

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 6131

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Wu Lingyun's hand remained frozen in mid-air, still in the position of tearing at Chen Wanqing's clothes.

His face was no longer just "pale"; it was a deathly ashen color that seemed to emanate from his very bones. His lips trembled, his teeth chattered, making a "clucking" sound.

David stood there calmly, his gaze fixed on the group of pursuers before him.

That calmness wasn't feigned composure, nor was it suppressed anger; it was a genuine, heartfelt calm, like watching ants crawling at one's feet, feeling no ripples in one's heart, because ants are not worth one's anger.

Yet it was precisely this calmness that filled Wu Lingyun with an unprecedented fear.

He wasn't afraid of David's rage, his clenched teeth and curses, or even his frantic charge.

That David, at least, was still "human," still vulnerable, still capable of dealing with things.

But the David before him was too quiet.

Quiet as if he weren't a man witnessing his woman being violated.

Quiet as if he weren't a living person.

"Chen...David, you...you mustn't do anything rash!"

Wu Lingyun instinctively took a step back, his voice trembling. "I...I have the Wu family behind me! The Divine Temple! You...if you dare touch me, the entire Fourteenth Heaven will not let you off!"

David finally moved.

He slightly turned his head, his gaze falling on Wu Lingyun's face.

Just that one glance.

Just one glance.

Wu Lingyun felt a chill run from the soles of his feet straight to the top of his head, as if he were being stared at by an ancient ferocious beast, his blood freezing in that instant.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something more, but found that his throat was being tightly gripped by an invisible hand, unable to utter a single word.

David withdrew his gaze and looked at the guards behind him who were holding Chen Wanqing down.

The guards were already terrified, and when they saw David looking over, they were like cats whose tails had been stepped on, suddenly releasing their grip and scrambling backward, wishing they could disappear into the ground immediately.

Chen Wanqing regained her freedom, but she no longer had the strength to stand up.

She collapsed to the ground, her clothes torn, her hair disheveled, tears blurring her vision. She could only lift her head, staring blankly at the tall, imposing figure before her.

That figure was exactly the same as it had been three days ago at the Chen residence.

No, it was different.

A few days ago, when David left the Chen residence, he was covered in wounds, utterly disheveled, having been chased and killed.

But now, standing there, though his aura remained impassive, he exuded an indescribable majesty, a pressure that compelled one to kneel in worship.

David finally turned around.

He looked down at Chen Wanqing, at her tattered clothes, at the undried tear stains on her face, at the red mark on her neck left by Wu Lingyun.

His gaze remained calm.

But at that moment, Chen Wanqing clearly saw a fleeting, extreme coldness flash within those eyes, calm as a deep pool.

That coldness was not of this world.

It was the icy chill of the deepest hell.

David didn't speak, but simply raised his hand, took off his outer robe, and gently draped it over Chen Wanqing, covering her tattered clothes and exposed skin.

His movements were light and gentle, as if afraid of hurting her.

Chen Wanqing's tears welled up again.

"David..." she murmured, her voice hoarse, filled with endless grievance and longing.

David reached out and gently stroked her cheek, wiping away her tears. The gesture was extremely gentle, completely different from the coldness he had shown just moments before.

"Miss Chen, I'm sorry you've suffered,"

he said softly. "Leave the rest to me."

He straightened up and turned around. The gentleness on his face gradually

faded, replaced by an absolute calm.

He looked at the group of pursuers before him, and at Wu Lingyun, who had shrunk to the back of the crowd, and spoke calmly.

"You all deserve to die."

Five words.

Flat and emotionless.

But the moment those five words fell, everyone present felt an invisible pressure descend from the sky, making it hard for them to breathe.

One of the Wu family guards finally broke down.

"Kill! Kill him!"

he roared hoarsely, "He's just one person! There are so many of us, what are we afraid of! Charge together, kill him!"

Encouraged by him, more than a dozen guards and soldiers finally mustered their courage and roared as they charged towards David.

Swords flashed and magic swirled.

David watched the charging figures, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Then, he raised his hand.

He simply raised his hand casually, without forming hand seals, without gathering power, without even a fluctuation of spiritual energy.

He simply raised his hand.

“Boom!”

A muffled sound.

The dozen or so guards at the forefront were sent flying backward as if struck by an invisible mountain. They coughed up mouthfuls of blood mid-air, their ribs caved in, their tendons severed, and they landed lifeless.

