

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6181

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"It really is a five-clawed golden dragon! I actually witnessed the legendary five-clawed golden dragon bloodline with my own eyes!"

"Who is this child? Which reclusive family does he belong to?"

"Quickly, quickly report to the elders! Such a genius must be immediately brought into the core of the Divine Hall and given the highest level of treatment!"

The previously arrogant disciple of the Divine Hall suddenly collapsed to his knees,

his forehead pressed against the ground, his whole body trembling, not daring to lift his head.

Under the pressure of the five-clawed golden dragon, he felt like an insignificant ant, about to be crushed at any moment.

His previous arrogance had vanished, leaving only deep fear and awe.

The cultivators in line also knelt down, their faces filled with awe and fear.

This was the instinctive submission to the strong, a natural fear of the aura of an emperor, which was utterly irresistible.

A moment later, a white figure sped out of the Divine Hall.

Its speed was as fast as lightning, tearing through the sky and instantly landing on the plaza, stirring up a wave of air.

The man was a middle-aged man, dressed in a long white robe embroidered with golden cloud patterns at the hem. His face was dignified, and his eyes were like lightning.

He exuded the terrifying pressure of a first-grade True Immortal, a pressure that weighed heavily on everyone's hearts like a mountain, instantly silencing the previously restless crowd, who dared not even breathe.

His gaze fell on David, his eyes flashing with shock and excitement, even a hint of barely concealed greed.

It was the look of someone seeing a priceless treasure, as if David was not a person, but a walking piece of Tang Sanzang's flesh.

"Five-Clawed Golden Dragon Bloodline! This is the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon Bloodline!"

His voice trembled.

He had cultivated for ten thousand years and had never seen such a pure Five-Clawed Golden Dragon Bloodline.

This bloodline power was simply the most perfect treasure in the world. If one could obtain even a fraction of it, what would prevent one from achieving the Great Dao?

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the excitement in his heart, and quickly stepped forward.

He showed no airs of a powerful figure, bowing deeply to David with utmost respect, as if addressing a supreme emperor: "I am an elder of the Divine Hall, my Daoist name is Qingxuan. Greetings, fellow Daoist! May I ask your name?"

David calmly looked at him, sensing the seemingly respectful yet subtly probing gaze.

That gaze, like tangible tentacles, attempted to pierce through his body, probing the depths of his bloodline. He didn't speak, only uttering two words: "David."

Elder Qingxuan nodded repeatedly, his face beaming with smiles, the wrinkles on his face crinkling together, appearing kind and approachable, but in reality, utterly hypocritical.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, you possess the bloodline of the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, a peerless genius, one in ten thousand! Our Divine Hall has always revered bloodlines, and someone with your bloodline is undoubtedly a distinguished guest! Please come in quickly, this old man will immediately inform the Hall Master and personally welcome you!"

His enthusiasm made those around him feel somewhat uncomfortable.

Just moments ago he was high and mighty, and now he's so obsequious—the contrast is too great.

But no one dared to say anything. Before the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, everything else is insignificant; strength is the only truth.

David looked at him, sneering inwardly.

It's the same old trick again.

The Holy Qing Sect is like this, and so is the Divine Hall.

The so-called righteous holy lands, constantly spouting benevolence and morality, are actually the most pragmatic profit-seekers behind the scenes.

They don't value you as a person, but rather the bloodline within you.

Once you lose your usefulness, or once they get what they want, they'll turn on you faster than flipping a book.

David knew that getting the Divine Hall to release the souls of Mu Sha and his wife from the soul crystal wouldn't be easy.

But he remained outwardly calm, merely nodding slightly, as if accepting this "honor."

"Thank you for your trouble, Elder Qingxuan," David said calmly, his tone neither humble nor arrogant.

Elder Qingxuan was overjoyed and quickly stepped aside to lead the way: "Fellow Daoist Chen, please, please!"

As he led David towards the Divine Hall, he glanced back at the crowd in the square and instructed, "Today's test is over. Disperse! The rest can come again tomorrow!"

The cultivators in line exchanged glances but dared not say anything, and dispersed.

However, before leaving, they couldn't help but look back at David a few more times, their eyes filled with complex emotions—envy, jealousy, and pity.

David followed Elder Qingxuan, passing through numerous halls and pavilions.

