

# **A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5826**

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## **Chapter 5826**

“No—!!!”

An unprecedented shadow of death loomed over his heart, and the Ghost Bone Elder let out a shrill, distorted scream!

He could no longer care about the demeanor of a senior, the dignity of a demonic giant, and unleashed his life’s cultivation without reservation!

The white bone staff in his hand suddenly exploded, transforming into a pale bone shield formed from countless wailing skulls, blocking his path!

At the same time, a torrent of ghostly flames erupted from his body, forming layers upon layers of protective barriers. Furthermore, twisted, gray-black chains, imbued with curses and the rules of death, reached out from the void, coiling towards the sword aura, attempting to block and weaken it!

However, all was in vain.

That chaotic sword aura seemed to be divine punishment, destiny, an unstoppable end.

The skull shield, upon contact, silently crumbled into dust.

The ghostly flames, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun, evaporated instantly.

The chains of death, before even getting close, were shattered inch by inch by the aura emanating from the sword’s energy.

The sword’s energy, with a constant, merciless, yet incredibly fast speed, pierced through layer after layer of defense, and in the reflection of the Ghost Bone Elder’s infinitely magnified pupils, filled with extreme fear and despair, it gently touched his brow.

“Pfft.”

A soft sound.

Time seemed to freeze at that moment.

All of the Ghost Bone Elder's movements, all his aura, all his struggles, were frozen.

He stood there blankly, maintaining his final defensive posture, his eerie green fire eyes rapidly dimming and extinguishing.

A tiny hole appeared between his brows, but no blood flowed.

The next moment, centered on that hole, fine, chaotic cracks spread rapidly throughout his body like a spider web.

"Crack... Crash..."

Like delicate porcelain shattering.

The hunched body of the Ghost Bone Elder, along with his black robe and the tattered fragments of his white bone staff, transformed into countless tiny specks of chaotic light, falling softly and scattering in the wind.

His form and spirit were utterly destroyed, leaving not a trace.

The last bastion of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, a Supreme Elder at the peak of the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, was slain by David with a single sword strike!

Deathly silence.

A silence more complete and longer than any before.

The wind stopped, the clouds condensed, even breathing seemed to cease.

Everyone stood frozen, like clay or wooden statues, staring blankly at the spot where the Ghost Bone Elder had vanished, watching the slowly dissipating chaotic dust.

Hun Sha's expression froze completely, his eyes empty, as if he had lost all soul and the ability to think.

His greatest reliance, the sect's last pillar... just like that... gone? Killed... with a single sword strike?

"Thump."

someone's legs buckled and they knelt on the ground.

Immediately, like a chain reaction, more and more disciples of the Demonic Sect and Beast Fusion Warriors, their faces pale, collapsed to their knees, trembling before the godlike figure in the sky, too afraid to even beg for mercy.

The members of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect, after experiencing extreme shock and numbness, erupted in uncontrollable elation and cheers of relief! "Senior Chen! Senior Chen's divine might!!" "Saved! The sect is saved!!" "One sword slays

the Demon Lord ! One sword settles the universe! Senior is invincible!!" The cheers, like a tsunami, resounded throughout the Ten Thousand Swords Mountain Range.

David slowly sheathed his sword, the Dragon-Slaying Sword returning to calm, and the chaotic Daoist aura and fiery lotus phantom around him gradually faded away.

He looked down at the Demon Sect and Beast Fusion Alliance forces kneeling below, like lambs to the slaughter, then glanced at the imprisoned Zheng Gu in the distance, and finally, his gaze settled on the soul-dead, zombie-like Hun Sha. He didn't attack again. He simply said, "Get out."

"Take your people and get out of the Ten Thousand Swords Mountain Range, back to your Crimson Blood Plains." "Tell the Soul Devourer to wash his neck and wait, I, David, will be coming to find him soon." "As for you..." David's gaze swept over Hun Sha as if looking at a pile of worthless trash.

