

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6596

Wu Yuan's body trembled violently, his hand gripping the sword involuntarily loosening its hold. The Dark Abyss Sword slipped from his grasp, clattering to the ground with a crisp sound.

"This sword... is not worthy of your wielding."

The white-robed man's voice was soft, but each word struck Wu Yuan's heart like a heavy hammer. "A sacrificial vessel; whoever wields it will be devoured by its master. Considering your ignorance, I will not pursue the matter. But this sword, you must not take it."

Wu Yuan's face turned deathly pale, his lips trembling. He wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

He could sense that if the white-robed man wanted to kill him, it would only take a single thought.

Before an existence of this level, he had no chance of resistance.

The white-robed man withdrew his gaze, fixing it once more on David.

The cold glint in his golden eyes faded, replaced by a complex emotion—a mixture of relief,感慨, and some inexplicable longing.

"You, come in." His voice softened slightly, then he turned and drifted behind the stone tomb.

Clearly, there was more space behind this stone tomb.

David didn't hesitate and followed.

"Mr. Chen!" Wu Yuan's voice came from behind, tinged with urgency and worry, "You can't go in! What if..."

David stopped and turned to look at him. His purple eyes were calm as still water, without any ripples, like a bottomless ancient well.

"President Wu will wait here." His voice was calm. "If I don't come out in half an hour, you can leave on your own."

After saying that, he walked into the stone tomb without looking back.

Wu Yuan watched his back disappear into the stone door, a complex expression flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

He wanted to follow, but his feet seemed to be nailed to the ground by an invisible force, unable to move at all.

He knew that it was a restriction left by the white-robed man, preventing him from entering.

"President, what do we do?" A cultivator from the Void Merchant Guild approached, his voice low.

Wu Yuan was silent for a moment, then bent down, picked up the Dark Abyss Sword from the ground, and gripped it again.

The dark golden light on the sword had dimmed considerably, as if suppressed by the white-robed man's words.

But he could sense that the sword's power remained, only temporarily suppressed.

"Wait," his voice was cold, "Wait for David to come out."

Behind the stone tomb, the murals on both sides of the passage suddenly lit up as David passed by, emitting a faint glow, as if welcoming his arrival.

The figures in the murals began to move, like a living history slowly unfolding before David's eyes.

David saw the glory of the Daoist sect in the primordial era: countless cultivators practicing on the sacred mountain, cranes soaring among the clouds, palaces and pavilions standing side by side, and spiritual springs and waterfalls scattered throughout the mountains.

The Daoist ancestor sat in the highest Daoist palace, surrounded by chaotic energy, imparting the supreme Dao to his disciples.

He saw the process of the Daoist sect and the divine race going from shared origins to separation; a group of cultivators believed that all things possessed spirits and that all beings were equal, advocating for the inclusiveness and eclecticism of all things—this was the Daoist sect.

Another group of cultivators believed that the gods were the darlings of heaven and earth, born superior and deserving to rule all realms—this was the god race. The

conflict between the two factions escalated from a clash of ideologies to a struggle for interests, and from interests to a life-or-death battle.

He witnessed a war that lasted hundreds of thousands of years, with the armies of the Daoist sect and the gods clashing across the myriad realms. Every day, countless cultivators perished, every day stars were shattered, and every day worlds were destroyed.

The Daoist sect suffered repeated defeats; the Great Luo Golden Scripture was lost during that period, and the Chaos Dao Palace was sealed in an independent space.

Watching all this, David finally understood that what they had just entered was not the true stone tomb. If he hadn't possessed the Great Luo Golden Scripture, they would likely have all perished outside, never even seeing the real stone tomb.

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At the end of the passage was the tomb chamber.

The chamber was more spacious than the outside, its dome inlaid with countless luminous crystals, illuminating the entire space.

The walls were covered with Taoist runes, which flowed slowly in the light, like sleeping dragons gradually awakening.

