

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6591

David stood at the cave entrance, probing in with his divine sense.

The cave was very deep; his divine sense extended three hundred feet, yet he still couldn't reach the bottom.

The cave was riddled with branching paths, like a giant underground labyrinth.

Some of these paths led to dead ends, some to traps, and some to even deeper unknowns.

But at the very depths of the labyrinth, he sensed an extremely powerful fluctuation of spiritual energy.

That fluctuation didn't seem to originate from a living being; it was more like the lingering aura of something sealed away in its slumber.

"There's something inside," David withdrew his divine sense, looking at Wu Yuan, "but something's not right."

"What's not right?" Wu Yuan asked.

"That fluctuation of spiritual energy... it's too strong."

David's voice was somewhat low, "It doesn't seem like a Golden Immortal level artifact, not even a Great Luo Golden Immortal level one. If that artifact is really that powerful, with the strength of the people here, there's no way we could control it."

Wu Yuan was silent for a moment, then smiled.

"Mr. Chen, you're overthinking it."

His voice was calm, but there was an indescribable meaning behind it.

"Ancient magical artifacts all have spirits, and these spirits automatically adjust the artifact's power output based on the user's cultivation level.

A lower-level user will have a lower power output,

while a higher-level user will have a higher power output.

Although our cultivation is not high, as long as we obtain that artifact, the spirit will naturally adapt to our level."

He paused, his smile becoming even more meaningful. "Even if that artifact is truly too powerful for us to control, we can take it back to the Void Merchant Guild and study it slowly.

The Void Merchant Guild has plenty of ways to deal with artifacts of this level."

David looked into Wu Yuan's eyes. Those crimson-gold eyes showed no evasion, no hesitation, only a thirst and obsession for the treasure.

But David still felt something was amiss.

Wu Yuan's understanding of this battlefield far exceeded what he claimed to have "gathered some information."

He knew there was an altar here, knew there were magical artifacts on it, knew the altar was inside the cave, and even knew the labyrinth within the cave

like the back of his hand. This didn't seem like information gathering; it was as if he had been here before.

At this moment, David truly grasped the power of the Void Merchant Guild.

Clearly, the information here was far beyond what Wu Yuan, a mere fourth-grade Golden Immortal, could gather.

Perhaps it was information relayed by forces from the upper levels of the Void Merchant Guild.

"Let's go in then," he said, leading the way into the cave.

Wu Yuan followed behind him, and a dozen or so Void Merchant Guild cultivators filed in.

The cave was pitch black, so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. David's Chaos Flame burned in his palm, its purple light illuminating the path ahead.

The cave passage was narrow, only wide enough for two people to walk side-by-side. The stone walls on both sides were covered with dense scratches, like those left by some kind of sharp claws.

The scratches were deep, some even penetrating several feet into the stone wall. Faint traces of black liquid remained on the wall, the residue of some creature's dried blood.

"There's a creature here," David stopped, looking at the scratches and black liquid. "And it's not an ancient creature; it was left recently."

Wu Yuan's expression changed.

He walked to the stone wall, touched the scratches, rubbed his fingers on the black liquid, and smelled it.

"A demonic beast

," his voice was low. "And a Golden Immortal level demonic beast. Judging from the depth and spacing of the scratches, this beast isn't large, but its

strength and speed are terrifying. If you encounter it, don't fight it head-on; use an array to trap it."

The group continued forward.

The cave grew deeper, with more and more forks in the path. Wu Yuan's familiarity with this place far exceeded David's expectations. He almost never hesitated, accurately choosing the correct direction at every fork in the road, as if strolling in his own backyard.

David followed behind him, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

Wu Yuan had been here before.

More than once.

He had previously said that the Void Merchant Guild had tried many times to pass through the Void Passage, but all attempts had failed—this was true.

But the one who failed was not his subordinates, but himself.

He had come here personally, tried to enter this ancient battlefield himself, but he had not succeeded.

That was why he had sought David's help.

A slight smile curved David's lips.

Wu Yuan wanted to use him, and so did he. Wu

Yuan's understanding of this battlefield was exactly what he needed.

And his control over the power of chaos was what Wu Yuan needed.

Each got what they needed, a fair trade.

