

A Man Like None Other Novel

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However, just as the demonic claws were about to capture David, David moved.

His movements seemed casual, yet imbued with endless mystery.

He simply raised his right hand, palm facing the massive demonic claw. There were no elaborate moves, not even a flicker of aura, as if he were facing a mere insignificant flying insect.

“Bang!”

A dull, resonant sound, like thunder, exploded in his ears.

The black demonic claws instantly shattered, dispersing in a cloud of black mist. Like smoke dispersed by the wind, the mist vanished without a trace.

Immediately afterwards, an invisible force surged through the black-robed man’s arm, rapidly spreading like a ferocious venomous snake.

The smug smile on his face froze, replaced by a look of disbelief and horror.

His eyes widened, as if he had witnessed the most terrifying thing in the world.

He felt an irresistible force surge into his body, instantly destroying his meridians and dantian.

The force surged like a raging tide, wreaking havoc within him, leaving devastation wherever it passed.

He didn’t even have time to scream, as his body, like a ball struck by a heavy object, fell heavily to the ground, blood gushing from all seven orifices, his breath instantly cut off.

The Evil Dao Hall Law Enforcement Officer, a second-rank Earth Immortal Realm, couldn’t even withstand David’s attack before being slapped to death.

His once towering figure now lay on the ground like a dead dog, devoid of his former majesty.

A momentary silence fell over the entire audience. The demon cultivators, who had been cheering, froze their smiles, their mouths wide open enough to fit a fist, their eyes filled with fear and bewilderment, as if everything that had just happened was an illusion.

Their bodies trembled uncontrollably, as if they were trapped in a horrific nightmare.

Li Qingshan and the others suddenly opened their eyes, seeing the black-robed figure's corpse on the ground. Then, looking at David's calm face, they were completely stunned.

Their minds went blank, as if struck by lightning. The terrifying

pressure they had just felt—the Earth Immortal Realm powerhouse they had considered invincible—had been killed by David with a single slap?

This was beyond their imagination, leaving them unable to believe what they were witnessing.

“Is this... is this real?”

someone muttered, their voice trembling, filled with confusion and fear. They couldn't believe their eyes, couldn't believe what they were witnessing.

David clapped his hands, as if he were simply brushing off dust, his movements effortless and natural.

Then, he looked at the still-trembling Immortal Yun Miao, his tone as calm as if he were asking a trivial question: “Now, you may continue. How did the Sixth Palace Master know the method to refine the Immortal Stone?”

Immortal Yun Miao looked at the black-robed figure's corpse on the ground, then at David, terrified.

His body trembled uncontrollably, like a leaf drifting in a strong wind.

Daring not to hide anything, he quickly climbed to his knees, his voice trembling, “I'll tell you! Everything! Sixth Palace Master... The Sixth Palace Master learned this from the Third Palace Master. I don't know how the Third Palace Master knew it!”

His face was filled with fear and despair, as if David were the master who could decide his life or death.

“Could it be that the Third Palace Master of the Temple is colluding with the Evil Dao Hall?”

David frowned. You have to know that the Third Palace Master is a high-ranking official in the Temple, and the Temple is an organization of the gods.

Now someone in the gods is colluding with the demons, this is no small matter.

Moreover, the Fourth Palace Master has always been at odds with the Third Palace Master. If the Third Palace Master colludes with the Evil Dao Hall and attacks the Fourth Palace Master, wouldn't the Fourth Palace Master be in danger?

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After all, the Fourth Palace Master had always been helping him, so David didn't want to see anything happen to him.

Yun Miao Xianzun looked at David's expression and said with horror, “I've told you everything I know. As for the Third Palace Master's affairs, there's no way I, a mere Sixth Palace deacon, would know that.”

“Yes!” David nodded!

He also knew that Yun Miao Xianzun couldn't possibly know about the Third Palace Master's affairs. Such an extremely secret matter couldn't possibly be known to a mere minion.

David raised his hand, and a beam of supreme fire appeared. Before Yun Miao Xianzun could react, he was already surrounded by the flames.

Screams rang out, and Li Qingshan and the others were overwhelmed by the scene.

With Yun Miao Xianzun dead, they were truly and completely liberated.

After killing Immortal Venerable Yunmiao, David looked at Li Qingshan and said, “Fellow Daoist, take your men and gather all the refined immortal stones from the Yuande Realm. I will use them for my cultivation.”

“Don't mine or refine the remaining spirit stones at random. After all, you need them for your cultivation.”

Li Qingshan and his companions were not immortals, so they couldn't absorb the immortal energy within the immortal stones for cultivation. They could only absorb spiritual energy.

Once they broke through the celestial realm and reached the Scattered Immortal Realm, they would be able to absorb immortal energy.

"I will follow the Immortal Venerable's orders..."

Li Qingshan nodded hurriedly.

Soon, Li Qingshan and his men began to collect the refined immortal stones for David.

As for the demon cultivators, David didn't exterminate them all. He knew that if the demons were wiped out, the Yuande Realm would only be populated by humans and beastmen, and war between these two races would inevitably ensue. What

the Yuande Realm needed now was balance among the three races. Once this balance was disturbed, war would ensue.

While David waited in the Yuande Realm for the collection to be displayed, Hu Mazi had already been inquiring about the Evil Dao Palace in the Seventh Heaven.

