

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5671

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The Soul Devourer's face turned incredibly ugly, because very few people knew he was a traitor to the Heavenly Gate.

Most people in the Nine Heavens only knew that the Heavenly Gate had suddenly disappeared overnight; no one knew where it had gone.

"The Heavenly Gate Master kindly saved you, yet you repaid kindness with enmity, slaughtering the entire sect overnight."

"The reason I'm waiting for you here today is because I promised the Heavenly Gate Master I would kill you to avenge everyone in the Heavenly Gate."

David's face was grim as he stared intently at the Soul Devourer.

"Hahaha, that's right, I destroyed the entire Heavenly Gate, so what?"

"In this Heavenly Realm, who doesn't rule by strength?"

"What 'repaying kindness with enmity'? That's all womanly thinking. I only know that by killing them and seizing their resources, I can increase my strength."

The Soul Devourer laughed maniacally.

"Since that's the case, then prepare to die!" David's anger surged.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand couldn't contain itself any longer, emitting bursts of dragon roars.

The Soul Devourer's maniacal laughter echoed in the hall, filled with boundless arrogance and disregard for life.

He looked at David, his contempt undiminished, as if David's easy defeat of his Five Fiends was nothing more than child's play in his eyes, insignificant.

"Avenge your Heavenly Gate?"

The Soul Devourer sneered, shaking his head. "Boy, you've obtained a few fragments of the Heavenly Gate's inheritance, and you dare to speak so arrogantly before me? You think that killing a few worthless trash gives you the right to challenge me?"

He slowly rose from the sect leader's throne. With his movement, the light in the entire world seemed to dim, and an even denser demonic energy emanated from his body, like a tangible tide, making it difficult for everyone to breathe.

The morale of the disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect, which had just been boosted by David, crumbled again under the oppressive, heaven-like demonic pressure.

Yan Nantian and Liu Xue's expressions were extremely solemn. They could sense that the Soul Devouring Venerable's aura was unfathomable, far more terrifying than they had imagined.

Although David was strong, the outcome of the battle against this ancient demon who had dominated the Nine Heavens ten thousand years ago was truly unpredictable.

"Whether you're qualified or not, we'll find out soon enough!"

David's eyes were sharp as swords. Sensing its master's fighting spirit, the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand roared even louder, its blade trembling, and countless sharp sword energies spontaneously swirling around it, shredding any approaching demonic energy.

"Hmph, ignorant of the immensity of heaven and earth."

The Soul-Devouring Venerable seemed too lazy to personally intervene. He casually waved his hand, the movement light and effortless, as if shooing away a fly.

However, with this casual wave, the space in front of him suddenly emitted a tearing sound as if it couldn't withstand the pressure!

"Sizzle—!"

A pitch-black crack appeared out of thin air, its edges flickering with unstable spatial turbulence, radiating a destructive aura.

Immediately afterward, a powerful, primal, ancient aura, carrying the weight of time, emanated from the crack.

Under the horrified gazes of everyone, a man of extremely burly stature, nearly ten feet tall, stepped out of the spatial rift!

This man wore tattered bronze armor, covered in marks from countless fierce battles.

His skin was bronze, his muscles bulging, brimming with explosive power. His face was as resolute as a rock sculpture, but his eyes were empty and indifferent, devoid of any emotion, like a soulless killing machine.

Most strikingly, an extremely profound fluctuation of law flowed around him, causing the air and light around him to distort slightly, giving an unreal feeling. Upon

The appearance of this burly man, even the remaining Blood Fiends under the Soul Devourer's command, instinctively took a few steps back, their eyes filled with deep fear.

"This brat, he's yours now,"

The Soul Devourer said, returning to his throne, lazily resting his chin on his hand, as if what followed was merely a boring drama. "Don't play around for too long, my patience is limited."