

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6231

Just then, a white-haired guardian elder standing to Yao Chen's left suddenly sneered, took a step forward, and broke the silence.

"Divine Power, you speak more eloquently than you sing. Your words are flowery and full of sincerity, but who knows if you're telling the truth? Who knows if you're deceiving us?"

"What if you're just using the Divine Hall for refuge, temporarily biding your time, and then, once the storm has passed, your injuries have healed, and your strength has increased, you turn your back on us and turn against the Divine Hall? Wouldn't we be letting a wolf into our house, raising a tiger to cause future trouble?"

Another dark-faced elder immediately chimed in, his tone icy and full of distrust: "That's right! The people of your Divine Hall have always been treacherous and cunning, with extremely deep schemes. Back then, in order to seize the rightful place of the Divine Race, you secretly used countless underhanded methods, with endless conspiracies and tricks."

"Now you suddenly come seeking refuge, speaking so humbly. Who knows what your intentions are? Who knows if you have some unspeakable conspiracy?"

Another gaunt elder spoke even more sarcastically and sarcastically, "Besides, your temple values the Holy Mountain more than your own lives. The secrets and shady dealings hidden within are probably not so simple, are they?"

"I've long heard that over the years, your temple has been using the guise of worshiping and praying at the Holy Mountain to secretly abduct and extract the souls and essences of countless rogue cultivators and cultivators from small clans. Your methods are cruel and utterly depraved, your aim being to resurrect some forbidden being, doing something against the will of Heaven!"

"If such sordid deeds and such shameful secrets were to get out, it would be enough to bring your temple to its doom! If our temple were to take you in, wouldn't we also have to share the blame, be cursed by the world, and become the target of public criticism?"

These words were spoken.

The expressions of everyone in the temple changed drastically, their faces turning ashen, and they shuddered.

Extracting the soul essence of cultivators in an attempt to resurrect a forbidden being.

This was the temple's greatest secret, its most shameful secret, a dark past capable of being besieged and utterly destroyed by all races.

This matter was deeply hidden; aside from the temple's high-ranking officials, almost no one knew of it.

Unexpectedly, the temple already knew!

Shen Tong was shocked, his face turning deathly pale. He hurriedly tried to explain, "Elders, you've misunderstood! You mustn't believe these rumors! They're malicious rumors spread by those with ill intentions, fabricated by enemies who want to frame our temple!"

“Rumors?”

The white-haired elder sneered again, his eyes sharp as knives, directly interrupting Shen Tong.

“Lord of the Divine Power Hall, do you think we’re all three-year-olds, so easily fooled? Do you think our Divine Hall hasn’t investigated those missing cultivators, those rogue cultivators whose souls mysteriously vanished without even a chance to reincarnate?”

“Do you think you can really hide your despicable deeds forever?”

Divine Power opened his mouth, wanting to continue his defense, but the words caught in his throat, and he found himself utterly unable to refute them.

Those things were indeed done by the Divine Hall back then for power and ambition.

The evidence was irrefutable; he couldn’t deny it.

For a moment, Divine Power’s face turned deathly pale. He stood there, helpless, caught in extreme embarrassment and panic.

At this moment of utter oppression,

an elder of the Divine Hall standing behind Divine Power finally couldn’t bear it any longer.

He was a man of fiery temperament; during their escape, witnessing the Hall Master suffer humiliation and his fellow disciples being mocked and trampled upon, his heart had long been filled with endless anger and resentment. Now, having his sore spot so bluntly exposed and humiliated by the temple elder, he could no longer suppress his anger.

“Enough!”

a furious shout suddenly rang out.

It was a middle-aged temple elder, covered in blood, severely injured, and extremely weak, barely able to stand.

But now, he suddenly stood up, his face flushed, his eyes bloodshot, burning with the flames of anger and humiliation.

“Our temple has indeed been defeated! We have indeed fallen into ruin! We have indeed reached a dead end! But we came with sincerity, seeking help and seeking an alliance with the divine race!”

“If you are unwilling to take us in, fine, but why the cold mockery, the endless humiliation, and the relentless pressure?!”

“Our temple and the divine hall share the same roots and origins, and are of the same divine bloodline. We should help each other and fight against external enemies together! Today, we are in distress, and you not only do not offer a helping hand, but you also disregard our kinship and kick us when we are down, doing everything you can to mock us!”

“With such a heart and such a face, do you deserve to be called the legitimate lineage of the divine race? Do you deserve to occupy Holy Light Peak? Do you deserve to be revered by all cultivators in the world?”

He became more and more agitated as he spoke, his voice rising higher and higher, almost roaring.

“Don’t forget! The Demon Dragon lineage is unstoppable, and that Ning Zhi is terrifying beyond compare! Their next target is very likely your Divine Hall, this Holy Light Peak!”

“You have no idea how terrifying Ning Zhi’s strength is! You have no idea what despair is! Today you laugh at us, humiliate us, but tomorrow, when you are slaughtered by the Demon Dragon and crushed by Ning Zhi, let’s see if you can still laugh!!”

“Insolence!”

A sharp shout interrupted him.

A golden-robed elder of the Divine Hall was furious. Holy light surged around him, and the terrifying pressure of the True Immortal Realm instantly swept through the entire hall, pressing down on the elder like a mountain.

“How dare you roar in the Divine Hall’s main hall and insult the elders of the Divine Hall! You’re courting death!”

The golden-robed elder’s eyes were cold, and he was about to make a move to suppress him.

But before he could make a move,

Yao Chen, who had always had a gentle smile on his face, gently raised his right hand.

A simple movement.

Without releasing any aura, without making any sound. The golden-robed elder, who had been so imposing just moments before, froze instantly .

The surging holy light around him vanished in an instant, and he dared not utter another word. He obediently retreated, bowing his head with utmost respect. The entire hall fell silent. Yao Chen remained seated on his throne, his face still bearing that gentle smile. But that smile no longer evoked warmth; instead, it sent a chill down one’s spine. His gaze calmly fell upon the agitated and roaring temple elder. He spoke softly, his voice gentle yet carrying an absolute, unquestionable, and unyielding authority. “Have you finished?” The temple elder’s heart tightened. Looking into Yao Chen’s eyes, he instinctively wanted to say something more, to continue arguing for himself and the temple.

But before he could speak,

Yao Chen simply raised his right hand and casually pointed at him.

There were no earth-shattering phenomena, no terrifying pressure.

A slender, soft, and not dazzling golden light slowly shot out from Yao Chen's fingertip.

The light was slow, even deceptively slow, seemingly harmless, like an ordinary ray of holy light.

Yet, this seemingly harmless light seemed to traverse space, ignoring distance, all defenses, and the temple elder's protective divine light and magical artifacts.

Instantly, it precisely pierced the temple elder's brow.

There was no explosion, no scream, no splatter of blood.

The temple elder's body suddenly froze.

His eyes widened, pupils contracted, and his face still bore the marks of anger and agitation, yet he remained frozen in place.

He opened his mouth, as if to speak, to utter a sound, but not a trace of breath escaped him, not a single movement could be made.

The next moment,

a bizarre scene unfolded.

His body, starting from the spot where the light pierced his brow, gradually disintegrated into countless golden specks of light, like sand sculptures scattered by the wind, crumbling, melting, and vanishing bit by bit.

From head to torso to limbs.

In just a few breaths

, a temple elder who had lived for thousands of years, before everyone's very eyes, completely transformed into countless specks of light, disappearing into the air without a trace.

Not even a scream could be uttered.

Not a drop of blood, not a piece of bone remained.

His soul was scattered.

Utterly annihilated.

Even the chance of reincarnation was erased.

The hall was deathly silent. A

deathly silence.

Everyone was stunned.

The elders of the Divine Hall were slightly startled, but quickly regained their composure, their gazes towards Shen Tong and the others growing even colder and more disdainful.

The members of the Divine Hall, however, were filled with terror, their bodies trembling violently, their faces ashen, their eyes filled with fear and disbelief.

They stared intently at the spot where the elder had vanished, their hearts pounding wildly, as if about to leap from their throats.

One move.

A mere casual flick of the finger.

Not even a single superfluous movement.

An elder had been completely annihilated, leaving no chance for reincarnation.

Was this the power of Yao Chen, the Hall Master of the Divine Hall?

