

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel

### Chapter 6506

Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi led David out of the secret realm!

An Dao and Ling Yue, seeing Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi emerge, immediately sent a message to Wu Heng.

"Guild Leader, they're out. They both looked hurried, and Guiyuanzi's arms were bulging; he must be carrying something important."

Less than half an hour later, Wu Heng personally led his men to the Cangmang Mountains.

He brought ten Golden Immortal Level 1 experts, plus An Dao and Ling Yue, a total of thirteen, who surrounded Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi.

The thirteen Golden Immortal auras intertwined, like an invisible mountain, causing the surrounding mist to churn.

The thirteen people were positioned strategically: three in front, seven behind, and one on each side blocking their escape route, forming an impenetrable encirclement.

Wu Heng stood at the very front, dressed in a black robe, a smile playing on his lips, but one filled with greed.

His eyes were fixed on the storage ring in Guiyuanzi's arms, as if he could already see the Chaos Spirit Liquid inside.

He had worked for the Void Merchant Guild for so many years and had seen countless rare treasures, but he had only ever seen a treasure of the level of Chaos Spirit Liquid once in his entire life.

"Your Majesty, Demon Emperor, Sect Master Guiyuan, please wait." His voice was not loud, but every word carried an air of unyielding authority.

Qingqiu's eyes narrowed, a cold glint flashing in his amber pupils. "President Wu, what is the meaning of this? I must hurry back to the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge; I have no time for idle chatter."

Wu Heng smiled. "Your Majesty need not be nervous. I merely wish to know what treasures you two obtained in the secret realm? Chaos Spirit Liquid, that is a supreme treasure of the heavens, appearing only once in ten thousand years. I also wish to have a share; I wonder if Your Majesty would grant me this favor?"

Guiyuanzi's face darkened, his hand unconsciously resting on the hilt of his sword. "President Wu, the Chaos Elixir was obtained with our lives, why should we share it with you? We risked our lives in the secret realm, while you wait outside to reap the benefits? There's no such thing as a free lunch!"

"Why should I?"

Wu Heng's smile deepened, a smile tinged with the shrewdness and calculation characteristic of a businessman. "Based on the strength of the Void Merchant Guild. Based on the ten Golden Immortals I have. Sect Master Guiyuan, a wise man submits to circumstances.

Hand over the Chaos Elixir, and I can give you half. Keep the other half, enough for the young master to rebuild his physical body. Let's each take a step back and avoid making things difficult for each other. If you don't hand it over..."

He didn't finish, but his meaning was clear.

His hand was already on the magic weapon at his waist, and the ten Golden Immortals behind him stepped forward in unison, their auras surging.

Qing Qiu sneered, his voice full of mockery. "President Wu, are you threatening me? You've been the president of the Void Merchant Guild for thousands of years, don't you know what the consequences are for threatening a demon emperor?"

"I wouldn't dare."

Wu Heng clasped his hands in a humble posture, but the greed in his eyes was undisguised. "I'm merely reminding Your Majesty that discretion is the better part of valor. We're still a thousand miles from the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. One of you is severely injured, and the other has exhausted most of your spiritual energy. Can you really return safely?"

Qingqiu remained silent.

She raised her right hand, her fingers spread, and a white spiritual light surged from her palm.

The light grew brighter and more dazzling, transforming into a gigantic phantom of a nine-tailed celestial fox. The phantom was ten zhang tall, its nine tails swaying gently behind it, each tail shimmering with a different color—red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, purple, gold, and silver.

The nine colors intertwined, dyeing the surrounding mist with vibrant hues.

The nine-tailed celestial fox phantom opened its maw, letting out a silent roar.

The roar was silent, but an invisible shockwave of divine souls surged forth like a tsunami, causing the surrounding mist to churn violently. Even the ten Golden Immortals behind Wu Heng involuntarily took a step back.

"Want to seize the Chaos Spirit Liquid? Then make your move. I want to see just how much a Golden Immortal from the Void Merchant Guild really weighs."

