

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel

### Chapter 6586

The airship flew for about two hours, the scenery below changing from green mountains to a dark red wasteland.

The Fallen God Wasteland had arrived.

From the air, the Fallen God Wasteland appeared even more desolate and eerie than it did on the ground. The dark red sand stretched as far as the eye could see, scattered bones and battle relics casting long shadows in the sunlight, like silent tombstones.

Spatial rifts deep within the wasteland shimmered eerily in the sunlight, like open eyes peering into this world.

The airship didn't linger in the Fallen God Wasteland, flying directly over it.

After another hour or so, the scenery below changed from the dark red wasteland to a snow-covered ice plain.

The Far North had arrived.

The temperature here was even lower than in the Northern Abyss, the moisture in the air condensing into tiny ice crystals that shimmered with iridescent light in the sunlight.

The ground was covered with thick snow and ice, beneath which lay permafrost that had never melted, devoid of any vegetation or life, only an endless expanse of white.

The flying boat pierced through the clouds, and the entire panorama of Tianlan City unfolded before David's eyes.

Dozens of floating islands, varying in size from a few hundred feet in diameter to stretching for tens of miles, floated gracefully above the sea of clouds.

The islands were connected by thick iron chains, adorned with colorful flags that fluttered in the wind, each bearing the insignia of the Void Merchant Guild and a treasure ship traversing the void.

Each island boasted unique architecture: magnificent palaces, ancient and elegant pavilions, towering spires reaching into the clouds, and courtyards hidden among lush greenery.

Teleportation arrays connected the islands, and cultivators frequently emerged from these arrays, hurrying off in various directions.

The liveliness of Tianlan City far surpassed any city David had seen in the Seventeenth Heaven.

Tianlan City was orderly; there was no fighting, no forced buying or selling, and even loud noises were rare.

Every cultivator wore a cautious expression, as if afraid of violating the rules here.

The rules of the Void Merchant Guild were stricter than those of any major sect.

Anyone who dared to cause trouble in Tianlan City, regardless of who they were or who stood behind them, would be apprehended by the Void Merchant Guild's guards immediately and thrown out of Tianlan City, never to set foot there again.

Su Jingqiu maneuvered her flying boat to land on the platform of the central floating island.

The platform was large enough to accommodate dozens of flying boats taking off and landing simultaneously.

Su Jingqiu stowed her flying boat and turned to look at David.

"Mr. Chen, please follow me. The Guild Master is already waiting at the Void Pavilion."

David nodded and followed Su Jingqiu down the platform, walking along a wide bluestone avenue towards the center of the island.

The bluestone avenue was lined with spirit trees, their branches laden with colorful spirit fruits that emitted an enticing fragrance.

Every hundred steps along the avenue stood a stone lamppost, each topped with a fist-sized luminous pearl that emitted a soft glow even in the daytime.

At the end of the avenue lay a vast plaza.

In the center of the plaza stood a nine-story, jet-black tower, each floor inlaid with tens of thousands of spatial crystals.

These spatial crystals refracted the sunlight, scattering rainbows and enveloping the entire tower in a dreamlike halo.

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

Su Jingqiu led David through the gates of the Void Pavilion.

Inside was a spacious hall. A massive star map was embedded in the dome of the hall, marking the coordinates of countless worlds. Some David recognized, others were completely unfamiliar.

The stars on the star map rotated slowly, as if alive, or perhaps like some ancient array in operation.

On either side of the hall were rows of counters, behind which sat deacons of the Void Merchant Guild, receiving guests from all directions.

Some guests were exchanging spirit stones, some were buying pills, some were inquiring about information, and some were commissioning tasks.

Each deacon wore a professional smile, speaking politely yet tactfully. Su Jingqiu didn't linger in the hall, leading David directly through it and into a teleportation array.

The array flashed, and the two appeared on the ninth floor of the Void Pavilion.

The ninth floor was a spacious reception room with floor-to-ceiling windows on all four sides, offering panoramic views of the sea of clouds and dozens of floating islands surrounding Tianlan City.

Standing by the window, the entire city of Tianlan was laid out before them, with snow-covered ice plains in the distance, and further still, the dark red Fallen God Wasteland. The clouds on the horizon shimmered with golden light under the sunlight.

The reception room was far more luxurious than the tea room in Qingyun Cave.

The floor was paved with solid pieces of spirit jade, the walls were adorned with calligraphy and paintings by renowned artists, and priceless antique porcelain was displayed in the corners.

The tables and chairs were crafted from ten-thousand-year-old spirit wood, emitting a faint fragrance. Sitting on them, one could feel a warm spiritual energy flowing into the body, invigorating the spirit.

