

A Man Like None Other Novel

Full Read Online **Chapter 5496** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5496

“There’s a snooper!”

Scarface roared, pulled out a black chain, and swung it fiercely in the direction where Hu Mazi was hiding. The

chain had barbs and was wrapped in black mist. Once entangled, the soul would be sucked away, which would be a more terrifying ending than death.

Hu Mazi didn’t dare to fight and turned to run.

But the white-robed monk was extremely fast. The long sword in his hand kept swinging out sword light, shooting towards Hu Mazi like a golden meteor, forcing him to dodge again and again.

Every time he dodged, he was in danger, and his clothes were cut by the sword energy.

“Catch him! Don’t let him get away!”

Scarface and his men chased after him, and the black chain wove a large net in the air, covering Hu Mazi. The chains exuded a sickening odor, like shackles from hell.

Hu Mazi pulled out a talisman and tossed it to the ground without hesitation. Golden flames instantly exploded, their scorching heat distorting the surrounding air.

Like an angry beast, the flames drove back the pursuers.

Hu Mazi took the opportunity to dive into an even narrower alley, where the walls were almost touching, forcing him to move quickly sideways.

But after only a few steps, he bumped into someone.

“Brother, what are you doing in such a hurry?”

The man, dressed in a coarse robe and with a gentle smile on his face, looked like an ordinary passerby.

But Hu Mazi sensed a familiar aura from him, an aura unique to the temple!

Startled, Hu Mazi turned and tried to run.

But the man raised a hand and pressed his shoulder, his smile instantly turning cold: "Since you're here, stay. I'll ask you what you heard."

Hu Mazi felt his shoulder go numb, and a strange force penetrated into his body through his shoulder, suppressing his cultivation.

His body seemed to be pressed down by a mountain, unable to move. Scarface and the white-robed monk also caught up and surrounded him.

"So you are a casual cultivator, and you dare to spy on the affairs of our temple?"

The white-robed monk pointed his sword at Hu Mazi's throat. The tip of the sword flashed with a cold light, as if it would pierce his throat at any time, "Tell me! Who are you? Why are you secretly spying on the affairs of our temple?"

Hu Mazi gritted his teeth and refused to speak.

He knew that if he told the truth, not only would he not survive, but he would also die a more miserable death.

Seeing this, Scarface took out a black dagger with dark red lines wrapped around it. The lines seemed to be alive and kept wriggling.

"You won't tell me? Then don't blame us for using the Soul-Eating Dagger. Let's give you a taste of having your soul ripped away, piece

by piece!" Scarface grumbled viciously, waving the dagger before Humazi's eyes. The icy blade sent a tingling sensation through his scalp.

The dagger's cold light missed Humazi's brow by a mere three inches,

its icy edge seemingly piercing his very soul. He could even clearly sense the soul-devouring aura emanating from the dagger, like a beast lurking in the darkness, ready to devour him at any moment.

Every hair on his body stood on end, each one a signal of terror.

His heart pounded wildly in his chest, threatening to burst through, each beat tinged with the fear of death.

At this crucial moment, a streak of golden light suddenly shot out from the alleyway, exploding like thunder in the silent air, striking Scarface's wrist with pinpoint accuracy.

"Crack!"

A crisp bone-breaking sound rang out, sharp and piercing, like the death knell.

The Soul-Eating Dagger in Scarface's hand fell to the ground with a crisp "clang" sound, which seemed particularly abrupt in the tense atmosphere.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5497** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5497

He covered his twisted wrist and let out a shrill scream: "Who?!" The voice was full of fear and anger, like the roar of a wounded beast.

Hu Mazi looked up suddenly and saw a familiar figure standing at the entrance of the alley, his white shirt fluttering gently in the breeze, like an unyielding flag.

was surrounded by a faint black and white flame. The flame was like a mysterious rune, exuding an ancient and powerful aura. It was David who came from the Yuande Realm!

"David? Why are you here?"

Hu Mazi was surprised and happy, his eyes instantly red.

He originally thought that he was going to die this time. In this desperate situation, he seemed to see the hideous face of the god of death, and every cell in his body trembled in despair.

He didn't expect David to suddenly appear, like a ray of light in the darkness, bringing him hope of life.

David didn't reply first, his gaze sweeping coldly over the three men surrounding Hu Mazi.