Wu Heng's expression changed. He hadn't expected Qing Qiu to be so forceful, much less that she would attack without a word.

In his expectations, Qing Qiu would weigh the pros and cons, at least try to negotiate.

But Qing Qiu didn't; she turned hostile immediately. He gritted his teeth and waved his hand. "Take them down!"

Ten Golden Immortals attacked simultaneously.

Golden, silver, cyan, and crimson spiritual light intertwined, like ferocious dragons, hurtling towards Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi.

The combined attack of ten first-grade Golden Immortals was powerful enough to level a mountain.

Qingqiu did not retreat.

She activated the illusory image of the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox, its nine tails lighting up simultaneously, the nine colors of light converging into a nine-colored pillar of light, meeting the combined attack of the ten Golden Immortals.

Boom!

A deafening roar shook the heavens, the entire mountain range trembling.

The nine-colored pillar of light blocked all ten attacks, the aftershocks sweeping outwards, forcing Wu Heng back several steps.

The surrounding mist was torn apart by the shockwave, revealing a gray sky.

The ground cracked, rocks flew everywhere, and nothing grew within a hundred feet.

Qingqiu's face paled slightly, a trace of blood trickling from the corner of her mouth.

Her injuries from the previous encounter with Venerable Tianji hadn't fully healed, and this time, forcibly activating the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox phantom only exacerbated her condition.

Yet, her posture remained upright, and her gaze unwavering.

Gui Yuanzi wasn't idle either. He drew his cyan longsword and slashed at Wu Heng.

The sword's edge was sharp, carrying the sword intent passed down through generations of the Gui Yuan Sect, aimed directly at Wu Heng's throat.

Wu Heng dodged to the side, retaliating with a palm strike towards Gui Yuanzi's chest.

Gui Yuanzi raised his sword to parry, but was forced back several steps, a trickle of blood escaping from the corner of his mouth.

His injuries were already raw, and this attack aggravated them.

The ten Golden Immortals attacked again, this time with even greater coordination.

Three in front, seven behind, their attacks continuous and seamless.

Although the third-rank Golden Immortal from Qingqiu could fight ten alone, the sheer number and perfect coordination of the opponents quickly depleted her spiritual energy.

"Guiyuanzi, go!"

Qingqiu shouted, and the phantom of the nine-tailed celestial fox suddenly swelled, its nine tails sweeping out simultaneously, forcing the ten Golden Immortals back.

Each of the nine tails was ten zhang long, and wherever they swept, rocks crumbled and the ground was plowed with deep furrows.

Guiyuanzi hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth and turned to fly towards the direction of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

Wu Heng wanted to give chase, but was blocked by Qingqiu.

His cultivation was only at the second rank of Golden Immortal, no match for Qingqiu.

Qingqiu struck out with a palm, nine-colored light transforming into a giant hand, slapping him away.

He tumbled several times in the air, crashing heavily to the ground, a trace of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth.

"Retreat!" Wu Heng gritted his teeth, unwillingly leading his men away.

## Chapter 6507

Qingqiu stood in the void, watching them depart, and let out a long breath.

Her face was ashen, her lips bloodless, and cold sweat streamed down her face.

Using the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox phantom twice had worsened her injuries.

But she couldn't fall.

She had to go back, she had to see David rebuild his physical body.

When Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi returned to Wan Yao Ridge, it was already dark.

Three blazing suns slowly sank below the horizon, dyeing the entire sky golden-red.

The lights of Wan Yao Ridge lit up one by one, like stars scattered across the mountains.

In the square in front of the Demon Emperor's Palace, demon warriors and cultivators of various races were busy—some reinforcing defenses, some moving supplies, some conversing in hushed tones.

Seeing Qingqiu and Guiyuanzi return, everyone stopped what they were doing, their gazes falling on the jade box in Guiyuanzi's arms.

No one spoke, but everyone's eyes held expectation and worry.

Qingqiu didn't linger, walking straight across the square towards the side hall.

