

A Man Like None Other Novel

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Huo Fentian continued, “The two behind True Person Xuanwei are his personal disciples, Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue. As for the other fellow Daoists in the hall...”

He paused, his voice growing deeper, “they have all recently fled from the Twelfth Heaven....” Fleeing

?

David’s pupils constricted.

Cultivators strive against fate, always aiming for higher levels of existence.

Eleventh Heaven cultivators dream of ascending to the Twelfth Heaven, and Twelfth Heaven cultivators yearn for the legendary Thirteenth Heaven and even higher.

This is an unchanging law.

But now, these Twelfth Heaven experts have actually fled to the Eleventh Heaven?

“Father-in-law...”

David suppressed his doubts and cupped his hands, “May I ask what brings you all here?”

Upon hearing this, several suppressed snorts echoed in the hall.

The old man in the green robe with the missing arm suddenly looked up, his eyes bloodshot, and hissed, “What is it? Boy, do you really not know, or are you just pretending to be confused?!”

“Qingyangzi, watch your words!” Xuanwei

Zhenren said in a deep voice, then looked at David, his tone softening a bit, “This young friend must have been in seclusion recently and is unaware of the changes in the outside world. I will make the long story short.”

He took a deep breath and said, word by word, “The Twelfth Heaven has fallen into a calamity.”

“Three months ago, the Evil Path Hall suddenly mobilized all its forces. The Hall Master Zhan E has acquired a terrifying puppet called ‘Soul Devouring Puppet’. This puppet’s strength is comparable to the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and it is fearless of death and pain.”

“The Soul Devouring Puppet led 30,000 Soul Hunters, starting from the eastern part of the Twelfth Heaven, and began a... hunt that swept across the entire region.”

“A hunt?” David frowned.

“Hunting living beings, extracting their souls.”

Master Xuanwei’s voice was bitter. “Cultivators of the eighth rank or above in the Celestial Immortal Realm are all their targets. In just three months, the three major immortal sects in the east have been completely wiped out. Whether the disciples surrendered or not, their souls were extracted and refined, and their bodies were turned into low-level puppets to supplement the Soul Hunters’ forces.”

He pointed to the people in the hall: “Fellow Daoist Qingyangzi comes from ‘Xuan Shuang Valley’. Two of the valley’s three patriarchs died in battle, and the rest scattered and fled. Lady Qinxin comes from ‘Tianyin Pavilion’. The pavilion master sacrificed his natal immortal artifact to protect his disciples’ retreat, perishing together with the three Soul Hunter commanders. Those three golden-armored warriors were the last elite of ‘Zhenyue Sect’. When the mountain gate was breached, they protected three hundred children and fought their way out of the encirclement. Now... only the three of them remain.”

The hall was deathly silent.

Only the suppressed sobs of the young cultivators and the dripping sound of blood from Lady Qinxin’s fingertips could be heard.

David’s heart sank slowly.

He recalled the Soul Devourer’s last words in the Abyss of the Earth’s Core:

“Once I reach the Twelfth Heaven and recover my full strength...” He remembered the inexplicable sense of crisis he felt when leaving the Abyss.

reported that it wasn’t an illusion.

“The Evil Path Hall... the Soul-Devouring Puppet...”

David murmured repeatedly, then suddenly looked at Xuanwei Zhenren, “Does Zhenren know the origin of that Soul-Devouring Puppet?”

Xuanwei Zhenren shook his head: “I only know that this puppet’s face is extremely similar to the infamous Soul-Devouring Demon Lord from ten thousand years ago, but its cultivation methods have been completely changed, mixed with a dense aura of reincarnation and death. Some fellow Daoists speculate that the Soul-Devouring Demon Lord may have been poisoned by Zhan E and refined into this puppet.”

David and Chiyun Demon Lord exchanged a glance, both seeing the solemnity in each other’s eyes.

Their worst fears had come true.

“Why not unite to resist?”

David pressed. “The Twelfth Heaven is teeming with powerful figures, and there must be many experts at the Upper Immortal Realm. Are we just going to let the Evil Path Hall run rampant?”

“Resist?”

Qing Yangzi gave a bitter laugh, raising his only remaining right hand to point to his empty left shoulder. “Boy, do you know what kind of injury this is? It was left by a casual wisp of Reincarnation Qi from the Soul-Devouring Puppet! I am a peak eighth-grade Heavenly Immortal, and I couldn’t even last three moves against that puppet!”