A middle-aged man stood before the floor-to-ceiling window, his back to the door, holding a cup of tea and gazing at the sea of clouds outside.

He wore a dark gold robe embroidered with the Void Merchant Guild's emblem. Tall and broad-shouldered, his hair was tied back with a jade hairpin, revealing a sharply defined profile.

Hearing footsteps, he turned.

His face was refined, with a shrewdness characteristic of a merchant, but it was so well-hidden that it was almost imperceptible.

A faint smile played on his lips, neither warm nor cold, just right—neither too distant nor too intimate.

A fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

President of the Void Merchant Guild, Wu Yuan.

Wu Yuan's gaze fell on David, scrutinizing him from head to toe, then his smile deepened.

"Mr. Chen, I've long admired your name."

His voice was gentle yet powerful, possessing a magnetic quality that was like a gentle breeze. "I am Wu Yuan, President of the Void Merchant Guild. Please have a seat."

He gestured for him to sit, taking the lead in the main seat.

David sat opposite him, his purple eyes fixed on him, devoid of any emotional fluctuation.

Su Jingqiu didn't sit down, but stood behind Wu Yuan. Her long, light gray dress shimmered faintly in the sunlight streaming through the French windows.

Wu Yuan personally poured David a cup of tea. The aroma filled the air, fresh and elegant. Unlike the Qingyun Mist Tea from Qingyun Cave, this tea had a hint of fruitiness, a sweet taste, and a lingering aftertaste.

"This is a special spiritual tea from the Void Merchant Guild, called 'Void Dew.' It's harvested from a spiritual plant in the void, with an annual yield of no more than one pound. Please try it, Mr. Chen."

David picked up the teacup and took a small sip.

As the tea entered his mouth, a cool spiritual energy surged from his throat into his dantian, circulating through his meridians and invigorating him. The quality of this tea was a level above the Qingyun Mist Tea.

"Good tea."

David put down his teacup and looked at Wu Yuan. "President Wu, there's no need for formalities. You had Vice President Su invite me here, not just for tea, right?"

Wu Yuan smiled and put down his teacup.

"Mr. Chen is straightforward, so I won't beat around the bush either." His voice became more serious. "The Void Chamber of Commerce wishes to make friends with Mr. Chen."

David didn't speak, just looked at him.

Wu Yuan continued, "I know Mr. Chen may be somewhat wary of the Void Chamber of Commerce. After all, business is business, and the Void Chamber of Commerce does everything for profit. I don't deny that."

He paused, his smile becoming more meaningful. "But profit doesn't necessarily have to be achieved through confrontation. Cooperation can also bring profit. And the profit from cooperation is often greater than that from confrontation."

David leaned back in his chair, his purple eyes slightly narrowed.

"Make friends?" His voice was calm. "President Wu, business is business. What do you want from me?"

Wu Yuan was silent for a moment, then smiled. The smile was honest, so honest it didn't seem like that of a businessman.

"Initially, I did indeed covet the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the power of chaos

that Mr. Chen possessed." His voice was completely undisguised, as if he were stating something ordinary. "My younger brother, Wu Heng, the president of the Seventeenth Heaven Void Merchant Guild, sent me a message saying that Mr. Chen possessed the Great Luo Golden Scripture, a supreme inheritance lost to the Daoist sect for tens of thousands of years.

At the time, I thought that if I could seize the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the Void Merchant Guild's status in the myriad realms would rise even higher."

David's fingers tapped lightly on the table, making a soft thumping sound.

He wasn't angry, nor surprised.

When Wu Heng gave him the guest elder token, he knew the Void Merchant Guild was after the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

"And then?" David asked.

Wu Yuan's smile turned somewhat bitter.

"Then, Mr. Chen killed Yan Po with a single sword strike in the Fallen God Wasteland, wiped out a group of Bright Hall's troops in the Northern Dark Abyss, and led three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven to destroy Bright Hall in a single day, personally killing the Fifth-Rank Golden Immortal Saint Light Celestial Venerable."

He paused, looking into David's eyes, a complex expression flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. "Although I am arrogant, I am not foolish enough to believe that I can fight against a powerhouse capable of killing a Fifth-Rank Golden Immortal.

Since we cannot be enemies, let's make friends. A merchant's instinct is to make the most appropriate choice at the most appropriate time."

David was silent for a moment.

Wu Yuan's words were very frank.

So frank that David was somewhat surprised.

A merchant admitting that he had once coveted the other party's treasures, admitting that he dared not be enemies now, admitting that he chose to make friends because of profit—this kind of frankness was hard to dislike.

"What do you want me to do for you?" David asked.

Wu Yuan picked up his teacup, took a sip, then set it down, crossed his hands on his knees, leaned forward slightly, and looked directly at David.