As for who would ultimately gain the most benefits, that would depend on their respective abilities.

The group walked through the cave for about half an hour when the passage ahead suddenly widened.

At the end of the passage was a huge underground cavern.

The cave was several tens of feet high and a hundred feet wide, its dome inlaid with countless luminous crystals, illuminating the entire cave.

In the center of the cave stood a stone altar.

The altar was about three feet high and five feet wide, entirely gray-black, its surface covered with densely packed ancient runes.

The runes flickered in the light of the luminous crystals, as if breathing.

At the top of the altar floated a ball of dark golden light.

Within the light, a sword could be vaguely seen.

The sword was about three feet long, its blade entirely dark gold, with intricate patterns carved on the edge, and a dark red gem inlaid on the hilt.

The sword was without a trace of rust or damage, as if it had just been forged.

Even sealed within the light, the sword still radiated an astonishing sword aura.

This aura was condensed and did not dissipate, forming an invisible aura around the altar, slightly distorting the surrounding space.

Wu Yuan stared at the sword, a burning light flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"This is it." His voice held an undisguised excitement. "An ancient magical artifact, 'Dark Abyss'."

Dark Abyss.

David stared at the sword, a flicker of emotion passing through his purple eyes.

He could sense the terrifying power contained within it, far surpassing any magical artifact he had ever seen.

But his intuition told him there was something wrong with the sword.

The problem wasn't with the sword itself, but with the altar.

The runes on the altar weren't sealing runes, but sacrificial runes.

The purpose of sacrificial runes wasn't to seal anything, but to offer something as a sacrifice to a more powerful being.

In other words, the sword wasn't sealed on the altar, but offered as a sacrifice to some being.

If someone took the sword, that being would awaken.

And then, everyone present would die. David looked at Wu Yuan, whose eyes held only a thirst for the treasure, devoid of any wariness or hesitation.

He didn't know these were sacrificial runes.

Or perhaps he did, but didn't care.

"President Wu," David began, "do you know what the runes on this altar are?"

Wu Yuan paused, then shook his head.

"I don't know much about ancient runes. Does Mr. Chen recognize them?"

"These are sacrificial runes," David said calmly. "This sword was offered as a sacrifice to a certain being. If it is taken, that being will awaken."

Wu Yuan's expression changed.

He walked to the altar, carefully examining the runes, a hint of solemnity flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

He remained silent for a moment.

Then he smiled.

"Mr. Chen, you're overthinking it."

His voice was calm, but there was an indescribable meaning behind it. "This ancient battlefield has existed for countless millennia. Even if there were any beings there, they would be long dead.

Even if they aren't, they're certainly dormant. We're just taking a sword; the commotion won't be significant and won't awaken it."

David looked into Wu Yuan's eyes. In those crimson-gold eyes, there was no guilt, no evasion, only an unwavering obsession with the treasure.

But David knew Wu Yuan was lying.

He knew it was a sacrificial rune; he knew taking the sword would awaken something, but he didn't care.

Because his purpose was never the sword.

His purpose was to awaken that being.

David didn't know why Wu Yuan was doing this, but he knew Wu Yuan was playing a very long game.

And he was the most important piece on that game.

"If President Wu wants the sword, then take it."

David took a few steps back, leaned against a stone pillar, crossed his arms, and looked at Wu Yuan with his purple eyes. "But I won't make a move."

Wu Yuan's expression changed slightly, but he quickly regained his composure.

"If Mr. Chen is unwilling to do it, then I will do it myself."

He walked to the altar and reached into the dark golden light.

The light flowed between his fingertips, and dark golden runes spread upwards along his arm, as if something was trying to enter his body.

Wu Yuan gritted his teeth, his spiritual power surging wildly, forcing back the runes.

His hand gripped the hilt of the sword.

Then, he pulled it out with a swift motion.

The dark golden blade emerged from the light, emitting a crisp sword cry that echoed through the cave, making everyone's eardrums tingle.

The dark golden light on the blade suddenly exploded, transforming into shockwaves that spread outwards, sending rubble flying everywhere in the cave.

Wu Yuan held the Dark Abyss in his hand, a hint of wild joy flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"A fine sword! Truly a fine sword!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the cave suddenly shook violently.