One move.

No, not even a single move.

Just a gesture.

A dozen men, all wiped out.

The remaining pursuers were utterly dumbfounded.

What kind of strength was this?

What kind of technique?

They hadn't even seen David make a move, hadn't seen any spiritual energy leak out, yet their comrades were dead? Completely dead?

“Peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm... no, no, the aura on his body... this is...”

A temple soldier suddenly exclaimed, his voice trembling.

Although he wasn't a master, he had worked in the temple for many years and had seen many powerful figures.

But the feeling David gave him at this moment wasn't strength, but... terror.

A terror originating from the level of life, from the depths of his bloodline.

It was as if standing before them wasn't a person, but a dragon.

No, more terrifying than a dragon.

A Dragon Emperor.

David gave them no more time to react.

He took a step.

This step seemed slow, but when he landed, he was already in the center of the crowd.

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The guards and soldiers didn't even have time to react; they only saw a flash of golden light before losing consciousness.

David didn't use any fancy moves or earth-shattering spells.

He simply slapped someone down, waved his hand, and sent someone flying; he pointed at someone, and their forehead exploded.

Every move resulted in someone falling.

Every fall was a swift and fatal death, without even a scream.

He walked slowly through the crowd, as if strolling in a garden, his robes fluttering, untouched by dust. Wherever he went, corpses littered the ground, and blood flowed like rivers. In less than the time

it takes to drink half a cup of tea

, more than thirty guards and more than twenty temple soldiers were all wiped out.

Not a single survivor.

David stopped, standing amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his body still clean, without a trace of blood.

He looked up at Wu Lingyun, who had huddled in a corner of the mountainside, trembling.

Wu Lingyun was now completely devoid of his previous arrogance.

He slumped to the ground, his legs soaked and emitting a pungent, foul stench.

The dignified young master of the Wu family, a genius at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, now trembled like a defeated dog.

“No...don’t...don’t come any closer...”

He watched David approach step by step, desperately trying to retreat, only to find himself with nowhere to go, the cold, hard mountain wall behind him.

David stopped three steps away from him, looking down at him.

“Wu Lingyun,”

he spoke, his voice still calm, “You know, from the first moment I saw you, I thought you were trash.”

Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, but couldn’t speak.

David continued, “Ninth Rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, the eldest young master of the Wu family, a lackey of the Divine Temple, a genius of Yunxian City... Your life has been smooth sailing, you’ve had everything you could want, so you think everyone should revolve around you, and all women should be yours.”

He leaned slightly forward, looking into Wu Lingyun’s terrified eyes, and said, word by word, “But you’re wrong. There are some things in this world you can’t touch.”

Wu Lingyun trembled all over, his teeth chattering even more violently.

“Chen... David, you... you can’t kill me... I am the only heir of the Wu family... my father is a True Immortal Realm... if you kill me, he won’t let you go... and the Divine Temple... the Divine Temple won’t let you go either...”

David smiled.

That smile carried a faint hint of mockery.

“Wu Lingyun, do you think I care about any of that?”

He straightened up, raised his hand, and golden light condensed in his palm.

Wu Lingyun looked at the golden light, his pupils suddenly contracted, and his face showed extreme despair.

“No...”

he screamed, his voice shrill.

Just as David was about to strike with his palm...

“Stop!”

A cold shout came from afar.

Immediately afterwards, three dark red lights descended from the sky, landing between David and Wu Lingyun, blocking David's path.

The dark red lights dissipated, revealing three figures.

The leader, with a pale face and an eerie dark red aura emanating from him, was none other than Long Mo.

Behind him stood Long Xing and Long Sha.

The three demonic dragon envoys had arrived.

Long Mo looked at David, a cold smile curling at the corner of his mouth: “David, we meet again. This time, you can't escape.”

David withdrew his palm, his gaze falling on Long Mo.

Three days ago, he had been chased and nearly killed by these three demonic dragons. Three days later...

a slight smile played on his lips.

“Run?”

He repeated the word softly, then shook his head. “Who said I was going to run?”

Long Mo was taken aback.

He looked David up and down, then suddenly frowned.

“You... your aura...”

He realized that David's aura was completely different from three days ago.

Three days ago, David was only at the peak of the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and he had beaten him without any chance to fight back.

But now, David gave him a feeling of unfathomable depth.

Even... there was a faint sense of oppression that made his blood tremble.

“Peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?”

