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Behind him followed a woman dressed in pristine white, and a young man and woman.

It was David and his entourage.

When Wu Lingyun saw that face clearly, he was struck dumb, his face turning deathly pale. His legs went weak, and he collapsed into his chair.

His teeth chattered, making a gurgling sound:

“Chen... David?! It’s you!!”

This scream, shrill and desperate, instantly echoed throughout the deathly silent hall. Wu Lie abruptly stood up, his True Immortal Realm aura erupting like a mountain. His eyes flashed like lightning, locking onto the golden figure: “You are the culprit who destroyed the Chen family, David?”

David stopped, his gaze sweeping calmly over the entire room.

Those guests who usually considered themselves from prestigious families dared not meet his eyes under his gaze, all lowering their heads and trembling.

Finally, his gaze fell on Wu Lie, his tone as indifferent as if asking about the weather:

“You are Wu Lie?”

Wu Lie laughed in fury, the sound shaking dust from the rafters: “How dare you! I was just looking for you, and you’ve delivered yourself to my doorstep to die! Since you’re here, don’t even think about leaving alive!”

David smiled.

The smile was faint, yet carried a mocking condescension, exactly the same expression he had shown Wu Lingyun three days ago.

“Deliver yourself to my doorstep?”

He repeated softly, his voice not loud, but clearly penetrating everyone’s ears. “Wu Lie, you seem to have some misunderstanding about your position.”

He slowly raised his hand, his slender fingers passing over Wu Lie, pointing directly at Wu Lingyun behind him.

“I’m here today to do only two things.”

His voice was cold and unquestionable.

“First, kill Wu Lingyun.”

“Second, destroy the Wu family.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the entire hall erupted in uproar, followed by a deathly silence.

The guests looked at each other, their eyes filled with disbelief and a sense of absurdity.

“Has this kid gone mad?”

Wu Lie is a genuine True Immortal Realm Level 1 expert!

The Wu family has dozens of Upper Immortal Realm experts and hundreds of elite guards, their formations are formidable!

How dare he, alone, with only three juniors who look like Upper Immortal Realm cultivators, utter such arrogant words as annihilating the entire Wu family?

” Wu Lie trembled with rage, his anger turning into a cruel laugh: “Fine! Fine! Fine! In my hundred years of dominating Yunxian City, this is the first time I’ve seen such an arrogant and ignorant madman!

Men! Seize them! I will tear them to pieces to appease my son’s terrified soul!”

“Kill!”

Dozens of heavily armored guards roared in unison, their weapons gleaming coldly, like a torrent of steel, instantly surrounding David and his companions.

Chen Wanqing gripped her longsword tightly, her knuckles white from the force, a resolute glint in her eyes.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian also summoned their magical artifacts, their spiritual energy surging, ready for battle.

Only David remained standing with his hands behind his back, not even lifting an eyelid, as if those surrounding him weren’t murderous cultivators, but a flock of lambs to the slaughter.

“Miss Chen,”

he suddenly spoke, his voice gentle.

Chen Wanqing was startled: “Hmm?”

David said calmly, “How did your father and the elders die?”

Chen Wanqing’s eyes reddened slightly, and she gritted her teeth, saying, “They... ambushed and killed them, leaving no trace of their bodies.”

David nodded slightly, a cold smile curving his lips: “Then today, you’ll open your eyes wide and watch how I make sure they don’t even leave a complete corpse.”

Before he finished speaking, he took a step forward.

This step seemed slow and leisurely, like a casual stroll.

But strangely, as his foot landed, his figure vanished into thin air, and the next second, he appeared in the very center of the dozens of guards!

Too fast!

Extremely fast, so fast that even divine sense couldn’t detect it!

The guards didn’t even have time to react; a flash of golden light, and the world plunged into eternal darkness.

David didn’t use any fancy spells, nor did he chant any lengthy incantations.

He simply slapped his hand, and a guard’s head exploded like a ripe watermelon; he casually waved his hand, and an invisible force swept across, sending three guards flying like kites with broken strings, their ribs shattered;

he casually pointed, and golden light flickered from his fingertip, instantly piercing a guard’s brow, severing his life force.

