

A Man Like None Other Novel

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Chapter 5248

David was stunned for a moment, having not expected Mo Chen to invite him to join the Sword Sect.

He thought for a moment, then said, "I appreciate your kindness, senior, but I'm preoccupied with revenge right now, and I'm afraid I don't have time to stay with the Sword Sect for training."

Upon hearing this, Mo Chen stroked his graying beard, his smile undimmed, but a look of seriousness deepened in his eyes. "Young man, I know you're concerned about getting dragged into the conflict between our Sword Sect and Divine Sword Villa.

But you possess the Sword Sect's swordsmanship, and your connection to ours is profound. How can I watch you bury this talent?"

He stepped aside to clear the open space in the center of the courtyard, unknowingly holding an ordinary wooden sword in his hand. The blade was mottled, revealing years of use.

"Come on, just a few exchanges, just enough. If you can last a hundred moves against me, or even defeat me by a single blow, I will never again mention your joining the Sword Sect, and I will let you go immediately."

David's brow furrowed. He didn't want to antagonize the former Sword Sect leader, but he was adamant, clearly not about to let them go easily.

He glanced at Hu Mazi beside him, seeing his own resignation. He could only bite the bullet and say, "Senior, my strength is limited, and I'm afraid I won't be able to meet your standards."

"No problem, just do your best."

Mo Chen waved his hand, casually pointing his wooden sword to the ground. "Go ahead."

David took a deep breath, his spiritual energy energizing him. The Dragon Slaying Sword hummed, and golden light flowed.

He knew this fight was inevitable, and he had no choice but to give it his all.

With a single movement, his swordsmanship unleashed, the sword light like a stream, sweeping towards Mo Chen with a relentless attack.

Mo Chen's eyes lit up, and he praised, "Good." He

swung the wooden sword gently, seemingly slow, yet always managing to block the Dragon Slaying Sword at the last second.

The clanging sounds continued. Though David's sword moves were swift, they were unable to penetrate Mo Chen's defenses.

The ordinary wooden sword seemed to come alive in his hands, sometimes as steady as the twisted roots of an old tree, sometimes as swift as a snake emerging from its lair.

After dozens of blows, David's forehead was covered in sweat, and his heart was filled with shock. He

could sense that Mo Chen wasn't using his full strength at all. Each block was perfectly timed, neutralizing his attacks without injuring him in the slightest, as if he were instructing him on his swordsmanship.

"Senior, if you don't use your full strength again, I'll admit defeat."

David said gravely, sheathing his sword and stepping back.

Mo Chen smiled, "Alright, then I'll show you the true essence of the Sword Sect's swordsmanship."

As soon as he finished speaking, he flashed, and the wooden sword struck with overwhelming force.

The strike seemed ordinary, but it left David feeling vulnerable, and he could only hold his sword horizontally to block.

"Dang!"

With a loud bang, David felt a surge of force, nearly losing the Dragon Slaying Sword. He was shaken back, his blood surging.

At that moment, Mo Chen suddenly withdrew his left hand, wielding the sword with only his right. He said calmly, "I'll use one hand, you try again."

A glint of unyielding stubbornness flashed in David's eyes, and he again drew his sword and advanced.

He combined the Flowing Cloud Sword Technique with his grasp of sword intent, and his moves became increasingly fierce, emitting a dazzling golden light.

However, even with only one hand, Mo Chen's sword remained as impenetrable as a solid wall. No matter how hard David attacked, he couldn't even break it. Instead, Mo Chen's seemingly random counterattacks repeatedly put him in danger.

After dozens of moves, Mo Chen's wooden sword slashed, landing precisely on the spine of the Dragon Slaying Sword.

David felt a numbness in his wrist, and the Dragon Slaying Sword, no longer able to hold his grip, flew out of his hand with a clang, piercing the nearby vegetable patch.

David stood there stunned, staring at his empty hands, a mixture of emotions welling up in his heart.

He had fought with all his might, even burning some of his spiritual energy, yet he couldn't even defeat a single hand. Was this the true power of a top-tier swordsman?