

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 5415

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Chapter 5415

“Can’t find me?”

David’s voice came from behind Jun Buhui.

Jun Buhui turned around suddenly, and stabbed the magic sword backwards, but missed. Just

then, a golden light came from the side and hit his back heavily.

Jun Buhui spit out a mouthful of blood and staggered forward a few steps.

Before he could stand firm, David’s fist had already attacked again, and the golden fist shadow surged like a tide, and every move hit the vital point.

Jun Buhui was beaten back step by step, and could only barely circulate the magic energy to resist.

Although his spatial power was weird, it was unable to lock David’s position at all, and he could only passively take the beating.

“I don’t believe it!”

Jun Buhui roared, slamming his hands down to the ground. “Space Collapse!” Instantly, the space dozens of feet around him began to violently twist and contract, shattering the surrounding rocks into dust.

This was his ultimate move; once unleashed, everything within its radius would be shattered by the force of space.

The cultivators cried out in alarm, and Taoist Wuji even prepared to intervene.

But David remained calm. Standing at the center of the spatial collapse, he showed no sign of panic. Instead, he slowly raised his right hand, a faint gray light emanating from his palm.

“What kind of power is that?”

Wu Hao frowned; he had never seen anything like it.

Just as the force of the spatial collapse was about to reach David, the gray light in his palm suddenly erupted, and a mysterious force spread out.

A strange scene unfolded—the violent distortion of space gradually slowed, its collapse reversing. The rocks that had been reduced to dust recondensed at a visible speed.

“Time... The Origin of Time!” Taoist

Wuji exclaimed, his eyes filled with disbelief. “He actually possesses both the fundamental powers of time and space!” These words reverberated like thunder in the ears of the crowd.

The cultivators stared wide-eyed at the calm figure standing at the center of the battlefield, their faces filled with shock and awe. Mastering two fundamental powers simultaneously was unprecedented in the history of the Sixth Heaven! Jun Buhui’s face instantly turned pale. He stumbled back a few steps, his eyes filled with fear.

“Impossible...”

This is impossible... How could you possibly master the Origin of Time?” David slowly retracted the light from his palm and walked towards Jun Buhui, each step causing the ground to shake slightly.

I told you, there’s no need to use all my strength against you.” His voice was calm, yet filled with undeniable pressure. “Now, it’s time to end it.” David flashed, appearing before Jun Buhui in an instant.

His right fist, brimming with golden spiritual energy and a faint gray glow, slammed heavily into Jun Buhui’s chest. Jun Buhui tried to dodge, but found himself trapped by the power of time, unable to move at all.

“No!” he roared in despair. “Bang!” A fist slammed firmly into Jun Buhui’s chest. The golden spiritual energy instantly destroyed his meridians, and the power of time began to erode his soul.

Jun Buhui spat out a mouthful of blood, and his body flew backward like a kite with its string cut, falling heavily to the ground, unable to move.

His demonic energy quickly dissipated, his aura growing weaker and weaker, clearly completely losing his fighting power. The battlefield fell into a dead silence.

A moment later, deafening cheers erupted from the cultivator camp, more intense than any before. "We won! We won!" "Fellow Daoist Chen is amazing! He even defeated Jun Buhui, who mastered the origin of space!"

"Having mastered both time and space, Fellow Daoist Chen is truly the best in the world!" Zi Yuan could no longer contain her excitement and ran towards David, her eyes filled with joy and admiration.

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Wu Hao, Fan Tianyou, and the others stepped forward and bowed to David, their faces filled with admiration.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, thank you so much for turning the tide!" Wu Hao's voice trembled with excitement.

Fan Tianyou also put aside his previous arrogance and said sincerely, "Fellow Daoist Chen's strength far surpasses mine. I am convinced."

David waved his hand and turned his gaze to the demon cultivators. His voice was loud and provocative: "Soul Devourer, this is your proud subordinate? Are there any more powerful young men? Send them out, don't hide them!"

Silence fell on the demon cultivators. The demon cultivators who had been shouting now lowered their heads, no one dared to respond.

Jun Buhui was already the strongest among their younger generation, and even he was beaten by David without a fight. Who else could stand up to the challenge?

Soul Devourer's face was so gloomy that water could drip out of it. Killing intent was swirling in his hollow eye sockets, but he was helpless.

He knew that sending people out to fight again today would only bring humiliation upon himself.

Seeing that no one from the demon cultivators responded, David raised a mocking smile: "What? No one dares to come? Where did your arrogance just now go?"