With each strike, someone fell.

Each fall was instantaneous, without even a scream.

He walked slowly through the crowd, his robes fluttering, spotless.

Wherever he passed, blood mist filled the air, limbs flew, like a demon descending to earth, reaping lives as easily as cutting grass.

Less than ten breaths.

Just ten breaths.

Dozens of elite guards, all wiped out.

Not a single survivor.

Corpses littered the floor, blood flowed like a river, and the pungent stench of blood instantly filled the entire hall.

The guests were utterly stunned.

Their mouths gaped open, their eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets, their minds blank.

What kind of power was this?

What kind of method was this?

They hadn't even seen how David made his move, and those people were already dead?

This was a crushing defeat! A naked, unquestionable crushing defeat!

Wu Lie's expression finally changed.

His previous contempt and anger were now replaced by a deep solemnity.

He finally understood why his son had been so terrified.

This young man couldn't be judged by ordinary standards!

But he was, after all, a True Immortal Realm Level One expert; how could he be intimidated by a junior?

"You dare, you brat!"

Wu Lie roared, his true essence circulating wildly, his True Immortal Realm aura exploding forth, causing the entire hall to tremble.

He raised his hand and struck out with a palm strike, as if holding a towering mountain within it, carrying the power to split mountains and shatter rocks, capable of destroying the heavens and the earth, slamming it down fiercely towards David's crown!

This palm strike contained all his life's power, enough to level a mountain!

Facing this thunderous attack, David looked up at the enormous palm print approaching him, a playful smile playing on his lips.

He didn't dodge. He

didn't even raise his hand to block.

He simply stood there quietly, hands behind his back, letting the terrifying palm strike land squarely on his body.

"Boom!!!"

A deafening roar shook the heavens, and a violent shockwave swept outwards from the two figures, instantly turning the surrounding tables and chairs to dust. Many guests with lower cultivation levels were even thrown into the air, coughing up blood.

Wu Lie's lips curled into a cruel and triumphant smile: "Arrogant brat, prepare to die!"

But the next moment, his smile froze completely on his face.

The dust settled. David remained standing, completely motionless.

His golden robe wasn't even wrinkled.

Not a single wound, not even a tear in the hem!

Wu Lie's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, his pupils contracted sharply, and his voice trembled:

“This...how is this possible?! My true essence...can't even harm you in the slightest?!” David raised his hand, elegantly brushing away non-existent dust from his sleeve, a hint of disappointment in his voice:

“That's it?”

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These two words were like two resounding slaps to Wu Lie's face, and also to the hearts of all the Wu family members.

Wu Lie's face turned ashen, filled with shame and indignation. He finally realized that the young man before him was a hundred, a thousand times more terrifying than he had imagined!

“I don't believe it! I don't believe it!”

He gritted his teeth and attacked again.

This time, he held nothing back, unleashing the Wu family's strongest technique. Fists and palm strikes intertwined into a net, each move deadly, each step filled with murderous intent, as if he wanted to tear David to shreds.

However, the outcome remained unchanged.

David still neither dodged nor evaded, standing like a pillar of the sea.

Every punch landed on David, yet it was like a mud ox sinking into the sea, not even causing a ripple.

Every palm strike landed on David's chest, yet it was like a gentle breeze brushing a mountain, unable to shake him in the slightest.

After ten moves,

Wu Lie was panting heavily, covered in sweat, and the fear in his eyes had reached its peak.

His hands began to tremble uncontrollably, sharp pain shooting through his knuckles, as if he hadn't just been hitting someone, but rather his flesh and blood colliding with the millennia-old black iron.

David, however, remained standing there quietly, looking down at him, his eyes as calm as a stagnant pool, utterly unmoving.

“Had enough?”

David asked softly, his voice eerily gentle.

Wu Lie opened his mouth, wanting to utter harsh words, to threaten, but found his throat dry, unable to utter a single word.

That tremor originating from the depths of his soul completely extinguished his fighting spirit.

David slowly raised his hand.

The movement was slow, very light.
Then, he struck down with his palm.
“Pfft...”

A muffled sound.