Everything along the way was decorated with extreme luxury. The railings of the corridors were carved from a single piece of warm jade, and the walls were adorned with various precious calligraphy and paintings. The air was filled with

a faint fragrance of sandalwood and spiritual energy, making one feel refreshed and relaxed.

The occasional disciples of the Divine Hall who saw Elder Qingxuan with David were all astonished, but then they put on ingratiating smiles and made way for him.

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Soon, the two arrived at a secret chamber deep within the temple.

This chamber was located in a secluded courtyard, surrounded by exotic flowers and rare herbs, exuding a vibrant life force. While seemingly peaceful and serene, it possessed an eerie silence.

The chamber's door was covered in defensive runes, clearly indicating the presence of something extremely important inside, or perhaps a secret transaction.

Elder Qingxuan stopped and turned to David, saying, "Fellow Daoist Chen, please wait a moment. I will go and fetch the Hall Master. Hearing that you possess the bloodline of the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, the Hall Master will surely come out to meet you personally."

David nodded, "Thank you for your trouble."

Elder Qingxuan turned and left, his steps hurried, clearly anxious, as if afraid David would run away.

David stood at the entrance of the chamber, his gaze sweeping

over the surroundings. He quietly released his divine sense, penetrating the chamber.

The chamber was small and simply furnished, containing only a stone table and two stone chairs.

However, hidden beneath the stone table was a small spirit-gathering array, continuously gathering spiritual energy from heaven and earth.

In addition, several jade bottles containing healing pills were placed in a corner of the secret chamber.

"It seems they intend to negotiate with me here,"

David thought to himself, a cold smile playing on his lips.

A moment later, the door to the secret chamber was pushed open.

An elderly man with white hair walked in.

He wore a simple white robe, devoid of any superfluous adornments, appearing very unassuming.

His face was gaunt, his eyes deep and unfathomable, as if holding the stars and the sea.

His aura was restrained, giving him an unfathomable presence, like an ancient well, its depths impossible to fathom.

His cultivation was at the peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm, just one step away from the third rank.

This man was none other than the Hall Master of the Divine Hall—Qing Xuzi.

Of course, this Qing Xu was not the same as the Qing Xu of the Holy Pure Sect. The vice-leader of the Holy Pure Sect was also named Qing Xu, but that was his Daoist title, while this Hall Master of the Divine Hall was named Qing Xuzi.

In the Holy Land of Light, Qingxuzi's name represented authority and power, second only to the God Lord.

Qingxuzi walked up to David, his gaze falling on him, a glint of admiration in his eyes.

That gaze held appreciation, admiration, but above all, an undisguised fervor, like a hungry wolf eyeing a fat sheep.

"The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline..." he murmured, a hint of emotion in his voice, "I never imagined that in my lifetime I would witness such a legendary bloodline."

Qingxuzi smiled slightly, his tone gentle and friendly, completely unlike a powerful warlord who controlled a vast force.

"Young friend Chen, please sit." David sat down in the guest seat, his posture relaxed and unhurried, as if this were his territory.

Qing Xuzi sat down opposite him, his gaze still fixed on him, his eyes full of admiration, as if looking at a rare treasure, afraid it might grow wings and fly away.

"Young friend Chen, what brings you to the Divine Hall?"

Qing Xuzi asked bluntly. "Logically speaking, with your bloodline, you should have been sought after by various powerful forces long ago. Why have you come alone to my remote Divine Hall?"

David looked at him and, without beating around the bush, said directly, "I would like to ask the Divine Hall for a favor."

Qing Xuzi smiled slightly and waved his hand, saying, "Young friend Chen, please speak freely. As long as it is within the power of my Divine Hall, we will not refuse. Let alone one favor, even ten or a hundred, for the sake of your

Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, my Divine Hall will certainly do its utmost.”

These words sounded good, but David knew in his heart that all of this was based on the premise of the “Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline.”

If he were just an ordinary cultivator, he probably wouldn’t even be qualified to see Qingxuzi; he would have been beaten out long ago.

David took out a soul crystal from his robes.

The soul crystal was smooth and lustrous, emitting a faint blue light, and felt cool to the touch.

Upon closer inspection, two illusory figures could be faintly seen inside, curled up with their eyes closed, their breaths weak, as if they might dissipate at any moment.