Gui Yuanzi followed closely behind her, clutching the jade box tightly as if it were the most precious thing in the world.

The door to the side hall opened, and a faint fragrance wafted out. Soft animal hides had already been laid out on the warm jade bed in the hall, and two items were placed on the stone platform beside the bed.

One was a piece of black wood, completely black, with fine golden patterns covering its surface, emitting a faint glow.

The other was a jade pool, filled with spiritual spring water drawn from the depths of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge's spiritual veins, crystal clear and brimming with spiritual energy.

The Ancient Soul Wood.

That was the treasure David had obtained after risking his life in the Primordial Soul Forest, an indispensable core element for reshaping his physical body.

Gui Yuanzi walked to the warm jade bed, carefully placed the jade box on it, and opened the lid.

The cocoon of light lay quietly in the jade box, its purple-gold light particularly striking in the dim side hall, bathing the entire hall in a warm hue.

Qingqiu walked to the stone platform, picked up the piece of Eternal Soul Wood, and examined it carefully for a moment. The golden patterns on the Soul Wood flowed slowly under the illumination of the spiritual light, as if breathing. She said softly, "Let's begin."

Guiyuanzi took a deep breath, his hands trembling slightly, and took the cocoon of light from the jade box, gently placing it into the jade pool.

The cocoon of light floated above the spiritual spring water, its purplish-gold light intertwining with the clear light of the spring water, like the shimmering surface of a lake at dawn.

Qingqiu placed the Eternal Soul Wood into the jade pool. The Soul Wood sank into the water, slowly melting into countless tiny golden specks of light, drifting in the spiritual spring water like fireflies.

These golden specks of light seemed to have a life of their own, converging towards the cocoon of light, adhering to its surface, layer upon layer.

The cocoon of light began to change. What was originally just a simple ball of light now had fine patterns appearing on its surface, like the meridians of the human body, or like cracks in the earth.

The patterns radiated outwards from the center of the cocoon of light, each faintly glowing and emanating a warm glow.

Gui Yuanzi knelt by the jade pool, his hands clasped together, his lips trembling.

His eyes were red, tears welling up, but he dared not let them fall, fearing to disturb his young master.

Qingqiu stood to the side, her white robes as white as snow, her long hair as black as ink.

Her gaze never left the jade pool, her amber eyes reflecting the light of the cocoon.

Her hands hung at her sides, clenched into fists, her nails digging into her palms, yet she felt no pain.

The cocoon of light floated in the jade pool for three days and three nights.

On the first day, the outline of bones appeared on the surface of the cocoon.

One by one, snow-white as jade, hard as steel, from blurry to clear, from nothingness to substance. The bones slowly grew within the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, piecing together a complete human skeleton.

Gui Yuanzi counted them; there were exactly two hundred and six pieces, no more, no less, each radiating a faint purple spiritual light.

Qingqiu's brows relaxed slightly.

Skeletal reconstruction was the most crucial step; only with a stable skeleton could the meridians and flesh grow smoothly.

The next day, meridians began to grow on the bones inside the light cocoon.

One by one, like golden rivers, they spread and intertwined between the bones, connecting every inch of bone.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture shone through the light cocoon onto those meridians, clearly revealing their patterns.

Gui Yuanzi recognized several main meridians—the Ren and Du meridians, the twelve regular meridians, and the eight extraordinary meridians—each wider and more resilient than any other cultivator he had ever seen.

“The young master’s meridians... are even stronger than before his physical body was destroyed.” Gui Yuanzi’s voice trembled, but it was a tremor of joy.

Qingqiu nodded, remaining silent.

A glimmer of hope flashed in her eyes.

On the third day, flesh began to grow.

Inch by inch, crimson as the sunset, it covered the bones and meridians, enveloping the entire body into a complete human form.

Muscles, skin, and hair took shape, each inch containing explosive power.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture intertwined with the golden specks of the Eternal Soul Wood, forming mysterious patterns on the body’s surface—the protective runes of the Daoist sect.

