

# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 6177

At the foot of Holy Light Peak in the Holy Realm of Light, David, with Yun Yao in tow, stood in a secluded mountain hollow, gazing up at the mountain shrouded in divine light.

The mountain wind howled, stirring up wisps of spiritual mist, yet it couldn't dispel the heavy atmosphere in their hearts.

"Young Master, shall we... still go up?"

Yun Yao asked softly, her voice tinged with barely concealed worry.

She gently took David's arm, and the instant her fingertips touched his sleeve, she sensed something amiss.

Although David's expression remained unchanged, and his eyes were even sharper than before, she could feel a faint chill emanating from him.

It was a chill that seemed to emanate from the deepest hell, clashing with the omnipresent divine aura of the Holy Realm of Light, even showing signs of mutual repulsion.

In the distance, Holy Light Peak soared into the clouds, its palace atop the peak appearing and disappearing in the mist, like a celestial palace.

Golden light shone through the clouds, sacred and solemn, illuminating every inch of the land.

But at this moment, the light seemed exceptionally dazzling to David, as if countless golden needles were piercing his retina, making him feel inexplicably irritated.

David remained silent for a moment, his gaze fixed on the faintly visible palace complex on the mountaintop, as if trying to see the truth within through the

layers of restrictions.

"Go up."

His voice was calm and even, yet it carried an undeniable firmness, like metal striking the ground.

Yun Yao was startled, her brows furrowing, and she said urgently, "But that young man said the God Lord is in seclusion, and no one is allowed to disturb him, not even approach him.

If we force our way up, we might bring about our death. The Divine Hall's protective array is renowned throughout the Fourteenth Heaven; it's no joke." "Seclusion?"

David's lips curled up slightly, a faint smile playing on his lips.

The smile held no warmth, only a mocking glint. "He says he's in seclusion, and we believe him? He says we can't use the main gate, and we're really just going to sigh in despair?"

He turned to Yun Yao, a hint of amusement and resolve flashing in his eyes: "I said we'll go up, but not through the main gate."

Yun Yao froze, her beautiful eyes filled with confusion.

Not through the main gate?

How would they get up then?

The Holy Light Peak was surrounded by the "Nine Heavens and Ten Earths God-Slaying Array," said to be impenetrable even to True Immortals.

The infamous "Blood-Handed Butcher" of the Demon Clan once attempted to sneak in from the side, only to be shredded into mincemeat by the array, leaving not even a soul behind.

David didn't explain; he simply raised his right hand slowly.

Golden light flickered faintly in his palm.

This light wasn't the pure golden hue of Holy Light Peak, but rather a deep, dark gold, as if flowing with ancient dragon blood, mysterious and ancient.

He closed his eyes, his divine sense spreading out like invisible tentacles, instantly enveloping Holy Light Peak.

At this moment, his world changed. The once impenetrable barrier revealed a different face in his eyes.

To ordinary people, Holy Light Peak was as solid as a fortress, with numerous restrictions, like an iron barrel. Anyone attempting to force their way through would be reduced to ashes in the terrifying storm of spiritual energy.

However, in David's perception, the so-called "Nine Heavens and Ten Earths

God-Slaying Array" was nothing more than a net woven from countless lines of spiritual energy.

These lines appeared seamless, but in reality, they contained countless nodes and connections.

Each node, each flow of spiritual energy, produced minute fluctuations.

To ordinary cultivators, these fluctuations were negligible and impossible to detect.

"Too crude," David muttered to himself, his tone tinged with disdain.

His spiritual sense followed the lines of spiritual energy, like a fish swimming in water, quickly discovering several extremely subtle flaws.

These flaws weren't design defects in the array itself, but rather extremely subtle imperfections left by the person who set up the array when connecting two points of spiritual energy with different attributes.

It was like a perfect painting with a drop of undried ink in the corner; though inconspicuous, it disrupted the overall harmony.

To ordinary cultivators, this imperfection was completely negligible, even undetectable.

But in David's eyes, it was like an ink dot on a blank sheet of paper, crystal clear.

"So that's how it is."

He opened his eyes, a glint of light flashing within them, as if he had seen through the century-long scheme. "The foundation of this formation actually borrows the power of a fallen light-elemental demon beast.

Unfortunately, that beast's power wasn't pure; it was mixed with a trace of yin energy, causing the entire formation to freeze for a moment every three hours, during the transition between yin and yang."

This momentary freeze was the location of the Gate of Life.

He calculated the time precisely and looked up at the sky.

It was currently the third quarter of the Si hour, half an incense stick's time before the transition between yin and yang.

Time was of the essence, and there was no room for delay.

"Follow me."

He moved, transforming into a faint golden stream of light, and swept towards the side of Holy Light Peak.

That direction led to a sheer cliff, where the wind howled, making it difficult for ordinary people to even stand, let alone climb.

Yun Yao quickly followed, her heart filled with turbulent emotions. Watching David's effortless movements, she felt her understanding being repeatedly overturned.

The two followed the mountain's contours, ascending upwards.

David chose an extremely cunning route, deliberately traversing the weakest points of the invisible defenses.

Sometimes, he would squeeze sideways between two massive rocks, a seemingly tiny gap that perfectly avoided two intersecting killing formations; other times, he would pause briefly beside a withered tree, waiting for a gentle breeze to blow and the leaves to obscure the array's detection before swiftly passing through.