These two figures were Mu Sha and his wife.

In order to save David, the temple had sealed their souls in this soul crystal.

Qingxuzi’s gaze sharpened, a strange light flashing in his eyes.

He reached out and took the soul crystal, examining it carefully.

“This is... a soul crystal of twin souls?”

Qingxuzi was somewhat surprised. “Moreover, these two souls are severely damaged, almost dissipating.”

David’s tone was calm, yet carried a hint of solemnity: “There are two people here, my friends. Their physical bodies have been destroyed, and their souls are sealed within this soul crystal. I’ve heard that the Divine Hall possesses a secret method capable of awakening souls and reshaping physical bodies. I wish to request the Divine Hall’s assistance to save their lives.”

Qingxuzi remained silent for a moment, his fingers gently stroking the surface of the soul crystal, seemingly calculating something.

After a while, he raised his head, looking at David, a complex expression flashing in his eyes.

“Young friend Chen, how long have these two souls been sealed within this soul crystal?”

David nodded: “Several months.”

Qingxuzi sighed, saying, “The souls have been sealed for too long, falling into a deep slumber. Awakening them will not be easy.

Especially since their souls are severely damaged, without the aid of rare and precious materials, it will be difficult for them to fully recover.”

David looked at him, remaining silent, simply waiting for him to continue.

He knew that the other party would definitely not help unconditionally; that was the real challenge.

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Qingxuzi paused, then continued, “However, my Divine Hall does indeed possess a secret technique that can awaken a dormant soul. This technique is called the ‘Reincarnation Soul Crossing Technique,’ a closely guarded secret of my Divine Hall. But...”

He hesitated, his eyes flickering, seemingly observing David’s reaction.

David asked, “But what? What price is required? Hall Master Qingxu, please name your price.”

Qingxuzi looked at him and slowly said, "This secret technique requires a vast amount of bloodline power. Especially for awakening a soul that has been dormant for so long, the required bloodline power is immense."

He paused, emphasizing his words, "Young friend Chen, you possess the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, a peerless bloodline, one in ten thousand. If you are willing to offer a portion of your bloodline as a catalyst to awaken the soul, there is a seventy percent chance of success."

David raised an eyebrow slightly. Offer his bloodline? He looked at Qingxuzi and said calmly, "How much do you need?"

Qingxuzi held up two fingers and gestured, "Not much, just one bowl. With your cultivation level, young friend Chen, donating one bowl of blood will allow you to recover in a few months. And your two friends will be reborn. This deal is a win-win for you, young friend Chen."

One bowl of blood?

David sneered inwardly.

The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline was incredibly precious, containing immense life essence and the power of laws.

One bowl of blood was enough to transform an ordinary person, or even allow a cultivator to break through a bottleneck and prolong their life.

Qingxuzi spoke lightly, but its value was immeasurable.

But he had no reason to refuse.

To save Mu Sha and his wife, he would gladly give his life, let alone donate blood.

David was silent for a moment, then nodded, "Alright."

A fleeting, almost imperceptible joy flashed in Qingxuzi's eyes, but David keenly caught it.

Qingxuzi hurriedly said, "Young friend Chen is indeed loyal and righteous! I admire you! In that case, I will go and prepare the ceremony. Young friend Chen, please wait a moment, we will begin in a short while."

He stood up, turned and left.

David sat in the secret chamber, watching his retreating figure, a thoughtful look flashing in his eyes.

Just now, when Qingxuzi heard "a bowl of blood," the excitement in his eyes was too obvious.

That expression was not like someone who had gained an ally, but more like a hunter seeing prey that had fallen into a trap, his eyes full of greed and expectation.

"Is it really just a bowl of blood?"

David pondered to himself, "The Divine Hall claims to be a holy land of the righteous path, why is it so obsessed with my bloodline? There must be more to this than meets the eye."

But he had no choice at this moment.

The lives of Mu Sha and his wife hung by a thread, he could only gamble.

If the souls of Mu Sha and his wife really disappeared, there was no way to restore them no matter what method was used.

He gambled that the Divine Hall would really keep its promise, and that Qingxuzi was indeed a highly respected senior of the righteous path.

Even knowing it's a pit of fire, he has to jump in for his brothers. A moment later, the door to the secret chamber opened again.

