

A Man Like None Other Novel

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Is this still the same ferocious fat woman who dared to hit even the city lord's son?

Her tone, her eyes, were like a young girl in love seeing her beloved!

Nan Batian frowned, clearly troubled by the fat woman's appearance. He said in a deep voice, "I'll take my friend away."

"Friend?"

The fat woman's gaze fell on David behind Nan Batian, then returned to Nan Batian's face, the joy in her eyes intensifying.

She took a step forward and actually stretched out her fat arms, trying to put her arm around Nan Batian's neck. "Batian, you finally came to see me! I thought you didn't want to see me again in this life!"

Nan Batian's body stiffened, and he subconsciously wanted to avoid her, but seeing the expectant and fragile look in the fat woman's eyes, he didn't move after all, but his expression became even uglier.

"Puss!"

The fat woman took advantage of Nan Batian not being able to dodge and actually stood on tiptoe and kissed him hard on the face, leaving a greasy lip mark.

"Oh!"

The surrounding monks let out a low cry. The scene was really shocking.

Nan Batian's face flushed red instantly. He was embarrassed and angry, but he couldn't vent his anger. He could only utter: "Fatty, respect yourself!"

"I don't respect myself, I want this!"

But the fat woman was like a little girl throwing a tantrum. Instead of restraining herself, she became even more excited. She stared at Nan Batian intently, "Batian, I have liked you for so long, why don't you accept me?"

Do you know how uncomfortable I was during all these years you were avoiding me?"

So that's it!

David and Hu Mazi suddenly realized.

No wonder Nan Batian refused to enter the city. It turned out that there was a fat woman who was infatuated with him and made him avoid her!

What a coincidence, too dramatic!

Nan Batian's face turned pale and blue. He took a deep breath and tried to calm his tone: "Fat woman, we can talk about what happened between us later.

David is my savior. You must give me face and let him go for what happened today."

"Savior?"

The fat woman was stunned for a moment, then looked at David with curiosity. "He is your savior?"

Nan Batian nodded and said solemnly: "Yes, if it weren't for him, I would still be trapped in the ladder to heaven. You can't touch him unless you step over my dead body."

The fat woman looked at Nan Batian's determined eyes and knew he was not joking.

Her eyes rolled, and the expression on her face changed again. The murderous intent she had previously had towards David disappeared without a trace, and instead revealed a bit of enthusiasm and... flattery?

She first glared at the remaining stunned guards in the Information Building. "What are you still standing there for? Go find this young man the best healing elixir!"

The guards were bewildered by the fat woman's sudden change, but they didn't dare disobey and hurried off to find the elixir.

Then, the fat woman quickly approached David, forcing a smile. Though it looked a bit ferocious due to her appearance, it was genuinely well-intentioned. "Ah, young man, I'm so sorry. I was so reckless just now. I didn't realize you were Batian's savior. I'm sorry for the offense, but please don't take it personally!"

This complete 180-degree turn in her attitude stunned the Sword Sect disciples and the onlookers.

David was also stunned. The plot had developed so quickly that he was unable to react.

Nan Batian also breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that things were turning around.

“How are you? Are you seriously injured?”

The fat woman looked at David’s body, covered with scars and asked with concern. Her tone was as if she cared about her own brother.

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Without waiting for David’s reply, the guard who had gone to retrieve the elixir hurried back, clutching an exquisite jade bottle.

The fat woman snatched the bottle, carefully opened it, and poured out a perfectly round elixir emitting a rich spiritual energy. She held it out to David, “Little brother, this is a Qi-boosting elixir, a treasured healing elixir from my collection. Take it quickly, and you’ll recover quickly.”

Many present had heard of the fame of the Qi-boosting elixir. It was a priceless treasure, and yet the fat woman had pulled it out so easily!

David examined the elixir, then looked at Nan Batian.

Nan Batian nodded, “Take it. She won’t harm you.”

David then accepted the elixir, thanked him, and swallowed it.

The pill melted in his mouth, and a gentle yet powerful spiritual energy instantly flowed through his limbs. The previous severe pain and fatigue were instantly alleviated, and his injuries were healing at a visible speed.

“How is it? Are you feeling better?” the fat woman asked expectantly, her expression afraid that David would be dissatisfied.

David nodded, “Thank you, host.”

“Hey, what’s the host? You’re being so formal!”

