

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6541

Chapter 6541

David gave him no time to react.

The second sword strike came.

This strike had no charging, no initial stance, and not even any warning.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword cut directly into the air from the previous blocking stance, its blade tracing a straight purple trajectory.

The envoy on the left parried with his axe, all the holy light runes on his battle axe activating to form a hexagonal holy light shield.

But the chaotic fire directly devoured the runes, and the sword energy pierced through the holy light protection, striking the axe handle.

The axe handle, forged from meteorite gold, was like rotten wood before the purple sword energy, severed in one strike.

Not just the handle. The sword energy, undiminished, pierced through the envoy's armor, through the holy light shield, and through the holy light power circulating to its limit in his meridians.

The envoy's body was cleaved diagonally from his right shoulder to his left abdomen, golden blood spraying into the air, turning into a sky full of golden blood mist.

Upon landing, his body was already split in two, his upper body slumped on the broken stone slab, an incredulous look still lingering in his eyes.

One sword strike.

A peak third-grade Golden Immortal, killed with a single blow.

He wasn't human—this was the only thought in the left envoy's final moments.

How could an eighth-grade True Immortal possibly kill a third-grade Golden Immortal with a single strike?

This violated the laws of heaven and earth, violated the most basic understanding of the cultivation world for countless millennia.

But his consciousness had already dissipated, and he would never have the chance to understand this question again.

The right envoy's expression changed drastically.

His companion, a peak third-grade Golden Immortal of the same level as him, had been cut in two without even being able to block a single sword strike.

This wasn't human; this was a monster, a reincarnation of an ancient ferocious beast, a killing god born from chaos!

He turned and ran without hesitation, his holy light instantly burning to its peak, his entire body transforming into a golden meteor shooting eastward.

The speed was extreme, several times faster than when it came. It was the escape speed gained by burning his very essence, each breath consuming hundreds of years of his cultivation.

David did not give chase.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his gaze calmly fixed on the golden streak of light disappearing into the east.

The east was the direction of the ruins of the Heavenly Palace, and also the location of the void passage leading to the Eighteenth Heaven.

"He will go back to report."

Venerable Xuanbing walked to his side, his voice low. "The divine forces of the Eighteenth Heaven will not let this go. One envoy was killed with a single sword strike, and another was driven to flee in disarray. This is a great disgrace to the divine race. Next time, it won't be a third-grade Golden Immortal."

"So, instead of waiting for them to come down, we should take the initiative to go up."

David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his purple eyes turning eastward. "He's going back to the Eighteenth Heaven, perfect. I'll follow him and find the stronghold of the divine forces there."

Venerable Xuanbing was silent for a moment, then slowly nodded. "The Eighteenth Heaven is not like the Seventeenth Heaven. The divine forces there are countless times stronger than the Heavenly Palace. Although you can kill a third-grade Golden Immortal with a single sword strike, there are many stronger beings in the Eighteenth Heaven. Are you sure you want to go?"

David did not answer the question.

He simply placed his hand on the hilt of his Dragon-Slaying Sword, using action to answer.

In fact, David was not only going to the Eighteenth Heaven to destroy the divine forces, but he was going to find the so-called Chaos Dao Palace. Before

setting off, David entrusted the affairs of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge to Qingqiu, Guiyuanzi, and Venerable Xuanbing.

He no longer needed to worry about the Seventeenth Heaven; the Heavenly Extreme Palace had been destroyed, the Heavenly Saint Palace had surrendered, and the Divine Abyss Pavilion was on the side of the Ten Thousand Demon Ridge. The three forces working together were enough to stabilize the situation in the entire Seventeenth Heaven.

Even if there were still dissenting forces, they wouldn't be able to cause any significant trouble under the combined efforts of Qingqiu, Venerable Xuanbing, and Guiyuanzi.

He took the black stone token from his storage ring and held it in his palm.

The black stone felt slightly warm in his palm, and the chaotic power resonated with the spatial fragments within it.

The patterns on the surface of the black stone reappeared, this time clearer than before, faintly forming a star map.

At the center of the star map was an ancient palace shrouded in chaotic mist, with the four characters "Chaotic Dao Palace" inscribed on its gate.

He put away the black stone and walked to the mountain gate.

Jiang Xuelan was already waiting for him there.

Clad in white, her hair as black as ink, she held a silver-white longsword in her hand.

