder, then looked down at the jade bottle in his arms, caught in a dilemma.

Qingqiu's brows furrowed tightly, a hint of anger flashing in her amber eyes, but she didn't react—she knew that this elder wasn't making things difficult, but rather upholding his principles.

"Ancestor, the young master only has a wisp of divine soul left, without even a physical body. How can he obtain the spiritual elixir? Aren't you making things unnecessarily difficult for him?"

Gui Yuanzi's voice trembled slightly, filled with barely suppressed anxiety.

The white-robed elder smiled faintly, flicked his whisk gently, and said unhurriedly, "If he truly possesses the Great Luo Golden Scripture and is the hope of our Daoist sect, then there is certainly a way.

I am merely following the rules. When that senior entrusted this Chaos Secret Realm to me, he said, 'Only the successor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture can personally retrieve the spiritual liquid; no one else can do it for him.' I have guarded it for 38,000 years; I cannot let him break the rules."

Gui Yuanzi opened his mouth, wanting to say something more, but was interrupted by the jade bottle in his arms.

A weak yet firm voice came from the jade bottle: "Gui Yuanzi, let me out. I will try."

The voice was very soft, as soft as a whisper in the wind, but every word carried an undeniable power.

Gui Yuanzi looked down at the jade bottle in his arms and saw the purple divine soul within the bottle light up slightly. Although the light was dim, it exuded a stubbornness.

"Young Master, but you..." Gui Yuanzi hesitated.

David only had a wisp of divine soul left, and he couldn't even operate the most basic spiritual power normally, so how could he obtain the spiritual liquid? The mist in this chaotic realm was mixed with fragments of chaotic laws, which would erode and dissipate ordinary divine souls in an instant.

He was worried about the young master's safety.

"Guiyuanzi, let me out."

David's voice rang out again, this time more resolute. "I've come this far not because of luck. Since the ancestor has set the rules, then I'll follow them. Let me out."

Guiyuanzi gritted his teeth and turned to look at Qingqiu.

Qingqiu was silent for a moment, then nodded slightly.

There was also worry in her eyes, but she knew that David was right.

With the rules in place, there was no turning back.

Guiyuanzi took a deep breath, his hands trembling slightly, and slowly opened the lid of the jade bottle.

A wisp of pale purple divine soul slowly floated out of the bottle, hovering in mid-air.

The divine soul was very weak, its purple light dim, like a candle flickering in the wind, ready to be extinguished at any moment.

Around the divine soul, the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture flickered faintly, a thin layer that barely protected the divine soul from the erosion of the mist.

Guiyuanzi's eyes immediately reddened.

Qingqiu's fingers clenched slightly, her nails digging into her palms.

She didn't speak, but her heart clenched.

She had lived for tens of thousands of years, witnessing countless deaths and deaths, but at this moment, she felt an inexplicable unease.

The white-robed elder stared at the swaying purple divine soul, his gaze slightly narrowing.

He extended his divine sense, carefully sensing the aura within the divine soul.

After a moment, a flicker of emotion flashed in his eyes.

"Indeed... it's the aura of the Great Luo Golden Scripture. Thirty-eight thousand years... I've finally waited for it."

He murmured, his voice carrying a hint of emotion, a hint of relief, and a barely perceptible expectation.

But then, his brows furrowed slightly.

"But your soul is far too weak. The chaotic spiritual liquid in the Spirit Pool contains extremely rich primordial power. Even the physical body of an ordinary cultivator would be devoured by the spiritual power if it touched it, let alone you who only have a wisp of soul left. Are you sure you want to try?"

David's soul glowed slightly. Although the purple light was weak, it exuded a reassuring firmness. "Yes. Please, Ancestor, open the restrictions on the Spirit Pool. I will do it myself."

The white-robed elder was silent for a moment, then nodded. "Alright. I won't stop you. But I must remind you that the spiritual liquid in the Spirit Pool will not harm you on its own, but if you enter with your soul body, the primordial power in the spiritual liquid will spontaneously surge into your soul.

If you cannot withstand it, at best your soul will be damaged, at worst your soul will be scattered. Think it over carefully."

Gui Yuanzi's face instantly turned pale. "Ancestor, the young master..."

"Let him try." Qingqiu's voice interrupted Gui Yuanzi. She looked at the purple soul, her eyes filled with complex emotions. "He is not the kind of person who would back down."

Chapter 6505

The white-robed elder waved his hand, and the restrictions above the jade pool slowly dissipated. Ripples spread across the surface of the milky-white spiritual liquid, radiating an even more intense light.

The light was warm and gentle, yet carried an indescribable weight, as if the entire world contained within it.

David's soul slowly drifted towards the jade pool. He flew very slowly, the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture flowing around him, barely keeping the mist at bay.

With each inch forward, he felt an invisible pressure squeezing his soul, as if countless hands were pulling him, trying to tear him apart.

Gui Yuanzi's hand rested on the hilt of his sword. He dared not speak, dared not move, and even his breathing unconsciously became soft.

His eyes were fixed on the purple soul, not daring to blink.

Qing Qiu stood to the side, her white robes as white as snow, her long hair as black as ink, her amber eyes reflecting the swaying purple light.

She slightly raised her hand, then lowered it again. She could not help; this was David's own trial.

The white-robed elder watched silently, his whisk hanging gently at his side, his face expressionless.

David's soul finally floated above the jade pool.

The light of the spiritual liquid shone on him, the milky white and purple light intertwining, making his swaying ball of light flicker.

He hovered above the spiritual liquid, able to feel the dense, almost tangible primordial power below, like a bottomless ocean, quietly waiting to devour all intruders.