Elder Qingxuan entered, followed by two disciples of the Divine Hall, carrying various magical artifacts.

There was a gleaming bronze bell, a jade plate radiating a chilling aura, and an ancient sheepskin scroll covered with incomprehensible symbols.

Elder Qingxuan smiled and said, "Fellow Daoist Chen, the ceremony is ready. Please follow me."

David stood up and followed him out of the secret chamber.

Passing through several halls, the three arrived at a side hall.

This side hall was located on the west side of the Divine Hall, in a rather secluded location. The surroundings were silent, not even the chirping of birds could be heard, giving it a desolate feel.

The door of the side hall was tightly closed, covered with strange runes that faintly emitted a red glow, giving an ominous feeling, as if some evil thing was imprisoned inside.

Elder Qingxuan pushed open the door, and an ancient aura rushed out, mixed with a faint smell of blood.

Inside the side hall, a huge magic array was set up. The magic array occupied the entire floor of the main hall, its densely packed patterns interwoven like a spiderweb.

These patterns emitted a faint golden light, but deep within the light, a wisp of black mist seemed to lurk, sending chills down one's spine.

In the center of the array lay a jade bowl. The bowl, as large as a washbasin, was pure white, carved with intricate dragon patterns, as if awaiting the nourishment of blood.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, please enter the array,"

Elder Qingxuan said, pointing to the center of the array, his tone utterly authoritative.

David stepped into the array. His steps were steady, without the slightest hesitation, as if he had already prepared to die.

Elder Qingxuan and the two disciples left the side hall and closed the door.

A "click" as the lock closed echoed sharply in the silent hall, like a countdown to death.

Alarm bells rang in David's mind. Just then, the magic array slowly activated.

The golden light grew increasingly intense, enveloping David entirely.

A strange force began to draw blood from his body.

At first, the force was gentle, as if guiding him.

But soon, it became domineering, like countless greedy hands frantically tearing at his meridians and draining his blood.

David frowned slightly. He felt that the force was far more domineering than he had imagined.

The speed of the draining was also much faster than "a bowl."

At this rate, in less than half an incense stick's time, all the blood in his body would be drained!

He tried to resist, but found that his body was completely immobile!

An invisible binding had appeared within the magic array, firmly fixing his limbs in place.

No matter how much he struggled, he couldn't break free even a fraction of an inch.

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David's expression changed.

"Something's wrong!"

He abruptly opened his eyes and looked towards the edge of the magic array.

There, Elder Qingxuan had somehow re-entered and was standing outside the array, watching him with a smile.

That smile was completely different from the previous respect; it carried a hint of sinister malice and smugness, like a fox watching its prey fall into its net, its eyes full of mockery.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, how do you feel?"

he chuckled, his voice filled with sarcasm.

David stared coldly at him, saying nothing, his eyes revealing a murderous intent that seemed to want to tear him to pieces.

Elder Qingxuan laughed heartily, "Fellow Daoist Chen, don't worry. This formation only extracts your bloodline; it won't kill you. However, a bowl of blood is fake; your entire bloodline is the real deal."

He took a few steps closer, looking down at David trapped in the formation, his eyes filled with greed. "The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, the legendary blood of the Dragon Emperor—this is a treasure that appears only once in ten thousand years.

As long as I obtain your bloodline, my Divine Hall Master will break through to the third rank of True Immortal Realm in one fell swoop, and might even attempt to reach the fourth rank! At that time, the Divine Hall will become the number one power in the Holy Domain of Light, and may even rule the entire Fourteenth Heaven!"

He paused, his smile growing increasingly sinister, "That so-called Reincarnation Soul-Crossing Technique is nothing but a lie. Your two friends are already dead; their souls won't last long either."

A cold killing intent flashed in David's eyes, and anger burned fiercely in his heart.

"You... you lied to me?"

Elder Qingxuan laughed loudly, "So what if we lied to you? Did you think the Divine Hall was really some righteous holy land? Did you think we would really help you save people?"

Ridiculous! In this world, only the strong survive, only interests are eternal. Your bloodline is your greatest original sin! Blame it on your naivety, actually believing us hypocrites."

David's face turned completely cold.

He had been deceived.

He had been played.

From beginning to end, the Divine Hall had no intention of helping him save people. All

they wanted was his bloodline!

