

A Man Like None Other Novel

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The runes emanated a dense ghostly aura and crimson light, while dark red liquid flowed across the surface of the coffin, emitting a nauseating stench of decay.

Within the coffin, a colossal figure could be vaguely discerned, huddled within, radiating an intense ghostly aura mixed with a faint, yet chilling, pressure of Saintly Venerable level.

“As expected, it’s the Holy Mountain.”

David’s lips curled into a cold smile, a sharp glint flashing in his eyes. His tone carried a hint of disdain. “The Temple really isn’t giving up. Even after I thwarted their conspiracy, they’re still resurrecting powerful ghost clan members and refining ghost corpses. They’re truly courting death.”

Ming Li leaned forward, lowering his voice, his tone tinged with worry and awe: “Mr. Chen, the one in that coffin should be the powerful ghost clan member they’re resurrecting.

Judging from the aura, he’s at least at the Saint Venerable level. And it seems the resurrection ritual is already more than halfway complete. It won’t be long before he fully awakens, and then we’ll be in trouble.”

David nodded slowly, his gaze fixed on the coffin floating in the center of the altar, a trace of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

He could clearly feel the ghostly energy within the coffin constantly increasing, and the enormous figure’s aura was also constantly awakening, its surrounding pressure growing stronger and stronger. Clearly, the resurrection ritual had reached its most crucial moment.

If they wait any longer, the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable will soon be fully resurrected, becoming a ghost corpse controlled by the temple. At that point, killing him will become incredibly difficult, and it will bring immense disaster to the Fourteenth Heaven.

“We cannot let them succeed,”

David said calmly, his tone unwavering. His aura grew increasingly sharp, golden immortal light swirling around him, as if to purify this evil world. As soon as he

finished speaking, he slowly stood up, no longer concealing himself. Golden light erupted from his body, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire mountain range. The golden immortal light radiated immense pressure, distorting the surrounding air slightly.

He moved, without using any magic, simply flying slowly towards the summit of the sacred mountain. His steps were composed, his expression serene, as if he were attending a casual banquet rather than a life-or-death battle

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Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, a resolute glint in their eyes. They quickly concealed their auras and followed closely behind, flying towards the summit of the sacred mountain.

Ming Li's ghostly aura once more permeated the air, the black aura contrasting sharply with David's golden immortal radiance.

Liu Qianqian, meanwhile, held a cyan longsword, its blade emitting a faint immortal glow, her expression vigilant, ready to respond to any unexpected situation.

"Who goes there!"

The temple soldiers surrounding the altar instantly spotted them. The leader, a junior temple commander, shouted sharply, his voice filled with intense killing intent and vigilance.

Thousands of temple soldiers turned in unison, countless cold gazes sweeping over them like countless icy swords, aimed directly at David and his companions.

Their killing intent erupted instantly, converging into a massive torrent of killing intent that crushed towards David and his friends.

David ignored their stern shouts and the immense torrent of killing intent, continuing to fly forward unhurriedly, his expression indifferent, as if the temple soldiers and their killing intent were irrelevant to him.

His steps remained composed, his gaze cold and clear, as if the entire world consisted only of him, the coffin before him, and the obsession in his heart.

The temple's junior commander's face darkened, a flash of anger and disdain in his eyes.

Seeing David and his companions so arrogant, ignoring their existence and the temple's majesty, his killing intent intensified.

He abruptly waved his hand and shouted, "Bold madmen! How dare you trespass on the temple's sacred mountain! You're courting death! Seize them and kill them without mercy!"

With his command, hundreds of temple soldiers attacked simultaneously, unleashing temple magic. Countless beams of light erupted from their hands, carrying immense power, crashing down upon David and his companions.

The spells, dense and overwhelming, blotted out the sky, turning the entire heavens black, as if they were about to devour David and his companions.

Ming Li's expression changed, and he was about to defend himself, but David stopped him with a raised hand.

David remained standing with his hands behind his back, casually raising his hand without using any complex spells or even much immortal power, just a slight lift.

"Boom—"

An invisible force instantly erupted from his palm. The force seemed weak, yet it contained boundless power, like the power of heaven and earth, unstoppable.

The incoming spells exploded upon contact with this invisible force, turning into specks of black light that dissipated into the world without leaving a trace, as if they had never existed.