Wu Lie’s proud head instantly exploded like a watermelon struck by a heavy hammer!
Red and white splattered everywhere.

The headless corpse swayed, then with a “thud,” fell straight to the ground.

Wu Lie, the patriarch of the Wu family, a True Immortal Realm Level One expert, had fallen!

So swift, so humiliating, so... laughable.

The entire hall was deathly silent.

You could hear a pin drop.

The guests, the martial arts disciples, the surviving guards—all were frozen in place, as if under a spell. Wu

Lie, a True Immortal Realm Level 1 cultivator, was dead just like that?

Swatted like a fly by a mere Upper Immortal Realm Level 3 brat?

Had the world gone mad?

David withdrew his hand, his gaze calmly sweeping across the hall.

Wherever his gaze fell, everyone lowered their heads, no one daring to meet his eyes.

“Who else?”

Those three words, calm as still water, resounded like thunder in everyone’s hearts.

No one dared to move.

No one dared to utter a sound.

Even their breathing was deliberately suppressed to a minimum.

Wu Lingyun slumped in his chair, already incontinent, urine streaming down his trousers, yet he remained oblivious.

He stared at his father’s headless corpse, at the blood-soaked ground, his mind blank, filled only with endless despair.

David strode towards him.

Each step felt like a blow to Wu Lingyun’s heart, suffocating him and making his heart pound.

Finally, David stopped in front of him.

A shadow fell over him, and Wu Lingyun felt as if death itself was gripping his throat.

“Wu Lingyun,”

David said, his voice still calm, revealing no emotion.

“I’ve said it before, there are some things in this world you can’t touch.

There are some people you can’t afford to offend.”

Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, wanting to kneel and beg for mercy, wanting to kowtow and admit his mistakes, wanting to say that he was forced by his father...

But extreme fear choked his throat, and he couldn’t utter a sound, only convulsing, tears streaming down his face.

David looked at him, his eyes devoid of pity, only a detached indifference that seemed to have seen through the world.

He slowly raised his right hand, his index finger lightly touching the ground.

At his fingertip, a wisp of brilliant golden light condensed, like a falling star.
“Pfft...”

The golden light flashed.

A bloody hole, as thick as a thumb, instantly pierced through Wu Lingyun’s brow, protruding from his forehead and exploding into a cloud of blood mist at the back of his head.

Wu Lingyun’s body stiffened abruptly, his expression frozen in that moment—terrification, despair, and regret.

He wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

“Bang...”

The body fell to the ground, eyes wide open, dying with unfinished business. Wu Lingyun, fallen.

David withdrew his hand, as if casually brushing away an annoying mosquito.

He turned to look at Chen Wanqing, who had been standing quietly to the side.

Chen Wanqing stood there, tears silently streaming down her face, soaking her clothes.

She looked at Wu Lingyun’s corpse, at Wu Lie’s headless body, at the blood and devastation on the ground, and an indescribable emotion welled up in her heart.

It was the grief that had been building up for days, the satisfaction of revenge, and even more so, a deep shock and awe at the man before her.

Father, elders, members of the Chen family...

did you see that?

The revenge was taken.

And it was taken so thoroughly, so satisfyingly!

David walked up to her, reached out, and gently patted her thin shoulder.

That hand was warm and strong, instantly dispelling the chill in her heart.

“Let’s go.”

His voice was still calm, yet it carried a reassuring strength.

“There are still people from the Temple waiting for us.”

Chen Wanqing looked up at him, her eyes brimming with tears, and nodded vigorously.

...

Half an hour later.

Yunxian City, a branch of the Temple.

This once majestic hall, a symbol of the Temple’s supreme power, was now a ruin.

Smoke still lingered among the broken walls and rubble.

The corpses of three Temple elders lay scattered in pools of blood, their once arrogant expressions now twisted with terror.

More than twenty elite Temple soldiers were also killed instantly.

David stood in the center of the ruins, his golden robe fluttering slightly in the wind, still spotless and untouched by dust.

It was as if the massacre had nothing to do with him; he had merely passed by and casually brushed away a few specks of dust.

Behind him, Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian watched all this silently, their hearts filled with turmoil.

The tears on Chen Wanqing’s face had dried.