The so-called righteous path, the so-called benevolence, were all masks of pretense!

He was not angry that he had been deceived, but that those so-called righteous people, who spoke of being upright and honorable, were doing such despicable things behind the scenes.

They used the banner of saving the world, but their actions were those of world destruction. There are no good people in the Heavenly Realm!

"Very well." David suddenly laughed, a cold and chilling laugh that sent shivers down one's spine, like a demon from the deepest hell.

"I'll remember you all. Shen Tang, Qing Xuzi, Qing Xuan... If I, David, don't avenge this, I swear I'm not human!"

Elder Qing Xuan was startled by his laugh, then coldly snorted, "Still being stubborn even when death is imminent! Drain him! Speed up the formation!"

The formation's light surged, draining him even faster.

David felt his bloodline power rapidly draining away, his strength fading bit by bit.

His vision blurred, his consciousness growing heavy. He closed his eyes, an endless surge of anger and resentment welling up inside him.

Was this how it was going to end?

Had he failed to save Mu Sha, and was he destined to perish here as well?

Just as David was about to lose consciousness, the door to the side hall was suddenly pushed open.

A slender figure rushed in—it was Yun Yao.

Yun Yao looked at David trapped in the formation, her face changing drastically, her eyes filled with anxiety and grief.

“Young Master!”

Without a word, she raised her hand and slashed at the array patterns at the edge of the formation.

The longsword in her hand burst forth with dazzling light, attempting to destroy the formation.

Elder Qingxuan’s expression changed, and he roared, “Where did this lowly wench come from, daring to ruin my grand plan!”

He raised his hand and struck Yun Yao with a palm.

The palm wind howled, carrying the terrifying pressure of a first-grade True Immortal, like a mountain pressing down on Yun Yao.

Yun Yao was only an eighth-grade Upper Immortal, how could she withstand a palm strike from a second-grade True Immortal?

“Bang!”

With a muffled sound, Yun Yao was sent flying by the palm strike, crashing heavily against the wall, spitting out blood.

Her face instantly turned deathly pale, and her body slumped to the ground.

But she did not fall, nor did she give up.

She struggled to her feet, wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth, and rushed towards the formation again.

"Young Master, I've come to save you!" Her eyes were firm, even knowing it was suicide, she did not hesitate.

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"You're courting death!"

Elder Qingxuan sneered, his eyes flashing with murderous intent, and attacked again.

This time, he was serious, a golden sphere of light condensing in his palm—his signature move, the "Holy Light Annihilation Seal."

But just then, the roof of the side hall suddenly exploded!

"Boom!"

Tiles flew everywhere, dust billowed.

A dark figure descended from the sky, like a meteor falling to earth, landing precisely in front of Yun Yao, blocking Elder Qingxuan's attack.

It was a woman dressed in black, with a cold and beautiful face, skin as white as snow, and eyes as deep as the night sky.

She exuded a faint ghostly aura, but it wasn't sinister; instead, it carried a noble and mysterious rhythm, as if from another world.

Yun Yao was stunned, staring blankly at the figure's back.

The woman ignored everyone, simply raising her right hand, her palm as black as ink, wrapped with wisps of pure ghostly energy.

She slammed her palm onto the magic array.

“Break!”

A soft shout accompanied by a tremendous impact.

The seemingly indestructible magic array shattered instantly under this palm strike, as if made of paper.

The array patterns broke, the light dissipated, and the force binding David vanished.

David was freed from the array, his body swaying, almost falling.

His face was ashen, most of his bloodline power had been drained, and his strength was severely diminished.

He barely managed to stand, looking at the woman in black, a hint of doubt flashing in his eyes.

The woman in black turned around, her gaze falling on David, a strange light flashing in her eyes.

She didn't speak, but carefully examined David, as if confirming something.

After a moment, she said calmly, “Come with me.”

David frowned slightly, about to ask a question, when he saw the woman raise her hand and a black light enveloped him and Yun Yao.

The light was like a black hole, instantly swallowing the three of them.

The next second, the three of them disappeared from the spot.

Elder Qingxuan's face was ashen, and he shouted sharply, “Chase! Chase him! Find him alive or dead! We can't let him escape!”

The disciples of the Divine Hall surged out, pursuing him down the mountain with overwhelming force.