His gaze was as cold as ice, emitting a piercing chill that sent a shiver through the three men.

Seeing this, the white-robed monk clenched his longsword and lunged at David, his face a ferocious expression as he shouted, "Another meddler! Kill them all!"

The longsword flashed with a cold gleam, like a venomous snake, as it lunged at David's face.

But before his sword reached halfway, David's two fingers firmly grasped it.

David's fingers were as hard as steel, and no matter how hard the white-robed monk exerted his strength, the longsword could not move forward an inch.

David's lips curled up slightly in a sneer of disdain: "With this little skill, you dare to use a knife in my presence?"

With a slight pressure, he applied his fingers, and with a snap, the longsword instantly broke in two.

The broken sword traced an arc through the air and fell to the ground with a crisp sound.

Then, a ball of fire surged from his palm. The flame was like a burning sun, emitting a blazing light.

He gently patted the white-robed monk's chest. Before the white-robed monk could even scream, his body was engulfed in the fire.

The flames

instantly engulfed his body, burning him beyond recognition. His body twisted and thrashed in the flames, like a flying insect trapped in a sea of fire.

Soon, he was reduced to a pool of ash, leaving only a pungent smell of burning.

Scarface and his men were terrified. Their faces turned pale, and their legs trembled, as if they would collapse at any moment.

They turned and tried to run, their steps frantic and rapid, as if countless evil spirits were chasing them.

But David casually swung out two flaming chains, which instantly wrapped around their limbs like two nimble fire snakes.

They struggled desperately, unable to break free from the chains, and could only cry out in despair.

"Want to run? Have you asked me?"

David stepped forward and stepped on Scarface's back.

His force was like a mountain, suffocating Scarface's breath.

Scarface's face flushed crimson, his eyes filled with fear and pain.

"Tell me, what exactly do the Temple of God and the Temple of Evil want to do by colluding?"

David's voice was cold and stern, like a sharp sword, piercing Scarface's heart.

Scarface was stepped on to the point of being unable to breathe, and after witnessing David's terrifying strength, how could he dare to hide it.

His body kept shaking, tears welled up in his eyes

, and he cried out quickly: "I'll tell you! I'll tell you! The Temple helps us collect souls, and we give them immortal stones! I really don't know anything else!" His voice was crying, full of fear and helplessness.

David's eyes turned cold, and fire surged from his palm. The flames were like a surging tide, instantly turning Scarface and his men into ashes.

There was a pungent smell in the air, the smell of death.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5498** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5498

Then, he turned to look at Hu Mazi, his face darkening. "Master Hu, you're quite capable, aren't you? You ran off to the Seventh Heaven without even saying goodbye. With your limited strength, you almost lost your soul just now!"

His tone held a hint of reproach, but more of it was concern for Hu Mazi. Hu

Mazi scratched his head, his face thick with guilt. "I'm just worried you'd worry, and I want to find the souls of my people as soon as possible..."

His voice trailed off, like a child who had done something wrong.

"Afraid I'd worry? You coming to such a dangerous place all by yourself is what really worries me!"

David sighed, his tone softening. "First, tell me what you found out. What exactly happened?"

His eyes were filled with concern, hoping Hu Mazi would explain what had happened in detail.

Hu Mazi quickly recounted everything he had heard in the teahouse and witnessed at the altar, especially the story of the temple stealing the souls of the monks under the guise of opening the altar. He gritted his teeth, "Those monks thought they were going to listen to teachings and practice, but they were actually going to die! If they hadn't

discovered this a few days later, who knows how many more would have had their souls siphoned away!"

His voice was filled with rage, like an enraged lion.

David's expression grew increasingly grim.

The temple, a divine organization, had actually colluded with demonic cultivators and persecuted monks. If word got out, the entire celestial realm would be in turmoil.

He imagined the celestial realm in chaos, countless monks perished in the flames of war, and civilians displaced.

He understood the gravity of the situation and knew that the temple's conspiracy must be stopped immediately.

"Let's go to the Soul Gathering Altar and investigate. We must find out exactly how they're stealing souls."

His eyes revealed a resolute determination, like an unshakable mountain.

The two men found a ready-made clothing store and donned the coarse black robes typically worn by seventh-level cultivators. Using their spiritual energy to slightly alter their appearance, they disguised themselves as casual cultivators attending a sermon and headed towards the Soul Gathering Altar.