"The Void Merchant Guild has received information that deep within the icy plains of the far north, there is a void passage leading to a secret realm, said to be an ancient battlefield."

An ancient battlefield.

A void passage.

David's brow twitched slightly.

He thought of the Ruins of Return.

In the Fourteenth Heaven, he and Jiang Xuelan had entered the ancient battlefield of the Ruins of Return.

There lay countless skeletons of ancient powerhouses, remnant souls slumbering in spatial rifts, and countless dangers and opportunities.

It was there that he saved the remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan.

Could Wu Yuan be talking about the same place?

David didn't speak aloud, but simply looked at Wu Yuan, waiting for him to continue.

"The Void Merchant Guild has tried many times to pass through that void passage,"

Wu Yuan's voice deepened, "but all attempts have failed. The spatial turbulence within the passage is too intense; our cultivators simply cannot withstand it.

Cultivators below the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm are torn to shreds upon entering. Even those above the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm can only barely endure for a few dozen breaths, unable to penetrate further."

He paused, his gaze growing even more fervent, "But I observed that when David traversed the void passage, the power of chaos easily dissolved the spatial turbulence.

The power of chaos is the source of all elements, and the power of space is no exception. Mr. Chen, you are the only one who can pass through that void passage."

# Chapter 6587

David understood.

Wu Yuan's purpose in inviting him wasn't to drink tea or make friends, but to have him help open the void passage.

"You want me to enter that secret realm and help you retrieve your treasures?" David asked.

Wu Yuan shook his head. "It's not about retrieving treasures for us. It's about exploring together. The Void Merchant Guild will provide the location and protection of the passage, and Mr. Chen will be responsible for navigating it.

The treasures within the secret realm will be shared equally between the Void Merchant Guild and Mr. Chen, without interference."

He paused, then added, "If Mr. Chen is willing, the Void Merchant Guild will also provide detailed information about the secret realm. We've also gathered some information about the secret realm during our exploration of the passage."

David remained silent for a long time.

He picked up his teacup, drank the slightly cooled tea in one gulp, then put it down, his purple eyes looking at Wu Yuan.

"We can try," he said, "but I can't guarantee we'll be able to get through."

A glint flashed in Wu Yuan's eyes, and his smile became even more sincere.

"I'm already extremely grateful that Mr. Chen is willing to help."

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

The black stone gleamed faintly in the light of the reception room, its surface patterns subtly shifting, as if something slumbered within.

"President Wu, have you ever seen something like this before?" David asked.

Wu Yuan's gaze fell on the black stone, his pupils contracting slightly.

He reached out, wanting to touch it, but his hand froze in mid-air.

"This is..." Wu Yuan frowned slightly.

"President Wu doesn't need to know what it is. I obtained it in the lower realm. I would like to ask the Void Merchant Guild to keep an eye out. If this kind of black stone is found elsewhere, please notify me," David said.

Wu Yuan was silent for a moment, then nodded.

"Mr. Chen, rest assured, the Void Merchant Guild is spread throughout the myriad realms, its intelligence network far exceeding that of any other power. Wherever this kind of black stone appears, the Void Merchant Guild will be informed immediately."

He paused, looking into David's eyes, "At that time, I will personally inform Mr. Chen."

David put the black stone back into his storage ring.

"Thank you very much, Chairman Wu."

Wu Yuan waved his hand, stood up, walked to the French windows, and looked at the sea of clouds outside.

"Mr. Chen, please rest in the city for the night. Tomorrow morning, I will personally escort you to the void passage."

David also stood up. "Alright."

Wu Yuan turned to Su Jingqiu. "Jingqiu, take Mr. Chen to the best guest room and arrange everything. Please fulfill any needs Mr. Chen may have."

Su Jingqiu bowed slightly. "Yes."

She walked to David and gestured for him to follow. "Mr. Chen, please come with me."

David followed Su Jingqiu out of the reception room and into the teleportation array.

The teleportation array flashed, and the two disappeared into the ninth floor.

Wu Yuan stood alone by the French windows, looking at the sea of clouds outside, his crimson-gold eyes gleaming with shrewdness.

His fingers tapped lightly on the windowsill, making a soft thumping sound.

"The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the power of chaos, the inheritance of the Daoist sect..." he murmured to himself, the smile on his lips deepening. "David, who exactly are you?"

No one could answer him.

Outside the window, the sea of clouds surged under the sunlight, and the floating islands of Tianlan City appeared and disappeared within them, like celestial mountains floating in a dream.

Su Jingqiu led David to the seventh floor of the Void Pavilion.

