

# A Man Like None Other Novel

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## Chapter 5406

“Stop talking nonsense and attack!”

Zi Yuan gripped her sword tightly, ready for battle.

Just as the two were about to strike, Taoist Wuji suddenly looked at David beside him and said, “David, are you confident you can defeat Zhao Mu?”

Everyone’s eyes instantly focused on David.

He was the only being with immeasurable power, and everyone’s last hope.

Zi Yuan also paused and turned to look at David, a hint of anticipation in her eyes.

David smiled slightly and shook his head. “I don’t have to do anything; someone will naturally take care of him,”

he said, looking up into the air, a meaningful smile curling his lips.

Puzzled, everyone followed his gaze and saw a golden streak suddenly appear in the sky, plummeting towards the battlefield like a meteorite.

The moment the light touched the ground, it stirred up a cloud of dust, and a tall figure emerged from it.

He was dressed in a golden brocade robe, his face handsome, and he exuded a powerful spiritual energy. It was none other than Fan Tianyou, the genius of the Divine Kingdom, ranked second on the Martial Arts Ranking!

He had long traveled through the Sixth Heaven, his whereabouts elusive, and it was unexpected that he would appear at this moment.

“Fan Tianyou!”

Wu Hao was surprised and happy, and hurried forward, “You are finally back!”

Fan Tianyou bowed to Wu Hao, his face full of guilt: “Your Majesty, please forgive me. I was traveling abroad and failed to get back to help in time, which led to the fall of the Divine City and the suffering of the people. I deserve to die!”

“It’s good that you’re back, it’s good that you’re back!”

Wu Hao patted his shoulder excitedly, “Now is the time to use people. It’s really God’s help that you can show up!”

Fan Tianyou stood up, his eyes swept across Zhao Mu on the battlefield, a cold light flashed in his eyes: “Your Majesty, don’t worry, I will kill this beast and avenge the people of the Divine City!”

As he said, he jumped and landed beside Ziyuan, and said softly: “Lord Ziyuan, thank you for your hard work, leave it to me next.”

Ziyuan looked at the spiritual power fluctuations on Fan Tianyou that far exceeded her own, knowing that he was no match for Zhao Mu, nodded, and retreated to the camp.  
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Zhao Mu looked at the sudden appearance of Fan Tianyou, a flicker of alarm in his eyes. “Who are you?”

“Fan Tianyou of the Divine Kingdom,”

Fan Tianyou said calmly, his spiritual energy slowly circulating, a golden glow as dazzling as the sun. “I’ve heard you’re quite powerful, so I’ve come to seek your advice.”

“Fan Tianyou, the second-best on the Martial Ranking?”

Zhao Mu frowned. Though suppressed for ten thousand years, he had heard of the Sixth Heaven Martial Ranking after his emergence. “Very well, let me see just how powerful the so-called second-best on the Martial Ranking is.”

Before he finished speaking, Zhao Mu’s figure flashed, transforming into a shadow again, instantly appearing behind Fan Tianyou. His palm, shrouded in a thick soul mist, struck him in the back.

This move was identical to the one he used against Han Lie, its speed exceedingly fast.

“Be careful!”

Zi Yuan couldn’t help but exclaim.

But Fan Tianyou, as if he had eyes on his back, calmly dodged to the side, simultaneously forming his right fist and smashing towards Zhao Mu, brimming with golden spiritual energy.

The fist whistled, carrying the sound of breaking through the air.

Zhao Mu was startled and quickly stepped back to avoid the punch.

He didn't expect Fan Tianyou's reaction to be so fast, more than a level stronger than Han Lie.

"Interesting."

A hint of fighting spirit flashed in Zhao Mu's eyes. He formed seals with his hands, and the soul mist around him rolled, condensing into countless black soul blades, which shot towards Fan Tianyou like a rainstorm.

Fan Tianyou snorted coldly, and the golden spiritual power around him surged, forming a huge light shield.

The soul blades hit the light shield, making a "ding-dang-dang" sound, but could not break it at all.

"Is that all you can do?"