Looking at the corpses of the enemies who had wiped out her family, her eyes held no

hatred, only utter relief.
“David,”
she whispered, her voice slightly hoarse.
David turned to look at her.

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, walked to him, straightened her clothes, and bowed deeply, remaining motionless for a long time.

“Thank you.”

These three words carried immense weight.

David shook his head, reaching out to help her up, his movements natural and casual.

“No need to thank me.”

He gazed into the distance, his tone as calm as still water:

“The Wu family and the Divine Temple are inherently connected to me. Helping you was merely a convenient gesture, and also a way of helping myself.”

Chen Wanqing looked at him, her eyes reddening again.

She wanted to say something more in gratitude, but found that in the face of such absolute power and magnanimity, any words seemed pale and powerless.

David smiled slightly, a smile as gentle as a spring breeze, yet carrying a serene composure that seemed to survey the world.

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On the ruins of a branch temple of the Divine Temple in Yunxian City,

David’s gaze slowly swept over the broken walls and rubble beneath his feet. From the collapsed pillars and shattered shrines to the cold corpses, his eyes remained utterly devoid of emotion, showing neither the satisfaction of revenge nor the ferocity of slaughter.

It was as if this branch temple, once revered by the people of Yunxian City and the source of the Chen family’s annihilation, was nothing more than a pile of ordinary rubble in his eyes, indistinguishable from the roadside stones and weeds.

His state of mind had long transcended worldly love, hate, anger, and delusion. Having endured the battles of the Thirteen Heavens and traversed countless mountains of corpses and seas of blood, the destruction and slaughter before him were, to him, merely a speck of dust on his path, easily brushed away with a wave of his hand.

Chen Wanqing stood beside him, her plain white dress already stained with blood, her hair disheveled and clinging to her cheeks, her face still bearing traces of wet tears and the weariness of battle.

Her gaze fell upon the haphazardly laid corpses, her expression a complex mix of emotions: the satisfaction of revenge, the grief of losing her family, and a hint of uncertainty about the future.

The revenge was complete.

The deep-seated hatred that had weighed on the Chen family for decades, the resentment that had festered in her heart for countless days and nights, had finally been resolved.

Those temple disciples who had once humiliated the Chen family and slaughtered their clansmen, those high-ranking temple warriors who had treated the Chen family like dirt, were now cold corpses, lying in the ruins of this branch temple they had once been so proud of.

But what then?

The Chen family was gone, her clansmen were gone, leaving her utterly alone.

All the glory and prosperity of the past had vanished with the destruction of the temple branch.

She didn't know where she should go, what she should do; she seemed to have lost her way, left only with an emptiness and bewilderment in her heart.

She slowly raised her head, her gaze falling on David's cool profile. Her voice carried a barely perceptible hoarseness and bewilderment as she softly asked, "David, what are your plans now?"

David slowly turned around, his gaze meeting hers. His eyes were cool and calm, yet held a subtle gentleness, as if he could see through her bewilderment and helplessness.

His voice wasn't loud, but it carried an undeniable firmness as he said calmly, "I came to the Fourteenth Heaven precisely to reach the Holy Domain of Light. Now that the matter of Cloud Immortal City is settled and my great revenge has been avenged, it's time for me to set off."

"The Holy Domain of Light?"

Chen Wanqing paused slightly, a hint of doubt flashing in her eyes, before pressing for an answer, "What are you going there for? The Holy Domain of Light is a sacred place

of the Fourteenth Heaven, heavily guarded. Is there something important you need to do there?”

David remained silent for a moment, his aura softening slightly. He slowly raised his hand and took out a soul crystal from his robes, its surface smooth and shimmering with a faint blue light.

The soul crystal was about the size of a fist, crystal clear, as if it contained a pool of clear autumn water.

Upon closer inspection, two illusory figures could be faintly seen within the soul crystal, curled up inside, eyes closed, their breaths weak, seemingly asleep, as if they might vanish at any moment.

“The souls of two people are sealed here,”

he said slowly, his voice lowering slightly, carrying a hint of solemnity. “They are my friends. They were killed by the temple, their bodies destroyed, and their souls forcibly sealed in this soul crystal, barely clinging to life.

