

# **A Man Like None Other Novel**

## **Chapter 6121**

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After thirty rounds,

Chen Tiangang's breathing became erratic, and his movements gradually slowed.

"Bang!"

A palm struck his shoulder hard, the sound of bones shattering clearly audible. He groaned, his body swaying violently, blood gushing from his mouth.

"Bang!"

Another palm struck his back!

Chen Tiangang could no longer hold on, spitting out a mouthful of blood, and plummeted from mid-air like a kite with a broken string!

"Father!" Chen Wanqing cried out, her voice heart-wrenching.

But after landing, Chen Tiangang didn't hesitate for a moment, immediately forcing himself to his feet and rushing towards Chen Wanqing again.

He couldn't fall!

He couldn't die!

Wanqing was still waiting for him!

"Wanqing, go! Get out of here quickly!" he shouted hoarsely, his voice filled with despair.

Chen Wanqing shook her head desperately, tears blurring her vision: "I won't go! I won't go! I want to stay with Father! We'll die together!"

Chen Tiangang's eyes were bloodshot with anxiety, his voice trembling: "Silly child! If you don't leave, we'll both die here! You must live! If you live, go find David! Go find him! For the sake of our Chen family, apologize to him! Apologize to him!" "

Father..." Chen Wanqing sobbed uncontrollably.

Chen Tiangang reached out his trembling hand and gently stroked her cheek, his eyes filled with love, guilt, and reluctance.

"It's my fault, it's my mistake, it's my fault that I harmed the Chen family, harmed all our clansmen. But you can't die here, you must live."

He slowly turned around, looking at the frantically pursuing temple soldiers and Wu family guards, a resolute glint in his eyes.

"Go! Go through the back gate of the backyard! Hurry!"

Before Chen Wanqing could say anything more, Chen Tiangang had already turned around abruptly, and like a madman, rushed out again!

"Come on! If you're not afraid to die, come at me!"

He roared, unleashing his full True Immortal Realm aura. His golden palm print swept across the area, sending the dozen or so Temple soldiers at the forefront flying!

He stood before Chen Wanqing, like an unyielding mountain, blocking all pursuers.

Chen Wanqing watched her father's bloodied, lonely, and majestic figure, tears streaming down her face like broken beads.

She gritted her teeth, her heart filled with endless pain and hatred.

Finally, she stomped her foot and turned to run wildly towards the backyard.

"Chase her! Don't let her get away!" Wu Lingyun shouted immediately upon seeing this.

The Temple soldiers and Wu family guards were about to give chase when Chen Tiangang stepped forward, blocking their path once again.

"If you want to chase her, you'll have to get past me first."

He raised his hand and a long sword, radiant with light and brimming with spiritual energy, instantly appeared in his hand.

It was his natal magic weapon, the Chen family's treasure passed down for thousands of years—the Azure Cloud Sword.

The white-haired old man looked at him, a faint hint of admiration flashing in his eyes: "Chen Tiangang, you're a good father, but unfortunately, you chose the wrong path and the wrong side."

Chen Tiangang sneered, his laughter filled with sorrow and arrogance: "Enough nonsense! Let's fight! Come on!"

Holding the Qingyun Sword, he no longer defended, no longer hesitated, and charged directly into the crowd like a drawn sword!

The elders of the temple were not to be outdone, swarming forward and attacking!

This time, Chen Tiangang held back, no longer defended, but attacked frantically, risking his life!

He knew clearly that every moment he held on, Chen Wanqing had a better chance of escaping.

The sword flashed, the air chilling.

The wind howled, shaking heaven and earth.

Blood splattered, staining his robes crimson.

Fifty rounds.

Three more deep, bone-revealing wounds appeared on Chen Tiangang's body, dripping with blood, yet he still did not retreat a single step.

Seventy rounds.

Another wound slashed from his shoulder down to his waist, flesh torn open, excruciating pain, yet he continued to fight.

Ninety rounds.

His left arm was struck hard by an elder's palm, the bones instantly shattering, hanging limply at his sides.

Yet he still gripped the Qingyun Sword tightly with his right hand, gritting his teeth and persevering, still fighting!

"Father!"

From afar came Chen Wanqing's heart-wrenching cry.

She hadn't run far; she hid behind a corner in the shadows, watching her father fight bloodied and battered, her heart breaking, her pain unbearable.