The seventh floor was a guest room area specifically for VIPs, with only eight rooms on the entire floor, each occupying dozens of feet in area and decorated with the utmost luxury.

David's room was at the far end of the corridor, with the Void Merchant Guild's mark engraved on the door. Pushing open the door, a spacious suite came into view. It

had a living room, bedroom, cultivation room, and bathroom, each exquisitely furnished.

The living room floor was paved with spirit jade, the walls were adorned with calligraphy and paintings by famous artists, and priceless antique porcelain was displayed in the corner. The bed in the bedroom was made of ten-thousand-year-old warm jade. Lying on it, one could feel a warm spiritual energy flowing into the body, making one feel completely comfortable.

The walls of the cultivation room were engraved with spirit-gathering runes, and the concentration of spiritual energy was several times that of the outside. Cultivating here for one day was equivalent to cultivating outside for one month.

Su Jingqiu stood at the door, not entering.

"Mr. Chen, if you need anything, just press the communication jade talisman at the door, and a steward will come to serve you."

Her voice was calm, but her tone carried a hint of respect. "The president will personally come to pick up Mr. Chen early tomorrow morning. Mr. Chen, please rest well tonight."

David nodded. "Thank you, Vice President Su."

Su Jingqiu bowed slightly, turned and left, her long gray-blue dress leaving a faint shadow in the corridor light.

David closed the door and sat cross-legged on the futon in the cultivation room.

He didn't cultivate, but pondered.

He believed seventy percent of Wu Yuan's words. It was true that Wu Yuan coveted the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the power of chaos.

It was also true that Wu Yuan dared not be his enemy. Wu Yuan wanted to cooperate with him to explore the secret realm, which was probably true.

But the 30% that Wu Yuan didn't mention was the key.

Was the secret realm Wu Yuan mentioned really an ancient battlefield?

If it really was an ancient battlefield like the Ruins of Return, what was inside?

Why did Wu Yuan want his help?

Was it merely because the power of chaos could resolve spatial turbulence?

David didn't believe things were that simple.

The Void Merchant Guild was spread throughout the myriad realms, its power no less than that of the gods.

If they really wanted to explore that secret realm, even if they couldn't enter themselves, they could bring in more powerful cultivators from other realms. If

fourth or fifth-grade Golden Immortals couldn't enter, they could bring in even more powerful cultivators.

Did the Void Merchant Guild not even have cultivators above the fifth grade of the Golden Immortal realm?

Unless—that secret realm had cultivation restrictions, and only those below a certain cultivation level could enter.

Or perhaps there were other secrets.

A slight smile curved David's lips.

He was determined to find out what Wu Yuan didn't want him to know.

He took out a communication jade talisman from his storage ring—not the one from Qingyun Cave, but the dark red one Su Yuqi had left him.

He infused it with spiritual power; the talisman warmed slightly, its dark red light flickering in the cultivation room.

There was no response.

Su Yuqi hadn't received it, or perhaps she had but didn't want to respond.

David put away the talisman, a hint of sadness flashing in his purple eyes.

Was she alright?

Had her injuries healed?

Had she encountered any more danger?

He didn't know.

He only knew that she didn't remember him anymore.

In her eyes, he was just an ordinary stranger.

Nothing more.

David took a deep breath, suppressing his chaotic thoughts, closed his eyes, and slowly circulated the Mind Concentration Technique.

Chaotic power surged through his meridians, gradually dispelling the fatigue of the day.

All the spirit-gathering runes in the cultivation room lit up, and dense spiritual energy poured in from all directions, flowing into his body and being refined by the Chaotic Fire into the purest chaotic power.

## Chapter 6588

Nothing happened that night.

The next morning, David opened his eyes from meditation, a glint of light flashing in his purple pupils.

A night of cultivation had fully restored his spiritual energy. Although his cultivation level hadn't broken through, his chaotic power was more condensed than before.

He stood up, left his guest room, and went to the main hall of the Void Pavilion.

Wu Yuan was already waiting in the hall.

Today, he was wearing a silver-white robe embroidered with the Void Merchant Guild's mark, a silver-white token hanging from his waist, and a whisk in his hand. He looked less like a merchant and more like a venerable cultivator.

Su Jingqiu stood behind him, her greyish-blue dress replaced by silver-white armor, a slender rapier hanging from her waist, her long hair tied up. She looked dashing and heroic, a stark contrast to her previous quiet demeanor.

Behind Wu Yuan stood a dozen or so people, all elite cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild. The lowest cultivation level was at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and the two highest were at the peak of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

They wore uniform silver-white armor, with standard magical artifacts hanging from their waists, and each wore a solemn expression.

This was the Void Merchant Guild's most elite team, specially formed for exploring secret realms.

