

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 6051

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“The...ghost...clan...is...calling...” Ming Li’s voice was hoarse and broken, completely unlike his own.

“What?” David’s heart skipped a beat.

Ming Li suddenly moved, transforming into a black shadow and rushing into the depths of the forest at a speed far exceeding his usual pace!

“Wait!” David hurriedly followed, his heart filled with both worry and doubt.

The two of them traversed the dense forest one after the other for about half an hour, and Ming Li’s speed gradually slowed down.

His body swayed precariously, and he finally leaned against a huge ancient tree, his dark eyes returning to normal.

“Mr...Mr. Chen...”

Ming Li spoke weakly, “I sensed...the aura of my own kind...nearby...”

“Are you sure?” David supported him.

Ming Li nodded heavily, pointing behind the ancient tree: “There...there is a passage leading underground...many...many of my clansmen...”

David looked in the direction he was pointing and saw an inconspicuous hole at the base of the ancient tree, about three feet in diameter, dark and bottomless.

If Ming Li hadn’t pointed it out, he wouldn’t have noticed it at all.

“Can you go down in your current state?” David asked.

“I must go down... Only my clansmen can save me...”

Ming Li gritted his teeth, “My ghost clan essence is collapsing... If I don’t return to the environment of the Netherworld Qi within three days... I will surely die...”

David no longer hesitated, hoisted Ming Li onto his back, protected by a gray light shield around his body, and leaped into the cave entrance.

The entrance was narrow at first, but after descending several dozen feet, it suddenly opened up, forming a natural tunnel sloping downwards.

The tunnel walls were covered with moss that emitted a ghostly light, barely enough to make out the path.

The further down he went, the denser the Netherworld Qi in the air became.

David could feel Ming Li's breathing gradually becoming steady, clearly this environment was beneficial to him.

After descending about two thousand feet, a fork in the road appeared ahead.

Three tunnels led in different directions, each with different runes engraved at its entrance.

"The left one... that one has the clan emblem..."

Ming Li pointed to an inconspicuous mark above the left tunnel entrance—a three-headed, six-armed demonic figure, similar to the deity they had seen in the Ghost Clan's temple in the Burial God Mountains.

David stepped into the left tunnel without hesitation.

This tunnel showed more obvious signs of human intervention than the previous ones; the walls were polished smooth, and every hundred steps, a ghostly blue lamp floated in the air, emitting a cold light.

After walking for about the time it takes for an incense

stick to burn, light finally appeared ahead. The two emerged from the tunnel, and the sight before them made David gasp.

It was a vast underground space, towering high and boundless. Countless glowing crystals were embedded in the ceiling, illuminating the entire underground world like a starry sky.

On the surface, strangely shaped buildings were scattered about.

Most of these buildings were constructed of black stone, with a ferocious and eerie style, featuring spires, animal heads, and bone ornaments everywhere.

Shadows flickered on the streets, many figures moving about, but they were too far away to see clearly.

“This is... the Ghost Clan’s underground city?” David murmured.

Ming Li trembled with excitement: “That’s right... this is the unique Netherworld architectural style of the Ghost Clan... my people... they’re still alive...”

Just then, a sudden change occurred!

Dozens of black chains suddenly shot out from the surrounding shadows, the chains covered in runes, moving with lightning speed, heading straight for David and Ming Li!

David reacted extremely quickly, instantly drawing his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashing at the chains.

However, these chains were incredibly strange; the Dragon-Slaying Sword struck them, producing a metallic clang, only scattering a few sparks, unable to cut them!

“Not good! These are Netherworld Soul-Locking Chains!”

Ming Li exclaimed.

Before the words were even finished, the chains had already wrapped around their bodies.

David felt a chilling power invade his body, and the flow of his chaotic power immediately became sluggish.

He tried to break free, but found that the more he struggled, the tighter the chains became, the runes shining brightly, suppressing his power.

Ming Li was even worse off; already weak, he was directly bound like a dumpling by the chains, unable to even speak.

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“Who goes there? How dare you trespass into the Netherworld City!”

A cold voice came from the shadows.

Three figures slowly emerged, the leader being a tall ghost clansman clad in black armor and wearing a bone helmet.

