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“Ming Li, can you still sense the aura of the Ghost Clan?”

After leaving the Holy Mountain, David asked Ming Li.

Ming Li nodded, his expression serious: “Mr. Chen, the aura I sensed this time is even stronger. In my opinion, the Ghost Clan powerhouse that the Temple is going to resurrect this time will be even stronger.”

“It’s alright.”

David’s lips curled up slightly, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes.

“Even the strongest Ghost Clan powerhouse is nothing more than a mindless ghost corpse, possessing power but lacking intelligence. I will slay it with a single sword strike.”

He was bursting with confidence at this moment.

He had easily killed a first-grade True Immortal, so what was there to fear?

You must know that in the Fourteenth Heaven, the True Immortal Realm is almost the top combat power.

“Young Master Chen’s strength is now soaring, it’s the perfect time to destroy the Temple’s prestige.” Liu Qianqian flattered him with a smile from the side.

“Mr. Chen, southwest direction.”

Ming Li sensed for a moment, pointed into the distance, and said the direction of the Ghost Clan aura.

“Alright, let’s go.”

David took the lead and leaped up, transforming into a golden stream of light and disappearing into the horizon.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind.

Half a day later.

Thousands of miles away, another sacred mountain.

This sacred mountain was almost identical to the previous one—towering into the clouds, steep in cliffs, with dark gray rocks, exuding a faint pressure.

The summit was shrouded in a thick layer of golden mist.

Within the mist, a massive altar stood silently, golden light shooting upwards from it, radiating a chillingly sacred aura.

Around the altar, countless temple soldiers patrolled.

There were even more of them than on the previous sacred mountain—a full two thousand.

And there were even more powerful individuals.

More than ten peak-level Upper Immortals and two first-grade True Immortals guarded the altar, maintaining a high level of vigilance.

In the center of the altar, a massive golden coffin floated silently.

The coffin was inscribed with countless strange runes, radiating a dense ghostly aura and golden light.

Within the coffin, a colossal figure could be faintly seen, radiating the pressure of a Saint Venerable, yet devoid of any spiritual intelligence, only pure brutality and deathly stillness. Its

aura was even more concentrated than the previous Ghost Clan Saint Venerable.

Clearly, the Ghost Clan expert within this coffin was far more powerful than the previous one.

David and his companions concealed themselves on a mountain peak near the Holy Mountain, concealing all their auras as they carefully examined the situation.

Ming Li lowered his voice, his tone grave: “Mr. Chen, the defenses of this Holy Mountain are even tighter than the previous one. There are two True Immortal Realm First Grade experts, and the aura of the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable within the coffin is even more concentrated. The resurrection ritual is almost complete.”

Liu Qianqian nodded, a hint of worry in her eyes: “Moreover, there are more Temple soldiers than before. Destroying the altar will likely be much more difficult.”

Seeing this situation, Liu Qianqian was also somewhat worried.

This was no longer the time to praise David.

David nodded slowly, his gaze fixed on the altar atop the sacred mountain, a cold glint in his eyes.

He had long anticipated that the temple wouldn't only have one sacred mountain.

But he hadn't expected the temple to simultaneously resurrect so many powerful ghost race members.

Clearly, the temple's ambitions were far greater than he had imagined.

Moreover, the resources behind the temple were not to be underestimated.

"The more difficult it is, the more we must destroy it,"

David said calmly, his tone unwavering.

"If this ghost race saint is resurrected, the consequences will be unimaginable. We must act quickly to stop the resurrection ceremony and destroy this sacred mountain."

As soon as he finished speaking, he slowly stood up.

He no longer concealed himself.

Golden celestial radiance erupted from his body, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire mountain range.

The golden radiance exuded immense pressure, distorting the surrounding air.

He moved swiftly, flying towards the summit of the sacred mountain. His

steps were composed, his expression calm, and his aura grew increasingly fierce, as if he intended to reduce the sacred mountain to scorched earth.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind, but David waved his hand without turning his head.

"You wait here, no need to intervene."

Ming Li was taken aback, then understood—Mr. Chen intended to handle this alone.

The two exchanged a glance, obediently stopping and observing from a distance.

“Who goes there! How dare you trespass on the sacred mountain of the temple!”

The temple soldiers around the altar instantly spotted David.

The leading temple commander shouted sharply, his voice filled with killing intent and vigilance.

Two thousand temple soldiers turned in unison, countless cold gazes sweeping over them.

Their killing intent erupted instantly, converging into a massive torrent of murderous energy that crushed towards David.

