

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 5501

Full Read Online **Chapter 5501** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5501

Dog bites Lu Dongbin, not knowing the kindness of others
After being labeled a “demon clan spy” by the golden-robed monk, their eyes toward David instantly filled with hostility, as if he were their sworn enemy.

“Who are you? Why are you ruining our plans?” A burly, bearded man stepped forward and slammed his massive axe to the ground, sending up a cloud of dust.

The axe flashed with a cold light, as if it could chop David in half at any moment.

“I think he’s just jealous of us receiving guidance from the Temple!”

another monk in a green robe echoed, his hand already on the sword at his waist, ready to unsheathe it if David made the slightest move.

David frowned, inwardly lamenting the foolishness of these people.

He stepped forward, attempting to explain, “Don’t be fooled! The jade ruyi in his hand is emitting a hypnotic aura. The runes beneath the platform are soul-gathering formations. Your soul threads are being drawn into the soul urns in the grooves. If you wait any longer, your very souls will be taken away!”

However, as soon as he finished speaking, he was drowned out by a wave of furious insults.

“What nonsense! The Temple is the orthodox Divine Clan. How could they do such a thing?” a white-haired elder shouted, his eyes wide with anger.

“I think you’re fabricating lies because you’re afraid we’ll be stronger than you after our breakthrough!” another young cultivator retorted with disdain. “

Brothers, stop wasting time with him. Capture him first and hand him over to the Temple!”

Someone in the crowd shouted, and a dozen cultivators instantly rushed towards David.

Their magical instruments gleamed with a cold light, their spiritual energy fluctuating chaotically but with a force that could not be underestimated.

Most of these cultivators were independent cultivators who had long been stuck in a bottleneck, completely losing their minds in pursuit of a “breakthrough opportunity,” and would not listen to any advice.

In their view, David was the culprit who destroyed their bright future and must be brought to justice.

Seeing this, Hu Mazi quickly took out several defensive talismans and stuck them in front of him, saying urgently, “David, it’s impossible to explain it to them! These people are bewildered!”

He knew that these monks were now obsessed with “breaking through” and no matter how David explained, they would not believe him.

David looked at the monks rushing towards him, and a trace of disappointment flashed in his eyes.

He could easily defeat these people, but they weren’t evil, merely pitiful individuals who had been deceived.

In pursuit of higher cultivation, they risked everything, unaware that they had fallen prey to a vast conspiracy. He dodged a cultivator

’s sword strike, the blade scraping past the hem of his clothes, stirring up a gust of wind. He

then used his spiritual energy to deflect another cultivator’s magical weapon, sending it flying into the distance.

David shouted again, “Feel your brows! Do you feel a slight tingling sensation? That’s a sign of your soul threads being pulled away!”

But he was met with an even more frenzied attack.

A white-haired elder summoned a compass, from which several golden beams shot forth, piercing David’s vital points.

The beams emanated immense power, burning and distorting the air wherever they passed.

The elder cursed, “You are spreading rumors to confuse the people! Today, I will enforce justice on behalf of Heaven!”

The last trace of hesitation faded from David's eyes.

He knew that these people had been completely consumed by the obsession of "breaking through". Even if he rescued them now, they would probably go back to the temple to "listen to the teachings".

They were already deeply trapped and unable to extricate themselves.

He stopped dodging, and the black and white flames around him suddenly spread outward, forming an invisible barrier.

The barrier seemed thin, but it contained a powerful force. It pushed back several steps all the monks who rushed towards him, but did not hurt them at all.

Although David was angry at the ignorance of these monks, he still could not bear to hurt them.

"Since you don't believe it, then go with it."

David's voice became cold, without any ripples.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5502** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5502

His eyes held a resolute look, as if he had lost hope in these people.

"Master Hu, let's go," David said to Hu Mazi beside him.

Hu Mazi was stunned for a moment, then realized that David had given up.

He looked at the monks who were still cursing, shook his head helplessly, and followed David back to a corner outside the Soul Gathering Altar.

They stood there, watching the events unfolding on the altar in silence, their hearts filled with mixed emotions.

Seeing that David had stopped attacking, the golden-robed monk smiled triumphantly.

He shouted to the crowd, "Did you see? This spy is guilty! Everyone, maintain your concentration and don't let him distract you. In a few moments, it will be time for your breakthrough!" As he spoke

, he raised the Jade Ruyi again, muttering something to himself.