Chen Tiangang heard his daughter's cries, but he didn't turn back.

He couldn't turn back.

If he did, Wanqing would soften, would give up on escaping.

He could only fight, fight on, fight to the last moment, fight until he fell.

One hundred rounds.

Chen Tiangang was covered in blood, a blood-soaked figure, his clothes tattered, wounds covering his entire body, his breath barely perceptible.

Yet his eyes remained bright as stars, unwavering as iron.

He stared intently at the two True Immortal Realm elders before him, a bitter yet proud smile slowly curving his lips.

"Come on... come again... I can still fight..."

A flicker of fear crossed the hearts of the temple elders.

So many of them, besieging a heavily wounded man, and several had already fallen.

How could Chen Tiangang not fall?

The white-haired elder snorted coldly, his eyes icy, and looked at Wu Lingyun beside him: "Young Master Wu, have your Wu family members all come at us! Let's finish this quickly!"

"Alright!" Wu Lingyun nodded without hesitation.

Instantly, the Wu family's guards and experts all joined the battle.

A dozen top experts surrounded Chen Tiangang.

The pressure on Chen Tiangang instantly surged!

After only ten rounds,

the white-haired elder seized an opening and struck Chen Tiangang's chest with a powerful palm strike!

“Pfft!”

Chen Tiangang spat out a mouthful of blood, his body flying backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily to the ground.

“Father!”

Chen Wanqing could no longer control herself and rushed out from the shadows like a madwoman.

Chen Tiangang’s face changed drastically when he saw her, and he shouted with his last ounce of strength, “Wanqing! Why haven’t you left yet! Leave now! Hurry!”

Chen Wanqing ran to his side, crying, and carefully helped him up, tears dripping onto his wounds: “I won’t leave... I won’t leave... I can’t leave Father alone... I want to stay with you...”

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Chen Tiangang looked at her, his eyes filled with heartache and helplessness, and said weakly, “Silly child...how could you be so foolish...I don’t deserve this...”

He struggled, using the last bit of strength in his body, to slowly stand up, once again shielding Chen Wanqing behind him.

The white-haired old man slowly walked up to him, looking down at him, his tone indifferent: “Chen Tiangang, you have done your best, you have done more than enough. Hand over Chen Wanqing, and I can give you a quick death, a dignified one.”

Chen Tiangang slowly shook his head, his voice weak but incredibly firm, each word deliberate: “Want to touch my daughter...unless...step over my dead body...”

The white-haired old man sighed softly: “Stubborn to the end, unrepentant to the death.”

He waved his hand, and the temple soldiers stepped forward again, their killing intent palpable.

Just at this critical moment.

“Protect the patriarch!”

“Protect the young lady!”

The remaining six elders of the Chen family, covered in wounds and with torn clothes, still roared and rushed forward, blocking Chen Tiangang and Chen Wanqing!

They instantly clashed with the temple soldiers and martial arts guards!

The red-faced elder slapped a temple soldier away, turning to Chen Wanqing, his voice hoarse: “Miss! Go! Don’t worry about us! Go!”

The white-haired elder pierced a martial arts guard’s throat with his sword, his voice hoarse: “Miss! Go! Don’t let us sacrifice in vain! Don’t let us die in vain!”

Another elder, surrounded by three temple soldiers, was stabbed multiple times, his robes stained with blood, yet he still clung tightly to a soldier, refusing to let go.

He looked back at Chen Wanqing, his eyes filled with endless guilt and regret: “Miss...we’ve wronged you...we were greedy...we harmed the Chen family...we deserve it...”

His words trailed off.

A long sword pierced his heart.

His body went limp, and he slowly collapsed into a pool of blood, lifeless.

“Third Elder!” Chen Wanqing cried out, her voice heart-wrenching.

Another elder, surrounded by several men, coughed up a mouthful of blood and fell heavily to the ground.

On his deathbed, he gazed at Chen Wanqing and murmured weakly, “Tell David...we were wrong...we...deserve to die...”

Chen Wanqing knelt on the ground, trembling, tears blurring her vision.

She watched as the elders who had watched her grow up and loved her dearly fell before her, one by one, leaving forever.

Her heart was breaking. She was

in unbearable pain.

The red-faced elder, surrounded by three temple soldiers, was stabbed multiple times, his body covered in wounds, yet he fought on relentlessly, refusing to retreat.