Was this the terror of the orthodox divine race?

Shen Tong froze on the spot, his mind blank, his body ice-cold.

That elder was one of his most loyal and closest subordinates, who had followed him for thousands of years, through countless life-and-death battles, never wavering in his loyalty, never betraying the Divine Hall; he was the person he trusted most.

Yet now.

He had died right before his eyes.

Died so easily, so decisively, so thoroughly.

Without even a chance to resist.

The anger, grief, and hatred in Shen Tong's heart surged to their peak in an instant.

He desperately wanted to rush forward and fight Yao Chen to the death, to avenge that elder at all costs.

He desperately wanted to draw his divine weapon, detonate his entire cultivation, and perish together with everyone in the Divine Hall.

But he couldn't. He couldn't act impulsively.

Behind him were over two hundred disciples.

They were the last embers of the temple, vibrant lives.

Their fates rested entirely on his decision.

If he acted rashly, if he resisted, Yao Chen would show no mercy, and those two hundred disciples would be slaughtered instantly, not a single one surviving.

Then, the temple would truly be destroyed, its millennia-old foundation utterly reduced to nothing, leaving not a sliver of hope for a comeback.

Shen Tong gritted his teeth, his gums bleeding, his mouth filled with the strong taste of blood.

His hands were clenched into fists, his nails digging deep into his palms, drops of blood falling and splashing tiny flowers on the ground.

Did it hurt?

Yes.

But even that pain was nothing compared to the agony in his heart.

Yet he endured it.

He forcefully suppressed all impulses, all anger, all grief.

He slowly lowered his head, not letting anyone see the bloodshot eyes and hatred in them, his voice hoarse and trembling, yet he still forced himself to remain respectful and humble.

"Thank you for your guidance, High Priest. It was my negligence in disciplining him and in failing to restrain him, allowing that madman to offend the High Priest and violate the dignity of the temple. He deserves to die;

he brought it upon himself." Upon hearing this,

the last vestige of stubbornness and hope in the hearts of the temple's members was utterly shattered.

They looked at Shen Tong's hunched, lonely figure, their eyes filled with complex emotions:

disappointment, anger, resentment, and humiliation.

But above all, there was a touch of heartache and understanding.

They all understood.

The High Priest wasn't unwilling to seek revenge, wasn't without anger, wasn't without humiliation.

It was for their sake, to preserve the last embers of the temple, that the High Priest was enduring.

Enduring what ordinary people could not endure.

Suffering humiliation that ordinary people could not suffer.

On his throne, Yao Chen looked at Shen Tong's servile, humiliated, and resentful appearance, a barely perceptible hint of satisfaction flashing in his eyes.

He slowly withdrew his hand, his face once again displaying that gentle, harmless smile, as if he hadn't been the one casually annihilating an elder.

"The Lord of the Divine Power Hall is indeed a reasonable man, understanding the bigger picture and prioritizing the overall situation. In my entire life, what I admire most is a wise and pragmatic person like you."

He paused, his tone casual and indifferent, as if arranging a trivial matter.

“In that case, I will accept your sincerity and take in all of you from the Divine Hall.”

“However, the Divine Hall has strict rules; it doesn’t tolerate idlers or useless people. Now that you’ve come to the Divine Hall, to Holy Light Peak, you should do something for me, for the Divine Hall, and contribute your strength.”

He looked at the Divine Power Hall, a meaningful, mocking smile playing on his lips.

“How about this?”

“From today onwards, all the remaining members of your Divine Hall will be responsible for patrolling and guarding the foot of Holy Light Peak.”

“Lord of the Divine Power Hall, what do you think?”

Patrol?

Guard?

Foot of the mountain?

These words exploded like thunder in the hearts of everyone in the temple.

This kind of work, this kind of chore, was the kind of menial task assigned to the lowest-ranking disciples in the temple—those without talent, without background, the very bottom of the hierarchy. It

was arduous, dangerous, and a lowly position, looked down upon by others.

They had once been high-ranking disciples of the temple, elites who traversed the fourteenth heaven, revered figures.

Now, they were to do this lowest-level menial work?

This wasn't just an assignment; it was a blatant humiliation!

It was trampling their dignity underfoot, grinding it repeatedly!

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The temple disciples behind Shen Tong felt their eyes blaze with anger and humiliation, almost spitting fire. Their bodies trembled violently, and they longed to rush forward and fight to the death.

But looking at their temple master's back, they ultimately dared not move.

Shen Tong, however, kept his head bowed, seemingly oblivious to the humiliation in his voice.

His tone was calm and respectful, without a trace of emotion.

"Thank you, Hall Master, for taking us in and giving us a way out. I... am willing to accept this fate without a single complaint."

With that, he bowed deeply again, prostrating himself on the ground in gratitude.

"That's good."

Yao Chen nodded in satisfaction, waved his hand lightly, and said indifferently.

"Step back. I will have the elders arrange your lodgings, food, and duties. Behave yourself, do your job well, and do not cause trouble."

"Thank you, Hall Master."

Shen Tong bowed again, then slowly retreated, step by step, respectfully leaving the hall.

Behind him, over two hundred temple disciples, heads bowed, silently followed Shen Tong, their hearts filled with humiliation and sorrow, retreating step by step from the great hall that had brought them such humiliation, a place they would never forget.

The moment he stepped out of the temple ,

Shen Tong slowly raised his head, gazing at the sky.

The sky above the Holy Land of Light was azure and pure, shrouded in holy light, holy and dazzling, breathtakingly beautiful.

Yet his heart was darker, colder, and heavier than ever before.

It felt as if a mountain was pressing down on it.

Humiliation, sorrow, anger, hatred...

all these emotions intertwined, threatening to consume him.

He didn't speak, didn't turn back, but silently walked ahead, step by step, towards the most remote, lowest point of Holy Light Peak.

Behind him, the temple disciples followed closely, equally silent.

No sound, no weeping, no complaints.

Only the heavy sound of footsteps echoed on the mountain path.

Finally, when the group reached a secluded, deserted mountain path...

A young temple disciple could no longer contain his pent-up resentment and anger.

He rushed forward and knelt before the divine power with a thud, tears streaming down his face, his voice choked with sobs and grief.

"Temple Master! Why?! Why must we suffer such humiliation?! We temple disciples have always been unyielding to the death! We would rather die on the battlefield than be humiliated like this, have our dignity trampled upon like this!"

The other disciples also gathered around, their faces filled with grief and indignation, their eyes red, their voices trembling.

"Yes, Lord! That temple doesn't treat us like human beings at all! They killed Elder Zhang, mocked us relentlessly, and now they want us to do menial tasks and patrol at the foot of the mountain! This isn't taking us in, it's treating us like slaves!"

"Lord, let's rebel! Let's fight them! Rather than live like this, enduring humiliation, let's fight a glorious battle, so that even in death we can die with dignity!"

"Lord! Just give the order! We are willing to follow you and fight to the death!"

Shen Tong stopped.

He slowly turned around.

Looking at these young faces before him, at the grief, resentment, grievance, and anger in their eyes, an endless sorrow and heartache welled up within him.

These disciples were the future of the temple.

They should have been full of vigor, should have been respected, should have had bright futures.

But because of a defeat, because of his incompetence as their Lord, they had fallen to this state.

Shen Tong remained silent for a long, long time.

He slowly opened his mouth, his voice hoarse and deep, yet carrying an unquestionable and irrefutable authority.

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"Do you think I don't want to resist?"

He slowly raised his hand, opening his palm.

Bloodstains were visible on his palm, the wounds from where he had been pricked by fingernails and which hadn't yet healed.

"Just now, when that elder died before my eyes, the anger in my heart was stronger than any of yours. I wanted nothing more than to rush up and fight Yao Chen to the death, to avenge him at all costs!"

"But I cannot."

He raised his head, his gaze sweeping across the faces of every disciple present, each word spoken with a heavy, iron-like tone.

"Behind me are you all. More than two hundred of the temple's last embers, its last hope. If I act impulsively, if I act rashly, if I rebel, if I fly into a rage, if I strike... all of you will die."

"Not a single one will survive."

"At that time, the temple will truly be destroyed. Ten thousand years of foundation, the blood and sweat of countless ancestors, will be utterly reduced to nothing, leaving not even a sliver of chance for a comeback, not even a sliver of chance for revenge."