The glowing crystals on the ceiling fell off and shattered into dust on the ground.

Huge cracks appeared in the ground, from which black smoke billowed, filled with a thick, decaying stench.

Simultaneously, the sacrificial runes on the altar lit up, their dark red light illuminating the entire cave in a blood-red hue.

The runes spun frantically, as if transmitting a message to some being.

Then, a voice echoed within the cave.

The voice was faint, distant, as if it came from the depths of the earth, or perhaps from another dimension.

It was devoid of emotion, possessing only an ancient, unchanging, and utterly cold majesty.

"Mortals...you...daring to touch my offerings..."

Wu Yuan's face instantly turned deathly pale. His hand gripping the Dark Abyss trembled, his crimson-gold eyes filled with terror.

That being had truly awakened.

"Go!" Wu Yuan shouted, turning and running towards the cave exit.

David didn't move.

His purple eyes were fixed on the altar, the sacrificial runes on it slowly fading, and the being's voice gradually dissipating.

It hadn't awakened .

It had merely sensed someone disturbing its offerings, so it released a wisp of its will as a warning.

But if they didn't run, if they stayed in the cave any longer, that being would truly awaken.

David turned and followed Wu Yuan out of the cave.

A dozen or so cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild followed closely behind, each face etched with fear.

They rushed out of the cave, and had barely run a hundred feet when a deafening roar suddenly erupted behind them.

"Boom..."

The entire stone mountain exploded from within, rubble flying everywhere, dust billowing into the sky.

From within the dust, a massive black shadow slowly rose.

The dark figure was about a hundred feet tall, resembling a human, but its body was devoid of flesh, consisting only of a dark golden skeleton.

Eerie green flames burned in the empty eye sockets of the skeleton's head, flickering eerily in the darkness.

The remnant soul of a half-step Saint

had attached itself to its own skeleton and awakened.

David stopped, turning to look at the massive skeleton, his purple eyes devoid of fear.

"President Wu, is this the result you wanted?" His voice was calm.

Wu Yuan's hand gripping the Dark Abyss trembled, his crimson-gold eyes filled with terror.

"I...I didn't know it would be like this..."

His voice trembled slightly, "I only wanted that sword, I didn't know it would awaken..."

David looked at him, a cold smile curving his lips.

"You knew."

Wu Yuan's body stiffened abruptly.

He looked into David's eyes, those purple eyes devoid of emotion, only a piercing calm.

He truly knew.

He knew the runes on the altar were sacrificial runes, he knew taking the sword would awaken that being, he knew the consequences.

But he did it anyway.

Because he needed that being to awaken.

Only when that being awakened could he obtain what he truly desired.

Wu Yuan took a deep breath, concealing the fear on his face and replacing it with a calm expression.

"Mr. Chen is indeed intelligent."

His voice returned to calm, a meaningful smile appearing on his lips. "I do know. But rest assured, Mr. Chen, I will not let you take the risk in vain.

Within that being's remains lies a Soul Crystal. The Soul Crystal contains some of its memories and cultivation insights from its previous life. If you can obtain that Soul Crystal, Mr. Chen's cultivation will definitely break through to the Golden Immortal Realm."

Soul Crystal.

David's brow twitched slightly.

He had heard of such things.

After the fall of ancient powerhouses, if their obsession was strong enough, their remnant soul would condense into a Soul Crystal within their remains.

The Soul Crystal contained the memories and cultivation insights of the powerhouse from its previous life, making it an extremely precious treasure for cultivators.

The Soul Crystal of a half-step Dao Realm powerhouse was of immeasurable value.

"You want me to help you obtain the Soul Crystal?" David asked.

Wu Yuan shook his head. "It's not me getting it for you. It's Mr. Chen getting it for you. I don't want the soul crystal; it's all Mr. Chen's. I only want the sword and the other treasures here."

Chapter 6592

David looked into Wu Yuan's eyes. Those crimson-gold eyes held no evasion, no guilt, only an unwavering sincerity.

But David knew Wu Yuan was lying again.

Soul crystals were indeed valuable, but compared to them, the sword was far more precious.

Wu Yuan wouldn't abandon the soul crystal for the sword.