The fat woman waved her hand and said proudly, "Since you are Batian's savior, you are also my friend! From now on, anyone who dares to bully you in Sword Saint City, tell me my name!"

She paused, then looked at Nan Batian again, her eyes filled with tenderness. "Batian, you see, we are now acquainted. This little brother is a good man with a strong character. I like him! From now on, we are family!"

Nan Batian's expression was a little uneasy, but he did not refute.

Mo Chen, Ling Xue, and the others watched this dramatic scene, both amused and embarrassed.

What had been thought to be a mortal danger, unexpectedly, turned out to be a complete reversal thanks to Nan Batian's appearance and his special relationship with Fatty, even becoming a "family."

Fatty warmly greeted Mo Chen and offered him healing elixirs, her attitude much more respectful. After all, Mo Chen's strength was evident, and he was now a "family friend."

She also had the scene cleaned up and generously distributed a large sum of immortal stones to the affected merchants.

The onlookers, seeing no more excitement, dispersed, but what happened today was destined to be a topic of conversation in Sword Saint City for a long time.

A thrilling conflict had finally concluded in such an absurd yet satisfying way.

David looked at Fatty, who was busy and concerned about Nan Batian, even occasionally showing a little girl's affection, and then at Nan Batian's helpless expression, wanting to hide but unable to, and doubts surged in his heart.

While the fat woman was directing her men to clean up the battlefield and prepare a sumptuous feast for them, David quietly tugged at Nan Batian's sleeve and nodded toward a secluded corner.

Nan Batian understood, a subtle flicker of embarrassment crossing his face, but he eventually followed David.

"Nan Batian," David lowered his voice, his eyes filled with curiosity, "what's going on between you and that fat woman who owns the building...? The way she looks at you is unusual."

Nan Batian stiffened slightly as if pricked by a needle. He turned his head and gazed at the bustling, plump figure in the distance. His eyes were filled with a complex mixture of guilt, helplessness, and a hint of unspeakable pain. After

a long silence, he slowly sighed and spoke in a low, hoarse voice, "It's a long story... She and I were childhood sweethearts."

"Childhood sweethearts?"

David's eyes widened. The word was so opposed to the fat woman's image that it was difficult for him to digest it.

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Nan Batian nodded and lost himself in memories: "We grew up together in a small village. At that time, she was not called Fatty, she had a nice name, A Cui.

Although A Cui at that time was not stunningly beautiful, she was pretty, lively and cheerful. We were inseparable, and everyone in the village said that we were a perfect match."

He paused, a hint of tenderness flashed in his eyes, as if he saw the little girl with two pigtailed chasing after him and shouting "Brother Batian".

"Later, we went to the city together to become apprentices. Perhaps my talent was indeed better, and my cultivation speed advanced by leaps and bounds, and I soon came to the fore. As for Ah Cui, her qualifications could only be considered mediocre, and her progress was slow."

"As my strength grew, my fame gradually grew, and people around me praised me for my promising future.

I could feel that in Ah Cui's eyes, besides the admiration she had in the past, there was gradually something else: inferiority and uneasiness.

She always said that she was afraid that she was not worthy of me. At that time, I just thought it was her imagination, and kept comforting her, saying that I had never thought of it that way."

At this point, Nan Batian's tone became heavy: "But I didn't expect that she would do such a stupid thing to catch up with me..."

"She secretly found an evil martial art passed down from ancient times. The progress of her practice was extremely fast, and she could greatly increase her strength in a short period of time.

However, the technique had a huge side effect. The practitioner's body would continue to swell due to the distortion of spiritual energy, becoming bloated and unable to recover its original appearance." "

By the time I found out, it was too late. Her strength had indeed improved by leaps and bounds, even surpassing me at one point, but her body had also begun to change.

I was shocked and angry, and asked her why she did this. She just cried and said that she didn't want to be left behind by me. She wanted to stay with me forever and didn't want others to say that she was not worthy of me."

"Looking at her excited and painful expression, I felt like my heart was being cut by a knife.

I know I'm also responsible for her condition. My rapid growth put too much pressure on her.

But I couldn't accept her increasing her strength this way, and I couldn't face the enormous cost and pain hidden behind her increasingly bloated body. It

was too much for me, and I didn't know what to do, so I just... I chose to escape. "

I left her without saying goodbye, wandering around, deliberately avoiding her.

I thought maybe time would heal everything, maybe she would understand my painstaking efforts. But I didn't expect this hiding would last for so many years."