The hundreds of temple soldiers at the forefront were as if struck head-on by an invisible mountain. Their bodies instantly stiffened, their expressions froze, and their eyes were filled with terror and disbelief.

Immediately afterwards, they let out a shrill scream, their bodies flying backward like kites with broken strings. In mid-air, they spat out mouthfuls of blood, which stained the sky red and fell onto the rocks in the mountains, blooming into dazzling blood flowers

"Thump—thump—thump—"

A series of heavy thuds echoed as the hundreds of temple soldiers landed lifeless, their bodies stiff, eyes wide open, dying with unfinished business.

Even in death, they couldn't believe that their powerful spells had been neutralized with a single, casual strike. They hadn't even been able to touch a finger of their opponent before being instantly killed.

One move.

Just one move.

Hundreds of temple soldiers, including many eighth-grade Immortal Realm cultivators, had been slaughtered by David with a single, casual move, leaving no survivors.

The remaining temple soldiers were utterly dumbfounded, standing motionless, their eyes filled with fear and shock, as if they had witnessed something incredibly terrifying.

Their bodies trembled uncontrollably, and their weapons fell to the ground with a crisp sound, breaking the silence of the mountains and only highlighting the fear in their hearts.

What kind of power was this?

What kind of technique was this?

With a casual move, he slaughtered hundreds of Upper Immortal Realm cultivators. This meant he was at least a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal Realm expert, right?

Perhaps even a True Immortal Realm powerhouse?

But David, standing before them, was merely a third-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivator. How could he be so powerful?

They couldn't understand it; these temple soldiers simply couldn't comprehend it!

Their hearts were filled with doubt and fear. They looked at David as if he were an invincible god, filled with awe and terror, all traces of their previous killing intent and arrogance gone.

They didn't even have the courage to flee; they could only stand there, dumbfounded, awaiting their death.

David gave them no time to react, no chance to escape.

He took a step forward, his figure vanishing instantly, as if teleporting, appearing above the altar in the next second.

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Golden celestial radiance swirled around him, colliding with the crimson light above the altar and emitting a hissing sound. The golden radiance continuously suppressed the crimson light, purifying the dense evil aura bit by bit.

He lowered his head, his gaze fixed on the coffin floating in the center of the altar, watching the ghostly figure awakening within, watching the ever-increasing ghostly energy. A cold, disdainful smile curled at the corner of his lips.

“Since you haven’t awakened yet, then never awaken.”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it carried an irresistible majesty, like a judgment, resounding throughout the entire sacred mountain, reaching every corner.

As his words fell, he slowly raised his hand. In his palm, golden celestial radiance instantly gathered, forming a massive golden palm print. The palm print contained boundless power, radiating immense pressure, as if it would shatter the entire sacred mountain.

The palm print also contained a rich purifying power, capable of purifying all evil and darkness—the nemesis of the ghostly race.

Just as he was about to strike down with his palm, shattering the coffin and obliterating the soul of the Ghost Clan Saint...

“Buzz!”

A deep hum resounded, and the strange runes carved into the ground on the altar instantly lit up. The crimson light surged, becoming even more intense and dazzling than before, piercing the clouds and dyeing the entire sky blood-red.

A massive evil power erupted from the altar, colliding with the golden palm print in David’s palm, producing a deafening roar.

“Boom!!!”

The deafening roar shook the heavens, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble violently, its body shaking, and rocks tumbling down, as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

The golden celestial radiance and the crimson evil power collided and crushed each other, unleashing countless energy shockwaves that spread outwards.

The temple soldiers around the altar had no time to dodge and were struck by the energy shockwaves, instantly turning into ashes without even a scream.

David frowned slightly, a barely perceptible hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

He hadn't expected the altar's array to be so powerful, capable of withstanding his attack and unleashing such immense evil power.

Clearly, the temple had invested tremendous effort in constructing this sacred mountain and resurrecting the Ghost Clan's powerful warrior, setting up a formidable array to protect the altar and aid the resurrection ritual.

"Interesting."

A playful smile played on David's lips, his fighting spirit igniting instantly.