"I can die, I am not afraid of death. I have lived for ten thousand years, that is enough. But I cannot take you all with me to die, I cannot personally bury the temple's last hope."

His voice grew louder, heavier, and more resolute.

"I will remember today's humiliation."

"Yao Chen's mockery, the temple's disgrace, Elder Zhang's tragic death, I remember them all, etched in my heart, etched in my soul!"

He clenched his fist tightly, blood dripping from his palm again, a chilling ruthlessness flashing in his eyes.

"But we must endure now."

"When you're under someone's roof, you have to bow your head. As long as the green hills remain, there's always firewood. Only by living, only by enduring, only by preserving our strength, can we have a chance to turn things around, only then can we have hope for revenge!"

"One day."

"One day, I will lead you back to your peak!" "

I will make the Divine Hall, Yao Chen, and all those who humiliated us and trampled on our dignity today pay the most painful price for what they have done!"

"Blood debts must be repaid in blood!"

"The Divine Hall's hatred must be washed away with blood!"

His voice, powerful and resounding, echoed for a long time on the silent mountain path.

Hearing his words, the anger, resentment, and unwillingness in the hearts of the Divine Hall disciples gradually subsided.

In their place was a profound determination, a belief that was patiently waiting to be unleashed.

Looking at Shen Tong, hope and loyalty rekindled in their eyes.

They all knelt down, kowtowing heavily to Shen Tong, their voices unified and resolute.

"We swear to follow the Palace Master to the death! We will endure humiliation and await our opportunity! One day, we will avenge ourselves and pay for our debt in blood!"

Shen Tong nodded, saying nothing more.

He slowly turned around and walked back towards the foot of the mountain.

His back, illuminated by the holy light of Holy Light Peak, appeared exceptionally lonely and desolate.

Yet, within that lonely figure, there was an unusually firm and tenacious strength.

Enduring humiliation for a moment, in exchange for a future opportunity.

This hatred is irreconcilable.

Meanwhile,

at the summit of Holy Light Peak, in the main hall of the Divine Hall,

Yao Chen remained seated on his throne, a satisfied smile of complete control on his face.

He had already seen everything clearly through his divine sense.

An elder guardian stepped forward, bowed slightly, and asked in a low voice with a look of confusion and worry, "Master, I truly do not understand.

That Shen Tong is treacherous and cunning, extremely scheming, and ambitious. Although he is now in dire straits, he is still a major threat. Keeping him alive will only bring trouble sooner or later. Why not take this opportunity to wipe them all out in one fell swoop, to eliminate future troubles and remove any lingering worries?" Yao Chen glanced at him, shook his head slightly, and chuckled, his tone carrying a hint of disdain and control.

"Eliminate? Why eliminate them?"

He slowly stood up, his wide holy robe trailing on the ground, and descended the golden steps, standing with his hands behind his back, his gaze sweeping over the entire hall, his aura imposing.

"Although the temple has fallen, they still possess many valuable items that our temple desperately needs. Those secret realm resources, those holy mountain secrets, and the physical body of the Ghost Clan Venerable—these are treasures we've long coveted but have never been able to obtain."

"If we kill them now, these things may disappear forever, never to be found again. Wouldn't that be a huge loss for us?"

"Besides, although that divine power is fallen from grace, he was once a powerful ruler, and his disciples are all battle-hardened warriors.

They might prove invaluable in dealing with the Demon Dragon lineage and that Ning Zhi, serving as cannon fodder to shield us from harm."

He paused, a cold killing intent and calculation flashing in his eyes.

"As for the future..."

"Once they've squeezed every last drop of value out of me, once I've obtained everything I wanted and mastered all the secrets of the temple, then how I

deal with them, how I decide their deaths, won't it all be a matter of a single word from me?"

"Keeping them alive now is merely making use of waste."

The guardian elder suddenly understood, his eyes filled with admiration, bowing repeatedly: "Hall Master is wise! I am far inferior! Your thoughtful planning and meticulous steps are truly admirable!"

Yao Chen smiled faintly, said no more, and turned to slowly walk towards the rear hall.

His figure gradually disappeared into the holy light deep within the hall.

Only a cold, indifferent sentence remained, slowly echoing in the empty hall.

"Send people to keep an eye on them, monitor them around the clock, and don't let their every move slip by. If there is the slightest unusual movement, don't report it, kill them without mercy." As

soon as the words fell,

the hall returned to silence.

The holy light remained pure, the holy sun continued to revolve.

But everyone knew...

The relationship between the shrine and the temple is no longer simply one of shelter and being sheltered.

Instead, each harbors its own ulterior motives and hidden agendas.

Beneath the surface of calm, undercurrents surge, and killing intent lurks everywhere.

Meanwhile, in the secret chamber of the City Lord's Mansion in Yunxian City,

David sat cross-legged inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower, golden dragon energy slowly flowing around him.

Three days outside, but several months inside the tower.

These months of seclusion had completely healed his injuries; the wounds scalded by demonic fire had long since healed completely, and his spiritual power was even more solid and substantial than before his injuries.

His cultivation at the peak of the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm showed signs of loosening, just one step away from the fifth rank.

David slowly opened his eyes and exhaled a breath of turbid air.

He raised his hand, looking at the golden light flowing in his palm, but there was no smile on his lips.

The image of that figure in flowing purple robes lingered in his mind.

Yuqi...

where are you now?

Have you even thought of me for a moment?

David closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and suppressed his surging emotions.

He knew this was not the time to indulge in romantic feelings; Ning Zhi was not yet eliminated, Yu Qi had not yet returned, and he could not collapse.

Putting away the Demon-Suppressing Tower, David got up and pushed open the door to the secret chamber.

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Outside the door, Chen Wanqing was leaning against the wall. Seeing him come out, she hurried forward, her eyes filled with worry and joy: "David, you're better? So quickly?"

"Yes, thanks to the Demon Suppression Tower."

David looked at her haggard face, his heart warming. "You've worked hard these past few days."

David no longer hid anything from Chen Wanqing.

Although he and Chen Wanqing hadn't truly cultivated together, David could feel Chen Wanqing's feelings for him.

If Sonya hadn't suddenly appeared, catching David somewhat off guard, he might have already pinned Chen Wanqing down.

Chen Wanqing shook her head, about to speak, when footsteps came from outside the courtyard.

Yun Xi and Ming Li walked in side by side.

Yun Xi wore a black dress, her aura much more composed than a few days ago, clearly her injuries had almost healed.

Ming Li walked beside her, his face still somewhat pale, but his spirits were good.

"David, you're awake."

Yun Xi approached, looking at him with a complex emotion in her eyes. "How are you recovering?"

"I'm much better now."

David nodded. "Thank you, Princess Yun Xi, for saving my life."

Yun Xi waved her hand, not replying, but just looking at him, hesitant to speak. Seeing this

, Ming Li stepped forward and said, "David, the princess and I have something we'd like to ask for your help with." Chen

Ping looked at their solemn expressions and asked, "What is it?"

Ming Li explained Yun Xi's purpose again: the Ghost Clan's Reincarnation Division in the Fifteenth Heaven had undergone a strange change, trapping countless ghost souls within. Only by using the Gate of Reincarnation could they enter the depths of the Reincarnation Division to be rescued.

And the Gate of Reincarnation was now in Mr. Shi's hands.

"Mr. Shi has a close relationship with you. Could you perhaps..."

Yun Xi looked at him, her eyes filled with expectation, "...help me contact him and borrow the Gate of Reincarnation? The entire Ghost Clan will surely repay you handsomely."

David was silent for a moment, then slowly shook his head. "It's not that I don't want to help, it's just that... I can't contact Mr. Shi either."

Yun Xi's expression dimmed slightly.

David looked at her and explained, "Mr. Shi is a mysterious figure, and he acts entirely on his own whims. He's always the one looking for me, and I can't find him.

He only appears when I'm in my most critical and desperate moments. Otherwise... I can't contact him either."

This was true.

From the mortal realm to the celestial realm, and now to the celestial realm, Mr. Shi's appearances have always coincided with David's near-death experiences.

Apart from that, Mr. Shi seems to have vanished into thin air, leaving no trace.