The floor was covered with solid pieces of spirit jade, imbued with rich spiritual energy. Standing on it, one could feel a warm spiritual force flowing from the soles of one's feet into the body, invigorating the spirit.

In the center of the chamber, the white stone coffin was open.

The lid was off, and the coffin leaned against itself. It was empty, or rather, the being within had risen.

A man in white stood before the coffin, his white Taoist robe shimmering faintly in the chamber's light.

His body remained translucent, like a wisp of smoke about to dissipate, but his eyes were real, reflecting David's image in his golden pupils.

"Come here." The white-robed man's voice was soft, yet remarkably clear in the empty tomb.

David walked up to him, stopping three steps away, and clasped his hands in a salute.

"Junior David greets Senior."

The white-robed man scrutinized him, his gaze lingering on David's purple eyes for a long time, then falling on the Dragon-Slaying Sword at his waist, and finally settling on the area of his consciousness.

There, the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture were slowly circulating, golden dragon patterns faintly visible through his clothes.

"The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the power of chaos." The white-robed man's voice carried a hint of emotion, "I have waited ten thousand years, and finally I have waited for you."

David raised his head, looking into the white-robed man's eyes.

There was no hostility in those golden eyes, only a weariness and relief that came after countless millennia of accumulation.

"Senior, you have been waiting for me all this time?"

The white-robed man nodded, turned and walked to the stone coffin, picking up the silver-white storage ring from the ground and holding it in his palm.

The storage ring glowed faintly in his palm, like a sleeping star being awakened.

"The Daoist ancestors left a prophecy that hundreds of thousands of years later, when the Great Calamity of Heaven and Earth arrives, the inheritor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture will appear. He will unify the Daoist sect, rebuild the Chaos Dao Palace, and lead

the sect to fight against and overcome the calamity." The white-robed man's voice was calm, but every word seemed to come from the deepest and most distant depths of time. "I don't believe it, but the prophecies of the Daoist ancestors have never failed. So I'm waiting here for your arrival."

The Great Calamity of Heaven and Earth.

David's brows furrowed slightly.

He had never heard of this term before.

"Senior, what is the Great Calamity of Heaven and Earth?"

The white-robed man shook his head. "I don't know either. The prophecy of the Daoist ancestors only mentioned these four words without explanation.

But I guess it's a disaster powerful enough to destroy the Heavenly Realm. At that time, all forces in the Heavenly Realm will be reduced to nothing in that disaster.

And the only one who can stop that disaster is the inheritor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture."

He paused, looking into David's eyes, "That's you."

David fell silent.

He had never imagined that he would bear such a mission.

He only wanted to become stronger, to find the Chaos Dao Palace, to rescue Wan Jianxing, to protect those he wanted to protect, and to find his father.

He didn't want to be a savior, didn't want to unify the Daoist sects, and even less did he want to save the Heavenly Realm.

But fate seemed to have denied him the right to choose.

The man in white handed him a storage ring.

David took the storage ring and probed it with his divine sense. The resources in the storage ring were many times greater than what he had obtained from the Hall of Light.

There were hundreds of millions of crystals of various grades, including millions of top-grade crystals. There were hundreds of thousands of pills, ranging from healing to cultivation-enhancing, from low to high grade.

These resources were enough for him to break through from the eighth rank of True Immortal to the Golden Immortal realm.

The white-robed man then took out a golden jade slip from his robes and handed it to David.

"This is a map left by the ancestors of the Daoist sect, marking the locations of all the branches of the Daoist sect throughout the myriad realms. From the first heaven to the thirty-sixth heaven, from the Heavenly Realm to other realms, but they are all scattered, and none submit to the others. You need to find them and reunite them."

David took the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

A huge map unfolded in his mind.

The map was marked with tens of thousands of points, each representing a branch of the Daoist sect.

Some of these branches were closely related and frequently interacted;

some were sworn enemies, regarding each other as heretics;

some even had deep-seated hatred, ready to fight to the death whenever they met.