Unless there was something wrong with the soul crystal.

"President Wu is so generous; I am unworthy of such kindness,"

David said calmly. "The soul crystal is for President Wu; I only need the sword."

Wu Yuan's smile froze.

He looked into David's eyes, those purple pupils leaving no room for negotiation.

A moment of silence followed.

Then, Wu Yuan smiled.

"Mr. Chen, there is indeed a problem with the Soul Crystal."

His voice carried a hint of bitterness. "That Soul Crystal not only contains the memories and cultivation insights of that being, but also its obsession.

If you absorb it directly, you will be corrupted by its obsession, at best you will suffer a cultivation deviation, at worst you will be possessed.

The Void Merchant Guild has a way to purify the obsession in the Soul Crystal, but it takes a long time. And Mr. Chen does not have that time, nor does he have that means."

He paused, looking into David's eyes. "I don't want to harm Mr. Chen, I just want Mr. Chen to help me retrieve the Soul Crystal.

After I retrieve it, I will take it back to the Void Merchant Guild to purify it, and after purification, I will give it to Mr. Chen. If Mr. Chen does not believe me, I can swear on my Dao Heart."

Swearing on one's Dao Heart.

For cultivators, swearing on their Dao Heart is the most solemn oath. Once broken, the Dao Heart will shatter, and cultivation will be completely ruined.

Wu Yuan dared to swear on his Dao Heart, which means he was not lying this time.

David was silent for a moment, then nodded.

"Alright."

A hint of joy flashed in Wu Yuan's eyes, but he quickly regained his composure.

"Then I'll have to trouble you, Mr. Chen."

The enormous skeleton had completely risen from the rubble.

It stood about a hundred feet tall, its dark golden frame standing out starkly against the gray sky.

Eerie green flames burned fiercely in its eye sockets, like two will-o'-the-wisps flickering in the darkness.

Its mouth opened, emitting a silent roar, the sound waves transforming into tangible shockwaves that spread in all directions.

Wherever the shockwaves passed, the ground was ripped up, rubble was pulverized, and the spiritual energy in the air was thrown into chaos.

Wu Yuan led the cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild to a distance, leaving the battlefield to David.

David stood before the skeleton, the Dragon-Slaying Sword held horizontally before him, purple chaotic fire burning on its blade.

The skeleton looked down at David, the eerie green flames in its eye sockets flickering.

Then, it raised its enormous foot and stomped down on David.

The foot blotted out the sky, like a small mountain descending from the heavens, carrying immense force, enough to crush any cultivator below the Golden Immortal realm into a pulp.

David didn't retreat.

He swung his Dragon-Slaying Sword upwards, the purple sword energy striking the sole of his foot with a piercing metallic clang.

The sword energy left a deep mark on his foot, but it wasn't severed; it merely deflected him slightly, causing him to land on the ground beside him.

"Boom..."

A crater several meters deep was created, sending debris flying and dust billowing into the sky.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, David shot forward, climbing up the skeleton's leg.

Chapter 6593

Chaotic power coalesced beneath his feet, allowing him to traverse the skeleton as if it were solid ground. He ran swiftly, reaching the skeleton's waist in the blink of an eye.

The skeleton seemed to sense David's location, its massive hand slamming down towards his waist.

David leaped, dodging the hand and landing on the skeleton's ribs.

The hand struck the skeleton's own waist with a deafening crash, shattering several ribs and sending fragments flying everywhere.

David continued climbing, passing through the ribs to reach the skeleton's chest cavity.

Inside, a fist-sized dark golden bead floated in the center, its surface shimmering with a ghostly green light, as if something slumbered within.

That was the Soul Crystal.

David reached out to grab the Soul Crystal.

Just as his fingers were about to touch it, a ghostly green hand suddenly emerged from the Soul Crystal, reaching for him.

That hand contained an extremely powerful force of obsession; if caught, his soul would be corrupted, even possessed.

David did not retreat.

Chaos fire condensed in his palm, the purple flames colliding with the eerie green hand, producing a hissing sound.

The eerie green hand rapidly melted under the scorching heat of the chaos fire, like a block of ice thrown into a furnace, instantly turning to nothingness.

The Soul Crystal let out a piercing scream, the sound echoing in his chest, making David's eardrums tingle.

