

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 5401

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Chapter 5401

Xue Wuying discerned Soul Devourer's thoughts and whispered in his ear, "Master, we still have men. We can continue the fight. If we win, we can still force them to hand over the sacrificial manual."

Soul Devourer nodded and addressed the demonic cultivators, "Who else is willing to challenge?"

The demonic cultivators were silent for a moment, and then a figure flashed and arrived at the center of the battlefield.

This was a young man in a black robe. His face was covered by a mask, obscuring his features, revealing only a pair of cold eyes.

"I'll do it,"

The young man's voice was hoarse and deep.

Zi Yuan looked at the young man before her, her heart trembling.

She could sense an aura from him that was even stronger than Mu Baiyi's, and eerie, as if it came from hell.

"Who are you?" Zi Yuan asked.

"You don't need to know,"

The young man said coldly. "Go ahead."

Zi Yuan didn't hesitate, longsword in hand, and attacked again.

The longsword was like a green snake emerging from a cave, piercing the young man's throat.

The young man swayed and easily avoided Zi Yuan's attack.

He was faster than Mu Baiyi, and his movements were very strange, as if he was not affected by gravity.

“Huh?”

Zi Yuan was startled and hurriedly adjusted her sword moves, attacking the young man again.

The young man still easily avoided Zi Yuan’s attacks and occasionally launched counterattacks.

His attacks were very strange, without any fixed moves, but each one directly targeted Zi Yuan’s weaknesses.

Zi Yuan gradually fell into a disadvantage; her breathing became increasingly rapid, and her face grew paler and paler.

After the fierce battle with Mu Baiyi just now, she had consumed a lot of her spiritual energy, and now, facing a stronger opponent, she was a little powerless.

“Zi Yuan is in danger!”

Wu Hao said anxiously. David also frowned. He could sense the youth’s immense strength, and the eerie aura he exuded was unlike that of an ordinary demon cultivator.

On the battlefield, the youth’s attacks intensified, forcing Zi Yuan back repeatedly. Several wounds appeared on her body, and blood stained her clothes.

“It’s time to end this,” the youth declared coldly. A black dagger suddenly materialized in his hand, emanating a thick aura of death, and pierced Zi Yuan’s heart.

A flicker of despair flashed in Zi Yuan’s eyes; she no longer had the strength to dodge. Just as the dagger was about to pierce her heart, a stream of golden spiritual energy suddenly shot out from the side, clanging and striking the dagger, deflecting it. Simultaneously, a figure flashed, blocking Zi Yuan’s path.

He looked at Ziyuan’s wounds, a flicker of anger in his eyes. “Are you okay?” Ziyuan shook her head. “I’m fine, thank you.” David nodded, then turned to the young man in the black robe, his eyes as cold as a thousand-year-old ice.

“You dare to hurt her? You’re courting death!” The young man looked at David with a flicker of fear, but he forced himself to remain calm. “This is a duel between our demon cultivators and them.

Why are you meddling?" "A duel?" David sneered. "When Mu Baiyi wanted to kill Leng Yun, why didn't you say it was a duel? Now you want to kill Ziyuan, so why can't I intervene?"

The young man was speechless, unsure what to say. Soul Devourer, seeing this, said coldly, "You want to intervene?" "You don't need me now. When I do, you'll be dead!" David said, supporting Ziyuan as they walked back.

The young man could only watch, not daring to take action. David's aura intimidated him. Ziyuan leaned against David's shoulder, deeply moved. No man had ever treated her like this before.

If there weren't so many people, Zi Yuan would have given herself to David right then and there. David had helped her so much, and she had no way to repay him, so she could only repay him with her own body.

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David helped Zi Yuan retreat to the camp, and Wu Hao immediately sent for healing elixirs.

After taking the elixir, Zi Yuan's spiritual power gradually returned, but she still looked at the black-robed youth on the battlefield with a wary look.

