

# A Man Like None Other Novel

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## Chapter 5398

The White Tiger Valley Master said in a low voice, “A ninth-rank demon cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm is considered the pinnacle of the younger generation. Leng Yun is a small realm behind him, making victory extremely difficult.”

On the battlefield, Leng Yun’s face grew increasingly pale.

While the Nine Frost Sky Styles were powerful, each one consumed a vast amount of spiritual energy. Mu Baiyi’s demonic energy seemed boundless, and his attacks intensified.

“Ninth Style: Frost Sky Break!”

Leng Yun roared, channeling the last of his spiritual energy into his longsword. The sword transformed into a massive ice dragon, lunging at Mu Baiyi with bared fangs and claws.

This was his strongest attack, his final trump card.

A solemn look flashed across Mu Baiyi’s eyes, and then a cruel smile curled his lips.

He plunged his spear into the ground, forming hand seals: “Demon Shadow Devouring Soul!”

Black demonic energy surged from his body, condensing into countless twisted shadows that tangled with the ice dragon.

Though the ice dragon was powerful, the shadows, like maggots on its tarsal bones, continuously ate away at its body, soon devouring it to pieces.

“Puff!”

Leng Yun spat out a mouthful of blood, his body teetering on the brink of collapse. With

The ice dragon was destroyed, his spiritual power completely depleted.

Mu Baiyi slowly approached Leng Yun, spear pointed at his throat: “I told you, ranking on the Martial Arts Ranking is garbage.”

“Stop!”

Wu Yue couldn't help but shout, but was stopped by Wu Hao.

Wu Hao's face was grim: “This is a fair duel; we can't interfere.”

Leng Yun gritted his teeth and struggled to his feet, but found himself powerless.

He met Mu Baiyi's icy gaze, filled with resentment, yet helpless.

“Die!”

Mu Baiyi thrust his spear forward, piercing Leng Yun's heart with a deadly aura.

At this critical moment, a golden light suddenly shot out from the direction of Leiyin Temple. With a clang, it struck the spear, deflecting it.

Startled, Mu Baiyi turned to see David standing at the entrance of Leiyin Temple, gazing at him coldly. “David!” Xue Wuying gritted his teeth, a flicker of fear in his eyes. Mu Baiyi frowned.

“Who are you? How dare you ruin my good deeds!” David ignored him and flashed to Leng Yun's side, injecting a stream of dragon power into him. Leng Yun suddenly felt a warmth throughout his body, and his strength gradually returned. “Thank you, fellow Daoist,” Leng Yun said gratefully.

David nodded and turned to look at Mu Baiyi. “It's just a duel, why kill me?” Mu Baiyi snorted coldly, “Losers don't deserve to survive.” “Really?” David's eyes darkened, and a powerful aura emanated from him.

“Then I'll see if you have the ability to make me die too.” Mu Baiyi's heart trembled. He could sense that David's aura was strong, even stronger than his own. But he was, after all, a ninth-rank demon cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm, and he wasn't one to be intimidated. He gripped his spear tightly, eyeing David warily.

“Do you want to stand up for him?” “Not for him, but I don't want to see anyone slaughter innocent people in front of me,” David said calmly. “If you want to continue the competition, I can play along.” Mu Baiyi was about to agree, but Soul Devourer stopped him. Soul Devourer looked at David, a hint of doubt in his eyes. “

Are you from the Dragon Clan?” “It's none of your business,” David said coldly. Soul Devourer smiled and said, “Interesting! After ten thousand years, a dragon clan member has appeared in the Sixth Heaven. However, today's duel is not over yet. If you want to fight, wait until our people have finished fighting.”

David glanced at Wu Hao, and when Wu Hao nodded, he stepped aside. Leng Yun also tactfully returned to the halfway point of the mountain. Mu Baiyi glanced at David with a smug look, then shouted to the monks halfway up the hill, "Who else wants to come up and die?" The monks halfway up the hill looked at each other, and no one dared to step forward easily.

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## Chapter 5399

Leng Yun was already fifth on the Martial Arts Ranking. Even he had lost so miserably, so anyone else would only die in vain.