"Mr. Chen, did you rest well?" Wu Yuan asked with a smile.

David nodded, "Very well."

Wu Yuan turned and walked towards the door, "Then let's set off."

The group left the Void Pavilion and came to the platform.

Wu Yuan took out a golden jade talisman from his sleeve and infused it with spiritual power. The jade

talisman exploded in the air, transforming into a huge golden flying boat.

The flying boat was about thirty zhang long and ten zhang wide, its hull covered with dense spatial runes. The Void Merchant Guild's mark was engraved on the bow, and a golden flag fluttered at the stern.

The flying boat's cabin was divided into three levels: the bottom level was a storage cabin, the middle level was a guest room and cultivation room, and the top level was a control room and a reception room.

The flying boat was several times faster than the silver-white flying boat Su Jingqiu had previously traveled on, and it was also much more stable; one could hardly feel any turbulence while sitting in the cabin.

Wu Yuan leaped onto the flying boat first, followed by David. Su Jingqiu and the other cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild also boarded one after another.

The flying boat soared into the air, flying north at an extremely fast speed.

Tianlan City rapidly shrank behind them, and dozens of floating islands became a few small black dots in the sea of clouds.

The ice plains below stretched endlessly, the white ice and snow shimmering dazzlingly in the sunlight.

After flying for about an hour, the scenery below changed from the ice plains to an even more desolate frozen tundra. Not a blade of

grass grew on the frozen tundra, only black rocks and white ice and snow intertwined, forming a black and white picture.

In the distance, a huge crack appeared in the sky.

The crack stretched from the ground all the way to the sky, like an invisible giant sword cleaving heaven and earth.

Intense spatial power surged from the crack, shimmering with an eerie light in the sunlight.

The air around the crack was distorted and deformed, as if something was struggling, roaring, and howling within the crack.

That was the void passage leading to the secret realm.

Wu Yuan stood at the bow, gazing at the crack, a burning light flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"Mr. Chen, that's the void passage."

His voice held an undisguised excitement. "The Void Merchant Guild has tried countless times, but to no avail. Today, it's up to Mr. Chen."

David nodded, his purple eyes fixed on the crack, sensing the spatial power surging within.

That power was immense, chaotic, and filled with an aura of destruction.

A cultivator below the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm would indeed be torn to shreds if they entered.

But his chaotic power could suppress all elements, including spatial power.

Passing through this crack should not be difficult for him.

The flying boat stopped dozens of miles from the crack.

It wasn't that it couldn't get any closer, but that it absolutely couldn't get any closer.

The space around the crack was extremely unstable; if the flying boat got any closer, it would be swept into the crack by the spatial turbulence, and everyone on board would die.

"Mr. Chen, the road ahead is up to you."

Wu Yuan turned to look at David, a complex expression flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. "I will wait here for your good news, Mr. Chen."

David nodded and was about to leap off the flying boat when he suddenly heard Su Jingqiu's voice.

"President, someone is following us."

Wu Yuan's face instantly turned cold.

He turned sharply, his gaze like lightning, sweeping towards the back of the flying boat.

Hundreds of miles away, several black flying boats emerged from the clouds, flying towards their direction. The airships were unmarked, but golden holy runes flowed across their hulls—the mark of the gods.

The gods.

A flash of killing intent crossed Wu Yuan's eyes. His fingers lightly rubbed his whisk, producing a soft crunching sound.

"How many people?" His voice was icy.

Su Jingqiu closed her eyes, spreading her divine sense. After a moment, she opened them, her expression grave.

"Five airships, about fifty people. The highest cultivation level... Golden Immortal Level 4, two Golden Immortal Level 3, the rest Golden Immortal Level 1 and 2."

A cold smile curved Wu Yuan's lips.

"The gods don't want us to have an easy time."

His voice was soft, but each word was like a knife piercing the air. "How did they know we were coming here?"

No one could answer him.

But everyone knew the answer: a traitor within the Void Merchant Guild.

Wu Yuan took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and turned to look at Su Jingqiu.

"Jingqiu, take a team and intercept them."

Su Jingqiu's body stiffened slightly, a hint of hesitation flashing in her eyes.

Fifty people, the highest cultivation level being the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, two being the third rank, and the rest being the first and second ranks.

Her team, including herself, only numbered a dozen or so, with her being the highest-ranking among them, a third-rank Golden Immortal.

This wasn't an ambush; it was suicide.

But she didn't refuse.

She was the vice president of the Void Merchant Guild, and carrying out the president's orders was her duty.

"Yes." Su Jingqiu's voice was calm, so calm it betrayed no emotion.

She turned to look at the dozen or so Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind her. "Follow me."