Reuniting these branches is harder than climbing to heaven.

The man in white seemed to see through David's thoughts, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"It's difficult, isn't it?"

David nodded. "Very difficult."

"But you must do it."

The man in white's voice carried an undeniable firmness. "Because only a united Daoist sect can withstand the calamity. However, you must find the three keys to open the Chaos Dao Palace. Only by opening the Chaos Dao Palace can you obtain the complete inheritance of the Daoist ancestors."

He paused, looking into David's eyes. "This is a path of no return. Are you ready?"

David remained silent for a long time.

He looked at the storage ring and jade slip in his hand, at the man in white's golden eyes, countless images flashing through his mind.

His days in the mortal realm, his battles in the celestial realm, his carnage in the celestial realm, rescuing Bei Mingyuan in the Ruins of Return, finding the Heart of the Cold Abyss in the Cold Abyss of Bei Ming, destroying the Hall of Light in the Azure Cloud Cave, fighting against the skeletons of a half-step saint in the ancient battlefield...

He had traveled so far, experienced so much life and death, not to turn back.

"Ready?" David's voice was calm.

The white-robed man nodded, his smile widening.

"Very good." His voice held a hint of relief. "My time is running out. Before I dissipate, I have one more thing to tell you."

He walked to the stone coffin and placed his hand on it.

The sealing runes on the coffin lit up simultaneously, the dark red light illuminating the entire tomb in a blood-red hue.

The runes spun wildly, as if releasing some sealed power.

Then, the bottom of the stone coffin cracked open.

A dense chaotic energy surged from the crack, its color not the familiar purple of David, but a deeper, more ancient gray.

That gray hue contained the primordial power of all things, the laws of the beginning of heaven and earth, and a higher level of chaotic power that David had never encountered before.

At the bottom of the stone coffin was a fist-sized gray bead.

Gray light flowed across its surface, and within that light, countless tiny runes could be faintly seen flickering, each rune representing a law.

Time, space, life, death, creation, destruction, light, darkness, fire, ice, thunder, storm... all the laws intertwined, merged, and coexisted within that bead.

It was the Bead of Chaos.

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The Chaos Pearl is the core of the Chaos Dao Palace, a supreme treasure condensed by the Daoist ancestors with unparalleled magical power, containing the complete laws of the Chaos Dao.

Whoever can refine the Chaos Pearl can grasp the origin of the Chaos power and become the inheritor of the Chaos Dao.

David looked at the gray pearl, his purple eyes reflecting a flowing gray light.

He could feel the Chaos power within his body surging wildly, as if sensing a power of the same origin calling to it.

"This is the Chaos Pearl,"

the white-robed man's voice carried a rare solemnity, "the core of the Chaos Dao Palace. Before sealing the Chaos Dao Palace, the Daoist ancestors took it out and gave it to me.

I have been waiting for the inheritor of the Great Luo Golden Scripture to appear so that I can give the Chaos Pearl to him. Now, it is yours."

David walked to the stone coffin and reached into the crack.

The Chaos Pearl fell into his palm, a cool touch coming from his hand, like a piece of ten-thousand-year-old ice.

But that coolness wasn't cold; it was a pure, unadulterated coolness, devoid of any impurities.

The moment David obtained the Chaos Pearl, a cataclysmic change occurred within his body.

The Chaos Fire in his dantian surged, the purple flames colliding with the gray light of the Chaos Pearl, creating a subtle resonance.

Chaos power surged wildly through his meridians, several times faster than before, each meridian being widened, strengthened, and reshaped.

But David could feel that his cultivation had broken through.

True Immortal Realm, Ninth Rank.

Not the late stage of the Eighth Rank, not the peak of the Eighth Rank, but directly skipping the entire late stage and peak of the Eighth Rank, leaping from the mid-stage of the Eighth Rank to the Ninth Rank of the True Immortal Realm.

Only a tiny fraction of the power within the Chaos Pearl had been released, yet it had allowed him to break through a realm.