Yun Xi lowered her head, her eyes filled with undisguised disappointment.

She had gone through countless hardships to reach the fourteenth heaven from the fifteenth heaven, finally managing to find out about the Gate of Reincarnation, thinking she had found hope, only to discover it was yet another dead end.

Seeing her dejected expression, David pondered for a moment before speaking, "Although we can't contact Mr. Shi right now, Princess Yunxi, don't be discouraged. After I finish dealing with matters in the Fourteenth Heaven, I'll go with you to the Fifteenth Heaven. I'll find a way to help you with the Reincarnation Bureau."

Yunxi looked up at him, a glimmer of light rekindling in her eyes. "You're willing to go to the Fifteenth Heaven?"

"Of course, you saved me twice, I can't just not help you." David paused. "But before that, I have something else to do."

He gazed into the distance, a cold glint in his eyes.

"While I was in seclusion, the Temple led a large army to besiege Yunxian City, killing my Heavenly Dragon Clan members and injuring my brothers and friends. This debt must be settled."

Yunxi raised an eyebrow slightly. "You're going to attack the Temple?"

"The Temple is currently severely weakened, this is the perfect opportunity." David stood with his hands behind his back, his aura as steady as a mountain. "Strike while the iron is hot. If the Temple isn't eliminated, it will surely become a future threat." Yunxi looked at him, a hint of admiration flashing in her eyes.

This man was indeed extraordinary.

Having just survived a life-or-death ordeal, the first thing he did upon waking wasn't to indulge in romantic feelings, but to make decisive and swift decisions.

"I'll go with you," Yunxi said calmly. "You owe me two lives, and I have to see you repay them."

David chuckled, "Alright, then I'll owe you another favor."

Mingli also stepped forward, "I'll go too. Those bas***s from the temple should have been dealt with long ago."

David nodded, his gaze sweeping across the courtyard. Yun Yao and Liu Qianqian were standing not far away. Seeing David looking at them, they quickly came over.

"Young Master Chen, we're going too!" Yun Yao's face tightened. "Those villains almost destroyed Yunxian City, I want revenge!"

Liu Qianqian didn't speak, but simply stood quietly beside Mingli, nodding gently.

David looked at the people before him, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

They were all his companions who had shared life and death with him along the way.

"Alright, let's go together."

He paused, then looked at Chen Wanqing: "Wanqing, you stay in Yunxian City and help me take care of Long Zhan and the brothers of the Heavenly Dragon Clan. Long Zhan's injuries are too severe; he needs someone to look after him."

Although Chen Wanqing also wanted to go, she knew the importance of the matter and nodded: "Don't worry, I will guard Yunxian City."

David gave her a deep look and said nothing more.

He turned around and, with Yun Xi, Ming Li, Yun Yao, and Liu Qianqian, embarked on the road to the Divine Temple.

The main hall of the Divine Temple was located in the deepest part of the Fourteenth Heaven Divine Domain, occupying the entire Holy Mountain Range, majestic and imposing.

It took David and his group three days to reach the gates of the Divine Temple.

But when they stood before the gates, they were all stunned.

The gates were wide open, and there was no sound.

There were no guards, no patrolling disciples, and no sign of any living person.

Inside the gates, the place was in ruins. Fallen leaves piled up, and dust covered everything, clearly indicating that the place had been deserted for many days.

David frowned slightly and stepped into the mountain gate.

Along the way, the pavilions and towers were empty, the doors to the cultivation chambers were wide open, and even the most basic formations were not activated. The entire temple was like a dead zone, deathly still.

"This..." Yun Yao's eyes widened, "Where are they? Why is there no one here?"

Ming Li looked around and said in a deep voice, "It seems the people from the temple have already fled."

"Fled?" Yun Yao was puzzled, "Why would such a powerful force flee?"

Yun Xi said calmly, "The temple lost all its elites in this battle, its strength greatly diminished. Staying in the Fourteenth Heaven will only lead to them being devoured by their enemies. Rather than waiting to die, it's better to make plans sooner." David did

n't speak, but slowly walked through every corner of the temple.

Once upon a time, this was one of the most powerful forces in the Fourteenth Heaven, its prestige shaking the four directions, and no one dared to provoke it.

Now, only an empty shell remained, desolate and dilapidated.

He stood in the main hall of the temple, looking at the empty throne, feeling no joy, only a faint sense of regret.

"What a pity," he said softly.

It was still a bit of a regret that he hadn't been able to destroy the temple with his own hands.

But oh well, they've escaped, so be it.

The most important thing now was finding Yuqi and dealing with Ning Zhi's threat.

David turned around, about to speak, but his gaze fell on Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

The two were standing side by side, seemingly normal, but David, with his sharp eyes, immediately noticed that Liu Qianqian's hand was gently resting on Ming Li's wrist.

Chapter 6235

Ming Li turned slightly to the side, whispered something in her ear, and Liu Qianqian's lips curled up slightly, but she quickly suppressed it, looking away with a straight face.

Ming Li's gaze towards Liu Qianqian was so tender it could melt hearts.

David raised an eyebrow.

Good heavens.

When did these two get together?

He didn't say anything, just glanced at them a few more times.

This time, he noticed something amiss. Although Liu Qianqian had a straight face, the smile in her eyes was impossible to hide;

Ming Li, usually cold and aloof, was now beaming, glancing at Liu Qianqian every now and then.

David understood.

No wonder he'd felt something was off between them before; now he knew.

He didn't confront them directly, just smiled, and led the group to continue exploring the temple.

Along the way, the interaction between Ming Li and Liu Qianqian became increasingly obvious.

While hiking along the mountain path, Ming Li always instinctively stood in front of Liu Qianqian, afraid she would fall.

During rest periods, Liu Qianqian would quietly hand Ming Li a water pouch; when Ming Li took it, their fingers would intentionally or unintentionally touch, then quickly separate, pretending nothing had happened.

Yun Yao, that carefree little girl, didn't notice anything at all.

Yun Xi, however, did notice, but only glanced at it briefly without saying anything.

Finally, after exploring a side hall, David stopped, turned back to look at Ming Li, and smiled faintly.

"Ming Li."

Ming Li was talking to Liu Qianqian when he heard this and looked up:
"Hmm?"

David looked at him, then at Liu Qianqian, and slowly asked, "When did this happen between you two?"

Ming Li was startled, his expression instantly freezing.

Liu Qianqian was also stunned, her cheeks flushing red, and she instinctively hid behind Ming Li.

"Wh...what happened?" Ming Li stammered, his eyes darting around, "I don't know what you're talking about."

David smiled.

"Don't know?"

He slowly walked over, circling Ming Li. "Then tell me, why haven't your eyes left Liu Qianqian since you left home?"

Why did you always block her way when we were walking on the mountain path? Why did your fingers touch and then quickly separate when she handed you the water pouch during our rest?"

Ming Li opened his mouth, his face turning bright red.

Yun Yao finally reacted, her eyes widening: "Ah? Brother Ming Li and Sister Liu? You...you're together?"

Liu Qianqian's face turned even redder, wishing she could disappear into the ground.

Seeing that he couldn't hide it any longer, Ming Li decided to go all out, stubbornly saying, "So what if we are! Qianqian and I...we...we are truly in love!"

David couldn't help but laugh at his shy yet stubborn appearance.

"I didn't say no, why are you in such a hurry?"

Ming Li was taken aback, looking at David with uncertainty in his eyes: "You...you don't object?"

"Object to what?"

David patted his shoulder, his tone sincere, "You've followed me for so long, through thick and thin, never wavering. Now that you've found a woman you like, I'm happy for you, why would I object?"

Ming Li stared blankly at him, his eyes gradually reddening, "Mr. Chen...I...I thought you were so lecherous, you'd take Qianqian too."

"Damn..." David was speechless for a moment: "Although I've had many women, none of them were forced. I can't just take every woman I meet, can I? I'm not a stud." "Mr. Chen, from now on, I, Ming Li, will follow your lead without hesitation..." Ming Li suddenly hugged David, beginning to pledge his loyalty.

"Alright, enough of that, you're a grown man." David pushed Ming Li away and looked at Liu Qianqian, "Miss Liu, Ming Li isn't much of a talker, but he's sincere. If he's good to you, he truly is. You won't suffer if you follow him."

Liu Qianqian blushed and nodded gently.