Her face showed no fear, no tension, only her usual calm and determination.

"The Eighteenth Heaven," she said, "This time, I can finally travel with you."

David looked at her, a rare gentleness flashing in his purple eyes. "Let's go."

The two transformed into two streaks of light, one purple and one white, flying eastward.

There, deep within the ruins of the Heavenly Palace, the entrance to the void passage still emitted faint spatial fluctuations.

At the other end of the passage lay the Eighteenth Heaven.

Qingqiu stood on the mountain gate wall, watching the two streaks of light recede into the distance, silent for a long time. "I have lived for tens of thousands of years and have never seen such a person."

The wind blew through her long white hair, making her voice broken and intermittent, "Perhaps the heavens of the Eighteenth Heaven should change."

Venerable Xuanbing stood beside her, his ice-blue robes fluttering in the wind.

His gaze followed the departing purple light, his lips twitching slightly. "The remnant soul of the Ancestor is still in that brat's sea of consciousness. This Pavilion Master hopes that brat lives, not only for the sake of the Ice God lineage's inheritance."

He paused, not continuing.

But Qingqiu understood his meaning.

Not only the inheritance, but also the humiliation of being oppressed, ostracized, and suppressed by the gods for tens of thousands of years.

David shattered the shackles imposed on everyone in the Seventeenth Heaven by the gods, and now he was going to the Eighteenth Heaven, to the true lair of the gods, to continue his path.

That path might be a one-way street, but that young man seemed never to have thought of turning back.

The entrance to the void passage drew closer, and spatial power surged in like a tide.

David gripped Jiang Xuelan's hand tightly, and the two stepped into the passage leading to the Eighteenth Heaven together.

Behind them, the void passage slowly closed, and the mountains and ruins of the Seventeenth Heaven disappeared into the void.

Ahead, the world of the Eighteenth Heaven was slowly unfolding, the sky there was more vast, the spiritual energy more abundant, and the enemies more powerful.

But there was no fear on David's face.

He was just thinking about how to open the gate to the Chaos Dao Palace.

Chapter 6542

The void passage slowly closed.

Inside Tianjue City, Wu Heng, the president of the Void Merchant Guild, gazed at the crimson glow on the horizon. He knew David had gone to the Eighteenth Heaven, and now even the Seventeenth Heaven was under David's control.

David hadn't touched him; Wu Heng didn't know if it was because David dared not, or simply disdained.

But one thing was certain: Wu Heng absolutely couldn't let the Daoist inheritance, the Great Luo Golden Scripture, escape like this—it was an extremely valuable item.

Wu Heng immediately contacted Wu Yuan through the guild's inter-heavenly communication array.

The Void Merchant Guild's inter-heavenly communication array was an extremely precious ancient relic, consuming hundreds of top-grade spirit stones each time it was used, and was never used lightly unless absolutely necessary.

Wu Yuan, the president of the Void Merchant Guild in the Eighteenth Heaven, was Wu Heng's brother.

Wu Yuan's face appeared in the communication array.

Wu Heng relayed David's information verbatim, adding at the end: "This young man possesses the Great Luo Golden Scripture, a supreme inheritance of the Daoist sect lost for tens of thousands of years. If we can seize this scripture, the status of our Void Merchant Guild in the heavens will rise to another level. Brother, you must intercept him in the Eighteenth Heaven, at any cost."

Wu Yuan listened in silence for a moment, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest of his chair.

Then he smiled, not the usual amiable smile of a merchant, but the smile of a hunter who had discovered his prey.

"The Great Luo Golden Scripture? A supreme inheritance of the Daoist sect lost for tens of thousands of years? Interesting. A mere True Immortal Realm youth, possessing such a treasure, yet daring to venture alone into the Eighteenth Heaven. Brother Heng, rest assured, I have my arrangements."

After finishing the message, Wu Yuan stood up, walked to the edge of the Void Pavilion, and looked down at the land of the Eighteenth Heaven.

The sea of clouds surged beneath his feet. From ten thousand meters above, the nine golden pagodas of the Flame God Palace and the floating altar of the Bright Hall resembled two flames of different colors burning across the vast land.

"David."

He murmured the name softly, as if savoring a delicious dish about to be served. "He possesses the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the power of chaos. Those fools from the Flame God Palace and the Hall of Light only know how to kill, but they don't know how to strip him clean before killing him. What a waste."