If he fully refined it, to what extent could he break through?

Golden Immortal Realm?

Great Luo Golden Immortal?

Immortal Lord?

Immortal King?

Immortal Emperor?

Or even a higher Saint?

David didn't know, but he knew one thing—this Chaos Pearl was the most precious treasure he had ever obtained in his life.

The white-robed man watched David's breakthrough, a hint of relief flashing in his golden eyes.

"The power of the Chaos Pearl is too strong; with your current cultivation, you cannot fully refine it. You need time, resources, and opportunities. But you have taken the first step; the rest of the journey is up to you."

His body began to become more transparent, like a wisp of smoke about to be blown away by the wind.

His voice grew softer and more distant, as if coming from another dimension.

"My time has come. The ten thousand years of waiting have finally ended."

David put away the Chaos Pearl and his storage ring, looking up at the white-robed man, a complex expression flashing in his purple eyes.

"Senior, do you have any last wishes?"

The white-robed man was silent for a moment, his golden eyes gazing at the dome of the tomb chamber, where a star map was engraved, marking the coordinates of countless worlds.

His gaze lingered on the star map for a long time, as if looking at a homeland he could never return to.

"The Daoist sect... cannot perish." His voice was very soft, almost inaudible.
"This is my only wish."

David nodded. "This junior promises senior. The Daoist sect will not perish."

The white-robed man's lips curved slightly into a smile, a relieved and regretless smile.

Then, his body completely vanished.

Chapter 6599

White specks of light drifted through the air like a silent snowfall, landing on David's shoulders, hair, and sword before vanishing.

Silence returned to the tomb.

Only the luminous crystals on the dome still emitted a faint glow, only the Daoist runes on the walls continued to slowly flow, and only the sealing runes on the stone coffin still flickered slightly.

David stood there, watching the direction the white-robed man had disappeared, remaining silent for a long time.

Then, he took a deep breath, turned, and walked out of the tomb.

His steps were steady, each one firm and solid, as if measuring a path of no return.

...

Outside the tomb, Wu Yuan and the cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild waited anxiously.

Wu Yuan gripped the Dark Abyss Sword, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on the entrance to the stone tomb. His face was expressionless, but his fingers tapped lightly on the hilt, producing a subtle thumping sound that betrayed his unease.

Nearly half an hour had passed, and David still hadn't emerged.

What had he experienced inside?

What had the white-robed man told him?

What had he gained?

Wu Yuan didn't know the answer, but he knew one thing: if David obtained the white-robed man's inheritance, David's value would be even greater.

He had to keep David firmly bound to the Void Merchant Guild's war chariot, at all costs.

Just then, his divine sense detected something.

In the northern sky, five black flying boats were rapidly approaching.

The Divine Race had returned.

Wu Yuan's expression changed.

In the previous wave, the Divine Race had lost more than a dozen people, suffering heavy losses.

But they still had more than thirty people, including Yan Huo, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, and two elders at the third grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

On the other hand, he only had a dozen people, the highest cultivation being himself at the fourth grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

If the Divine Race launched an attack now, they wouldn't be able to withstand it at all.

"Everyone, be on alert!" Wu Yuan shouted.

The cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild quickly dispersed, forming a defensive formation, their silver-white armor gleaming brightly against the gray sky.

Their expressions were all solemn, their hands gripping their magical weapons trembling slightly, but not a single person retreated.

Five black flying boats stopped thirty miles from the stone tomb.

More than thirty divine cultivators leaped from the boats, golden holy light burning on their bodies, dyeing the entire sky gold.

Yan Huo stood at the forefront, his golden armor stained with dust and black bloodstains, left from the attack by the ancient remnant soul.

His face was somewhat pale, and there was a deep wound on his left arm, from which golden blood was still seeping.

But his eyes were still sharp, still full of killing intent.

Behind him, two elders at the third level of the Golden Immortal realm were also injured, one with a gash in his chest, the other limping on his right leg.