Yun Yao watched with great interest, her eyes sparkling: "Wow, Brother Ming Li and Sister Liu, how romantic! I want to fall in love too!"

Yun Yao was a pawn kept by the Holy Pure Sect, used for dual cultivation with people of pure blood.

But Yun Yao didn't want to be used or manipulated, didn't want to cultivate with men she didn't like, only wanted to fall in love with men she liked, like Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

David glanced at her indifferently: "Don't think like that, little girl."

Yun Yao pouted and didn't dare to say anything.

David looked at Ming Li, curiously asking, "But speaking of which, when did you two... start? I remember when we went to the Holy Land of Light, you two didn't have much interaction."

Ming Li scratched his head, somewhat embarrassed, "It was... it was during those few days when you went to the Holy Land of Light."

"Did you two cultivate together?" David asked curiously.

Ming Li nodded, "We cultivated together during the days when the temple besieged Cloud Immortal City..."

"Those few days?" David was slightly taken aback, "Those few days were a matter of life and death, and you still had the mind to..."

David couldn't imagine, how could someone about to die still have the mind to do that?

Ming Li's face turned even redder, and he stammered, unable to speak.

Liu Qianqian gently tugged at his sleeve and whispered, "There's nothing you can't say."

She raised her head and looked at David, her face red, but her eyes were frank, "Those few days, we were guarding outside the secret chamber, and we could die at any moment. Ming Li said that he would probably die this time, but it was a pity that he hadn't tasted the flavor of a woman before he died."

"So you two..." David looked at the two of them in shock.

Ming Li took a deep breath and said, "Yes, Qianqian said I should try it."

"But I've never tasted a man's flavor before. I was about to die back then..." Yun Yao pouted somewhat displeased!

"Good! Good! Good!"

David said three "good"s in a row, patting Ming Li's shoulder hard. "Ming Li, you're amazing! You were able to handle that life-or-death situation. You're a real man."

Ming Li's face flushed red, and he said hurriedly, "It's not that I hadn't tried it before. I was just a little excited, so..."

As he spoke, his voice grew softer and softer.

David looked at him like this, and his smile deepened.

"Alright, alright, no need to explain. It's a good thing, a great thing."

He said seriously, "Ming Li, you've followed me for so long and suffered a lot. Now that you've found someone you like and are living the life you want, I'm truly happy for you."

Ming Li looked at him, his eyes reddening again.

"Mr. Chen..." "Alright." David patted his shoulder. "Treat Miss Liu well from now on, don't let her down."

Ming Li nodded emphatically: "I know!"

Liu Qianqian stood to the side, looking at David with gratitude in her eyes.

She was originally a rogue cultivator taken in by David, with no one to rely on.

Now, she was able to follow Ming Li and have her own place to belong, all because of David.

"Young Master Chen, thank you." Liu Qianqian bowed.

David waved his hand: "Don't thank me, it's your own fate."

"David, the people from the Temple have all run away, where do we go next?" Yun Xi asked.

"The people from the Temple have run away, but the Temple's sacred mountains are still there. We need to find the remaining sacred mountains of the Temple, where the physical bodies of the Ghost Clan Venerables are." David said.

"Yes, we need to find those Venerable bodies." Ming Li strongly agreed with David's approach.

Yun Xi frowned after hearing this.

Ghost Clan Venerables were powerful figures from the ancient Ghost Clan, with cultivation reaching the heavens, who had led the Ghost Clan to conquer all directions.

Later, he perished in the war between gods and demons, his physical body seized by the gods and sealed away somewhere.

Unexpectedly, it ended up in the hands of the temple.

"What do you intend to do?" Yunxi asked.

David looked at her calmly: "Destroy it."

Yunxi was slightly taken aback.

David continued, "The temple wants to resurrect the Venerable One; they must have some ulterior motive. If they successfully use the Venerable One's body, the consequences will be unimaginable. Rather than leaving a future threat, it's better to destroy it now."

He paused, looking at Yunxi: "You are a princess of the Ghost Clan, and that is your Ghost Clan's Venerable One. If you disagree, I won't force you."

Yunxi remained silent for a moment before slowly speaking.

"I agree."

She raised her head, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes. "The Venerable One was indeed a great power of my Ghost Clan during his lifetime, an ancestor I revered.

But now that he has fallen, he should rest in peace. The Temple using his body for such despicable acts is a desecration of the Venerable One."

“Rather than letting the Venerable One’s body become a tool of the God Clan, it is better to destroy it and let him be completely free.”

Ming Li also nodded and said, “I agree with the princess’s statement. How glorious and heroic the Venerable One was in life. If he knew that he was being used by the God Clan after his death, he would probably die with his eyes wide open in disbelief.”

David looked at the two of them and nodded.

“In that case, let’s go.”

David led the group to find the Temple’s sacred mountain.

Chapter 6236

Because the sacred mountain was no secret and many people made pilgrimages there, it was easy to find one.

The group entered the sacred mountain, following the winding mountain path deeper and deeper.

Inside the sacred mountain was a hidden world.

Within the mountain’s belly was a massive underground palace, magnificent and imposing, its walls covered with ancient runes and arrays, emitting a faint golden light.

At the deepest part of the palace was a huge altar.

Above the altar floated a massive coffin.

The coffin was entirely black, its surface covered with densely packed sealing runes, layer upon layer, densely packed.

Even from hundreds of feet away, one could feel the extremely oppressive and terrifying aura.

Yun Xi looked at the coffin, her pupils slightly contracting.

"It's the Venerable One's physical body."

She could feel the throbbing originating from the depths of her bloodline, the instinctive connection of the Ghost Clan's descendants to their ancestor.

David didn't speak, but slowly walked towards the altar.

Just then, a blinding golden light suddenly shone around the altar.

A series of array patterns appeared, instantly transforming into a massive light shield that enveloped the coffin.

"A protective array," Ming Li frowned. "The temple indeed had a backup plan."

David calmly observed the light shield, sensing the terrifying power contained within.

"A True Immortal Realm level array," he said indifferently. "If it were before, I really wouldn't have been able to handle it."

With that, he waved his hand.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower flew out of his storage ring, hovering in mid-air, scattering layers of light.

"Now..."

David's thoughts stirred, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower suddenly enlarged, transforming into a hundred-zhang-tall giant tower, crashing down!

Boom!

The giant tower collided with the light shield, unleashing a deafening roar.

The entire underground palace trembled violently, countless fragments of stone falling from the dome.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower emitted a faint glow, gradually pressing down on the light shield.

Although the light shield was powerful, under the crushing weight of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, it ultimately couldn't withstand it, and cracks began to appear.

Crack—crack—

the cracks multiplied, growing larger and larger.

Finally, with a deafening roar, the protective barrier shattered completely!

David retrieved the Demon-Suppressing Tower and slowly walked onto the altar.

He stood before the coffin, gazing calmly at the dense array of sealing runes.

"Venerable One, forgive me."

He raised his hand and slammed a palm onto the coffin.

Boom—!

The coffin exploded, and a terrifying aura instantly swept out.

A gigantic phantom emerged from the shattered coffin. It was a towering man, clad in black armor, his face stern, eyes closed, radiating a suffocating pressure.

It was the lingering aura of a Ghost Clan Venerable, his mark from his lifetime.

The phantom hovered in mid-air, seemingly looking down upon the crowd below.

Yun Xi looked at the phantom, her eyes slightly reddening, and slowly knelt down.

Ming Li also knelt, his expression solemn.

This was the Ghost Clan's ancestor, their revered hero.

David stood quietly, watching the phantom, saying nothing.

The phantom hovered for a moment, then slowly opened its eyes.

They were deep eyes, seemingly containing the vicissitudes of countless years.

Its gaze swept across the crowd, finally landing on David.

There was no anger, no resentment, only a faint sense of relief.

The phantom opened its mouth, uttering a low, ancient voice: "Thank you."

Those two short words seemed to have used up its last strength.

As the words fell, the illusory figure slowly dissipated, transforming into countless specks of light, utterly returning to nothingness.

Simultaneously, the enormous physical body began to crumble, turning to ashes and scattering in the wind.

Yunxi knelt on the ground, tears streaming down her face.

"Respectfully bidding farewell to the Venerable One," Mingli

said, his head bowed, his voice choked with emotion.