The jade ruyi once again emanated a soft yet hypnotic glow, and the black runes beneath the platform also revived. The cracks were surprisingly healing.

The monks, shaken back, hesitated for a moment before actually closing their eyes again, sinking back into the state of “listening to the teachings.”

Pale blue soul threads once again drifted from their brows, flowing toward the groove.

Like tiny streams, the soul threads converged within the groove, as if speaking of their ignorance and sorrow.

Hu Mazi’s teeth clenched in anger, his fists clenched. “These people... are incredibly foolish!”

He couldn’t understand how these monks could be so easily deceived by the golden-robed monk, willing to sacrifice their souls for a illusory “breakthrough opportunity.”

David watched silently, his eyes calm.

He could see that as the soul threads flowed into the groove, the soul urn deep within it continued to swell. He could faintly hear the clearer sound of souls within, filled with despair and pain. It must have contained the souls of many monks.

The souls struggled within the soul urns, uttering silent cries that no one could hear.

As time passed, the jade ruyi’s radiance grew brighter, and the black runes beneath the dais seemed to come alive, flickering with an eerie, dim light. The

soul threads emanating from the brows of the monks, who closed their eyes in concentration, grew thicker. The once pale blue threads gradually took on a grayish-white hue, a sign that their soul’s essence was being drained.

These grayish-white threads, like polluted streams, carried an ominous aura.

After about an incense stick of time, the golden-robed monk abruptly retracted the jade ruyi, and the runes beneath the dais dimmed instantly.

The soul urn deep within the recess had swelled to half a person’s height, its surface covered in twisted soul patterns, resembling faces of agony.

The soul cries emanating from within were muffled and agonizing, as if countless wronged souls were struggling within.

The sound echoed throughout the soul gathering altar, sending a chill through everyone.

“Fellow Daoists, congratulations on your breakthrough!” The golden-robed monk plastered a false smile and bowed to the crowd.

His smile shone with a smug and sinister air, as if he were admiring his own masterpiece.

The monks opened their eyes one after another, feeling a sense of lightness throughout their bodies. The spiritual energy within them seemed to flow more smoothly than before, and they actually believed they had broken through a bottleneck.

Lost in the joy of their breakthrough, they completely failed to realize how precious something they had lost.

A monk in coarse shorts excitedly pumped his fist. “Thank you, Immortal! I feel like my bottleneck has truly been loosened!”

His face beamed with joy, as if he envisioned a glorious future of immense advancement.

Another middle-aged monk was so overwhelmed with emotion that tears welled in his eyes. “I’ve been stuck at the peak of the Earthly Immortal Realm for three years, and today I’ve finally broken through! Immortal, your kindness will be forever unforgettable!”

He dropped to his knees and kowtowed repeatedly to the golden-robed monk, as if he were his adopted parent.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5503** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5503

For a moment, the Soul Gathering Altar was filled with cries of gratitude. The monks surrounded the golden-robed monk, eager to become his disciples.

They regarded him as their savior, unaware that they had fallen into an abyss of no return.

The golden-robed monk waved his hand with feigned humility, but a subtle glint of viciousness flashed in his eyes.

These people had lost part of their souls, and the smooth flow of spiritual energy was merely a temporary illusion. Soon, they would find their cultivation declining, even their spiritual intelligence impaired. By then, they would have become mere “nutrient” for the soul urns.

He pondered this inwardly, a smug sneer playing on his lips.

“Foolish.”

From the corner, David’s voice, tinged with cold sarcasm, reached the ears of the crowd.

His voice was like a thunderclap, shattering the false harmony of the Soul Gathering Altar.

The monks fell silent, turning to look at David, their faces darkening.

The resentment of David’s earlier “interference” surged back. The bearded man roared, “You traitor again! What’s your business with our breakthrough? Are you jealous of us?”

David ignored the man, staring intently at the golden-robed monk. His tone was filled with unquestionable authority: “Hand over the Soul Urn.”

His gaze was like two sharp swords, piercing the golden-robed monk’s heart and sending a wave of fear through his veins.

The golden-robed monk’s face darkened, then feigned bewilderment. “What are you talking about, Daoist? What Soul Urn? I don’t understand.”

He spoke as he quietly retreated, his hand reaching for the communication talisman at his waist.