His face was hidden beneath the helmet, revealing only a pair of eerie blue eyes, and his aura was clearly at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

Behind him, two ghost clan guards were also fully armed, wielding bone spears, their auras around the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

“Cough cough...”

David suppressed his discomfort and said in a deep voice, “We are not trespassing, but have come to find our fellow Ghost Clan members. This man beside me is one of your clansmen; he needs Netherworld Qi to heal his wounds.”

“Clan members?”

The Bone Helmet Ghost General sneered, “The Ghost Clan cultivators on the ground were slaughtered by the God Clan a thousand years ago. How could there be any survivors? You must be spies sent by the God Clan!”

“No...no...”

Ming Li spoke with difficulty, a ghostly light gleaming in his eyes, “I am indeed a Ghost Clan member...the Ming Clan lineage...the ninety-seventh generation successor...”

As he spoke, a surge of pure Netherworld Qi welled up from his body, perfectly blending with the surrounding environment, even causing nearby buildings to resonate!

The three Ghost Clan members were stunned at the sight.

The Bone Helmet Ghost General’s eyes flashed with a ghostly light, and after a moment of silence, he said, “Netherworld Qi is indeed undeniable...but how can you prove that you are not a puppet controlled by the God Clan to infiltrate?”

“I have...a fragment of the Ghost King’s Token...”

Ming Li struggled to take out the pitch-black token from his robes.

As soon as the token appeared, the surrounding Netherworld Qi immediately surged!

Countless eerie lights surged from all directions, converging around the token to form ancient ghostly script phantoms!

“It really is the Ghost King’s Token!” a guard exclaimed.

The bone-helmeted ghost general's expression turned solemn. He raised his hand, and the token flew into his grasp.

He examined it carefully for a moment, then used a special ghostly secret technique to probe it, finally nodding slowly: "The token is genuine... but the holder may not be a true ghost."

He looked at Ming Li: "Use your innate divine power. If you can trigger the resonance of the Ancestral Soul Stele deep within Netherworld City, I will believe you."

Ming Li gritted his teeth and began to circulate his cultivation technique.

He was already weak, and now, forcibly activating his innate divine power, blood seeped from his seven orifices.

But to prove his identity, he had no choice.

Ming Li formed hand seals and chanted an ancient incantation.

As the incantation resounded, a three-headed, six-armed phantom appeared behind him—the very image of the Netherworld Lord worshipped by the Ghost Clan!

At the same time, a distant bell tolled from the depths of the city.

Dong!

The bell's sound was desolate and ancient, carrying an echo that transcended time.

The Bone-Helmeted Ghost General's expression changed drastically: "The Ancestral Soul Bell has rung...it really is a member of our clan!"

He hurriedly waved his hand and ordered, "Quick! Release them!"

The black chains loosened and retreated into the shadows.

David supported the swaying Ming Li, watching the three Ghost Clan members warily.

The Bone-Helmeted Ghost General stepped forward, removed his helmet, revealing a pale but handsome face.

He knelt on one knee, his right hand on his chest: "I am You Sha, the Garrison Commander of Netherworld City. I was unaware of your arrival and have offended you greatly. Please forgive me."

Two guards also knelt down.

Mingli weakly waved his hand: “No need for formalities... Take me to see... the City Lord...”

Yousha stood up: “The City Lord is currently in seclusion, and the affairs of the city are currently being handled by the Grand Elder Youmingzi. Please follow me.”

Led by Yousha, David and Mingli walked through the streets of Youming City.

What they saw along the way gave David a completely new understanding of the Ghost Clan.

The Ghost Clan members walking on the streets were of various forms; some were indistinguishable from humans, while others retained some Ghost Clan characteristics, such as bone horns, scales, and multiple eyes.

But they all had one thing in common: they were shrouded in a dense aura of the Netherworld.

Many buildings had eerie blue lanterns hanging in front of them, and the shops sold various underground specialties, such as Netherworld ores, Yin Soul Grass, bone artifacts, and soul crystals.

Some Ghost Clan children chased and played in the streets, their laughter like silver bells. If it weren't for the eerie environment, the scene would be almost indistinguishable from a surface town.

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“The Netherworld City was built three thousand years ago during the Great Cleansing of the Gods,”

You Sha explained as they walked. “At that time, the Ghost Clan was almost wiped out. Only a few members of the clan found this natural Netherworld deep underground and were able to survive.”

