

A Man Like None Other

Novel

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The monster seemed to sense David's contempt, letting out a deafening roar as it lunged at him.

Its speed was astonishing; its massive body seemed weightless in that instant, like a black lightning bolt, reaching David in a flash.

Its giant claw slammed down with earth-shattering power.

Yun Yao closed her eyes, unable to bear watching.

"Boom—"

A deafening roar erupted.

Smoke and dust billowed, the earth trembled.

Yun Yao felt the ground beneath her feet shaking, as if it would collapse at any moment.

A moment later, the smoke cleared.

Yun Yao opened her eyes, stunned.

David remained standing, motionless.

His right hand, raised above his head, steadily caught the monster's giant claw.

That strike, powerful enough to shatter mountains, was caught by him with a single hand, effortlessly.

The monster was stunned, a look of bewilderment flashing in its crimson eyes.

It couldn't understand why its full-force attack had been so easily caught by a tiny human.

David raised his head, looked at the monster, and said calmly, "That's it?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he exerted force with his right hand and flung it away.

The enormous monster was actually flung away by him with a single hand, crashing heavily into a large tree.

The towering ancient tree, which required several people to encircle, snapped instantly, and the monster fell to the ground, letting out a shrill scream.

David didn't give it a chance to catch its breath.

He took a step forward, his figure instantly appearing in front of the monster, raising his hand and striking down with a palm.

"Bang!"

The palm struck the monster's chest.

The monster's chest instantly caved in, and pitch-black blood gushed out.

It let out an extremely shrill scream, its massive body convulsing violently, then it collapsed to the ground, lifeless.

A monster at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, killed with a single palm strike.

Yun Yao was completely dumbfounded.

She looked at David as if looking at an invincible god, her eyes filled with awe and worship. A third-rank

Upper Immortal Realm cultivator, killing a peak ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator with a single palm strike.

What kind of strength was this?

What kind of method was this?

She suddenly remembered what David had said before: "Third-grade Upper Immortal? You're right, I am a third-grade Upper Immortal. But someone like you, an eighth-grade Upper Immortal, is not even as good as an ant in my eyes." At the time, she thought it was arrogance.

Now she knew it wasn't arrogance.

It was the truth.

David withdrew his hand, turned to look at Yun Yao, and said calmly, "Let's go."

Yun Yao snapped out of her daze, nodded quickly, and followed behind him, her eyes filled with admiration.

"Young Master, what... what is your cultivation level?" she couldn't help but ask.

David didn't turn around, his tone indifferent: "Third Rank of Upper Immortal Realm."

Yun Yao didn't believe it.

But she dared not ask again.

The two continued on their way.

After walking for a while, the view suddenly opened up.

The dense forest had come to an end.

Ahead was a wide plain, with distant mountains faintly visible, shrouded in mist.

Yun Yao glanced back at the dense forest behind her; the blood-red light still enveloped the entire forest, like a giant eye watching them.

She shivered and quickly turned her head away, not daring to look again.

Standing on the edge of the plain, David gazed into the distance and suddenly asked, "Which direction is the Divine Hall?"

Yun Yao was taken aback, then quickly pointed to a distant mountain peak, saying, "That mountain is called Holy Light Peak. The Divine Hall is at the summit of Holy Light Peak."

David looked in the direction she pointed and saw the mountain peak soaring into the clouds, its summit shrouded in mist, with palaces and pavilions vaguely visible.

"Let's go," he said calmly.

Yun Yao nodded and followed behind him.

The two transformed into streaks of light and sped towards Holy Light Peak.

On the way, Yun Yao couldn't help but ask, "Young Master, what are you going to the Divine Hall for?"

David was silent for a moment, then said calmly, "To find someone to help me."

Yun Yao was startled, then nodded, not asking any further questions.

She could sense that David harbored many secrets. But she also knew that those secrets were not for her to ask.

David suddenly spoke again: "How much do you know about the Divine Hall?"

Yun Yao thought for a moment and said, "The Divine Hall is one of the oldest forces in the Holy Domain of Light, said to be tens of thousands of years old.

They take it upon themselves to protect the light and have always been revered by righteous cultivators.

It is said that the Divine Hall possesses secret methods capable of awakening souls, and many cultivators flock there seeking their help."

David nodded without speaking.

Yun Yao hesitated for a moment, then said, "However... the Divine Hall always

acts mysteriously and rarely contacts the outside world. If you, Young Master, were to seek their help, I'm afraid it wouldn't be so easy."

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David said calmly, "I know."

Yun Yao bit her lip and whispered, "Young Master, if I may be so bold as to ask... who are you trying to save?"

David was silent for a moment, then said softly, "Two friends."

Yun Yao looked at him, a complex emotion welling up inside her.

This incredibly powerful man would actually travel thousands of miles to the Holy Land of Light to seek help from the Divine Hall for his friends.

She suddenly felt that the coldness and aloofness David possessed wasn't his true nature. It was merely a protective shell.

The real him was loyal and righteous.

"Young Master, although Yun Yao's strength is low, if there's anything I can do to help, please don't hesitate to ask," Yun Yao said earnestly.

David glanced at her and nodded.

"Thank you."

