

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 5921

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The light in his eyes completely faded, his eerie green pupils turned dull and lifeless, leaving only a last wisp of consciousness struggling and sinking in boundless pain and despair.

He saw the three gray-white human figures stand around him, their hands simultaneously forming an extremely complex and bizarre hand seal.

The instant the seal was completed, the cyclical energy of the entire gray-white plain erupted violently!

Endless gray-white energy surged from the sky, the earth, and the air, converging on him like billions of venomous snakes, enveloping him layer by layer, forming a gigantic gray cocoon with a diameter exceeding ten zhang.

Within the cocoon, the Soul Devourer's last consciousness clearly felt his own demise.

His physical body was dissolving, broken down into the most basic energy particles by the gray-white energy, then recombine and reshape itself.

The demonic soul was disintegrating; memories were extracted and sealed into some unknowable depth; emotions were stripped away and crushed; self-awareness crumbled and dissipated like a weathered statue...

But at the same time, something was preserved.

Combat instinct—an instinct honed through millennia of battle and countless life-or-death struggles—was refined, solidified, and imprinted on the new body.

Cultivation foundation—though the demonic arts were destroyed, the insights into the first rank of the Upper Immortal realm, the understanding of the rules of heaven and earth, and the experience of energy circulation, were preserved in their purest form after the “Soul Devouring” attribute was stripped away.

Cultivation technique insights—the operating principles of the Soul Devouring Demonic Arts, the fusion techniques of the Earth Core Demon Flame, the core essence of all

combat supernatural abilities... were analyzed and reorganized into a set of "programs" that could be driven.

This was not complete destruction.

This was...reconstruction.

The existence of the "Soul Devouring Venerable" was erased, leaving only the most valuable "materials," and then, according to a predetermined template, a perfect tool was reforged.

In the instant before the last wisp of consciousness completely dissipated, the Soul Devouring Venerable finally understood.

This is not a place of reincarnation at all.

This is... a "processing plant" for the rules of reincarnation.

All beings that trespass without permission are ruthlessly refined by the beings here, their consciousness stripped away, their value preserved, and then made into puppets, weapons, materials, or even containers for certain rules for various purposes. And the three people guarding

this place, each of them... has probably reached the legendary True Immortal Realm, or even higher!

They are not living beings; they are the manifestation of the rules of reincarnation, a part of this world.

"David... Zhan E..."

The last trace of resentment dissipated into the gray-white airflow as consciousness completely vanished. The

gray cocoon slowly contracted, gradually compressing from ten zhang in size to the size of an ordinary person, finally transforming into a blurry humanoid outline, silently suspended in mid-air.

The three gray-white humanoid figures stood still for a moment.

The one in the middle raised his hand and beckoned, the humanoid outline slowly flying into his palm.

He stretched out his other hand, his fingertips gently tracing the surface of the humanoid outline, the gray-white airflow seeping in like silk threads, probing every detail inside.

“The foundation of a peak first-grade Immortal Realm cultivator is fully preserved.”

He spoke, his voice still mechanical. “The origin of the Soul-Devouring Demon Flame has been stripped of its ‘Soul-Devouring’ attribute, transforming into a pure devouring rule module. The core of the Earth Core Demon Flame is intact and compatible with the Qi of Reincarnation.” “

Combat instinct integrity: 97%.” The person on the left added, “The missing part is the explosive combat mode driven by extreme emotions, which is harmless.”

The flames in the black hole eye sockets of the person on the right flickered: “Memories have been sealed in storage unit number 372 of the Reincarnation Pool, and the emotional module has been completely erased. Self-awareness remains... zero.”

The person in the middle withdrew his finger, and the humanoid silhouette slowly rotated in his palm.

“Meets the criteria for a Reincarnation Puppet General.”

He gave his final assessment. “Nourish it in the Reincarnation Pool for three months. Once the body and the rule module are fully integrated, it can be used.”

The man on the left looked towards the Gate of Reincarnation, a subtle fluctuation appearing in his voice for the first time: “An ant outside the gate, quite lucky. A Reincarnation Puppet General of the Upper Immortal Realm is rare even in higher worlds.”

