

# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 5330 |

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He didn't rush to exert his speed, but instead spread his spiritual consciousness outward, like an invisible net, carefully scanning his surroundings. Then, he took a step forward, his figure like a ghostly golden light, plunging deep into the Black Wind Mountains.

Visibility in the miasma was extremely low, blurring beyond three meters, with only the faint outlines of trees visible.

From time to time, the roars of demonic beasts echoed in his ears, sometimes deep as thunder, sometimes sharp as whistles, punctuated by faint, eerie whispers, as if countless resentful spirits were watching from the shadows.

David remained focused and alert, his feet silently executing the Fire Control Step. His figure moved through the forest with almost no sound, save for the occasional snap of dead branches, quickly drowned out by the surrounding clamor.

His eyes were as sharp as an eagle, able to pick up the slightest movement even in the dim light.

Soon, a faint fluctuation of spiritual energy reached his senses. David paused and quietly hid in the canopy of a towering ancient tree. Gazing down through the gaps between the branches, he saw a simple yet heavily guarded camp hidden in the valley not far away. Dozens

of black-robed monks from the Evil Dao Hall were training in the camp, wielding bone blades forged from the bones of demonic beasts. A thick black aura lingered around the blades, and each strike was accompanied by a sharp, air-piercing sound.

These monks' faces were filled with ferocious expressions, their eyes flashing a bloodthirsty red, and a sinister aura lingered around them, clearly cultivating the evil techniques of the Evil Dao Hall.

In the center of the camp, an altar, constructed from countless skulls, stood out.

The altar stood approximately three meters tall, its eye sockets gleaming with a faint green light. A thick green mist swirled around the altar's summit.

A closer look revealed countless fragmented figures struggling and roaring within the green mist. Upon closer inspection, they were all imprisoned spirits!

“Hmph!”

David’s eyes surged with murderous intent, and the golden light surrounding him suddenly intensified.

Among these spirits, some bore the aura of cultivators, evidently those forcibly extracted after being brutally slaughtered by the Evil Dao Hall cultivators to cultivate their evil arts. Without

further hesitation, he suddenly accelerated, shooting out from the treetops like an arrow. His Dragon Slaying Sword sliced through the air, releasing a stream of unparalleled golden sword energy.

“Swish!”

With lightning-fast speed, the sword energy instantly pierced the throats of three black-robed cultivators whose backs were facing him.

Before they could even turn, their bodies froze, dissipating into wisps of black air and leaving behind three shrunken, mummified corpses that collapsed heavily to the ground.

“Intruders!”

The monks in the camp were instantly alerted, turning their heads.

Seeing the golden glow emanating from David, a stark contrast to the evil aura, a flicker of fear flashed across their eyes, then gave way to greed.

“It’s a righteous monk! Capture him alive!” a monk who looked like the leader shouted fiercely. “His spirit is so pure, it will surely greatly nourish the altar!”

Dozens of black-robed monks simultaneously pounced, bone blades imbued with a thick evil aura, piercing David’s vital points. Their formation was chaotic yet fierce, and combined with the pervasive evil aura in the camp, it created a chilling, oppressive feeling.

David snorted coldly, the divine dragon power within him suddenly erupting, and a blazing golden flame instantly ignited on his Dragon Slaying Sword.

“You don’t know what’s good for you!” His voice was as cold as ice, and with a flash of his body, he rushed into the crowd like a ghost.

The Dragon Slaying Sword swept out, and golden flames spread like a tide. Wherever it passed, the screams of the black-robed monks echoed one after another.

Those seemingly overbearing evil spirits melted away in the golden flames like ice and snow in the blazing sun.

A monk's bone blade, just as it was about to strike David, sizzled in the flames and shattered into pieces. The flames then spread to David, reducing him to charred charcoal in the blink of an eye.