

# **A Man Like None Other Novel**

## **A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5916**

Full Read Online **Chapter 5916** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

### Chapter 5916

“Now!”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord formed hand seals, unleashing a torrent of dark red demonic energy that transformed into three ferocious, icy serpents, lunging straight at the ground in the center of the triangular array flags!

“Boom—!”

Extreme cold clashed with extreme heat, erupting in a piercing roar.

The magma throughout the cave instantly surged, but in that instant, the icy serpents burrowed into the earth’s veins, freezing the surging fire vein power for a fleeting moment!

David moved.

He didn’t even use the Dragon-Slaying Sword, but instead formed a sword with his fingers together, a wisp of hazy, yet perfectly refined chaotic sword energy condensing at his fingertips.

His steps faltered, yet his figure moved with ghostly speed, flashing past the center of the three array flags.

His fingertips touched the base of the crystal pillar.

“Break.”

A single, light word.

A series of cracking sounds emanated from within the crystal pillars, and the light from the runes on their bodies dimmed rapidly.

Then, as if in a chain reaction, the remaining eight crystal pillars trembled simultaneously, and the lava flow on the array began to become erratic and reverse.

“Retreat!”

David shouted, turning and retreating hastily.

Just as the three of them exited the cave entrance, a deafening explosion resounded behind them.

Nine crystal pillars shattered, and lava shot into the sky, engulfing the entire cave. However, the shockwave from the explosion was confined by the narrow passage and did not spread far outwards.

When the lava receded and the dust settled, the original array had vanished, leaving only a bottomless pit with lava slowly flowing back.

At the bottom of the pit, a natural stone staircase leading downwards was faintly visible, leading into the deeper darkness.

“Go.” David wiped the fresh blood from the corner of his mouth and stepped onto the staircase first.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord watched his swaying yet upright back, a complex expression flashing in his eyes, but ultimately said nothing, following closely behind.

The stone steps spiraled downwards, the temperature rising higher and higher.

The surrounding rock walls had become completely vitrified, transparent as a mirror, reflecting the distorted figures of the three.

Occasionally, the fossilized outlines of ancient creatures flashed in the mirror, all of which were previously unseen subterranean aberrations.

After walking for about half an hour, another obstacle appeared ahead.

This time it wasn’t an array, but a naturally formed “lava waterfall.”

Dark golden lava cascaded down from the dome above, forming a scorching curtain tens of feet wide, completely blocking their path. Behind the waterfall, a faint jade-colored radiance flowed, the unique aura of subterranean jade marrow milk.

But the lava waterfall wasn’t a lifeless object on its surface; countless lava beasts formed from pure fire spirits swam around it.

They resembled lizards, but had three heads and six legs, their bodies burning with incandescent flames, each possessing an aura no weaker than that of an early-stage Celestial Immortal.

Even more troublesome was the “gravity of the earth’s veins” contained within the waterfall itself; the closer one got, the heavier one’s body became.

In David’s current state, he would probably collapse before reaching the halfway point.

“I’ll clear the way.” The

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord took a deep breath, his demonic energy surging, condensing into a ferocious crimson demonic armor on his body. “Boy, conserve your strength. We’ll need your Chaos Immortal Power to isolate the earth’s veins and retrieve the Jade Marrow Milk in the end.”

David didn’t try to be brave, nodding and saying, “These lava beasts are formed from the essence of earth fire, their core in their central heads. They possess immense strength and can regenerate infinitely, thanks to the waterfall’s momentum, unless we simultaneously destroy the fire cores in all three heads.”

“Understood.” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord roared, ancient demonic runes appearing on his armor, temporarily resisting the earth’s gravity.

He transformed into a crimson meteor, crashing headlong into the lava waterfall!

“Roar—!”

The lava beast horde erupted, dozens charging forward simultaneously.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s hands surged with demonic energy, condensing into two enormous crimson blades, which he swept horizontally left and right.