He took a step forward, and the golden and gray lights around him burst out at the same time. A powerful pressure enveloped the entire camp of demon cultivators. "If no one dares to come, quickly take your people and get out of the Sixth Heaven. Don't embarrass yourself here!"

The demon cultivators were forced to retreat again and again by this pressure, their faces full of fear.

“You lose, you can leave now.”

Wu Hao looked at Soul Devourer and said.

“Leave?”

Soul Devourer sneered, a sinister glint curling his lips. “You want me to leave? Not so easy!”

Before he finished speaking, he suddenly raised his hand, waved his sleeve, and shouted, “Demon Soul Army, kill! Seize the Sacrificial Treasure Book for me!”

With this command, tens of thousands of demon souls behind him simultaneously let out a shrill roar, and a black mist surged around them, sweeping towards the monks like a flood.

These demon souls took on various forms: some wielded long bone swords, their blades shrouded in the stench of blood; some wielded black fangs, their bodies entwined with threads of resentful souls; some even transformed into translucent shadows, moving through the ranks like ghosts.

The dense swarm of demon souls obscured the sky, dyeing it a gloomy inky hue, completely swallowing up even the sunlight.

“Soul Devourer! You don’t keep your word!”

Wu Hao was so angry that he was shaking all over. He pointed at the figure on the lion’s back and cursed angrily, “As a demon lord, you are so fickle. Aren’t you afraid of being ridiculed by the cultivators of the world?”

Soul Devourer laughed a shrill laugh like a broken gong, full of disdain: “Reputation? What kind of useless thing is that? Can it be compared to the sacrificial manual? What I want is control of the Sixth Heaven. As for reputation, it’s worthless!”

He patted the lion’s mane, and the giant beast let out a roar that shook the valley. Its four hooves kicked up the ground and rushed towards the cultivator camp with him like an arrow from a bow.

“Ao Lie!”

Wu Hao turned to look at the commander of the Imperial Guards behind him, his voice hoarse with anger, “Lead the Imperial Guards to meet the enemy! Even if we die today, we must defend the Sixth Heaven!”

“As you command!”

Ao Lie knelt on one knee, the sound of armor clashing. He stood up suddenly, drew the black iron sword from his waist, and shouted sternly: “Imperial Guards, listen to my orders! Form a battle array to meet the enemy! Kill!”

“Kill!”

Tens of thousands of Imperial Guards shouted in unison, and the sound waves shook the surrounding rocks.

They were dressed in heavy black iron armor, holding spears and long swords, and quickly formed into a neat square formation, with shield soldiers in front, spear soldiers in the back, and sword soldiers on the flanks. Like a steel barrier, they rushed towards the army of demon souls.

“Kill!”

The monks of the human and beast tribes also raised their weapons and charged with the Imperial Guards.

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For a moment, shouts of killing, the clash of weapons, screams, and roars mingled, deafening. A brutal melee engulfing the entire Sixth Heaven had begun.

The first to collide were the Imperial Guards’ phalanx and the demonic spirit vanguard.

The Imperial Guards’ spears fiercely stabbed at the demonic spirits, but most of them simply passed through their ethereal forms, causing no damage.

Meanwhile, the demonic spirits’ bone blades easily pierced armor and pierced the soldiers’ flesh.

A young Imperial Guard soldier thrust his spear at a demonic spirit when the blade slashed his throat, blood gushing out. He clutched his neck, eyes filled with resentment, and slowly fell to the ground, his body rapidly devoured by the demonic spirits.

“Use spiritual energy to imbue your weapons! Souls are vulnerable to spiritual attacks!”

Ao Lie shouted, wielding his long sword. Golden spiritual energy clung to the blade, and he struck a demon soul with one blow. The demon soul let out a shrill scream, its body instantly consumed by the spiritual energy, dissipating in a wisp of black smoke.

The soldiers reacted quickly, channeling their spiritual energy into their weapons and attacking again.

This time, the demon souls finally began to suffer casualties. The black soul mist gradually dissipated, but their numbers were too great. With each fall, more surged forward, like an endless tide, constantly assaulting the Imperial Guards formation.

Han Lie wielded his broadsword, its crimson flames blazing. Every strike unleashed a sea of fire, engulfing dozens of demon souls.

The demon souls struggled in agony within the sea of flames, quickly incinerating them.

“Good timing!”

Han Lie laughed, leaping forward and striking a demon soul commander wielding twin axes.

