

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 6171

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Chapter 6171

“I see...”

She took a deep breath, struggled to her feet, and bowed deeply to David.

“Thank you for saving my life, young master. Yun Yao has no way to repay you. If I have the opportunity in the future, I will repay your great kindness with all my heart.”

David waved his hand: “No need. Let’s leave here first.” As soon

as he finished speaking, a whooshing sound came from afar.

David frowned and looked up.

He saw several white streaks of light rushing towards him from the horizon, as fast as lightning, and in the blink of an eye, they landed above the dense forest.

The streaks of light dissipated, revealing five figures.

The one in the lead was a middle-aged man wearing a white robe with a golden lotus embroidered on his chest. He was the same middle-aged man who had tested David’s bloodline earlier.

Behind him were four cultivators dressed in tight-fitting clothes, each with a sharp aura and cultivation levels between the seventh and eighth ranks of the Upper Immortal Realm.

The middle-aged man looked at David and Yun Yao with a cold smile on his face.

“Young Master Chen, what are you doing? The Vice Sect Leader told you to take Yun Yao to rest, why did you bring her to this desolate wilderness?”

David looked at him calmly and smiled faintly, “I have a habit of having s3x in the wild. Don’t you think it’s more exciting to cultivate together in the mountains?”

The middle-aged man was stunned; he hadn’t expected David to answer like that!

Yun Yao also blushed; the words “having s3x in the wild” felt extremely offensive to her.

“Alright, then we’ll watch you two cultivate together. Hurry up and get started,”
the middle-aged man said.

“But I don’t like being watched while cultivating together. Tell me, if your father and mother cultivated together, would they like to be watched?”

David sneered.

“You...”

The middle-aged man frowned, suppressing his anger, and said, “Young Master Chen, the Vice Sect Leader has treated you well, betrothing Yun Yao to you and arranging a quiet room for you. Yet you ran away with her. What does this mean?”

He paused, his gaze falling on Yun Yao, a hint of ruthlessness flashing in his eyes.

“Yun Yao, how dare you! The Vice Sect Leader bestowed upon you the Hehuan Pill, which is an honor. Yet you colluded with outsiders to escape, you’re simply courting death!”

Yun Yao’s face turned deathly pale, and she instinctively took a step back, hiding behind David.

David shielded Yun Yao behind him, remaining silent.

Seeing David’s silence, the middle-aged man assumed he was afraid, and his face sneered repeatedly.

“Young Master Chen, you’re merely a third-grade Upper Immortal, nothing more than an ant before me. If you know what’s good for you, obediently surrender, come back with me, kowtow and admit your mistakes before the Vice Sect Leader, and perhaps I’ll spare your life. If you don’t know what’s good for you...”

He raised his hand, spiritual energy gathering in his palm, radiating a sharp pressure.

“Then don’t blame me for being impolite!”

David looked at him and suddenly smiled.

That smile was very faint, so faint as to be almost imperceptible.

“You just said... I’m an ant?”

The middle-aged man was taken aback, then sneered, “What? Isn’t that right? You, a mere third-grade Upper Immortal, what are you if not an ant in my eyes?”

David nodded.

“Fine.”

He uttered this single word softly, then took a step forward.

This step seemed slow, but when he landed, he was already in front of the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man’s expression changed drastically, and he subconsciously raised his hand to block. But his hand froze in mid-air after only halfway up.

David’s hand was already pressed against the top of his head.

“You... you...”

The middle-aged man’s eyes widened, filled with disbelief. He hadn’t even seen how David moved before David was already in front of him, subduing him.

“Third-grade Upper Immortal?”

David repeated softly, a faint sneer curling at the corners of his mouth.

“You’re right, I am a third-grade Upper Immortal. But you, an eighth-grade Upper Immortal, are less than an ant in my eyes.”

With that, he lightly pressed his palm down.

“Pfft—”

A muffled sound.

The middle-aged man’s head instantly exploded, blood splattering everywhere.

The corpse fell from mid-air, crashing to the ground with a “bang,” raising a cloud of dust.

The remaining four cultivators were completely dumbfounded.

