

# A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5261

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## Chapter 5261

The fat woman wasn't much better off. The blood-colored aura had vanished, and her form had returned to normal. She was covered in blood, a disheveled mess, her breathing utterly disordered, yet she remained standing, clearly the victor of this duel.

"Mo Chen, you lose!" The fat woman's voice was hoarse, yet tinged with pride.

Mo Chen looked at her, his eyes filled with resentment, yet he could do nothing about it. He had indeed lost, completely. The

surrounding Sword Sect disciples hurried forward to support Mo Chen, their faces filled with grief and indignation, yet they dared not act rashly.

They all knew that even their master was no match, and that if they went forward, they would only die in vain.

The fat woman's gaze swept across the Sword Sect, finally landing on the fallen David. A murderous intent flashed in her eyes: "Now, it's time to take care of the rest!"

She advanced towards David, clearly intending to spare him.

Ling Xue stood in front of David, trembling with fear, but still summoning her courage to speak: "You... you can't touch him!"

The fat woman sneered: "A little girl, you dare to stop me? Get out of here!"

With that, she waved her hand, and a powerful blast of air sent Ling Xue flying.

Just as the fat woman's palm was about to land on David, a weak but firm voice rang out: "I... I'm not dead yet..."

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw David slowly rising from the ground. He was covered in wounds, seemingly with several broken bones. Every movement made him grimace in pain, but his eyes remained bright, his indomitable will, like a beacon in the darkness, never extinguished.

He looked at the fat woman, a smile even tugging at the corner of his mouth, though it was uglier than tears. "Want to... kill me...? It's not that easy..."

The fat woman looked at him, a flicker of surprise in her eyes, then replaced by anger: "You fool! Die!"

She swung her palm again, slapping David.

This time, no one could stop her. Everyone closed their eyes, unable to bear the sight of David's tragic death. Sorry, there was an

The fat woman's palm, imbued with immense spiritual power, whistled with the sound of wind as it loomed over David's head. If it landed, David would be utterly annihilated even if he had nine lives.

The surrounding Sword Sect disciples cried out in despair, and Ling Xue wept uncontrollably, turning her head away, afraid to watch. Mo Chen, overcome with rage, struggled to intervene, but his strength was too great, and he could only watch the tragedy unfold.

At this crucial moment, a burly figure appeared out of nowhere, suddenly rushing in front of David and blocking the fat woman's palm with his broad back.

"Stop!"

a deep, powerful shout echoed, unwavering in its resolve.

The fat woman's palm abruptly stopped less than an inch from the figure. She gazed at the familiar figure before her, her eyes, once filled with murderous intent, suddenly shifting to astonishment, then to incredulous surprise.

Everyone was stunned, looking at the unexpected guest.

The newcomer was none other than Nan Batian, who had been guarding the city!

How could he be here?

David's mind was full of questions. When he and Hu Mazi left the city, they didn't find Nan Batian.

Nan Batian turned around and stood in front of David. He looked at the fat woman calmly and said in a firm tone: "If you want to kill him, kill me first."

"Batian..."

The fat woman looked at Nan Batian's angular face. The originally ferocious expression disappeared in an instant, replaced by a complex expression mixed with shyness, joy and grievance.

Her voice also became gentle, a complete contrast to its previous tone. “You... why are you here?”

This sudden change left everyone stunned, and their jaws almost dropped to the ground.