"If you dare to set foot here again, or cause any harm to the Xuan Tian Sword Sect or the remnants of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect..." "The fate of that old ghost just now is your example."

With that, David ignored the ant-like masses below, turned around, and took a step forward, his figure already appearing inside the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's mountain gate, in front of Ling Yunzi.

Behind him, a collapsed enemy army and the Sword Sect's holy land, where survivors cheered deafeningly. Long after David's figure disappeared, Soul Fiend suddenly shuddered, as if waking from a nightmare.

He glanced with venomous fear at the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's mountain gate, then at the bloodstains left by the monstrous bones on the ground and the dust settling on the departing Ghost Bone Elder in the distance. Finally, he forced out two words through clenched teeth: "...

Retreat!" His voice was hoarse, filled with endless humiliation, fear, and resentment. The allied forces of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect and the Fusion Beast Saint Sect retreated in disarray, fleeing the Myriad Swords Mountain Range in a chaotic and utterly defeated manner. They had come with overwhelming force, but left like stray dogs.

The reason David hadn't killed Soul Fiend was to let him tell the Soul Devouring Lord that he would personally behead the Soul Devouring Lord. At this moment, David's confidence was extremely inflated. He felt he was capable again!

# **A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5827**

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## **Chapter 5827**

Beyond the Ten Thousand Swords Mountains, on the edge of the Crimson Blood Plains,

the once overwhelming and arrogant allied forces of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect and the Fusion Beast Saint Sect were now utterly routed. Like a flock of sheep being driven, they abandoned their armor and weapons, fleeing in panic towards their stronghold.

When they arrived, they were a dark, imposing mass, demonic clouds obscuring the sun, their roars of beasts shaking the heavens;

now they were scattered and demoralized. Many disciples even wished they had two more legs, hastily discarding their sect's attire, fearing recognition from the pursuing killing gods.

At the very front of the column, Soul Fiend's face was deathly pale, his eyes vacant and unfocused, his body staggering, as if he had aged thousands of years overnight.

The indifferent gaze of David replayed in his mind, the nonchalant way he casually annihilated the Demon Rock with a wave of his hand.

The terrifying sight of a single sword aura turning hundreds of elite warriors into dust.

And finally, the sword strike that ignored all defenses and completely obliterated the Supreme Elder, Ghost Bone Elder... Each scene was like the sharpest ice pick, repeatedly piercing his mind and pride.

Defeated!

Utterly defeated, utterly and completely lost.

Not only had they suffered heavy losses, losing more than 70% of their elite forces, but they had also lost their greatest reliance—the Supreme Elder, Ghost Bone Elder.

After this battle, the Myriad Souls Demon Sect was severely weakened. Not only could they not continue to dominate the Crimson Blood Plains, but whether they could even preserve their foundation in the face of other covetous forces in the Tenth Heaven was now uncertain.

What terrified him even more were David's last, chilling words: "Tell the Soul Devourer to wash his neck and wait..."

The lord he had thought was a backer, an opportunity, now seemed to be a death warrant!

David came for the Soul Devouring Lord!

Moreover, judging from the terrifying strength David displayed, he seemed... to truly have the qualifications to challenge the Lord?

Fear, resentment, unwillingness, despair... all sorts of emotions intertwined and churned in Soul Fiend's heart, ultimately transforming into a twisted madness.

He suddenly looked up, towards the direction of the sect's main altar deep within the Crimson Blood Plain, perpetually shrouded in dense demonic energy, a sliver of morbid hope rekindling in his eyes.

"Lord... yes! There's still the Lord! The Lord is all-powerful, he can surely suppress that little beast David! I must immediately report to the Lord and ask him to emerge from seclusion to avenge my Myriad Souls Demon Sect!"

Soul Fiend muttered to himself, then hissed at the few remaining trusted elders beside him: "Speed up! Return to the sect! Return to the sect immediately!"

...