The protective formations set up by the shrines were as useless to him, like paths

in his own backyard. He was like a master strolling through his own garden, intimately familiar with every path and every trap, effortlessly defusing countless dangers.

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Yun Yao followed behind him, her heart filled with growing shock, even a sense

of unreality. She discovered that David's understanding of restrictions was simply unbelievable.

Those seemingly flawless restrictions always had a slight flaw in front of him. And he could always seize that flaw and easily pass through it, as if those lightning beams, powerful enough to kill even a Celestial Realm expert, were nothing more than a gentle breeze.

Even when he occasionally touched the edge of the formation, he would merely flick his finger, and the originally violent lightning beam would obediently bypass them like a tamed snake, instead striking the open ground in the distance, stirring up a cloud of dust.

"Young Master, how...how do you know the restrictions of the Divine Hall so well?"

She finally couldn't help but ask, her voice trembling with tension and shock. "This Nine Heavens and Ten Earths God-Slaying Array is a masterpiece of the

Divine Hall, painstakingly crafted by three True Immortal Realm elders. Even disciples within the Divine Hall, without a specially made pass token, could never pass through so easily. Even the elders themselves would have to be extremely cautious."

David didn't turn around, his steps still light, as if he were walking on a flat road, not a sheer cliff.

"Not familiar. These restrictions are just too crude," David said dismissively. Yun Yao's lips twitched, almost choking on her own saliva.

Too crude?

This is the mountain-protecting array that the entire Holy Domain of Light is so proud of!

Throughout the Fourteenth Heaven, countless forces have tried to imitate it but failed.

Countless powerful figures have tried to infiltrate it but have all returned empty-handed, some even perishing within, their bodies never to be found. Yet, in David's words, it's "too crude"?

She suddenly realized that she knew far too little about David.

How many secrets did this seemingly young man harbor?

Who exactly was he?

Why did he treat even the highest secrets of the Divine Hall like child's play?

Could he have been a reclusive master of formations?

"Young Master,"

Yun Yao took a deep breath, trying to calm herself, but her doubts only deepened, "Since you could break the seal so easily, why did you go up and ask? Wouldn't it have been better to just come up directly? Why go through all that trouble and arouse his suspicion?"

David paused slightly, turning his head to glance at her.

A deep meaning flashed in his profound eyes, as if concealing endless calculations.

"That was a test. I wanted to see if the temple was as good as the rumors suggested."

He paused, then continued, "If I could just walk in confidently from the front, it would mean there's a serious problem inside, or they're deliberately luring us in, waiting for us to walk right into their trap.

But it seems they're very vigilant, with a tight frontal defense, but this lateral breach reveals their arrogance. They think no one can break this defense,

hence this single blind spot.”

Yun Yao felt a chill run down her spine upon hearing this.

So, it was a test.

“ Young Master’s cunning is truly unfathomable.

” “Arrogance?”

Yun Yao repeated, still somewhat bewildered.

“Yes, arrogance,”

David sneered, his voice exceptionally clear in the mountain wind. “They think their formations are unparalleled, yet they don’t understand the cycle of nature, the reversal of extremes.

The more they pursue perfection, the easier it is to leave flaws in the details. These flaws can only be discovered by those who truly understand the essence of formations. In their eyes, everyone else is foolish, only they are supreme— this is their path to death.”

As they spoke, the two had reached the edge of the mountaintop.

David stopped, hiding behind a huge bluish-gray rock, his gaze peering through the cracks in the rock towards the palace complex atop the mountain.

The sight before her made Yun Yao gasp.

The architecture of the temple was even more magnificent and grand than what she had seen from below, exuding extravagance and power.

At the center was a massive temple, entirely constructed of an unknown white jade.

The jade shimmered with a soft, milky-white glow under the sunlight, seemingly possessing a sacred quality that made one hesitant to look directly at it.

The temple ceiling was inlaid with countless luminous pearls, not ordinary gemstones, but specially refined “spirit-gathering pearls.”

Arranged in a specific star-pattern, they refracted the sunlight with dazzling brilliance, making the entire temple appear like a celestial palace, radiating auspicious energy. Surrounding the temple were dozens of side halls of varying sizes, each exquisitely carved and painted, exuding an imposing aura. The eaves and brackets were carved with various mythical beasts: phoenixes poised for flight, majestic unicorns, and ferocious dragons.

These statues were so lifelike, as if they might come to life at any moment, guarding this sacred temple.

And in the plaza before the temple, hundreds of cultivators were gathered.

These people were dressed in various styles. Some wore fine robes, clearly from prominent families, exuding an air of distinction; others were ragged, their faces sallow, resembling down-on-their-luck rogue cultivators, their eyes filled with weariness.

But they all shared one thing in common: their eyes were filled with longing and tension, as if facing imminent judgment.

They formed a long queue, proceeding one by one to a massive stone tablet in the center of the plaza.

The tablet stood three zhang tall, entirely black, covered in intricate runes, faintly radiating a chilling aura.

Each time someone approached the tablet, two disciples of the Divine Hall, dressed in white robes, stood by, their expressions indifferent, like high-ranking gods scrutinizing the ants below.

The test was simple: place your hand on the tablet.

The runes on the tablet would flash, displaying different colors.

Some were blue, representing lower bloodlines; some purple, middle bloodlines; some gold, upper bloodlines.

The color of the light determined their fate.