With his last ounce of strength, he slapped two soldiers away, then slowly collapsed, gazing in Chen Wanqing's direction with a relieved smile: "Miss...take care..."

The white-haired elder was struck hard on the crown of his head by a palm strike from the white-haired elder.

Blood splattered. He

died instantly.

Before falling, he looked at Chen Wanqing, his eyes filled with love, reluctance, and worry: "Miss...go quickly...live on..."

All six elders had perished.

The Chen family had completely lost all resistance.

Chen Wanqing knelt on the ground, looking at the corpses and blood everywhere, tears silently streaming down her face.

"No...no...don't die..."

she murmured, her spirit nearly broken.

Chen Tiangang struggled to his feet, using his last ounce of strength to pull her up, his voice hoarse: "Wanqing...go...let's go..."

He grabbed Chen Wanqing's hand and rushed towards the back door without regard for anything else.

Behind them, pursuers closed in relentlessly, their battle cries deafening.

Chen Tiangang ran frantically, turning back to fight. He slapped away a pursuing soldier with a palm strike, then pierced another's throat with his sword, but the enemy's numbers were simply too overwhelming.

Finally, they reached the back gate of the courtyard.

Chen Tiangang suddenly shoved Chen Wanqing away violently.

"Go! Go quickly! Never come back!"

Chen Wanqing fell to the ground, turning back to look at him, tears streaming down her face: "Father! What about you? What will you do?"

Chen Tiangang looked at her, a smile both tender and desperately etched on his face.

“Father can’t leave... Father must stay and keep the ancestors of the Chen family company... But you, you must live.”

He slowly turned around, gazing at the pursuing temple soldiers and Wu family guards, a resolute glint in his eyes.

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“Come on!”

he roared, wielding the Azure Cloud Sword, and charged forward again!

Sword light flashed, blood splattered.

He pierced the heart of a martial arts guard with his sword, and then slapped away a temple soldier with a palm strike.

But his wounds were too severe. He

lost too much blood, his breath grew weaker, and his movements slower.

Finally, the white-haired old man caught up.

His eyes were cold and emotionless, and he struck out with a powerful palm strike, hitting Chen Tiangang squarely in the back!

“Pfft—!”

Chen Tiangang spat out a mouthful of blood, his body collapsing forward, crashing heavily to the ground, unable to rise again.

“Father!”

Chen Wanqing cried out, frantically trying to rush back.

With his last strength, Chen Tiangang turned his head with difficulty, looking at her, his voice so weak it was almost inaudible: “Go...go quickly...go find David...tell him...it’s your father who wronged him...it was your father who was wrong...tell him...to protect you...”

He paused, a deep pain, regret, and despair flashing in his eyes.

“And... tell the ancestors of the Chen family... it was I, Chen Tiangang... who was incompetent... it was I who destroyed the Chen family’s millennia-old foundation... I... regret it... I really regret it...”

His voice grew weaker and weaker.

Finally, he slowly closed his eyes.

His body completely lost its life force.

The head of the Chen family, Chen Tiangang, had fallen.

“Father!!!”

Chen Wanqing’s cries were shrill and desperate, echoing throughout the night sky, heart-wrenching.

Wu Lingyun slowly walked to Chen Tiangang’s corpse, kicked it disdainfully to confirm that he was completely dead, and then slowly raised his head to look at Chen Wanqing not far away.

In his eyes, that lewd and greedy light flashed again.

“Miss Chen, your father is dead, and the Chen family is finished. Now, you are mine.”

He waved his hand and shouted sharply, “Chase! Find her alive or dead! Don’t let her escape!”

Chen Wanqing looked at her father’s cold corpse, at the blood of her clansmen scattered on the ground, at the Chen mansion that had become a living hell, her heart filled with endless pain, hatred, and despair.

She knew.

The Chen family was finished.

A thousand-year-old foundation, destroyed in an instant.

She gritted her teeth, enduring the excruciating pain in her heart, turned around and rushed into the boundless night, running wildly.

Behind her, Wu Lingyun led a large group of pursuers, hot on her heels, their shouts of battle deafening.

“Chen Wanqing! You can’t escape! Surrender obediently!”

“Chase! She’s injured, she can’t go far!”

Chen Wanqing ran desperately, fleeing with all her might, running frantically without regard for anything else.

Tears streamed down her face, dried by the wind, only to flow again.

But she dared not stop.

Not even a single step.

To stop meant death.