He turned around and instructed his trusted aides, "Pass down the order to closely monitor all intelligence about David. I must be the first to know his every move."

The aides hesitated for a moment. "Guild Master, are we going to... capture him?"

"Capture?"

Wu Yuan shook his head. "No. We're going to help him. Help him gain a foothold, help him fight against the Flame God Palace and the Hall of Light, help him become a hegemon of the Eighteenth Heaven."

He paused, his smile becoming even more meaningful. "When he has trampled all his enemies under his feet, when he is grateful to us and completely unguarded, that will be the best time for us to make our move."

...

The void passage slowly closed behind him, and the last ray of light of the Seventeenth Heaven was swallowed by the spatial rift.

David and Jiang Xuelan were swept along by the power of space, traversing layers of spatial barriers at an unimaginable speed.

The surrounding light and shadow constantly distorted, sometimes like a dazzling galaxy, sometimes like a deep abyss, and sometimes transforming into countless fragmented images.

These images were fragments of various worlds swept along the spatial passage: some with verdant mountains and clear waters, some with mountains of corpses and seas of blood, and some with a desolate starry sky.

Jiang Xuelan's hand gripped David's arm tightly. This wasn't her first time traversing a void passage, but this time was different. This time there was no clear exit, no Qingqiu opening a door for them at the other end; they were forcibly entering an unknown world, chasing the spatial trajectory of a fleeing messenger.

The spatial turbulence in the passage was several times stronger than before, each turbulence containing destructive power enough to tear apart a True Immortal Realm cultivator.

David was surrounded by purple chaotic power, forming a semi-transparent light shield protecting the two of them.

Those spatial turbulences, powerful enough to tear apart a True Immortal Realm cultivator, crashed into the light shield and dissolved silently, without even causing a ripple. Chaos inherently contains the source of spatial laws; before the power of chaos, these spatial turbulences are merely trickles returning to their origin.

His purple eyes remained fixed on the dissipating golden trail ahead—the spatial imprint left by the fleeing messengers, their navigational line.

"Almost there," David said calmly, as if discussing something trivial.

Suddenly, a blinding white light exploded ahead.

The light, like a blazing sun, illuminated the entire void passage.

After the white light faded, a rift appeared at the end of the passage—the exit, the gate to the Eighteenth Heaven.

The two burst through the rift, landing on unfamiliar land.

Beneath their feet was dark red sand, not a natural ochre, but a deep brown soaked in countless drops of blood.

The sand was mixed with countless fragments of bone and metal, crunching underfoot.

A heavy, ancient stench of decay permeated the air, the scent of flesh and blood rotting for tens of thousands of years, seeping into the soil, the air, and every inch of space.

As far as the eye could see, the desolate wasteland stretched endlessly, devoid of any vegetation or life.

Only jagged rocks and massive skeletons lay scattered across the ground.

Some skeletons resembled those of colossal beasts, a single rib tens of meters long, jutting diagonally from the sand, their surfaces covered in moss and cracks.

Others were humanoid, several times larger than a normal person, their bones a dark gold, worn smooth by tens of thousands of years of wind and sand, their shape untarnished.

One dark gold skeleton remained in a fighting stance, arms raised high, the weapon it once held now dust, but the fighting spirit seemed to remain solidified within its bones.

The sky was a deep purple, even more so than the sky of the Seventeenth Heaven.

Three blazing suns hung high, one a brilliant gold, one silver-white, and one crimson.

The rays of the three blazing suns intertwined, dyeing the entire wasteland with a magnificent yet eerie hue.

The air contained spiritual energy several times richer than that of the Seventeenth Heaven, but this energy was mixed with an inexplicable and violent aura—

the lingering killing intent left behind by countless powerful warriors who had fought here over tens of thousands of years, now fused with the spiritual energy.

"This place..." Jiang Xuelan looked around, a hint of shock flashing in her eyes, "What happened here?"

"An ancient battlefield."

David's divine sense had already spread out in all directions, the power of chaos transforming into invisible ripples, covering an area of thousands of miles in radius. "It was a large-scale battle, and the participants were all highly skilled. The owners of these skeletons were at least at the Golden Immortal realm in their lifetimes."

His divine sense continued to probe deeper into the wasteland, sensing several extremely ancient auras in the deepest part of the wasteland.

Those auras appeared and disappeared intermittently, like giant whales occasionally surfacing from the deep sea, each appearance causing the laws of space to tremble.