Long Mo sneered. “Breaking through from the peak of the second rank to the peak of the third rank in three days is indeed remarkable. But do you think that this little progress makes you an enemy of us?”

Behind him, Long Xing and Long Sha also stepped forward simultaneously, the three forming a triangle, surrounding David in the middle.

Long Mo looked at David, his eyes filled with greed: “David, hand over your Golden Dragon bloodline, and I can give you a quick death. Otherwise...”

He didn’t finish his sentence, but the threat was already crystal clear.

David looked at him calmly, then suddenly smiled.

That smile was exactly the same as the one he had shown when he looked at Wu Lingyun.

Faint, tinged with a hint of mockery.

“Long Mo, do you know, three days ago when you were chasing me, I was indeed no match for you,” he said slowly. “But today...”

He paused, raising his hand, golden light condensing in his palm.

That golden light was dazzling, radiating a suffocating pressure.

“Today, the three of you are nothing more than three ants in my eyes.”

Long Mo’s expression changed, then he sneered, “Arrogant!”

He waved his hand, and Long Xing and Long Sha attacked simultaneously.

Three dark red beams of light, carrying intense demonic energy, hurtled towards David!

David didn’t move.

He didn’t even dodge.

He simply stood there quietly, letting the three attacks, powerful enough to split mountains and shatter rocks, strike him.

“Boom...”

A deafening roar shook the heavens, and dust billowed everywhere.

Long Mo's lips curled into a smug smile: "Fool, taking the full force of the three of us head-on? Even if you're a True Immortal, you'd still..."

His words caught in his throat.

The dust settled.

David remained standing, completely still.

He didn't have a single wound.

Not even a tear in his clothes.

Long Mo's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"This... how is this possible?!"

David raised his hand, lightly brushing away non-existent dust from his robes, and said calmly, "That's it?"

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Long Mo's expression completely changed.

He finally realized that the David before him was not the same David who had been chased and forced to flee three days ago.

It wasn't because of an improved cultivation level, but because of...

that aura.

That aura that made the depths of his bloodline tremble.

It was the pressure of the Dragon Emperor's bloodline.

Three days ago, David was severely injured, his spiritual power suppressed, unable to unleash the true power of his bloodline.

But today, his injuries had healed, the collar had been removed, and his bloodline had fully awakened.

The David of this moment was the true Dragon Emperor.

A strong sense of unease surged in Long Mo's heart, and he subconsciously took a step back.

But at that moment, David moved.

He took a step forward.

In Long Mo's eyes, this step seemed to turn the entire world upside down at that moment.

An invisible pressure, as if it were tangible, pressed down heavily on Long Mo.

Long Mo felt the dragon blood within him solidify at that moment, his legs went weak, and he almost knelt down.

"No...impossible..."

he murmured, "You're only a third-grade Upper Immortal, how could you..."

David didn't answer.

He simply raised his hand and pointed lightly at Long Mo.

"Poof..."

A golden light shot out from his fingertip.

The golden light seemed weak, but the moment it shot out, Long Mo felt death approaching.

He tried to dodge, but found his body frozen, unable to move at all.

The golden light pierced through his brow.

Long Mo's body stiffened on the spot, his expression frozen.

Between his brows, a blood hole the size of a thumb was oozing dark red blood.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but couldn't utter a word.

"Bang!"

The corpse fell to the ground.

Long Mo had fallen.

From Long Mo's body, the Dragon Emperor's Token slowly flew into David's hand.

The remaining Long Xing and Long Sha were completely dumbfounded.

They hadn't even reacted to what had happened before Long Mo was already dead.

Long Xing roared and turned to flee.

Long Sha followed closely behind.

They had barely flown ten zhang when David appeared before them.

"Why are you running?"

David said calmly. "Weren't you going to kill me for my bloodline?"

Despair flashed in Long Xing's eyes as he mustered all his strength and threw a punch at David.

David didn't dodge, nor did he even defend.

He simply stood there, letting the punch slam into his chest.

"Bang!"

The fist landed solidly on David's body.

But David didn't budge, while Long Xing's fist felt a sharp pain, his finger bones shattering.

"You...your physical body..." Long Xing's eyes widened.

David looked at him and said softly, "The Dragon Essence Pill that Long Yuan gave me not only improved my cultivation but also tempered my physical body. Now, the strength of my physical body is comparable to that of a True Immortal."