Where the blade passed, lava beasts were decapitated one after another, but just as David had said, magma surged at the severed points, ready to regenerate in an instant.

“Demonic Flame – Core Burning!”

A fierce glint flashed in the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s eyes, and the blade suddenly exploded, transforming into hundreds of thin, hair-like crimson fire threads, precisely piercing the brows of each lava beast’s three heads!

“Puff puff puff...”

With a series of muffled sounds, the lava beasts froze, their bodies rapidly dimming and disintegrating, turning into ordinary magma and merging into the waterfall.

This move required extremely high precision in controlling fire, and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord had clearly used his true skill.

But there were simply too many lava beasts to kill them all.

Moreover, the deeper they went, the stronger the gravity became, and cracks began to appear on the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's demonic armor.

Seeing this, David said to Huo Ling'er, "Protect me for a moment."

He sat down cross-legged, placing the Dragon Slayer Sword horizontally in front of his knees, and formed an ancient hand seal with his hands.

A point of chaotic light shone from between his brows, gradually spreading throughout his body. The Soul-Devouring Demonic Flame at the wound on his left chest seemed to be stimulated, retaliating wildly, with dark red patterns spreading towards his heart.

"Suppress!"

David roared, his Golden Dragon Bloodline surging, the dragon's roar echoing through his meridians, forcefully pushing the demonic flame back slightly.

Taking advantage of this opening, he fully circulated his Chaotic Immortal Power, adjusting its nature to "assimilation."

This wasn't an attack, but infiltration.

The Chaotic Immortal Power flowed like mercury, silently merging into the surrounding earth veins, simulating an aura originating from the same source as the lava waterfall.

This process was extremely dangerous; the slightest carelessness would result in a backlash from the earth fire spiritual power, further exacerbating his injuries.

Ten breaths later, David suddenly opened his eyes, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, but he shouted, "Senior, seven zhang to the left, three feet behind the waterfall, there's a gravity node there that can shatter it!"

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, besieged by five exceptionally large lava beasts, didn't hesitate upon hearing this. He withstood two heavy lava blows, his demonic armor shattering slightly, but he used the momentum to lunge to the left, gathering all his demonic power, and punched the spot David pointed to!

"Crack—crack—"

A crisp sound like shattering glass rang out.

The entire lava waterfall trembled violently, and the gravity field suddenly weakened by thirty percent.

The swimming lava beasts froze, their bodies becoming much less solid.

## **A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5917**

Full Read Online **Chapter 5917** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

### **Chapter 5917**

“Now!” David mustered his last strength to stand up. “Follow me!”

He charged into the waterfall first, his Dragon-Slaying Sword creating a chaotic vortex in front of him, temporarily deflecting the surging lava and lava beasts.

Huo Ling’er followed closely behind, her Earth Fire True Flame forming a protective shield. Behind the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s palace, demonic energy surged, desperately holding back the opening that was trying to close.

The three of them pierced through the waterfall like arrows, and a breathtaking view opened up before them.

It was a small cave, no more than ten zhang square, yet breathtakingly beautiful.

Countless jade-colored crystal pillars, like stalactites, hung from the cave ceiling, each flowing with a warm, jade-like light.

In the center of the cave, a pool of milky-white water, no bigger than a washbasin, lay still, its surface shimmering with iridescent light, permeated with an intense, almost palpable, vitality and Daoist aura. This was

the Earth’s Core Jade Marrow Milk!

Around the pool, nine slender jade-colored stalagmites were arranged in a ring, each topped with a drop of solidified jade marrow milk, like stars surrounding the moon.

An invisible force field intertwined between the stalagmites, forming a final natural barrier.

“The Nine Star Spirit-Nourishing Array, formed naturally by heaven and earth,”

David gasped, his eyes burning brightly. “This array is unsolvable; only by using pure vitality to resonate with the jade marrow milk can its approval be gained.”

He looked at Huo Ling’er: “Miss Ling’er, may I lend you a drop of your primordial essence blood?”