Those were the remnant souls of powerful beings who perished here tens of thousands of years ago, now fused with the spatial rifts of the wasteland, existing between life and death, neither attacking nor dissipating, simply slumbering eternally in this forgotten land.

"No threat for now,"

David withdrew his divine sense, "but their existence affects the stability of the spatial laws. Fighting here, we can't carelessly tear through space; spatial rifts might trigger a chain reaction, awakening things that shouldn't be awakened."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, keeping these words in mind.

"Let's go, let's find a place to stay first," David said, walking forward, Jiang Xuelan following behind.

Chapter 6543

At this moment, the envoy who had escaped from the Seventeenth Heaven had arrived at a magnificent palace.

This was the Flame God Palace, the power base of the Fire God lineage of the Divine Race.

The entire palace floated tens of thousands of feet in the sky, supported by nine golden towers, their bodies forged from divine metal from beyond the heavens, and their tops burning with an inextinguishable ancient divine fire.

Below the palace was an endless sea of clouds, and beneath that sea of clouds lay the most prosperous land of the Eighteenth Heaven, the Flame Continent, with tens of thousands of miles of fertile fields and hundreds of cities prostrating themselves in the shadow of the Flame God Palace.

This was the foundation of the Fire God lineage in the Eighteenth Heaven, ruling this land for a hundred thousand years, and every palace master had been a Golden Immortal of the Fifth Rank or higher.

Yan Wuji sat on the Flame God Throne in the center of the hall, his body engulfed in blazing golden flames.

His face was obscured by the flames, revealing only a pair of crimson-gold eyes, which were now fixed on the envoy kneeling in the center of the hall.

The envoy's armor was mostly shattered, the holy runes were dim and lifeless, and the empty sleeve of his left arm swayed gently in the breeze of the hall.

He had his left arm severed by David's sword in the Fallen God Wasteland, and only managed to escape back to the Flame God Palace by burning his life force with all his might. He didn't even have time to treat his wound along the way, and golden blood stained the tens of thousands of miles of his journey home.

"You mean," Yan Wuji's voice came from the flames, unhurried yet causing the temperature in the entire hall to rise sharply, "that you and Yan Lie, working together, were both killed by a mere eighth-grade True Immortal with a single sword strike, and your arm was severed with another?"

The envoy's forehead touched the ground, his voice trembling, "Reporting to the Palace Master, that David... he possesses the power of chaos, something that counteracts all holy light and divine fire. My holy light protection was like paper before him, and Senior Brother Lie's battle axe was cleaved in two by his sword, utterly ineffective..."

"The power of chaos."

Yan Wuji repeated these four words, his crimson-gold eyes in the flames narrowing slightly, "The message from that good-for-nothing Tianji said that this boy possesses the power of chaos, I thought it was just some kind of unorthodox method similar to the aura of chaos. I never expected it to be the real power of chaos."

He stood up from his throne, the flames surging with his movement, and hundreds of divine fire lamps in the hall exploded simultaneously, golden sparks flying everywhere.

The dozens of elders and disciples standing in the hall knelt down in unison, not daring to raise their heads.

"Eighth-rank True Immortal, Chaotic Power, slaying a peak Third-rank Golden Immortal with a single sword strike."

Yan Wuji's voice was terrifyingly calm. "Such cross-rank combat power, I've only seen in ancient texts. Descendants of ancient Chaotic Divine Beasts, or those lost supreme inheritances of the Daoist sect."

He took a few steps, each step leaving a burning footprint on the ground.

"The Heavenly Palace was destroyed, Yan Lie was killed, and Yan Wu returned with a severed arm. For hundreds of thousands of years, the Fire God lineage has never suffered such a humiliation."

He stopped, turned around, and his crimson-gold eyes swept over the kneeling crowd. "Who is willing to go to the Fallen God Wasteland and capture this boy?"

The hall was deathly silent.

No one dared to speak. Not because they were afraid of the eighth-rank True Immortal youth, but because they sensed a different meaning in Yan Wuji's tone.

The Palace Master wasn't asking for opinions; he was calling out names.

"Yan Po."

Yan Wuji's gaze fell on a middle-aged man.

The man knelt at the head of the elders' seats, his figure as imposing as an iron tower, his face square, and his brows carrying a sharpness honed through countless battles.