Xuantian Sword Sect, inside the mountain gate.

The joy of surviving the calamity intertwined with the horrific scene after the great battle.

The disciples began, with tears in their eyes, to collect the remains of their fellow disciples, clean up the battlefield, and repair the damaged buildings and formations. Although the sect

was saved, the price paid was equally heavy. More than a third of the disciples perished, and countless familiar faces were never seen again.

In the plaza in front of the main hall, Ling Yunzi, supported by several elders, stood with difficulty.

He was severely injured and weak, but his eyes were filled with excitement and gratitude as he looked at the figure in green before him.

"Fellow Daoist Chen... no, Senior Chen!" Ling Yunzi pushed away the support and bowed deeply to the ground, his voice choked with emotion, "If it weren't for Senior's

divine intervention and miraculous turn of events today, the ten-thousand-year foundation of my Xuantian Sword Sect would probably have been destroyed!"

"Senior's life-saving grace and virtue in protecting the sect will never be forgotten by Ling Yunzi and the entire Xuantian Sword Sect! Please accept our bow!"

After saying this, all the Sword Sect elders and disciples who were still able to move behind him bowed in unison, solemnly bowing to David, the scene solemn and awe-inspiring.

David raised his hand to help them up, and a gentle yet irresistible force lifted them all.

"Sect Leader Ling, there's no need for such formality. I have some connection with Miss Ling and the Sword Sect, so it's only right that I lend a hand."

His tone was calm, without taking credit.

Ling Yunzi straightened up, his face still showing excitement, then a hint of worry appeared in his eyes: "Senior, my daughter Ling Shuang... she went to the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect with you, I wonder how she is now..."

"Miss Ling is safe and sound, currently healing in the secret realm, and should have recovered most of her strength by now."

David replied truthfully, "She is worried about the safety of the sect, and must be extremely anxious right now. I will go back and tell them."

Hearing this, Ling Yunzi breathed a sigh of relief and thanked him repeatedly: "Thank you so much for taking care of my daughter, Senior! I can't thank you enough. In the future, if you ever need anything, Senior, the Xuan Tian Sword Sect will do everything in its power!"

David nodded slightly and said no more.

His gaze swept over the heavily injured and imprisoned Zheng Gu, who was under the tight guard of the Sword Sect disciples, and he said to Ling Yunzi, "This man is a traitor of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, one of the main culprits. I need to take him back and hand him over to the Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect for punishment."

"Senior, please take him away as you see fit! If the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect needs help, my Xuan Tian Sword Sect can still fight back," Ling Yunzi said.

David did not delay any longer. With a flick of his sleeve, a gentle force enveloped the dying Zheng Gu, and then his figure transformed into a chaotic stream of light, rushing towards the direction of the Li Huo Secret Realm, disappearing into the horizon in an instant.

Watching the direction David left in, Ling Yunzi and the other high-ranking members of the Sword Sect remained silent for a long time, their eyes filled with awe and emotion.

"This boy... is truly a god!" a white-haired elder murmured.

"After this battle, the structure of the Ten Heavens will probably be completely rewritten..." another elder said with a complicated expression.

Ling Yunzi took a deep breath, suppressing the turmoil in his heart, and said in a deep voice, "Pass down the order: repair the great formation with all our might, treat the wounded, and take stock of the losses." "

Furthermore, send someone to create a golden statue. I want to create a golden statue for Senior Chen, so that the disciples of the Xuantian Sword Sect will worship him for eternity!"

"Yes, Sect Master!"

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Within the safe zone of the Blazing Fire Secret Realm.

After several days of rest, Lie Tian, Shi Yan, Ying Wu, and the others had mostly recovered from their injuries. Some had even benefited from the misfortune, their cultivation improving under the nourishment of the pure fire spirit energy of the secret realm. S.O.E.L.S.

Ling Shuang had completely recovered, and her *Burning Heaven Sword Technique* showed faint signs of breakthrough. However, she remained anxious about the safety of her sect, frequently glancing towards the entrance of the secret realm.