The general roared, crossing his axes to block. With a clang, the axeheads burned red in flames, and the general’s soul was also burned, emitting puffs of black smoke.

But as Han Lie forced the demon soul general back, more demon souls surged from behind, piercing his back with dense bone blades.

“Be careful!” Zi Yuan arrived just in time, brandishing

her longsword. A cyan spiritual energy swept through like a whirlwind, deflecting the incoming bone blades.

She and Han Lie stood back to back, their longsword and broadsword working in perfect harmony as they continuously slashed at the surrounding demon souls.

“Thank you!”

Han Lie gasped, wiping the sweat from his face. “There are too many demon souls. This isn’t a solution.”

“Hold on! There’s always a way!” Zi Yuan gritted her teeth, thrusting her longsword forward again, piercing a demon soul’s chest.

Besides these demon souls, tens of thousands of demon cultivators seized the opportunity and launched a massive attack. In the Sixth Heaven, their status as demon

cultivators was lower than that of humans and beastmen, making it impossible for them to compete with the gods of the Divine Kingdom.

But now, finally a chance to show off their prowess, these demon cultivators fought tooth and nail.

Fan Tianyou's golden spiritual energy surged, and he unleashed his Golden Sky Divine Fist one after another, each one shattering several demon souls.

He charged through the demonic spirits like a ferocious tiger, dispersing them wherever he passed.

A massive demonic giant swung a massive hammer at him. Undeterred, Fan Tianyou charged forward, his fist crashing down upon it.

With a thud, the hammer flew back, sending the demonic giant reeling. Seizing the opportunity, Fan Tianyou followed suit, striking the giant in the chest with a fist, instantly shattering its soul.

But just then, dozens of demonic spirits wielding spears swarmed from all directions, surrounding Fan Tianyou.

The spears stabbed at him like venomous snakes, and Fan Tianyou could only thrash his fists to block them. He quickly sustained several wounds, and his golden spiritual energy gradually dimmed.

Though the Half-Beast King, severely wounded by Jun Buhui and still struggling to regain his spiritual strength, now struggled to his feet. Golden lines reappeared across his body, and his tiger claws gleamed with a sharp light.

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He roared, lunging at a group of demon souls. With a single swipe of his tiger claws, he ripped apart the bodies of several.

A demon soul spellcaster muttered something, sending countless black curse runes hurtling towards him. The Orc King was unable to dodge and was struck by the runes. Puffs of black smoke billowed from his body, and intense pain washed over his wounds.

"Despicable!" The

Orc King roared, enduring the pain as he lunged at the demon soul sorcerer, tearing him apart with a single claw.

However, his own spiritual energy was so depleted that he stumbled and nearly fell.

The battlefield was awash with blood and flesh, and corpses piled like a mountain.

Human and beast cultivators fell one after another, their blood staining the ground red, gathering into streams that flowed into the distance.

The Sixth Heaven's mountains collapsed amidst the fierce battle. Huge rocks tumbled from their peaks, crushing countless cultivators and demonic spirits.

Rivers ran red with blood, fish and shrimp turned upside down, and the entire world teetered in the chaos, seemingly poised for destruction.

Wu Hao stood at the rear of the camp, watching the falling cultivators with a throbbing pain in his heart. He knew that continuing to fight like this would only lead to total annihilation. He had to find a way out as soon as possible.

"Capture the leader first!"

A fierce glint flashed in Wu Hao's eyes. He turned to Taoist Wuji and David beside him and said, "If we kill the Soul Devourer, the demonic spirit army will be leaderless and will naturally collapse! Let's charge together and kill him!"

"Okay!"

Taoist Wuji nodded. With a wave of his whisk, white spiritual energy swept away the surrounding demonic spirits like a sharp sword. "Follow me!"

David gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly in his hand. The blade shimmered with golden light, emitting a rich sacred aura.

He followed behind Wu Hao and Taoist Wuji, swinging his Dragon Slaying Sword. Each strike could cleave several demon souls, carving a bloody path through the dense swarm of demon souls.

One demon soul attempted to attack Wu Hao from the side, but David, swift-eyed and quick-handed, split it in two with a single strike, and its body instantly dissipated.

"Want to kill me? Wishful thinking!"

Soul Devourer quickly discovered their intentions, sneered, and shouted behind him, "Two Wushuang Elders, stop them!"

As his words fell, two figures emerged from the Demon

Soul horde like ghosts, landing before the Soul Devourer.