He was the Grand Elder of the Flame God Palace, a peak third-grade Golden Immortal, second only to Yan Wuji himself in cultivation among the Fire God lineage of the Eighteen Heavens, and commanded the Flame Dragon Guards, the most elite troops of the Flame God Palace.

"Your subordinate is here." Yan Po raised his head, his gaze steady. Take the third squad of the Flame Dragon Guard, along with Elders Flame Tiger and Flame Leopard, and head to the Fallen God Wasteland to search for David,"

Yan Wuji's voice brooked no argument. "Find him alive or dead. If you have the chance to capture him alive, bring him back. I want to personally extract his Chaos Power and see where that thing came from."

"Your subordinate obeys," Yan Po kowtowed and accepted the order.

Flame Tiger and Flame Leopard stepped out from the elders' seats and knelt behind Yan Po. Flame Tiger

was lean and wiry, with a beast-like ferocity in his eyes. He was the Execution Elder of the Flame God Palace, known for his ruthless methods.

Flame Leopard, on the other hand, was more composed, with a white face and no beard, and sinister eyes. He was the Intelligence Elder of the Flame God Palace, possessing an intimate knowledge of the terrain and spatial rifts throughout the Fallen God Wasteland.

All three were at the peak of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and together with the thirty elite disciples of the third squad of the Flame Dragon Guard, each possessed a cultivation level of at least the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

Such a lineup is more than enough to deal with a mere eighth-grade True Immortal, let alone a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

"Remember,"

Yan Wuji sat back on his throne, the flames engulfing him once more, "The Fallen God Wasteland is no ordinary place. The spatial rifts there awaken ancient remnant souls, and the murderous intent and lingering resentment there affect the mind. Don't cause any unnecessary trouble. Find the person and bring them back. If you encounter anyone from the Daoist sect..."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes within the flames, "...kill them without mercy."

"Yes!"

The three acknowledged the order and withdrew.

The hall fell silent again, save for the faint sound of the divine fire lamps burning.

Yan Wuji sat amidst the flames, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest of his throne, producing a dull thud. What

he didn't tell Yan Po was that he sensed a trace of aura belonging to the Fire God lineage on the escaped messenger.

The aura was very weak, like a deliberately concealed spy, vanishing the moment he stepped into the Flame God Palace.

Someone was monitoring every move of the Flame God Palace.

Moreover, that person's cultivation level was no lower than his.

"The Void Merchant Guild? Or the Daoist sect? Or perhaps... someone from the Hall of Light?"

Yan Wuji muttered to himself, his crimson-gold eyes flickering in the flames. "No matter who it is, if they want to snatch food from my mouth, they'd better think twice before trying to take it from me."

Meanwhile, in Tianlan City, the location of the Void Merchant Guild in the Eighteenth Heaven.

Tianlan City floats tens of thousands of feet in the sky in the far north of the Eighteenth Heaven. The entire city is composed of dozens of floating islands,

connected by iron chains and teleportation arrays, forming a sky city stretching for hundreds of miles.

On the floating island at the very center and highest point of the city stands a completely black tower.

The tower has nine floors, each inlaid with tens of thousands of space crystals, which refract seven-colored light under the sunlight.

These space crystals are not only decorations, but also the foundation upon which the Void Merchant Guild stands in the Eighteenth Heaven. They anchor all the spatial nodes within a radius of tens of thousands of miles to the tower, and anyone moving within this area cannot escape the tower's surveillance.

This is the Void Pavilion, the headquarters of the Void Merchant Guild in the Eighteenth Heaven.

Wu Yuan stood before the floor-to-ceiling window on the ninth floor of the Void Pavilion, holding a cup of Enlightenment Tea brewed with ancient spiritual spring water. The fragrant aroma condensed into a blurry image before him.

The image depicted the dark red sand and scattered bones of the Fallen God Wasteland, with spatial power twisting and fluctuating within it, occasionally flashing with streaks of purple light.

Chapter 6544

President, Vice President Su has already set off."

His trusted attendant stood three steps behind him, reporting respectfully, "She brought the Chamber of Commerce's finest disguise artifact, 'Thousand Faces,' which can freely alter one's appearance, aura, and even cultivation fluctuations. If she so desires, even a fifth-grade Golden Immortal cannot see through her disguise."