Heavenly Fire Sword Master Ling Yan sat cross-legged on a nearby fiery crystal mountain, his aura deep and focused, seemingly silently comprehending something, though a faint trace of melancholy lingered between his brows.

Suddenly, the light screen at the entrance of the secret realm rippled, and a figure in a green robe, carrying a massive, barely breathing body, floated in.

"Senior!"

“Senior Chen!”

Everyone rose to greet David upon his return.

But when they saw the emaciated, battered and bruised Zheng Gu, carried by David, Lie Tian’s eyes flashed with intense hatred and rage!

“Zheng Gu! You traitor!”

Lie Tian stepped forward, his silver pupils fixed on the culprit who had caused the destruction of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect and the deaths of countless fellow disciples. His demonic power surged uncontrollably.

Zheng Gu was casually tossed to the ground by David, lying there like a rag doll.

He barely managed to lift his head, seeing the killing intent in Lie Tian’s eyes, and then glancing at the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect disciples around him, who now looked at him with hatred. His heart was finally overwhelmed by boundless fear.

What was the sect master of the Beast Fusion Holy Sect? What were his ambitions and aspirations? In the face of death, they all became laughable illusions.

“Sect...Sect Master! Spare me! Spare me!”

Zheng Gu struggled, trying to kowtow with his mutilated body, his voice hoarse and shrill, “I was wrong! I was bewitched! I was seduced by the Demonic Sect! Please, Sect Master, spare my dog’s life for the sake of the blood I once shed for the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect and the merits I rendered!”

“I am willing to hand over all the secrets, willing to lead the Fusion Beast Clan back to submission, willing to serve as your slave...”

“Shut up!”

Lie Tian interrupted sharply, his voice trembling with extreme anger, “Shed blood for the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect and rendered merits? Those elders and disciples who died at your and the Demonic Sect’s hands, weren’t their blood blood too?”

“Weren’t their merits merits too? How did Elder Xiong Tuo treat you? Yet you joined forces with the demonic thieves to besiege and kill him!”

“Countless fellow disciples trusted you, yet you led traitors to slaughter them! Your blood is cold, your heart is black!”

“Today, I, Lietian, in the name of the Sect Master of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, will cleanse the sect and avenge the fallen heroes!” With



that, Lietian gave Zheng Gu no chance to beg for mercy. His right hand, fingers together, condensed demonic power into a sharp silver wolf claw, and with a resolute and grief-stricken determination, plunged it fiercely into Zheng Gu's heart!

"Ugh—!" Zheng Gu

let out a short, painful scream, the life force in his eyes rapidly fading until it turned to death, his massive body completely limp.

Lie Tian withdrew his blood-stained wolf claws, his chest heaving violently, tears glistening in his eyes. He

had avenged his great enemy, but could not bring the dead back to life; his heart was filled with unspeakable sorrow.

He slowly knelt down facing the direction of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, and said in a deep voice, "Elder Xiong Tuo, fellow disciples, Lie Tian... has avenged you! Rest in peace!"

Shi Yan, Ying Wu, and the other surviving disciples of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect also knelt down, facing the direction of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, silently shedding tears.

After a long silence, Lie Tian rose, wiped the tears from his eyes, and solemnly clasped his hands in a fist salute to David: "Senior, your great kindness in helping me slay this fiend will be forever remembered by Lie Tian and the remnants of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect!"

"Now that the traitor has been executed, the Fusion Beast Saint Sect is leaderless. It is the time for us to return to our sect and restore order!"

"I intend to immediately lead my people back to the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range to regroup, eliminate the traitors, and honor the fallen heroes!"

David nodded: "This is the right thing to do. The Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect has just suffered a defeat and should be powerless to stop us in the short term. You may act freely. If needed, the Xuan Tian Sword Sect can also provide assistance."