The dozen or so people simultaneously leaped off the flying boat, their silver-white armor gleaming blindingly in the sunlight.

They formed a battle formation in the air and flew towards the black flying boats.

Wu Yuan watched Su Jingqiu's retreating figure, a complex expression flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

But it was only for a moment before he regained his composure.

He turned to look at David, his smile returning as if nothing had happened.

"Mr. Chen, it's just a minor problem; Jingqiu can handle it. Let's get down to business."

David watched Su Jingqiu's departing figure, a flicker of emotion crossing his purple eyes.

A dozen people against fifty.

The highest cultivation level was only at the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, while the opponents were at the fourth rank.

How could they possibly win?

But he said nothing.

This was the Void Merchant Guild's business, not his.

He leaped off the flying boat and flew towards the void rift.

Purple chaotic power swirled around him, enveloping him in a purple light.

Spatial turbulence raged around him, but it was all dissolved by the chaotic power, unable to cause him any harm.

He flew to the rift, stopped—no, stopped completely, hovering in the air.

The spatial power surging from the rift was several times stronger than what could be sensed from the outside. Black spatial turbulence surged wildly within the rift, like angry black dragons roaring, tearing, and trying to shred any intruders to pieces.

David took a deep breath and stepped into the rift.

Behind him, on the airship, Wu Yuan watched David's figure disappear into the rift, a glint of light flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"David, I hope you can come out alive,"

he murmured to himself, his smile deepening. "Only by coming out alive will you have value. If you die... then you're nothing."

His gaze shifted from the rift to the distance.

There, Su Jingqiu was leading a dozen or so people charging towards the five airships of the Divine Race.

Silver-white armor and golden holy light collided in the air, creating a deafening roar.

Wu Yuan watched the battle, which was destined to be lost, his eyes devoid of any emotional fluctuation, as if watching a slaughter that had nothing to do with him.

"Jingqiu, don't blame me." His voice was very soft, so soft that only he could hear it. "The interests of the Void Merchant Guild are above all else."

## Chapter 6589

Within the void rift, spatial turbulence roared like countless enraged black dragons.

Black spatial power condensed into tangible blades, shooting in all directions within the rift, each blade containing enough power to tear a Golden Immortal cultivator to shreds.

The moment David stepped into the rift, these spatial blades, like sharks smelling blood, attacked him from all sides.

He didn't dodge.

Chaotic power condensed into a purple shield around his body. The spatial blades struck the shield, producing a piercing metallic scraping sound, then silently melted away, like ice meeting the blazing sun, without even a ripple. Chaotic power

is the source of all elements, and spatial power is no exception.

Before chaos, even the most violent spatial turbulence is nothing more than a trickle returning to its origin.

David walked step by step deeper into the rift.

The deeper he went, the stronger the spatial turbulence became.

At first, there were only scattered blades, but after walking about a hundred feet, the blades transformed into a dense rain of blades, overwhelming him. Deeper still, the rain of blades transformed into a storm.

A massive vortex of black spatial power formed around him, filled with destructive force capable of tearing a fifth-grade Golden Immortal cultivator to shreds.

Fine cracks began to appear on David's protective barrier.

His brow furrowed slightly as he channeled more chaotic power into it, rapidly healing the cracks and thickening the barrier.

However, the consumption of chaotic power was far faster than anticipated.

At this rate, he could only sustain himself for half an hour at most.

Within half an hour, he had to find the end of the passage, or he would be swallowed by the spatial turbulence.

David quickened his pace.

The depths of the rift were pitch black, with only occasional flashes of spatial rifts releasing eerie light, illuminating the path ahead.

These lights flickered, casting the scene within the rift like a living hell.

Twisted space, shattered laws, floating boulder remnants, and fragments of ancient magical artifacts scattered throughout.

These artifact fragments still retained a faint ancient aura, proving that a world-shaking battle had once taken place here.

After walking for about fifteen minutes, a bright light suddenly appeared in the darkness ahead.

It was a silver-white gate, about ten zhang high and five zhang wide, its frame covered with dense ancient runes that flowed slowly in the light, as if breathing.

Behind the gate lay the ancient battlefield.

David quickened his pace and rushed towards the gate.

Just as he was less than ten zhang away from the gate, the surrounding spatial turbulence suddenly increased several times over.

Black spatial power condensed into a gigantic palm, slamming down on him.

That palm contained enough power to crush a fifth-grade Golden Immortal cultivator into a pulp; if struck, David would be severely injured, if not killed.

David did not retreat.

He drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Purple sword energy condensed on the blade, and with a single slash, he collided head-on with the gigantic palm.

"Boom..."

The purple chaotic power and the black spatial power tore at each other at the point of impact, producing a deafening roar.

