

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6339

The Hall of Judgment!

When the Venerable Judgment received the news, he was resting with his eyes closed in the main hall of the Hall of Judgment.

"Hall Master! Something terrible has happened!" A divine cultivator stumbled in, knelt on the ground, and trembled all over.

The Venerable Judgment opened his eyes. "Speak."

"Our men sent to attack the Sirius Tribe have all been wiped out, and three elders at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm are also dead."

The cultivator said!

"What?" The Venerable Judgment's face was full of disbelief.

Even he might not be a match for three elders working together, how could they be dead?

"It was David, who led the Shadow Hall, the Loose Cultivator Alliance, and the people of the Nether Moon Kingdom to help, and our men were all wiped out."

The cultivator explained! The

Venerable Judgment remained silent for a long time.

His fingers tapped lightly on the armrest, making a rhythmic sound.

The sound echoed in the empty hall, like the tolling of a death knell.

“David...you’ve cost me a deputy hall master, a spirit beast from the Soul Abyss, over a hundred cultivators, a Soul Gathering Grass, three elders, and three thousand soldiers.”

His voice was soft, as if he were talking to himself. “You will pay the price.”

“And those who opposed me, I’ll make them all pay the price...”

He stood up and walked out of the hall. His

golden robes fluttered in the wind.

In his hand, he held a golden longsword, its blade shimmering with dazzling holy light.

Behind him followed a thousand elite members of the Divine Race.

Each one was a True Immortal Realm expert of at least the fourth rank.

“Go to the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.”

...

David was recuperating in the Heavenly Wolf Tribe’s camp.

The wounds on his back and left rib had scabbed over, but were not yet fully healed.

His Chaos Power was mostly depleted and needed time to recover.

But he had no time.

"David!" Lang Hao rushed into the tent, his face ashen. "The Judgment Venerable is here!"

David stood up and walked out of the tent.

On the distant horizon, golden light was beginning to shine.

That wasn't sunlight, it was holy light, the holy light of the Arbiter Venerable.

The light was so dazzling it was blinding, dyeing the entire sky gold.

David's eyes narrowed slightly.

Eighth Rank True Immortal.

The number one person in the Fifteenth Heaven.

He's here.

"Everyone, step back." David's voice was calm. "This is between him and me."

Lang Hao wanted to say something, but meeting David's calm eyes, he swallowed his words. "Be careful."

David smiled, leaped into the air, transforming into a purple streak of light, and flew towards the Arbiter Venerable.

The Arbiter Venerable stood in the void, his golden robes fluttering in the wind.

In his hand he held a golden longsword, its blade shimmering with dazzling holy light.

Behind him stood a thousand elite members of the Divine Race.

He watched David fly towards him, a slight smile playing on his lips. "David, you've finally come."

David stopped a hundred feet away from him, purple chaotic power flowing around him.

"Arbiter Venerable, you've finally decided to show yourself." David sneered!

The Venerable Judge narrowed his eyes. "You killed my Vice Hall Master, destroyed my Soul Abyss, stole my crystals, killed my elders, and annihilated my army. David, do you think you can leave alive?"

David smiled.

"You think you can kill me?" David's tone was utterly disdainful.

The Judgment Venerable remained silent.

He raised his golden longsword and slashed down.

The golden sword light transformed into a hundred-foot-long blade of light, slashing towards David.

Wherever the blade passed, space was torn apart, revealing a pitch-black rift.

The power of this sword strike was stronger than the combined power of the three elders.

David did not dodge.

He raised his right hand, and chaotic fire condensed in his palm, transforming into a purple fire sword.

The fire sword collided with the golden blade of light.

Boom!

The two forces collided, unleashing a deafening roar.

The entire world trembled; rocks on the ground shattered, air was torn apart, and space was distorted and deformed.

In the distant Sirius tribe camp, everyone felt that terrifying pressure.

Some people's legs went weak and they collapsed to the ground; some turned and ran; some people's hands gripping their weapons trembled like leaves.

David was blasted back dozens of feet, his tiger's mouth split open, and blood flowed down the hilt of his sword.

A trickle of blood escaped from the corner of his mouth.

The power of the Judgment Venerable was stronger than he had imagined.

An eighth-grade True Immortal was not someone he could easily contend with.

But he did not retreat.

He wiped the blood from his mouth and gripped his fire sword tightly.

"Again."

The Judgment Venerable's eyes lit up.

"Interesting." He swung his sword again, golden sword light pouring down like a torrential rain, each strike enough to kill a seventh-grade True Immortal.