His voice was hoarse, filled with endless despair and fear: “As for the seniors at the Upper Immortal Realm... In the past three months, seven Upper Immortals have joined forces to besiege the Soul-Devouring Puppet. And the result? Three died on the spot, two were captured and had their souls extracted and refined, one was seriously injured and escaped without a trace, and only Senior ‘Lingxiao Sword Immortal’ managed to escape by chance, but his Dao foundation was damaged, and he will never be able to advance any further in this life.”

A collective gasp filled the hall.

Even the Earth Fire Ancestor opened his eyes, a look of horror flashing in his turbid eyes.

Seven Upper Immortals besieged him, and they still suffered such a crushing defeat?

Just how terrifying was the Soul-Devouring Puppet’s power?!

“So you all ran away?” A cold voice suddenly rang out.

Everyone turned to see that the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord had opened his eyes at some point, his scarlet demonic pupils sweeping over everyone in the hall, a sneer on his lips: "You couldn't win, so you ran away, fleeing to a lower realm to eke out a living. Is this all the backbone left for cultivators of the Twelfth Heaven?"

"You..." Qingyangzi was furious, but the words turned into a long, dejected sigh.

What could he say?

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's words, though harsh, were the truth.

Master Xuanwei remained silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Fellow Daoist, your words are true. When I led the disciples of the Azure Sword Sect to retreat, I also asked myself, after cultivating for ten thousand years, how laughable it is that we end up like stray dogs."

He raised his head, looking at Huo Fentian, then at David, a resolute glint in his eyes: "But I did not come here merely to eke out a living. The Twelfth Heaven has become a living hell, and the Evil Path Hall's ambitions are far greater than that."

"Zhan E has refined countless souls through the Gate of Reincarnation; he must have something in mind. Once he is fully prepared, his next step... could very well be the Eleventh Heaven, or even other worlds."

"I have shamelessly come here today in the hope that my fellow Daoists in the Eleventh Heaven can prepare early. If we can unite the power of all realms, perhaps... there is still a glimmer of hope."

The hall fell silent once more.

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Huo Fentian frowned deeply, and even the old ancestor of the Earth Fire Pavilion stopped stroking his beard. The other elders of the Earth Fire Pavilion in the hall all wore solemn expressions; they all knew the weight of Xuanwei Zhenren's words.

If what he said was true, then the Eleventh Heaven... would inevitably face this calamity sooner or later.

“Young friend David,” Huo Fentian suddenly spoke, his voice heavy, “you have grudges against the Evil Path Hall and the predecessor of that Soul-Devouring Puppet. What do you think of this matter?”

All eyes focused on David again.

David slowly exhaled.

He walked to the center of the hall, his gaze sweeping over the faces—some filled with despair, some with fear, some with anticipation—finally settling on Xuanwei Zhenren.

“Does the True Immortal know why the Evil Path Palace extracts souls on such a large scale?”

True Immortal Xuanwei paused, then shook his head. “I only know it’s related to the Gate of Reincarnation. Zhan E seems to need a large number of souls as sacrifices to gain some kind of power or achieve some purpose.”

“That Gate of Reincarnation...”

Ancestor Earthfire paused, a hint of hesitation flashing in his eyes, before continuing, “It’s not some divine artifact for reincarnation at all.”

His voice was clear, each word echoing throughout the hall: “It’s a... passage to a certain purgatory of rules. All the souls thrown into it are refined, decomposed, and recombined, made into various puppet tools. The so-called ‘reincarnation,’ the so-called ‘immortality,’ are nothing but fabricated lies.”

“The Soul Devourer is not the first, and will certainly not be the last.”

A clamor erupted in the hall!

The cultivators who escaped from the twelfth heaven all paled, Qingyangzi trembling violently: “You... what did you say?! The Gate of Reincarnation is fake?! What about our master, our fellow disciples...?”

“Their souls are annihilated, their true spirits are gone.”

The Earth Fire Ancestor’s voice was icy, yet carried an undeniable certainty, “They will become nourishment to maintain the operation of that rule-based purgatory, or... be made into new puppets.”

“Boom!!!”