The light of the cocoon grew brighter and brighter, illuminating the entire side hall.

The demon warriors and cultivators of various races outside the hall couldn’t help but look over. Some whispered among themselves, some clasped their hands in prayer, and some gripped their weapons tightly—they knew that their young master was being reborn.

Gui Yuanzi knelt by the jade pool, without closing his eyes or drinking water for three days and three nights.

His lips were cracked, and his face was pale, but his eyes shone brightly, like stars in the night.

Qing Qiu stood beside him, never leaving his side.

Her white dress was stained with some spiritual spring water, and her hair was slightly disheveled, but she didn't care.

On the morning of the fourth day, the first rays of sunlight streamed in through the window of the side hall.

The cocoon of light cracked.

There was no sound, no loud noise, only a thin crack appearing on the surface of the cocoon.

The crack stretched from top to bottom, like a golden thread, dividing the cocoon in two.

Gui Yuanzi's breath caught in his throat.

Golden light surged from the crack, sweeping across the entire side hall like a tide.

The light was warm and powerful, carrying an indescribable force, neither pure spiritual power nor pure divine soul power, but a perfect fusion of the two.

Then, the cocoon of light shattered completely.

David stood in the jade pool, naked, his body shimmering with a faint purple spiritual light.

His skin was smooth as jade, his muscles clearly defined, each muscle containing explosive power.

His hair was as black as ink, hanging over his shoulders, gently swaying in the spiritual light. His

eyes were closed, his eyelashes trembling slightly, as if he were having a very long dream.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture flowed around him, perfectly merging with his new physical body.

The golden and purple light intertwined, forming mysterious patterns on his body surface. These were the protective runes of the Daoist sect, and also the marks of the Great Luo Golden Scripture recognizing its master.

## Chapter 6508

Gui Yuanzi's tears finally fell, drop by drop, landing on the cold ground.  
"Young Master... Young Master... You've finally returned..."

He had waited for this day for far too long.

From David's physical body being destroyed, leaving only a wisp of his soul adrift at Gui Yuan Sect, to his journey to Wan Yao Ridge to obtain the Eternal Soul Wood, to the interception by Tianji Venerable and Qingqiu's injury, to the perilous journey through the Chaos Secret Realm to retrieve the Spirit Liquid—every step was arduous, every step was fraught with danger.

But he never gave up.

Qingqiu stood to the side, watching David in the jade pool, a slight smile playing on her lips.

The smile was faint, yet it carried an indescribable tenderness.

She had lived for tens of thousands of years, witnessed countless partings and deaths, seen countless geniuses rise and fall, but at this moment, she felt an indescribable sense of relief.

Relieved that Bai Qian had met him.

Relieved that he hadn't died in the wasteland.

Relieved that he had returned.

David slowly opened his eyes.

A flicker of confusion crossed his purple eyes, not bewilderment, but the unease of waking from darkness and seeing the light again.

He looked down at his hands, clenched his fists, and felt the spiritual energy flowing within him.

The energy was rich and pure, even stronger than before his physical body was destroyed.

"Guiyuanzi," his voice was hoarse, but every word was clear, "I'm back."

Guiyuanzi knelt on the ground with a thud, his forehead hitting the earth heavily, sobbing uncontrollably. "Young Master... Young Master... This subordinate... This subordinate..."

He couldn't continue. A thousand words stuck in his throat, turning into sobs.

David emerged from the jade pool, soaked to the bone, purple spiritual light swirling around him, evaporating the water into a thin white mist.

He walked to Guiyuanzi, bent down, and helped him up.

"Guiyuanzi, you've worked so hard. Without you these past few days, I might have died in the wasteland long ago. I will remember your kindness."

Guiyuanzi shook his head, wiping away his tears forcefully. "Young Master, you flatter me. I did all this not just for you, but for the Daoist sect, for our patriarch, for the Guiyuan Sect. As long as you recover, I will sacrifice myself."

David patted his shoulder, saying nothing more.

Some kindnesses don't need to be spoken; they are enough to be remembered.

