

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6574

The cobblestone path wound its way through the bamboo forest, the verdant bamboo swaying gently in the breeze, its leaves rustling softly as if whispering ancient secrets.

David walked behind Yun Yi, his purple eyes scanning their surroundings. He could sense that every bamboo stalk in this forest was no ordinary plant, but rather a component of some kind of array.

The bamboo roots intertwined underground, forming a vast network that gathered the spiritual energy of the entire valley, creating a natural spirit-gathering array.

The arrangement of this array was extremely sophisticated, not something that could be set up overnight, but rather the result of tens or even hundreds of thousands of years of accumulation and evolution.

The Daoist sect's foundation was far deeper than David had imagined.

The three walked along the cobblestone path for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, until the bamboo forest gradually thinned out, and a cobblestone archway appeared ahead.

The archway, about three zhang high, consisted of two massive stone pillars and a horizontal beam. The pillars were inscribed with Taoist runes, and the beam bore four ancient characters: "Qingyun Cave Heaven."

Behind the archway was a wide bluestone avenue, flanked by neatly arranged spirit trees laden with colorful spiritual fruits, emitting an alluring fragrance.

At the end of the avenue stood a magnificent Taoist temple.

Built against the mountainside, its blue tiles and white walls, with upturned eaves, stretched layer upon layer from the foot of the mountain to its summit, as if growing out of the mountain itself.

Each hall was shrouded in a faint spiritual light, the glow released when the protective array was activated.

Above the temple, cranes circled, colorful clouds swirled, and a spiritual spring waterfall cascaded down from the mountaintop, its thunderous roar echoing throughout the valley.

Yun Yi stopped before the archway and turned to look at David.

"Mr. Chen, please wait a moment."

He bowed slightly. "My master said that Mr. Chen is a distinguished guest of the Daoist sect and should be greeted with the highest honors. I will go and inform him now."

David nodded.

Yun Yi turned and walked onto the bluestone path, his pace much faster than before.

After walking about a hundred steps, he suddenly stopped, took out a jade talisman from his sleeve, and infused it with spiritual power. The jade talisman emitted a clear and melodious sound, which echoed in the valley and lingered for a long time.

As soon as the sound subsided, the bells and drums in the Daoist temple suddenly rang out in unison.

The bells were deep and resonant, ringing out nine times in total. Each ring seemed to echo throughout the entire valley, making one's eardrums tingle, yet also giving one an indescribable sense of solemnity.

The drums were vigorous and powerful, also ringing out nine times, alternating with the bells, as if some ancient ceremony was being held.

The gates of the Taoist temple slowly opened, and two rows of Taoist disciples dressed in blue robes emerged, lining both sides of the main road. Each held a blue lantern, its flame flickering gently in the breeze, illuminating the entire road.

These disciples were all highly skilled, the lowest being at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, and the highest reaching the peak of the ninth rank.

They stood in neat rows, their postures respectful, their gazes fixed on David, their eyes filled with undisguised curiosity and anticipation.

David watched this scene, a hint of surprise flashing in his purple eyes.

Nine tolls of the bell, nine drumbeats, two rows of disciples lining up to welcome him—this level of ceremony was reserved for the most distinguished guests in any sect.

And he, a mere eighth-rank True Immortal Realm youth, was receiving such treatment on his first visit to Qingyun Cave Heaven.

What exactly did Master Yuxu intend to do?

This thought flashed through David's mind, but he had no time to dwell on it, for a figure had already emerged from the Taoist temple.

The man had white hair and beard, a gaunt face, and wore a blue Taoist robe. He held a whisk in his hand and walked at a steady pace, each step measured as if he were surveying the earth.

There was no fluctuation of spiritual energy emanating from him; he appeared to be just an ordinary old man.

But David's pupils contracted slightly.

He could sense just how terrifying the power contained within this old man was. That power wasn't outwardly projected, but rather inwardly contained, like a peerless divine sword sheathed. Though its edge was unseen, once drawn, it could cleave everything in its path.

Fifth Rank Golden Immortal.

Master Yu Xu of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Master Yu Xu walked up to David, stopping three steps away.

He scrutinized David, his gaze lingering on those purple eyes for a long time, then nodded slightly, a faint smile appearing on his lips.

"The inheritor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, indeed extraordinary."

His voice was aged yet gentle, like a kind elder praising a junior. "This humble Daoist, Yu Xu, has long admired Mr. Chen's name."