Wu Hao, watching the scene before him, felt extremely anxious.

If no one could defeat Mu Baiyi, they would have no choice but to hand over the sacrificial manual as agreed and leave the Sixth Heaven. His gaze swept over the crowd, finally landing on Zi Yuan.

Zi Yuan was standing in the crowd at this moment, her expression calm, but a determined light flickered in her eyes.

She felt Wu Hao's gaze, looked up at him, and nodded.

"Zi Yuan, I'll leave it to you," Wu Hao said softly.

Zi Yuan flashed and arrived at the center of the battlefield.

She looked at Mu Baiyi and said calmly, "I'll play with you."

Mu Baiyi's eyes flashed with surprise at the sight of Ziyuan, then turned to disdain. "So it's a woman? Looks like you're truly out of options."

Ziyuan wasn't angry, but simply looked at him quietly. "Whether we're out of options or not, we'll know after we fight."

"Alright, I'll show you how powerful I am."

Mu Baiyi gripped his spear tightly and charged at Ziyuan.

Ziyuan dodged Mu Baiyi's attack with a flick of her wrist.

A cyan longsword had appeared in her hand, and the sword was wielded with a refreshing aura, a stark contrast to Mu Baiyi's demonic energy.

“Huh?” Mu Baiyi was startled. “You’re also a ninth-grade Earthly Immortal?”

Ziyuan didn’t respond, but instead attacked.

The longsword, like a green snake emerging from a cave, pierced Mu Baiyi’s throat. Mu Baiyi quickly drew back his spear to block, and the two instantly engaged.

The sharp clang of metal clashing echoed through the valley as the cyan blade and the black spear collided.

Zi Yuan’s sword moves were swift and graceful, like a swallow soaring through the forest, each strike aimed squarely at Mu Baiyi’s weak points. Meanwhile, Mu Baiyi’s spear technique was fierce and domineering, imbued with a sinister demonic aura, each strike deadly.

“What a swift sword!” the cultivators

halfway up the mountain exclaimed in amazement.

Zi Yuan’s speed was even faster than Leng Yun’s, and her sword moves were even more refined, evidently a testament to her years of practice.

Wu Hao breathed a sigh of relief, “Zi Yuan’s strength has indeed increased considerably. It seems she has a chance of victory.”

The White Tiger Valley Master nodded in agreement, “This girl’s swordsmanship is formidable, and her spiritual energy is pure, without a trace of impurity. It’s clearly an authentic Taoist technique.

While Mu Baiyi’s demonic aura is overwhelming, defeating her will likely be difficult.”

On the battlefield, the two had already exchanged dozens of rounds, with no clear winner.

Mu Baiyi’s expression grew increasingly solemn. He had initially assumed Zi Yuan was merely an ordinary ninth-rank Earth Immortal cultivator, but he hadn’t expected her to be so formidable.

“It seems I underestimated you!”

Mu Baiyi snorted coldly, flinging his spear into the air. He formed hand seals, “Demonic flames surge!”

Black demonic energy surged from his body, coalescing behind him into a vast sea of fire, within which the wailing of countless wronged souls could be vaguely heard.

The sea of fire swept towards Ziyuan, scorching the ground wherever it passed.

Ziyuan's expression froze, and she swung her sword. "Qinglan Shield!"

Cyan spiritual energy coalesced before her into a massive shield, covered in fine lines and emitting a faint azure glow.

The sea of fire collided with the Qinglan Shield, sizzling and sending countless black sparks flying.

"Break it!"

Mu Baiyi roared, increasing his demonic energy. The sea of fire grew in power, and the lines on the Qinglan Shield gradually began to blur.

Fine beads of sweat oozed from Zi Yuan's forehead. She could sense the strangeness of Mu Baiyi's demonic energy. Not only was it overbearing, but it also carried a corrosive force that constantly eroded her spiritual energy.

"No more passive defense,"

Zi Yuan thought to herself. She suddenly withdrew the Qinglan Shield and, in a flash, rushed towards Mu Baiyi like an arrow from a bow.