The black-robed youth, who had been silenced by David's rebuke, saw Zi Yuan being escorted away. He was filled with anger and fear, but he didn't dare to confront David. Instead, he directed his rage at the Sixth Heaven cultivators, shouting hoarsely, "A bunch of cowards! Just won a match, and you're so proud of yourself? Who else dares to come out and die?"

His words pierced the cultivators' hearts like a needle, and the morale that had just risen with Zi Yuan's victory plummeted.

Leng Yun's face flushed red as he tried to advance again, but was held back by those around him. His spiritual power hadn't yet recovered, and advancing would only add to his defeat.

Just as the camp fell silent, a hearty laugh suddenly rang out: "How dare you, young demon cultivator, speak so arrogantly? Let me confront you!"

Before the words had even finished, a crimson figure leaped into the center of the battlefield like a raging fire, sending up a cloud of dust as it landed.

The newcomer was a burly figure, dressed in crimson garb, a broadsword slung from his waist, and a savage smile on his face. It was none other than Han Lie, the “Red Flame Blade,” ranked third on the Martial Ranking.

“It’s Han Lie!

” A cry of surprise suddenly echoed from the mountainside. “The third-ranked Red Flame Blade has finally made his move!

” “Han Lie reached the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm many years ago, even stronger than Zi Yuan just now. That black-robed demon cultivator is doomed!”

“Great! We can finally teach these arrogant demon cultivators a lesson!”

The cultivators chattered with anticipation, and even Wu Hao’s face showed a hint of relief.

Han Lie was renowned among the younger generation of the Sixth Heaven for his fierce fighting prowess. His “Red Flame Sword Technique” was unparalleled in its power, having once cleaved a cliff a thousand feet in half with a single blow. His strength far surpassed Leng Yun’s.

The black-robed young man, observing the powerful aura emanating from Han Lie, a glint of solemnity flashed in his eyes, but his words remained unforgiving: “Another one seeking death? All the same, let me finish him off!”

“Stop talking nonsense and give me your life!”

Han Lie’s eyes blazed with fighting intent, and he suddenly drew the broadsword from his waist.

The instant the blade

was unsheathed, a scorching aura washed over him, and a faint flame condensed on the blade. This was the Red Flame Blade’s innate spiritual power—the Burning Heaven Flame.

The black-robed youth, fearing complacency, formed seals with his hands, and demonic energy swirled around him. He quickly condensed into two black scimitars, hovering at his sides.

“Take it!”

he shouted. The two black blades, like two dark shadows, pierced Han Lie’s heart with a sharp, air-piercing sound.

Han Lie sneered and swung his blades to block.

With two crisp clangs, the black blades were cleaved by the Red Flame Blade, their demonic energy instantly incinerated by the Burning Heaven Flame.

The black-robed youth was startled, having not expected Han Lie's power to be so formidable. He quickly controlled the black blades and attacked again.

This time, the black blades no longer moved in a straight line but circled in the air like two black bats, attacking Han Lie from all angles.

Han Lie, however, remained unfazed. His Red Flame Blade danced impenetrably in his hands, forming a wall of fire that blocked every attack.

"Is that all you're capable of?"

Han Lie laughed heartily. Suddenly, he leaped up, gripping the blade with both hands and slashing down fiercely: "Red Flame Blade Technique, First Form – Blazing Flames!"

The moment the blade fell, countless flames erupted from the blade, sweeping towards the black-robed youth like a tidal wave.

Wherever the flames passed, the ground was instantly charred black, and even the air became incredibly scorching. The black-robed youth's expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly summoned all his demonic energy to condense into a black shield.

"Bang!"

The flames collided with the shield, making a loud noise.

The black shield continued to melt under the flames, and blood flowed from the corner of the black-robed youth's mouth, clearly suffering internal injuries.

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"Impossible! How can your spiritual power be so strong?"

he roared in disbelief.

"Because you're too weak!"