David grabbed the Soul Crystal and pulled it from his chest.

The Soul Crystal pulsed wildly in his palm, like a heart, its eerie green light flashing frantically on its surface, the power of obsession struggling desperately, trying to break free from the shackles of chaos.

But David's chaotic power was the source of all elements, suppressing all power, including the power of obsession.

The Soul Crystal gradually calmed down in his palm, the eerie green light dimming, like a tamed beast lying obediently in his hand.

The skeleton, having lost the Soul Crystal, quickly extinguished the eerie green flames in its eye sockets.

The massive skeleton began to crumble, its dark golden bones breaking one by one, plummeting to the ground with dull thuds.

David leaped down from the collapsing skeleton, landing before Wu Yuan and handing him the Soul Crystal.

Wu Yuan took the Soul Crystal, a burning light flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Chen,"

he said, his voice tinged with barely concealed excitement. "I will purify the Soul Crystal as soon as possible and deliver it to you, Mr. Chen."

David nodded, remaining silent.

His gaze fell upon the Dark Abyss Sword, which Wu Yuan held, its dark golden gleaming eerily in the sunlight.

That sword was even stronger than the Dragon Slayer Sword.

But David didn't want it.

Because it was a sacrifice, an offering to a certain being.

Whoever wielded it would be targeted by that being.

Wu Yuan's desire to be targeted was his business. David didn't want it

.

Furthermore, the Dragon Slayer Sword contained Zhongli, and in David's heart, Zhongli was no longer just a simple sword spirit.

Zhongli was his woman, and even if there were better things, David would never trade his woman for her.

"President Wu, where to next?" David asked.

Wu Yuan put away the Soul Crystal and the Dark Abyss Sword, took out a jade slip from his sleeve, probed it with his divine sense, and after a moment, raised his head, pointing southwest.

"Five hundred miles southwest, there is an ancient powerful figure's tomb, containing the remains of a Tai Xu Realm expert. Among his burial goods is a storage ring, which should contain a large amount of crystals, pills, and magical artifacts."

Five hundred miles.

Another day's journey. Let's go." David took the lead and headed southwest.

Wu Yuan followed behind him, with a dozen or so cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild close behind.

The group moved across the gray-white land at a moderate pace.

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

After the group had traveled for about an hour, his divine sense suddenly detected something, and he abruptly stopped.

"Someone." His voice was cold.

Wu Yuan's expression changed. "Who?"

"The Divine Race." David turned around, his purple eyes looking north. "Five flying boats, fifty people. They've followed."

Wu Yuan's expression completely changed.

Su Jingqiu had led a dozen or so people to intercept the fifty members of the Divine Race, and she had failed.

She was dead.

A complex look flashed in Wu Yuan's eyes, but it was fleeting before he regained his composure.

"How many?" he asked.

"Fifty. The highest cultivation level is Golden Immortal Level 4, two are Golden Immortal Level 3, and the rest are Golden Immortal Level 1 and 2." David's voice was calm, as if stating a simple fact.

Wu Yuan was silent for a moment, then looked at David.

"Mr. Chen, can we fight?"

David looked into Wu Yuan's eyes, those crimson-gold eyes showed no fear, no hesitation, only an extremely calm calculation.

He was calculating the outcome.

Fifty Divine Race cultivators, one Golden Immortal Level 4, two Golden Immortal Level 3, and the rest are Golden Immortal Level 1 and 2.

On his side, including David, there were only a dozen or so people, the highest cultivation level being his own Golden Immortal Level 4 and David's True Immortal Level 8.

If they fought head-on, the chances of winning were almost zero.

But if they added David's Chaos Power, the environment of the ancient battlefield, and some strategies...

the chances of winning were still there.

"We can fight." David's voice was calm, "but we need President Wu's cooperation."

Wu Yuan nodded, "Mr. Chen, please speak."

David turned around and looked at the distant horizon.

There, five black flying boats were rapidly approaching, golden holy light runes flashing blindingly on their surfaces.

"In the ancient battlefield, there are many slumbering ancient remnants of souls. If we can lure those souls and have the gods deal with them..."