David clasped his hands in greeting. "Junior David greets Master Yu Xu." Master

Yu Xu waved his hand. "No need for such formalities. Mr. Chen is a distinguished guest of the Daoist sect. This humble Daoist has prepared tea; please come in."

He then turned and walked towards the Daoist temple.

David followed behind him, with Jiang Xuelan and Yun Yi following behind.

The four of them passed through the gate of the Taoist temple and entered a spacious courtyard.

The courtyard was filled with green bamboo, and a pebble path led through the bamboo grove to an elegant tea room deep within.

The tea room was small, only about three zhang square, with windows on all four sides offering views of the verdant bamboo forest and distant mountains.

The interior was simply furnished: a wooden table, a few wooden chairs, and a set of celadon teaware on the table. Steam rose from the teapot, filling the room with a delicate and refreshing aroma.

Master Yuxu invited David to sit down and personally poured him a cup of tea.

"This is a spiritual tea produced in Qingyun Cave, called 'Qingyun Mist,' harvested from thousand-year-old tea trees on the mountaintop, yielding only three jin each year. Please try it, Mr. Chen."

David picked up the teacup and took a small sip.

The tea warmed his throat and flowed into his dantian, circulating through his meridians, invigorating his spirit.

"Excellent tea," David said sincerely, setting down his cup.

Master Yuxu smiled and sat down opposite him.

Jiang Xuelan and Yun Yi didn't sit down, but stood at the entrance of the tea room, one on each side like two door gods.

Only David and Master Yuxu remained in the tea room, sitting opposite each other.

After a moment of silence

, David knew that Master Yuxu hadn't invited him simply for tea.

He also had many questions to ask.

"Master," David began, his purple eyes looking at Master Yuxu, "this junior has many questions in his heart, I wonder if Master Yuxu could answer them?"

Master Yuxu nodded, "Please ask, Mr. Chen. This humble Daoist will answer to the best of my knowledge."

David took out the black stone from his storage ring and placed it on the table. The black

stone gleamed slightly in the light of the tea room, the patterns on its surface subtly flowing, as if something was sleeping inside.

"What is this?"

David asked, "Where did it come from? Why is it in my hands? What is its relationship with the Chaos Dao Palace?"

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Master Yuxu's gaze fell upon the black stone, a flicker of emotion crossing his usually calm eyes.

He reached out and gently stroked its surface, as if caressing a lost treasure.

"This black stone," Master Yuxu's voice deepened, "is a fragment of the key to the Chaos Dao Palace."

"A fragment of the key?" David frowned.

"The Chaos Dao Palace is no ordinary palace."

Master Yuxu withdrew his hand, picked up his teacup, and took a sip. "It was a Dao Palace built by the ancestors of the Daoist sect with supreme magical power at the dawn of chaos and the beginning of heaven and earth. Sealed within the palace are the most core inheritances of the Daoist sect, including one hundred and eight supreme Daoist scriptures, such as the Great Luo Golden Scripture, as well as the insights into laws and cultivation methods left by the ancestors of the Daoist sect."

One hundred and eight supreme Daoist scriptures.

David's heart trembled.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture was only one of them?

What level of cultivation techniques were the other one hundred and seven scriptures?

"However, the Great Luo Golden Scripture is the foremost of these 108 Daoist scriptures. Possessing the Great Luo Golden Scripture means possessing the purest lineage of Daoism," said Jade Void Master.

"Senior, in which heaven is the Chaos Dao Palace located?" David asked.

"The Chaos Dao Palace is not in any heaven of the Heavenly Realm."

"It exists outside the laws of heaven and earth, in an independent space unbound by the Heavenly Realm. That space has no fixed coordinates, no fixed entrance, and not even a fixed flow of time.

To enter the Chaos Dao Palace, one must gather three key fragments and combine them into one to open the spatial passage leading to the Chaos Dao Palace."

Three key fragments.

David looked down at the black stone on the table, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

"So, there are two more of these black stones?"

"That's right."

Master Yuxu nodded. "The three key fragments are held by different forces. The one you have was left by the ancestors of the Daoist sect, but it was lost during the war between the Daoist sect and the gods, and ended up in the lower realm. As for why it ended up in your hands..."

He paused, a meaningful smile appearing on his lips, "Perhaps it's fate, perhaps it's the arrangement of the ancestors of the Daoist sect. I dare not make a definitive conclusion."

David was silent for a moment, then put the black stone back into his storage ring.

"What exactly is the grudge between the Daoist sect and the gods?"