Han Lie attacked again after landing, swinging his Red Flame Blade faster and faster. Shadows clung to the blade, each strike carrying the scorching power of the Burning Heaven Flame, forcing the black-robed youth back repeatedly.

“Red Flame Blade Technique Second Form—Burning Heaven Slash!”

Han Lie roared, the blade suddenly expanding to several feet in length. With devastating force, it slashed towards the black-robed youth.

The black-robed youth’s pupils constricted, knowing he couldn’t resist. He used all his might to block the two black blades.

“Crack!”

The black blade was instantly severed, and flames engulfed his body. The black-robed youth let out a shrill scream, his body struggling in the flames, and was soon incinerated into a ball of black ash.

“Brilliant!”

Deafening cheers erupted from the mountainside, and the cultivators brandished their weapons, their faces beaming with excitement.

“Han Lie is incredible! He reduced that demon cultivator to ash with a single strike!”

“I’ve always said the top three on the Martial Rankings weren’t in vain. These demon cultivators are no match for me!”

“Keep fighting! Take care of the remaining demon cultivators!”

Wu Hao couldn’t help but clap his hands and laugh. “Well done, Han Lie! You truly deserve to be number three on the Martial Rankings!”

Zi Yuan gazed at Han Lie in the center of the battlefield, her eyes lit up with admiration. She had just fought Mu Baiyi for over a hundred rounds before narrowly winning, yet Han Lie had dispatched the even stronger black-robed youth so swiftly and efficiently. His strength was truly unfathomable.

However, even as the cultivators rejoiced, a cold laugh echoed from the demon cultivator camp.

The Soul Devourer sat on the lion’s head, his hollow eye sockets scanning Han Lie. His tone was filled with undisguised sarcasm, “Interesting, but your abilities aren’t impressive enough.”

He slowly turned to look at the demon soul team behind him and said calmly, “Your turn.” As he finished speaking, a figure slowly emerged from the demon soul team.

Dressed in a dark robe, his face was handsome, yet pale. A faint soul mist lingered around him—clearly not a physical form, but a spirit.

He slowly walked toward the battlefield, each step leaving no trace on the ground. He was clearly a formidable figure among the hundred thousand demon souls. “Soul?” Han Lie frowned, a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

Souls lacked a physical body, making them difficult to damage with ordinary attacks. Furthermore, to maintain such a solid state in spirit form, their strength must be considerable. The cultivators halfway up the mountain also fell silent, their smiles gradually fading.

“It’s a soul-body demon cultivator! This is trouble! Soul-bodies are the most difficult to deal with!” “Han Lie’s Red Flame Blade is powerful, but its flames primarily burn physical bodies, so the damage to soul-bodies is likely limited.” “What should we do now? Are we going to lose?”

The black-robed young man walked to the center of the battlefield, bowed slightly to Han Lie, and spoke calmly, “I’m Zhao Mu, one of the Hundred Thousand Demon Souls. Your swordsmanship is exquisite, and I admire you.”

His voice was clear and cold, like the clashing of jade, a stark contrast to the hoarse voices of other demon cultivators. Han Lie dropped his smile, his expression solemn, “I’m Han Lie. Stop the nonsense and attack!”

He knew the difficulty of soul-bodies and dared not be careless. He channeled his spiritual energy to its fullest, and the flames on the Red Flame Blade burned even more vigorously. Zhao Mu nodded, his figure suddenly flashing, transforming into a shadow, and instantly appeared behind Han Lie.

Startled, Han Lie quickly turned and swung his sword, but missed—Zhao Mu’s figure had already vanished. “What a fast speed!” Han Lie was secretly shocked, and glanced around cautiously.

Souls are free from the constraints of a physical body, so their speed is much faster than that of ordinary cultivators. Zhao Mu’s speed is even more ridiculous, almost reaching the level of teleportation.

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At that moment, Zhao Mu’s voice boomed from above Han Lie: “Watch out!”

Han Lie looked up sharply to see Zhao Mu forming hand seals. Soul mist swirled around him, condensing into countless black soul needles that rained down upon Han Lie like a torrential rain.