He turned to look at Qingqiu.

His reflection was in Qingqiu's amber eyes.

"Your Majesty, thank you. Without you, I wouldn't have obtained the Chaos Elixir, nor could I have reconstructed my physical body."

Qingqiu shook his head, a slight smile playing on his lips. "No need to thank me. You are the one chosen by Bai Qian, so it is only right that I help you."

She paused, then added, "Moreover, I have also gained something. Your new body has protective runes from the Daoist sect, which is the power of the Great Luo Golden Scripture. I have lived for tens of thousands of years, and this is the first time I have ever seen such a thing."

David looked down at the golden patterns on his body and remained silent for a moment. He closed his eyes and focused his inner energy on his dantian.

Purple chaotic energy slowly swirled within, forming a miniature galaxy.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture hovered above his dantian, illuminating the entire area and echoing the golden patterns on his new body.

He could feel that his physical strength was several times greater than before it was destroyed.

The chaotic energy was more condensed, his meridians wider, and the Great Luo Golden Scripture's protection more robust.

However, when David circulated the Mind Concentration Technique, he suddenly frowned.

"Guiyuanzi, my cultivation... why is it only at the first level of the True Immortal Realm?"

David realized that although his physical body was stronger, his cultivation level had decreased considerably.

Guiyuanzi was startled and quickly stepped forward to investigate.

He placed his palm on David's dantian, channeling his spiritual energy into it to carefully sense the depth of David's spiritual power.

After a moment, his face turned deathly pale, and his body trembled slightly.

"Young Master's cultivation... is indeed only at the first level of the True Immortal Realm. Although the spiritual power in his dantian is pure, the amount is extremely small, less than one-tenth of what it was before. This... how is this possible?"

Qingqiu frowned, quickly stepped forward, and also examined David's cultivation.

After a moment, she lowered her hand, her expression solemn. "This shouldn't be. The Eternal Soul Wood and the Chaos Spiritual Liquid are both supreme treasures of the heavens. The reconstructed body should be stronger than before. How could his cultivation have regressed?"

David closed his eyes and looked inward at his dantian.

Purple chaotic power slowly rotated in his dantian, forming a faint vortex.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture floated above his dantian, illuminating the entire dantian.

He carefully sensed the changes within his body. After a long while, he opened his eyes, gave a bitter smile, and his eyes were full of helplessness.

"I understand. During the process of reshaping my physical body, the Great Luo Golden Scripture consumed a large amount of chaotic power to protect my soul. That consumed chaotic power was originally used to improve my cultivation. Now that it's gone, my cultivation can only remain at the first level of the True Immortal Realm."

His voice was calm, but Gui Yuanzi heard the unwillingness beneath that calm.

"Then what should we do?" Gui Yuanzi's voice trembled, and his eyes were red. "Young Master, you finally reshaped your physical body, are you going to be trapped at the first level of the True Immortal Realm forever?" Gui Yuanzi

stood there like a helpless child, trembling all over.

He had waited so long for this day, paid so much, was this how it was going to end?

Qing Qiu remained silent for a long time.

She walked to the window and looked at the sky outside. Three blazing suns were slowly sinking below the horizon, dyeing the entire sky golden red.

She turned around and looked at David, a complex emotion flashing in her amber eyes.

"Perhaps... there is still a way."

Gui Yuanzi's eyes suddenly lit up, and he almost jumped up. "Your Majesty, what way? Please tell me quickly!"

# Chapter 6509

Qingqiu didn't look at Guiyuanzi; she kept her eyes on David.

Her voice was soft, yet every word was crystal clear: "I've read in ancient texts that after the physical body is reconstructed, one needs to fuse bloodlines through dual cultivation to truly stabilize one's cultivation. If the bloodline of the dual cultivation partner is strong enough, it can even help the reconstructed individual return to their peak."