He had initially thought this sacred mountain, these temple soldiers, and the soon-to-be-resurrected Ghost Clan Saint were merely clowns, easily dealt with, but unexpectedly, there had been such a surprise.

Without hesitation, the golden immortal light in his palm surged once more, and the immense golden palm print became even more terrifying. He slowly exerted his strength, pressing the golden palm print down again, gradually suppressing the evil power erupting from the altar array, and slowly approaching the coffin.

"Buzz—Buzz—Buzz—"

The altar array emitted a low hum again, the crimson light growing increasingly intense, and the evil power growing stronger.

Countless crimson runes flew up from the altar ground, converging to form a massive crimson barrier, blocking the coffin and attempting to withstand David's golden palm print.

"Bang!"

The golden palm print slammed heavily onto the crimson barrier, causing it to tremble violently, cracks appearing on its surface, as if it would shatter at any moment.

Even so, the crimson barrier stubbornly resisted, not immediately breaking. The crimson runes continued to converge, constantly repairing the cracks on the barrier.

A cold glint flashed in David's eyes. He could feel the energy of the altar array being constantly depleted.

The defensive power of the crimson barrier was also weakening. If he increased his strength further, he could completely shatter the crimson barrier and the coffin.

But at that moment, the enormous ghostly figure within the coffin suddenly moved.

“Roar!”

A shrill and ferocious roar erupted from the coffin, filled with intense malevolence and killing intent, along with a trace of resentment and pain. It resounded throughout the entire sacred mountain, causing eardrums to ache and hearts to tremble.

Immediately afterward, the black runes on the coffin lit up, and the lid slowly opened. A massive black figure rose from within.

The figure was several meters tall, covered in black scales that emanated a dense ghostly aura and a putrid stench. Its head resembled that of a demon, with bloodshot eyes and protruding fangs.

It exuded a powerful, Saint-level pressure, even more intense and terrifying than before, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble slightly.

He wasn't fully resurrected; part of his body remained in a phantom state, and his aura was unstable. Even so, the pressure emanating from him was enough to terrify even a peak-level Immortal Realm expert.

“Human...you dare...disrupt my resurrection ritual...you're courting death!”

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable spoke, his voice hoarse and violent, like a broken gong, filled with intense killing intent. His gaze was fixed on David, his eyes filled with hatred and rage.

He could sense that the Chaotic Immortal Power within David had a fatal restraining effect on him. If he were struck by that golden palm print, even if he managed to resurrect, he would be utterly annihilated, his soul scattered.

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As soon as he finished speaking, he abruptly raised his hand, and black ghostly energy instantly gathered in his palm, forming a massive black ghostly claw.

The claw contained a dense, evil power, grabbing towards David's golden palm print, attempting to shatter it and kill him.

"Bang!"

The golden palm print and the black ghostly claw collided heavily, producing a deafening roar. The two immense forces crushed and devoured each other. An

even more terrifying energy shockwave erupted in the air, causing the entire sacred mountain to shake even more violently. Huge cracks appeared on the mountainside, and loose rocks tumbled down, as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

David's body trembled slightly, the space beneath his feet slightly distorted, and he took a small step back, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

This Ghost Clan Saint Venerable, not yet fully resurrected, was already so powerful. If he were to fully resurrect, his strength would undoubtedly increase even further, making it even more difficult to kill him.

"Who is this guy Ming Li from your ghost clan? He must have been incredibly powerful when he was alive. He's not even fully refined into a ghost corpse yet, and he's already this strong," David asked Ming Li. "

Mr. Chen, this...this has changed so much. I can't tell which ghost clan expert he is anymore. But don't worry about me, just go all out," Ming Li said.

"Damn..." At this critical moment, what's the point of saving face for David?

The coldness in David's eyes intensified, and the golden immortal radiance around him instantly surged to its peak, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire world.

Within the golden immortal radiance lay the power of chaos, a power that purifies all evil, the power that the ghost clan fears most.

He suddenly exerted his strength, and the golden palm print in his palm surged in power again. The golden light instantly suppressed the black ghost energy, gradually crushing and devouring the black ghost claws.

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable let out a shrill scream. His black ghost claws shattered instantly, and his arms were scorched by the golden immortal light, leaving charred wounds from which black blood flowed, emitting a nauseating stench of decay.