David's voice was calm, but a chilling undercurrent ran through it. "Fifty of them won't be enough to kill those remnants of souls."

A glint flashed in Wu Yuan's eyes.

"Mr. Chen, what a brilliant plan." His voice held a hint of admiration. "I'll make the arrangements immediately."

Wu Yuan turned and gave a few instructions to the Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind him. The group quickly dispersed, disappearing into the gray-white earth.

David stood alone on a high ground, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, his purple eyes fixed on the distant black flying boats.

The flying boats drew closer and closer.

Five hundred li, three hundred li, one hundred li.

When they were less than fifty li away, the flying boats stopped.

The five flying boats hovered in the air, golden holy light runes flashing wildly on their hulls, as if surveying their surroundings.

Then, the people on the airship spotted David.

Fifty divine cultivators leaped from the airship, golden holy light burning around them, dyeing the entire sky gold.

Leading them was a middle-aged man, clad in golden armor, wielding a golden spear with blazing holy flames dancing at its tip. He

was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

Behind him were two third-grade Golden Immortals, one wielding twin swords, the other a longbow, each with a cold, murderous intent on their faces.

The middle-aged man looked at David, a contemptuous smile playing on his lips. "You're David?"

David didn't speak, only looked at them. "I am Yan Huo, the Vice Palace Master of the Flame God Palace.

"The middle-aged man's voice carried an arrogant tone. "The Palace Master has ordered your death. Will you take your own life, or will I do it?" David's brow twitched slightly. Yan Wuji had sent his Vice Palace Master to personally hunt him down; it seemed he was truly desperate. "How did you find this place?" David asked. Yan Huo's lips curled into a cold smile. "What do you think? The Void Merchant Guild is such a large organization; of course, it has members of our Divine Race within it. Your every move is under our surveillance."

The Void Merchant Guild had a traitor within the Divine Race. David wasn't surprised. Wu Yuan had sent Su Jingqiu with a dozen or so people to intercept and kill the fifty members of the Divine Race, not to ensure their victory, but to buy them time, giving David a chance to enter the Void Passage. Did Su Jingqiu know this? Perhaps she did, perhaps she didn't. But regardless of whether she knew or not, she went.

Because she had no choice. David snapped out of his reverie and looked at Yan Huo. "You want to kill me? Then come on." A murderous glint flashed in Yan Huo's eyes. His golden spear thrust out, a beam of golden holy light shooting from its tip towards David.

David didn't meet the attack head-on. He flashed away, flying into the distance. Yan Huo snorted coldly and led the Divine Race in pursuit. Fifty people formed a battle formation in the air, their golden holy light forming a vast net, enveloping David.

David flew quickly, but the Divine Race was no slower. The two sides chased each other in the air for about a quarter of an hour. Suddenly, David stopped, hovering in the air, and turned to look at the pursuing Divine Race. Yan Huo also stopped, looking at David with a hint of doubt in his eyes. "Not running

anymore?" A slight smile appeared on David's lips. "Run? Why should we run? You're the ones who should run." As soon as he finished speaking, the ground around them suddenly cracked open.

Enormous cracks spread across the ground, billowing black smoke filled with a pungent, decaying stench. Then, skeletons crawled out of the cracks.

Some were humanoid, some beast-like, and some half-human, half-beast. The skeletons varied in shape and size, but each one had a ghostly green flame burning in its eye socket—a sign of ancient remnant souls possessing them. Hundreds of skeletons emerged from the cracks and rushed towards the divine race.

Yan Huo's expression changed drastically. "These are... ancient remnant souls?" David didn't answer. He turned and flew away, purple chaotic power flowing around him, leaving a purple trail in the gray sky. Behind him, the battle between the skeletons and the divine race cultivators had begun. Golden holy light and ghostly green remnant soul power collided in the air, producing deafening roars. The holy light of the divine cultivators had some restraining effect on the remnant souls, but there were simply too many of them, and they were fearless in the face of death. For every one killed, ten more would pounce. Although the divine beings possessed high cultivation levels, they couldn't withstand the sheer number of remnant souls. In less than half an incense stick's time, more than a dozen divine cultivators had been torn to pieces by the remnant souls. Yan Huo swung his golden spear, blasting several skeletons that lunged at him into fragments, his golden eyes bloodshot.