A hundred miles away, in a desolate mountain range.

This place was sparsely populated, overgrown with weeds, and only the occasional roar of a beast broke the silence.

Three figures descended from the sky, landing in a secluded valley.

The woman in black released her grip, and David and Yun Yao landed on the ground.

Yun Yao slumped to the ground, panting heavily, her body covered in blood, her face extremely weak.

That palm strike had severely injured her internally; if not for her strong will, she would have already fainted.

Although David's face was pale, he still stood ramrod straight. He took a deep breath, circulating his remaining spiritual energy to steady his mind.

His gaze fell on the woman in black, filled with scrutiny and wariness.

"Who are you?"

he asked coldly, his hand already secretly gripping the hilt of his sword.

Although the other party had saved him, after experiencing the betrayal of the shrine, he dared not easily trust anyone again.

The woman in black looked at him, not answering immediately, but silently scrutinizing him.

After a moment, she suddenly spoke, her voice as cold as ice: "Why do you have the aura of the demon race on you?"

David frowned.

The aura of the Ghost Clan?

A thought flashed through his mind, remembering Ming Li.

Ming Li was a member of the Ghost Clan, and having followed him for so long, it was normal for him to have some of her aura lingering on him.

"I have a friend who is a member of the Ghost Clan,"

he said calmly. "Who exactly are you?"

A flicker of realization crossed the black-clad woman's eyes, then she nodded slightly. "I see."

She paused, then slowly said, "My name is Yun Xi, a princess of the Ghost Clan."

Upon hearing this, both David and Yun Yao's expressions changed. A

princess of the Ghost Clan?

The woman continued, "I come from the Fifteenth Heaven."

David's pupils contracted.

The Fifteenth Heaven?

That was a legendary place, one level higher than the Fourteenth Heaven, said to be the true gathering place of powerful beings.

Those who could descend from the Upper Realm were no ordinary people.

"Why did you save me?" David asked in a deep voice, his wariness growing even stronger.

Yunxi looked at him calmly and said, "I sensed a trace of the Gate of Reincarnation in the Fifteenth Heaven, so I followed it down. When I got here, the aura disappeared, but I sensed the aura of the Ghost Clan on you. I assumed you were related to my Ghost Clan, so I helped you."

She paused, her gaze falling on David's face. "Now it seems that the aura was left by your Ghost Clan friend. Since you have a past with the Ghost Clan, I naturally wouldn't stand by and watch you die."

David was silent for a moment, then slowly released his grip on his sword.

Although her words were somewhat unbelievable, at least for now, she seemed to have no ill intentions.

And that Gate of Reincarnation was also something Mingli had used before. Although it had been taken away, Mingli should still carry a trace of its aura.

"Thank you," he said in a deep voice.

Yunxi shook her head. "No need. I'm just returning a favor."

She turned around, her gaze fixed on the distance, as if she could pierce through layers of clouds and see the legendary Fifteenth Heaven.

"The sudden appearance of the Gate of Reincarnation's aura must be suspicious. I need to investigate. Take care of yourselves."

With that, she turned to leave.

David suddenly spoke, "Wait."

Yun Xi stopped and turned to look at him.

David looked at her and said in a deep voice, "The people from the Divine Hall are still chasing me. You saved me and Yun Yao; I'll remember this kindness. If I have the opportunity in the future, I will repay you."

Yun Xi's lips curled up slightly, revealing a faint smile: "No need. I was just doing it on a whim. However..."

She paused, her gaze falling on David, a deep meaning flashing in her eyes.

"The bloodline in your body is very unusual. Live well, don't die here."

As soon as she finished speaking, her figure flashed, transforming into a black streak of light and disappearing into the vast sky.

David watched the streak of light disappear into the distance, remaining silent for a long time.

Yun Yao struggled to her feet and walked to his side, whispering, "Young Master, is what she said true? The Ghost Clan princess of the Fifteenth Heaven?"

David shook his head. "I don't know. But she did save us. And the aura of the Gate of Reincarnation she mentioned does indeed exist."

David hadn't told Yun Xi about the Gate of Reincarnation because he wasn't yet certain of her identity.

Revealing it now might bring disaster to Ming Li.

He turned to Yun Yao's pale face, his brow furrowing slightly.

"Heal first. We'll talk about the rest later."