The man on the right was silent for a moment, then said, “Authorization holder Zhan E. Your contribution has reached the standard for receiving a Puppet General. According to the rules, you can receive one.”

“Begin execution.”

The three fell silent, carrying the humanoid silhouette, their figures slowly fading away, like ink dissolving in water, finally disappearing completely into the gray-white world.

Only the endless silence still shrouded this Reincarnation Land.

This so-called Reincarnation Land within the Gate of Reincarnation was not about resurrecting anyone, but about using puppetry to create an identical puppet.

This wasn’t resurrection at all; it was clearly a scam!

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The main hall of the Evil Path Palace.

Three months is enough for mortals to experience a full season, but for cultivators with lifespans measured in tens of thousands of years, it's merely the time for a short seclusion.

Zhan E sat cross-legged before the Gate of Reincarnation, his gray-white aura surging like a tide.

For the past three months, he had remained here almost constantly, cultivating the Path of Reincarnation while sensing the subtle fluctuations emanating from behind the gate.

Each fluctuation represented a step forward in the refinement of the Soul Devourer's soul, a step forward in the creation of the Reincarnation Puppet General.

He could feel his understanding of the rules of reincarnation deepening at an astonishing rate.

The fragments of the primordial rules of the Land of Reincarnation seeping from the cracks in the gate were like the most precious nourishment, nurturing his millennia-long arduous cultivation of the Reincarnation technique.

His cultivation had steadily improved from the initial stage of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm to the mid-stage of the third rank, and he was even faintly touching the threshold of the late stage of the third rank.

More importantly, his control over the Gate of Reincarnation was increasing.

Three months ago, he could only barely open the Gate of Reincarnation, using the power leaking from behind it to refine some low-level reincarnation puppets, or to throw captured souls into it in exchange for meager feedback from the rules.

But now...

Zhan E opened his gray-white pupils, a glint of fervor flashing in his eyes.

He felt that his connection with this gate had deepened.

Like a originally thin and fragile thread, it had gradually become thicker and stronger through countless energy exchanges, and even begun to carry more information.

“Soon...”

he murmured to himself, his withered fingers tapping lightly on the bone-like surface, "As long as I can obtain that reincarnation puppet general, using the puppet general as a medium, I can connect more deeply to the Land of Reincarnation, and even... glimpse a trace of the true face of the Lord of Reincarnation."

At that time, he might truly understand the origin of this gate, and the true purpose of the three terrifying beings behind it.

Suddenly...

"Buzz!!!"

The Gate of Reincarnation trembled violently!

The gray-white flames in the eye sockets of the skulls on the surface of the entire bone gate surged simultaneously, the flames shooting into the sky, illuminating the entire hall as if it were daytime.

The runes on the gate writhe and recombine wildly, emitting a piercing shriek—the mournful cry of rules being forcibly twisted and torn apart.

Zhan E abruptly stood up, his gray-white eyes fixed on the center of the gate.

There, in the center of the once perfectly sealed bone gate, a tiny crack slowly appeared.

The crack was initially only as thick as a hair, but it rapidly expanded, growing to a foot wide, then a foot wide... eventually forming a gap large enough for an ordinary person to pass through.

Inside the gap, instead of the palace scene behind the gate, was a deep gray-white vortex.

The vortex slowly rotated, each rotation distorting the surrounding space and emitting a terrifying suction force that sent shivers down one's spine.

Then, a figure stepped out of the vortex.

He was a man eight feet tall, slender and upright, clad in dark red, close-fitting scale armor, the surface of which swirled with eerie gray and white patterns.

Six large, intact fleshy wings adorned his back, each edge burning with tangible dark red flames, the depths of which faintly revealed shimmering gray-white runes.

His face bore a seven-tenths resemblance to the Soul Devourer, but was colder, more perfect, like a meticulously sculpted statue. The

once emerald green eyes had turned a pure gray-white, devoid of pupils or whites, only two slowly rotating gray-white vortexes, so deep they seemed capable of swallowing all light.

Most striking was his left arm; the part severed by David had now regrown.

The new arm was identical to the original, even more intricate in its scales and sharper in its fingertips, except for a gray-white line running from his shoulder to his wrist, like some kind of seal, or perhaps a conduit for power.