To stop would be to betray her father’s sacrifice, to betray the elders’ efforts, to betray all the clansmen who died protecting her.

She had to live.

She had to find David.

The night grew deeper, pitch black.

Chen Wanqing ran madly through the desolate mountains and forests.

Blood flowed incessantly from the wound on her back, staining her clothes red.

Her calves were also cut by rocks during her escape, each step sending piercing pain through her.

But she dared not stop.

She knew clearly that Wu Lingyun and the pursuers were right behind her, relentlessly chasing her.

She closed her eyes, focusing her senses on the dragon-locking collar that David had once worn and that he had later taken away.

There was a faint connection between the collar and her.

Over there.

In the direction of the wasteland.

David was in that direction.

She gritted her teeth, ignoring the excruciating pain and the despair in her heart, and accelerated again, sprinting towards the wasteland.

Behind her, the firelight flickered, growing ever closer.

The shouts of battle and the sounds of pursuit grew clearer.

But she didn't look back.

Not even once.

She just kept running, running, towards the direction where David was, towards that only hope.

Dawn was approaching, a faint glimmer of light appearing on the horizon.

The wasteland was now almost in sight.

Chen Wanqing, disregarding everything, rushed into the vast wasteland.

Behind her, Wu Lingyun, leading his pursuers, continued relentlessly, his voice vicious: "Chen Wanqing! You can't escape! The wasteland will be your burial ground!"

Chen Wanqing still didn't look back.

She just kept running, running, towards the direction the collar sensed, towards that only light in her heart.

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Tianlong Valley is hidden deep within the vast mountains thousands of miles north of Yunxian City.

This place is shrouded in layers of restrictions laid down by the ancient dragon ancestors, with clouds and mist constantly swirling and veiling, completely obscuring the valley.

Even if ordinary cultivators flew past it countless times, they would only perceive it as a desolate wilderness with sparse spiritual energy and rampant demonic beasts, completely unaware that behind the clouds lies a blessed land where the dragons have

secluded themselves for millennia, harboring ancient secrets powerful enough to shake the entire Fourteenth Heaven.

David followed behind Long Hao and other powerful dragons, step by step traversing the layers upon layers of obscure ancient restrictions.

With each restriction passed, the surrounding spiritual energy became denser, and the ancient pressure in the air grew heavier.

Only when the last layer of pale golden light dissipated before him did he truly step into this legendary dragon holy land.

The sudden unfolding scene before him startled even David, whose composure far surpassed that of ordinary people, causing him to pause slightly, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

Mountains embraced the valley like arms, firmly cradling it in the center.

Above the valley, instead of the usual blue sky and white clouds, auspicious clouds formed from pure, golden dragon energy flowed and churned slowly, almost as if alive. The

oppressive aura emanating from that dragon energy was as vast as the ocean, as ancient as the primordial wilderness; simply standing below and looking up was enough to make one's heart tremble, involuntarily giving rise to a sense of reverence.

On the ground, pavilions and towers stood side by side, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Their architectural style was completely different from the magnificent palaces of human cultivators; they lacked elaborate carvings and paintings, yet exuded the unique majesty, ruggedness, and grandeur of the dragon race.

The palaces were constructed primarily of thousand-year-old wood and ten-thousand-year-old spiritual jade. Dragon patterns of various shapes were engraved on the beams and pillars, each pattern containing the essence of the universe, with faint echoes of dragon roars reverberating within.

In the distance, rolling mountains rose and fell, spiritual springs gurgled, and exotic flowers and herbs bloomed everywhere. The air was filled with the intoxicating fragrance of ambergris, and every inch of land contained extremely pure dragon vein power.

Further into the distance, several colossal dragons, thousands of feet long, stretched their bodies, swirling and dancing among the mountains.

Their scales shimmered brilliantly in the sunlight, their massive claws tore through the clouds, and their long tails swept across the peaks. Distant and desolate dragon roars echoed from the clouds, causing the void to tremble slightly, displaying the supreme majesty of these ancient divine beasts.

“Your Majesty, please follow me. The clan leader has been waiting for a long time,”

Long Hao bowed deeply, his tone extremely respectful, slowly leading the way, not daring to overstep his bounds in the slightest.

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David nodded slightly, suppressing the shock in his heart, and followed Long Hao deeper into the valley.

Along the way, the dragons they encountered stopped to watch.