The shockwave spread in all directions, scattering the surrounding spatial turbulence.

The enormous hand was shattered by the sword, turning into countless tiny spatial fragments that drifted in the air. Using the recoil from the sword strike, David shot forward, rushing into the silvery-white portal.

The portal slowly closed behind him.

David landed on unfamiliar land.

Beneath his feet was grayish-white sand, mixed with countless tiny bone fragments and metal shards, crunching underfoot.

Above him was a hazy gray sky, devoid of sun, moon, and stars, only a thick, perpetually shrouded gray mist.

The mist flowed slowly in the sky, like silent gray rivers.

The air was thick with the stench of decay and blood, the accumulated aura of death over countless millennia, now inseparable from the spiritual energy of this land.

As far as the eye could see, the land stretched endlessly, littered with the marks of battle: massive craters, fractured mountains, dried-up riverbeds, and scattered skeletons.

Some skeletons resembled humans, others beasts, and still others some unknown creature.

Some skeletons were as large as mountains, with a single rib tens of feet long; others were as small as needles, almost invisible scattered in the sand.

The skeletons varied in color—white, gold, silver, black—some still emitting a faint spiritual light, testifying to the immense power of their owners in life.

This place was more desolate, more eerie, and more dangerous than the ancient battlefield entered from the Ruins of Return

. David didn't even know if he had entered an ancient battlefield.

In any case, the aura here contained not only the lingering will of ancient powerhouses but also an inexplicable...malice.

This world itself seemed filled with hostility towards all life.

David spread his divine sense, covering a radius of a hundred miles. He found no signs of life.

However, he sensed many powerful auras—not living, but dead, the lingering obsessions of ancient powerhouses who had perished here, embedded in their skeletons.

Those obsessions, after countless millennia of sedimentation, had merged with this world, becoming part of this battlefield.

If disturbed, they would awaken and attack any intruder.

David withdrew his divine sense and looked around.

He was in a relatively flat valley.

The valley was surrounded by low hills, barren and devoid of vegetation.

In the center of the valley was a dried-up riverbed, filled with grayish-white pebbles and bone fragments.

The scene here was completely different from the ancient battlefield he had seen in the Ruins of Return.

The battlefield in the Ruins of Return was even older and more desolate, but at least there was a sky, a sun, and wind.

Here, however, there was nothing but eternal grayness and eternal silence.

Just as David was about to explore his surroundings, the silver-white light gate behind him suddenly lit up again.

Then, more than a dozen figures rushed out of the light gate.

Leading them was Wu Yuan, followed by more than a dozen elite cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild. Each of them had a pale face, obviously having consumed a lot of spiritual energy while passing through the void passage. When

Wu Yuan saw David, a glint flashed in his eyes, and he quickly walked over.

"Mr. Chen, what a skill!"

His voice carried an undisguised excitement. "When I saw that black hand slapping towards you outside the passage, I thought you were going to... but I didn't expect you to shatter it with a single sword strike. Impressive, truly impressive!"

David glanced at him but remained silent.

## Chapter 6590

Wu Yuan's acting was excellent, but David saw something different in his eyes. It wasn't gratitude, nor admiration, but the excitement of a hunter watching its prey walk into a trap.

"President Wu, is this the secret realm you mentioned?" David asked.

Wu Yuan nodded, looking around, a burning light flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"That's right. This is the ancient battlefield, the place where, according to legend, the Daoist sect and the gods fought their decisive battle in ancient times. Countless ancient powerhouses perished here, and their inheritances,

magical artifacts, elixirs, and crystals are buried somewhere in this land. Finding even one or two of them would be enough to make a sect prosper for tens of thousands of years."

The place where the Daoist sect and the gods fought their decisive battle.

David's brows twitched slightly.

He recalled the words of Jade Void True Man: the Daoist sect and the gods shared the same origin, splitting into two factions in ancient times due to differing ideologies.

Later, a war lasting hundreds of thousands of years broke out, 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.

If this truly is the site of the ancient battle between the Daoist sects and the divine race, then the treasures here are indeed worth the Void Merchant Guild's great effort.

However, David also noticed a problem: Wu Yuan said that the legacies of the Daoist sects and the divine races were buried here, yet when he walked out of the light gate just now, he showed no hesitation or confusion, as if he already knew what lay behind the light gate.

This indicated that Wu Yuan's understanding of this place was far greater than he claimed.

David didn't point it out, but simply nodded.

"Guild Master Wu, which way do we go next?"

Wu Yuan took out a jade slip from his sleeve, probed it with his divine sense, and after a moment, raised his head, pointing southeast.