The Temple of Light in the Holy Land is rumored to possess the ability to awaken souls. I need to go there, find the Temple, and find a way to resurrect them.”

Chen Wanqing looked at the soul crystal, at the two faint, illusory figures inside, a flicker of emotion crossing her eyes.

She knew that David was aloof and taciturn, rarely showing such concern for anyone or anything. Anyone who could command such seriousness from him, someone willing to venture into the perilous Holy Land of Light, must hold extraordinary significance for him.

She nodded gently, suppressing her confusion, and her tone became more firm: “I understand. To reach the Holy Land of Light, you need to use the inter-domain teleportation array, right? As for the teleportation array...”

David interrupted her, saying calmly, “I originally wanted to use the Chen family’s resources to raise immortal liquid, but then the temple suddenly attacked, and those things happened, so I didn’t bring it up again. But now...”

He paused, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing again, his tone carrying a hint of consideration and trust: “Although your Chen family is gone, Cloud Immortal City still exists. This city is the foundation that the Chen family has built over hundreds of years. If you are willing, you

can stay for now.” “Come, take control of Yunxian City, gather the remaining forces, accumulate strength, and rebuild the Chen family.”

Upon hearing this, Chen Wanqing immediately shook her head, her tone firm, her eyes filled with a hint of pleading and a barely perceptible stubbornness: "David, you've helped me so much, avenging the Chen family's blood feud. If it weren't for you, I would have already died at the hands of the temple disciples, and the Chen family's great revenge would never have been achieved.

I can also help you arrange the teleportation array, contact the guardian of the teleportation array, and ensure that the teleportation array can be activated smoothly without any accidents. Even if the Chen family is gone, I don't think anyone will stop us from using the teleportation array in Yunxian City."

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David looked at the earnestness and stubbornness in her eyes and remained silent for a moment.

He could feel the gratitude and determination in Chen Wanqing's heart, and he understood that she wanted to repay his kindness in this way, and also wanted to find a foothold and a direction to move forward.

After a long while, he slowly nodded, his tone still calm, but with a hint of approval: "Okay."

One word, concise and powerful, both agreeing to Chen Wanqing's request and trusting her.

Just then...

Ming Li, who had been silent and standing not far behind David, suddenly changed his expression drastically. His originally dark face instantly turned deathly pale, and the ghostly aura around him became restless, as if he had encountered something extremely terrifying.

He suddenly raised his head, his eyes wide open, staring intently into the distance, a trace of extreme shock and solemnity flashing in his eyes, even with a hint of barely perceptible fear.

Ming Li was born a ghost cultivator, and had an innate sensitivity to the aura of the ghost race. Even the faintest ghostly aura could not escape his perception.

“Mr. Chen!”

He could no longer hold back, his voice trembling slightly as he exclaimed, “I sensed... a strong aura of the Ghost Clan! It’s incredibly dense and extremely malevolent, definitely not from an ordinary Ghost Clan cultivator; it must be at least at the Saint Venerable level!”

“The sudden appearance of such a Ghost Clan aura in the Fourteenth Heaven—could it be another trick by the Divine Temple?”

David raised an eyebrow, his gaze instantly falling on Ming Li, a barely perceptible hint of seriousness flashing in his eyes.

He knew Ming Li’s abilities and how acutely he sensed the aura of the Ghost Clan. If Ming Li said he sensed a Ghost Clan aura, and such a dense one at that, then it couldn’t be wrong.

“What direction?”

David’s voice remained calm, yet carried an undeniable authority, as if he could handle any danger with ease.

Ming Li closed his eyes, took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the agitation and fear within him, and focused intently on sensing.

The ghostly energy around him slowly emanated, connecting with the faint Ghost Clan aura in the air, carefully pinpointing the direction from which the aura was emanating.

A moment later, he suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze fixed firmly on the northeast direction, and said with certainty, “Over there, about eight thousand miles away, the aura is extremely strong, and it is still growing stronger!”

David’s gaze sharpened, and he looked in the direction Ming Li was pointing.