Huo Ling'er didn't hesitate, forcing out a drop of blood, a mixture of crimson gold and pale blue, a symbol of the Earth Fire Pavilion's direct lineage and the Earth Fire True Scripture reaching a high level of cultivation.

David took the blood droplet, then pricked his palm with his finger, forcing out a drop of golden-red blood containing chaotic energy and the bloodline of a golden dragon.

The two drops of blood merged in his palm, transforming into a seven-colored, glass-like blood bead.

He gently flicked the blood bead towards the Jade Marrow Milk Pool.

As the blood bead passed through the invisible force field, ripples appeared, but it did not impede the flow.

The moment the blood bead fell into the milky white pool water,

"Buzz..."

The jade-colored crystal pillars throughout the cave resonated simultaneously, playing a celestial melody.

The pool water rippled, and a fist-sized, condensed, jade marrow milk essence slowly rose from the center, its seven-colored light receding, transforming into a pure, warm white jade luster.

David reached out and guided the jade marrow milk essence, which obediently flew over and landed in the cold jade bottle he had prepared beforehand.

The instant the chalcedony milk left the pool, droplets of chalcedony milk simultaneously fell from the tips of the nine surrounding stalagmites, flowing back into the pool. The pool visibly replenished itself, though the radiant glow faded slightly.

"It's done."

David let out a long sigh, unable to hold on any longer, staggering backward, supported by Huo Ling'er.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord looked at the cold jade bottle; his eyes, usually calm as an ancient well, finally stirred with excitement.

He opened his mouth, but only managed to utter, "Boy, this favor..."

"Senior, saving your Daoist companion is paramount."  
David smiled weakly and handed over the jade bottle

. “We need to leave the Abyss of the Earth’s Core immediately. Although the Soul Devourer has fled, this place is not safe to stay for long.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord nodded heavily and carefully put away the jade bottle.

The three returned by the same route. Because the formation had been broken, the journey was much smoother.

Two hours later, they finally saw the entrance to the Abyss guarded by the Earth Fire Pavilion again.

The moment he stepped out of the Abyss, David looked back at the bottomless darkness, his eyes deep.

The Soul Devourer had fled to the Twelfth Heaven, the shadow of the Gate of Reincarnation, the threat of the Evil Path Palace... all of this would meet its final showdown in that more vast and more dangerous world.

He gripped the Dragon Slayer Sword tightly. Although the wound on his left chest was still throbbing, the Chaos Immortal Power was gradually gaining the upper hand.

The road ahead was treacherous, but the sword was in his hand.

He would carve out a path.

...

The Twelfth Heaven, the headquarters of the Evil Path Palace stood majestically in the depths of the void.

The entire palace complex was constructed from countless black bones, with eternal lamps fueled by the fire of souls hanging from its eaves. Their eerie green light flickered in the void, like the silent wails of countless departed souls.

Nine streaks of greyish-white reincarnation energy coiled around the palace like colossal pythons, each breath causing the surrounding spatial rules to distort and tremble under their strain.

Deep within the main hall, a hundred-foot-high dome was draped with densely packed bone chains, each chain ending in a still-pulsating core of a divine soul.

These were the last fragments of consciousness of powerful beings captured by the Evil Path Palace, providing the energy to sustain the palace’s operation amidst eternal torment.

At this moment, in the center of the hall,

the Soul Devourer knelt on the cold, bone-like surface, his six tattered wings drooping limply, their edges charred and curled, dark red demonic blood dripping from the broken ends.

His left arm was severed at the shoulder, the wound wreathed in wisps of gray sword energy—the chaotic sword intent left behind by David, clinging like maggots to his demonic body, preventing the wound from healing.

His aura was utterly weak; the once surging, sea-like Soul-Devouring Demonic Flame was now reduced to a faint, flickering dark red flame on his skin, even the pained faces formed from countless souls devoured on his scales were blurred. He was a completely different

person from the arrogant and domineering figure he had been in the Abyss of the Earth's Core just days before.