They looked at David as if he were a monster, their eyes filled with fear and despair.

An eighth-grade Upper Immortal, dead just like that?

Killed in one move by a third-grade Upper Immortal?

What kind of strength was this?

“Run!”

Someone shouted, and the four cultivators turned and fled, transforming into four streaks of light, desperately escaping into the distance.

David looked at them, his eyes unmoved.

He raised his hand and casually waved it.

Four golden sword energies shot out from his fingertips, as fast as lightning, instantly catching up with the four cultivators.

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“Plop—Plop—Plop—Plop—”

Four muffled thuds sounded almost simultaneously.

The bodies of the four cultivators froze in mid-air before plummeting to the ground.

All dead.

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

He turned to look at Yun Yao.

Yun Yao was completely stunned.

She looked at David as if he were a god, her eyes filled with shock and awe.

A third-grade Upper Immortal, instantly killing an eighth-grade Upper Immortal with a single move, casually slaying four seventh-grade Upper Immortals...

What kind of strength was this?

This was simply... simply inhuman!

David walked up to her, looked at her, and said calmly, “Can you still walk?”

Yun Yao came to her senses, nodded vigorously, then shook her head, her voice trembling, "I... my legs are weak..."

David glanced at her, said nothing more, and reached out to help her up.

"Let's go,"

he said calmly.

Yun Yao leaned against him, feeling the faint warmth emanating from him, and tears welled up again.

This time, they were tears of gratitude.

She knew she had met a benefactor.

Behind her, deep in the dense forest, five corpses lay scattered on the ground, their blood staining the fallen leaves.

David, carrying Yun Yao, disappeared into the depths of the forest.

The wind howled, and fallen leaves swirled.

Deep in the forest, David led Yun Yao through towering ancient trees.

After taking the antidote pill, the effects of the Hehuan Pill in Yun Yao's body were mostly suppressed. Although she was still weak all over, she could at least walk with difficulty.

She leaned against David's side, occasionally looking up at the cold-faced young man, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

The scene from just now was still replaying in her mind.

The middle-aged man at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm hadn't even lasted a single move before David smashed his head with a single palm strike.

The four cultivators at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm were also killed with a casual wave of his hand.

Such strength, such methods...

she had never seen such a terrifying cultivator.

"Young Master Chen..." Yun Yao whispered, her voice trembling slightly.

David didn't turn around, and said calmly, "Speak."

"Where...where are we going?"

David continued walking, his tone still calm: "Leave here first, find a safe place, and we'll talk again after the effects of the drug have completely worn off."

Yun Yao bit her lip and whispered, "Thank you for saving my life, young master. Yun Yao... Yun Yao has no way to repay you."

David didn't speak.

Yun Yao was silent for a moment, then asked, "Young master, you're not from the Holy Light Domain, are you?"

David paused slightly, then continued walking, saying calmly, "How do you know?"

Yun Yao said softly, "People from the Holy Light Domain wouldn't be as... as powerful as you. Moreover, your methods don't seem like those of a cultivator from the Holy Light Domain."

David didn't answer.

Yun Yao didn't press further.

The two continued walking, unknowingly venturing dozens of miles into the dense forest.

Suddenly, David stopped.

Yun Yao was startled and was about to ask when she saw David's brows furrow slightly, his gaze fixed on the depths of the forest.

"Young master, what's wrong?"

David didn't answer, only staring silently ahead.

A faint, almost imperceptible smell of blood wafted through the air.

The stench of blood was thick and pungent, mixed with an indescribable putrid smell that made one want to vomit.

Yun Yao smelled it too, her expression changing slightly: "This is..."

David raised his hand, signaling her to be quiet.

He closed his eyes, extending his divine sense into the depths of the dense forest.

After a moment, he opened his eyes, a hint of surprise flashing in them.

“There’s something ahead,” he said calmly.

A sense of unease welled up in Yun Yao’s heart, and she subconsciously moved closer to David: “Young Master, should we... should we take a detour?”

David shook his head: “It’s too late. They’ve already discovered us.”

“They?”

Before Yun Yao could react, a low, hissing roar came from the depths of the forest.