The broken zither in Lady Qinxin's arms shattered, fragments scattering everywhere. She stood up, tears streaming down her face: "Zhan E... Evil Path Hall... I will make you pay with your lives!!!"

Several young cultivators collapsed to the ground, sobbing uncontrollably.

The reason they were able to grit their teeth and escape was because they still held onto a sliver of hope—the hope that their captured fellow disciples were merely imprisoned, the hope that one day they could be rescued.

But now, even that last glimmer of hope had been extinguished.

David looked at the Earth Fire Ancestor with astonishment; when this ancestor told him about the Gate of Reincarnation, he didn't seem to have mentioned any of this.

What is this old fellow hiding from me?

"Ancestor, is what you're saying true? How come you've never told me these things before?"

David asked!

"I don't want to talk about it!" The Earth Fire Ancestor's indifferent words left David speechless.

Xuanwei Zhenren closed his eyes, and after a long while, slowly opened them.

The old

Daoist, who had cultivated for tens of thousands of years, now had tears welling up in his eyes: "So that's how it is... No wonder, no wonder those fellow Daoists who were captured didn't even leave a trace of their true spirit..."

He took a deep breath, suppressing the grief in his heart, and looked at the Earth Fire Ancestor with a more solemn gaze: "Fellow Daoist seems to know a lot of inside information."

"To be honest, I have been to the Land of Reincarnation,"

the Earth Fire Ancestor said calmly, "and I have personally witnessed the strangeness of the Gate of Reincarnation. More importantly..."

The Earth Fire Ancestor looked at David, "David, boy, what do you intend to do?"

David turned around, faced Huo Fentian and the Earth Fire Ancestor, and bowed solemnly.

“This junior humbly requests permission from the Pavilion Master and Ancestor to proceed to the Twelfth Heaven.”

“What?!”

Huo Fentian abruptly stood up. “Young Master, do you know the current situation in the Twelfth Heaven? That Soul-Devouring Puppet’s strength is comparable to the peak of the First Grade of the Upper Immortal Realm, and it commands tens of thousands of Soul Hunters. If you go now, it’s no different from a lamb entering a tiger’s den!”

“You must understand that the puppet’s realm cannot be compared to that of a living person. They do not know pain, fear, or even life and death, so their true strength is only higher, not lower.”

“It is precisely because the situation is critical that someone must go.”

David straightened up, his eyes flashing with a sharp, sword-like light. “If we wait for the Evil Path Palace to be fully prepared and launch an attack on the Eleventh Heaven, we will only be able to passively take the hits. Only by taking the initiative and disrupting their plans before they have completely taken control of the Twelfth Heaven can we have a chance of victory.”

He paused, then added, “Moreover, Zhan E must already know that I possess Chaos Immortal Power. Given his nature, he will never allow me to grow unchecked. Rather than waiting for him to come knocking, I should take the initiative to go to him.”

Huo Fentian was about to persuade him further, but the Earth Fire Ancestor raised his hand.

This ancestor, who had lived for countless years, slowly stood up, walked to David, and carefully examined him with his cloudy eyes, as if trying to see through him from the inside out.

After a long while, the ancestor slowly said, “Are you confident?”

“No.”

David shook his head honestly, “But some things cannot be done only when you are confident.”

The Earth Fire Ancestor stared at him for a long time, then suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, yet it carried an indescribable sense of relief and resolve.

“Alright. I’ll accompany you.”

“Ancestor?!” Huo Fentian was shocked.

The Earth Fire Ancestor waved his hand: “Fentian, the Earth Fire Pavilion is yours to manage. Guard the family business. My physical body has recovered; it’s time to stretch my muscles. Besides...”

He looked at David, a deep meaning flashing in his eyes: “The inheritor of the Chaos Immortal Power... This once-in-a-millennium opportunity, I also want to see with my own eyes how far he can go.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord also stood up, his scarlet demonic eyes blazing with battle intent: “I’ll go too. Besides helping you, I also need to find the Nine Aperture Divine Soul Grass in the Twelfth Heaven to save her.”

Senior Crimson Cloud...” David looked at him.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord grinned, revealing his gleaming white teeth: “Stop being so indecisive. You’ve done me a great favor; my life is temporarily in your hands.”

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Suddenly, Huo Ling’er, who had been silent all along, stepped forward and tightly grasped David’s sleeve: “I want to go too!”