He then conveyed Ling Yunzi's goodwill.

Lie Tian thanked him again and then began to gather his people, preparing to evacuate the secret realm and return to the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range.

At this moment, Ling Shuang approached and first bowed gracefully to David: "Thank you, Senior, for saving my sect and bringing back the traitor Zheng Gu."

Then, she looked at her master, Ling Yan, her eyes filled with reluctance and determination: “Master, the sect has just experienced a great battle, and my father is seriously injured. As a member of the Sword Sect, I must immediately return to the sect to help my father and fellow disciples overcome this difficult time. Please grant me permission.”

Ling Yan slowly opened his eyes, looking at his disciple, who was strong-willed yet deeply loyal, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

He remained silent for a moment, then slowly rose, walked to Ling Shuang, and gently patted her shoulder.

“Shuang’er, you’ve grown up. You have your own path to walk.”

Ling Yan’s voice was less stern than before, filled with a sense of vicissitude and gentleness. “Go back to the Xuan Tian Sword Sect. That’s your root, your responsibility. As your teacher... I won’t go back with you.”

Ling Shuang was stunned: “Master, you...”

Ling Yan looked into the depths of the secret realm, at the vast and mysterious world of flames that had become much calmer after David absorbed the Chaos Origin Fire.

He then sighed, “This Blazing Fire Secret Realm exists because of the fragments of the Chaos Origin Fire. Now that Fellow Daoist Chen has taken the core of the Origin Fire, although this secret realm is still a blessed land of fire, it has lost its most fundamental ‘source.’ There’s little point in me staying here.”

He paused, a sharp, determined glint of swordsmanship rekindling in his eyes, “I’ve cultivated for tens of thousands of years, stuck at the Celestial Immortal Realm for a long time, unable to glimpse the path to a higher realm.”

“Now, perhaps it’s time to go out and explore. In this vast universe, there must be other fragments of the Chaos Origin Fire, or other opportunities that can help me break through. I must go and find them.”

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Upon hearing this, David’s heart stirred, and he asked, “Heavenly Fire Sword Master, is this Chaos Origin Fire not just found in one place?”

Ling Yan looked at David and nodded, "Fellow Daoist Chen possesses the Chaos Fire Seed, so telling you is fine. According to what my senior brother Li Jin said back then, when heaven and earth were first created and the primordial chaos was divided, a supreme 'Chaos Origin Fire' exploded, its fragments scattering throughout the myriad realms, transforming into countless flame origins."

"My senior brother said that a spark left here formed the core of this Li Huo Secret Realm."

"The true, complete Chaos Origin Fire may only exist in the legendary Origin Land."

A tiny spark... created the Li Huo Secret Realm, containing such a vast flame origin and laws, greatly increasing his strength, breaking through to the peak of the ninth rank of the Human Immortal Realm, and even condensing the nascent form of the Chaos Fire Lotus!

David was deeply shocked.

If he could truly find an even larger fragment, or even... the legendary complete Origin Fire...

a strong desire to explore and a yearning to become stronger quietly rose within him.

Although Ling Shuang was reluctant to see her master leave, she understood that this was her master's chosen path. With tears in her eyes, she kowtowed three times to Ling Yan: "Master, take care! This disciple... this disciple will miss you! May Master find his opportunity soon and achieve the Great Dao!"

Ling Yan helped Ling Shuang up, glanced at David, nodded, and said no more. His figure transformed into a crimson sword light, soaring into the sky, tearing through the secret realm space, and disappearing into the vast void, his whereabouts unknown.

Ling Shuang gazed at the direction her master had vanished, standing there for a long time.

After a long while, she composed herself and said to David, "Senior Chen, it's time for me to return to my sect. I will never forget your kindness in saving my life and protecting my sect. If you have time in the future, you are welcome to visit the Xuan Tian Sword Sect anytime."

David nodded, "Please take care on your journey, Miss Ling."