On the throne, Zhan E slowly opened his gray-white pupils.

His face was withered like an ancient corpse, his skin clinging to his bones, displaying an unnatural bluish-gray hue.

His long black robe was embroidered with intricate runes of reincarnation, flickering with his breath. When he gazed at the Soul-Devouring Venerable, a barely perceptible hint of amusement flashed in his pupil-less gray-white eyes.

“Soul Devouring Lord...”

Zhan E began, his voice dry and hoarse, like two pieces of withered bone rubbing against each other, each syllable carrying a tremor that made one's soul uncomfortable.

“Ten thousand years have passed. The Soul Devouring Demon Lord who once devoured millions of souls and whose ferocity shook the nine heavens is now like a stray dog, groveling before my palace begging for mercy.”

He slowly rose, his robes fluttering without wind, the aura of reincarnation around him flowing like a living thing, stirring up silent vortices in the hall.

“Having had an arm severed by a mere Celestial Immortal junior, his demonic flames dissipated, he fled in a sorry state to this place...”

Zhan E strode down the steps of the throne, the bone soles of his shoes striking the ground with a crisp “click.” “Tsk tsk, if those old guys who died under the Soul Devouring Demon Art ten thousand years ago saw this, even the Pool of Reincarnation would laugh ripples.”

## **A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5918**



Full Read Online **Chapter 5918** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

## Chapter 5918

The Soul Devourer's face twisted violently, as shame, anger, and humiliation gnawed at his soul like venomous snakes.

He gritted his teeth, but finally lowered his head and said in a hoarse voice with difficulty, "Palace Master Zhan... that kid... is extraordinary."

"He possesses Chaotic Immortal Power, the primordial power from the beginning of creation, capable of generating all things and returning to the myriad laws... and he also has the bloodline of a golden dragon."

"His physical strength is comparable to an ancient true dragon, his recovery ability is astonishing... and he has cultivated the Earth Fire True Scripture, the Earth Fire True Flame specifically countering Yin and evil demonic arts..."

With each sentence, the Soul Devourer's tone grew heavier with resentment: "With these three combined, his combat power... is already capable of defeating an Immortal beyond his level. I... I was merely caught off guard and was ambushed by his strange Chaotic Sword Intent..."

"Chaotic Immortal Power?"

Zhan E's gray-white pupils contracted slightly, and the swirling energy of reincarnation around him momentarily froze.

These three words seemed to touch some deeply buried memory. His withered fingers unconsciously rubbed against his sleeves, and a barely perceptible apprehension flashed deep in his gray-white eyes.

But after only a moment, he returned to his calm and collected state.

"Indeed rare."

Zhan E's voice was still dry, but it carried an indescribable depth. "Since the beginning of time, the power of chaos has long since dispersed into all the heavens and myriad realms, transforming into countless laws. There are truly few who can re-condense the power of chaotic immortal power."

He paused, his gaze returning to the Soul Devourer, his tone turning cold: "But defeat is defeat, why say more? Ten thousand years ago, when you mastered the Soul Devourer

Demon Art and devoured millions of souls to forge your demonic body, how majestic were you?”

Zhan E walked up to the Soul Devourer, his withered fingers gently lifting to touch the edge of his tattered wings.

Wherever his fingertips touched, the energy of reincarnation seeped into the shattered demonic body, causing the Soul Devourer to tremble violently—a tremor originating from the depths of his soul.

He felt his demonic power being probed and analyzed by that eerie energy of reincarnation.

“And now?”

Zhan E leaned down, his greyish-white eyes staring directly into the Soul Devourer’s eerie green pupils, filled with humiliation and fear. “After ten thousand years of suppression, upon rebirth, you couldn’t even handle a junior.”

He straightened up, shook his head, and said with a hint of regret, “So be it.”

The Soul Devourer’s heart tightened.

He sensed an ominous meaning in Zhan E’s tone; it wasn’t just simple mockery or contempt.

“Palace Master Zhan!”