“Nonsense!”

Huo Fentian shouted sharply, “Ling’er, your cultivation is still too shallow. Going to the twelfth heaven is too dangerous!”

“Father, I’m already a sixth-grade Celestial Immortal!”

Huo Ling’er stubbornly raised her face, “Moreover, the Earth Fire True Scripture I cultivate has a restraining effect on demonic arts, and it will definitely be of help!”

David gently patted the back of her hand and said softly, “You shouldn’t go. This journey is extremely dangerous. It’s equally important for you to stay in the eleventh heaven and help the Fire Pavilion Master stabilize the situation.”

Huo Ling’er bit her lip, tears glistening in her beautiful eyes, but in the end, she didn’t insist anymore.

She knew that David was right.

With her current strength, going might only become a burden.

Master Xuanwei stood up and bowed respectfully to David: "Young friend, your righteousness is admirable. Although the Azure Sword Sect has been destroyed, this old man still has some use."

"The terrain, power distribution, and locations of hidden teleportation arrays of the Twelfth Heaven... I know them all by heart. If you don't mind, I'm willing to be your guide."

Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue behind him also bowed: "We are willing to accompany Master!"

David looked at Ancestor Earthfire, who nodded slightly.

"Then... I'll trouble you, Master."

David returned the bow, then his gaze swept over the cultivators who had escaped from the Twelfth Heaven in the hall.

"Fellow Daoists, you may stay in the Earthfire Pavilion to recuperate and cultivate. Once we establish ourselves in the Twelfth Heaven, perhaps... we will need your strength."

Qingyangzi and the others exchanged glances, finally bowing in unison: "We are willing to obey your orders!"

Although fear still lingered in their hearts, David's words rekindled a spark of hope within them.

It wasn't about escaping. "

It's about accumulating strength, waiting for the right moment, and then going back to fight!

"

David turned to look at the sky outside the hall, a resolute glint in his eyes.

"We'll depart in three days."

For these three days, David didn't rest. He cultivated with Huo Ling'er every day until she was too weak to get up.

He knew that this journey to the Twelve Heavens would take countless years before he could see Huo Ling'er again and play with her.

He might as well have his fill of fun now.

Three days later, in front of the Earth Fire Pavilion's gate.

Huo Fentian led the elders to see them off. Huo Ling'er, her eyes red, placed a crimson-gold jade pendant in David's hand: "This is the Earth Fire Pavilion's protective talisman. If you crush it in a critical moment, it will release a shield of Earth Fire True Flame... You must return safely."

David accepted the pendant and nodded earnestly: "I will."

The Earth Fire Ancestor had changed into a simple gray robe, standing with his hands behind his back, his aura completely concealed, like an ordinary old man.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, however, remained as unrestrained as ever.

At David's feet followed the little fire unicorn, Wangcai.

Xuanwei Zhenren stood on the other side with Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue.
The old Taoist

priest had changed into a clean Taoist robe, and his broken whisk had been repaired. His expression had returned to its usual calm, but deep in his eyes, there was still an unyielding sorrow and determination.

"The teleportation array is ready

," Huo Fentian said in a deep voice. "This array leads to a hidden valley on the outskirts of the Twelve Heavens Ancient Battlefield Ruins. It was once an ancient battlefield, where space is chaotic and difficult to detect. But be careful, as many ancient restrictions and vengeful spirits remain in the ancient battlefield."

David nodded: "Understood."

He took one last look at the mountains of the Earth Fire Pavilion, at Huo Fentian and Huo Ling'er, and at the elders and disciples who had come to see him off.

Then, he turned and stepped into the teleportation array.

The Earth Fire Ancestor, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, the Little Fire Qilin, and the Xuanwei True Person and his disciple followed closely behind.

The teleportation array shone brightly, and space distorted violently.

The next moment, the seven figures disappeared into the pillar of light that shot into the sky.

Huo Ling'er stared at the empty teleportation array, finally unable to hold back her tears.

Huo Fentian gently patted his daughter's shoulder, his gaze fixed on the direction of the Twelfth Heaven, his expression extremely solemn.

"Young Master... you must come back alive."

"The future of the Eleventh Heaven... may rest on your shoulders."

...

Ancient battlefield ruins, a valley on the edge.