Wu Yuan nodded, taking a sip of his Enlightenment Tea. "What's the situation at the Flame God Palace?" "

Yan Wuji dispatched three elders—Yan Po, Yan Hu, and Yan Bao—leading three teams of the Flame Dragon Guard to the Fallen God Wasteland. They are all at the peak of the third grade Golden Immortal realm; their lineup is very strong."

"Very strong?"

Wu Yuan smiled, a shrewdness characteristic of a businessman. "Indeed very strong. But no matter how strong they are, they are nothing more than three slightly stronger ants before the power of chaos.

That kid named David, at the eighth grade True Immortal realm, can kill a peak third-grade Golden Immortal with a single sword strike. Once he reaches the Golden Immortal realm, won't he be able to challenge beings of even higher realms?"

His fingers tapped lightly on his teacup, producing a crisp tinkling sound.

"Tell Su Jingqiu not to rush. Let the people from the Flame God Palace fight David first, and let her observe from the shadows. Once both sides are nearly exhausted, she can step in. Not as a member of the Void Merchant Guild, but as... a rogue cultivator lost in the Fallen God Wasteland."

He paused. "By the way, tell her to take that thing with her."

The trusted attendant was taken aback. "The Guild Master means... the Ancient Teleportation Jade Talisman?"

"The Fallen God Wasteland is riddled with spatial rifts; even a fifth-grade Golden Immortal wouldn't dare to tear through space casually. If she encounters danger, without that thing, she won't even be able to escape."

Wu Yuan turned around, his crimson-gold eyes gleaming in the dim tower. "I can't bear to see Vice Guild Master Su perish in such a place. She's my most valuable pawn, worth more than ten third-grade Golden Immortals."

The trusted attendant acknowledged the order and withdrew.

Wu Yuan turned back to the French windows, gazing at the vast sea of clouds outside and the expansive Eighteen Heavens below.

His gaze swept past the Flame God Palace, landing on the floating altar of the Bright Hall in the distance, then on the faintly visible Daoist palace deep within the Azure Cloud Mountains, finally settling on the dark red deathly wasteland of the Fallen God Wasteland.

"The Great Luo Golden

Scripture," he murmured, his voice tinged with an almost devout greed. "The supreme inheritance of the Daoist sect, lost for hundreds of thousands of years, something the entire universe has been searching for, has actually fallen into the hands of a mere True Immortal. What kind of luck is this? Or... is this a deliberate arrangement by those old fogies of the Daoist sect?"

He shook his head, dismissing the thought.

Regardless of whether it was the Daoist sect's arrangement, since the Great Luo Golden Scripture had appeared on his territory, there was no reason to let it go.

As for David?

A True Immortal youth, possessing a great treasure, venturing alone into the Eighteenth Heaven.

In Wu Yuan's eyes, he wasn't a person; he was a piece of fat meat, a piece of fat meat coated in honey, and he only needed to patiently wait for the honey to melt before swallowing him whole.

...

Azure Cloud Mountains, Azure Cloud Cave Heaven of the Daoist sect. Unlike the grandeur of the Flame God Palace and the secrecy of the Void Merchant Guild, the Daoist Azure Cloud Cave Heaven is hidden deep within the Azure Cloud Mountains, concealed by an ancient array. From the outside, it appears as nothing more than endless green hills and clear waters, showing no signs of anything unusual.

But the moment one steps into the array, the world transforms abruptly. The green hills and clear waters

vanish, replaced by a vast, boundless paradise of immortals.

Spiritual peaks, like swords, pierce the clouds, with waterfalls cascading from their summits, their roars like thunder.

Spiritual springs gurgle, converging into lakes where cranes dance and spirit turtles swim leisurely.

Ancient pines stand strong, entwined with vines, and spiritual herbs and mushrooms grow everywhere, their multicolored spiritual light flowing among the branches and leaves.

The air is filled with a dense, almost liquefied, spiritual energy of heaven and earth, and with every breath, one can feel their cultivation increasing at a visible speed.

This is the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven, a power belonging to the Daoist sect.

Unlike the magnificent exterior, the Enlightenment Cliff deep within the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven is utterly silent.

Enlightenment Cliff is the highest precipice in Qingyun Cave Heaven. Its summit is only a few dozen feet in diameter, barren and devoid of vegetation, with only a single, azure boulder standing at its edge. Seated

cross-legged on this boulder is an old Taoist priest with white hair and beard, his face gaunt, eyes slightly closed, and no trace of spiritual energy emanating from him. He appears like an ordinary old man.