"According to the intelligence gathered by the Merchant Guild, there is an ancient powerful being's tomb three hundred miles to the southeast. There are no remains in the tomb, only an altar, and an ancient magical artifact is sealed on the altar. If we can break the seal, that artifact will be ours."

Three hundred miles.

In ordinary places, three hundred miles is merely the distance of an incense stick's burning incense for a Golden Immortal cultivator.

But in this ancient battlefield, every step could be a trap, every corner could hide danger; three hundred miles might take a day or even longer to traverse.

"Let's go then," David said, leading the way southeast.

Wu Yuan followed behind him, with a dozen or so cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild scattered around, vigilantly observing everything.

The group moved across the greyish-white earth at a moderate pace.

David's divine sense maintained maximum coverage, perceiving everything within a hundred miles.

He had already sensed over a dozen dangerous auras: some were remnants of souls slumbering in ancient skeletons, some were remnants of ancient ferocious beasts hidden in spatial rifts, and some were spatial nodes twisted into traps by some kind of law.

Whenever they encountered danger, David would issue a warning in advance, leading the group around it.

Wu Yuan watched David's retreating figure, a complex expression flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

He had spent tens of thousands of years gathering intelligence on this ancient battlefield, expending countless resources and manpower, and sacrificing

countless cultivators, just to barely understand the distribution of dangers on the outskirts of this battlefield.

But David, a first-timer here, could sense the dangers with his divine sense alone, and his perception was more accurate than any intelligence gathered over tens of thousands of years.

Was this the power of chaos?

Wu Yuan didn't know, but he knew one thing: bringing David here was the best decision he had ever made.

After the group had traveled for about two hours, the scenery ahead suddenly changed. The grayish-white sand disappeared, replaced by a patch of black scorched earth.

The scorched earth was riddled with countless cracks, from which black smoke billowed, and the air reeked of pungent sulfur.

The scorched earth was extremely hot; stepping on it felt like being burned alive. Any cultivator below the Golden Immortal realm who lingered there would likely be roasted to a crisp.

In the center of the scorched earth lay a gigantic skeleton.

The skeleton was about a hundred feet tall, humanoid in shape, but its bones were several times larger and dark gold in color.

The skeleton's posture was strange: kneeling, hands supporting its weight on the ground, head bowed, as if kneeling before something.

The skeleton was covered in cracks, some deep enough to expose bone, others penetrating the entire skeleton, as if shattered by some immense force and then glued back together.

"This is..." A cultivator from the Void Merchant Guild looked at the skeleton, his voice trembling slightly, "...a powerful Immortal King realm expert?"

Wu Yuan's gaze fell on the skeleton, his brows furrowing slightly.

"Not a Celestial King." His voice was soft, but his tone carried an undisguised solemnity. "The bones of a Celestial King are pure gold, but this skeleton is dark gold... This should be a Celestial Emperor or a half-step Saint."

A half-step Saint.

David's pupils contracted slightly.

Above the Celestial Emperor realm was the Saint.

The Saint was the highest level of the Celestial Realm. It was said that those who cultivated to the Saint level could live as long as heaven and earth, shine as brightly as the sun and moon, and create or destroy worlds in the blink of an eye.

A half-step Saint was someone who was only one step away from becoming a Saint.

A powerful half-step Saint was kneeling here, dead.

And judging from his posture, he didn't die in battle, but rather knelt here voluntarily, as if submitting to some being, and was then killed by some power.

What kind of being could make a powerful half-step Saint kneel down and then be killed without any resistance?

A chill ran through David's heart.

All the information he knew was about the Celestial Realm. As for what lay beyond the Celestial Realm—the Divine Realm, the myriad worlds—what realms cultivators reached, and how they were classified, David knew nothing.

In his eyes, Saints were the most powerful beings.

Perhaps when David reached the Saint realm and stood at the top of the Celestial Realm, he would realize that he was still just an ant, and that there were even more powerful worlds and even more powerful beings beyond the Celestial Realm.

Wu Yuan's expression also became solemn.

"Go around it," he decisively said. "Don't go near that skeleton. The remnant spirit of a half-step Saint is not something we can provoke."

The group bypassed the scorched earth and continued to advance southeast.

After walking for about an hour, a low stone mountain appeared ahead.

The stone mountain was about a hundred feet high, entirely gray-black, and its surface was covered with weathering marks, as if it had endured countless millennia of wind and rain.

At the foot of the stone mountain, there was a cave entrance, not large enough for one person to pass through. A cold, damp wind blew out of the cave, carrying a putrid smell.

Wu Yuan stopped and looked at the cave entrance, a hint of excitement flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"This is it." His voice was filled with barely concealed excitement. "The altar is inside the cave."