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Eight thousand miles away lies the edge of the temple’s sphere of influence, a desolate and uninhabited mountain range, ancient trees reaching for the sky, perpetually shrouded in mist—a wild and untamed region rarely visited by humans.

How could the aura of the Ghost Clan appear there?

A thought flashed through his mind, a thought that made his heart sink slightly... the Sacred Mountain.

When he first arrived in the Fourteenth Heaven, he had wreaked havoc on the temple's Sacred Mountain, destroying the altar the temple used to resurrect powerful Ghost Clan members and thwarting the temple's conspiracy.

But he knew in his heart that the temple's influence was vast, spanning the Fourteenth Heaven; it couldn't possibly have only one Sacred Mountain, nor only one altar.

Could it be... that the temple had also built Sacred Mountains in other parts of the Fourteenth Heaven, secretly resurrecting powerful Ghost Clan members and refining ghost corpses?

If so, then things were troublesome.

The Ghost Clan is inherently ferocious and bloodthirsty. If the Temple were to resurrect a large number of powerful Ghost Clan members and refine them into ghost corpses that obey their commands, then the entire Fourteenth Heaven would be plunged into misery, and countless cultivators and mortals would become food for the ghost corpses.

"Mr. Chen, could it be that the Holy Mountain repaired it?"

Ming Li asked cautiously, his tone tinged with uncertainty. "Although the Holy Mountain had several altars destroyed back then, the Temple is incredibly powerful. Perhaps they have some heaven-defying methods that can quickly repair it... If that's the case, we'll be in trouble. I've witnessed the strength of the Ghost Crying Saint Venerable!"

David slowly shook his head, his tone absolutely certain, without the slightest hesitation: "It's not the Holy Mountain. Although I only destroyed three altars, even if the Temple has heaven-defying methods, it's impossible for them to repair it in such a short time."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes, and his aura became sharp, as if he wanted to completely freeze all the evil in the world.

"The temple certainly has more than one sacred mountain, and they definitely won't let this go. They must have other sacred mountains elsewhere, using formations to revive powerful ghost clan members, refine them into ghost corpses, strengthen their own power, and plot wickedly."

Ming Li's expression changed again, his eyes filled with worry: "Then... what do we do now? If we let them revive powerful ghost clan members, the consequences will be unimaginable!"

David slowly turned around, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing, his tone becoming more serious: "Miss Chen, the plan has changed."

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, then nodded, her eyes showing no hesitation, and said firmly: "Tell me, what do you need me to do? Whatever it is, I will do my best and will never hold you back." David looked at her and said solemnly, "I'm going to that mountainous area eight thousand miles away to investigate the source of the ghost clan's aura. If it truly is the sacred mountain of the temple, I will destroy it to stop them from resurrecting the ghost clan's powerful figures and thwart their conspiracy."

During this time, you stay in Yunxian City. Use the remaining influence of the Chen family to gather those forces that are dependent on the Chen family, take control of the city, stabilize the order of Yunxian City, and prevent Yunxian City from falling into chaos."

He paused and continued, "Also, keep an eye on the teleportation array for me. Contact the guardian of the teleportation array and make preparations. When I return, we will immediately set off for the Holy Domain of Light."

Chen Wanqing looked at him, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes—reluctance, worry, and a trace of gratitude.

She knew that David was giving her a chance and trusting her.

What did it mean to control Yunxian City?

It meant she would become the master of this city, it meant she would have her own power and influence.

It meant she was no longer that orphan girl who could only rely on others and be bullied by others; it meant she could stand up again and protect everything she wanted to protect.

This was David's gift to her, a weighty trust, a gift that helped her find her direction again.

"David..."

she murmured, her voice choked with emotion, a thousand words unspoken.

David waved his hand, interrupting her, his tone calm yet firm: "No need to say more. I believe in you, you can do it."

He then turned to Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

Liu Qianqian had been standing quietly to the side, dressed in green, her face beautiful, her eyes filled with determination. Whatever decision David made, she would obey unconditionally.

“You two, come with me,” David said calmly.

Ming Li nodded immediately, his worry instantly replaced by excitement, a glint of fanaticism in his eyes. He hurriedly said, “Alright! Mr. Chen, let’s smash up the temple’s territory, kill those resurrected ghost scum, and let them know how powerful we are!”