The Soul Devourer suddenly looked up, his voice quickening. “If you help me recover from my injuries, I am willing to offer you the complete true teachings of the Soul Devouring Demonic Art! This demonic art was created by me over ten thousand years. It can devour divine souls to strengthen oneself. If one can master it, one can even fight

against a fourth-grade Upper Immortal!” Seeing that Zhan E’s expression remained unchanged, he gritted his teeth and continued, “Furthermore... I am willing to do everything in my power to help you dominate the Twelve Heavens. Although I am injured, my foundation as an Upper Immortal is still intact, and my understanding of the rules of reincarnation is far beyond that of ordinary cultivators...”

“Soul Devouring Demonic Art...”

Zhan E repeated the word softly, his withered fingers gently tracing the Soul Devourer’s tattered wings, the movement as gentle as caressing a precious work of art.

Suddenly, he smiled.

The smile was sinister and eerie, the arc of his mouth far exceeding that of ordinary people, revealing grayish-white teeth.

That was not the color of a living person, but more like some kind of bone eroded by time.

“I do indeed need the help of cultivators from the Upper Immortal Realm,”

Zhan E said slowly, a chilling light flashing in his greyish-white eyes. “However... not to dominate the Twelfth Heaven, but rather...”

He leaned down, his withered ,

corpse-like face almost touching the Soul Devourer’s, his voice low and menacing, like a viper’s hiss: “It’s used to refine a superior... ‘Reincarnation Puppet’.”

The Soul Devourer’s pupils constricted to pinpoints!

“You...!”

He tried to leap up, but his severely injured body, coupled with the pervasive pressure of reincarnation energy in the hall, made him feel as if he were sinking into quagmire as soon as he moved, even raising his arm was extremely difficult.

“Rest assured, I will not kill you.”

Zhan E’s smile widened as he extended a withered finger and gently touched the Soul Devourer’s brow. “I will merely refine your soul, stripping away unnecessary memories, emotions, and self-awareness.”

“I will preserve your combat instincts, cultivation foundation, and insights into techniques, making you the sharpest and most loyal blade in my hand.”

His voice carried a strange allure: “At that time, you will experience no more pain, no more fear, no more hesitation, only the instinct for absolute obedience.”

“Your Soul Devouring Demon Art will be perfectly utilized, your combat experience will be entirely at my disposal, and you can even use the Qi of Reincarnation to reshape your demonic body, reaching a state even stronger than your prime...”

“Isn’t this another form of ‘immortality’?”

Before the words were finished, Zhan E’s finger, which had been touching the Soul Devourer’s brow, suddenly snapped shut!

“Buzz!!!”

The Qi of Reincarnation throughout the entire hall erupted violently!

The bone chains hanging from the dome swayed wildly, and the soul cores suspended on them emitted a piercing shriek.

The countless reincarnation runes on the ground, walls, and pillars simultaneously lit up, illuminating the hall with a grayish-white light that made it resemble a ghostly realm.

Nine grayish-white chains, condensed from pure reincarnation energy, emerged from the void. Each chain was as thick as a bowl, its surface covered with countless ancient, twisting runes.

The chains tore through space the moment they appeared, piercing through nine major acupoints on the Soul Devourer's body with unavoidable speed:

Baihui on the top of his head, Yintang between his eyebrows, Tanzhong in his chest, Qihai in his dantian, Jianjing on his arms, and Yongquan on his feet!

"Ughhhhh!!!"

The Soul Devourer let out an extremely shrill scream!

It was not only physical pain, but also the excruciating agony of his soul being forcibly torn apart and ripped away.

The nine reincarnation chains were like nine greedy venomous snakes, frantically extracting his demonic power, divine soul power, fragments of memory, remnants of consciousness... everything that constituted the very essence of the "Soul Devourer's" existence was being mercilessly extracted and refined!

"Zhan E! How dare you!!!"

The Soul Devourer's eyes were bloodshot, his eerie green pupils erupting with a final frenzy.