The sound was neither human nor beastly, but a strange, chilling cry, as if it came from the deepest hell.

Immediately afterward, a black shadow darted out from the depths of the forest, moving with lightning speed, rushing towards the two of them.

David raised his hand and struck out with a palm.

“Bang!”

The dark figure was sent flying by a palm strike, crashing heavily into a large tree. The trunk snapped instantly, and the figure fell to the ground with a piercing scream.

Only then did Yun Yao get a clear look at the figure, and she gasped in shock.

It was a humanoid creature, but its appearance could no longer be described as “human.”

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He was completely naked, his skin a strange grayish-black, covered with countless cracks, from which a faint, dark red light flickered.

His head was deformed, his features twisted, his mouth stretched to his ears, revealing a row of jagged fangs.

His hands had long, sharp nails that gleamed with a cold light.

Most bizarrely, his eyes were empty and lifeless, without whites or pupils, only a deathly darkness.

“What...what kind of monster is this?!” Yun Yao exclaimed in shock.

David’s gaze fell on the monster, a hint of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

He could sense two completely different auras emanating from this monster.

One was a sacred aura, pure and majestic, the aura of the gods.

The other was an evil aura, cold and violent, the aura of the demons.

These two auras, which should be irreconcilable, were strangely fused together on this monster, forming a twisted, nauseating existence.

“Gods and demons...” David murmured, his brows furrowed.

Upon hearing his words, Yun Yao’s expression changed drastically: “What?! Gods and Demons? How is that possible? How could Gods and Demons merge?”

David didn’t answer.

He was also pondering this question.

The Gods, who considered themselves the noblest race in the world, had always looked down on the Demons, regarding them as lowly and filthy beings.

The two races were sworn enemies, locked in a blood feud for generations.

Yet this monster possessed the bloodlines of both races, completely defying common sense.

The monster, sent flying by David’s palm strike, didn’t die.

It struggled to its feet, its twisted body convulsing, emitting low roars, its empty eyes fixed on David, filled with a frenzied killing intent.

But it didn’t pounce again.

Not out of fear, but because...

from the depths of the dense forest came even more roars.

One, two, three... countless roars.

Dense and overwhelming, rising and falling.

Yun Yao's face turned deathly pale, her body trembling uncontrollably.

David's expression remained unchanged, simply watching the depths of the dense forest.

Moments later, countless dark figures burst forth from the dense forest, rushing towards the two.

Some crawled on the ground, some leaped through the trees, and some pounced directly at them.

Each one, like the previous monster, was twisted, ferocious, and insane, emanating the aura of both gods and demons.

They had no reason, no fear, only a thirst for flesh and blood.

They were monsters.

Monsters formed from the fusion of the bloodlines of gods and demons.

David raised his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly appeared in his palm.

Golden dragon patterns shimmered with an eerie light in the dim forest.

"Stand behind me," he said calmly.

Yun Yao quickly hid behind him, her hands tightly gripping his robes, her body trembling like a leaf.

David held the sword and took a step forward. The

golden sword light instantly illuminated the entire forest.

The monsters that pounced at him melted away the moment the sword light touched them, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun.

With a sweeping sword, more than a dozen monsters exploded, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

David did not stop. He moved forward with his sword, each step accompanied by a slash of sword light.

Each slash of sword light killed several monsters.

He moved through the monsters' encirclement as if strolling in a garden.

Those monsters were utterly helpless before him.

Whether they pounced or ambushed, whether they crawled or leaped, as long as they came within a foot of him, they were instantly annihilated by the sword energy of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Yun Yao followed behind him, watching this scene. The fear in her heart gradually dissipated, replaced by endless shock and awe.

She had seen strong people, but she had never seen such a strong person.

A third-grade Upper Immortal, yet possessing terrifying strength that could crush everything.

Each of those monsters had the strength of a fifth-grade Upper Immortal, but before David, they were like ants, easily destroyed.

"Young Master... who exactly is Young Master?" she murmured, her eyes filled with admiration.

A moment later, the dense forest returned to calm.

Limbs and torsos were scattered everywhere, and dark red blood flowed into streams, staining the fallen leaves and soil.