Space distorted, and seven figures staggered to the ground.

David steadied himself and immediately released his divine sense to explore his surroundings.

This was a desolate valley, the sky a suffocating dark red, the air filled with a faint smell of blood and decay.

The surrounding mountain walls were an unnatural charred black, as if they had been scorched by some terrifying heat.

Countless white bones were scattered on the ground, some humanoid, some beast-like, and some bone fragments of creatures whose origins were completely unrecognizable.

Further away, the ruins of ancient buildings were faintly visible, as well as... grayish-white vengeful spirits floating in mid-air, appearing and disappearing.

"This is... the ancient battlefield?" David frowned.

The lingering killing intent, resentment, and deathly aura in the air, even after countless millennia, remained chillingly intense.

Master Xuanwei swept his whisk, and a beam of clear light enveloped everyone, isolating them from the decaying atmosphere of the outside world.

"Indeed. This place is the remnant of a great battle from ancient times. It is said that peak-level immortals, or even higher, perished here. The spatial structure is extremely fragile and contains various strange fragments of rules, so few cultivators dare to venture deep into it."

He pointed east: "Three thousand miles east lies Tian Shu City, the most prosperous city in the eastern part of the Twelfth Heaven. But now... it's probably a ruin."

David looked in that direction and saw a faint gray-white pillar of light shooting into the eastern sky. Even thousands of miles away, he could still feel the cold, deathly aura of reincarnation contained within it.

That was... the mark of the Evil Path Palace.

"Leave here first,"

the Earthfire Ancestor suddenly spoke, his turbid eyes sweeping across the surrounding void. "Something has been disturbed."

Before his words even finished, the floating gray-white vengeful spirits in the distance suddenly turned their heads in unison, their dark eye sockets fixed on the seven people in the valley.

The next moment, a shrill scream resounded through the heavens and earth!

Countless vengeful spirits, like sharks smelling blood, swarmed in from all directions!

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A piercing shriek, like the wailing of ten thousand ghosts, instantly ignited the gray-white vengeful spirits of the ancient battlefield, causing it to boil over like a lake tossed with pebbles!

Thousands of vengeful spirits emerged from the depths of the ruins, from piles of bones, and even from rifts in the void. Their forms were twisted and blurred; some retained human shapes, while others were nothing more than swirling wisps of gray mist, with eerie green flames flickering in their eye sockets.

Most bizarrely, these vengeful spirits did not fly, but rather moved as if swimming in water, creating ripples of gray-white light in the air.

"Form the array!"

Master Xuanwei was the first to react, flicking his whisk sharply. Thousands of silver threads surged forth, transforming into a massive silver net of light that enveloped the seven of them.

Azure runes flowed across the net of light, emanating a pure and peaceful aura—the very “Heart-Cleansing and Soul-Suppressing Array,” a Taoist technique specifically designed to subdue evil spirits.

The first wave of vengeful spirits crashed into the net, emitting a sizzling, corrosive sound as their greyish-white bodies melted away like ice meeting fire.

But there were simply too many vengeful spirits, one after another, causing the net of light to tremble violently. Master Xuanwei’s face paled, clearly under immense pressure.

“Master!” Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue acted simultaneously.

The coarse cloth longsword on Lin Xiao’s back was drawn with a clang, its sword light like a rainbow, transforming into thirty-six sword shadows that formed a sword array around the outer edge of the net of light.

Each sword shadow was incredibly sharp, slicing vengeful spirits in two wherever they passed, azure sword energy swirling around the severed ends to prevent them from reassembling.

Su Qianyue sat cross-legged, took the silver bell from her waist, and gently shook it with her delicate hand.

The crisp sound of bells transformed into visible ripples of sound waves that spread outwards. Wherever these waves reached, the movements of the vengeful spirits noticeably slowed, and the ghostly flames in their eyes flickered erratically, as if their minds had been disturbed by some force.

But this only delayed them for a moment.

More vengeful spirits surged in from all directions, among them several beings with exceptionally powerful auras—the King of Vengeful Spirits!

A gigantic vengeful spirit, over three zhang tall and composed of countless bones, roared to the sky, its empty eye sockets burning with dark red flames.

With each step it took, the ground cracked like a spiderweb, and a stench of decaying death surged forth like a tide.