Without hesitation, he slowly sank down.

The moment his soul touched the spiritual liquid, a vast power surged from all directions, enveloping him entirely.

That power was not an attack, not a compression, but an influx.

The primordial power in the chaotic spiritual liquid, as if finding a vessel, frantically poured into David's soul at an unbelievable speed.

David's soul trembled violently, the purple light suddenly surging and then dimming, as if engaged in a fierce battle with that power.

His soul trembled violently in the spiritual liquid, emitting a low, buzzing sound filled with pain, struggle, and defiance.

Gui Yuanzi's face turned deathly pale, and he took a sudden step forward. "Young Master!"

"Don't move."

The white-robed elder's voice was calm but undeniable. "This is the process of the spiritual liquid merging with his soul. He is currently using his soul to absorb the primal power within the spiritual liquid. If he can't withstand it, no one can save him. Going up will only interfere with him."

Gui Yuanzi's foot froze in mid-air.

His fists clenched so tightly they cracked, his nails digging into his palms, blood dripping from between his fingers.

He gritted his teeth, his eyes red-rimmed, but dared not take another step forward.

Qing Qiu placed his hand on Gui Yuanzi's shoulder and patted it gently. "Trust him."

In the jade pool, David's soul was experiencing unimaginable pain.

The primal power in the spiritual liquid was too concentrated, and the influx was too rapid; his soul simply couldn't digest it in time.

Those forces surged and crashed through his soul like raging rivers, threatening to tear his already fragile soul apart.

Fine cracks began to appear at the edges of his soul, purple light spilling out from them like a glass lamp on the verge of shattering.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture desperately tried to mend the cracks, but the surging power was too great and too fast; the repair could not keep up with the rate of shattering.

“Ah—” An invisible roar echoed from the depths of his soul, a cry from the very depths of his being, silent yet shaking the entire hall.

Gui Yuanzi’s tears finally fell. “Young Master... Young Master, please hold on...”

Qingqiu’s lips trembled slightly, her hand sliding from Gui Yuanzi’s shoulder and clenching into a fist.

She didn’t speak, but her eyes were filled with heartache. Just as David’s soul was about to give way, the Great Luo Golden Scripture deep within his sea of consciousness suddenly shone brightly.

It wasn’t the faint light from before, but a dazzling, scorching, sun-like golden radiance.

That light surged from the depths of David’s soul, transforming into countless golden threads that firmly enveloped it.

The shattered cracks were stitched together by the golden threads, and the surging primordial power was guided by them, flowing slowly within his soul, no longer rampaging.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture was helping him refine the primordial power in the spiritual liquid.

David felt a warm current spreading through his soul, no longer in pain, but instead experiencing an indescribable comfort.

The surging primordial power was gradually absorbed, transformed, and fused by the Great Luo Golden Scripture, becoming a part of his soul.

His soul began to solidify, the purple light growing brighter and more stable. The

previously volatile ball of light gradually coalesced into a human form, with facial features, limbs, and torso becoming clear.

Gui Yuanzi's eyes widened. "Young Master... Young Master's soul is solidifying!"

A glimmer of light flashed in Qingqiu's eyes as well.

She sensed it; the power of the Great Luo Golden Scripture was awakening.

The white-robed elder's brow twitched slightly, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes. "The Great Luo Golden Scripture... truly a treasure of the Ancestral Master. It's helping the soul refine the primordial power within the spiritual liquid. This level

of spirituality is something I've never seen before." The spiritual liquid in the jade pool decreased at a visible rate.

The milky-white liquid continuously flowed into David's soul, being refined and absorbed by the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

David's soul became increasingly solidified, the purple light grew brighter, and his entire outline became clearer.

Gui Yuanzi knelt on the ground, his hands clasped together, his lips trembling incessantly, whether in prayer or muttering something, it was unclear.

Qingqiu stood to the side, her gaze never leaving the jade pool. Her eyes were filled with worry, but also with hope.

Finally, the last drop of spiritual liquid was absorbed by David's soul.

The jade pool was empty, not a single drop remaining.

A purple divine soul hovered above the jade pool, radiating a warm glow.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture flowed around the divine soul, intertwining with the purple light to form a perfect cocoon of light.

The aura within the cocoon was many times stronger than before; it was an indescribable power, neither pure spiritual energy nor pure divine soul power, but a perfect fusion of the two.

Gui Yuanzi stared blankly at the cocoon of light, his lips trembling, and after a long while, he managed to squeeze out a sentence: "It...it's done?"

The white-robed elder stepped forward, stood by the jade pool, looked at the cocoon of light, and remained silent for a long time.

Then, he turned around, looked at Gui Yuanzi and Qing Qiu, and a slight smile appeared on his lips.

"Not bad. The successor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture has indeed not disappointed me. He took the Chaos Spirit Liquid."

He paused, then added, "Once he finishes absorbing it, the reconstruction of his physical body will be just around the corner. My mission can be considered complete."

After speaking, he turned around, his figure gradually dissipating into the mist, leaving behind a faint sentence: "Tell that brat that the future of the Daoist sect depends on him."

Gui Yuanzi knelt down with a thud and kowtowed three times in the direction where the white-robed elder had disappeared. "Ancestor, rest assured, your subordinate will definitely protect the young master!"

Qingqiu stood beside the cocoon of light, reaching out to gently touch its surface.

The cocoon of light was as warm as jade, radiating a faint warmth, like a new life quietly being nurtured.

"David, you must wake up," she whispered.

Within the cocoon of light, a purple light flickered slightly, as if responding to her.