Their steps were steady and resolute, each one reflecting their pursuit of truth and their unwavering commitment to justice.

The Soul Gathering Altar, built on a high platform in the heart of Black Wind City, was crowded with cultivators, most seeking to increase their cultivation or join the temple.

Their faces were filled with anticipation. Their eyes revealed a thirst for cultivation, hoping to achieve breakthroughs through this sermon.

At the center of the platform stood a cultivator in golden robes, holding a jade ruyi. He declared loudly, "Fellow Daoists, today's sermon is to draw the profound energy of heaven and earth into your bodies, helping you break through bottlenecks! Simply calm your mind and follow my guidance!"

His voice was resonant and powerful, possessing a magical power that captivated the surrounding cultivators.

David quietly released a trace of his spiritual sense, sweeping across the platform.

Like an invisible hand, his consciousness gently touched everything around him.

He soon noticed something amiss. Beneath the platform, a circle of black runes emanated an eerie aura, as if concealing countless secrets. These runes

connected to a hidden recess in the center of the platform, from which the faint aura of a soul urn lingered.

Furthermore, the jade ruyi in the golden-robed monk's hand was emitting a faint, hypnotic aura, gradually lowering the vigilance of the surrounding monks.

Like an invisible thread, this hypnotic aura quietly entwined itself around the monks, lulling them into a deep slumber.

"Pay attention to the areas between the monks' brows,"

David said to Hu Mazi, a voice only the two of them could hear. His voice was low and mysterious, as if he feared disturbing something.

Hu Mazi peered closely and saw a faint blue soul thread slowly emanating from the brows of the monks, their eyes closed in concentration. It followed the direction of the jade ruyi and quietly entered the recess of the platform.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5499** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5499

Like a thin stream, the soul thread carried the spiritual power of the monks, slowly flowing into the dark abyss.

The monks were unaware, still immersed in the illusion of "hearing the sermon."

Their faces held a calm expression, as if they were in a beautiful dream.

"Using hypnosis to guide souls... How vicious!"

Hu Mazi lowered his voice, his fists clenched white. His anger was like a volcano about to erupt, ready to erupt at any moment.

He thought of the innocent monks whose souls were being ruthlessly stripped away by the temple, and his heart was filled with grief and anger.

The golden-robed monk seemed to sense something, his gaze sweeping across the crowd, finally landing on David and Hu Mazi.

A hint of vigilance flashed in his eyes, like a sharp cheetah, sensing the danger around them.

“Fellow Daoists, why don’t you close your eyes and concentrate? Do you not believe what I’m saying?” His voice was still loud, but there was a hint of threat in it.

David’s heart tightened, knowing that his actions might have aroused the golden-robed monk’s suspicion.

But he showed no sign of panic. Instead, he smiled slightly and said, “Fellow Daoists, your teachings are naturally profound, but we are new here and still have some doubts about this method of drawing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth into our bodies, so we dare not concentrate rashly.”

His voice was calm and steady, like an unfathomable lake.

The golden-robed monk narrowed his eyes slightly, looking David and Hu Mazi up and down, trying to find any flaws in them.

His eyes were like two sharp knives, sweeping over David and Hu Mazi.

“Oh? What are your doubts? Feel free to tell me. I may be able to clarify them for you.”

There was a hint of tentativeness in his tone, as if waiting for David and Hu Mazi to reveal their true intentions.

David secretly pondered a countermeasure. He knew he couldn’t let the golden-robed monk’s suspicions linger, or their plan would fail. An idea

struck him, and he said, “We’ve heard that drawing the profound energy of heaven and earth into the body requires purifying the mind and eliminating impurities. I wonder if there are any specific techniques for this?”

His question seemed ordinary, but it cleverly diverted the golden-robed monk’s attention.

The golden-robed monk nodded slightly and said, “The key to purifying the mind is to eliminate distractions and focus your mind. You might try sitting in meditation to achieve inner peace.”

His voice softened, as if he was satisfied with David’s question.

David took the opportunity to say, “Thank you for your guidance, fellow Daoist. We will sit in meditation and follow your guidance.”

He tugged at Hu Mazi’s sleeve, and they both closed their eyes, pretending to meditate.

In reality, their consciousness was still closely monitoring every move around them.