He stepped out of the vortex, his foot landing on the bone-like surface with a muffled thud.

The Gate of Reincarnation slowly closed, the tremors subsided, the flames receded, and everything returned to normal.

The figure stood still, his gray-white eyes slowly rotating, finally settling on Zhan E.

Then, he knelt on one knee, head bowed, his voice mechanical and monotonous, devoid of emotion: “Master.”

A flicker of barely suppressed ecstasy flashed in Zhan E’s gray-white pupils.

He slowly stepped forward, walking to the kneeling figure. His withered fingers rose, gently touching the other’s forehead, cheek, and shoulders... as if inspecting a newly completed work of art.

“Perfect...too perfect...”

Zhan E murmured, his voice trembling slightly.

He could feel the power contained within this body—the power that retained the entire foundation of the Soul Devouring Venerable’s peak first-grade Immortal Realm cultivation.

Even more so, due to the refining and reshaping in the Land of Reincarnation, the physical strength and energy purity were superior to the original.

More importantly, he could feel the close, absolutely obedient “connection” between himself and this body.

Like the connection between an arm and a brain, a single thought would be executed unconditionally by this body, without the slightest hesitation, resistance, or even questioning.

A perfect killing tool, virtually invincible below the True Immortal Realm.

“Get up,”

Zhan E said calmly, suppressing his excitement.

The figure rose, standing silently to the side, lifeless like a statue.

His posture was ramrod straight and stiff, every joint in a state of perfect combat readiness, his greyish-white eyes fixed straight ahead, awaiting the next command.

“From this day forth, your name is ‘Soul-Devouring Puppet’,”

Zhan E said slowly, walking to the Soul-Devouring Puppet, his greyish-white eyes staring directly into the empty greyish-white vortex within. “I command you to lead all the Soul Hunters of the Evil Path Hall, patrolling the Twelve Heavens.”

His tone gradually turned cold, carrying an undeniable authority: “Within the Twelve Heavens, all cultivators of the eighth rank or above in the Heavenly Immortal Realm, regardless of whether they are disciples of immortal sects, rogue cultivators, or reclusive old monsters... anyone whose soul strength meets the standard, shall be captured, their souls extracted, and sent to the Gate of Reincarnation.” “

If there is any resistance...”

Zhan E paused, a cruel smile curving his lips, “Kill without mercy, refine their physical bodies into low-level reincarnation puppets, and extract double the amount of their souls.”

The vortex in the Soul-Devouring Puppet’s greyish-white eyes spun slightly faster, mechanically replying, “Yes, sir.”

“Furthermore,”

Zhan E’s voice lowered, carrying a chilling undertone, “if we encounter someone possessing Chaotic Immortal Power, Golden Dragon Bloodline, or Earth Fire True Flame... capture them alive at all costs.”

He added, “Remember, capture them alive. Even if their physical body is destroyed, their complete soul must be preserved. This person... will be of great use to me.”

“Yes, sir,”

the Soul-Devouring Puppet replied again, its voice still completely unwavering.

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Zhan E nodded in satisfaction, raised his hand and waved it. A palm-sized gray-white token flew out from his sleeve and landed in the Soul-Devouring Puppet's hand.

The token was made of special bones from the Land of Reincarnation. A twisted character for "puppet" was engraved on the front, and densely packed authority runes were on the back.

"This is the 'Puppet General Token',"

Zhan E said. "With this token, everyone in the Evil Path Hall except myself can see me as if I were in their presence. All resources, all puppets, and all Soul Hunters in the hall can be commanded by you."

The Soul-Devouring Puppet grasped the token, and runes flashed in its gray-white eyes. The token then merged into its palm, leaving only a faint gray-white mark on its skin.

"Go,"

Zhan E waved his sleeve, "Let the Twelfth Heaven... feel the majesty of reincarnation."

The Soul-Devouring Puppet bowed, turned, and stepped out of the hall.

His steps were steady and precise, each step measured with the perfect distance, as if measured with a ruler.