"For all these years, she never gave up searching for me. She changed her name to Fatty, established an information building, and grew her influence, all in an attempt to find me through every possible means.

And I, like a coward, kept running and hiding. I was afraid to see her, afraid to see her in her current state, afraid to face our problems, and afraid to face my own guilt. "

Before coming to Sword Saint City this time, I knew she was here, so I stayed outside the city and didn't dare to set foot inside, just for fear of being discovered by her. I didn't expect... I couldn't escape after all."

Nan Batian's voice was full of fatigue and self-blame.

David listened quietly, his heart full of mixed feelings.

He didn't expect that behind the fat woman's fierce appearance and domineering style of behavior, there was such a sad past.

He looked at the obese figure not far away who was commanding the servants and secretly glancing over here from time to time. Suddenly, he felt that hidden in that bloated body was actually a fragile and persistent heart.

“Nan Batian.” David pondered for a moment and said, “I think that the owner of the Fat Woman Building... Miss A Cui, ‘s feelings for you are intense. She did all this, although the method was extreme, but the starting point is that she cares about you too much.”

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Nan Batian smiled bitterly, “I know... But so many years have passed, and she’s become what she is now. Can we ever go back to the way things were?”

David looked at him and said seriously, “The past may not be returnable, but the future may not be impossible. Escaping won’t solve the problem. Besides, the health of the Fat Lady isn’t necessarily beyond repair.”

Nan Batian suddenly raised his head, a glint of hope in his eyes. “What did you say? Mr. Chen, do you have a solution?” Chen

Ping scratched his head. “I can’t guarantee it, but I might give it a try.

I once saw a similar record in an ancient book. Some physical deformations caused by evil skills are not completely irreversible.

The key is to find the root cause of the evil skill and analyze the principles of its energy flow. Then, using appropriate medicine and exercises, perhaps the side effects can be neutralized.”

He paused and said, “Can I have a proper conversation with the owner of the Fat Lady? I’d like to learn more about the specifics of that evil skill.”

Nan Batian hesitated, then nodded. “Okay... Thank you, Mr. Chen.”

He knew this might be Ah Cui’s only chance, and his chance to make amends.

Before long, Fat Lady, having made all the arrangements, happily approached, dragging Nan Batian to the banquet.

“Batian, come on! I’ve got some good food and wine ready. Let’s have a good chat! It’s been so long since we last met, and I have so much to tell you!”

Nan Batian glanced at David, who winked at him.

Nan Batian took a deep breath and said to the fat woman, "A Cui... I have something to tell you. And Mr. Chen said he might have a way... to help you." The

fat woman shuddered at the long-lost name "A Cui," and tears welled up in her eyes.

She stared blankly at Nan Batian, then at David, her voice trembling. "Help me? Help me with what?"

David stepped forward and said sincerely, "Master Fatty, I want to help you find a way to remove the side effects of your evil power and restore your body to its original state." The

Fatty was stunned, then burst into laughter as if she had heard a great joke, though her laughter was filled with bitterness and self-deprecation.

"Restore to your original state? Little brother, don't tease me. For many years, I've consulted numerous renowned doctors and tried various treatments, but none have worked. The side effects of this evil power are irreversible. I've long since resigned myself to my fate," the Fatty said.

"I know it's difficult," David said firmly, "but how can we know without trying? Master Fatty, don't you want to return to your original self? Don't you want to start over with Nan Batian as you were before?"

These words were like a key, unlocking Fatty's long-buried desire.

Her laughter abruptly died, and she stared at Nan Batian, her eyes filled with longing and disbelief.

Yes, how could she not? Countless times over the years, she'd dreamed of herself transformed back into the delicate Ah Cui, nestled beside Brother Batian.

But every time she woke, the sight of her bloated body filled her with only endless despair.

"Really... is there hope?"

The fat woman's voice, whispering as softly as a mosquito's, held a faint glimmer of hope.

"A 70% chance," David said, a conservative estimate based on ancient records and his own judgment. "But I need you to tell me the details of that evil technique, including the formulas, the route of practice, and the feelings and changes in your body during practice."

The fat woman hesitated for a long time, then glanced at Nan Batian's encouraging gaze, then thought of the pain and self-esteem she'd endured for so many years. Finally, she gritted her teeth and said, "Okay! I'm telling you! As long as there's even a glimmer of hope, I'm willing to try! Even... even if I fail in the end, I'll accept it!"