She paused, then continued, "Dual cultivation is not only about the union of the physical body, but also the fusion of bloodlines. A powerful bloodline can awaken the latent power within the reconstructed body and repair the origin consumed by the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

David possesses the bloodline of the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox, which is of the same origin as mine. If I cultivate with you, the fusion of our bloodlines might awaken the dormant chaotic power within you and help you restore your cultivation."

Guiyuanzi was stunned. He opened his mouth, as if to say something, but then closed it again.

He knew Qingqiu was right; there were indeed such records in the ancient texts.

Moreover, David did indeed possess the bloodline of the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox, which Bai Qian had left for him.

"Guiyuanzi, you may leave now," Qingqiu's voice was calm, without a trace of emotion.

Gui Yuanzi hesitated for a moment, then bowed deeply to David and Qing Qiu before leaving the side hall and gently closing the door.

Only David and Qing Qiu remained in the side hall.

Qing Qiu walked to the warm jade bed, slowly removing her white dress to reveal her fair, jade-like skin.

Her figure was exquisite, with graceful curves, every inch exuding the charm of a mature woman.

Her long, ink-black hair hung down her back, the ends slightly curled, resembling a fox's tail.

David walked up to her, looking at her.

"Your Majesty, this is not allowed..." David shook his head.

"Not allowed?" Qing Qiu smiled, a faint smile, yet carrying a reassuring gentleness.

"You say it's not allowed, but your body is quite honest, isn't it?"

Upon hearing this, David quickly lowered his head, realizing that his body had undergone a change.

He was a normal man; how could he not react when such a beautiful woman undressed before him?

"Your Majesty, I've already cultivated with your offspring; now, with you, wouldn't that be..." David hesitated.

"I've lived for tens of thousands of years, what haven't I seen? What haven't I experienced? You carry the blood of my clan within you; helping you is helping myself."

"Besides, this is the Heavenly Realm, not the mortal world bound by ethical constraints. And Bai Qian is merely a descendant of my bloodline, not my own child. What is there to fear?"

She reached out and gently placed her hand on David's chest.

A white spiritual light surged from her palm, containing the primordial power of the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox, gentle yet powerful, like the warm sun in spring.

David felt a warm power flow into his body, intertwining with the chaotic power within him, slowly flowing through his meridians, repairing the damage caused during the reconstruction of his physical body.

He closed his eyes, pulled Qingqiu into his embrace, and then thrust himself into her fiercely, showing no mercy.

The two embraced tightly, their bloodlines merging.

The white spiritual light and the purple chaotic spiritual light intertwined, forming a giant cocoon of light in the side hall. The cocoon of light completely enveloped the two of them, isolating them from everything outside.

Within the cocoon, David's cultivation began to slowly rise.

True Immortal Realm, First Grade, Mid-Stage

, Late Stage, Peak. True Immortal Realm, Second Grade, Second Grade

, Mid-Stage, Late Stage, Peak. True Immortal Realm, Third

Grade, Third Grade, Mid-Stage, Late Stage, Peak. True Immortal Realm, Fourth Grade, Fourth Grade

, Mid-Stage, Late Stage, Peak. True Immortal Realm, Fifth

Grade, Fifth Grade, Mid-Stage, Late Stage, Peak. The rising power only gradually subsided when he reached the Sixth Grade of True Immortal Realm.

In David's dantian, the vortex of chaotic power became even more solid than before, the purple light reaching its peak, like a miniature galaxy slowly rotating.

The golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture also became brighter, perfectly merging with the chaotic power, inseparable.

The cocoon of light dissipated, and David opened his eyes. His purple eyes held a touch of warmth, less coldness.

His cultivation was firmly stationed at the Sixth Grade of True Immortal Realm, several minor realms higher than before his physical body was destroyed.

The chaotic power within his body was more condensed than before, his meridians wider, and the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture brighter.

Qingqiu lay beside him, her face somewhat pale, but a satisfied smile played on her lips.

"It seems my bloodline is quite effective. Thirty-eight thousand years of cultivation has finally paid off."