Fan Tianyou sneered, in the same tone as Zhao Mu before.

He jumped up and formed seals with his hands: "The first move of the Golden Sky Divine Fist – Golden Light Breaking the Formation!"

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Golden spiritual energy coalesced into a massive fist in his hand, smashing down at Zhao Mu with devastating force.

Even before the fist reached him, a powerful pressure made Zhao Mu's breathing difficult.

Zhao Mu's face darkened, and he hurriedly mobilized the soul mist within his body to form a massive soul shield.

"Bang!"

The fist collided with the soul shield with a deafening roar.

The soul shield was instantly covered in cracks, and Zhao Mu was thrown back repeatedly, the black mist characteristic of the soul body emanating from his mouth.

“Impossible! How can your spiritual power be so strong?”

Zhao Mu roared in disbelief.

He could sense that Fan Tianyou’s spiritual power was not only powerful but also carried a sacred aura, possessing a strong suppressive effect on the soul body.

“Because you’re too weak!”

The same question and response emanated from Zhao Mu and Fan Tianyou!

After landing, Fan Tianyou attacked again, unleashing his Golden Sky Divine Fist, one blow after another, each one deadly.

Golden fist shadows surged toward Zhao Mu like a tide, forcing him to retreat.

An unprecedented fear welled up in Zhao Mu.

He had assumed Han Lie had reached the limit of his younger generation, but he hadn’t expected Fan Tianyou to be so formidable.

He attempted to repeat his old trick, exploiting Han Lie’s soul’s speed for a sneak attack, but Fan Tianyou’s perception far surpassed Han Lie’s, and no matter which direction he attacked, he would be detected.

“Golden Sky Divine Fist Third Form—Golden Thunder Soul Destruction!”

Fan Tianyou roared, and golden spiritual energy suddenly mingled with bursts of lightning, coalescing into a massive thunder fist that smashed down on Zhao Mu.

This punch was not only immensely powerful but also fatal to the soul.

Zhao Mu knew he couldn’t resist, so he used all his strength to gather his final soul shield.

“Crack!” The

soul shield shattered instantly, and the thunder fist struck Zhao Mu with a powerful blow.

He let out a shrill scream, his soul dissipating like a piece of burning paper, leaving behind only a wisp of black mist, which was quickly consumed by the lightning.

“Brilliant!”

Cheers erupted from the mountainside, even more intense than before. The cultivators brandished their weapons, their faces replaced by ecstasy.

“Fan Tianyou is incredible! He shattered Zhao Mu’s soul with a single punch!”

“Second on the Martial Arts Ranking is truly worthy of its reputation! Now let’s see how arrogant the demon cultivators can be!”

“Kill all the demon cultivators and recapture the Divine Capital!”

Wu Hao, watching Fan Tianyou calmly standing on the battlefield, was filled with tears of excitement. “Tianyou, well done! The Divine Kingdom thanks you!”

Zi Yuan also smiled with relief, her heart finally at ease.

Han Lie, his face filled with admiration, bowed to Fan Tianyou and said, “Brother Fan’s strength is unparalleled. I, Han, am ashamed of myself.”

The laughter in the demon cultivator camp abruptly ceased. The Soul Devourer’s face darkened, and a hint of murderous intent flashed in his hollow eyes.

He hadn’t expected such a formidable figure among the younger generation of the Sixth Heaven, which made his plan even more challenging.

Fan Tianyou looked up at Soul Devourer, a cold glint in his eyes. “Soul Devourer, it’s your turn next!”

As Fan Tianyou finished speaking, the battlefield fell silent.

Everyone’s eyes were fixed on Soul Devourer, awaiting the start of the ultimate duel.

However, Soul Devourer suddenly sneered, his laughter as piercing as a broken gong, filled with disdain.

“You little brat, you dare to be so presumptuous in front of me?”

Soul Devourer sat on the lion’s head, looking down at Fan Tianyou, his hollow eyes filled with mockery. “You’re not worthy enough for me to fight. Let my men play with you.” As

soon as he finished speaking, a figure slowly emerged from the ranks of demonic cultivators.

