

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6576

David thought for a moment, "The Thirty-Six Heavens."

"Then do you know what lies above the Thirty-Six Heavens?"

David fell silent.

What lies above the Thirty-Six Heavens?

He had never considered this question.

In all the information he had come across, the Celestial Realm was the Thirty-Six Heavens, the pinnacle of the Celestial Realm.

The Divine Race's headquarters was in the Twentieth Heaven, and the God-King was also in the Twentieth Heaven—that was all he knew.

"Beyond the Celestial Realm lies a vast cosmic river, and the Celestial Realm is but a tiny speck of dust within it. And within this cosmic river lies a place called the 'Divine Realm.'"

Jade Void True Man's voice carried an unusual solemnity. "That is the true foundation of the Divine Race. The Divine Race's headquarters in the Twentieth Heaven is merely a tentacle extended from the Celestial Realm's Divine Race to the lower realms. Only those Divine Race beings above the Golden Immortal Realm can barely grasp some of the truth about the Divine Realm."

The Divine Realm.

David heard this term for the first time.

Countless thoughts flashed through his mind. If the true foundation of the Divine Race lay in the Divine Realm beyond the Celestial Realm, then the Divine Race forces he had previously fought against were merely the tip of the iceberg?

No, not even the tip of the iceberg. Only those Divine Race members above the Golden Immortal Realm could be considered the lowest level of the Divine Race, knowing a little bit of the truth about the Divine Realm.

And below the Divine Race's main altar, those Divine Race cultivators below the Golden Immortal Realm weren't even considered the lowest level.

They were considered trash...

Perhaps the Divine Race within the Divine Realm didn't even know these members existed.

Jiang Xuelan listened from the side, dumbfounded. Their eight branches of the main altar had always been scheming and fighting for the so-called God-King position.

But in the end, these self-proclaimed noble Divine Race members weren't even at the very bottom of their race.

Perhaps, they weren't even Divine Race at all.

The shock of this information made Jiang Xuelan feel dizzy.

"Mr. Chen, you've heard the term 'Myriad Realms,' haven't you? You don't actually think that among these myriad realms, the Celestial Realm is the highest." The voice of True Immortal Yu Xu seemed to come from a great distance, each word like a boulder weighing heavily on David's heart,

sending a chill down his spine.

David's mind was blank. It was like someone who studied hard, thinking that getting into university would make them the most knowledgeable person.

But now that they'd entered university, someone suddenly told them that university was nothing special; there were master's degrees, doctorates, academicians...

university graduates were the least valuable.

David took a deep breath, suppressing his turbulent emotions.

"Senior," David spoke, his voice slightly hoarse, "how do you know all this?"

After all, True Immortal Yu Xu was only a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, an eighteenth-level cultivator. How could he know so much? Moreover

, even the Divine Race itself didn't know about the Divine Realm, yet True Immortal Yu Xu knew.

Master Yuxu smiled. "I only know this because I accidentally obtained a wisp of my ancestor's inheritance, but that's all I know. I don't know anything else."

"Senior, is the power of the Daoist sect also vast?" David asked.

Master Yuxu nodded. "The power of the Daoist sect in the myriad realms is far greater than what you see. Every level of the Heavenly Realm has a Daoist sect. There are also Daoist forces in other realms, and even branches in the mortal world."

Images flashed through David's mind: the Daoist temples, Daoists, Daoist techniques in the mortal world...were they all part of the Daoist sect?

"However," Master Yuxu's voice deepened, "The Daoist sects are far too numerous and complex, with differing philosophies that frequently clash. Some advocate using gentleness to overcome strength, others use strength to subdue gentleness; some advocate detachment from worldly affairs for cultivation, while others advocate engaging in worldly affairs to help others.

These differences prevent the Daoist sect from achieving unity, leaving it a disorganized mess."

"A disorganized mess?" David frowned.

"Indeed."

Master Yuxu nodded. "There are countless Daoist sects throughout the myriad realms, each with its own traditions, rules, and interests.

On the surface, they all call themselves Daoist, but in reality, none submit to the others. For hundreds of thousands of years, no sect has been able to unify the Daoist sect, nor has any individual been able to win the sincere respect of all Daoist disciples."

He paused, his gaze falling on David, a burning light flashing in his eyes.