“For three thousand years, we have lived here and dare not easily return to the surface.”

“Occasionally, we send people out to investigate, but they all bring back news of the increasingly stable rule of the gods... Over time, everyone has become desperate.”

You Sha looked at Ming Li, his eyes gleaming with hope: "I never expected that there would still be people of our race surviving on the surface, and that they would even receive the Ghost King's Decree... Perhaps this is the protection of the Lord of the Underworld, a sign that our Ghost Clan will see the light of day again."

Ming Li smiled bitterly: "I am the only one left in my lineage... If it weren't for Mr. Chen's help, I would probably have died at the hands of the gods long ago."

You Sha looked at David and solemnly clasped his hands in thanks: "Thank you for saving my life. Although the Ghost Clan is weak, we still understand the principle of repaying kindness. If you have any needs, the Underworld City will do its utmost to help."

David shook his head: "No need to be polite. I also have a blood feud with the gods, so saving Ming Li is my duty."

As they spoke, the three of them arrived in front of a magnificent building in the center of the city.

It was a black, pyramid-shaped temple, about a hundred feet high, with two stone statues of the Lord of the Underworld, each with three heads and six arms, standing in front of it.

"This is the Netherworld Palace, and the Grand Elder is inside," You Sha said.

Stepping inside, the interior space was even more expansive than it appeared from the outside.

Twelve colossal pillars, inscribed with the history of the Ghost Clan, stood on either side of the hall, their tops ablaze with an inextinguishable Netherworld Flame.

On a high platform deep within the hall sat an elderly man with white hair and beard.

He wore a black robe embroidered with runes, held a white bone scepter, his face aged but his eyes deep and unfathomable, his aura reaching the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

This man was none other than the Grand Elder of Netherworld City, You Mingzi.

"Grand Elder, these two are..." You Sha began to introduce them. You

Mingzi raised his hand to interrupt him, his deep gaze falling on Ming Li: "The bloodline of the Ming Clan, the holder of the Ghost King's Token... I never imagined that I would live to see a true descendant of the Ming Clan."

His voice was aged yet gentle, carrying a power that penetrated to the very soul.

Despite his severe injuries, Ming Li bowed respectfully: "Ming Li, the ninety-seventh generation descendant of the Ming Clan, pays respects to the Grand Elder."

You Mingzi nodded, then looked at David, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes: "The aura emanating from this young friend... is quite peculiar."

"Like chaos, yet not chaos; like the origin, yet not the origin... In my eight thousand years of life, I have never seen such power."

David was shocked; this old man's insight was even sharper than Elder Lu's!

"Junior David greets the Grand Elder," David said, clasping his hands in greeting.

"David..."

You Mingzi pondered for a moment, then his eyes suddenly narrowed, "Is he the David who killed the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall and is wanted throughout the entire realm of the Divine Race?"

"Indeed," David readily admitted.

He hadn't expected that these ghost race members, living underground, would know about things happening on the surface.

A murmur rippled through the hall.

You Sha and several ghost race elders present all showed expressions of shock.

Youmingzi laughed, "Good! Good! Good! Well done! Those scum of the God Clan should have been dealt with long ago!"

He stood up, walked down from the platform, and came before David, scrutinizing him closely, "A ninth-rank Celestial Immortal, yet you were able to kill five seventh-rank Venerables of the Upper Immortal Realm... If I hadn't witnessed that strange power within you with my own eyes, I would never have believed it."

"Elder, you flatter me," David said modestly.

Youmingzi waved his hand, "No need to be modest. Your survival under the siege of the God Clan, and your arrival in my Youming City, is the will of Heaven."

He turned to Mingli, his brows furrowing slightly, "Your injuries are severe; your Ghost Clan origin is almost completely destroyed. Yousha, take Mingli to the Youming Spring to heal, using the best 'Youxu Soul Grass'."

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“Yes!” You Sha accepted the order and helped Ming Li leave.

You Mingzi then looked at David: “Young friend Chen, you also have some serious injuries. If you don’t mind, you can stay in Youming City to heal.”

“The Youming Qi here is abundant, which may be beneficial to your unique power.”

David had the same idea and immediately thanked him: “Then I’ll trouble you.”

“You Yue,” You Mingzi called.