"No!"

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable roared in unwilling anger. He tried to exert his strength again, gathering ghost energy to resist David's golden palm print, but he had not yet been fully refined. His aura was unstable, and his energy was constantly being consumed, making it impossible for him to withstand David's attack.

The golden palm print pressed down little by little, continuously suppressing his aura and scorching his body. His body began to become illusory, as if it would dissipate at any moment.

David's gaze was icy, without the slightest pity. He knew that this Ghost Clan Saint Venerable must have been a ferocious and bloodthirsty demon in his previous life, who had harmed countless lives. If he were to be resurrected, he would surely wreak havoc on all living beings again, bringing immense disaster to the Fourteenth Heaven.

Therefore, he had to eliminate him completely, eradicating him forever and preventing future troubles.

“Boom!!!”

Finally, the golden palm print slammed heavily onto the Ghost Clan Saint, shattering the blood-red barrier and striking the black coffin.

A deafening roar echoed as the Ghost Clan Saint let out an utterly shrill scream. His body was instantly engulfed by golden immortal light, turning into a wisp of smoke that dissipated into the world, leaving not even a trace of his soul behind—completely annihilated.

The black coffin, too, shattered under the impact of the golden palm print, turning into countless fragments scattered across the ground. The dark red liquid within the coffin instantly evaporated and vanished.

The blood-red light on the altar dimmed instantly, and the strange runes carved into the ground lost their luster, becoming dull and lifeless. The altar's formation completely collapsed, unable to exert any further power.

The evil aura in the air gradually dissipated under the purification of the golden immortal light, restoring its original freshness.

“No!!!”

A furious roar, filled with extreme anger, echoed from afar, its intensity brimming with grief and killing intent, resounding throughout the entire summit of the sacred mountain.

Immediately afterward, several figures burst forth from the depths of the sacred mountain, like streaks of black lightning, instantly landing on the altar.

The leader, clad in a long black robe, possessed a sinister face and emanated a powerful aura—the aura of a True Immortal Realm First Grade, far surpassing even the previous Ghost Clan Saint Venerable.

Behind him followed four peak Ninth Grade Upper Immortal Realm experts, along with over a dozen Seventh and Eighth Grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivators, all powerful figures left behind by the Divine Temple to guard this sacred mountain.

They stared at the destroyed altar, the scattered fragments of the coffin, and the vanished Ghost Clan Saint. Their faces were ashen, their eyes filled with rage and killing intent. The killing aura around them erupted instantly, coalescing into a massive torrent of murderous intent that crushed towards David.

“You brat! You dare destroy my sacred mountain, ruin my grand plan, and kill countless disciples! Today, I will kill you!”

The True Immortal Realm expert stared intently at David, his eyes burning with murderous intent that seemed to devour him. He gritted his teeth, speaking each word with intense hatred and resentment.

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This sacred mountain was built single-handedly by him over decades, a crucial part of the temple’s grand plan to resurrect the Ghost Clan’s Holy Venerable. But now, all of this had been destroyed by David. How could he not be furious, how could he not hate?

As soon as he finished speaking, he abruptly raised his hand, his palm instantly gathering immortal power to form a massive palm print. This palm print contained boundless power and a dense, terrifying aura, which he slammed towards David.

He showed no mercy, using all his strength to kill David in one strike, to avenge the fallen temple disciples and the destroyed sacred mountain.

David looked at him, a hint of mockery flashing in his eyes, a disdainful smile playing on his lips.

“Looking for death?”

he repeated softly, his tone filled with utter contempt and sarcasm, as if looking at a clown.

The current David didn't even consider a True Immortal Realm First Grade a threat. He was now at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm Third Grade, and possessed various cultivation techniques and powers. So

what if he was a True Immortal Realm cultivator?

As long as it wasn't a True Immortal Realm Second Grade expert, David had no fear whatsoever.

Immediately, he raised his hand and struck out with a palm strike. Golden immortal light instantly gathered in his palm, forming a golden palm print.

This palm print contained boundless power and a rich purifying force, meeting the palm print of the True Immortal Realm expert head-on.

He didn't use his full strength, only less than ninety percent of his power. In his view, this True Immortal Realm First Grade expert wasn't worthy of his full strength.