Yun Yao felt a surge of emotion.

To receive David's words of thanks made her feel that this trip had been worthwhile.

...

The two traveled swiftly and soon arrived at the foot of Holy Light Peak.

This mountain peak was majestic and towering, piercing the clouds.

The mountain was covered in lush vegetation, rich in spiritual energy, and filled with a faint fragrance.

David stopped and looked up at the summit.

There, a massive palace could be vaguely seen, appearing and disappearing in the clouds.

"The Divine Hall..." he murmured.

Yun Yao stood beside him and said softly, "Young Master, there are restrictions on Holy Light Peak. You can't fly up directly; you can only climb on foot. This is the rule of the Divine Hall, to show respect."

David nodded and began to walk up the mountain.

Yun Yao quickly followed.

The two climbed the stone steps step by step.

Along the way, David remained silent, only moving forward in silence.

In his mind, the figures of the monsters in the dense forest kept appearing.

Monsters formed from the fusion of divine and demonic bloodlines.

Trapped in the dense forest, unable to leave, they could only kill and devour each other's flesh and blood.

What secrets were hidden behind this?

And what role did the Divine Hall, this ancient force revered by countless righteous cultivators, play in all of this?

He raised his head, gazing at the palace atop the mountain, a complex expression flashing in his eyes.

The Holy Land of Light, a gathering place for righteous cultivators.

Yet, along his journey, he had witnessed far more than just light.

The forced marriages of the Holy Purity Sect, the hellish landscape of the dense forest...

Was the so-called righteous path truly so upright and honorable?

For the first time, David harbored doubts about the Divine Hall.

He suddenly stopped.

Yun Yao was startled and quickly asked, "Young Master, what's wrong?"

David looked towards the mountaintop, remained silent for a moment, and said calmly, "Nothing. Let's go."

He continued walking towards the summit.

Yun Yao watched his retreating figure, a strange feeling welling up within her.

She felt that David had hesitated for a moment.

But she didn't ask.

She knew David had his reasons.

The two continued upwards, soon reaching the mountainside.

Just then, a white streak of light descended from the sky, landing before them.

He was a young man, dressed in a white robe, with a handsome face and an otherworldly air. He emanated a faint light, as if he were bathed in holy light.

He glanced at David and Yun Yao, nodded slightly, and said in a gentle yet distant tone, "Fellow Daoists, this is a sacred place of the Divine Hall. May I ask what brings you here?"

David looked at him and said calmly, "We request an audience with the Lord

of the Divine Hall."

The young man smiled slightly and said, "The Lord is currently in seclusion and does not receive guests. If you have anything to say, please inform me, and I will pass it on."

David frowned slightly.

Seclusion?

He looked at the young man and suddenly asked, "Does the Divine Hall have any demons?"

The young man's smile froze instantly.

After a moment, his expression returned to normal, and he said calmly, "Fellow Daoist, you jest. The Divine Hall is a sacred place of the righteous path; how could there be any demons?" Chen

Ping looked at him without speaking.

The young man felt somewhat uncomfortable under his gaze, coughed lightly, and said, "If you have nothing else to say, please return. During the Lord's seclusion, the Divine Hall does not receive guests."

David was silent for a moment, then nodded.

"Alright."

He turned and walked down the mountain.

Yun Yao was startled and quickly followed.

"Young Master, are we just leaving like this?" she asked in a low voice.

David didn't answer, but simply walked quickly down the mountain.

Although Yun Yao was full of doubts, she didn't ask any more questions and just silently followed behind him.

On the way down the mountain, David suddenly stopped.

Yun Yao was taken aback and was about to ask when she saw David turn around, his gaze fixed on the mountaintop, a cold glint in his eyes.

"Young Master?"

David said calmly, "That young man... there's something wrong with him."

Yun Yao was taken aback: "What's wrong with him?"

David said, "His expression changed when he heard the word 'Demon Clan'."

Yun Yao recalled the scene just now and nodded: "Indeed, he seemed... a little nervous."

David was silent for a moment, then said, "The Divine Hall is probably not as simple as it seems on the surface."

Yun Yao's heart skipped a beat, and she whispered, "Young Master, you

mean..."

David didn't answer.

He turned around and continued down the mountain.

Yun Yao followed behind him, a sense of unease rising in her heart.

She suddenly remembered the monsters in the dense forest, those twisted beings possessing the aura of both gods and demons.

If those monsters were truly related to the Divine Temple...

she shuddered, afraid to think any further.

The two descended the mountain, quickly returning to the foot of Holy Light Peak.

David stopped and glanced back at the majestic peak.

The palace atop the mountain, shrouded in mist, appeared and disappeared, sacred and inviolable.

But now, in David's eyes, the palace's light seemed veiled in shadow.

"Let's go," he said calmly.

Yun Yao nodded.

The two transformed into streaks of light, speeding away into the distance.

Behind them, Holy Light Peak still stood, shrouded in mist, as if nothing had happened.

But David knew that beneath this seemingly sacred mountain lay untold secrets.

Those secrets might be even more terrifying than he imagined.

But he would not back down.

To bring Mu Sha and his wife back to life, whatever lay ahead, he would forge ahead without hesitation.