The remaining divine cultivators were also wounded, some lightly, some seriously, but none of them retreated.

Yan Huo's gaze fell on Wu Yuan, a cold smile curving his lips.

"President Wu, we meet again."

Wu Yuan gripped the Dark Abyss Sword, his crimson-gold eyes looking at Yan Huo, his face expressionless.

"Vice Palace Master Yan, your people from the Divine Clan are truly persistent," Wu Yuan said coldly. A murderous glint flashed in Yan Huo's eyes. "Still haunting us? Your Void Merchant Guild trespassed into the territory of my Flame God Palace, stole our treasures, and you dare say we're still haunting us? Guild Master Wu, have you been living too comfortably?"

"The territory of the Flame God Palace?" Wu Yuan laughed, his smile icy. "This ancient battlefield has existed for countless millennia. Back then, your Flame God Palace was probably still huddled in some corner of the earth. When did it become your territory?"

Yan Huo's face darkened.

He disliked Wu Yuan's attitude.

"Guild Master Wu, I don't want to waste words with you."

His voice was as cold as ice. "Hand over the sword in your hand, hand over all the treasures you obtained in the tomb, hand over David. I might spare your life."

Wu Yuan looked at Yan Huo, a hint of mockery flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

"Vice Palace Master Yan, have you been beaten senseless? You think you have the right to negotiate with me?"

Yan Huo gripped the golden spear tightly, the holy flames at the tip of the spear suddenly leaping higher.

"Whether you're qualified or not, we'll find out after the fight."

Before the words were even finished, his figure shot out, the golden spear carrying immense force as it thrust towards Wu Yuan.

Wu Yuan coldly snorted, the Dark Abyss Sword held horizontally in front of him, blocking the spear.

"Clang..."

Golden holy light and dark golden sword energy collided in the air, producing a piercing metallic clang.

The shockwave spread in all directions, lifting a layer of debris from the surrounding ground, sending rubble flying everywhere.

Both of them were simultaneously thrown back several steps.

A hint of surprise flashed in Yan Huo's eyes.

He hadn't expected that Wu Yuan, a merchant, would possess such fierce swordsmanship.

The sword energy within the Dark Abyss Sword was even more bizarre; when it collided with his holy light, it actually seemed to be devouring it.

"A fine sword." Yan Huo's voice carried a hint of greed, "This sword, I want it."

A cold smile curled at the corner of Wu Yuan's lips, "Want it? Then let's see if you have the ability."

The two charged at each other again, the golden spear and the Dark Abyss Sword intertwining in the air, producing a dense clang.

Meanwhile, the cultivators of the Divine Race and the Void Merchant Guild clashed.

Golden holy light and silvery-white spiritual energy collided in the air, each collision accompanied by violent explosions and shockwaves.

Although the Divine Race outnumbered the Divine Race, they were all wounded, significantly reducing their combat strength.

The Void Merchant Guild, though fewer in number, consisted entirely of elites, and having rested and prepared, their combat strength remained relatively intact.

The two sides fought fiercely, neither able to gain the upper hand.

However, as time passed, the Divine Race's numerical advantage began to emerge.

Although the Void Merchant Guild cultivators were valiant, they couldn't withstand the sheer number of opponents.

A second-grade Golden Immortal cultivator from the Void Merchant Guild was surrounded and attacked by three Divine Race cultivators, struggling to defend himself, his body already bearing several burn marks from the holy light.

Another first-grade Golden Immortal cultivator was struck in the shoulder by a second-grade Golden Immortal cultivator from the Divine Race, his entire arm nearly severed, golden blood gushing out.

Seeing this, Wu Yuan's eyes flashed with anxiety.

He knew they couldn't hold out much longer if they continued fighting like this.

But he couldn't retreat.

David was still inside the tomb.

If he retreated now, David would face an attack from over thirty members of the Divine Race when he emerged, and would surely die. If

David died, all his plans would fall apart.