At this moment, on the edge of the Seventh Heaven, lies a mysterious city perpetually shrouded in gray fog—Black Wind City. It

seems forgotten by the world, its streets filled with an oppressive atmosphere, and pedestrians are as sparse as the scattered stars in the night sky.

Even the vendors hawking their wares are wrapped in thick black robes, as if to insulate themselves from the dangers lurking in the shadows.

They speak in whispers, fearing to alert the danger lurking in the shadows.

Hu Mazi, crouching in the corner of a dilapidated teahouse, clutching a few immortal stones he brought from the Sixth Heaven.

Although Hu Mazi's strength has recovered, upon reaching the Seventh Heaven, he realizes that his strength is at the lowest level.

Hu Mazi dares not be careless. His eyes betray vigilance and anxiety, and his ears are perked, listening to every sound in the teahouse.

He has been lurking here for three full days, with a single purpose: to uncover the secrets of the Seventh Heaven's Evil Dao Palace.

Hu Mazi didn't dare ask anyone casually, fearing he'd be targeted, so he had to resort to this method to gather information.

He clutched the "Concealment Talisman" tightly in his hand. This talisman was his only recourse at this moment, temporarily shielding his cultivation aura, giving him a chance to survive in this dangerous environment.

"Bang!"

A loud bang shattered the silence within the teahouse.

The door was violently kicked open, and a burly man with a hideous scar on his face entered, followed by two black-robed monks, each exuding a sinister aura.

Hu Mazi immediately lowered his head, feigning indifference, but his fingers secretly clasped the talisman in his arms, ready to respond to any potential danger.

"Boss, give me a jug of the strongest liquor!"

Scarface shouted, slamming a bulging purse on the table.

From within the purse, the crisp sound of immortal stones clashing against each other echoed harshly in the quiet teahouse.

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Hu Mazi caught a glimpse from the corner of his eye and saw a black token hanging around Scarface's waist. The word "evil" was engraved on the token, which was exactly the same as the token of the Evil Temple he had seen before.

His heartbeat accelerated involuntarily, knowing that his wait had finally paid off. Just then, the conversation between two monks at the next table drifted into Hu Mazi's ears.

"Have you heard? The people in the temple have been holding lectures recently, and many monks have gone to listen. However, those monks who listened to the lectures seemed to have lost their souls."

A monk said in a low voice.

“Shh! Keep your voice down! Do we think we can discuss the affairs of the temple? Last time, a casual cultivator was too talkative and was slapped a few times by the people in the temple!”

Another monk reminded in horror.

“What are you afraid of? I heard the people from the Temple have been getting close to the Evil Temple lately,”

the monk said, then leaned in and whispered in the other’s ear. “It seems the Evil Temple is looking for a ‘Soul Urn,’ they say, capable of holding millions of souls. It seems the Temple has it.”

Hu Mazi listened carefully, his heart sinking.

The words “Soul Urn,” “Millions of Souls” struck him like a hammer.

Could this be connected to the disappearance of the souls of the Hu clan members he had come to investigate?

He was about to listen more closely when Scarface glanced at the next table. The two monks immediately shut up, hurriedly paid their bill

, and left the teahouse. Scarface finished his drink and left with his two men.

Hu Mazi had a flash of inspiration, realizing this was a good opportunity to follow them and uncover the truth.

He quietly followed, activating his cloaking charm to conceal his presence.

Following them, Hu Mazi passed through narrow alleys filled with a foul odor, their walls covered in black vines like tentacles of darkness.

Finally, they stopped before an abandoned altar.

Black runes covered the altar, gleaming with an eerie light, as if concealing endless secrets. In the center of the altar sat a half-man-high clay pot. From within, a shrill, soul-sounding wail emanated faintly ,

a sound like a wail from hell that sent a chill down Hu Mazi’s spine.

“Is everything ready?”

a monk in a white robe slowly emerged from behind the altar. The golden character “神” (God) was embroidered on the corner of his robe. He was indeed a member of the temple!

Scarface nodded and pulled a storage bag from his bosom. "This contains 500,000 immortal stones. I expect a large quantity will be delivered from the lower realms soon. When will the 'Soul Urn' be given to us?"

The white-robed monk sneered, his laughter filled with disdain and mockery. "What's the rush? Once our temple master has filled the Soul Urn for you, we'll naturally give it to your Evil Path Temple. You'll cultivate with your spirits, and we'll cultivate with the immortal stones. We'll have nothing to do with each other."

"Your temple is faster at collecting souls than we are. We need to collect them in places where there's fighting, but you can trick those monks into opening altars and then simply take their souls."

Hu Mazi's hands clenched white at these words.

The temple's people could actually do such a vile thing. After all, without souls, monks can no longer cultivate and improve their cultivation. They're practically dead.

Just as Hu Mazi was about to approach the clay pot on the altar to examine it, he was suddenly spotted.

The cloaking charm failed, and his aura was instantly exposed.

"Who?"

The white-robed monk turned around abruptly, his eyes as sharp as a sword. He unsheathed his sword, and a golden sword light slashed towards Hu Mazi!

Hu Mazi quickly activated the cloaking charm again and dodged the sword light.

But even so, the sword energy still cut a hole in the corner of his robe.

The sword energy seemed to carry a scorching power, causing his skin to sting.