Ling Shuang then bid farewell to Lie Tian and the others, and led the Xuan Tian Sword Sect disciples away from the Li Huo Secret Realm.

Soon, Lie Tian also reorganized the remnants of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, solemnly bid farewell to David, and set off towards the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range with hope and fighting spirit.

In the blink of an eye, the Li Huo Secret Realm, which had been bustling for a while, was left with only David.

He stood atop the Flame Crystal Mountain, overlooking the world that he had changed.

The Chaos Fire Lotus slowly rotated in his dantian, faintly echoing the remaining fire essence of this secret realm.

“The Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect... the Soul Devouring Venerable...”

A cold light flashed in David’s eyes, “It’s time to settle things.”

He did not choose to help Lie Tian rebuild the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, nor did he visit the Xuan Tian Sword Sect.

His goal was clear and direct—to strike at the heart of the matter, slay the Soul Devourer, and completely eliminate this persistent threat that had plagued him since the Sixth Heaven!

At the same time, he also wanted to see if the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, as a top-tier demonic force in the Tenth Heaven, also possessed anything of value, such as the Chaos Origin Fire, in its lair.

Without further hesitation, David’s figure flashed, transforming into a Chaos Soaring Swan, rushing out of the Blazing Fire Secret Realm and hurtling towards the deepest part of the Crimson Blood Plains, towards the headquarters of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect !

... Deep within the Crimson Blood Plains, the headquarters of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect. This place was even more sinister and terrifying than other parts of the Crimson Blood Plains. Dense, almost tangible black demonic energy shrouded the area year-round, forming a massive vortex of demonic clouds that never ceased .

The earth was a dark red, as if soaked in countless drops of blood. Everywhere, mountains of pale skeletons lay, some of them beasts, others humanoid, exuding a thick aura of death and resentment. Grotesque

buildings constructed of bones, black stone, and demonic iron stood amidst this chaos, their forms twisted and bizarre, like menacing demons.

The air was thick with the stench of blood, decay, and pure yet filthy demonic energy. Even ordinary cultivators who lingered here for too long would have their minds affected, perhaps even succumbing to demonic possession.

At this moment, deep within the Demon Sect's headquarters, in the tallest building, the "Hall of Ten Thousand Souls," entirely forged from some pitch-black "Netherworld Demonic Iron," the atmosphere was oppressively tense.

Soul Fiend knelt on the cold ground, trembling, tears streaming down his face, desperately lamenting his fate.

"Lord! You must avenge me! That little beast David, he must have obtained some evil fortuitous opportunity, his strength has skyrocketed, he's inhuman!"

"He killed Elder Ghost Bone with a single sword strike! That was a peak seventh-grade Celestial Immortal!"

"Countless elite elders and disciples of our sect have died or been wounded, less than one in ten survived!"

"The Fusion Beast Sacred Sect was also utterly destroyed by him, and Zheng Gu was captured, his fate unknown!"

"This fiend even dared to spout such arrogant words, telling you... telling you to wash your neck and wait! Lord, if this grudge isn't avenged, how can my Myriad Souls Demon Sect stand in the Tenth Heaven?" "

I... I'm truly unwilling to accept this!"

Above the main hall, on the Myriad Souls Throne, formed from countless tormented and twisted souls, a blurry figure sat quietly.

He was shrouded in a wide black robe that seemed to devour light, obscuring his face, only two deep, abyss-like red lights flickering faintly in the shadow of the hood.

It was none other than the Soul Devouring Venerable, who had fled from the Ninth Heaven all the way here to recuperate!

Listening to Soul Fiend's exaggerated, fearful, and resentful lament, the two points of red light on Soul Devourer's head flickered slightly.

Then, a deep, hoarse voice, as if produced by countless fragments of souls rubbing together, echoed in the hall:

"Oh? A peak seventh-grade Celestial Immortal, killed by him with a single sword strike?"

The voice was devoid of emotion, yet it sent a chill down Soul Fiend's spine.