Han Lie, undeterred, swung his sword

, creating a wall of fire. The soul needles collided with the wall with a sizzling sound, most of them incinerated by the flames, but a few still managed to penetrate and pierce through, piercing Han Lie.

Han Lie hurriedly channeled his spiritual energy to protect himself. The soul needles struck his spiritual shield with a soft thud. While they didn't break the shield, they did cause a disturbance in his spiritual energy.

"Soul bodies are indeed formidable!"

Han Lie gritted his teeth and launched his attack. He leaped up, blade in both hands, and slashed toward Zhao Mu

. "Red Flame Sword Technique, Third Form—Flame Dragon Emerges from the Sea!" The instant the blade fell, flames coalesced into a massive fire dragon, which lunged at Zhao Mu with bared fangs and claws. Zhao Mu remained calm, his form shifting once again into a shadow, dodging the dragon

. Simultaneously, he formed hand seals: "Soul Lock!" Countless black soul chains emerged from the soul mist, wrapping around the dragon like venomous snakes.

The dragon roared furiously, attempting to break free, only to find the chains tightening around it like maggots on its tarsal bones.

Soon, its struggles weakened, and it was finally completely bound, dissipating into tiny sparks in the air.

"What?"

Han Lie's pupils constricted, a look of disbelief on his face. "

Flame Dragon Emerges from the Sea" was his signature move, but he hadn't expected Zhao Mu to break it so easily.

Zhao Mu's voice rang out again: "Fellow Daoist Han Lie, your swordsmanship may be powerful, but it's useless against me. Admit defeat, or you'll bring humiliation upon yourself."

"Admit defeat? Impossible!"

Han Lie roared, charging at Zhao Mu once more.

This time, he abandoned his wide-area attacks, concentrating his spiritual energy on the blade, unleashing the most exquisite technique in the Red Flame Swordsmanship—"Pointing Flame."

A brilliant flame condensed from the tip of the Red Flame Blade, shooting towards Zhao Mu like a meteor.

This attack was incredibly fast and concentrated, making it difficult even for a spirit to dodge. A flicker of admiration flashed in Zhao Mu's eyes, yet he remained calm. With a flick of his right hand, the soul mist surrounding him coalesced into a spirit shield.

"Puff!"

The flames touched the spirit shield, causing it to dent, but it didn't shatter.

Zhao Mu's body swayed slightly, evidently impacted, but he quickly regained his composure.

"Nice move, but unfortunately, it's still not enough."

Zhao Mu said as he suddenly vanished again.

Han Lie's heart pounded with alarm, and he frantically looked around, but there was no sign of Zhao Mu.

Suddenly, he felt a chilling presence behind him. He thought to himself, "Oh no!" and quickly turned and swung his sword.

However, it was too late. Zhao Mu's palm had already pressed against Han Lie's back, and a chilling spirit power instantly surged into him.

Han Lie felt his entire body stiffen, his spiritual energy instantly disrupted, and the Scarlet Flame Blade fell to the ground with a clang. He tried to struggle, but found his body no longer responsive. He could only watch helplessly as Zhao Mu's hand rose again, aimed at his head.

"Han Lie!"

The cultivators halfway up the mountain cried out in alarm. Wu Hao leaped to his feet, wanting to step forward to help, but was stopped by David.

"Lord, this is their duel; we can't interfere."

David's voice was low, but a hint of worry flashed in his eyes.

He knew Han Lie had already lost, and even if he intervened, it would be futile. It would only betray the Soul Devourer and worsen the situation.

Han Lie looked at Zhao Mu's cold gaze, filled with resentment.

He had never been so embarrassed in his entire battle, but facing Zhao Mu's spirit form, his swordsmanship was completely hampered, and he couldn't even fight back.

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"I... lost." He uttered the three words with difficulty, closing his eyes and waiting for death to come.

However, the expected attack did not come.