David gritted his teeth and met the attack head-on.

The purple fire sword clashed with the golden sword light, each collision unleashing a deafening roar.

New wounds were constantly being added to his body, golden blood splattering in the air.

But he did not retreat. His fire sword grew faster and more ferocious.

The two fought from the sky to the ground, and from the ground to the sky.

Within a hundred miles, no one dared to approach.

The elite of the Divine Race and the warriors of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe stood at a distance, watching the two beams of light collide in the sky, their eyes filled with shock.

Golden sword beams rained down like a torrential downpour, each accompanied by a sharp whistling sound that tore through space, densely enveloping David.

The purple fire sword in his hand danced into an impenetrable wall of light, each collision unleashing a blinding golden-purple aura.

The roar shook the heavens and earth, even scattering the distant clouds to reveal a sky stained dark purple by the flames of war.

David's toes touched the void, his figure weaving through the sword beams like a ghost.

Chaotic fire spread along the fire sword, scorching and melting away the golden sword beams in its path, turning them into countless tiny specks of light.

But the Judgment Venerable's attacks were too swift; the spiritual power of an eighth-grade True Immortal was like a surging river, continuously pouring into the longsword.

The power of the sword beams grew stronger and stronger, each one carving a trench several feet deep into the ground.

Debris flew, dust billowed, and the already dilapidated Tianlang tribe camp was further razed to the ground.

“Drink!”

the Arbiter roared, raising his longsword high above his head, his holy light surging violently.

Golden light coalesced into a gigantic sword a thousand feet long, its blade inscribed with the supreme runes of the divine race. As the runes flowed, they emanated a world-destroying pressure.

“Sword of Arbitration, slay all heretics!”

The thousand-foot sword of light, with the force of Mount Tai crashing down, slammed down towards David.

The air along its path was completely sucked away, forming a pitch-black vacuum, where even light was distorted and swallowed.

David’s expression was solemn, his chaotic power surging wildly within him, purple light bursting forth from his body.

Chaotic fire and the essence of lightning intertwined, transforming into a ten-thousand-foot-long purple-gold fire dragon.

The fire dragon bared its fangs and roared as it charged towards the sword of light. The roar was so deafening that it caused eardrums to bleed, and even the cultivators watching from afar couldn’t help but cover their ears, trembling all over.

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“Boom!”

The moment the fire dragon collided with the lightsaber, the world seemed to freeze for a split second.

Immediately afterward, a devastating shockwave swept across the area. Centered on the point of impact, the ground within a hundred miles instantly collapsed, forming a massive crater.

Within the crater, magma churned, and black smoke billowed into the sky, dyeing half the sky a dark red.

A howling wind whipped up countless fragments of rock, raining them down like a meteor shower.

Lang Hao, Yun Xi, and the others hurriedly activated their spiritual power to form shields.

Even so, they were forced back by the shockwave, blood trickling from their lips, their eyes filled with disbelief and shock.

"This...is this the power of an eighth-grade True Immortal? It's terrifying..."

The cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance were pale, their legs weak, some even collapsing to the ground.

Looking at the two intertwined figures in the sky, their eyes were filled with awe and fear.

Ying Wuji clenched his fists, black demonic energy surging around him, yet he dared not advance.

He knew that in a battle of this level, even being caught in the aftershocks would result in instant annihilation.

Feng Qingzi frowned, his broken sword trembling slightly, thinking to himself: David's strength already far surpasses that of cultivators at the same level, but the power of the Judgment Venerable still exceeded everyone's expectations.

In the sky, David was thrown backward by the shockwave, spitting out a mouthful of golden blood.

The wound on his back reopened, blood staining his cyan robe, and the chaotic power around him dimmed slightly.

But he did not fall, his figure stabilizing in the void, gripping his fire sword tightly, the light in his eyes growing sharper, like burning flames.

"Judgment Venerable, is this all you've got?" David sneered.

The Judgment Venerable was also not in good shape; his giant light sword was shattered by the fire dragon, and he was thrown back dozens of feet.

A tear appeared on his golden robe, and a trace of golden blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

A flicker of surprise crossed his eyes: "I didn't expect that someone at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm could withstand my full-force attack. David, you are indeed extraordinary."

Before he finished speaking, the Judgment Venerable's figure flashed, instantly appearing before David.