On the other side, a female vengeful spirit, dressed in tattered palace attire, with a beautiful but bloodless face, hovered in mid-air. She clutched a broken jade hairpin in her arms, softly humming an ancient and mournful tune.

The melody, upon entering the ears, stirred the soul, filled the heart with sorrow, and greatly diminished the will to fight.

“Hmph, a mere remnant soul dares to be so insolent!”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s eyes blazed with crimson light, and his demonic energy erupted!

He stepped out of the light net, his right hand grabbing at the air, and a longsword formed entirely of dark red demonic flames appeared out of thin air.

“Demonic Flame – Soul Slayer!” The longsword swept across, its dark red blade light tearing through the air. Wherever it passed, dozens of vengeful souls didn’t even have time to scream before turning to ashes.

The giant skeletal vengeful spirit roared and swung its claws, but the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord neither dodged nor evaded, instead slashing upwards with his sword! “

Clang!!!”

A deafening sound like metal clashing echoed through the valley!

The skeletal vengeful spirit’s giant claws were severed by the sword, and demonic flames burned wildly at the break, rapidly spreading to its body.

The vengeful spirit let out a painful howl, frantically flailing its other claws in an attempt to extinguish the demonic flames, but the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s demonic flames were no ordinary fire.

They were his natal true flames, fused with the demonic energy of the Nine Netherworlds, specifically designed to burn souls!

Three breaths later, the skeletal vengeful spirit’s massive body collapsed with a crash, turning into a pile of charred bone dust.

“Nothing special.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord sheathed his sword and stood there, his crimson demonic eyes sweeping across the surroundings, revealing his domineering attitude.

Looking at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s appearance, David couldn’t help but praise, “Senior Crimson Cloud, your strength must have already reached the eighth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, right? Your improvement is quite rapid!”

Hearing David’s praise, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord blushed, “Compared to you, I’m still far behind...”

Just then, the mournful melody of the palace-dressed woman's vengeful spirit suddenly turned urgent!

Countless translucent sonic blades appeared in the air, shooting towards the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord like a torrential rain.

Even more strangely, these sonic blades didn't attack in a straight line, but rather zigzagged and twisted in the air like living things, sealing off all escape routes.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord frowned slightly, about to withstand the attack, when a crimson-gold light screen suddenly unfolded in front of him.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The sonic blades crashed into the light screen, erupting in dense explosions. The light screen trembled violently, but remained unbroken.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord turned his head and saw that the Earth Fire Ancestor had appeared beside him at some point. His withered right hand was pressed forward, and a slowly rotating crimson-gold fire lotus floated in his palm.

The light screen was the protective true flame released by the fire lotus.

"Don't be careless,

" the Earth Fire Ancestor said calmly, his turbid eyes looking at the vengeful spirit of the woman in palace attire. "These ancient vengeful spirits were at least at the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm in their previous lives, and some may even have been at the Upper Immortal Realm. Although they have been eroded by time and their strength is now only a fraction of what it was, they still retain their fighting instincts and special supernatural abilities."

Before he finished speaking, the vengeful spirit of the woman in palace attire suddenly stopped humming, raised her head, and stared at the Earth Fire Ancestor with her empty eyes.

The next moment, she gently tapped the broken jade hairpin in her hand.

In the void, a black line as thin as a hair silently appeared, and with a speed beyond divine sense, it pierced straight for the Earth Fire Ancestor's brow!

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The black lines weren't physical entities, but rather... spatial rifts!

This vengeful spirit, in its lifetime, was a master of spatial manipulation!

The Earth Fire Ancestor's pupils constricted slightly, but he didn't panic.

He formed a hand seal with his left hand and uttered an ancient syllable:

"Suppress."

A crimson-gold fire lotus burst forth!

Endless true earth fire erupted, condensing into a three-foot-thick crystal wall of flames before him.

Countless ancient flame runes flowed across the surface of the crystal wall, radiating a scorching heat that distorted space itself.

The black lines pierced the crystal wall, emitting a teeth-grinding "sizzle."

The spatial rift and the true earth fire clashed fiercely, the crystal wall thinning at a visible rate, but the black lines also rapidly dimmed.

Finally, when only a thin layer remained of the crystal wall, the black lines completely dissipated.

The Earth Fire Ancestor remained motionless.