David watched all this quietly, a sense of感慨 (gǎnkǎi, a complex feeling of mixed emotions, often including regret or sadness) welling up within him.

An ancient powerful being had thus completely vanished from the world.

There was no grand spectacle, no earth-shattering event.

Only a simple "thank you," conveying all the relief and liberation.

After a long while, Yunxi slowly stood up, wiped away her tears, and looked at David.

"Thank you," she said,

her voice hoarse but utterly sincere.

David shook his head: "No need to thank me. Releasing the Venerable One is simply what I should do."

Yunxi looked at him, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes.

This man could have ignored this matter, could have simply done his own thing.

Yet he still came, still helped.

Not for any personal gain, but simply because he felt it was the right thing to do.

Yunxi's opinion of David deepened.

"Let's go."

David turned and walked away. Over the next few days, David led his group to find the remaining sacred mountains of the temple and destroyed the Ghost Clan Venerable's physical body.

The temple was practically defunct, unguarded, making it easy for David and his group to destroy the Ghost Clan Venerable's body.

At this moment, Shen Tong was completely unaware, still hoping to use the secrets of the sacred mountains to turn the tables.

Chapter 6237

After destroying all the sacred mountains of the temple, David and his group stood on the ruins of the last sacred mountain.

The mountain wind howled, swirling up clouds of ashes.

The physical bodies of the Ghost Clan Venerables, sealed for countless years, had now completely dissipated into the world, turning to dust and returning to nothingness.

Yun Xi stood at the edge of the ruins, gazing at everything before her, speechless for a long time.

Her feelings were complex.

As a Ghost Clan princess, destroying the physical bodies of her ancestors with her own hands was a grave offense.

Yet, she knew in her heart that it was the right thing to do. Allowing the physical bodies of her ancestors to continue to be used by the gods was the true disrespect.

"What are you thinking about?" David walked to her side and handed her a pot of water.

Yun Xi took it, took a sip, and said softly, "Nothing, just some feelings."

David nodded, not asking further.

He knew Yun Xi was upset; anyone would need time to process such a thing.

In the distance, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian sat on a boulder, very close together, talking about something.

Liu Qianqian wore a faint smile, while Ming Li looked utterly bewildered, making David shake his head.

Yun Yao squatted to the side, listlessly fiddling with the pebbles on the ground, occasionally glancing up at the two with envy in her eyes.

David withdrew his gaze and looked at Yun Xi: "Next, I plan to go to the Holy Land of Light."

Yun Xi was slightly taken aback: "The Holy Land of Light? What for?"

A cold glint flashed in David's eyes: "There are two scores to settle."

"Two scores?"

"The first, the Holy Purity Sect."

David's voice was calm, yet tinged with coldness, "They kept Yun Yao captive, using her as a pawn to cultivate with those of pure blood. I cannot tolerate this."

Yun Xi glanced at Yun Yao not far away, but remained silent.

She had heard Ming Li mention Yun Yao's background; it was indeed pitiful.

Raised by the Holy Purity Sect from a young age, her fate was not in her own hands, but she could only be manipulated by others.

If she hadn't met David, she would have lived her entire life under someone else's control.

"And the second score?" Yun Xi asked.

"The Divine Hall,"

David said calmly, "Back in the Holy Domain of Light, they deceived me, causing me to lose my essence and blood. Now that I've recovered, it's time to pay them a visit."

Yun Xi was silent for a moment, then nodded. "I'll go with you."

David looked at her, a hint of a smile in his eyes: "Aren't you in a hurry to return to the Fifteenth Heaven?"

"There's no use in being in a hurry."

Yun Xi shook her head. "The matter of the Gate of Reincarnation still needs your help. Since you're going to the Holy Domain of Light, I'll accompany you."

David nodded, not refusing.

Having an expert like Yun Xi was always a good thing.

"Let's go." He turned and walked towards the group. "Next stop, the Holy Domain of Light."

The Holy Domain of Light, the Holy Purity Sect.

The mountain gate was majestic and imposing.

As one of the oldest forces in the Holy Domain of Light, the Holy Purity Sect occupied an entire spiritual vein, with thousands of disciples and countless experts. Within a radius of ten thousand miles, no one dared to provoke them.

But today, five uninvited guests arrived at the gate of the Holy Purity Sect.

David stood at the forefront, followed by Yun Xi, Ming Li, Liu Qianqian, and Yun Yao.

He gazed calmly at the majestic mountain gate before him, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"The Holy Purity Sect... this is it."

Yun Yao stood beside him, her body trembling slightly as she looked at the familiar gate. She had lived here for a century, raised in captivity from childhood, taught how to serve men, how to sacrifice her primordial yin.

Countless times she had thought of escaping, yet she never dared to take that step.

Now, she had returned.

Not as a pawn, but as an avenger.

"Don't be afraid," David glanced at her, his voice gentle. "I'm here."

Yun Yao took a deep breath and nodded vigorously.

"Let's go." David lifted his foot and walked towards the mountain gate.

Just as he reached the gate, several figures rushed out from within, blocking his path.

Leading them was a middle-aged man in a blue robe, his face arrogant; he was clearly a disciple in charge of the Holy Purity Sect.

His gaze swept over David and his group, his brow furrowing as he coldly said, "Halt! This is sacred ground of the Holy Purity Sect. Unauthorized personnel are not permitted to enter!"

David stopped, looked at him, and said calmly, "Get out of the way."

"What did you say?"

The managing disciple was stunned, then flew into a rage, "Insolence! Do you know where you are? How dare you cause trouble here? You're asking for it!"

David didn't bother arguing with him and waved his hand.

A golden light flashed, and the managing disciple didn't even have time to scream before he was sent flying backward, crashing into the mountain gate, spitting blood, and falling unconscious.

The other disciples were shocked and drew their swords, shouting, "Enemy attack! Enemy attack!"

David didn't even glance at them and walked straight into the mountain gate.

The disciples tried to stop him, but Ming Li stepped forward, his ghostly energy surging, directly blasting them away.

"Those who block the way shall die," Ming Li said coldly.

The group entered the Holy Purity Sect without hindrance.

Inside the mountain gate, chaos had already broken out.

The alarm bells rang, and countless disciples surged in from all directions, surrounding David and his companions.

Leading them was an elderly man with white hair, his aura overwhelming; he possessed the cultivation of a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal.

"Who dares to trespass into the Holy Purity Sect!" the white-haired elder roared.

David stopped, looked at him, and said calmly, "Summon your sect leader."

The white-haired elder was furious: "Arrogant brat! Who do you think you are? Do you even deserve to see our sect leader?"

David smiled.

He slowly raised his right hand, his five fingers forming a fist.

In an instant, golden dragon energy soared into the sky, and a terrifying pressure instantly enveloped the entire Holy Purity Sect.

The surrounding disciples felt breathless, their legs went weak, and they all collapsed to their knees.

The white-haired old man's face changed drastically, his eyes filled with shock: "An Upper Immortal Realm... a fourth-rank cultivator with such strength? This... how is this possible!"

He had lived for thousands of years and seen countless geniuses, but he had never seen, or even heard of, someone at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm who could unleash the strength of a True Immortal Realm!

David ignored his shock and simply said, "Now, can you call your sect leader out?"

The white-haired old man trembled, gritted his teeth, and turned to run.

David didn't chase after him, but simply stood there, hands behind his back.

Inside the mountain gate, everything was in ruins.

The disciples of the Holy Purity Sect, kneeling on the ground, trembled, not daring to raise their heads.

The pressure emanating from David was like a tangible force, making it hard for them to breathe.

David stood calmly in place, hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on the depths of the Holy Purity Sect.

Yun Xi stood beside him, surrounded by ghostly energy, her expression indifferent.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian stood side by side, while Yun Yao stood behind David, looking at the familiar mountain gate, her eyes filled with both fear and anticipation.

A moment later, several powerful auras soared into the sky from the depths of the Holy Qing Sect.

Chapter 6238

The leader, dressed in a white robe embroidered with golden lotuses at the hem, possessed a refined face and a gentle smile. He was none other than the Vice Leader of the Holy Purity Sect, True Person Qingxu.

Behind him followed more than ten elders, the weakest being at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and the strongest reaching the True Immortal Realm.