"Until the Great Luo Golden Scripture appeared."

David's heart skipped a beat.

"The Great Luo Golden Scripture is the supreme Daoist scripture left by the ancestors of the Daoist school, the source of all Daoist cultivation methods. Whoever can cultivate the Great Luo Golden Scripture is the successor of the Daoist ancestors, and has the right to command all Daoist schools in the world."

Master Yuxu's voice carried an undisguised excitement. "Mr. Chen, you are the first person in hundreds of thousands of years to possess the Great Luo Golden Scripture."

Silence fell over the tea room.

David sat in his chair, his purple eyes swirling with complex emotions.

He finally understood.

Why Master Yuxu had sent Yun Yi to wait for him outside the Northern Cold Abyss for three days.

Why Qingyun Cave Heaven had welcomed him with the highest level of ceremony.

Why Master Yuxu had said, "We honor the successor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture as the new leader of the Daoist school."

It wasn't because he was David, but because he had cultivated the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

Before the Great Luo Golden Scripture, who he was, where he came from, and his cultivation level were all unimportant.

What mattered was that he was the successor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the successor of the Daoist ancestors, and the first person in hundreds of thousands of years qualified to command all Daoist schools in the world.

"Senior," David began, his voice slightly hoarse, "Do you think I can unify the Daoist sects?"

Master Yuxu was silent for a moment, then shook his head.

"I don't know."

His voice was frank. "Unifying the Daoist sects isn't something that can be done with just one cultivation technique. It requires strength, wisdom, opportunity, and... time. But I know one thing: if you can't do it, then no one in this world can."

David looked into Master Yuxu's eyes. Those aged eyes held no calculation, no probing, only unreserved trust.

It was the look of someone who had waited tens of thousands of years in darkness and finally seen a glimmer of light.

David took a deep breath, suppressing his chaotic thoughts.

"Senior, I have one last question."

"Please speak."

"How can I find the Chaos Dao Palace?"

Master Yuxu remained silent for a long time.

He picked up his teacup, took a sip, put it down, picked it up again, and put it down again.

He repeated this three times before finally speaking.

"I know that there is a faint connection between the three key fragments. If you can find the second fragment, you can sense the approximate location of the third fragment. If you can find the third fragment, you can sense the location of the Chaos Palace."

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David fell silent.

Of the three key fragments, he only possessed one.

The other two were nowhere to be found, and no one knew who had them.

It was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

But he was not discouraged.

He had walked a path far more difficult than this, and faced situations far more desperate than this.

With one fragment in hand, he was not entirely without anything.

"Thank you for your explanation, Senior." David stood up and bowed respectfully.

Master Yu Xu also stood up and waved his hand. "Mr. Chen, you are too kind. I merely mentioned some things that Mr. Chen would know sooner or later."

"What are Mr. Chen's plans next?"

David's hand rested on the hilt of his sword, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

"To the Hall of Light."

Master Yu Xu's brow furrowed slightly. "The Hall of Light? Does Mr. Chen have a grudge against the Hall of Light?"

"Yes." David's voice was calm, but beneath the calm lay a chilling killing intent. "They injured someone they shouldn't have."

He didn't say who that person was.

But Master Yu Xu read the answer in David's eyes.

It was the kind of look one would only show for someone truly important.

Cold, resolute, and leaving no room for negotiation.

"The strength of the Bright Hall is not to be underestimated,"

Jade Void Master's voice carried a hint of solemnity. "The Hall Master is a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, the Deputy Hall Master a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, with dozens of elders and thousands of disciples. Although Mr. Chen's combat power is astonishing, to fight the entire Bright Hall alone..."

"I didn't say I wanted to go alone," David interrupted Jade Void Master, his purple eyes fixed on him. "Senior, you said that the three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven are willing to serve me as the new leader of the Daoist sect, even unto death."

Jade Void Master's body trembled slightly.

He looked into David's eyes, those purple eyes showing no hesitation, no probing, only an undeniable firmness.

A moment of silence followed.

Then, Jade Void Master smiled.

The smile was faint, but genuine, like an old man who had waited for tens of thousands of years, finally waiting for the person he had been waiting for.

"Good," he said, his voice soft but firm. "The three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven are willing to follow Mr. Chen into battle."

David nodded, and was then arranged to rest.

