

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6179

The atmosphere in the square was oppressive and tense. Every flash of light tugged at the heartstrings of the crowd.

Whenever someone tested their bloodline level, a disciple of the Divine Hall would step forward and lead them to different side halls.

Those who tested with a blue light were led to the most secluded small halls; their expressions were dejected, their steps heavy, as if they had lost all hope.

Those who tested with a purple light were led to medium-sized side halls; their faces lit up with joy, as if they had grasped a lifeline.

And the occasional appearance of a golden light would cause a stir.

The elders of the Divine Hall would even personally come forward, treating them as honored guests, leading them to the core area, and basking in the envy and jealousy of the crowd.

David's gaze sharpened, his pupils slightly contracting.

Another bloodline test?

This Divine Hall, how come it's exactly the same as the Holy Purity Sect he had been to before?

He recalled his experience in the Holy Purity Sect.

There, bloodlines were also revered. Those with special bloodlines were considered geniuses and enjoyed endless resources;

while those without special bloodlines, no matter how talented, could only be relegated to the bottom, or even become stepping stones for others, at the mercy of others.

"Young Master, is the Divine Hall also testing bloodlines? What...what are they doing?"

Yun Yao also saw the scene in the square and whispered, her eyes full of doubt. "It's said that the Divine Hall is a righteous holy land, advocating equality for all beings and saving all sentient beings.

But this practice seems more like...more like selecting some special 'materials' than recruiting disciples."

David didn't speak, but simply watched quietly.

His gaze swept over the cultivators who failed the test, seeing the despair and resentment in their eyes;

then it swept over the cultivators who succeeded, seeing the fanaticism and bewilderment in their eyes.

"Equality among all beings?"

David sneered inwardly, a mocking smile curving his lips. "It's nothing but a deceptive lie. In this dog-eat-dog world, where is true equality?"

The so-called righteous holy lands, in the end, are nothing more than valuing bloodlines.

With bloodlines, you're a genius, you're the future; without bloodlines, you're an ant, you're just grass. Is this their so-called 'Dao'?"

After a moment, he suddenly spoke, his voice low and firm, interrupting Yun Yao's thoughts: "Yun Yao, wait for me here."

Yun Yao was startled, quickly grabbing his sleeve, anxiously... She said, "Young Master, what are you doing? This is the core area of the Divine Hall, teeming with experts.

Although that young cultivator wasn't very strong, there are definitely stronger beings here. If you rashly reveal yourself and are discovered, the consequences could be unimaginable!"

David gently patted the back of her hand, a tender gesture that interrupted her: "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. Since they like testing bloodlines, I'll let them test to their heart's content.

I also want to see what kind of bloodlines the Divine Hall wants, and what they intend to do with them. I must uncover the truth behind this myself." A flame burned in his eyes, the excitement of a hunter spotting his prey, the calm of an avenger about to unveil a conspiracy.

Yun Yao, seeing his resolute gaze, knew dissuasion was futile.

Once David made a decision, no one could change it.

She could only grit her teeth, release his hand, and instruct, "Young Master, please be careful. If anything goes wrong, retreat immediately. I'll be waiting for you outside, without delay."

David's lips curled into a confident smile: "Alright."

With that, he stood up, emerged from behind the boulder, straightened his robes, and strode steadily towards the plaza.

Each step was firm and powerful, as if he were walking not into a dragon's den, but into his own private hall.

Yun Yao wanted to stop him, but it was too late. She could only watch helplessly as he walked towards the group of disciples, praying that nothing untoward would happen.

David's appearance immediately drew the attention of everyone in the plaza.

The previously noisy plaza fell silent for a moment because of his unique aura.

The cultivators queuing all turned their heads, their gazes falling on him.

Some were curious, wondering where this young man came from, daring to cut in line at this time;

some were suspicious, speculating whether he was a scion of some powerful family with a special background;

others were disdainful, seeing his young age and cultivation level of only the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, they assumed he was a rogue cultivator trying his luck, destined to fail, and possibly even die a gruesome death.

A disciple of the Divine Hall, dressed in a white robe, quickly stepped forward to greet him.

This disciple looked to be in his early twenties, with a handsome face, but his eyes carried a hint of arrogant superiority.

He smiled, his tone polite yet distant, as if he were giving alms to a beggar: "Fellow Daoist, are you here to test your bloodline? Please queue at the back.

The rules of the Divine Hall are that everyone is equal, and cutting in line is not allowed.”

David glanced at him, said nothing, and walked straight towards the bloodline testing stele.

His pace was neither fast nor slow, each step seemingly on a specific rhythm, giving people a strange sense of pressure, making the surrounding air heavy.

The disciple from the shrine frowned, a hint of displeasure in his heart.