Clad in a purple gauze dress, their features were stunningly beautiful, yet exuded an uncanny aura. In their hands, they held a jet-black flute. It was Soul Devourer’s capable lieutenant—the Demonic Music Fairy Su Mei.

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Seeing that it was a female cultivator, Fan Tianyou frowned and said with a bit of disdain: "A good man does not fight with a woman, let's change to a man!"

"Brother Fan, don't be careless! This female demon cultivator doesn't look simple!"

Han Lie reminded hurriedly. But

the cultivators halfway up the mountain were in an uproar, shouting: "Fan Tianyou, don't be a coward! Kill this female demon cultivator!"

"It doesn't matter whether she is a man or a woman, as long as she is a demon cultivator, she should be killed!"

"Hurry up and do it, don't embarrass us in the Sixth Heaven!"

Su Mei heard the shouting of the crowd; not only was she not angry, but she showed a charming smile: "Since you are so anxious, then I will play with Master Fan."

She gently shook the flute in her hand, her voice soft but with a hint of coldness, "I am Su Mei, and I have come here to experience Master Fan's high skills."

Fan Tianyou saw that he could not refuse, so he could only snort coldly: "Since you don't know what is good for you, don't blame me for being ruthless!" The golden spiritual power around him circulated again, and he was ready for battle.

Su Mei didn't rush to attack. Instead, she gently brought the flute to her lips and began to play slowly. The melodious sound, tinged with a strange, magical aura, reached the crowd, sending many cultivators reeling and dazed.

"Oh no! There's something wrong with this flute!"

Taoist Wuji's face darkened, and he hurriedly warned, "Everyone, quickly channel your spiritual energy to resist!"

The cultivators reacted quickly, scrambling to protect their minds.

But Fan Tianyou, in the center of the battlefield, bore the brunt of the sound. His mind was in turmoil, his spiritual energy stagnates.

"Despicable! You're using such a shady trick!"

Fan Tianyou roared, forcing himself to calm his composure. He leaped up and lunged at Su Mei: "Golden Sky Divine Fist, Second Form—Golden Wind Sweeping Leaves!"

A golden fist shadow swept forward like a hurricane, bearing down on Su Mei's face.

Su Mei, however, continued to play the flute calmly, dodging the blow as lightly as willow catkins. At the same time, the flute

's music suddenly grew more rapid, countless black sound waves emanating from it, shooting towards Fan Tianyou like sharp blades.

Fan Tianyou frantically swung his fists to block the attack, but the invisible and intangible sound waves passed through the fists and struck him.

He felt a sharp pain throughout his body, his spiritual energy instantly disrupted, and he couldn't help but take a few steps back.

"How is this possible?"

Fan Tianyou's face was filled with shock. He hadn't expected this seemingly delicate female cultivator to possess such a strange skill.

Su Mei paused, a seductive smile curling her lips. "Master Fan, this is just the beginning."

She played the flute again, the sound even more eerie, as if it could penetrate the mind and induce hallucinations.

Fan Tianyou felt his vision go black, as if he saw countless wronged spirits rushing towards him, causing him to step back in fear.

He knew he was hallucinating and frantically channeled his spiritual energy to break free, but the flute's magical power was too strong, and his consciousness grew increasingly hazy.

"Fan Tianyou! Wake up!" Wu Hao shouted anxiously from within the camp.

Zi Yuan clenched her fists, her eyes filled with worry.

The cultivators halfway up the mountain also tensed, holding their breath as they watched Fan Tianyou on the battlefield.

Just as Fan Tianyou was about to completely lose his illusion, a resounding laugh suddenly rang out: "Hahaha! Fan Tianyou, you're so useless! You were beaten so badly by a female cultivator that you couldn't even fight back!"

As the laughter faded, a figure descended into the center of the battlefield like thunder.

The figure was tall, with a humanoid upper body and a tiger's lower body, and two golden horns atop his head. It was none other than the beast race genius number one on the martial arts rankings—the Half-Beast Mingwang!