The air was filled with a pungent stench of blood and decay, making one want to vomit.

David stood with his sword, his robes still clean and spotless.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his gaze sweeping over the corpses scattered on the ground, a thoughtful look flashing in his eyes.

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Where did these monsters come from?

Why are they in the Holy Land of Light?

How did the bloodlines of the gods and demons merge?

Yun Yao stepped out from behind David, her face pale as she looked at the carcasses scattered on the ground, barely suppressing the urge to vomit.

“Young Master... what... what are these things?”

David didn't answer, only saying calmly, “Keep going.”

Yun Yao bit her lip, not asking any further questions, and followed David's footsteps.

The two continued onward.

The deeper they went into the dense forest, the more corpses lay on the ground, and the stronger the stench of blood became.

Some of the corpses were intact, some were mutilated, and some were even just piles of flesh.

Judging from the marks, they must have fought fiercely, devouring each other before finally dying here.

David stopped, his gaze falling on a corpse.

It was a relatively intact corpse, still barely recognizable as human.

There was a huge bloody hole in its chest, its heart had been ripped out. Half an arm was still in its mouth, clearly indicating that it was eating before it died.

Seeing this, Yun Yao could no longer hold back. She turned and bent over, vomiting violently.

David didn't look at her, only silently watching the corpse.

He closed his eyes, his divine sense spreading out, enveloping the entire dense forest.

After a moment, he opened his eyes, a cold glint in them.

“There's a restriction,” he said calmly.

Yun Yao vomited for a while before straightening up and weakly asking, “What restriction?”

David said, "This entire dense forest is shrouded by a huge restriction. Those monsters are trapped here, unable to leave."

Yun Yao was stunned.

She looked up at the top of the forest.

Through the gaps in the branches and leaves, she could see a faint layer of blood-red light in the sky, the light appearing and disappearing, like an invisible barrier isolating this dense forest from the outside world.

"This...who set up this restriction?" Yun Yao murmured.

David didn't answer.

But he already had a guess in his heart.

To be able to set up such a restriction, trapping so many monsters that were a fusion of gods and demons, was definitely not something an ordinary person could do.

Behind this, there must be a conspiracy orchestrated by some powerful force.

And this conspiracy is very likely related to those "righteous" sects in the Holy Land of Light.

"Let's keep going," David said again.

Although Yun Yao was terrified, seeing David's calm and composed demeanor lessened her fear considerably.

She nodded and followed David, continuing onward.

They walked for about half an hour, encountering several more waves of monsters along the way.

Without exception, David effortlessly slew each of them.

Yun Yao's initial fear transformed into numbness, and finally...admiration.

Looking at David, her eyes held not just gratitude, but also an almost fanatical adoration.

This man was too strong.

So strong that it was impossible to look directly at him.

Just then, David suddenly stopped.

Yun Yao was startled and about to ask a question when she felt a terrifying pressure emanating from the depths of the dense forest.

That pressure was dozens of times stronger than any of the monsters they had encountered before.

Yun Yao's face instantly turned deathly pale, her legs went weak, and she almost knelt on the ground.

"Young...Young Master..."

David raised his hand, signaling her to be quiet.

He looked up, his gaze fixed on the depths of the forest.

A huge black shadow slowly emerged from the depths of the forest.

It was a colossal creature, over three zhang tall, covered in jet-black scales that shimmered with a dark red light.

Its head resembled a gigantic demon, with bloodshot eyes, bared fangs, and dripping foul-smelling saliva.

It exuded the terrifying aura of both gods and demons, the two energies intertwining to create a suffocating pressure.

A peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal.

Just one step away from entering the True Immortal realm.

Yun Yao nearly fainted upon seeing this monster.

A peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal was practically invincible in this place.

She looked at David, her eyes filled with despair.

She knew David was strong, but even so, he was only a third-grade Upper Immortal.

How could he possibly defeat a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal?

"Young Master... let's run!" she cried urgently.

David didn't move.

He simply watched the monster quietly, a faint smile playing on his lips.

“Peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?”

he repeated softly, a hint of amusement in his voice. “Interesting.”