He raised his hand and gently patted Long Xing's forehead.

Long Xing's brow collapsed, his eyes instantly lost focus, and his body fell from mid-air.

Seeing this, Long Sha was utterly despairing. He knelt on the ground with a thud, kowtowing repeatedly: "Spare me! Your Majesty the Dragon Emperor, spare me! I submit! I surrender!"

David looked down at him, his eyes calm.

"Surrender?"

he repeated softly, "When you surrendered to the Demon Clan, did you ever think of surrendering?"

Long Sha trembled, unable to utter a word.

David didn't look at him again, but simply raised his hand and struck down with his palm.

"Pfft..."

Long Sha's corpse fell into a pool of blood.

All three demonic dragons were annihilated.

From the start to the end, it took only ten breaths.

David stood between the three corpses, his robes still spotless, not a single drop of blood on them.

He turned around and looked at Wu Lingyun, who was cowering in the corner of the mountain wall, terrified out of his wits.

But at that moment, his brows furrowed slightly.

Wu Lingyun was gone.

On the ground, only a puddle of water remained, along with a faint trace of a teleportation talisman.

David looked up and saw a figure desperately fleeing on the distant horizon, disappearing into the distance in the blink of an eye.

"Teleportation talisman..." David said calmly, a hint of disappointment flashing in his eyes.

He didn't give chase.

A teleportation talisman, once activated, could instantly transport someone a thousand miles away. There was no way to catch up.

But it didn't matter. Whether

he killed Wu Lingyun or not, it was all the same.

David withdrew his gaze and turned to walk towards Chen Wanqing.

Chen Wanqing was still slumped on the ground, utterly powerless.

But her eyes remained fixed on David, never wavering for a moment.

She had witnessed everything that had just happened.

The guards who had chased her for three days and three nights were all wiped out by David like ants being crushed.

The three terrifying demonic dragons were all killed by David within ten breaths.

Wu Lingyun, who had terrified her to the extreme, was so frightened by David that he wet his pants and fled in a sorry state.

This man...

this man was too strong.

Not strong in terms of cultivation, but a strength that came from the very bones, an innate strength.

That kind of strength made people submit, made people worship, made people... their hearts flutter.

David walked up to her, squatted down, and looked at her gently.

"Miss Chen, can you still walk?"

Chen Wanqing snapped out of her daze, her cheeks flushing slightly. She lowered her head and whispered, "I... my legs are weak..."

David smiled and reached out to help her up.

Chen Wanqing stood up, draped David's robe over her shoulders, and leaned against him, feeling incredibly safe.

"David..."

she whispered, "Thank you..."

David shook his head: "Don't thank me. I'm late, and I've made you suffer."

Chen Wanqing's eyes welled up, and she almost cried again.

David gently patted her back and said, "Let's go, I'll take you somewhere."

Chen Wanqing nodded, leaned against him, and let him lead her into the depths of the mountains.

Behind them, corpses littered the ground.

The bodies of three demonic dragons lay silently in pools of blood.

In the distance, in the void, a faint, ethereal consciousness watched all of this.

After a moment, that consciousness slowly dissipated.

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In the fourteenth heaven, in a hidden place

, within a gloomy hall, a dark red life lamp suddenly shattered.

The black-robed elder guarding the lamp abruptly opened his eyes, his expression changing drastically.

"Long Mo's life lamp... is broken!"

He abruptly rose and rushed into the depths of the hall.

In the innermost part of the hall, a figure shrouded in dark red mist slowly opened his eyes.

They were cold, ruthless, and demonic eyes.

"Long Mo is dead?" the figure spoke, his voice hoarse and grating.

The black-robed elder knelt, trembling as he said, “Yes, Long Mo’s life lamp is broken, and Long Xing and Long Sha’s life lamps are also broken. The three... perished simultaneously.”

The hall fell into a deathly silence.

After a moment, the figure let out a cold laugh.

“Interesting... that Dragon Emperor bloodline is more interesting than I imagined.”

He stood up, the dark red mist churning around him.

“Pass down the order to intensify the investigation. I need to know where that Dragon Emperor bloodline is hiding.”

“Yes!”

The black-robed elder accepted the order and left.

The figure gazed into the distance, a greedy glint in his eyes.

“Dragon Emperor bloodline...you are mine.”

...

Outside Heavenly Dragon Valley, David led Chen Wanqing through layers of restrictions and stepped into this sacred land of the dragon race.