"Yes...yes, Lord! Absolutely true! I saw it with my own eyes! David's sword energy...it was incredibly strange, seemingly capable of devouring everything, even the Supreme Elder's Netherworld Bone Shield and the Law of Death couldn't stop it!"

Soul Fiend hurriedly replied.

Soul Devourer fell silent.

The two points of red light flickered slightly, seemingly processing the information and assessing something.

From the sixth level of the Heavenly Realm onwards, this kid named David had been like an inescapable leech, always causing trouble despite his low cultivation level.

Back in the Ninth Heaven, his grand plan to escape was ruined, forcing him to abandon some of his recovery power and hastily flee to the Tenth Heaven.

He had thought he could recover peacefully here and slowly plot with the help of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, but he never expected that this kid would be so persistent and actually follow him!

Moreover, his strength had increased so quickly!

Peak of the Seventh Grade Celestial Immortal Realm... Although he considered the Ghost Bone Elder, whose peak Seventh Grade cultivation was built up over many years and whose potential had been exhausted, to be able to kill him with a single sword strike while only having the cultivation of a Human Immortal Realm cultivator, this combat power was indeed somewhat beyond his expectations.

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"It seems... this kid has quite a secret."

The Soul Devourer muttered to himself, a hint of cold killing intent and... a barely perceptible greed finally surfacing in his hoarse voice. The fact that allows a Human Immortal to kill a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal, something no ordinary opportunity could achieve!

Perhaps it's some kind of heaven-defying inheritance?

Or some supreme treasure he's never even seen before?

"Lord! That David is extremely arrogant, clearly showing no respect for you!"

"He's definitely searching for you everywhere! Please, Your Majesty, immediately emerge from seclusion and use your supreme divine powers to crush that brat, extract his soul, and refine his spirit to vent your hatred!"

Seeing that the Soul Devourer seemed to have murderous intent, Soul Fiend quickly pressed his advantage.

Upon hearing this, the Soul Devourer's two points of red light swept over Soul Fiend, instantly plunging him into an icy abyss.

"Do I need you to teach me how to do things?"

The icy voice made Soul Fiend tremble like a leaf, repeatedly kowtowing: "I wouldn't dare! This disciple wouldn't dare!"

"Hmph."

The Soul Devourer snorted coldly, "As for David, I will naturally deal with him. However, not now."

He slowly rose from the Throne of Ten Thousand Souls, and with his movement, the demonic energy throughout the entire hall seemed to boil and worship!

A soul pressure far deeper, more vast, and more evil and terrifying than that of the Ghost Bone Elder spread out!

That pressure contained the aura of devouring, chaos, decay, despair, and all sorts of negative energies, as if he were the source of all evil thoughts and soul suffering in the world!

"My injuries have healed by ninety percent. I only need to absorb the last batch of living soul essence from this Myriad Soul Blood Pool to fully recover, perhaps even surpassing my former glory!"

The Soul Devouring Venerable's voice carried an all-encompassing indifference. "At that time, let alone David, even a powerhouse of the twelfth heaven will tremble at my feet!"

Hearing this, Soul Fiend was overjoyed and hurriedly said, "Congratulations, Venerable Lord! Congratulations, Venerable Lord! Your divine skill has reached its peak, you are invincible!"

However, the moment his words fell—

"BOOM—!!!"

A deafening roar suddenly erupted from the outer perimeter of the Myriad Soul Demon Sect's main altar!

Immediately following were continuous explosions, screams, the sound of collapsing buildings, and the piercing wailing of the sect's protective formation being forcibly torn apart!

"What happened?!"

Soul Fiend's expression changed drastically in horror.

The two points of red light on the Soul Devouring Venerable's face also suddenly solidified as he looked towards the outside of the hall.

A demonic sect deacon, covered in blood and with a severed arm, scrambled into the main hall, his voice distorted with extreme fear.