The six fleshy wings on his back slightly folded, the dark red flames at the edges receding, but the aura he exuded caused all the Evil Path Hall disciples, guards, and puppets along the way to instinctively kneel on the ground, trembling.

It was the pressure of a peak Immortal Realm cultivator, mixed with the deathly aura unique to the Land of Reincarnation, like tangible ice, freezing the souls of every living being.

Outside the hall, the nine strands of reincarnation energy surrounding the palace sensed the appearance of the Soul-Devouring Puppet and simultaneously emitted excited buzzing.

Like nine loyal dogs seeing their master, they circled and danced around the Soul-Devouring Puppet, finally condensing behind him into a gray-white cloak a hundred feet high, with countless tiny runes flowing along the edges of the cloak, each rune representing a rule of reincarnation.

The Soul-Devouring Puppet stepped into the void, its greyish-white eyes gazing down at the sprawling Evil Path Palace complex stretching for miles.

It raised its right hand, palm facing upwards.

“Soul Hunters, assemble.”

The mechanical voice, though not loud, carried like a law, instantly reverberating throughout every corner of the Evil Path Palace.

“Whoosh—whoosh—whoosh—”

Countless black shadows soared into the sky from the depths of the palace, from the training grounds, and from the secluded cultivation areas! These

were the Soul Hunters, a force cultivated by the Evil Path Hall for thousands of years, numbering over 30,000. Their minimum cultivation level was at least fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal, with over a thousand commanders at eighth-grade Heavenly Immortal.

They were uniformly clad in jet-black soul armor, wielding specially crafted soul-locking chains, soul-capturing banners, and soul-refining furnaces. Each was an expert in the Dao of the Soul, skilled in capturing and refining divine souls.

At this moment, these 30,000 Soul Hunters, like a black tide, rapidly gathered and arrayed themselves in the void, ultimately forming a massive square formation beneath the Soul-Devouring Puppet.

Everyone lowered their heads, not daring to look directly at the figure clad in a gray-white cloak; it was a fear originating from the depths of their souls, an instinctive awe of a higher-level being.

The Soul-Devouring Puppet’s greyish-white eyes swept across the formation below, and its mechanical voice rang out again:

“Target: The entire Twelfth Heaven.”

“Mission: Hunt divine souls of Celestial Immortals of Grade Eight or higher.”

“Action, commence.”

There was no pre-battle mobilization, no rousing oaths, only the most concise command.

Yet, the thirty thousand Soul Hunters simultaneously knelt on one knee, responding in unison, their voices like a tsunami:

“As you command, Puppet General!”

The next moment, the greyish-white cloak behind the Soul-Devouring Puppet suddenly unfurled, transforming into a greyish-white light curtain that stretched across the sky.

Wherever the light curtain covered, the rules of space were forcibly distorted, and a teleportation channel leading to various parts of the Twelfth Heaven rapidly formed.

The Soul-Devouring Puppet was the first to step into the channel.

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Thirty thousand Soul Hunters followed closely behind like a black torrent.

As the last figure disappeared into the passage, the gray-white light curtain slowly receded, transforming back into a cloak and returning to the back of the Soul Devouring Puppet.

The passage closed, and the void returned to calm, as if nothing had happened.

But the fate of the Twelve Heavens had been completely changed from this moment on.

The main hall of the Evil Path Palace.

Zhan E stood in front of the palace gate, his gray-white eyes gazing in the direction the Soul Devouring Puppet had left, the cold smile on his lips lingering for a long time.

He could feel that with the movement of the Soul Devouring Puppet, the teleportation array of the entire Twelve Heavens was being activated.

Those were the hidden teleportation array nodes that he had spent tens of thousands of years setting up in various parts of the Twelve Heavens.

Each node is both an eye and a passage.

Through this pervasive network of reincarnation, the Soul-Devouring Puppet can appear anywhere in the Twelve Heavens at any time, and can instantly teleport captured souls back to the Evil Path Palace, throwing them into the Gate of Reincarnation.

More importantly, Zhan E can sense the energy fluctuations, powerful auras, and power distribution in every corner of the Twelve Heavens through this network... like a spider web covering the entire region, no movement can escape his perception.

“Finally... it has begun.”