The palace-dressed woman's vengeful spirit was also suffering; her form became mostly illusory, and the broken jade hairpin in her arms shattered completely with a "crack."

"Ancestor, don't even think about it, I'll handle this!"

David moved.

He stepped out of the protective range of the Heart-Cleansing Soul-Suppressing Array, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn with a clang!

There were no fancy moves, no grand display, just a straight thrust.

On the sword, the Chaotic Immortal Power, the Golden Dragon Bloodline, and the Earth Fire True Flame—three forces perfectly merged, transforming into a gray sword aura mixed with golden-red light.

The sword aura was condensed to its extreme, only three feet long, yet it exuded a terrifying pressure that could change the color of heaven and earth.

The palace-dressed woman's vengeful spirit seemed to sense a fatal threat, letting out a sharp shriek, her body retreating rapidly, while her hands frantically formed hand seals, creating layers upon layers of gray-white barriers in front of her.

But it was useless.

Wherever the chaotic sword aura passed, the gray-white barriers shattered like paper. The sword energy pierced straight into the vengeful spirit's brow, exiting from the back of her head!

The palace-dressed woman's vengeful spirit froze, the ghostly fire in her eyes rapidly dimming.

She looked down at the sword wound on her chest, then looked up at David, a hint of...relief appearing on her blurred face.

Then, she vanished into thin air.

David sheathed his sword and stood there, his brows slightly furrowed.

, he clearly felt that the Chaos Immortal Power resonated with the core of the vengeful spirit when it touched it.

It wasn't simple restraint, but more like... analyzing, devouring, absorbing and assimilating some kind of "fragment of rules" remaining within the vengeful spirit.

"Chaos Immortal Power can evolve into all laws, and it can also return all laws to nothingness..."

David suddenly understood.

These ancient vengeful spirits had existed for countless years because their lingering obsessions combined with the special rules of the ancient battlefield, forming a distorted "pseudo-rule."

And Chaos Immortal Power, as the source of all rules, could precisely break and absorb this pseudo-rule.

In other words—in this ancient battlefield, his Chaos Immortal Power might be even stronger than outside!

"Be careful! They're coming again!"

Su Qianyue's exclamation interrupted David's thoughts.

From all directions, more vengeful spirits were surging in frantically.

Among them appeared three vengeful spirit kings whose aura was no weaker than that of a woman in palace attire; a vengeful spirit wielding a broken battle axe; a vengeful spirit draped in a kasaya with a hideous knife scar on its neck; and a monstrous vengeful spirit entirely pieced together from countless fragments of weapons.

Even more troublesome was that these vengeful spirits seemed thoroughly enraged by the previous battle. They no longer charged blindly but began to coordinate in an organized manner.

The vengeful spirit wielding weapons led hundreds of vengeful spirits in a battle formation, advancing step by step; the vengeful spirit wielding weapons

sat cross-legged in the void, chanting some strange scripture, a layer of gray-black Buddhist light enveloping the army of vengeful spirits, greatly increasing their defense;

the monstrous vengeful spirit wielding weapons acted like a war fortress, its body shooting out countless rusty sword fragments, sweeping in like a metal storm!

"Form the 'Seven Star Demon Subduing Formation'!" Master Xuanwei gritted his teeth and shouted.

Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue quickly returned to their positions, forming a triangle with Xuanwei Zhenren. Their auras were linked, and a brilliant azure light emanated from them, condensing into seven dazzling star-like phantoms in the void.

The stars rotated, scattering beams of clear light, temporarily blocking the surging vengeful spirits.

However, this formation consumed a great deal of energy; blood was already trickling from Xuanwei Zhenren's lips, indicating he couldn't hold out much longer.

Chiyun Demon Lord and Dihuo Ancestor were also entangled by the other two vengeful spirit kings, unable to break free.

David took a deep breath, a resolute glint in his eyes.

He sheathed his sword, his hands forming a strange hand seal in front of his chest—a divine power he had comprehended from the inheritance of Chaos Immortal Power but had never truly used.

"Chaos... Return to Nothingness."

The four words floated out, and David's aura suddenly changed.

No longer sharp as a sword, no longer fiery as fire, but a... a void that seemed to devour and annihilate everything.

Centered on him, the space within a radius of a hundred feet began to distort and blur, its color rapidly fading, turning into a hazy, chaotic gray area.