"Retreat! Everyone retreat!"

The gods desperately retreated, but the remnant souls relentlessly pursued them.

Several more god cultivators were caught by the remnant souls and torn to pieces.

Yan Huo gritted his teeth, took out a golden jade talisman from his robes, and crushed it.

The talisman exploded, transforming into a golden light shield that enveloped the remaining god cultivators.

The remnant souls crashed into the light shield, bounced back, and let out a shrill scream.

Yan Huo led the remaining god cultivators away into the distance, the golden light shield swirling around them, blocking the remnant souls' pursuit.

David stood on a distant hill, watching the gods flee in disarray, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

Wu Yuan emerged from behind a boulder, stood beside David, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on the direction the gods had gone, a satisfied smile playing on his lips.

"Mr. Chen, what a brilliant plan. You killed over a dozen of them in one go, and the rest were severely weakened."

David remained silent. His

gaze fell on the distant horizon, where the Divine Race's flying ship was rapidly disappearing into the distance. They wouldn't give up easily. They would regroup and then return. Next time, they would be more cautious and wouldn't be so easily fooled. "What's next?" Wu Yuan asked. David withdrew his gaze and turned to walk southwest. "Keep going, to that powerful figure's tomb.

Before the Divine Race returns, take the treasure and leave." Wu Yuan nodded and followed behind him. A dozen or so cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild emerged from various places and followed the group. The group continued southwest. After walking for about two hours, the scenery suddenly changed.

The gray-white land disappeared, replaced by a dense forest. The trees in the forest were tall and ancient, some probably over a hundred thousand years old, with trunks so thick that it would take dozens of people to encircle them. The canopy of trees blocked out the sun, completely obscuring the gray sky. Only sparse sunlight filtered through the leaves, casting dappled shadows on the ground.

The air was thick with the damp scent of earth and decaying leaves, occasionally broken by birdsong from the depths of the canopy, creating an eerie tranquility. But David sensed that this forest harbored many dangerous auras: ancient demonic beasts slumbering beneath the tree roots, poisonous insects lurking among the leaves, and spatial nodes twisted into traps by some kind of law.

"This forest is strange," David stopped, his purple eyes scanning the surroundings. "The auras inside are too mixed—demonic beasts, poisonous insects, spatial traps. Entering rashly could be dangerous." Wu Yuan took out a jade slip from his sleeve, probed it with his divine sense, and after a moment, looked up, his expression grave. "This forest isn't marked on the jade slip. The intelligence gathered by the merchant guild contains no information about it." No information. This meant everything here was unknown. The unknown meant danger. "Go around it," David decided immediately. "Go around it from the edge of the forest." The group bypassed the forest and continued their journey along a dried-up riverbed to the north. After walking for about an hour, the scenery ahead changed again. The dried-up riverbed disappeared, replaced by a vast swamp. The swamp was filled with black silt, from which bubbles rose, releasing pungent poisonous gases when they burst. White bone fragments and decaying plant remains floated on the surface of the swamp, and occasionally a few skeletons could be seen half-buried in the silt. These skeletons were of various colors—some white, some gold, some black—representing powerful individuals of different races and cultivation levels.

Chapter 6594

A thick layer of gray mist shrouded the swamp, filled with potent poisonous gas and spatial rifts.

Anything that flew over the swamp would be corroded by the poisonous gas and torn apart by the spatial rifts.

"Go around it," David decided again.

The group circled around the edge of the swamp, and after about two hours, they finally reached their destination.

It was a massive stone tomb.

The tomb was tens of feet high and a hundred feet wide, entirely gray-black, its surface covered with dense ancient runes.

The runes shimmered faintly under the gray sky, as if breathing.

The entrance to the tomb was a huge stone door, tightly closed, with a huge "Dao" character carved on it.

Wu Yuan looked at the "Dao" character, a burning light flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"This is it," his voice trembled with barely concealed excitement, "The tomb of a powerful figure. His storage ring is inside."

David walked to the stone door and placed his hand on it.

Chaotic power surged from his palm, the purple light colliding with the runes on the stone door, producing a buzzing sound.

The stone door slowly opened.