Knowing David’s strength, he had to notify the Sixth Palace Master. A moment’s delay would allow him to await their assistance.

The golden-robed monk prayed silently in his heart, hoping that the Sixth Palace Master would arrive as soon as possible to rescue him from this siege.

“Don’t understand?” David sneered, and his figure suddenly disappeared from the spot.

His speed was incredibly fast, like a ghost, making it impossible to track him.

When he reappeared, he was already standing in the center of the platform, his right hand reaching directly for the groove.

His movements were clean and precise, without the slightest hesitation.

Seeing this, the golden-robed monk became anxious. He pulled out a folding fan and slapped David on the back, shouting, “Fellow Daoists! This traitor is trying to steal the temple’s treasures! He’s destroying your Daoist aspirations! Stop him!”

The newly-breakthrough monks, already resentful of David, were instantly enraged at the mere mention of stealing treasures.

As if injected with a dose of stimulant, more than a dozen monks simultaneously charged at David, their magical instruments unleashed. Though the spiritual energy surges weren't as sharp as before, they still carried a certain ferocity. Without even turning his head

, David suddenly emanated a tremendous pressure.

The pressure, like a mountain bearing down on one's head, instantly enveloped the entire Soul Gathering Altar.

The air seemed to freeze, making it hard to breathe.

The cultivators who had rushed forward didn't even have time to raise their hands before the overwhelming pressure pinned them to the ground, unable to move, their faces filled with horror.

They realized that the spiritual energy within them had become extremely stagnant, unable to exert even half of their previous strength.

It was as if an invisible force was restraining them, preventing them from unleashing their abilities.

"How could this be... my spiritual energy..." one cultivator muttered in fear, instinctively touching his brow.

This time, he felt not only a sharp pain, but also a sense of emptiness and nothingness, the trace of his soul being drained away.

His heart was filled with fear and regret, but it was too late.

The other cultivators also reacted, their faces pale. The joy of their previous breakthrough had vanished, replaced by a deep fear.

They finally realized the danger they had fallen into, but they didn't know how to escape.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5504** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5504

David ignored the panicked monks, his right hand already removing the half-human-height soul urn from its recess.

A wisp of black and white flame flickered from his fingertips, and he gently tapped the soul urn. The

flame, seemingly feeble, held immense power.

The soul patterns on the soul urn's surface instantly cracked, and several pale blue soul threads drifted out. As soon as they hit the air, they flew off into the distance like frightened birds.

They were the remnants of the monks' spirits, long since torn apart. Without their hosts, they could only wander aimlessly.

They drifted through the air, as if searching for their final destination.

"Those are... soul threads!" a white-haired old man trembled, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He finally understood that everything David had said before was true. They hadn't achieved a breakthrough; they had clearly lost their very souls!

He was filled with regret and self-blame, hating himself for having so easily believed the golden-robed monk's words.

"Fellow Daoist! Please release our souls!"

The middle-aged monk who had been so overcome with emotion and tears fell to his knees, kowtowed repeatedly to David.

His forehead hit the ground with a thud, and soon blood flowed out.

The other monks also reacted, falling to their knees and begging, "We know we were wrong! Please, fellow Daoist, have mercy and return our souls to us!"

Their voices were filled with despair and pleading, hoping to redeem their mistakes.

David looked at the monks kneeling and begging, his face devoid of any pity.

Flames flared from his fingertips again, this time directly enveloping the soul urn.

As he activated the Concentrating Heart Technique, the soul threads belonging to the monks of the Soul Gathering Altar within the soul urn were gradually drawn out, transforming into streams of pure soul energy that flowed through his fingertips and into his body.

David's Concentrating Heart Technique could refine all things, so these souls could also become resources for David's cultivation.

Since these people were ungrateful and ungrateful, there was no need for David to save them.

His aura grew stronger at a visible speed, and the black and white flames around him grew more intense.

The flames resembled burning stars, emitting a dazzling light.

“What...what are you doing! Those are our souls!” A cultivator’s eyes instantly turned red upon seeing this. He struggled to leap forward, but was pinned down by David’s overwhelming pressure, leaving him powerless and furious.

His body twisted and thrashed, unable to break free from the pressure.

“You can’t do this! We know we’re wrong!” another cultivator cried, his voice filled with despair.

Tears welled up in his eyes and streamed down his cheeks.

David ignored them, continuing to absorb the soul energy.