Wu Yuan gritted his teeth, and his Dark Abyss Sword swung out fiercely, a dark golden

sword aura slashing towards Yan Huo. Yan Huo dodged to the side,

his golden spear thrusting towards Wu Yuan's chest. Wu Yuan couldn't dodge in time, the spear grazing his left ribs, leaving a deep bloodstain. His

silver-white armor was torn open, dark red blood gushing from the wound and dripping onto the ground.

He retreated rapidly, widening the distance between himself and Yan Huo.

Yan Huo didn't pursue, but stopped, looking at Wu Yuan, a smug smile playing on his lips.

"President Wu, you won't last much longer. Your men are almost at their limit. If you know what's good for you, surrender, and I might consider giving you a quick death."

Wu Yuan gritted his teeth, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot.

Chapter 6600

He glanced back at the entrance to the stone tomb.

The stone door remained tightly shut; David had not yet emerged.

He then looked at the battlefield.

Five cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild had fallen, and the rest were all wounded, their fighting strength greatly diminished.

Although the Divine Race had also lost seven or eight people, they still had more than twenty, giving them a clear advantage.

At this rate, they really wouldn't be able to hold out for long.

Wu Yuan took a deep breath, planted the Dark Abyss Sword in the ground, placed his hands on the hilt, and looked at Yan Huo.

"Vice Palace Master Yan, let's discuss some terms."

Yan Huo raised an eyebrow. "What terms?" "

Let's stop fighting." Wu Yuan's voice was calm. "If we both suffer heavy losses, neither of us will benefit. Let's sit down and talk, and divide the resources here equally."

Yan Huo was silent for a moment, then smiled.

"Equally? Your Void Merchant Guild has a dozen or so people, while our Divine Race has over thirty. Why should we evenly split it?"

Wu Yuan shook his head. "Vice Palace Master Yan, that's not how it works. You have more people, but you're injured.

We have fewer people, but we have David. David's fighting power alone is equivalent to twenty of yours. Do you think you can win if we really fight?"

Yan Huo's expression changed.

David.

He had almost forgotten about this person.

In the Fallen God Wasteland, David killed Yan Po, a peak third-grade Golden Immortal, with a single sword strike.

In the Northern Netherworld Abyss, David wiped out a group of people from the Hall of Light and killed a fourth-grade Golden Immortal elder of the Hall of Light.

David then led three hundred disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven to destroy the Hall of Light in one day and personally killed a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, the Holy Light Celestial Venerable.

This eighth-grade True Immortal youth cannot be judged by ordinary standards.

If David were to emerge from the tomb now and join the battle, the Divine Race might not necessarily win.

Yan Huo remained silent for a long time.

His fingers lightly traced the spear, his crimson-gold eyes gleaming with contemplation.

"Where's David?" he finally spoke. "Where is he?"

Wu Yuan pointed to the stone tomb. "Inside. A senior from the Daoist sect is talking to him."

"Talking?" Yan Huo frowned. "What are they saying?"

"I don't know."

Wu Yuan shook his head. "But I know one thing: when David comes out, he'll be even stronger. He's been inside for half an hour; his cultivation might have already broken through. If he comes out to help us, none of your Divine Race members will escape."

Yan Huo's expression grew even more grave.

He knew Wu Yuan wasn't bluffing.

"How do you plan to divide it?" Yan Huo asked.

A smile played on Wu Yuan's lips. "It's simple. The resources in the tomb will be split equally between our Void Merchant Guild and your Divine Race.

David's share will come from his share.

Our Void Merchant Guild prioritizes business and profit.

It's clear now that cooperating with your Divine Race is more profitable. So we choose to cooperate."

Yan Huo looked at Wu Yuan, his crimson-gold eyes filled with suspicion.

"President Wu, you were just fighting me to the death, and now you suddenly want to cooperate. Do you think I'll believe you?"

Wu Yuan took out a silver-white token from his robes. The front of the token was engraved with the Void Merchant Guild's mark, and the back was inscribed with the words "Integrity First."

