

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5399

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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.

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The longsword in her hand transformed into a streak of cyan lightning, piercing Mu Baiyi’s heart.

Unexpectedly, Ziyuan would suddenly abandon her defense and launch an attack. Startled, Mu Baiyi hurriedly tried to dodge.

But Ziyuan’s speed was too great, leaving him no time to react. He could only watch helplessly as the longsword pierced his heart.

“Puff!”

The longsword pierced Mu Baiyi’s shoulder, blood gushing out instantly.

Mu Baiyi screamed and jerked back, putting distance between him and Ziyuan.

“You dare to hurt me?”

Mu Baiyi clutched his shoulder, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

Ziyuan retracted her longsword and said coldly, “You asked for it.”

“I’m going to kill you!”

Mu Baiyi roared, charging at Ziyuan once again. This time, his attacks were even more frenzied, demonic energy surging towards Zi Yuan like a tide, threatening to devour her completely.

Zi Yuan, undaunted, swung her sword even faster.

The cyan sword light intertwined with the black demonic energy, forming a sharp boundary. The two exchanged blows for dozens of rounds, leaving the ground around the battlefield riddled with potholes and rubble.

“One hundred rounds already!”

someone exclaimed.

Everyone watched intently, even breathing cautiously.

This was a true peak-level duel, a contest between ninth-grade Earthly Immortals, every moment fraught with danger.

Mu Baiyi’s breathing grew increasingly erratic, his shoulder still bleeding, and after such a long and intense battle, his demonic energy had been significantly depleted.

Zi Yuan’s condition was no less grim. Her face paled, her breathing rapid, clearly draining a significant amount of spiritual energy.

“This won’t work. We must end this quickly,”

Zi Yuan thought to herself. She plunged her longsword into the ground and formed hand seals: “Qingming Sword Art? Final Form!” As

she finished her words, the surrounding spiritual energy converged frantically towards her, condensing into countless small green swords in front of her. These small swords swirled around her, emitting a powerful aura. “Not good!” Mu Baiyi was startled. He could sense the immense power of these small swords. He quickly formed hand seals: “Demon Soul Guard!” Black demonic energy coalesced before him into a gigantic demon soul phantom. The demon soul opened its maw and let out a piercing roar. “Go!” Zi Yuan shouted softly, and countless small green swords shot towards Mu Baiyi like a meteor shower. The small swords collided with the demon soul phantom, emitting a deafening explosion. The demon soul phantom trembled under the attack of the small swords, and soon cracked. “Crack!” The demon soul phantom finally succumbed to the pressure and shattered. The remaining cyan swords continued to fly at Mu Baiyi. His face paled, and he hurriedly blocked them with his spear. But the swords were too numerous, and he couldn’t block them all. “Puff, puff, puff!” Several swords pierced Mu Baiyi’s body, and he spat out a mouthful of blood, his body tumbling. He looked at Zi

Yuan, his eyes filled with resentment and despair. "I lost..." Mu Baiyi whispered, his body limp, and he fell to the ground. Zi Yuan retracted her sword and breathed a long sigh of relief. She looked at the fallen Mu Baiyi, her eyes devoid of pity. This was a life-or-death duel, win or die. The cultivators halfway up the mountain erupted in cheers. "We won! We won!" "Zi Yuan is amazing!" Wu Hao smiled with relief. "Great! Zi Yuan lived up to our expectations." Soul Devourer's expression darkened, and he looked at Zi Yuan with a murderous glint in his eyes. But he had just said that if the younger generation lost, he would take everyone away, so it was difficult to regret it now