Yet, anyone who cultivates Taoist techniques, upon approaching within a hundred feet of him, will feel a pressure emanating from the depths of their soul.

This pressure isn't an overwhelming superiority in cultivation level, but rather a suppression of the Taoist hierarchy, like a novice Taoist standing before a Taoist patriarch, experiencing the awe of a lineage originating from its very source.

He is Jade Void True Man, the head of Qingyun Cave Heaven, a fifth-grade Golden Immortal.

In the Eighteenth Heaven, this cultivation level is enough to make one look down upon everything.

But he hasn't left Enlightenment Cliff for tens of thousands of years, not because he can't, but because he is waiting.

Waiting for a sign, waiting for a person, waiting for the return of a lineage.

At this moment, he suddenly opens his eyes.

Those eyes were so clear they didn't seem like those of an old man who had lived for tens of thousands of years. There was no weariness, no cloudiness, only a clarity that saw through the essence of all things.

"They've arrived,"

he murmured, his voice soft yet carrying throughout the entire Qingyun Cave Heaven.

In an instant, several streams of light shot in from all directions of Qingyun Cave Heaven, landing at the foot of the Enlightenment Cliff.

Leading them was a middle-aged Taoist priest, with a handsome face, three long wisps of beard, wearing a blue Taoist robe, and an ancient sword hanging at his waist, its scabbard engraved with the words "Tai Xu."

He was Qing Xuanzi, the Grand Elder of Qingyun Cave Heaven, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, second only to Jade Void True Man in the Taoist sect.

Behind Qing Xuanzi stood more than a dozen Taoist priests, all with cultivation levels above the Golden Immortal realm, their eyes filled with undisguised excitement and anticipation.

Chapter 6545

Master Uncle," Qing Xuanzi bowed respectfully, his voice trembling slightly, "You sensed it?"

"The Great Luo Golden Scripture."

Yu Xu Zhenren's voice was calm as still water, yet it made everyone present's hearts skip a beat. "I sensed its aura. It's in the Fallen God Wasteland, on a young man."

The Fallen God Wasteland.

This name silenced the people below the Enlightenment Cliff for a moment.

It was the site of the ancient war of the gods, where countless Golden Immortals had perished tens of thousands of years ago. The lingering killing intent and resentment still lingered, and spatial rifts covered the entire wasteland, threatening to awaken the slumbering ancient souls at any moment.

It was one of the most dangerous forbidden areas of the Eighteen Heavens, where even a fourth-grade Golden Immortal dared not venture too far.

And the aura of the Great Luo Golden Scripture was in the center of that deathly place.

"Grand Elder..." At this moment, a disciple whispered a few words in Qing Xuanzi's ear.

Qing Xuanzi frowned, his expression changing slightly.

"What's wrong?" Yu Xu Zhenren asked.

"Master Uncle, both the Flame God Palace and the Void Merchant Guild have sent people to the Fallen God Wasteland, most likely for the Great Luo Golden Scripture," Qing Xuanzi said.

"The Great Luo Golden Scripture is a Daoist inheritance, so it's normal for other forces to be eyeing it," Yu Xu Zhenren nodded.

"Master Uncle," Qing Xuanzi hesitated, "The Fallen God Wasteland is too dangerous. Why don't I lead people there and bring back that boy?"

"No."

Yu Xu Zhenren shook his head, a rare solemnity appearing on his usually calm face. "You can't go. None of you can go. If you all mobilize in large numbers, and so many forces clash head-on in the Fallen God Wasteland, it won't just be a matter of fighting for the inheritance, but the first major war between forces in the Eighteen Heavens in tens of thousands of years."

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the crowd below the cliff, finally settling on a young Daoist standing at the very back.

The Daoist looked to be no more than twenty years old, with delicate features and a composure beyond his years.

Dressed in a plain Taoist robe, with a sheathless wooden sword hanging at his waist, the sword showed no spiritual energy fluctuations and looked like an ordinary piece of peach wood.

However, upon closer inspection, one could see that the wood grain subtly formed ancient Taoist patterns—the long-lost “Heavenly Wood Sword,” crafted from ten-thousand-year-old lightning-struck peach wood, nurtured with Taoist techniques for a thousand years to reach its full potential.

This was Yun Yi, the most outstanding disciple of this generation in the Taoist sect, a second-grade Golden Immortal.