His longsword, carrying a sharp holy light, pierced straight for David's heart, its speed reaching its limit, leaving only a golden afterimage. David's pupils contracted sharply. He dodged to the side, while simultaneously sweeping his fire sword, the purple-gold flames slashing

towards the Judgment Venerable's waist. The Judgment Venerable flipped his wrist, his longsword parrying, the golden and purple lights colliding again. The two were locked in combat, their figures rapidly intertwining in the void, too fast to see clearly, only streaks of interwoven golden and purple light and the deafening sounds of their collisions could be seen. David's chaotic power countered all attributes; each collision corroded the Judgment Venerable's holy light, causing his spiritual power to be consumed even faster. However,

the Judgment Venerable's realm was ultimately a notch higher, his spiritual power profound, and his swordsmanship exquisite. Every strike aimed directly at David's vitals, each move potentially fatal. David, relying on his agile movements and the unpredictable nature of the chaotic power, constantly dodged and counterattacked. Each time the fire sword struck the Judgment Venerable, it left a burning wound, while David was also constantly struck by the holy light, his wounds multiplying. Golden blood flowed down his body, dripping into the void, transforming into streaks of golden light that dissipated in the wind. On the first day, the two fought from dawn till dusk. The golden-purple light in the sky never ceased, the roaring sounds shaking heaven and earth. Within a radius of a hundred miles, life was ravaged, vegetation withered, leaving only a scorched ruin. Lang Hao, Yun Xi, and the others remained at a distance, not daring to relax their vigilance in the slightest. They watched David, covered in wounds, yet still refusing to retreat, feeling both heartache and admiration. Yun Xi gripped her ghost blade tightly, wanting to rush forward to help several times, but was stopped by Lang Hao each time. "Don't go! We'll only hinder David. Trust him!"

In the dead of night, high in the sky, two figures continued their fierce battle.

The Arbiter's holy light had dimmed considerably, his breathing had become rapid, and his wounds were multiplying, golden blood staining most of his robes.

But his eyes remained sharp, and his sword still wielded with incredible speed.

David's chaotic power was greatly depleted; his face was as pale as paper, the wounds on his back and left rib were mangled and bloody, and even his sword-wielding hand trembled slightly.

But his eyes remained resolute, the purple-gold flames stubbornly burning on his fire sword, showing no sign of extinguishing.

"David, you can't hold on any longer. Surrender, and I can give you a quick death!"

The Arbiter's voice carried a hint of weariness, yet remained full of arrogance.

David sneered, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, and charged forward again.

"If you want me to surrender, you'll have to die!"

The next day, the battle intensified.

The Arbiter no longer held back, activating a forbidden secret technique of the gods.

His body radiated holy light, his hair turned golden, his eyes also turned golden, and his aura surged once more, reaching the peak of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

The longsword in his hand transformed into a golden stream of light, each strike containing forbidden power.

Space was torn apart, revealing numerous dark cracks from which terrifying spatial turbulence emanated.

Seeing this, David no longer held back.

Chaotic power transformed into a purplish-gray longsword, upon which flowed a strange and powerful spatial aura.

The purplish-gray longsword, imbued with spatial power, slashed towards the Judgment Venerable, distorting space and slowing time wherever it passed.

The Judgment Venerable's expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly swung his sword to block.

The three beams of light—gold, purple, and gray—collided, unleashing a shockwave even more powerful than before.

The crater, spanning a hundred miles in radius, expanded again, spewing forth magma and forming small volcanoes, billowing black smoke that blotted out the sky.

The spectators in the distance were terrified by this terrifying battle.

Many cultivators collapsed to the ground, their bodies ice-cold, unable to hold on any longer.

Lang Hao sustained several new wounds, caught in the aftershocks of the battle.

He stared intently at the sky, his eyes filled with worry.

"It's been two days. David's chaotic power is almost exhausted. The Judgment Venerable isn't doing well either, but at this rate, David will eventually succumb."

Yun Xi remained silent, a tear welling in her eyes, yet she didn't back down.

She knew David was fighting for everyone.

All she could do was guard this place, preventing anyone from disturbing this epic duel.

Late the next night, the battle between the two continued.

Only their movements had slowed considerably, and their auras grew increasingly weak.

David's chaotic power was almost depleted; not a single wound on his body remained unhealed.

Golden blood dripped continuously from his body, his figure swaying precariously in the void, yet he still gripped his purplish-gray longsword tightly, refusing to fall.

The Judgment Venerable was in no better shape.

The side effects of the forbidden technique began to appear. His body started to tremble slightly, the holy light dimmed to its lowest point, and the wounds on his body continued to worsen. Every swing of his sword came at a great cost.