True Person Qingxu landed before David, his gaze sweeping over David and the others before finally settling on Yun Yao. A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes, followed by a hearty laugh.

"So it's you, young friend Chen."

His smile was radiant, his tone warm, as if he were seeing an old friend he hadn't seen in years. "Young friend Chen, what are you doing? I kindly betrothed Yun Yao to you, and not only are you ungrateful, but you've also come to attack my Holy Purity Sect?"

David looked at him calmly, without speaking.

Master Qingxu continued with a smile, "Young friend Chen, you possess a Saint-grade bloodline, and I have genuine feelings for you. If you don't like Yun Yao, I can find you another one. There are plenty of female disciples in the sect; you can choose any you like. Why resort to violence and damage our harmony?"

David remained silent.

Master Qingxu's smile froze slightly before returning to normal.

"Young friend Chen, I'm giving you one last chance. Surrender, offer up your bloodline, and I might spare your life, even allowing you to join my Holy Pure Sect as a protector, enjoying endless resources. What do you say?"

David finally spoke.

He said calmly, "Finished?"

Master Qingxu was taken aback.

David's lips curled into a faint smile.

"Finished? Then die."

Before the words were finished, his figure vanished instantly.

The next instant, he appeared before an elder of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

The elder was shocked and hurriedly raised his hand to block, but his movements were as slow as a snail in David's eyes.

David raised his hand and struck down with a palm.

"Bang!"

The elder's head exploded instantly, blood splattering everywhere, and his body crashed to the ground.

"What?!"

The other elders were horrified and retreated hastily.

David gave them no chance.

His figure was like a ghost, weaving through the crowd.

With each palm strike, an elder died.

With each punch, an elder was sent flying.

In just a few breaths, more than ten elders at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and even the True Immortal Realm, all lay in pools of blood, lifeless.

David stopped, stood with his hands behind his back, his robes spotless.

He looked at Qingxu Zhenren and said indifferently, "That's it?"

The smile on Qingxu Zhenren's face froze completely, replaced by endless fear.

He stared wide-eyed at the corpses on the ground, his body trembling violently.

"You...you...how is this possible?! You're only a fourth-grade Upper Immortal, how could you..."

He tried to escape.

He turned and ran, his spiritual power surging wildly, transforming into a streak of light as he desperately fled into the depths of the Holy Pure Sect.

David watched his retreating figure without moving.

He simply raised his hand and casually pointed.

A golden sword aura shot out from his fingertip, as fast as lightning, instantly catching up with True Person Qingxu.

"Pfft!"

The sword aura pierced through his back, directly penetrating his dantian.

True Person Qingxu let out a shrill scream, falling from mid-air and crashing to the ground with a "bang," spitting out blood, his aura instantly weakening.

David stepped forward, slowly walking up to him, looking down at him.

True Person Qingxu collapsed to the ground, trembling all over, his eyes filled with fear and despair.

"No...don't kill me...I...I can give you everything...resources, cultivation techniques, women...I'll give you whatever you want..."

David didn't speak, but simply turned his head to look at Yun Yao.

"Yun Yao, come here." Yun Yao was stunned for a moment, then reacted and quickly stepped forward.

She looked at Qingxu Zhenren, who was slumped on the ground. This man, who had once been high and mighty and controlled her destiny, was now crawling on the ground like a dead dog, his eyes filled with fear and pleading.

"Yun Yao! Yun Yao!"

Qingxu Zhenren hurriedly crawled towards her, his voice trembling, "You...you must speak for me! I...I've been good to you! All these years you've eaten my

food and used my things, I've never mistreated you! Please plead for me, let him spare my life!"

Yun Yao looked at him, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

Good?

She remembered the days she was kept in captivity, the arranged Daoist partners, the pills she was forced to swallow.

"You've been good to me?"

she repeated softly, her voice eerily calm.

"Have you ever considered me a human being?"

Qingxu Zhenren was stunned.

Yun Yao continued, "You treated me like a tool, a pawn, a commodity. You never asked if I was willing; you only knew how to arrange, force, and threaten. You said it was for my own good, but do you know how many times I wanted to die?"

Qingxu Zhenren opened his mouth, wanting to argue, but couldn't utter a word.

Looking at him like this, Yun Yao's last shred of hesitation vanished.

She drew her long sword from her waist, the tip pressed against Qingxu Zhenren's throat.

Qingxu Zhenren trembled violently, tears streaming down his face:
"No...no...Yun Yao, I beg you...I...I can give you freedom...I can give you everything..."

Yun Yao ignored him.

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and then opened them.

A flash of sword light.

Qingxu Zhenren's head rolled to the ground, blood gushing out.

Yun Yao gripped the sword, standing there, her body trembling slightly.

She looked at the head, that once high and mighty face, now filled with terror and resentment.

After a long while, she raised her head, looked at David, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Young Master Chen...I...I've taken my revenge..."

David walked over and gently patted her shoulder.

"Yes, you did a good job."

Yun Yao threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

Yun Xi stood aside, watching this scene without saying a word.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, also remaining silent.

After a moment, Yun Yao finished crying, lifted her head from David's embrace, and wiped away her tears.

"Young Master Chen, what's next..."

David turned around, looking towards the depths of the Holy Pure Sect, his gaze icy.

"What's next?"

A slight smile curled at the corners of his lips.

“What’s next, of course, is to destroy the Holy Pure Sect.”

He took a step forward, heading towards the depths of the Holy Pure Sect.

Yun Xi and the others followed behind him.

Along the way, countless Holy Pure Sect disciples surged forward, trying to stop him.

David didn’t even glance at them.

He simply walked forward step by step.

With each step, a sword light flashed.

With each sword light, several disciples died.

He strolled through the Holy Purity Sect as if taking a leisurely walk.

Those disciples were utterly helpless before him.

Whether they were eighth-grade or ninth-grade Immortals, ordinary disciples or guardian elders, anyone who came within a zhang (approximately 3.3 meters) of him was instantly annihilated by his sword energy.

Chapter 6239

Blood stained every inch of the Holy Purity Sect’s land.

Screams echoed throughout the mountain.

Just then, a terrifying aura surged from the deepest part of the Holy Purity Sect.

Its power far surpassed that of anyone before it.

True Immortal Realm, Second Rank.

A golden light flew out from the depths of the sect, landing before David.

It was an old man with white hair, a dignified face, and a terrifying pressure emanating from him.

He wore a golden robe, a jade crown, and held a golden longsword; he was the Holy Purity Sect's leader, whose Daoist name was Qingxuan.

Looking at the corpses scattered on the ground, his face was ashen, his eyes filled with rage.

"You audacious madman! How dare you slaughter my Holy Purity Sect disciples! You're courting death!"

he roared, his golden light surging, the terrifying pressure of a True Immortal Realm Second Rank descending upon David like a mountain.

Yun Yao's face turned deathly pale, and she instinctively took a step back.

Yun Xi frowned slightly, her ghostly aura surging, preparing to attack.

David, however, smiled.

He looked at the Qingxuan Sect Master, his eyes showing no fear, but rather a hint of amusement.

"Second Rank True Immortal?"

he repeated softly, his tone flat. "Interesting."

The Qingxuan Sect Master roared in fury: "Arrogant brat! I'll show you what the True Immortal Realm is!"

He raised his hand and unleashed a sword strike.

The sword light, like a rainbow, carried a world-destroying force, slashing down towards David.

This single strike was enough to cleave mountains and sever rivers.

David calmly watched the sword light, neither dodging nor avoiding it.

Just as the sword light was about to strike, he raised his hand and threw a punch.

The fist's energy was like a dragon, radiating golden light.

"Boom—!"

The fist and sword collided, unleashing a deafening roar.

A terrifying shockwave swept in all directions, instantly collapsing surrounding buildings and filling the sky with dust.

When the dust settled, David stood motionless.

The Qingxuan Sect Master, however, staggered back several steps, his expression drastically changing.

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

He stared wide-eyed at David as if he were looking at a monster.

He was a True Immortal Realm Second Grade!

This young man before him was merely an Upper Immortal Realm Fourth Grade; how could he possibly force him back with a single punch?

David looked at him and said calmly, "Is that all?"

The Qingxuan Sect Master's face turned ashen. He roared and attacked again.