"Sect...Sect Master! Venerable Master! Something terrible has happened! Someone...someone has broken in!" "It's

...it's David! He's broken in! He shattered the outer array with a single sword strike, and countless patrolling disciples are dead or wounded! He...he's heading straight for the Hall of Ten Thousand Souls!"

"What?! He...how dare he?! How did he find me so quickly?!" Soul Fiend

was terrified, instinctively looking at Soul Devourer.

Soul Devourer's black robes fluttered without wind, the two red lights suddenly intensifying, and an even colder, more violent killing intent erupted!

"Good! Very good! I haven't even gone to find him, and he's already delivered himself to my door!"

Soul Devourer's voice was like a chilling wind from the depths of hell. "Since he's so eager to die, then I...will grant his wish!"



“Soul Fiend, activate all the restrictions at the main altar, gather the remaining disciples, and do everything in your power to hold him off!”

“Once I’ve completed my final recovery, I’ll personally crush this annoying fly!”

“Yes! Lord!” Soul Fiend hurriedly obeyed, scrambling out of the hall to make the arrangements.

Although terrified, the thought of Soul Devourer’s imminent full recovery rekindled a glimmer of hope within him.

The Soul Devourer’s figure flickered, transforming into a jet-black soul shadow, disappearing into the depths of the Myriad Souls Palace, into the Myriad Souls Blood Pool, which reeked of thick blood and the howls of vengeful spirits.

He wanted to complete his final breakthrough before David arrived!

...

Outside the main altar of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect.

At this moment, it was a scene of utter devastation, as if plowed by a raging ancient beast.

Most of the originally eerie and terrifying buildings had collapsed, and the ground was covered with huge sword marks and burn marks.

Countless corpses of Demon Sect disciples lay scattered about, some cleaved into pieces by sword energy, some burned to charcoal by chaotic true fire, and some seemingly drained of their souls, leaving only withered skin.

David, wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, stepped over the ruins and corpses, advancing unhurriedly towards the core area of the main altar.

A faint chaotic radiance swirled around him, and all the approaching demonic energy, vengeful spirits, and even the poisonous curses and dark lightning that attacked from the shadows were silently annihilated when they came within three feet of him.

He encountered almost no significant resistance along the way. The few demonic sect disciples who had survived were already terrified by his sword strikes outside the mountain gate, fleeing frantically at the mere sight of him, not daring to approach and stop him.

Occasionally, a few desperate demonic sect elders attempted to activate restrictions or self-destruct to obstruct him, but David easily dispatched them with a casual wave of chaotic sword energy.

Soon, he arrived at the core area of the Myriad Souls Demonic Sect, seeing the majestic and ferocious Myriad Souls Hall, and the “Myriad Souls Blood Pool” in the plaza in front of it, churning with viscous blood and constantly surfacing with pained faces .

Beside the blood pool, Hun Sha was leading the last batch of trusted elders and elite disciples, forming a dilapidated Myriad Souls Formation, ready for battle.

However, their faces were all deathly pale, their eyes filled with undisguised fear, and the light of the formation flickered erratically, clearly showing no will to fight.

Seeing David slowly approach, Hun Sha’s eyelids twitched wildly. He forced a shout, “David! This is the forbidden area of my Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, the place where our Lord is in seclusion! You have trespassed and killed countless people; you deserve to die!”

“Retreat immediately, or you will disturb our Lord and die a horrible death!”

David’s gaze didn’t even linger on Hun Sha, directly bypassing him and looking towards the depths of the Ten Thousand Souls Hall, to the very center of the blood pool, where demonic energy was most concentrated.

He could clearly feel a familiar yet repulsive, powerful and evil soul aura rapidly rising and condensing there, as if some terrifying being was about to break free.

“Soul Devourer, stop hiding.”

David’s voice rang out calmly, yet carried a strange penetrating power, directly reaching the depths of the Ten Thousand Souls Hall. “I know you’re in there. Come out; it’s time to settle our score.”