They were two white-haired elders, clad in gray Taoist robes. Their faces were lined with wrinkles, yet their eyes were as sharp as hawks.

Each wielded a longsword, its blade radiating a chilling aura. They were none other than the Soul Devourer's most trusted aides—the Peerless Divine Swords.

“Your opponents are us!”

the elder on the left declared coldly, his voice as icy as ice.

With a swipe of his sword, a piercing blade shot toward Wu Hao like lightning, ripping the air apart wherever it passed.

“Well-timed!”

Taoist Wuji remained calm. With a flick of his whisk, white spiritual energy coalesced into a thick shield of light, blocking Wu Hao's path.

With a resounding bang, the sword energy collided with the shield, stirring up a wave of spiritual energy that cracked the shield, sending Taoist Wuji back two steps.

Seeing this, the old man on the right also launched an attack.

He swung his longsword, sending countless tiny sword energies hurling towards David like a torrential rain, each one imbued with immense power.

David's gaze focused, and he swung the Dragon Slaying Sword rapidly in his hand, forming a golden sword net that blocked all the sword energies.

A continuous “ding-dong” sound echoed as the sword energies collided with the Dragon Slaying Sword, each one dissipated by divine power and dissipated into the air.

“What a divine sword!”

A glint of greed flashed in the old man's eyes. “Boy, leave this sword to me, and I'll spare your

life!” “Come and take it if you dare!”

David sneered, leaping up. The Dragon Slaying Sword, gleaming with golden light, struck the old man like thunder.

The old man, undeterred, quickly swung his sword to block it.

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With a clang, the two swords collided, a mingling of golden light and black sword energy. The old man felt a tingling sensation in his arm, taking two steps back from the shock, a dull pain in his knuckles.

Seeing this, the elder on the left immediately swung his sword forward, coordinating with the elder on the right. Like two venomous snakes, the two longswords attacked David from left and right.

Their swordsmanship was exquisite, their coordination seamless. Their sword energies crisscrossed, forming an impenetrable net that enveloped David, leaving him no chance to breathe.

David showed no fear. The Dragon Slaying Sword came alive in his hands, slashing horizontally, slashing vertically, and thrusting forward. The golden sword light and black sword energy collided continuously, creating a deafening sound.

With his nimble agility, he weaved through the sword net, searching for an opening to strike back.

Once, the old man's longsword stabbed at his chest. David dodged sideways, simultaneously striking the old man's wrist with his sword. The old man quickly drew his sword back to block, but David seized the opportunity and kicked him in the chest, sending him stumbling back a few steps.

Wu Hao seized the opportunity to charge at the Soul Devourer, brandishing his longsword. Golden spiritual energy coalesced into a massive sword shadow, slashing towards him with devastating force.

The Soul Devourer, perched on the lion's back, sneered. With a flick of his right hand, a black demonic energy coalesced into a thick shield, blocking him.

With a thud, the sword shadow collided with the shield, shattering instantly. Wu Hao was knocked back several steps by the powerful recoil, his blood boiling and a sweet taste wafting through his throat.

"With such limited skill, you dare to kill me?" Soul Devourer taunted, wielding his longsword. A stream of black sword energy shot towards Wu Hao's lower abdomen like a venomous snake.

Wu Hao quickly dodged to the side, but the sword energy grazed his battle robe, slicing a long gash, revealing the armor beneath.

Taoist Wuji tried to step forward to help, but was tightly entangled by the old man on his left.

The old man's swordsmanship was tricky and ruthless, and each strike struck at Taoist Wuji's vital points, making it impossible for him to escape.

He watched Wu Hao in danger, feeling extremely anxious but helpless.

On the other side of the battlefield, Xue Wuying did not join the battle but stood on a high ground, holding a black cloth bag.

The cloth

bag looked ordinary, yet it exuded a strange suction force.

He watched the monks falling one after another, his eyes gleaming with excitement. Whenever a monk died and their soul left their body, he would raise the cloth bag and mutter something.

As if summoned, the souls of the monks flew towards the bag, being sucked in.

As more souls were sucked in, the bag gradually swelled, emitting an increasingly dense black mist.

"Xue Wuying, what are you doing? Come and help!"

Soul Devourer, seeing Xue Wuying standing by and watching, shouted angrily.

"My Lord, wait a moment!"

Xue Wuying said without turning back, his movements unwavering.

Soul Devourer snorted and ignored him, concentrating on dealing with Wu Hao.