Fan Tianyou woke up instantly after hearing the laughter. Seeing the Half-Beast King, a trace of anger suddenly appeared on his face: "Half-Beast King, what are you doing here?"

The Half-Beast King patted Fan Tianyou on the shoulder and said jokingly, "Of course, I came to save you; otherwise, you would be dead here today. Get out of here quickly and don't embarrass yourself here."

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## Chapter 5409

Fan Tianyou's face flushed and paled, but he knew he was no match for Su Mei. He snorted coldly and retreated to his camp.

Su Mei stared at the suddenly appearing Half-Beast King, a flicker of alarm in her eyes. "Who are you?"

"Number one on the Martial Ranking, Half-Beast King."

Half-Beast King spoke calmly, emanating a powerful aura that made Su Mei's breath catch. "You just bullied Fan Tianyou, and now it's my turn to play with you."

Su Mei was startled; she hadn't expected the Half-Beast King, number one on the Martial Ranking, to appear at this moment.

But now that things had come to this, she could only bite the bullet and accept the challenge. "Then let me see the might of the number one!" She raised the flute to her lips again, producing an eerie sound.

But the Half-Beast King remained unmoved. His spiritual power far surpassed that of an ordinary human, and the sound of the flute did not affect his mind.

"You dare to show off such a trick in front of me?" The Half-Beast King sneered, leaping up and lunging at Su Mei.

With incredible speed, he was in front of Su Mei in an instant. His right hand formed a claw and with immense force, he grabbed the flute in her hand.



Startled, Su Mei scrambled to avoid the blow, but the Half-Beast King firmly grasped her wrist.

“Ah!”

Su Mei screamed in agony, a sharp pain piercing her wrist, and the flute fell to the ground with a clang.

The Half-Beast King didn’t stop, but struck Su Mei in the chest with his left hand.

Su Mei spat out a mouthful of blood and flew backwards like a kite with a broken string, landing heavily on the ground, barely breathing.

“Brave!”

A deafening cheer erupted from the mountainside, and the monks waved their weapons, their faces beaming with excitement.

“The Half-Beast King is formidable! With a single strike, he dealt

a heavy blow to that female demon cultivator!” “He truly lives up to his reputation as number one on the Martial Ranking! Now

the demon cultivators should be in check!” “Kill all the demon cultivators and recapture the Divine Capital!”

Wu Hao breathed a sigh of relief as he watched the Half-Beast King calmly standing on the battlefield.

With him and Fan Tianyou, they finally had the strength to challenge the Soul Devourer. However,

the Soul Devourer’s expression darkened, a flicker of murderous intent in his hollow eyes. He hadn’t expected the Half-Beast King, number one on the Martial Ranking, to be so formidable that even his own Demonic Sound Fairy was no match for him.

“Your turn...” The Half-Beast King looked at the Lord. The Lord sneered, then pointed to a mountain a hundred miles away. Everyone looked in that direction, unsure of what the Lord meant.

The next moment, the Lord suddenly drew his sword, a flash of sword light passing by. Boom! Before everyone’s eyes, the entire mountain shattered in an instant.

A hundred miles away, a single casual sword strike had shattered the mountain! After this strike, everyone froze in shock; the air seemed to freeze.

Especially Wu Hao, Taoist Wuji, and the others, their expressions were as solemn as ever! The power of that strike was such that no one could possibly withstand it.

And yet, the opponent had swung it so casually; how formidable must that be? David's expression grew solemn as well. He hadn't believed he could do that strike.

Even if he exerted all his might, even using the Dragon Slaying Sword, he still felt he wasn't quite up to the task of shattering a mountain a hundred miles away.

David was at a loss. Before, he had thought the Soul Devourer was just that, a mere spirit. How much more powerful could he be? Besides, he had many means of controlling spirits.

But now, David no longer dared to entertain such thoughts. Hu Mazi, who was standing by, glanced at David and smiled slightly, saying, "What's wrong? Are you shocked?"