The remaining Soul Devouring Demon Flame within his body burned desperately, attempting to break free of the chains. Dark red flames spewed from every pore, turning him into a burning fireball!

However,

"Sizzle..."

The runes on the surface of the Reincarnation Chains shone brightly, and the grayish-white Reincarnation Qi surged into the Soul Devourer's body like a tidal wave.

Wherever it passed, the Soul Devouring Demon Flame dimmed and extinguished as if encountering its nemesis.

The Reincarnation Qi seemed to possess its own will, flowing upwards along the meridians, rushing straight to the sea of consciousness, and beginning to refine his soul core even more frantically.

## **A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5919**

Full Read Online **Chapter 5919** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

### **Chapter 5919**

“Soul Devourer, do you really think I don’t know what you’re thinking?”

Zhan E took a few steps back, coldly watching the Soul Devourer struggling frantically in his chains, his gray-white eyes utterly calm.

“Feigning allegiance, you’re actually using the Evil Path Palace to recuperate. Once you return to your peak, the first one to turn against you will probably be me, won’t you?”

His tone was flat, as if stating a perfectly ordinary fact. “After all, if the Soul Devouring Demon Art is to advance further, it needs to devour even more powerful divine souls... and my divine soul, cultivated for ten thousand years in the Path of Reincarnation, is a tempting tonic for you, isn’t it?”

The Soul Devourer’s struggles faltered.

Because Zhan E was right.

That was indeed his plan. He would first use the Evil Path Palace as a refuge to recuperate, and once he regained his strength, he would seize the opportunity to devour Zhan E’s soul and take control of the Evil Path Palace. At that time, who in the Twelfth Heaven would be his opponent?

“What a pity, what a pity.”

Zhan E shook his head, raising his withered hand and forming a complex and strange hand seal in the void. “I have lived for ten thousand years and have seen more conspiracies and tricks than the souls you have devoured. I have seen through your thoughts from the moment you stepped into the Evil Path Palace.”

“Rather than raising a tiger to cause trouble, it is better to...”

He pressed his hand seal down sharply!

“Refine it into a puppet!”

“Boom!!!”

The floor of the hall suddenly cracked!

Countless bone bricks shattered and flew, and a bottomless pit appeared in the center of the hall.

At the bottom of the pit, a pitch-black bone door hundreds of feet high slowly rose. It was a door forged from the molten skulls of countless living beings, and gray-white flames danced in the eye sockets of each skull.

The surface of the gate was covered with twisted, writhing reincarnation runes, crawling and reforming on the bone like living creatures, emanating a terrifying suction force that distorted the entire hall—

the Gate of Reincarnation!

“No!!! Zhan E! I’ll haunt you even as a ghost!!!”

The Soul Devourer roared in utter despair, struggling frantically, his fleshy wings flapping desperately, even forcibly regenerating new flesh from his severed arm in an attempt to tear the chains... but all in vain. The

nine reincarnation chains tightened abruptly, dragging his demonic body upwards, hurling it like a piece of cargo towards the wide-open Gate of Reincarnation!

“Boom!!!”

In the center of the gate, a gray-white vortex tens of feet in diameter suddenly appeared.

The vortex was so deep it seemed to lead to another universe, flowing not with matter or energy, but with... rules.

The most fundamental rules about life, death, and reincarnation.

The moment the Soul Devourer’s shattered demonic body touched the vortex, it was torn apart and swallowed by an irresistible force.

His screams abruptly ceased, like a wild beast whose throat had been choked.

The Gate of Reincarnation slowly closed.

The runes on the bone gate returned to calm, only the gray-white flames in the eye sockets of the skulls on the surface of the gate seemed slightly brighter than before. The hall fell silent again. Zhan E walked to the Gate of Reincarnation, his withered hand gently pressing against the cold bone surface, closing his eyes to sense it. After a moment, a cold and satisfied smile curled at the corner of his lips.

“The Land of Reincarnation... truly profound.”

... Inside the Gate

of Reincarnation.