At the same time, the two True Immortal Realm experts guarding the altar, along with more than ten peak Upper Immortal Realm experts, also instantly sensed the anomaly.

They all turned, their eyes fixed on David, filled with vigilance and killing intent.

They could sense that David’s aura was extremely powerful, far exceeding their expectations.

“It’s you! That brat who destroyed our other holy mountain!”

One True Immortal Realm expert stared intently at David, a flash of anger and killing intent in his eyes.

He had clearly received news of the destruction of the other holy mountain.

“I didn’t expect you to dare deliver yourself to our doorstep, you’re courting death!”

Another True Immortal Realm expert shouted sharply, his killing intent intensifying.

“Today, you will pay for your crimes in blood, avenge the fallen disciples, and avenge the destroyed sacred mountain!”

David ignored their shouts and

the immense torrent of killing intent.

He continued flying forward unhurriedly, his expression indifferent, as if the temple soldiers and the True Immortal realm experts were none of his concern.

“Attack! Capture him, kill him without mercy!”

the temple commander roared, his eyes burning with killing intent that seemed to devour David.

At his command, two thousand temple soldiers attacked simultaneously.

They unleashed temple spells, countless golden rays erupting from their hands.

Carrying a sacred aura and immense power, they swept towards David like a tidal wave.

These spells were far more powerful and fierce than those cast by the soldiers from the sacred mountain.

Dense and overwhelming, they blotted out the sky, turning the entire heavens gold, as if to completely engulf David.

At the same time, the two True Immortal realm experts also attacked.

Each of them unleashed their temple's ultimate techniques, golden immortal power instantly converging in their palms to form two enormous golden palm prints.

These palm prints contained boundless power and a rich, divine aura, striking towards David.

More than ten peak-level Upper Immortals also joined the fray, unleashing their respective spells to attack David,

attempting to kill him together.

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In an instant, countless spells and attacks converged, forming a massive torrent of attack that

crushed towards David.

The sheer power of this pressure was enough to terrify even a peak-level Immortal, enough to utterly destroy the entire mountain range.

Yet David remained calm and composed, showing no sign of panic.

He slowly raised his hand.

In his palm, a longsword instantly appeared

—the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, the golden immortal radiance around David instantly erupted with dazzling light.

Like countless golden swords, it pierced through the countless golden spells, illuminating the entire summit of the sacred mountain.

He no longer attacked casually as before.

Instead, he slowly raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword. The golden dragon patterns on the blade instantly shone brightly, as if coming to life, emitting deep dragon roars.

“Heaven and earth as the furnace, the dragon’s roar as the catalyst, slay all demons and monsters, annihilate all evil spirits,”

David’s voice slowly rang out.

It was no longer the previous calm and indifferent tone, but carried a majestic aura that resounded throughout the heavens and earth, like the judgment of a god.

Every word contained boundless power, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble slightly.

The incoming golden spells, under the impact of this sound, began to become slightly disordered, their power diminished somewhat. As soon as he finished speaking

, he swung his sword fiercely.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly unleashed a massive golden sword aura, within which a faint golden dragon phantom could be seen, baring its fangs and claws, slashing fiercely at the overwhelming attacks.

Wherever the golden dragon phantom passed, space was instantly torn apart, forming a long golden rift.

The overwhelming golden spells, upon contact with the golden dragon, melted instantly like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun.

They turned into specks of golden mist, dissipating into the world

without leaving a trace .

The two thousand temple soldiers, seeing their spells, which they had poured all their strength into, neutralized by a single sword strike, turned deathly pale.

Their eyes were filled with fear and despair.

They had never seen such power, never witnessed such terrifying methods.

Before David, they were like ants, insignificant and fragile.

There was absolutely no room for resistance.

“Impossible! This is impossible! How could you possess such power?!”

The leading temple commander screamed, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He simply couldn't believe that his two thousand temple soldiers, along with over ten peak Upper Immortal realm experts and two True Immortal realm experts, couldn't even withstand a single sword strike from the opponent.

David ignored his screams.

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he flashed forward, instantly appearing before the two True Immortal realm experts.

His speed surpassed even the perception of True Immortal realm experts.

Before the two True Immortal realm experts could even react, they felt a bone-chilling coldness descend upon them.

“Not good!”

One True Immortal realm expert's expression changed drastically. He instinctively raised his hand, conjuring a golden shield to block David's attack.

But his movements, in David's presence, appeared so slow, so clumsy.

“Swoosh—”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword lightly sliced through.