Chen Wanqing stared at everything before her—the golden dragon aura filling the sky, the majestic dragon-shaped palace, the giant dragons circling and soaring in the distance—she was completely stunned.

“This...this is...”

David, supporting her hand, said calmly, “Heavenly Dragon Valley, the secluded dwelling place of the dragon race.”

Chen Wanqing gasped.

The dragon race...

the legendary dragon race, actually exists?

She recalled the three demonic dragons, recalled the strength David had just displayed, and suddenly understood many things.

David truly was the Dragon Emperor.

Long Hao had already been waiting at the valley entrance with several members of the dragon race. Seeing David return with a woman, they hurriedly went to greet him.

“Your Majesty, this is...”

David said, “My friend. Arrange a place for her to stay, and find some healing pills.”

Long Hao nodded quickly and ordered someone to help Chen Wanqing to rest.

Before leaving, Chen Wanqing turned back to look at David, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

She wanted to say something, but didn’t know where to begin.

David looked at her and smiled slightly: “Heal your injuries first. We can talk about it later.”

Chen Wanqing nodded and left with the Dragon Clan members.

David stood there, watching her departing figure, his smile slowly fading.

He turned around and looked at Long Hao. “Long Hao, summon Long Zhan. I have something to ask him.”

Long Hao immediately obeyed.

A moment later, Long Zhan rushed over.

“Your Majesty, you summoned me?”

David nodded, standing with his hands behind his back, his gaze profound.

“Long Mo is dead. Long Xing and Long Sha are also dead. I killed them.”

Upon hearing this, Long Zhan was first stunned, then his face lit up with wild joy.

“Your Majesty is mighty! Those three traitors have finally been executed!”

David waved his hand, his expression remaining calm.

“Long Zhan, I ask you, how many people are in the Demon Dragon lineage? Where is their lair?”

Long Zhan's smile faded, and after a moment of contemplation, he replied, "Your Majesty, I don't know the exact number of the Demon Dragon lineage. But there are at least three to five hundred of them, including many True Immortal Realm experts. Their lair... is very well hidden. I've investigated for years, but I still haven't found its exact location."

David was silent for a moment, then said calmly, "I understand."

Long Zhan looked at him, hesitated for a moment, and said, "Your Majesty, you killed Long Mo and the other two. The Demon Dragon lineage will surely retaliate fiercely. What do you intend to do..."

David turned around and looked into the distance.

The afterglow of the setting sun bathed him in golden light.

"Retaliation?" A slight smile appeared on his lips. "Let them come."

Long Zhan was taken aback, then a look of awe flashed in his eyes.

This Dragon Emperor was indeed extraordinary.

"By the way," David suddenly said, "that Wu Lingyun escaped. He had a teleportation talisman, so I couldn't catch him."

Long Zhan frowned: "Wu Lingyun? You mean the young master of the Wu family?"

David nodded.

Long Zhan pondered, "Your Majesty, the Wu family has considerable power in Yunxian City and is also colluding with the Divine Temple. After Wu Lingyun escapes back, he will definitely add fuel to the fire and incite the Wu family and the Divine Temple to deal with you. Should I send someone..."

David raised his hand, interrupting him.

"No need. One Wu Lingyun can't cause any trouble."

He paused, his tone indifferent: "Let him go back and spread the news. Perfect, I also want to see just how many people in the Fourteenth Heaven want to kill me."

Upon hearing this, Long Zhan's heart trembled.

This Your Majesty is... actively inviting the enemy?

He looked up at David, only to see that on that young face, there was not a trace of fear, only a faint, arrogant disdain for the world.

At that moment, Long Zhan suddenly thought of His Majesty the Dragon Emperor from ten thousand years ago.

The Dragon Emperor of yesteryear had the same gaze.

The same bearing.

Long Zhan took a deep breath and bowed deeply.

“Your Majesty, I am willing to follow you, even unto death!”

David glanced at him and nodded.

“Rise. Take good care of Miss Chen for me first. We can discuss other matters later.”

“Yes!”

Long Zhan accepted the order and left.

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The night in Tianlong Valley was so quiet that you could hear the whisper of the wind rustling through the leaves.

The deep, inky sky seemed to have been painted with a giant brush, even the stars seemed daunted by the valley’s spiritual energy, daring only to peek out with a faint glow.

A full, jade-like moon hung high in the sky, its clear light pouring down like water, gently enveloping the entire Tianlong Valley.