A putrid stench emanated from behind the door, an aura thick with the stench of death, nauseating to behold.

David was the first to step through the stone door.

Wu Yuan followed behind him, and a dozen or so cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild filed in.

The interior of the stone tomb appeared more spacious than the exterior.

A wide passage led into the depths, the walls on both sides of which were covered with murals.

The murals depicted the tomb owner's life, how he cultivated, how he fought, and how he perished.

From the murals, it was clear that the tomb owner was a powerful Daoist.

He was severely wounded in the ancient battle between the Daoist sect and the gods, fled here, and then perished.

His burial goods were abundant: crystals, pills, magical artifacts, and jade slips containing cultivation techniques—everything imaginable.

But David's attention was not on those burial goods.

His attention was on the deepest part of the tomb chamber.

There, there lay a stone coffin.

The stone coffin was pure white, crafted from ten-thousand-year-old spirit jade, its surface covered with densely packed sealing runes.

The runes shimmered faintly in the darkness, as if sealing something.

Beside the coffin lay a storage ring.

That storage ring was entirely silver-white, its surface swirling with a faint spatial power; it was clearly no ordinary item.

Upon seeing the storage ring, Wu Yuan's eyes flashed with a burning light, and he quickly walked over.

But he had only taken two steps when David stopped him.

"Wait a minute," David's voice was low, "There's something in the stone coffin."

Wu Yuan's body stiffened abruptly.

He turned to look at the stone coffin, a flicker of fear in his crimson-gold eyes.

"What...what is it?"

David didn't answer.

His divine sense probed into the stone coffin, sensing the aura within.

It was an extremely powerful aura, so powerful that his divine sense was repelled the moment it touched it.

That aura wasn't the aura of the dead, but the aura of the living.

The person in the stone coffin was still alive.

Or rather, the being in the stone coffin had never died.

Chapter 6595

"Let's go." David turned and walked towards the outside of the stone tomb.

"Let's go now."

Wu Yuan hesitated for a moment, glanced at the storage ring, then at David's back, gritted his teeth, and followed.

A dozen or so cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild followed closely behind.

As soon as they stepped out of the stone tomb, a deafening roar came from behind them.

"Boom—"

The entire stone tomb exploded from the inside, rubble flying everywhere, and dust billowing into the sky.

From the dust, a white figure slowly rose.

It was a middle-aged man, dressed in a white Daoist robe, with a gaunt face, long hair flowing down his shoulders, and an aura of terror emanating from him.

His eyes were closed, as if he were asleep.

But his aura had already locked onto everyone present.

Wu Yuan's face turned pale, and his hand holding the sword trembled.

"This is... the tomb owner? Is he still alive?"

David didn't speak.

He looked at the white-robed man, his purple eyes showing no fear.

Because he sensed a familiar aura on the white-robed man.

It was the aura of the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

This man had cultivated the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

The white-robed man slowly opened his eyes.

His eyes were golden, devoid of any emotion, only possessing an extreme, cold majesty.

His gaze swept over everyone, finally settling on David and stopping.

He looked into David's eyes, a flicker of emotion flashing within them.

"The inheritor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture...?"

His voice was soft, distant, as if from another dimension.

The white-robed man's voice echoed in the gray sky, as if from the deepest recesses of time, carrying a sense of vicissitude and weariness accumulated over countless millennia.

His body hovered in the air, his white Daoist robe fluttering in the wind, his long hair as black as ink, his face gaunt, his golden eyes reflecting the gray sky and the ravaged earth.

His body was translucent, like a wisp of smoke about to dissipate, yet the aura emanating from him was so powerful that it suffocated everyone present.

David looked up at him, his purple eyes devoid of fear, only filled with an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

It was a resonance deep within his bloodline, a resonance between the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the cultivator.

Wu Yuan's crimson-gold eyes were filled with terror.

He wanted to run, but his legs seemed nailed to the ground, unable to move an inch.

The dozen or so Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind him were even more ashen-faced, some of the more timid ones already trembling.

The white-robed man's gaze shifted from David, sweeping over Wu Yuan and the Dark Abyss Sword in his hand, a cold glint flashing in his golden eyes.

That cold glint was like an invisible blade, piercing straight into the depths of Wu Yuan's soul.