"Vice Palace Master Yan, I, Wu Yuan, swear in the name of the Void Merchant Guild that everything I have said is true. If there is even a single lie, may the

reputation of the Void Merchant Guild be completely destroyed throughout the myriad realms, may my cultivation be completely destroyed, and may I die a horrible death."

The reputation of the Void Merchant Guild.

In the myriad realms, the Void Merchant Guild's reputation is the best.

They are true to their word and never break their promises. If a member of the Void Merchant Guild swears an oath in the name of the guild, it means they are telling the truth.

Because the reputation of the Void Merchant Guild is more valuable than any person's life. Yan Huo remained silent for a long time.

He looked into Wu Yuan's eyes, those crimson-gold eyes showing no evasion, no guilt, only an extreme sincerity and honesty.

"Alright," Yan Huo finally spoke, "I trust you."

A hint of joy flashed in Wu Yuan's eyes, but it quickly returned to calm.

"Then it's settled. When David comes out, we'll attack together, kill him, and seize the resources from him. Then we'll split the resources in the tomb equally."

Yan Huo nodded, "Deal."

Both sides stopped, retreating to one side, watching each other warily, but no longer making a move.

The stench of blood in the air hadn't dissipated. A dozen corpses lay on the ground, golden and dark red blood intertwined, forming dark streams on the grayish-white sand.

Wu Yuan leaned against a boulder, took out a healing pill from his storage ring, and swallowed it. The wound on his left rib began to heal slowly.

His face was still pale, but his crimson-gold eyes gleamed with shrewdness.

He was waiting.

Waiting for David to come out.

Waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

He didn't know what David had obtained in the tomb, but he knew those things must be priceless.

If he could kill David and seize his resources, combined with the resources in the tomb, the Void Merchant Guild's power in the Eighteenth Heaven would be unmatched.

As for the cooperation with the God Clan, that was only temporary.

After killing David, he would have plenty of ways to deal with the God Clan.
Yan Huo

stood not far away, also waiting.

The wound on his left arm was still bleeding, but he didn't treat it.

He just stared intently at the entrance of the stone tomb, his crimson-gold eyes filled with killing intent.

David had killed his subordinates, killed the people of the Hall of Light, destroyed the Hall of Light, and dealt a heavy blow to the God Clan's power in the Eighteenth Heaven.

He must avenge this.

As for the cooperation with the Void Merchant Guild, that was only temporary.

After killing David and seizing the resources, he would let Wu Yuan know that the God Clan was not to be trifled with.

Both sides had their own thoughts and waited in silence.

Inside the stone tomb, David sat cross-legged in the center of the tomb chamber, the power of chaos surging wildly within his body.

After the white-robed man dissipated, he did not leave immediately.

Because he knew what was happening outside.

Everything from the outside world was projected into David's mind.

Wu Yuan's waiting outside the tomb, the arrival of the gods, the battle between the two sides, the negotiation between Wu Yuan and Yan Huo, Wu Yuan's oath in the name of the Void Merchant Guild, the agreement to kill him together once he emerged.

David saw it, heard it, and understood it all.

Wu Yuan had never considered him a friend.

In Wu Yuan's eyes, he was merely a pawn, a valuable pawn.

When the pawn's value outweighed the risk, Wu Yuan would protect him;

when the pawn's value was less than the risk, Wu Yuan would abandon him without hesitation;

when killing him would bring greater benefits, Wu Yuan would act without hesitation.

David wasn't surprised.

He knew from the beginning that Wu Yuan was untrustworthy.

But he still came.

Because he needed Wu Yuan to bring him here, he needed Wu Yuan to help him find what he was looking for.

Now, his goal had been achieved.

It was time to settle accounts.

David opened his eyes, a cold glint flashing in his purple pupils.

He stood up, hung the Dragon-Slaying Sword at his waist, straightened his robes, and walked out of the tomb.