While Wu Hao was formidable, he was still a notch below the Soul Devourer, who had lived for ten thousand years.

After several rounds, Wu Hao was already struggling, wounded, and his robe. His spiritual energy was largely depleted.

As time passed, the melee intensified.

The casualties among both the human and beast cultivators mounted. The Imperial Guards' formation had long been broken by the demonic spirits, and the soldiers, fighting on their own, continued to fall.

Han Lie and Zi Yuan were exhausted, their spiritual energy nearly depleted. They could only rely on instinct to wield their weapons to resist. Their bodies were covered in wounds, and blood dripped from their weapons, forming pools on the ground.

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Surrounded by dozens of demonic spirits, Fan Tianyou's golden spiritual energy grew increasingly dim, and each punch seemed exceedingly difficult.

Half-Beast King Ming was even more severely injured, his consciousness gradually fading. If it weren't for his stubborn resolve, he would have collapsed long ago.

"No! We can't hold on!"

beast cultivator let out a desperate roar, dropped his battle axe, and turned to run backwards.

His presence was a signal, instantly igniting fear in the other cultivators.

More and more cultivators began to flee, unable to endure the hellish battle any longer and desperately trying to save their own lives.

"Don't run! Hold your ground! We still have a chance!"

Ao Lie roared, trying to stop the fleeing cultivators, but he himself was entangled by several demonic spirits, unable to spare a second.

As more and more people fled, the cultivators' defenses instantly collapsed. The demonic soul army seized the opportunity to launch a fierce attack, leaving even more cultivators lying in pools of blood.

Wu Hao stared at the scene before him, feeling a wave of despair. He knew that if this continued, everyone would die here, and the Sixth Heaven would fall completely into the hands of the demonic cultivators.

"The Sacrificial Codex... Perhaps this is our only hope."

A flicker of determination flashed in Wu Hao's eyes. He pulled a golden box from his bosom, intricately engraved with runes and emitting a faint sacred aura. It was the box containing the Sacrificial Codex.

"Soul Devourer! Don't you want the Sacrificial Codex? I'll give it to you!"

Wu Hao raised the box and shouted with all his might, his voice remarkably clear amid the chaotic battlefield.

Upon hearing the voice, Soul Devourer stopped his attack, a glimmer of greed flashed in his empty eye sockets: "Throw the book over here! Otherwise, I will kill you immediately!"

"If you want the book, come after me!"

Wu Hao sneered, turned, and ran towards the distant mountains, "As long as you can catch up with me, the sacrificial book will be yours! But if you dare to use a powerful attack, I will destroy it immediately!"

"You dare!"

The Soul Devourer roared in anger, but dared not act rashly.

The sacrificial tome was of vital importance to him, and he would not let Wu Hao destroy it.

"Don't run!"

The Soul Devourer, riding a lion, followed closely behind Wu Hao, maintaining a constant distance. He didn't want to get too close and be tricked by Wu Hao, nor did he want to escape.

Seeing this, the two Wushuang elders also wanted to abandon David and chase him, but David blocked their way.

"Your opponent is me. You want to escape? Not so easy!"

David wielded the Dragon Slaying Sword, a golden glow surging around him. A sacred aura spread like a tide, causing the two Wushuang elders to feel a surge of fear.

"Stop him!"

the elder on the left shouted fiercely, swinging his two longswords again. Countless sword energies shot towards David, attempting to force his way through his defense.

David was unfazed. The Dragon Slaying Sword danced in his hands with impenetrable force, the golden sword light blocking all the sword energy.

He knew he had to buy enough time for Wu Hao to successfully distract the Soul Devourer and create an opportunity for the other cultivators to escape.

“Everyone, flee! Get out of here while the Soul Devourer is gone!”

Taoist Wuji shouted to the surrounding cultivators, waving his whisk to drive back the surrounding demonic spirits.

Han Lie, Zi Yuan, Fan Tianyou, and the others heard the sound and reacted.

They supported each other, struggling to recover from their injuries, as they fled away from the battlefield.

The remaining cultivators followed closely behind, running desperately, fearing that the demonic spirits would catch up.

Without the command of the Soul Devourer and stopped by David and the two Wushuang elders, the demonic spirit army was momentarily thrown into disarray and unable to organize a pursuit in time.

Xue Wuying looked at the fleeing cultivators, a flicker of regret in his eyes. The cloth bag in his hand had swelled considerably, filled with dead souls, but it was still short of the resources he needed for a breakthrough.