

# A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 6601

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Wu Yuan stopped ten feet away from Yan Huo, slowly raising the Dark Abyss Sword, its tip aimed at Yan Huo's throat.

"Vice Palace Master Yan, prepare to die."

Just as he was about to attack, he suddenly felt a bone-chilling coldness behind him.

That coldness didn't come from the northern ice plains, but from the gaze of a person.

Wu Yuan whirled around.

David stood less than three feet behind him, the Dragon-Slaying Sword already drawn, purple chaotic fire burning on its blade, slightly distorting the surrounding space.

His purple eyes stared at Wu Yuan, devoid of emotion, like an executioner looking at a prisoner about to be executed.

"Mr. Chen, you..." Wu Yuan's voice trembled slightly, "What are you doing?"

David didn't speak.

He simply raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Purple sword energy condensed on the blade, growing longer and brighter, finally solidifying into a purple blade of light over ten feet long.

The blade contained terrifying power, the destructive light released after the power of chaos was compressed to its limit.

"Mr. Chen! We're friends!" Wu Yuan took a step back, his face deathly pale. "Listen to me..."

David didn't listen.

The sword fell.

A purple blade of light sliced across Wu Yuan's chest, from his right shoulder to his left abdomen, cutting diagonally.

His silver-white armor was like paper before the Chaos Fire, easily torn apart.

Dark red blood gushed from the wound, splattering onto the grayish-white sand with a hissing sound.

Wu Yuan's body stiffened.

He looked down at the wound on his chest, his crimson-gold eyes filled with disbelief.

"You... how could you..." His voice was hoarse to the extreme, each word as if using the last of his strength.

David sheathed his sword, stood before Wu Yuan, his purple eyes looking down at him.

"I heard your conversation."

His voice was calm, as if he were talking about something trivial. "From the beginning,

you never intended to be my friend. You were just using me, but I'm not stupid."

"Besides, I'm someone who likes to choose the side that benefits the most. Now it's obvious that I can get more resources by getting rid of you, so why should I share them with you?"

Wu Yuan's eyes were wide open.

A trickle of dark red blood spilled from the corner of Wu Yuan's mouth, dripping down his chin.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

His body slowly fell, crashing onto the grayish-white sand, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Dark red blood gushed from the wound, pooling into a small puddle beneath him.

His crimson-gold eyes remained open, frozen with regret and resentment.

He didn't close his eyes until his death.

Wu Yuan was dead.

The cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild turned deathly pale upon seeing their guild leader killed.

Some turned and ran, some knelt and begged for mercy, and some stood frozen in place, at a loss.

David neither chased after those who fled nor killed those who begged for mercy.

He simply stood there, the Dragon-Slaying Sword held horizontally before him, his purple eyes fixed on the remaining people.

"Put down your magical artifacts, cripple your cultivation, and you may leave alive." His voice was calm, yet exceptionally clear in the silent battlefield.

The cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild exchanged glances.

Then, one by one, they lowered their magical artifacts.

Golden, silver-white, and cyan artifacts clattered to the ground.

They circulated their spiritual power, shattering their meridians.

Silver-white spiritual power dissipated from their bodies, their cultivation rapidly declining from the Golden Immortal Realm to the True Immortal Realm.

They had once been elite cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild, powerful Golden Immortals.

Now, they were nothing.

But at least they were alive.

David did not pursue those who fled.

In the perilous ancient battlefield, those who fled would not survive a day.

They would either be killed by ancient remnant souls, swallowed by spatial rifts, or trapped in some trap, never to escape.

He didn't need to lift a finger.

David sheathed the Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned to look at Yan Huo.

Yan Huo stood there, his hand gripping the golden spear trembling, his crimson-gold eyes filled with terror. He witnessed the entire process of Wu Yuan's death.

David killed Wu Yuan, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, with a single sword strike, leaving him no chance to resist.

And he, too, was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

Moreover, he was injured.

If David attacked him, his fate would be the same as Wu Yuan's.

"Chen... David..."

Yan Huo's voice trembled, "Our divine race... will no longer be your enemy... Today's events... will be as if they never happened... Let us go... We'll keep to ourselves from now on..."

David looked at Yan Huo, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

"Keep to ourselves from now on?"

His voice was soft, but exceptionally clear in the silent battlefield, "You divine race chased me all the way to the Eighteenth Heaven. You wanted my life, you wanted my Great Luo Golden Scripture, you wanted my Chaos Power. And now you're telling me to keep to ourselves?"

Yan Huo's face was deathly pale.

"Then... then what do you want?"

David drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple Chaos Flames burning on its blade.

"Strike while the iron is hot. You gods should understand this better than I do."

His voice was calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it. "You are all injured now, the perfect time to kill you.

If I let you go now, you'll come back to me once you've recovered. Then another battle will begin.

Rather than waiting for you to heal, I'd rather kill you now and be done with it."

Yan Huo's body trembled violently.

He knew David was telling the truth.

The enmity between the gods and David was irreconcilable.

From the very beginning, back in the Celestial Realm, David had harbored hatred for the gods.

Every step was initiated by the gods.

Every step deepened David's hatred for them.

How could David believe the talk of "keeping to ourselves"?

"Everyone, listen to my command!" Yan Huo roared. "Fight! We'll die if we don't, but if we fight, there's a glimmer of hope!"

Hearing Yan Huo's words, a glint of madness flashed in the eyes of the gods' cultivators. They gripped their magical artifacts tightly, golden holy light burning upon them, dyeing the entire sky gold.

More than twenty people charged towards David simultaneously.

David looked at the approaching divine race, his purple eyes showing no fear.

He did not retreat.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple sword energy condensing on its blade. He swung the sword.

The purple sword energy struck the leading divine race cultivators, cleaving their bodies in two, golden blood and entrails splattering everywhere.

Another strike.

Several more divine race cultivators fell. Another strike. Another strike.

David swung his sword again and again, each strike taking the lives of one or more divine race cultivators. His sword was not fast, even slow, each strike clear and precise, without any frills or unnecessary movements. But it was precisely this extremely concise swordsmanship that gave the divine race cultivators no chance to dodge, killing them instantly. In less than half an incense stick's time, all twenty-odd divine race cultivators lay in pools of blood. Golden blood flowed across the grayish-white sand, forming dark golden streams. The air was thick with the pungent, nauseating stench of blood. Only Yan Huo remained standing. He gripped his golden spear, his body covered in blood, the wound on his left arm reopened, golden blood gushing from it and dripping down his arm. His face was deathly pale, his crimson-gold eyes filled with fear and resentment. He was the Vice Palace Master of the Flame God Palace, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal. In the Eighteenth Heaven, apart from Yan Wuji, no one was his match. But before David, he didn't even have a chance to retaliate. This ninth-grade True Immortal youth was too strong. So strong that he filled Yan Huo with despair.