Zhan E murmured to himself, his withered finger lightly tapping the void.

A circle of grayish-white ripples spread out, and a three-dimensional star map appeared at the center of the ripples. It was a panoramic view of the Twelve Heavens, marking the locations of major immortal sects, aristocratic families, gathering places of rogue cultivators, and dangerous secret realms.

At this moment, more than three hundred points of light on the star map were flashing and moving simultaneously.

Each point of light represented a Soul-Hunting Envoy team.

And the brightest and fastest-moving point of light was the location of the Soul-Devouring Puppet.

He had already arrived at the eastern part of the Twelfth Heaven, that prosperous region jointly controlled by the three great immortal sects. “Let’s start by devouring the most fertile parts,” Zhan E said, a cruel glint in his eyes. “The

three great immortal sects... Hmph, occupying the richest region of the Twelfth Heaven for ten thousand years, it’s time they paid a price.”

He turned and walked back to the main hall, sitting cross-legged again before the Gate of Reincarnation.

His grey-white eyes closed, his mind sinking into the pervasive network of reincarnation, beginning to watch this hunting feast he had personally orchestrated, sweeping across the Twelfth Heaven.

Meanwhile, in the far reaches of the void, beyond Zhan E’s perception, inside a white jade palace suspended in chaotic currents, an old man in a blue robe, his face blurred, suddenly opened his eyes, a hint of surprise flashing within them.

“The fluctuations of the power of reincarnation... have suddenly intensified by more than a hundredfold...”

He calculated with his fingers, his brows furrowing deeper and deeper. "Moreover... there's a familiar, repulsive aura of devouring... is it that demon who should have died ten thousand years ago?"

"No... it's colder, more deathly still, like... a puppet?"

The old man abruptly stood up, stepped out of the palace, and arrived at the edge of the void, gazing in the direction of the Twelfth Heaven.

After a long while, he slowly exhaled a breath of turbid air, a trace of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

"It seems that the Twelfth Heaven, which has been peaceful for too long... is about to change."

"I just don't know how many lives this storm will ultimately devour, or how many forces will be drawn into it..."

He shook his head, turned and returned to the palace, beginning to contact several other reclusive old monsters.

The storm had begun; no one could remain uninvolved.

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Earthfire Pavilion, Heavenfire Secret Realm.

Crimson-gold Earthfire True Flames flowed gently around David like warm silk.

He sat cross-legged on the flaming lotus platform in the center of the secret realm, his eyes closed, his breathing long and even.

The once ferocious and terrifying Soul-Devouring Demon Flame palm print on his left chest was now just a pale red scar, its surface faintly revealing the intertwining and flowing of chaotic energy and the phantom of a golden dragon.

Three months.

Three months had passed since his return from the Earth Core Demon Abyss.

In these three months, David had hardly stepped out of the Heavenfire Secret Realm.

The Earthfire Pavilion spared no expense, continuously supplying him with various healing elixirs, body-tempering elixirs, and calming teas.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, after taking the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk, did not leave immediately but instead remained in the Earthfire Pavilion, imparting to him his millennia-old demonic body-tempering secrets.

Fire Spirit stayed day and night outside the secret realm, using her own Earthfire True Scripture cultivation to guide the Earthfire spiritual energy within, helping David recover faster.

At this moment, David slowly opened his eyes.

Deep within his eyes, a hazy, primordial grayness, a majestic, soaring golden dragon, and a blazing, burning earth fire intertwined, ultimately settling into a profound tranquility.

He gently exhaled a breath of turbid air.

The turbid air, upon leaving his body, transformed into a small, three-colored dragon, which circled three times in the air before dispersing into pure spiritual energy.

“Finally... I’m completely recovered.”

David clenched his fist, feeling the ceaseless flow of power within his body. His Chaotic Immortal Power was even more refined and pure than before his injury, and his Golden Dragon Bloodline showed signs of breaking through to the next stage. Furthermore, the Earth Fire True Scripture, taking advantage of his recovery from this serious injury, broke through to the seventh level.

Although he was still only a third-grade Celestial Immortal, his true combat strength...

A sharp glint flashed in David’s eyes.