The Soul Devourer's consciousness gradually cleared amidst the endless fall.

His soul was pierced and torn apart by the chains of reincarnation, and should have fallen into chaos amidst extreme pain.

But some external force of rules forcibly maintained the clarity of his consciousness, allowing him to fully experience every trace of pain, every bit of despair.

He opened his eyes and saw this world.

It was a space entirely composed of gray and white tones.

The sky was gray and white, devoid of sun, moon, and stars, only a thick layer of gray and white clouds that seemed to press down.

The earth was gray and white, cracked soil, exposed rocks, withered vegetation... everything was stripped of color, leaving only a deathly gray and white.

The spiritual energy flowing in the air was also gray and white, an energy form he had never encountered before.

Cold, deathly, and possessing an absolute sense of order, it was completely opposite to the chaotic, greedy, and devouring characteristics of the Soul Devouring Demon Art he cultivated.

What terrified him most was the omnipresent suppression of rules in this world.

Here, the Soul Devouring Demon Art, which he had painstakingly cultivated for millennia, operated at a speed more than ten times slower. Each time he mobilized the demonic flames, it felt like struggling in a viscous swamp.

His divine sense was compressed to within a hundred feet of his body; beyond that, even things visible to the naked eye were perceived as nothingness.

Even his sense of time was distorted.

He felt as if he had been falling for a very long time, long enough for mortals to experience dozens of cycles of birth, aging, sickness, and death, but when he looked up, the gray sky was still far above, the distance undiminished.

“I must... leave...”

The Soul Devouring Venerable gritted his teeth, his remaining will driving his shattered divine soul in an attempt to regain control of his body.

He could feel that the wisp of chaotic sword energy at the severed arm was being suppressed in this world, its erosion slowing considerably.

But in contrast, the excruciating pain of his divine soul being torn apart became increasingly clear.

Although the nine chains of reincarnation had disappeared, the wounds they left behind remained. His divine soul was like a leaky bucket, constantly losing the very foundation that constituted his self.

Finally, after a fall that felt both eternal and fleeting, he touched the ground.

There was no impact, no tremor, like a feather falling on water, eerily gentle.

The Soul Devourer struggled to his feet and looked around.

He stood on a desolate plain stretching to the horizon.

The greyish-white soil extended to the very edge of his vision, blurring into the greyish-white sky at the horizon.

Scattered across the plain were twisted, withered trees, their trunks barkless, only smooth, bone-white surfaces, their branches reaching towards the sky like ghostly claws.

Deathly silence.

Absolute deathly silence.

No wind, no insects chirping, no flowing water, even his own heartbeat was so faint as to be almost inaudible.

## **A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5920**



## Chapter 5920

“Leave?”

A voice suddenly rang out.

It didn’t come from any particular direction, but rather poured directly into the Soul Devourer’s consciousness from all directions, dry, mechanical, and cold, like the resonance of some kind of law at work.

The Soul Devourer whirled around.

Three greyish-white figures appeared around him without warning, forming a perfect triangle that trapped him in the center.

They were three humanoid beings, but the Soul Devourer couldn’t be sure if they were truly human.

They wore ancient-style greyish-white robes, the sleeves wide and reaching their feet.

Their faces were indistinct, as if shrouded in a flowing mist, only the outlines of their features vaguely visible.

Most eerie were their eyes, or rather, their eye sockets.

There were no eyeballs, only two black hole-like depressions, within which two grayish-white flames flickered, each flicker accompanied by subtle tremors in the surrounding spatial order.

Their bodies seemed to be formed from pure reincarnation energy, standing there, perfectly integrated with this grayish-white world.

If not for the naked eye, the Soul Devourer’s divine sense would be completely unaware of their existence, just as a person cannot “perceive” the existence of air.

“Outsiders,”

the grayish-white humanoid in the middle spoke, its voice still possessing that mechanical resonance that directly penetrates consciousness, “The land of reincarnation, forbidden to living beings.”