“And let our ghost clan’s strongmen rest in peace. We can’t let them die and still be tormented by these temple beasts.”

Ming Li now hated these guys from the temple to the core.

Back then, the gods nearly wiped out the ghost race by hunting them down. Now, they’re even going so far as to use the corpses of powerful ghosts to create ghost corpses.

It’s utterly inhuman!

Liu Qianqian nodded gently, her voice soft yet resolute: “I’ll go with you.”

As soon as she finished speaking, the three figures moved simultaneously.

David’s body flashed with golden light, his gilded robe fluttering in the wind. His figure seemed to teleport, instantly transforming into a golden streak of light, speeding towards the northeast. His speed was so great that it almost broke the limitations of space, leaving only a faint golden afterimage.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind. Ming Li was surrounded by ghostly energy, transforming into a black streak of light.

Liu Qianqian used her lightness technique, her figure as lithe as a swallow, transforming into a streak of azure light. The three figures moved like three bolts of lightning between heaven and earth, swiftly flying towards the desolate mountainous region eight thousand miles away, disappearing into the horizon of Yunxian City in an instant.

Chen Wanqing stood there, watching their departing figures, her gaze lingering for a long time.

The gale still howled, the ashes still danced, the ruins still stood silent, but the previous confusion and emptiness in her heart were gone, replaced by determination and courage.

After a long while, she took a deep breath, slowly turned around, and her gaze fell on the ruined branch of the temple, a resolute glint in her eyes.

She raised her hand, gently wiping away the tears and dust from her face, her aura becoming firm.

From this day forward, Yunxian City would belong to the Chen family.

She would reclaim the glory of the Chen family;

she had avenged the Chen family;

she would walk the path ahead with unwavering resolve, never betraying David's trust, never betraying herself, and never betraying her fallen clansmen. Eight thousand miles away, amidst the vast, desolate mountains.

Here, the mountains stretched endlessly, peaks upon peaks, ancient trees reaching for the sky, blocking out the sun. Sunlight filtered through the dense foliage, casting dappled shadows that rustled on the thick layer of fallen leaves.

Mist swirled in the mountains, the air thick with moisture, carrying a faint, refreshing scent of grass and trees.

Yet, mingled with this fragrance was a subtle, chilling, and malevolent aura, cold and piercing, carrying a strong stench of blood and decay that sent shivers down one's spine.

David and his two companions concealed themselves in the dense forest of a mountain peak, concealing all their presence, approaching silently like three shadows.

David's gaze, sharp as a hawk's, swept across the mountains ahead. His divine sense slowly spread out, covering an area of hundreds of miles, meticulously examining every movement in the surroundings, leaving no stone unturned.

Ming Li also suppressed his ghostly aura, lowered his voice, and leaned close to David, his tone grave: "Mr. Chen, that ghostly aura is emanating from that mountain peak ahead. It's growing stronger and stronger; it seems their ritual to resurrect the ghostly powerhouses has reached a crucial stage."

David looked in the direction Ming Li indicated. Not far ahead, a majestic mountain stood amidst the clouds. The mountain soared into the sky, its steep slopes and dark black rocks, as if soaked in blood, exuding a faint, malevolent aura.

At the summit, a thick layer of blood-red mist shrouded the area, and within the mist, a massive altar was faintly visible.

From the altar, crimson light shot into the sky, piercing the clouds. Within that light lay a dense, malevolent power, chilling to the bone.

From afar, it resembled a lurking beast, baring its ferocious fangs, radiating a suffocating pressure.

Around the altar, countless temple soldiers patrolled, clad in black armor engraved with eerie runes, radiating a chilling killing intent. Their

sharp eyes scanned the surroundings warily, not missing a single anomaly. A

rough estimate suggested at least a thousand soldiers, including many eighth-grade Upper Immortals and even a few ninth-grade experts, guarding the altar with impenetrable defenses, making any attempt to approach difficult.

In the center of the altar, a massive coffin floated silently in mid-air, its surface entirely black, covered in dense, eerie runes.