His steps were neither fast nor slow, each one steady, as if he were measuring the steps of death. Outside the tomb, Wu Yuan saw the stone door open and abruptly stood up from the boulder.

His face was beaming, and he strode towards David.

"Mr. Chen! You're finally out!"

His voice held an undisguised excitement. "How was it inside? What did the man in white say to you? What did you get?"

David looked at Wu Yuan, his purple eyes devoid of emotion.

"I got the storage ring, and a lot of resources." His voice was calm.

A flicker of greed flashed in Wu Yuan's eyes, but he quickly concealed it.

"Excellent! Mr. Chen truly lives up to his reputation as a descendant of the Daoist ancestor!"

His voice was filled with exaggerated praise. "Mr. Chen, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

Wu Yuan pointed to the Divine Race members not far away. "The Divine Race just fought us, and both sides were injured. Now they're all wounded and insignificant. If we join forces, we can wipe out these Divine Race guys."

The Divine Race members were completely dumbfounded upon hearing Wu Yuan's words.

Yan Huo's expression instantly changed.

"Wu Yuan! You!"

His voice was full of anger. "Didn't you just say you wanted to cooperate? You swore in the name of the Void Merchant Guild that you would deal with David together! Now you're going back on your word!"

Wu Yuan turned to look at Yan Huo, a cold smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

"Vice Palace Master Yan, let's talk business. I did intend to cooperate with you earlier, but the situation has changed."

His voice was calm, as if he were discussing a trivial matter. "Mr. Chen has emerged from the tomb, and he's stronger now. I feel that cooperating with him is more valuable. Therefore, I choose to cooperate with him."

"You!"

Yan Huo trembled with rage, the veins on his spear bulging. "You're untrustworthy! The reputation of the Void Merchant Guild is ruined by people like you!"

Wu Yuan shook his head. "Vice Palace Master Yan, you're wrong. The reputation of the Void Merchant Guild isn't about breaking promises in transactions, but about always choosing the side that's most advantageous to oneself. Right now, the side most advantageous to the Void Merchant Guild is Mr. Chen."

He paused, his smile becoming even more meaningful. "Moreover, I did swear an oath in the name of the Void Merchant Guild. But the content of my oath was that everything I said above was true. I told the truth, without a single lie. As for changing my mind later, that's a later matter and has nothing to do with my oath."

Yan Huo's face turned ashen.

He knew he'd been tricked by Wu Yuan.

From the beginning, Wu Yuan had no intention of cooperating with him.

Wu Yuan was merely using him to buy time until David emerged.

Now that David was out, Wu Yuan was kicking him aside.

"Wu Yuan, you'll regret this," Yan Huo's voice was as cold as ice. "The Divine Race won't let you off the hook."

Wu Yuan smiled. "That'll have to wait until you leave here alive."

He turned to look at David, his smile becoming even more genuine.

"Mr. Chen, let's do it. Together, let's wipe out all these Divine Race bas***s."

David looked at him, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

"Alright," his voice was calm.

A flicker of joy flashed in Wu Yuan's eyes as he turned and walked towards Yan Huo.

The Dark Abyss Sword emitted a deep, resonant sound in his hand, dark golden sword energy flowing across its blade.

The Divine Race members instinctively took a step back when they saw Wu Yuan approaching. Their eyes were filled with fear, not because of Wu Yuan, but because of David.

David's name had become a taboo among the Divine Race.

An eighth-rank True Immortal killing a fifth-rank Golden Immortal—such an event had never occurred in the history of the Divine Race.

And now, David had emerged from the tomb, his cultivation had broken through, making him even stronger.

How could they possibly defeat him?

Yan Huo gritted his teeth, his golden spear held horizontally before him, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot.

"Everyone, listen to my command! Don't panic! We still have over twenty people, they only have a dozen! Fight to the death!"

Hearing Yan Huo's words, the morale of the Divine Race slightly improved.

They gripped their magical weapons tightly, golden holy light burning on their bodies, dyeing the entire sky gold.