There was no earth-shattering roar, only a crisp tearing sound.

The golden shield, under the sharpness of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, was torn apart instantly like paper.

It offered no resistance whatsoever.

Immediately afterward, the golden blade sliced across the neck of the True Immortal Realm expert.

A flash of golden light.

The True Immortal Realm expert's head flew off instantly.

Golden blood gushed out, splattering onto the altar.

The other True Immortal Realm expert was terrified, turning and fleeing.

Gone was his previous arrogance and killing intent; only boundless fear remained in his heart.

He knew he was no match for David.

Staying meant certain death.

Only escape offered a sliver of hope.

But David gave him no chance to escape.

With a slight flick of his wrist, the Dragon-Slaying Sword unleashed a golden sword aura.

The sword aura was so fast it almost defied spatial limitations, instantly catching up with the fleeing True Immortal Realm expert and

piercing his back.

The True Immortal Realm expert froze, his steps halting instantly.

He slowly lowered his head, staring at the golden sword aura in his chest, his eyes filled with disbelief and despair.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but could only spit out a mouthful of golden blood.

His body slowly collapsed, lifeless.

Two True Immortal Realm experts were killed in an instant.

More than ten peak Upper Immortal Realm experts were completely dumbfounded.

They stood motionless, frozen, their eyes filled with fear and shock.

They looked at David's figure as if he were a god from the heavens.

Only endless awe and fear remained in their hearts; the slightest will to fight was gone.

They knew that even True Immortal Realm experts were easily killed by him, so they, at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm, were utterly helpless against him.

But David gave them no chance to escape.

He wielded the Dragon-Slaying Sword, his figure flashing.

With each strike, a peak Upper Immortal Realm expert fell.

More than ten people, in just three breaths, were all dead.

The remaining temple soldiers, witnessing this scene, felt their fear reach its peak.

They lost all will to fight and turned to flee, trying to escape this death trap.

But would David let them have their way?

He raised his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword swept across the air.

A massive golden sword aura swept out, cutting hundreds of fleeing temple soldiers in half like grass.

Blood gushed, and corpses littered the ground.

David remained expressionless and swung his sword again.

Another sword aura, and hundreds more fell.

He continued, sword by sword, reaping the lives of these temple soldiers. In the time it takes to drink

a cup of tea

, not a single one of the two thousand temple soldiers survived.

They all lay in pools of blood, corpses piled high like mountains, a gruesome sight.

David sheathed his sword, stood with his hands behind his back amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood.

He remained clean, his golden robe spotless.

Not even a drop of blood stained his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

He looked up at the golden coffin floating in mid-air.

At this moment, the aura of the Ghost Clan Saint within the coffin grew increasingly intense and violent.

The golden runes on the coffin also shone brighter and brighter.

Clearly, the resurrection ritual had reached its final stage.

The Ghost Clan Saint was about to fully awaken.

“Buzz—buzz—buzz—”

On the altar, the strange runes carved into the ground lit up again,

even more intensely and dazzlingly than before.

A power even greater than the previous sacred mountain erupted from the altar, crushing towards David.

This power contained not only the ferocity of the Ghost Clan but also the sacred power of the temple's formation.

The two forces intertwined, creating immense power that would terrify even a mid-stage True Immortal Realm expert.

Yet David remained calm and composed, showing no sign of panic.

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Countless pebbles tumbled down, dust filled the sky, and the altar was reduced to ruins. The corpses of two thousand temple soldiers lay strewn about in pools of blood.

Atop the ruins, a golden figure stood with his hands behind his back, holding a jet-black longsword. His aura was calm, yet exuded boundless pressure.

“This...this is...”

Lin Wuchen's face turned deathly pale, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Yue Liuli's eyes widened as well, her body trembling slightly.

Although they had never met David, they had heard of his deeds.

Destroying the Heavenly Road, killing a Grand Venerable, wreaking havoc on the Holy Mountain, and now destroying two more Holy Mountains...

this name had long been a nightmare for the temple.

"It...it's David!"

Yue Liuli exclaimed in shock, instinctively taking a step back.

Lin Wuchen gritted his teeth, a deep sense of dread flashing in his eyes.

Although they were all ninth-grade Upper Immortals, considering themselves strong, seeing this scene before them—two thousand Divine Palace soldiers, two True Immortals, and a Ghost Clan Saint Venerable about to be resurrected—all annihilated, they instantly realized they were no match for David.

"Go!"

Lin Wuchen decisively turned and fled.

Yue Liuli followed without hesitation.