Master Yuxu's smile disappeared, replaced by a deep emotion that had been suppressed for tens of thousands of years.

"The grudge between the Daoist sect and the gods is a long story."

He put down his teacup, gazing at the bamboo forest outside the window, as if recalling something from a long time ago.

"The Daoist sect and the Divine Race originally shared the same origin. In the primordial era, the ancestors of both sects were cultivators who comprehended the laws of heaven and earth. Later, due to differing understandings of these laws, they split into two factions.

One faction believed that all things possess spirits, all beings are equal, and the path of cultivation should encompass all phenomena and be inclusive—this was the Daoist sect. The other faction believed that the Divine Race were the darlings of heaven and earth, born superior to all, and should rule all realms—this was the Divine Race."

"Initially, the two factions were merely engaged in a clash of ideologies, and could coexist peacefully. However, as time passed, the Divine Race grew increasingly powerful, beginning to suppress the Daoist sect and exclude those who disagreed.

They claimed that only the Divine Race was qualified to comprehend the supreme laws, and that other races were inferior beings unworthy of cultivating profound techniques. The Daoist sect, advocating equality for all beings, naturally became a thorn in the side of the Divine Race."

"The war lasted for hundreds of thousands of years, with the Daoist sect suffering repeated defeats. The Great Luo Golden Scripture was lost during that period, and the Chaos Dao Palace was sealed into an independent space during that time." The voice of Master Yuxu carried an undisguised sorrow.

"How is this possible? Isn't the Divine Race just a coalition of a few self-proclaimed noble human branches that calls themselves the Divine Race? Moreover, the Divine Race's headquarters are in the twentieth heaven, and their God-King is merely a Golden Immortal. How could they possibly defeat the Daoist Sect?"

David was incredulous.

After all, the Daoist Sect was an ancient force, existing since the beginning of chaos. How could they be defeated by a mere Divine Race?

Silence filled the tea room.

After David finished speaking, Master Yuxu didn't immediately reply.

He picked up his teacup, took another sip of Qingyun Wu tea, and the aroma lingered on his lips and teeth, as if savoring some distant memory.

Outside the window, the green bamboo swayed gently in the breeze, the leaves rustling softly, as if whispering some ancient secret.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the tea room entrance, her ice-white dress shimmering faintly in the afternoon light.

Her gaze fell on Master Yuxu, her eyes also filled with doubt.

She was a descendant of the Ice God lineage and knew from a young age that the influence of the seven lineages of the God Clan only extended to the twentieth heaven. All the experts above the Golden Immortal realm resided in the twentieth heaven, and she had never heard of any higher-level existences within the God Clan.

Yun Yi stood on the other side, his simple Daoist robe fluttering gently in the breeze.

His face was expressionless, but a complex look flashed in his eyes, as if he knew that what Master Yu Xu was about to say would overturn David's entire understanding of the world.

Master Yu Xu put down his teacup, his gaze shifting from the bamboo forest outside the window to David.

"Mr. Chen, you're saying that the God Clan is just a few self-proclaimed noble human branches united together, calling themselves the God Clan?"

His voice was soft, but every word seemed to come from a very deep and distant place, carrying a weight of experience. "I ask you a question: have you ever seen a true god?"

David was stunned.

A true god?

He had seen members of the God Clan: Heavenly Extreme Venerable, Yan Wuji, Holy Light Venerable—those were all gods.

They called themselves the Divine Race, possessing combat power far exceeding that of cultivators of the same level, and wielding the power of laws such as holy light and divine fire.

But in David's eyes, they were merely a group of cultivators with higher cultivation levels, far removed from the word "god."

"The highest cultivation level of the Divine Race I've met is only at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm,"

David said truthfully. "Although they are stronger than ordinary cultivators, they are far from being true gods."

Jade Void Master nodded, a faint smile appearing on his lips, a smile carrying an indescribable meaning, as if gratified that David had not been deceived by appearances, yet also as if weighing the weight of what he was about to say.

"You're right. Those so-called Divine Race members you've met are indeed not true gods."

Jade Void Master's voice deepened. "They are merely the outer forces of the Divine Race, tools used by the Divine Race to rule the various heavens of the Celestial Realm. The true Divine Race has never resided in the twentieth heaven."

David's pupils contracted slightly.

Not in the twentieth heaven?

Then where is it?

Master Yuxu seemed to see through his question and slowly said, "Mr. Chen, do you know how many heavens there are in the celestial realm?"