"What's the shock? That old man has lived for so many years, and I've only lived for so many years. If I had practiced for more than ten thousand years, I could turn him into ashes with just a breath." David rolled his eyes and said.

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Before the Lord, the Half-Beast King fell silent, his face devoid of the previous arrogance.

That sword strike wasn't aimed at him; otherwise, he would have been beheaded by now.

"Do you still want to fight me?" the Lord asked the Half-Beast King.

Embarrassed, the Half-Beast King remained silent.

Seeing the Half-Beast King's silence, the Lord sneered, "Buhui, show these little bas\*\*\*\*s the power of the demon race..."

From the army of demon souls behind the Lord, a child emerged who looked no more than a teenager.

His childish face made it hard to believe he was a demon cultivator.

"Jun Buhui, please teach me..."

the child bowed to the Half-Beast King!

“You want to fight me?” The Half-Beast King frowned slightly, surprised that the other side would actually send a child.

“What’s wrong with me?” Jun Buhui smiled faintly.

Half-Beast Ming Wang frowned at the frail, childish Jun Buhui before him.

He had roamed the Sixth Heaven for years, battling opponents who were either highly respected or powerful. Now, Soul Devourer had sent a seemingly underage child to challenge him, clearly not taking him seriously.

“Soul Eater, what do you mean?”

The Half-Beast King glared at the Soul Eater on the lion’s back, “Sending a child out, are you humiliating me, or yourself?”

The Soul Eater curled up the corner of his mouth with a sneer, and there was a chill in his empty eye sockets: “Whether you can win or not is not determined by age. Since you don’t dare to fight, then admit defeat, hand over the sacrificial book and get out.”

“Who said I don’t dare!”

The Half-Beast King was aroused with anger, and turned to look at Jun Buhui with a tone of impatience, “Little guy, considering that you are young, retreat quickly and replace it with someone who can fight!”

Jun Buhui still looked calm, and his childish voice did not contain the slightest fear: “After the fight, you will know whether I am qualified.”

Before he could finish his words, he suddenly flashed and appeared before the Half-Beast King. His small fist, blasted with a fierce gust of wind, struck the Half-Beast King in the face. Startled

, the Half-Beast King hadn’t expected the boy’s speed, and he quickly dodged.

But Jun Buhui’s attacks followed one after another, a web of punches, each one imbued with power far beyond his size, forcing the Half-Beast King back repeatedly.

“Good boy, you’ve got some skills!”

The Half-Beast King completely abandoned his contempt, his spiritual energy surging, a golden glow enveloping him. “Since you don’t know your place, don’t blame me for being ruthless!”

He roared, his body suddenly soaring to a height of three feet. With a tiger claw that ripped through the air, he grabbed Jun Buhui.

Jun Buhui, however, remained unfazed. His body moved as lightly as willow catkins to evade the attack. He simultaneously formed seals with his right hand, and black demonic energy swirled around him, coalescing into a massive demonic blade. He struck down at the tiger's claws.

“Clang!”

The deafening clang of metal clashing sent sparks flying. Half-Beast King Ming felt a numbing sensation in his arm and was thrown back two steps.

Jun Buhui was also shaken by the immense force, but he quickly regained his composure.

“What?”

The cultivators halfway up the mountain cried out in surprise.

They had expected Jun Buhui to be vulnerable, but they hadn't expected him to stand up to Half-Beast King Ming and not be defeated.

Wu Hao clenched his fists, his face filled with solemnity. “What is the origin of this child? He possesses such strength!”

Fan Tianyou frowned. “His demonic energy is several times more concentrated than Su Mei's. He is definitely not an ordinary demonic cultivator.”

On the battlefield, Half-Beast King Ming was utterly enraged.

He roared to the heavens, the sound waves shaking the surrounding rocks. Golden lines appeared around his body, the beast race's innate magical power – Fierce Tiger Transformation.

“Boy, take my ‘Fierce Tiger Splitting the Mountain’!”

The Half-Beast King Mingwang leaped up, his tiger claws condensing into a massive golden shadow, smashing towards Jun Buhui with devastating momentum.