He had been respected throughout his years in the shrine; never before had he been so disregarded.

“Hey! I’m talking to you!”

he raised his voice, reaching out to stop David. “Don’t you know the rules? Stop right there!”

However, his hand froze in mid-air.

David had already walked to the stone tablet, and without hesitation, placed his hand on its surface.

In that instant, time seemed to stand still; everyone’s breath caught in their throats, awaiting their fate.

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A low, rumbling sound began, initially faint, like the buzzing of a mosquito, almost imperceptible unless one listened carefully.

But in an instant, the sound amplified exponentially, becoming a deafening roar, as if the drums of an ancient war had been struck.

The runes on the stone tablet instantly lit up, bursting forth with dazzling light.

The light was initially azure, gentle and mild, like a spring breeze caressing willows.

The surrounding cultivators were about to mock this as a low-grade bloodline when they saw the azure light quickly turn purple before it dissipated.

The purple light was as thick as ink, carrying an aura of majesty that caused those around to involuntarily take a few steps back, secretly astonished.

“Purple! It’s a purple bloodline!”

someone exclaimed. “This is a mid-grade bloodline! This child actually possesses a mid-grade bloodline; his future is limitless!”

The expression of the Divine Hall disciple also changed, his disdain turning to surprise.

A mid-grade bloodline, while not top-tier in the Divine Hall, was enough to make one an inner disciple, enjoying decent resources, and worth cultivating.

However, the changes didn’t stop there.

The purple light lasted only a moment before suddenly exploding into a dazzling gold!

The golden light was intense and domineering, like the blazing sun, blinding everyone.

The temperature in the plaza instantly rose, and the spiritual energy in the air became restless, as if ignited by this power.

“Gold! It’s a golden bloodline!”

“Heavens! It’s actually a superior bloodline! This is a genius that only appears once in ten thousand years!” “

The Divine Hall is about to have a great event! Quick, go inform the elders!”

The crowd erupted in excitement.

Those previously envious and disdainful gazes instantly transformed into envy, awe, and even flattery.

The cultivation world is so realistic; strength and bloodline determine everything.

The Divine Hall disciple who had received David was flushed with excitement, about to step forward to flatter him, but saw that David remained expressionless, his hand on the stone tablet showing no sign of loosening.

His expression was terrifyingly calm, as if all of this was within his expectations.

Then, a sudden change occurred!

“Roar...”

A deafening dragon’s roar resounded from the stone tablet!The dragon’s roar, like a thunderclap, resounded throughout the mountaintop.

The sound contained an ancient, desolate, and extremely domineering aura, seemingly emanating from the primordial era, carrying the majesty of a supreme ruler.

The crowd in the plaza felt a sharp pain in their eardrums, their blood surging, their faces changing drastically as they retreated.

Those with weaker cultivation covered their ears, crouching on the ground in agony, cold sweat pouring down their faces.

"What...what's going on? How could the bloodline test elicit a dragon's roar?"

"Could it be...could it be the legendary..."

No one dared utter that name aloud, for it was too unbelievable, too shocking, existing only in fragments of ancient texts.

Then, a colossal golden dragon shadow soared into the sky from the stone tablet!

The dragon shadow was tens of feet tall, with sharp claws, jagged horns, and scales that shimmered with a metallic luster in the sunlight, each scale seemingly containing world-destroying power.

It exuded a terrifying dragon's might, a kingly aura that surpassed all things, compelling all living beings to bow down in worship.

It circled once in mid-air, then roared to the heavens, its cry shaking the heavens and earth, echoing throughout Holy Light Peak and even reaching the town at its foot.

The entire mountaintop fell into a deathly silence.

Everyone stared wide-eyed, unable to believe what they were seeing.

Some gaped, their jaws nearly dropping;

others trembled, barely able to stand;

still others were directly overwhelmed by the dragon's might, fainting and foaming at the mouth.

That golden dragon shadow, that terrifying dragon's might... what... what kind of bloodline is this?

In the legends of the cultivation world, bloodlines are divided into six major realms: Mortal, Spirit, Earth, Heaven, Saint, and God.

Above these six realms lies a legendary bloodline existing only in ancient texts—the royal bloodline.

The five-clawed golden dragon is the emperor of the dragon race, symbolizing supreme power and strength.

Those possessing the bloodline of the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon are born with the privilege of heaven, their cultivation speed increasing by leaps and bounds, unmatched among their peers, and even capable of challenging those of higher levels, looking down upon all living beings.

“Five-Clawed Golden Dragon...it’s the bloodline of the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon!”

Someone shouted first, their voice trembling with fervor.

This shout was like igniting a powder keg, and the entire square erupted in chaos.

Exclamations, whispers, and shouts of worship filled the air; everyone was stunned by this unprecedented sight.