Zhao Mu withdrew his hand and said calmly, "I won't kill you. Go back and tell your people not to overestimate their abilities."

Han Lie's eyes snapped open and he stared at Zhao Mu in disbelief.

He hadn't expected Zhao Mu to let him go, and for a moment, he froze in his tracks.

"Why don't you leave?"

Zhao Mu's voice was tinged with impatience.

Han Lie finally came to his senses, picked up the Red Flame Blade from the ground, and retreated awkwardly back to the monk camp.

He lowered his head, not daring to meet their gazes, his face filled with shame.

The monks halfway up the mountain were silent. The cheers and excitement had long since vanished, replaced by solemnity and fear.

Even Han Lie, ranked third on the Martial Ranking, suffered such a crushing defeat, and against a seemingly disadvantaged soul. This made everyone realize that the Demon Soul's strength far exceeded their imaginations.

"How could this happen? Han Lie actually lost..."

someone murmured, their voice filled with despair.

“Zhao Mu is too strong, the souls are no match for him. What should we do?”

“Are we really going to hand over the sacrificial manual and get out of the Sixth Heaven?”

Wu Hao’s expression grew extremely solemn. He looked at Zhao Mu, who stood calmly on the battlefield, then at the silent crowd around him, and a sense of powerlessness welled up in his heart.

He knew that sending more men would be futile, but he simply couldn’t accept defeat just yet—the people of the Divine Capital were still waiting for his revenge, and the beings of the Sixth Heaven were still waiting for his protection.

Zhao Mu stood in the center of the battlefield, his dark robe fluttering slightly in the mountain breeze, a shroud of soul mist lingering around him. His eyes swept coldly over the cultivator camp halfway up the mountain.

He said nothing, but his calm demeanor was more embarrassing than any mockery. Sorry, there was an error loading the chapter content. We were

Low laughter echoed from the demonic cultivator

camp. Soul Devourer stroking the lion’s mane with gusto, his hollow eyes filled with amusement.

“Anyone else dares to come?”

Zhao Mu finally spoke, his voice clear yet carrying an undeniable pressure. “If no one accepts the challenge, then surrender the sacrificial manual and leave the Sixth Heaven.”

The cultivators’ faces flushed and paled, but no one responded.

Han Lie, third on the martial arts list, had been defeated. Who among the younger generation could possibly stand up to Zhao Mu?

Many instinctively thought of Half-Beast King, number one on the martial arts list, but he was elusive and had vanished completely.

Despair surged through them like a tide, making even their breathing heavy.

Just then, a clear yet resolute voice rang out: “I will fight you!”

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw Zi Yuan emerging from the camp. Though her face was still pale, her eyes burned with an unyielding fire.

She had just taken a healing elixir, and her spiritual power had only recovered 30% to 40%. But seeing Zhao Mu's arrogant appearance, she simply couldn't sit idly by.

"Ziyuan, no!"

Wu Hao hurriedly intervened. "Your spiritual power hasn't recovered yet. You're no match for Zhao Mu!"

"Yes, Master Ziyuan, you've already won one battle. There's no need to take another risk!"

Ao Lie stepped forward to persuade her.

Han Lie's face was filled with guilt. "It's my incompetence that forced you to fight again. Please retreat quickly, and I'll find a solution!" Ziyuan

shook her head, breaking free from the crowd's obstruction, and walked towards the battlefield. "Thank you for your concern, but as a cultivator from the Divine Kingdom, how can I stand by and watch the demon cultivators act so arrogantly? Even if I die in battle, I will never let them underestimate us!"

As she spoke, she once again condensed the cyan longsword in her hand. Though her spiritual power wasn't as strong as before, it carried a resolute determination, ready to face death head-on.

Zhao Mu looked at Zi Yuan approaching, a hint of impatience flashing in his eyes. "Just because you luckily defeated Mu Baiyi just now, you think you are invincible? I advise you to go back; otherwise, you will end up with your soul torn to pieces."