Seeing this, the golden-robed monk's eyes flashed with satisfaction, and he continued his sermon.

His voice echoed in the air like a hypnotic spell, enveloping the surrounding monks even more.

And those soul threads continued to flow from the monks' brows, flowing into the grooves of the platform.

Time passed minute by minute. David and Hu Mazi pretended to listen to the sermon, but in fact they were secretly observing the temple's conspiracy.

They discovered that the black runes below the platform seemed to be constantly absorbing the power of the soul threads, then transferring this power to the soul urn.

The soul urn was like a bottomless pit, constantly devouring these souls.

"If this continues, who knows how many monks will suffer,"

Hu Mazi said in a voice that only David could hear, his voice full of worry.

David nodded slightly and said, "We must find a way to disrupt this conspiracy as soon as possible, otherwise the consequences will be disastrous."

Full Read Online **Chapter 5500** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5500

His eyes revealed a resolute determination, as if he were ready to take on the challenge.

At this moment, the golden-robed monk's sermon suddenly reached its climax.

His voice grew more passionate, and the jade ruyi in his hand shone even brighter.

The light was like the sun, blinding anyone who could see it.

Meanwhile, his golden robes fluttered without a breeze, as if supported by a mysterious force.

"Now, I will guide you in drawing the profound energy of heaven and earth into your bodies, breaking through your bottleneck!"

the golden-robed monk shouted, his voice resonating through the air like thunder.

As he finished speaking, the surrounding monks began practicing their techniques, attempting to draw the spiritual energy of heaven and earth into their bodies.

Their faces lit up with anticipation, as if they had seen hope of breaking through their bottleneck.

However, they were unaware that they were walking step by step towards the abyss of death.

On the Soul Gathering Altar, runes flickered, emitting an eerie glow, as if concealing countless unknown secrets.

A group of monks sat cross-legged, their expressions focused and tinged with a certain fervor. They were enveloped in a mysterious aura, immersed in a strange state known as “hearing the teachings.” A

golden-robed monk muttered something, and the jade ruyi’s radiance suddenly intensified, like a dazzling little sun, blinding anyone.

David’s heart tightened, a sense of foreboding welling up within him.

With his keen perception and vast experience, he instantly grasped the danger.

Once this wave of guidance was complete, the soul threads of the monks present would be drained away in a single stroke.

Even if they could be saved, their spiritual intelligence would be severely damaged, reducing them to a state of cadaveric existence.

“We can’t wait any longer!” David thought to himself, his gaze growing firm. He suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze like a deep ,

cold pool, radiating an infinite calm and resolve.

Black and white flames suddenly surged around him, like a surging wave, instantly enveloping him and Hu Mazi beside him.

This black and white flame, the product of David’s unique cultivation technique, embodied immense power, capable of both defending against external enemies and attacking them.

Simultaneously, David summoned his Dragon Slaying Sword, its blade gleaming with a sharp aura.

With a resounding roar, a piercing sword energy, like lightning, struck the groove in the center of the platform.

While the groove appeared ordinary, it held a profound secret: it was the key to the Soul Gathering Formation, continuously absorbing the cultivators' soul threads.

“Stop!”

the golden-robed monk's furious roar resounded like thunder, shaking the entire Soul Gathering Altar.

Though he hastily blocked the sword energy with his Jade Ruyi, the black runes beneath the platform were cracked.

The soul threads that had been flowing continuously toward the groove suddenly stagnated, as if an invisible hand had gripped their throats.

The surrounding cultivators were startled awake from their “listening to the teachings” and opened their eyes in confusion, staring at the sudden scene before them.

They couldn't understand why, at the crucial moment of their breakthrough, someone would suddenly sabotage them.

Seeing this, the golden-robed cultivator immediately lost his previously gentle demeanor, his expression instantly becoming ferocious.

His eyes widened in anger as he pointed at David, his voice filled with incitement: “Fellow Daoists! This person is likely a demonic spy! Seeing us drawing upon the profound energy of heaven and earth to aid our breakthrough, he's now sabotaging us. It's clear he doesn't want us to advance!”

These words sent the previously bewildered cultivators into a frenzy.

Those who had just emerged from their hypnotic state were already resentful of the interrupted “breakthrough opportunity.”

They had waited so long for this breakthrough, expending countless effort and blood, only to have their efforts thwarted. One can imagine the fury they felt.