The two transformed into streaks of light, desperately fleeing into the distance.

But they had barely flown a hundred feet when a cold voice rang in their ears.

"Since you're here, why the rush to leave?"

Before the words were finished, a golden figure instantly appeared before them.

David stood with his hands behind his back, calmly looking at the two.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli's faces turned pale, their bodies trembling.

"Chen...David, we have no grudge against each other, why must you be so ruthless?" Lin Wuchen said in a trembling voice.

David looked at him, a slight smile playing on his lips, a faint hint of mockery.

"No grudge?"

he repeated softly, shaking his head.

"Your temple hunted me down, put a bounty on my head, and even resurrected powerful ghost warriors to wreak havoc on the world. And you call this 'no enmity'?"

Lin Wuchen was speechless.

Yue Liuli gritted her teeth and suddenly knelt down: "Young Master Chen, I am willing to submit, willing to be your woman, please spare my life!"

David looked down at her, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

"Be my woman?"

he repeated softly, then shook his head.

"You are not worthy."

With that, he raised his hand.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword swung lightly.

Two golden sword energies shot out instantly.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli didn't even have time to react before the sword energies pierced their brows.

Their bodies fell from mid-air, crashing into the ruins, and then fell silent.

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David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, not even glancing at them.

In the distance, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian finally dared to fly over, their eyes filled with awe as they looked at the scene before them.

“Mr. Chen, who are these two...?”

“Emissaries sent by the Temple to the Thirteenth Heaven, Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli. We clashed there,”

David said calmly. “Since they’ve delivered themselves to our doorstep today, let’s kill them while we’re at it.”

Liu Qianqian’s eyes widened upon hearing this, her awe of David deepening.

David turned around, his gaze sweeping over the ruins of the Holy Mountain.

The dust gradually dissipated, and the afterglow of the setting sun bathed the ruins.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword and said calmly, “Let’s go back.”

Ming Li snapped out of her daze and quickly nodded, cautiously asking, “Mr. Chen, shall we continue searching? The Temple’s power is vast; there might be other Holy Mountains.”

David slowly shook his head.

His gaze drifted into the distance, a thoughtful glint in his eyes. His tone was calm yet resolute: “We’ll stop searching for now. The temple has more than just these two sacred mountains; I anticipated that.”

But after these two blows, the temple has suffered heavy losses. Three True Immortals were killed, two sacred mountains were destroyed, and thousands of disciples were killed.

They no longer have the ability to rebuild the sacred mountains or resurrect the Ghost Clan experts in the short term, nor do they dare to make any major moves.”

He paused, then continued, “Moreover, we have more important matters to attend to. The matter of the Holy Domain of Light cannot be delayed any longer. The souls within the soul crystals are still dormant.

If we delay any longer, their souls may completely dissipate, making it impossible to resurrect them. So, let’s return to Cloud Immortal City, prepare, and set off for the Holy Domain of Light as soon as possible.” Upon hearing this,

Ming Li immediately nodded, his tone firm: “Alright! I’ll do as Mr. Chen says!”

Liu Qianqian also nodded gently, her voice soft yet resolute: “Yes, I’ll go with you.” As soon as she finished

speaking, the three figures moved simultaneously.

A golden light flashed around David, his golden robe fluttering in the wind.

His figure seemed to teleport, instantly transforming into a golden streak of light, speeding towards Yunxian City.

His speed was so fast 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, in the afterglow of the setting sun, were like three bolts of lightning, swiftly flying towards Yunxian City.

In an instant, they disappeared into the horizon.

Behind them, the two sacred mountains had become ruins.

Smoke and dust curled up, drifting in the wind.

The afterglow of the setting sun shone on the ruins, on the cold corpses. In the direction of Yunxian City,

Chen Wanqing stood on the city wall, gazing northeast, her eyes filled with worry and anticipation.

She had already contacted the guardian of the teleportation array and made preparations to travel to the Holy Land of Light.

She was waiting for David's return, waiting to travel with him to that holy land full of unknowns and hope.

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Chapter 6155

The Fourteenth Heaven, at the pinnacle of the firmament.

The main hall of the Divine Temple floats amidst the sea of clouds, majestic as a celestial palace, radiating an awe-inspiring majesty that commands the reverence of all beings.

This region is far removed from the hustle and bustle of the mortal world; the fierce winds are like knives, and ordinary cultivators, let alone ascending, would have their souls torn apart by the winds even if they approached.

Only the powerful figures of the Divine Temple, with their profound cultivation, can traverse freely here.