A woman dressed in a black dress with a cold and beautiful face stepped out of the shadows. Her aura was at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and her eyes were sharp as knives.

“Take young friend Chen to Youke Residence and treat him well.”

“Yes,”

You Yue responded and gestured for David to follow.

David followed You Yue out of the temple and arrived at a secluded courtyard in the west of the city.

The courtyard was not large, but it was elegantly decorated. In the courtyard, there was a spring formed from condensed Youming Qi, which would be very beneficial for healing.

“Mr. Chen, if you need anything, you may ring this bell.”

Youyue handed over a bone bell, her voice cold. “Netherworld City does not welcome outsiders, so please do not wander around unnecessarily.”

“I understand.” David nodded.

After Youyue left, David sat cross-legged by the Netherworld Spring and began to examine his condition.

He was indeed seriously injured in the battle with the Demon Suppressor Venerable.

His Chaos Power was almost exhausted, his meridians were damaged in many places, and his dantian was also cracked.

If it weren't for the special nature of Chaos Power, an ordinary cultivator would have been crippled long ago.

If it were a one-on-one fight, David was confident he could kill them, but these guys had no martial ethics, and tens of thousands of them attacked him.

This was clearly to deplete his spiritual power.

"I must break through to the Upper Immortal Realm as soon as possible..." David felt urgent.

Only by breaking through to the Upper Immortal Realm would he be qualified to truly contend with the God Race, and only then would he have the ability to avenge the Iron-Backed Bear King and those dead demons!

He retrieved the spoils of war he had obtained in the battles of the Burial God Mountains and the Western Regions: the Crimson Gourd of the Crimson Scorpion King, the Bat Wings of the Black Bat King, the Poison Pill of the Golden Toad King, and the storage rings of several demon kings.

He probed them with his divine sense; the treasures inside were piled up like mountains.

There were millions of high-grade spirit crystals, and countless pills, materials, and cultivation manuals.

David selected all the pills and materials that would aid his breakthrough and began setting up the Spirit Gathering Array.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

During these three days, David almost never left his residence, focusing entirely on healing and preparing for his breakthrough.

The Netherworld Qi of Netherworld City was indeed helpful to him; his Chaos Power recovered much faster under the nourishment of the Netherworld Qi.

However, David dared not use the Demon Suppression Tower. After all, he didn't fully understand the Ghost Clan, and if he took out such a treasure, someone might become greedy.

As the saying goes, “A common man is innocent, but possessing a treasure is a crime. “

On the evening of the third day, You Yue came to visit.

“Mr. Chen, the Grand Elder requests your presence.”

She still had that cold demeanor.

David followed her to the Netherworld Palace again.

Besides You Mingzi, Ming Li, who had recovered most of his strength, was also in the palace.

Ming Li’s complexion had improved considerably; although still somewhat weak, his eyes had regained their sparkle.

Upon seeing David, he excitedly greeted him, “Mr. Chen, it’s so good to see you’re alright!”

David smiled and patted his shoulder, “You’ve recovered quite well too.”

Youmingzi, sitting on the high platform, smiled and said, “Young friend Chen, I’ve invited you here today because I have important matters to discuss.”

“Please speak, Elder.”

Youmingzi’s expression was solemn. “I’ve heard about the Western Regions from Mingli, and I also know about your blood feud with the Divine Race. I want to ask you a question: Do you have the ambition to destroy the Divine Race and rebuild the order of the Thirteen Heavens?”

David answered without hesitation, “Yes.” “

Good!”

A glint flashed in Youmingzi’s eyes. “In that case, Youming City is willing to form an alliance with you to fight against the Divine Race!”

Upon hearing this, several elders in the hall showed expressions of shock.

A red-faced elder stood up and said, “Elder, isn’t this matter too hasty? My Youming City has been hidden for three thousand years, and now it’s exposed for a mere human youth. I’m afraid...”

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“What are you afraid of?”

Youmingzi said coldly, “Continue to hide underground, eking out a living, until the Netherworld Qi is exhausted and your people die one by one?”

He stood up, his voice resounding, “For three thousand years, our Ghost Clan has been hiding underground like rats, watching helplessly as the God Clan poisons living beings, extracts souls, and refines soul crystals!”