The moonlight was not its usual coldness, but rather carried a faint, luminous glow, contrasting beautifully with the surging golden dragon energy above the valley.

The dragon energy condensed into tiny golden dragon phantoms, circling and swirling in the air, sometimes swooping down, sometimes soaring up.

Their scales shimmered with dazzling golden light in the moonlight, emitting a soft yet majestic dragon roar, as if guarding this secret realm.

David sat cross-legged on the edge of a towering cliff.

Clouds and mist swirled around the cliff edge, with a bottomless abyss below, yet he sat as still as a rock, his posture upright like a pine tree, eyes closed, his aura calm and deep.

He wore a simple golden robe, the fabric of which was dragon scale brocade specially sewn for him by the dragon clan, soft and smooth, with subtle patterns flowing across it, echoing the golden light surrounding him.

At this moment, the golden light around him flowed ceaselessly, not deliberately manipulated, but rising and falling naturally like breathing.

With each flow, his aura became more solid, and the concentration of spiritual energy around him surged.

His aura was several times more solid than when he first stepped into Heavenly Dragon Valley three days ago.

Although his cultivation level remained at the peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, showing no signs of breakthrough, David knew in his heart that his current strength far surpassed that of cultivators of the same level.

Yet, in the past few days, he had not rushed into seclusion to cultivate and break through to the fourth rank.

He was waiting, waiting for two crucial people.

He was waiting for Chen Wanqing to recover from her injuries.

Chen Wanqing, covered in wounds and in a disheveled state, had stumbled into Tianlong Valley, her aura chaotic and her meridians severely damaged.

If it weren't for the miraculous healing pills of the Dragon Clan, and the wisp of golden dragon energy he had transferred to her to protect her heart, she would likely have already perished.

He was also waiting for news of Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

Those two, he didn't know where they had gone. David's brow furrowed almost imperceptibly, a hint of worry in his heart. Ming Li was extremely experienced, and Liu Qianqian was meticulous; theoretically, the two of them traveling together should be able to handle any trouble they encountered. But despite his worry, David wasn't too

impatient. The golden light around him paused slightly, then resumed its steady flow, and his mind calmed down. Just then, he heard soft footsteps behind him. "Your Majesty." Long Hao's respectful voice rang out. He was a core member of the Heavenly Dragon lineage, with a cultivation level reaching the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. He was also the first dragon cultivator to submit to David after he entered Heavenly Dragon Valley.

David did not turn around, remaining in his cross-legged meditation posture, his voice indifferent: "What is it?"

Long Hao immediately stopped, standing a few steps behind David, bowing deeply: "Reporting to Your Majesty, the guards at the valley entrance just reported that they have captured two suspicious human cultivators.

A man and a woman, both with cultivation levels at the sixth rank of the Middle Immortal Realm, carrying no identification and refusing to reveal their origins." "

They were merely peeking around outside the valley, behaving suspiciously, seemingly trying to sneak into the valley under the cover of night.

The guards noticed something amiss and stepped forward to stop them. The two tried to resist, but were easily subdued by the guards."

David raised an eyebrow slightly, his tightly closed eyes slowly opening, a hint of surprise flashing in them.

"Bring them here." His voice remained calm, yet carried an undeniable air of command. "I want to see them myself."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" Long Hao respectfully accepted the order and turned to leave quickly.

A moment later, heavy footsteps echoed.

Several dragon guards clad in silver armor escorted two people slowly to David's side.

The two were bound tightly with thick black iron chains, the chains wrapped with dense, restrictive runes that suppressed their spiritual energy.

Obvious signs of a struggle remained on their bodies.

The man was covered in dirt, his hair disheveled, his face bruised and swollen, his clothes tattered;

the woman also had disheveled hair, her clothes caked with mud, several shallow wounds on her face, and a pale complexion.

But when David saw their faces clearly, he froze.

“Ming Li? Liu Qianqian?”

he murmured, his tone carrying a barely perceptible hint of teasing, and a hidden concern.

The two bound men froze upon hearing the familiar voice.

They struggled to lift their heads, and their eyes widened in shock when they saw David, the man they had been searching for.

“Mr. Chen?!”

“Young Master Chen?!”

they exclaimed simultaneously, their voices filled with excitement, elation, and the relief of surviving a close call.

“Quick! Untie me!” David urged, his voice urgent.