David turned to look at her, his eyes filled with gratitude. "Your Majesty, thank you. Without you, I don't know how long it would have taken to recover."

Qingqiu shook her head, extending a finger to gently touch David's lips. "No need to thank me. You are the one chosen by Bai Qian, it's only right that I help you. Besides..."

She paused, a sly smile flashing in her eyes, like a girl who had stolen honey.

"I didn't lose out either. Cultivating with a mere sixth-grade True Immortal has purified my bloodline considerably, and I've even tasted the pleasures of being a woman. This deal is a win-win no matter how you look at it."

David smiled.

He stood up and put on his robes.

The door to the side hall was pushed open, and Gui Yuanzi strode in.

The first thing he saw was the spiritual light surrounding David, an aura many times stronger than before.

"Young Master, your cultivation..."

"Sixth Rank True Immortal." David's voice was calm, but every word exuded confidence. "It's several minor realms higher than before. The power of the Great Luo Golden Scripture has also recovered most of its strength."

Gui Yuanzi knelt on the ground with a thud, tears streaming down his face.

This time, he didn't hold back, letting the tears flow freely, soaking his clothes. "Heaven has eyes! Heaven has eyes! Ancestral Master, please bless us, Young Master has finally recovered!"

## Chapter 6510

The purple aura surrounding David slowly receded like a tide, each ray of light carrying an indescribable rhythm, as if the laws of heaven and earth were being rewoven within his body.

The golden runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture gradually dimmed from the surface of his skin, but did not disappear; instead, they merged into the depths of his flesh and blood, becoming one with his meridians, bones, and internal organs.

That gold was no longer an external radiance, but had transformed into a part of the very essence of life—pale golden patterns appeared on the surface of his bones, like the inscriptions and imprints of ancient gods.

His cultivation level remained steadily at the sixth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

This was no ordinary sixth rank True Immortal Realm.

He clenched his fist slightly, a low, booming sound emanating from his knuckles. The sound was not loud, but it caused the air in the entire side hall to tremble.

The spiritual energy in the hall seemed to be drawn in by something, forming a visible vortex centered on him.

Chaotic power surged within his meridians, like an ancient ferocious beast lying in wait.

His physical body was several times stronger than before it was destroyed—every inch of his skin shimmered with a faint purple glow, and beneath his skin, faint golden runes flowed endlessly, a phenomenon resulting from the fusion of the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the power of chaos.

His meridians were as wide as great rivers, with spiritual energy surging within them, each breath inhaling and exhaling the immense power of heaven and earth.

The protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture appeared and disappeared on his body like golden dragons, sometimes emerging, sometimes vanishing, carrying an ancient and solemn majesty.

He stood there, not deliberately releasing his pressure, but the aura he naturally exuded made the entire side hall feel heavier.

The jade inlaid on the pillars emitted a faint hum, as if unable to bear his presence.

The spiritual patterns on the ground were suppressed by his aura, and the originally bright patterns became dim and lackluster.

Gui Yuanzi knelt on the ground, tears streaming down his face.

He trembled all over as he cried, unable to utter a complete sentence.

Now David had recovered, no longer a fragile soul, no longer a dim soul pearl, but a living, breathing person.

His green robe remained unchanged, his long sword at his side, his purple eyes reflecting the world as if everything was under his control.

Gui Yuanzi wanted to say something, but could only utter choked sobs.

He bowed his head, his forehead pressed against the cold jade brick, tears soaking the stone. He had waited too long for this day.

Qing Qiu stood to the side, her white robes as white as snow. She had

put her plain white palace dress back on, her long, ink-black hair cascading down her back.

Her face was still somewhat pale; David had been too fierce, almost overwhelming her.

But a smile played on her lips, a faint smile, yet one that radiated a deep, heartfelt joy.

She had lived for tens of thousands of years.

In those tens of thousands of years, she had witnessed countless geniuses rise to power.

Some were born emperors, some defied fate, and some achieved enlightenment and ascended to the upper realms in a single moment.