“Bang!”

The two palms collided, a muffled boom resounding as the palm prints clashed and crushed each other.

Under the crushing force of David's golden palm print, the True Immortal Realm expert's palm print shattered little by little, turning into specks of light that dissipated into the world.

Then, a massive force erupted from David's palm, flowing along the palm print and into the True Immortal Realm expert's body.

The True Immortal Realm expert's expression changed drastically, his eyes filled with disbelief. He could feel an irresistible force instantly surging into his body, destroying his meridians and devouring his immortal power.

“Crack!”

A crisp sound of bone breaking rang out, and the True Immortal Realm expert's arm instantly exploded, blood gushing out and splattering onto the altar with a sizzling sound.

His body flew backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily into the mountainside with a dull thud. A huge crater was instantly smashed into the mountainside, and debris tumbled down.

He struggled to get up, only to find that his meridians had been completely destroyed by that immense force, and his immortal power was rapidly dissipating. He spat out a

mouthful of blood, his face turning deathly pale, his eyes filled with disbelief and despair.

“You...who are you?! How can your strength be so great?!”

“You’re just a lowly cultivator at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm...”

“Could you be Chen...David?”

David’s name was already a household name in the temple.

“You guessed right, but unfortunately there’s no reward!” David smiled faintly.

The True Immortal Realm expert stared at David in shock, his body trembling slightly, his eyes filled with doubt and fear.

He was a True Immortal Realm Level 1 expert, considered a top expert in the Fourteenth Heaven. Yet, before David, he was utterly defeated. With a single move, David crippled his arm and destroyed his meridians!

For a mere Upper Immortal Level 3 cultivator to possess such strength was simply inhuman!

“Are you truly in the Golden Dragon True Body?” the True Immortal Realm expert asked, extremely curious!

Was David’s power solely due to that Golden Dragon True Body?

David didn’t answer his question, nor did he give him any chance.

He simply raised his hand slowly, his finger lightly touching the ground. A golden light shot out instantly from his fingertip, its speed almost breaking through spatial limitations, piercing the True Immortal Realm expert’s brow in a flash.

“Thump...”

The True Immortal Realm expert’s body went limp, collapsing to the ground, completely lifeless, his eyes wide open, dying with unresolved grievances.

Even in death, he couldn’t believe that he had been so easily killed by a seemingly young cultivator.

The remaining temple experts were utterly desperate. Their faces were deathly pale, their bodies trembled uncontrollably, and their eyes were filled with terror.

Even a True Immortal Realm First Grade expert had been casually killed by the opponent; these Upper Immortal Realm cultivators were even more vulnerable before him, with no chance of resistance whatsoever.

“Run! Run!”

Someone shouted, and the remaining temple experts reacted instantly, turning and fleeing. Gone was their previous murderous intent and arrogance; they only wanted to escape as quickly as possible to save their lives.

They knew that staying meant certain death, and only by running away could they have a glimmer of hope.

David did not pursue.

He simply stood there, hands behind his back, quietly watching the fleeing figures. His eyes were devoid of any emotion; he had neither the intention to pursue nor the slightest concern.

In his view, these people were nothing more than clowns; whether he killed them or not was irrelevant. Even if they escaped, they wouldn't cause any trouble. Besides, he had more important things to do and didn't have time to waste on these people.

“Let's go,”

he said calmly, his tone still indifferent, as if the earth-shattering battle just now was merely a trivial matter.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with awe.

They had followed David all this way, witnessing him slay countless powerful enemies and destroy a branch of the Divine Temple, but this time, they were still awestruck by David's strength.

A casual move to kill hundreds of Immortal Realm cultivators, a casual strike to kill a True Immortal Realm expert—his strength was simply unfathomable, beyond their reach.

They quickly nodded, following David's footsteps, and turned to fly down the Holy Mountain.

Behind them, the Holy Mountain slowly collapsed amidst violent shaking; the altar was completely reduced to ruins, and the corpses of thousands of Divine Temple soldiers lay scattered in pools of blood, staining the entire summit of the Holy Mountain red and exuding a thick, pungent stench.

The once majestic and heavily guarded sacred mountain temple is now nothing but scorched earth and ruins, telling tales of its unwillingness to accept its destruction and its despair.