There were tall, handsome young dragons in human form, graceful and beautiful female dragons, and young dragons who had not yet fully transformed, only showing half their tails or horns.

Their gazes all fell on David, filled with curiosity, heartfelt awe, and a complex mix of emotions—anticipation, excitement, and a touch of emotion at the dawn of a thousand years of silence.

The Dragon Emperor’s Bloodline.

These four words carried an incredibly heavy and crucial meaning for the entire dragon race, which had lived in seclusion for millennia.

It was the supreme symbol of the dragon race, the sole proof of command over all legitimate dragons, and the only hope for fighting traitors and restoring the dragon race’s glory.

For millennia, the dragon race of the Fourteenth Heaven had been fragmented and hidden away, all because of the fall of the Dragon Emperor, the interruption of their bloodline, and the absence of a leader.

Now, the appearance of pure golden dragon blood is like a thunderbolt thrown into a dead abyss, rekindling hope in all the dragons who remained true to their nature.

David continued on his way, feeling the gazes gathering from all directions, but he felt no arrogance, only a sense of solemnity.

He knew very well that this golden dragon bloodline brought him not only power and prestige, but also countless troubles and crises.

Passing through one magnificent palace after another, crossing several white jade bridges engraved with dragon patterns, Long Hao finally stopped before a grand hall standing in the very center of the valley, its imposing presence reaching its peak.

This hall was entirely constructed of deep blue dragon jade, towering a thousand feet high, with nine lifelike five-clawed golden dragons coiled on its roof, seemingly ready to soar into the heavens at any moment.

Above the palace gate hangs a huge plaque, several meters wide, with two ancient and imposing characters, "Dragon Palace," engraved in ancient dragon script.

The characters contain boundless dragon might; just one glance is enough to shake one's soul and prevent one from looking directly at them.

"Your Majesty, Clan Chief Long Zhan is waiting respectfully inside the hall." Long Hao stepped aside to make way, bowing respectfully.

David took a deep breath, suppressing the turbulent emotions within him, and strode into the Heavenly Dragon Hall.

The hall's interior was far larger than imagined.

The dome was immeasurably high, inlaid with countless luminous pearls and star jade, illuminating the entire hall as if it were daytime.

The surrounding walls were engraved with lifelike dragon reliefs.

From the ancestral dragon of the Primordial Era to the Dragon Emperor of the Middle Ages, and then to the powerful dragons of modern times, each relief recorded a piece of the dragon race's history, majestic and awe-inspiring.

In the main seat at the center of the hall sat an elderly man with graying temples and an aged face, yet his majesty remained undiminished.

The old man wore a golden robe embroidered with nine dragons playing with a pearl, his face resolute, his wrinkles etched with the marks of time, yet showing no signs of decline.

Especially his dragon eyes, which flashed with a sharp light when they opened and closed, as sharp as a blade, seemingly able to pierce the heart.

His aura was as deep as the sea, restrained yet exuding a powerful pressure that made heaven and earth tremble.

This man was Long Zhan, the current patriarch of the Heavenly Dragon lineage and one of the pillars of the Dragon Clan.

Seeing David step into the main hall, Long Zhan slowly rose from his seat and walked down the steps to stand before David.

He did not speak immediately, but quietly looked at David, his gaze carefully examining him. In his weathered dragon eyes, a mixture of emotions—excitement, relief, and solemnity—flashed, lingering for a long time.

After a moment, Long Zhan suddenly bent his knees slightly, bowed deeply, and performed the most solemn and honorable kowtow of the Dragon Clan. His voice was old but extremely solemn:

“Long Zhan, patriarch of the Heavenly Dragon lineage, pays respects to His Majesty the Dragon Emperor!”

This bow represented the complete submission of the entire Heavenly Dragon lineage to the Dragon Emperor’s bloodline.

Seeing this, David quickly stepped forward and gently helped Long Zhan up, his tone sincere: “Clan Chief Long, there’s no need for such formality. Please rise. I am not some Dragon Emperor, but merely an ordinary cultivator with the bloodline of the Golden Dragon. I am unworthy of such a grand gesture.”

Long Zhan slowly straightened up, maintaining his respectful posture, his gaze fixed intently on David, his tone unwavering.

“Your Majesty is mistaken. The Golden Dragon bloodline is the supreme blood of our Dragon Clan’s emperors, worshipped by all dragons, one in ten thousand.”