She had witnessed the birth of Golden Immortals, the fall of Great Luo Immortals, and the collapse and rebirth of heaven and earth.

But she had never seen anyone like David before.

It wasn't because he had the highest talent—geniuses at the Seventeenth Heaven were as numerous as carp crossing a river.

It wasn't because he had the strongest combat power—those above the third rank of Golden Immortal could easily crush him.

It was because he possessed something indescribable.

It was a Dao heart, an obsession, an unyielding stubbornness, and a fierce determination to rise again no matter how many times he was crushed.

"Worth it," she thought.

She had given her tens of thousands of years of chastity to David, but Qingqiu felt it was worth it; this man was worthy of her giving her body.

David ignored their gazes and turned to walk towards the window.

The window in the side hall was extremely large, its frame made of thousand-year-old spirit wood, carved with patterns of ten thousand demons paying homage.

Outside the window, three blazing suns hung high.

One was golden, one silver-white, and one crimson, weaving their light into a magnificent scroll, pouring down upon the mountains of Ten Thousand Demon Ridge.

The entire valley was dyed a warm golden-red, as if it were coated with a divine glow. His gaze swept over the palaces and pavilions in the valley, over the winding spiritual veins of the mountains, over the cultivators practicing, and finally landed on the horizon.

There, dark clouds were gathering.

Not ordinary dark clouds, but black clouds formed from blood and killing intent.

David's thoughts returned to the Sixteenth Heaven.

He didn't know how Jiang Xuelan was doing now.

"Guiyuanzi,"

he spoke.

His voice was soft, his tone calm, like a casual question.

"Your subordinate is here."

Guiyuanzi quickly stood up, wiping away the tears on his face with his sleeve.

His knees were still trembling, whether from kneeling for too long or from excitement, he didn't know.

"I want to return to the Sixteenth Heaven."

Six words, spoken lightly, yet like six thunderclaps exploding in the side hall.

Guiyuanzi's face changed instantly.

His originally flushed cheeks suddenly turned deathly pale, tears welling up in his eyes. "Young Master, what did you say? Back to the Sixteenth Heaven?"

His voice rose involuntarily. "You've finally reconstructed your physical body, and your cultivation has only just recovered. How can you..."

"Precisely because you've recovered, you must go back,"

David interrupted him.

He turned around, his purple eyes looking at Gui Yuanzi.

Those eyes held no anger, no impatience, not even a ripple.

But it was this calmness that made Gui Yuanzi's words catch in his throat.

"I have a female companion, Jiang Xuelan, still in the Sixteenth Heaven, perhaps still in the dungeon of the Divine Alliance."

David's voice paused, and when he uttered those three words, there was a subtle fluctuation that was difficult for others to detect. "How long has she been imprisoned? How much torture has she endured? Every day she waits for me. I can't let her wait too long."

Gui Yuanzi's lips trembled.

He wanted to refute, to say, "You can go, but wait until you're stronger," to say, "We'll bring more men," to say, "The Seventeenth Heaven needs you more."

But he said nothing.

Qing Qiu's brows furrowed slightly.

Having lived for tens of thousands of years, witnessing countless partings and deaths, she had long since hardened her heart to stone.

Yet, she still spoke: "David, I know you're anxious."

Her voice was soft yet clear, carrying the unique elegance of a fox queen, "But your current cultivation is only at the sixth rank of the True Immortal Realm. Although the Sixteenth Heaven is called the lower realm, it still possesses the foundation of a Golden Immortal. If you go alone, what if something goes wrong...?"

"Your Majesty."

David turned around, facing Qingqiu directly.

His gaze was frank, open, even carrying a faint smile.

"I am not alone."

Qingqiu paused, startled.

David raised his right hand, palm open.

A wisp of purple chaotic fire danced in his palm. The flame was quiet, without violent burning sounds or blazing light.

It simply sat there, slowly dancing, yet it caused the temperature in the side hall to rise sharply.

The air distorted around the flame, and fine cracks appeared on the jade pillars—marks of the spatial structure being scorched.