“Now, finally, a genius has appeared who can kill the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall. This is a godsend!”

“The God Clan’s rule seems stable, but in reality, it is riddled with internal contradictions. As long as there is a spark, it can ignite a prairie fire!”

Youmingzi looked at David: “Young friend Chen, I don’t ask you to start a full-scale war with the God Clan right now.”

“I only ask that you promise one thing: if one day you possess sufficient strength, you must seek justice for the Ghost Clan and for all races oppressed by the God Clan!”

David solemnly clasped his hands in a fist salute: “This junior hereby swears: I will not rest until the God Clan is destroyed! If I break this oath, may my soul and spirit be annihilated, and may I never be reborn!”

As soon as he finished speaking, the chaotic power within his body surged, condensing into a gray oath rune above his head and disappearing into his brow.

This was a Dao Heart Oath; once broken, his Dao Heart would collapse, and his cultivation would be completely destroyed!

Seeing this, Youmingzi was greatly pleased: “Good! Good! I was right about you!”

He stepped down from the high platform and took out a jet-black jade slip from his robes: “This is the first half of the Ghost Clan’s supreme secret manual, ‘The True Explanation of the Netherworld,’ which records the origin of the Ghost Clan’s cultivation.”

“Although you are not a member of the Ghost Clan, your understanding of the Netherworld Dao within it may be helpful for your comprehension of the Great Dao of Chaos.”

David took the jade slip, scanned it with his divine sense, and was immediately shocked.

The *True Explanation of the Netherworld* truly lives up to its reputation as the supreme secret manual of the Ghost Clan. Its explanations of the Netherworld Dao are exquisitely profound, with many viewpoints coinciding with his understanding of the Chaos Dao, and even offering new perspectives.

“Thank you, Elder!” David sincerely expressed his gratitude.

Youmingzi waved his hand: “No need to be so polite. This is all I can do. As for whether you can break through to the Upper Immortal Realm, that depends on your own destiny.”

He paused, then added: “Deep within Netherworld City lies a Netherworld Secret Realm, a cultivation ground established by powerful figures of the Ghost Clan in ancient times. The Netherworld Qi within is incredibly pure, and it even has the effect of accelerating time. You can go there to cultivate in seclusion and break through.”

David’s eyes lit up: “Accelerated time?”

“Ten days in the secret realm are equivalent to only one day outside,”

Youmingzi said. “However, each opening of the secret realm consumes a huge amount of energy, and each person can only enter once in their lifetime. Are you willing?”

“Willing!” David answered without hesitation.

Gaining more time to break through was what he needed most right now!

Moreover, he possessed the Demon-Suppressing Tower; one day outside was equivalent to a hundred days inside!

Add to that the blessing of the secret realm!

This meant one day outside was equivalent to ten days inside the secret realm, while within the Demon-Suppressing Tower, it was equivalent to several years!

One day outside was equivalent to several years inside the tower!

David didn’t even dare to imagine it; if he couldn’t break through, he wouldn’t want to live!

“Alright, the secret realm will open in three days. Prepare yourself

,” said Youmingzi. “Mingli will also be entering; he needs to completely repair the Ghost Clan’s origin.”

Leaving the Youming Palace, David returned to the Youke Residence and began preparing for entering the secret realm.

He categorized all the pills that would aid his breakthrough and carefully studied the *Youming True Explanation*.

This secret text was indeed profound; many discussions about the nature of energy and the application of laws deepened his understanding of the Chaos Dao.

Three days later, deep within Youming City.

Before an ancient altar, Youmingzi, Mingli, and David stood solemnly.

Eight Ghost Clan elders stood around the altar, each holding a bone flag, forming a mysterious array.

“Young friend Chen, Ming Li, step into the center of the altar,” said Youmingzi.

The two obeyed and stepped onto the altar.

Youmingzi formed hand seals, and the eight elders simultaneously waved bone flags, chanting ancient incantations.

The runes on the altar lit up one by one, and a ghostly light shot into the sky, forming a vortex-like passage overhead.

“Remember, the secret realm will only be open for a maximum of three days, that is, thirty days within the realm. Once the time is up, you will be automatically teleported out,” Youmingzi finally instructed.

“Understood!” the two replied in unison.

Enveloped in ghostly light, David and Ming Li vanished in the next moment.