

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 5396

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The Lord led the group to the foot of Leiyin Temple. Gazing at the towering peak before them, the Lord was overcome with emotion!

He had been suppressed here for ten thousand years...

At this moment, the midway point of Leiyin Temple was already filled with powerful figures, all hailing from across the Sixth Heaven.

Upon seeing the overwhelming force of demonic spirits, everyone fell silent.

One hundred thousand demonic spirits, tens of thousands of demonic cultivators—this scale was truly breathtaking.

Especially the ten thousand demonic spirits behind the Lord, each possessing a powerful aura, conveyed a sense of overwhelming oppression.

All demonic spirits possessed such a powerful aura; no one knew what realm these demonic spirits had reached before their physical bodies perished.

At this moment, all the powerful figures halfway up the mountain wore solemn expressions.

These demonic spirits were far more powerful than they had imagined.

Wu Hao and the others also looked solemn, especially when they saw the Lord. Everyone was filled with pressure.

After all, those beings who had been suppressed for ten thousand years were all old creatures. No one knew how powerful they were in the past.

The Yunxia Sect's leader looked at the Lord with an extremely solemn expression. When his eyes fell on the two sword-wielding elders behind the Lord, his eyes widened.

The two elders were both sword cultivators and looked unfathomable.

Ten thousand years ago, the only famous sword cultivators among the Sixth Heaven Demon Clan were the two brothers, Wushuang Divine Sword...

one was named Wushuang, the other was named Divine Sword...

The Yunxia Sect leader didn't recognize the two brothers of Wushuang Divine Sword, but it looked like these two elders were them.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators, separated by thousands of feet, stared at each other.

Wu Hao led his men slowly down the mountain!

Since the other party had come, they had to face them. There was no escape.

"Since you've escaped the restrictions, you should take your men and seek a new world to rebuild your bodies, rather than engaging in a fierce battle with us."

"That will only lead to mutual destruction, and you might even be suppressed again..."
Wu Hao said to the Lord

! The Lord looked at Wu Hao with disdain, "With your bunch of trash, it's not even close to a mutually assured destruction, and you're not even qualified to suppress me."

The Lord's words filled the 100,000 cultivators present with shame. Of all the human and beast cultivators, few, if any, truly surpassed the Lord's in strength. "Since we've come to this, let's stop talking nonsense and engage!"

Wu Hao took up his stance. The other cultivators all drew their weapons. At this point, fear was futile. "I can give you one chance!" the Lord sneered. "Let the younger generation have their fun. Don't accuse me of bullying you."

If you lose, hand over the sacrificial manual, and get out of the Sixth Heaven." "
Remember, there's only one chance..." "What if you lose?" Wu Hao asked. "

I'll take my men and leave, and never appear again in the Sixth Heaven," the Lord said confidently. Wu Hao turned and glanced at the people behind him.

He didn't dare decide on his own; he had to get everyone's opinion. "No problem, I'll meet them first..." A man in green clothes leaped up in front of Wu Hao.

"Lord, let me meet these demon cultivators and let them taste my invincible iron fist..."
Wu Hao saw someone step forward, so he nodded and looked at the Lord. "Okay..."

The Lord smiled, a smile full of smugness and cruelty, as if the outcome had already been determined. "Lord, I'll go first..." A young man in white stepped forward. His

flowing white clothes and sage-like demeanor made him look nothing like a demon cultivator.

“You?” The Lord fixed his eyes on the young man in white. “Young Master Mu Baiyi of the Tianluo Sect...” The young man in white introduced himself. “Boy, you’re courting death...” The man in green sneered!

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Mu Baiyi glanced at the man in green and said nothing. Instead, he suddenly disappeared.

Swish...

No one could see what happened. The man in green was actually split in two, blood and internal organs scattered all over the ground.

Seeing this scene, everyone became solemn.

The young demon cultivator in front of them was actually already a ninth-grade Earthly Immortal Realm.

With such strength, he could be the leader of a sect in the Sixth Heaven.

Mu Baiyi’s figure appeared, glanced at Wu Hao and others, and said calmly: “You’d better send some powerful people, not some garbage...”

“I’ll do it...”

A young man suddenly fell from the sky!

Seeing this young man, someone in the field immediately said: “Leng Yun, the fifth on the Martial Arts List...”

The fifth on the Martial Arts List!

This martial ranking only includes cultivators from the human and beast races. Demons are not included, and neither will play along.

Even in the celestial realm, demon cultivators still hold a low status.

“Please enlighten me...”

Leng Yun said with a bow!

“The ranking on the martial ranking is garbage!”

Mu Baiyi’s voice drifted lightly across the battlefield, but it felt like a slap in the face of all the cultivators of the Sixth Heaven.

Leng Yun’s eyes glared, and his spiritual energy suddenly erupted. The aura of a peak eighth-grade Earthly Immortal swept across him like a hurricane. The longsword in his hand hummed, and a thin layer of frost condensed on the blade—it was his famous “Frost Sky Sword.”

“Enough of the nonsense, let’s see the real deal!”

Leng Yun tapped the ground on his toes and rushed towards Mu Baiyi like an arrow from a bow. His longsword slashed through the air, leaving a cold white streak that pierced Mu Baiyi’s heart.

The strike was lightning fast, its angles razor-sharp. Even Wu Hao couldn’t help but nod, “What a swift sword!” Yet

, Mu Baiyi’s face showed no fear, even a hint of mockery.

Just as the sword tip was about to touch his clothes, he suddenly shifted sideways, dodging the blade like a ghost. Simultaneously, his right hand formed a claw, wielding a thick demonic aura, and clawed at Leng Yun’s wrist.

“Too slow!”

Leng Yun, startled, hurriedly drew his sword back to block.

With a crisp clang, the longsword collided with the demonic claw. Leng Yun felt a tremendous force, his arm numb, and he retreated three steps before steadying himself.

He looked down and saw a tiny crack appear on the blade of the Frost Sky Sword. His pupils shrank. “Such a powerful demonic energy!”

“I’m glad to know. It’s not too late to beg for mercy now.”

Mu Baiyi pressed forward, demonic energy condensing into a black spear in his palm. “But I’m not interested in leaving anyone alive.”

Before he finished speaking, Mu Baiyi thrust the spear forward.

The black spear pierced the air with a sharp sound, corroding the air with a sizzling sound wherever it passed.

Leng Yun didn't dare to be careless. He mobilized all his spiritual power to infuse the sword and unleashed his most powerful technique, the "Nine Styles of Frost Sky."

"First Style: Thousand Miles of Ice!"

He swung the sword, and the sky full of sword shadows transformed into tiny ice crystals, sweeping towards Mu Baiyi.

The ice crystals froze as soon as they hit the ground, instantly forming a thick layer of ice on the ground, as if even the air was frozen.

Mu Baiyi snorted coldly and swept the spear across. Black demonic energy surged out like a tide, instantly shattering the ice crystals.

"A mere trifle!" He leaped up, thrusting his spear downwards at Leng Yun. The demonic energy at the spear's tip condensed into a hideous ghost face, emitting a piercing scream.

"Second move: Snow falling on a thousand mountains!"

Leng Yun raised his head and swung his sword. A brilliant white light burst out from the sword, and countless snowflake-shaped sword energies appeared

out of thin air, colliding with the ghost face. "Bang, bang, bang" explosions rang out in succession, and air waves swept in all directions, raising the dust around them.

The cultivators on the hillside watched intently, holding their breath.

The leader of the Yunxia Sect clenched his fists: "Leng Yun has tried his best, but Mu Baiyi is still doing it with ease. This demon cultivator is too strong!"