If he were to fight the Soul Devourer again, he was confident he could completely slay him within fifty moves!

“Husband!”

Huo Ling’er’s joyful call came from the entrance of the secret realm, and then a crimson figure darted in like a swallow.

Huo Ling'er was dressed in a fiery red outfit today, her long hair tied in a high ponytail, looking spirited and energetic.

She looked David up and down, her beautiful eyes full of concern: "How are you feeling? Are your injuries fully healed?"

David stood up and smiled: "I'm fine now, in fact... I've actually benefited from this misfortune, my cultivation has improved slightly, and we can cultivate together tonight."

Huo Ling'er breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing this. If David's injuries were serious and he couldn't cultivate together, wouldn't she be very upset?

After all, once you've tasted the sweetness, you can't resist.

"Father sent me to invite you, saying he has important matters to discuss. There are quite a few strangers in the main hall, and their auras are all very strong." "

Strangers?" David raised an eyebrow.

As one of the top forces in the eleventh heaven, the Earth Fire Pavilion naturally receives many visitors, but for Huo Fentian to specifically send someone to invite them, and for Huo Ling'er to take it so seriously...

"Let's go, let's take a look."

... In the main hall

of the Earth Fire Pavilion, the atmosphere was heavy.

The usually spacious hall now seemed somewhat crowded.

Dozens of figures sat or stood, arranged on both sides of the hall.

They were dressed in various styles, some rich and elegant, some simple and plain, some even ragged and bloodstained, but without exception, they all exuded a powerful aura.

The lowest level was at least the seventh rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm!

The moment David stepped into the hall, he felt dozens of gazes fall on him at the same time.

Among those gazes were scrutiny, curiosity, suspicion, and even a few that contained undisguised hostility.

"Young Master, this way."

On the main seat, Huo Fentian rose to greet him.

Today, he was wearing the formal robes of the Earth Fire Pavilion Master, a rare sight. The crimson robe was embroidered with nine golden lotuses of Earth Fire, and he wore a crimson-gold crown, his expression solemn.

David walked to Huo Fentian's side and stood down, his gaze sweeping across the hall.

He saw several familiar faces.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord sat at the head of the left, eyes closed in meditation, but a faint demonic aura emanated from him, indicating he was not letting his guard down.

The Earth Fire Ancestor sat on the other side of Fire Burning Heaven; this usually elusive ancestor had actually appeared today, stroking his long beard and scrutinizing the people in the hall with a deep gaze.

But most of them were strangers.

An old man in a tattered blue robe, his left arm severed at the shoulder, had a strange, grayish-white aura swirling around the wound, which was constantly eroding his life force, making his face ashen.

A middle-aged woman held a broken jade zither, all the strings snapped, blood seeping from her fingertips, but she seemed oblivious, staring blankly at the sky outside the hall.

Three men in identical golden armor stood side by side, their armor covered in marks from swords and blades; one of them had his chest armor torn open by some kind of claw, revealing a deep, bone-revealing wound.

Seven or eight young cultivators were gathered together. Their clothes were relatively intact, but they all looked terrified, like frightened birds, tense at the slightest sound.

Most striking were the three standing in the center of the hall.

The leader was an old Taoist priest with white hair and beard, his face ancient and weathered. He held a whisk, most of the whisk's threads broken.

His aura was deeply restrained, and David couldn't immediately discern its depth, but he was at least at the peak of the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm! Behind the old Taoist priest, a man and a woman stood on either side. The man was about thirty years old, with sword-like eyebrows and bright eyes.

He carried a long sword wrapped in coarse cloth on his back; though it was not drawn, a sharp sword intent faintly emanated from it. The woman

was in her early twenties, with a beautiful face, wearing a light blue dress, and a string of silver bells hung from her waist. The bells rang softly, carrying a rhythmic quality that soothed the soul. "Young Master..." Huo Fentian's deep voice broke the silence in the hall, "Let me introduce you.

This is the Grand Elder of the Qingming Sword Sect of the Twelfth Heaven, True Person Xuanwei." The white-haired old Taoist nodded slightly, his gaze lingering on David for a moment, his long gray eyebrows trembling imperceptibly.