“Yun Yi,”

Jade Void Master’s voice softened, “Come here.”

Yun Yi stepped out from the crowd, ascended the Enlightenment Cliff, and stopped three steps in front of Jade Void Master, bowing respectfully.

He didn’t speak, simply waiting quietly.

Jade Void Master scrutinized him, a hint of satisfaction flashing in his eyes.

He had watched this child grow up, cultivating from a mere Taoist novice to a second-grade Golden Immortal in less than three thousand years.

In the Taoist sect, this speed wasn’t the fastest, but his solid foundation and unwavering Taoist heart were the most outstanding of this generation.

More importantly, he was taciturn, meticulous, and never did anything without certainty.

“Go to the Fallen God Wasteland and find the young man who possesses the Great Luo Golden Scripture.” Master Yuxu’s voice was soft, each word clearly reaching Yun Yi’s ears, “Do not be his enemy, nor deliberately approach him.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture has chosen him; it is the will of Heaven. You only need to... appear by his side when he needs help."

Yun Yi raised his head, looking into Master Yuxu's eyes.

In those clear eyes, there was an emotion he had never seen before.

Not expectation, not worry, but a kind of almost fatalistic certainty.

As if everything was destined, from the moment the Great Luo Golden Scripture was lost hundreds of thousands of years ago, from the moment that boy was born, from the moment they stood here talking, it had all been destined.

"Disciple understands." Yun Yi's voice was soft, yet carried an undeniable firmness.

He turned and walked down the Enlightenment Cliff, his plain Daoist robe fluttering gently in the wind, his wooden sword swaying softly at his waist, making a faint clinking sound.

The people below watched him go, no one spoke.

Qing Xuanzi watched Yun Yi's figure disappear at the exit of Qingyun Cave Heaven, and finally couldn't help but speak: "Master Uncle, you only sent Yun Yi alone? In a place like the Fallen God Wasteland, although Yun Yi's cultivation is not bad, he is only at the second level of the Golden Immortal Realm. What if..."

"There is no 'what if'."

True Man Yuxu closed his eyes again, his voice as calm as a still pond. "No matter how many people the Flame God Palace sends, they can't hurt that young man. No matter how deep the Void Merchant Guild's conspiracy is, it can't reach him. The people they sent are just stones for him to sharpen his blade."

He paused, and the corners of his mouth slightly curved into an almost imperceptible smile.

"As for that young man, now that he has reached the Eighteenth Heaven, it's time to temper the Flame God Palace's arrogance. The Fire God lineage has dominated the Eighteenth Heaven for too long, so long that they have forgotten that this world is not just about fire."

Silence returned to Wudao Cliff.

Only the whistling of the wind blowing through the blue stones on the cliff edge and the faint sound of water from the distant Lingfeng Waterfall remained.

...

In the Fallen God Wasteland, amidst the dark red sand, David stopped.

Unaware that he was being watched by several forces the moment he landed on the eighteenth level of the Heavenly Realm, he was targeted.

He took out a pill from his storage ring and swallowed it. The pill entered his stomach, and spiritual energy circulated through his meridians, replenishing the chaotic energy he had consumed during his journey.

The dark red wasteland stretched endlessly before him, the rays of the three blazing suns casting long shadows of him and Jiang Xuelan, leaving two twisted black streaks on the sand.

He had been walking across this wasteland for several hours, passing countless skeletons and battle ruins, his divine sense maintaining maximum coverage, not escaping the notice of any disturbance.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her silver-white longsword already drawn three inches from its sheath, a faint cold light emanating from its blade.

Her divine sense wasn't as powerful as David's, but the perception of the Ice God lineage allowed her to vaguely sense something.

"Someone is tracking us," she said softly, her gaze fixed on a direction deep within the wasteland.

"Hmm,"

David nodded, his purple eyes reflecting several rapidly moving golden dots on the distant horizon. "Three peak third-grade Golden Immortals, leading thirty first-grade Golden Immortals. They're still eight hundred li away. At their speed, they'll catch up in less than an incense stick's time."

His tone was calm; he had actually sensed it long ago.

However, these people weren't very strong, so David didn't care.

Jiang Xuelan turned to look at him, her white robes standing out starkly against the dark red wasteland.

There was no fear in her eyes, only a hint of helplessness, and a slight smile played on her lips: "Another third-grade Golden Immortal?"