This main hall of the Divine Temple is the most majestic building in the entire Fourteenth Heaven, the residence of those who wield divine powers, and the core of the Divine Temple's power.

The entire complex is vast, stretching for miles, and is entirely constructed of white immortal jade nurtured for millennia.

Each piece of immortal jade has been polished by countless skilled craftsmen, smooth as a mirror and warm as jade.

Dense ancient runes are engraved on the immortal jade, emitting a faint golden light as they flow, forming an invisible protective barrier around the temple.

This barrier can both repel external enemies and gather the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to nourish the cultivators within.

Under the midday sun, the Immortal Jade reflected a dazzling light, mingling with the sea of clouds, resembling a celestial palace forged from stars, sacred and inviolable.

At the center of the complex stood an even more magnificent hall.

This was the core of the main hall of the Divine Temple, where Shen Tong handled clan affairs and summoned elders.

At this moment, the atmosphere within the Lingxiao Hall was so heavy it was almost palpable. A

suffocating atmosphere permeated the air, as if a storm was about to break.

The hall was silent, save for the occasional howl of the wind outside, adding to the chilling atmosphere.

On the main seat of the Lingxiao Hall sat Shen Tong, the Temple Master.

He was tall and imposing, wearing a long robe embroidered with gilded dragons. The robe was adorned with lifelike five-clawed golden dragons outlined in gold thread, their scales clearly visible, shimmering with a cold luster under the hall's spiritual light, signifying his supreme status.

The divine power was imposing, with furrowed brows, a high nose, and thin, sharp lips, radiating the terrifying pressure of a second-grade True Immortal.

That pressure, like a towering mountain, weighed heavily on everyone's hearts, making it difficult to breathe.

His eyes flashed with a sharp light, seemingly able to pierce through people's hearts, seeing through the thoughts of everyone in the hall.

Below the main seat, more than ten temple elders stood neatly on either side of the jade steps.

These elders were all highly skilled, at least at the peak of the Upper Immortal realm, and many were True Immortal realm experts, usually influential figures in the Fourteenth Heaven.

Yet now, their faces were solemn, their brows furrowed, heads bowed, silent as cicadas in winter.

They could clearly sense the almost uncontrollable rage emanating from their temple master, knowing that something major was about to happen, and that the slightest mistake would bring disaster upon themselves.

Just then, hurried footsteps sounded outside the hall.

Report...”

Before the words were finished, a young cultivator dressed in the blue robes of a temple disciple rushed into the Lingxiao Palace.

He was panicked, his clothes disheveled and stained with blood, clearly having rushed there without even time to tidy himself.

Upon entering the palace, his legs gave way, and he knelt on one knee, his body trembling uncontrollably. His voice was filled with barely concealed fear and sobs: “Reporting to the Palace Master, oh... oh no!”

“The Third Sacred Mountain, the Fifth Sacred Mountain... they’ve all been destroyed!”

“The three True Immortal Realm elders who remained at the two sacred mountains fought valiantly, but ultimately all perished!”

“And the two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables we secretly nurtured, who were about to be resurrected, were also completely annihilated, their souls scattered, not even a trace of their spirits remaining!”

“And... and Grand Venerable Lin Wuchen and Ambassador Yue Liuli, they too... they too have fallen!”

The disciple practically cried out the last few words, each one filled with despair.

“What?!”

A furious shout exploded like thunder within the Lingxiao Palace.

Shen Tong abruptly rose from his seat, his aura instantly spiraling out of control. An extremely violent pressure swept through the entire hall like a tsunami.

This pressure was even more terrifying than before, carrying boundless rage and killing intent.

The elders below the jade steps paled, their faces changing drastically as they hurriedly circulated their full cultivation to erect protective shields.

Even so, they were still forced back by the pressure, blood trickling from their lips, their eyes filled with horror.

The disciple who had brought the news, whose cultivation was only at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, was utterly unable to withstand Shen Tong's out-of-control pressure.

He was directly blasted away, crashing heavily into the dragon-carved pillar of the hall.

“Crack...”

The jade on the dragon-carved pillar shattered, the disciple coughed up blood, and his body slumped to the ground, barely breathing.

Shen Tong's eyes were bloodshot as he stared intently at the disciple on the ground, his golden spiritual energy surging violently, as if it were about to explode at any moment.

He gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with overwhelming killing intent, and roared, word by word, “David! It's that David again!”

This name, like a leech, appeared in his ears again and again, ruining his plans time and time again, and killing his subordinates time and time again.