Lying in bed, David couldn't sleep at all; his mind was a complete mess.

Now that he knew there were cosmic galaxies beyond the Celestial Realm, what was Mr. Shi's identity?

Was he from the Celestial Realm, or from the myriad realms beyond?

What about his father? Wasn't he the Golden Dragon?

And what about Wen Haotian? What was his true identity?

These mysteries plagued David.

After thinking for an unknown amount of time, David covered his head to stop thinking.

Since he had come this far, he would take it one step at a time. If one day he couldn't go on, he would stop and rest.

Or he could let his sons and grandsons continue the journey.

Anyway, he had plenty of women; he wasn't worried about not having sons.

The next morning.

Qingyun Cave Heaven, Martial Arts Arena.

Three hundred Qingyun Cave Heaven disciples stood neatly in the arena, each with the cultivation level of a Golden Immortal, among whom more than twenty were at the third rank or higher. Although Qingyun Cave Heaven had few people, each one was an elite.

They wore uniform blue Daoist robes, with standard Daoist artifacts hanging at their waists and various longswords on their backs.

A morning breeze blew, and the robes of the three hundred people fluttered simultaneously, like a blue ocean surging.

Master Yuxu stood on the high platform of the martial arts arena, his white hair and beard flowing in the morning wind, his blue Daoist robe gleaming faintly in the sunlight.

Behind him stood Yun Yi and several other Golden Immortal elders, each with a solemn expression.

David stood beside Master Yuxu, his purple eyes sweeping over the three hundred disciples in the arena.

Three hundred pairs of eyes looked at him simultaneously, without doubt or resentment, only a pure, unreserved trust.

It was trust that Master Yuxu had earned with tens of thousands of years of prestige.

Master Yuxu said he was the inheritor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the successor of the Daoist ancestor, and the new leader of the Daoist sect.

The disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven believed him.

No proof, no explanation, no reason needed.

David took a deep breath and stepped forward.

"Everyone," his voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears, "Today, we are going to the Hall of Light."

Silence fell over the training ground.

The three hundred disciples listened quietly, no one spoke, no one whispered.

"The Hall Master of the Hall of Light is a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, the Deputy Hall Master is a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, there are dozens of elders, and thousands of disciples." David's voice was calm, as if stating a simple fact, "We only have three hundred people."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

"But that's enough."

Silence remained over the training ground.

In the eyes of the three hundred disciples, there was no fear, no hesitation, only a burning fighting spirit.

They had cultivated in the Azure Cloud Cave for hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of years, waiting for this day.

The Daoist sect had been suppressed by the Divine Race for hundreds of thousands of years, waiting for this day.

"Let's go." After saying these two words, David turned and walked down from the platform.

Three hundred disciples turned simultaneously, their steps perfectly synchronized, and headed towards the exit of Qingyun Cave.

Their azure robes billowed in the morning breeze, like a blue torrent surging out of Qingyun Cave and towards the Hall of Light.

Master Yuxu led the procession, a whisk in hand, his azure robes fluttering in the morning wind, his white hair and beard shimmering silver in the sunlight.

His pace was neither fast nor slow, each step steady, as if measuring the earth, or perhaps the hundreds of thousands of years of hatred between the Daoist sect and the divine race.

Yun Yi walked beside Master Yuxu, the wooden sword on his back glowing faintly in the morning light, its ancient Daoist patterns like awakening dragons, slowly moving.

Jiang Xuelan walked beside David, her ice-white dress standing out starkly against the azure formation.

Her hand rested on the hilt of her sword, icy blue spiritual energy flowing between her fingertips, the Heart of the Cold Abyss warming slightly within her, as if responding to the fighting spirit within her.

David walked at the head of the group, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, his purple eyes fixed ahead.

The Hall of Light was to the southeast, about three days' journey from Qingyun Cave.

The three hundred people proceeded on foot, choosing not to fly.

Not because they couldn't, but because it wasn't necessary.

Three days was enough for the people of the Hall of Light to know they had arrived.

This was the effect David wanted.

He wouldn't resort to sneak attacks or ambushes.

He wanted to enter the Hall of Light openly and honestly, letting everyone know that the gods were not invincible.

The group moved through the mountains and forests at a moderate pace.

The three hundred people formed a long dragon, their blue Taoist robes standing out vividly against the green forest.