Sword light surged continuously, each strike containing earth-shattering power.

David remained standing, neither dodging nor avoiding.

He simply raised his hand and unleashed punch after punch.

Each punch landed precisely on the sword light.

Each punch shattered the sword light.

The Qingxuan Sect Master grew increasingly alarmed and terrified with each blow.

This young man was not human!

He turned and ran.

But after only a few steps, a golden light caught up with him.

David appeared before him, raised his hand, and struck down with a palm.

"Bang!"

The Qingxuan Sect Master's body flew backward like a broken kite, crashing heavily to the ground, spitting out blood.

David walked up to him, looking down at him.

The Qingxuan Sect Master trembled all over, his eyes filled with fear and despair.

"You...who exactly are you..."

David looked at him and said calmly, "My name is David."

As soon as he finished speaking, he struck down with his palm.

The Qingxuan Sect Master's head instantly exploded, and he was completely lifeless.

A second-grade True Immortal Realm expert had perished.

David withdrew his hand, standing with his hands behind his back, his robes still spotless.

He turned to look at Yun Xi and the others.

"Let's go, let's destroy this Holy Purity Sect."

Yun Xi nodded.

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

Yun Yao looked at David, her eyes filled with admiration.

Half an hour later, within the Holy Purity Sect's mountain gate, not a single survivor remained.

Those wicked disciples, those elders who aided and abetted the evil, were all dead.

Blood flowed like rivers.

Bones piled up like mountains.

David stood outside the mountain gate, glancing back.

That once majestic mountain was now a ruin.

A faint smile appeared on his lips.

"Let's go."

He turned and, with Yun Xi and the others, disappeared into the distance.

Behind them, thick smoke billowed and flames soared into the sky above the ruins of the Holy Purity Sect.

The once invincible Holy Purity Cult was thus destroyed.

Meanwhile, at the foot of Holy Light Peak in the Holy Domain of Light

, in a simple stone hut, Shen Tong sat cross-legged on a futon, meditating with his eyes closed.

Since being assigned to patrol the foot of the mountain, he had lived in this stone hut.

The hut was small, containing only a bed, a table, and a futon—pitifully simple. Compared to the magnificent palace of the former Temple Master, this was worse than a doghouse.

But Shen Tong didn't complain.

He endured it.

For the past few days, he and his Temple disciples had patrolled and changed shifts on time every day, not daring to slack off in the slightest.

The Temple members would occasionally come to inspect, scrutinizing them with condescending eyes, occasionally offering criticism.

Shen Tong endured it all.

He was waiting.

Waiting for an opportunity.

Waiting for the Temple to lower their guard, waiting for his injuries to heal, waiting for the right moment, then he would lead his disciples away to find another way out.

As for the secret of the Holy Mountain... that was his last trump card.

With those resources and the physical bodies of those Venerable Ones, he would have leverage.

Whether negotiating with the Divine Hall or making a comeback later, those things would be his capital to turn the tables.

Shen Tong opened his eyes and looked out the window.

Outside, several disciples of the Divine Hall sat on stones, staring blankly into the distance.

Their eyes had long lost their former sharpness, leaving only numbness and exhaustion.

Shen Tong felt a pang of pain in his heart.

It was all because of his incompetence as the Hall Master that these disciples had suffered.

"Just bear with it a little longer," he murmured, "Just bear with it a little longer, there will always be a chance..."

Before he could finish speaking, the door of the stone house was pushed open.

Shen Tong frowned and looked up.

Entering was one of his few remaining elders, surnamed Zhou, an old man who had followed him for thousands of years.

At this moment, Elder Zhou's face was full of anxiety, his forehead was covered in cold sweat, and his lips were trembling.

"Palace Master...Palace Master...Something terrible has happened!"

Shen Tong's heart tightened, and he quickly stood up. "What happened? Is the Divine Hall going to attack us?"

"No...no..." Elder Zhou gasped for breath, his voice trembling. "It's...it's the Holy Mountain...our Divine Hall's Holy Mountain..." Shen

Tong's pupils shrank. "What happened to the Holy Mountain?!"

Elder Zhou knelt on the ground with a thud, tears streaming down his face. "All destroyed! Several Holy Mountains are all destroyed! The Venerable One's physical body...is also completely destroyed!"

Boom—!

Shen Tong felt a deafening explosion in his mind, his whole body froze on the spot, his face instantly turning ashen.

"You...what did you say?"

He grabbed Elder Zhou's collar, his eyes bloodshot, his voice hoarse. "Say it again! What happened to the Holy Mountain?!"

Elder Zhou cried. "Palace Master, I just received a message from the spies left in the Fourteenth Heaven, saying...saying that someone broke into our Holy Mountain, destroyed all the protective formations, and...destroyed the Venerable One's physical body! Not a single one was left!"

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"Who?! Who did this?!"

"It's...it's David!"

David!

These two words exploded in Shen Tong's mind like thunder.

That reincarnation of the Dragon Emperor, the culprit who brought ruin to the temple!

Destroying the temple wasn't enough for him; he also destroyed the Holy Mountain, destroying his last hope!

"Ah—!"

Shen Tong roared to the sky, unleashing a palm strike. A violent burst of spiritual power erupted, instantly shattering the entire stone house, sending rubble flying and dust billowing everywhere.

He stood amidst the ruins, trembling, his eyes bloodshot, his spiritual power in complete disarray, nearly driven mad.

"David! David!!!"

he screamed, his voice like that of a wounded beast, filled with rage, despair, and resentment.

"You destroyed my temple! Killed my disciples! Now you won't even spare my last trump card! I, Shen Tong, am sworn enemies with you! We will fight to the death!!" He unleashed

another palm strike, the ground cracking and rubble flying everywhere.

Several temple disciples rushed over upon hearing the commotion. Seeing their master's state, they knelt in terror, too afraid to move.

Shen Tong, having vented his anger for so long, finally collapsed, kneeling on one knee, gasping for breath.

His eyes were bloodshot.

His heart was filled with despair.

It was over.

Completely over.

The Holy Mountain was destroyed, the Venerable's body was destroyed, and his last bargaining chip was gone.

What could he use to negotiate with the temple?

How could he rise again?

How could he avenge his fallen disciples?

Elder Zhou crawled to his side, weeping, "Temple Master, please take care of yourself! We...we haven't reached the end of the road yet..."

Shen Tong looked up at him, a bitter smile on his face: "Not at the end of the road yet? Tell me, what road is left?"

Elder Zhou opened his mouth, but nothing came out.

Yes, what road was left?

The temple was gone, the Holy Mountain was gone, and only two hundred disciples remained.

Now they were living under someone else's roof, being treated like dogs.

Once the Divine Hall learns that the Holy Mountain has been destroyed, that they have no more bargaining chips...

Shen Tong trembled.

The Divine Hall!

If Yao Chen knew that the Holy Mountain had been destroyed, that they had no more leverage, what would that ruthless guy do?

He remembered Yao Chen's gentle smile, the way he casually killed his elders, and his words, "Wait until they've squeezed all their value dry."

Now, the value is gone.

Then... what reason do they have to exist?

"No... no..."

Shen Tong suddenly stood up, his face ashen. "He can't know! Absolutely not!"

He turned to the elders who had surrounded him, lowering his voice, his tone urgent and fierce: "Listen! The news of the Holy Mountain's destruction must not be leaked! No one is allowed to tell! Especially the people from the Divine Hall!" The elders

were shocked: "Palace Master, this... can this be kept secret?"

"We have to keep it secret even if we can't!"

Shen Tong gritted his teeth. "As long as Yao Chen doesn't know, we have time! We have a chance!"

He paused, a resolute glint in his eyes.

"We can't stay here any longer."

"The Palace Master means..."

"Go." Shen Tong said slowly and deliberately, "Leave the Holy Land of Light and continue our escape."

Elder Zhou said in a trembling voice, "But...but Palace Master, where can we go? We can't go back to the Temple, we can't stay in the Holy Land of Light, are we supposed to go to the Fifteenth Heaven? That's even more dangerous than here!"

Shen Tong was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Go to the Demon Realm."

Upon hearing this, several elders were shocked.

"The Demon Realm?! Palace Master, those are a bunch of lunatics! We have a grudge against them!"

"So what if we have a grudge?"