The humanoid on the left continued, its tone utterly flat: “Hand over your divine soul, enter the pool of reincarnation, and you may gain...rebirth.”

The humanoid on the right added, each word as cold as iron: "Those who refuse, be refined."

Alarm bells rang loudly in the Soul Devourer's mind, his divine sense frantically issuing warnings.

The oppressive feeling these three beings gave him even surpassed that of Zhan E in his prime!

It wasn't a difference in power, but...a difference in the level of life.

Like an ant facing a dragon, even if the dragon merely gazes down silently, the ant will instinctively tremble.

He suppressed his fear, striving to keep his voice calm: "I am the Soul-Devouring Demon Lord, having mistakenly entered this place, with no intention of offense. I humbly request that the three of you... grant me a way out."

A brief silence followed.

The three gray-white humanoid figures stared at him simultaneously, the gray-white flames in their black eye sockets flickering slightly faster.

"Refuse."

The middle figure spoke again, its voice now carrying an undeniable air of authority, "Rule of Reincarnation, Article 1372: Anyone who enters without the permission of the Lord of Reincarnation is considered an intruder, and must have their soul refined, their consciousness stripped away, to complete their reincarnation."

The moment the words fell, the three gray-white humanoid figures simultaneously raised their right hands.

The movements were slow and stiff, like marionettes, yet possessed a suffocating rhythm.

Simply three gray-white palms, fingers spread, pressing down.

There was no overwhelming aura, no earth-shattering energy fluctuations, not even a wisp of wind was stirred.

The Soul

Devourer felt the entire world pressing down on him!

It wasn't the crushing force of power, but the crushing force of rules.

It was like a tiny figure drawn on a piece of paper being gently pressed down from three-dimensional space by an invisible hand.

For the tiny figure on the paper, it was an incomprehensible, irresistible, and even imperceptible dimensional reduction attack.

“Roar!!!”

The Soul Devourer roared in despair, his remaining Soul Devouring Demon Flame burning desperately, his six tattered wings vibrating wildly, trying to break free from this invisible constraint.

But it was all in vain.

His demonic flame automatically extinguished upon contact with the invisible suppression of rules, his struggles like a flying insect trapped in amber, every movement ridiculously slow, finally freezing completely.

Three gray-white palms seemed to fall slowly, yet they seemed to transcend the barriers of time and space, inescapable and irresistible.

“Pfft!”

The first palm pressed against his Baihui acupoint on the top of his head.

The Soul Devourer trembled violently, dark red demonic blood spurting from all seven orifices at the same time!

He felt his core soul being directly “grabbed” by that hand, and then... extracted.

Like drawing water from a well, bucket after bucket, without mercy.

The soul power accumulated over ten thousand years of cultivation, the soul source condensed from devouring millions of souls, all memories, emotions, insights... were being ruthlessly stripped away and extracted.

“Ughhhhh!!!”

A shrill, inhuman scream echoed across the gray plain.

But the scream only lasted a breath before abruptly stopping, as if it had been cut off, because a second hand pressed on his chest, specifically the Tanzhong acupoint.

“Crack!”

The sound of his ribs shattering was clearly audible.

A cold, deathly gray-white current surged into his heart through the palm, and the demonic heart that had been beating for thirteen thousand years froze the moment it came into contact with the gray-white current.

Life force drained from his body like a receding tide, and his once surging life force withered to the brink of exhaustion in just a few breaths.

Immediately afterwards, a third hand pressed on his dantian, the sea of qi.

“Boom!!!”

That was the sound of its foundation shattering.

The Soul-Devouring Demonic Art, painstakingly cultivated for ten thousand years and forged from countless rare and precious materials, collapsed like a sandcastle under this palm strike.

The origin of the Soul-Devouring Demonic Flame, the core of the Earth Core Demonic Flame, the linchpin of all its techniques... all shattered, disintegrated, and annihilated.

The three palms withdrew simultaneously.

The Soul-Devouring Venerable's broken demonic body slumped to the ground, like a skinned husk stripped of its bones.