These cultivators had the opportunity to see through the conspiracy, but their obsession with “breaking through” blinded them, and they even turned against him. Their current fate was their own fault.

Although he felt a little bit of pity in his heart, he was more disappointed with these monks.

“You devil! Even if I die, I will not let you go!” The bearded man cursed angrily, his eyes full of resentment.

His eyes seemed to want to eat David alive, but he was powerless.

David’s eyes turned cold, and he shot a flame.

The flame was like a fire dragon, instantly devouring the strong man.

The strong man didn’t even have time to scream before he was swallowed by the flame and turned into a pool of ashes in an instant.

The monks around him suddenly quieted down, and no one dared to curse anymore. They were all trembling with fear, and their eyes were full of fear when they looked at David.

They finally understood that the man in front of them was not a soft-hearted person at all, but a ruthless person who was decisive and murderous.

David slowly put away the flame, and most of the soul energy in the soul jar had been absorbed.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5505** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5505

He glanced at the trembling monks and said calmly, "Considering that you were only deceived, I will spare your lives today. But the loss of your souls was your own choice, so you cannot blame others."

His voice was flat, but it revealed an irresistible majesty.

Everyone looked at David, some angry, some ashamed, and some at a loss. But

they all knew that they had chosen this path on their own. They had seen David's previous persuasion as deliberate obstruction and attacked him in droves.

David ignored the monks and instead glanced at the golden-robed monk. He gently pressed his palm, and a burst of energy instantly pinned the golden-robed monk to the ground, unable to move.

"What are you going to do? I'm from the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple. If you dare to kill me, the Sixth Hall Master will not let you go,"

the golden-robed monk said in horror.

David sneered, "The Sixth Hall Master is nothing. Even if he wants to let me go, I won't let him go. I've come to the Seventh Heaven to kill him."

The golden-robed monk's face paled at David's words. He hadn't expected David to be so unafraid of the Divine Temple's threats.

"Master Hu, let's go,"

David said to Hu Mazi!

"What about this guy?" Hu Mazi pointed at the golden-robed monk and asked.

"Don't worry about him. Someone will take action after we leave."

David said, turning and leaving.

He knew that the monks whose souls had been extracted would not let this guy go.

Hu Mazi understood David's meaning and nodded. Then he looked at the monks who looked like dogs that had lost their homes and followed him out of the Soul Gathering Altar.

He left the monks there, sitting or lying, their faces filled with despair and regret.

They had ruined their own paths of cultivation for the illusory pursuit of a "breakthrough," and they had no one else to blame for all this. Seeing David and Hu Mazi leave, the monks cast their furious gazes upon the golden-robed monk.

"Ah..."

Soon, the golden-robed monk's screams reached David and Hu Mazi's ears.

...

A mountain peak in the Seventh Heaven resembled a giant beast's lair hidden in darkness, permeated with a mysterious and dangerous aura.

The meeting hall of the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, like the heart of a giant beast, was beating with a rhythm of tension and fury.

The Sixth Hall Master sat at the head of the table, his towering figure emanating an aura of unspoken authority.

His fingertips gently played with a brilliant white jade talisman, which gleamed softly yet mysteriously in the candlelight.

The candlelight within the hall flickered uncontrollably, like a group of restless spirits, casting shadows on the walls and accentuating the sinister look on the Sixth Hall Master's face.

He had just received a message from the golden-robed monk.

The message, tinged with excitement and pride, informed him that progress at the Soul Gathering Altar was proceeding smoothly, and that the Soul Urn had already collected the soul threads of nearly a thousand cultivators.

According to the plan, in a few days, this Soul Urn, carrying the soul power of countless cultivators, would be handed over to the Evil Path Hall, completing a secret and dangerous transaction.

The Sixth Palace Master, as if foreseeing the lucrative rewards of a successful transaction and the further rise in his status within the temple, unconsciously raised his lips.

Currently, a large amount of immortal stones was piled in a warehouse within the Sixth Palace. If the Sixth Palace Master could deliver these immortal stones to the Third Palace Master, his future would be bright.

However, fate always seemed to like to strike a fatal blow at the moment of greatest success.

Just then, a shattered communication talisman suddenly flew in from outside the hall like a runaway meteor.

The talisman paper instantly exploded in the air, shattering into countless tiny fragments, leaving only intermittent sounds of fear and despair echoing in the air.