

# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 5271 |

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David was silent for a moment. He knew what the Fourth Hall Master's gesture of goodwill meant. With the support of the four halls of the Divine Temple, tracking down the Evil Path Hall would be much smoother.

However, he also knew that there were many factions within the Divine Temple, and the Third and Sixth Hall Masters would never give up.

"I can agree to a settlement." Chen

Ping finally nodded, but his eyes became sharp, "But if other people in the temple are as aggressive as the Sixth Palace Master, I, David, will not sit idly by and wait for death."

"Of course."

Yun Xiu nodded in response, "The Fourth Palace Master has passed down the order. If any palace master dares to cause trouble for you privately again, he will be an enemy of the Fourth Palace.

In addition, the Fourth Palace Master knows that you are tracking down the Evil Dao Palace. The branch palace in the Black Wind Mountains is indeed tricky. If you need intelligence or manpower, just send a message to the Fourth Palace, and the Fourth Palace Master will definitely help."

David's heart moved slightly. Although A Cui's intelligence network was wide, it was not as deep as the foundation of the temple after all.

He bowed and said, "In that case, thank you very much, Fourth Palace Master and Miss Yunxiu."

Yunxiu smiled slightly and said, "Mr. Chen, take good care of your wounds. I'll take my leave first."

After that, her figure flashed and disappeared into the sky in an instant like a wisp of green smoke.

Hu Mazi looked at the direction where Yunxiu left and was amazed: "This maid is really powerful, ninth level in the Earthly Immortal Realm, right? Stronger than the Sixth Palace Master. David, is this Fourth Palace Master reliable?"

David looked at Yunxiu's back and said, "At least for now, it's in our favor."

He looked at Nan Batian and A Cui, his eyes full of apology, "I'm sorry to have troubled you today."

Nan Batian waved his hand and fed the last pill to A Cui: "What are you talking about, Mr. Chen? You are our benefactor, and it is our duty to protect you. The branch of the Evil Dao Hall is dangerous, why don't I go with you?"

A Cui also nodded and said, "The Information Building has a secret line in the Black Wind Mountains. I can ask them to pick you up."

David felt a warm current in his heart and shook his head: "You just reconciled, rest well first. I can handle the affairs of the Evil Dao Hall by myself."

"If Mr. Chen needs help, just ask..." Nan Batian said!

David nodded, then left with Hu Mazi!

David and his companions didn't seek out the Evil Dao Hall's branch. With their current strength, David knew that even if they did, they wouldn't be able to rescue the Hu family's souls.

Now, David needed to increase his strength, and quickly.

However, to do so, David had to stay in the Demon Suppression Tower, where the flow of time would allow him to increase his strength as quickly as possible.

However, using the Demon Suppression Tower in the inn, leaving Hu Mazi alone to protect the Dharma, made David somewhat uneasy.

After all, many were targeting him, and if someone attacked him while he was training, it would be troublesome.

So, David took Hu Mazi to Mo Chen. As the Sword Sect's senior disciple, it was natural for him to stay at Mo Chen's residence.

David's days recuperating there were peaceful yet fulfilling.

Mo Chen's residence was nestled deep in the bamboo forest west of Sword Saint City. Within its courtyard stood an ancient sword hut, perpetually filled with the fragrance of

swords. In the open space in front of the hut, hundreds of rusted ancient swords lay embedded in the soil, forming a unique forest of swords.

It's said that these are all discarded swords Mo Chen collected from battlefield ruins and ruined sects during his early travels. He said, "A sword can be discarded, but its spirit cannot be shattered. By observing a discarded sword, one can understand the sword spirit of those who came before him; only then can one comprehend one's own path."

Every morning, David would breathe and heal his wounds in the Sword Forest.

The elixir left by Yun Xiu was so potent that the claw wound on his back scabbed over in three days. The cold and evil aura that had invaded his body gradually dissipated under the warmth of the "Warm Jade Talisman" gifted by Mo Chen.

Even more surprising was that, nourished by the rich sword essence of the Sword Forest, his spiritual energy flowed more smoothly, and the bottleneck that had previously stuck him at the peak of the seventh rank of the Loose Immortal Realm was actually showing signs of loosening.

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"Your foundation is sound, but your swordsmanship relies too heavily on bursts of spiritual energy, lacking the agility a swordsman should possess."

Mo Chen would instruct David every afternoon in the Sword Hut.

He never demonstrated himself, but simply sat on a bamboo couch, caressing a jet-black wooden sword, occasionally pointing out flaws in David's practice.

"Look at this old bamboo,"

Mo Chen pointed out the window, a stalk bent by the wind. "It bends when the wind blows, straightens when the wind leaves. It appears fragile, but in reality, it's incredibly resilient. The same should apply to swords: rigidity cannot last long, and softness cannot be defended. Only by combining rigidity and softness can one achieve unparalleled maneuverability."

David gazed intently, observing that the bamboo, blasted by the wind, seemed ready to snap at any moment, yet always managed to bend slightly at the peak of the force, dissipating much of the force. A sudden inspiration

struck him, and the Dragon Slaying Sword in his hand hummed. His once ferocious and domineering sword moves suddenly became agile and nimble.

The sword's light flickered like the shadows of swaying bamboo, sometimes piercing straight ahead like a bamboo shoot breaking through the earth, sometimes slashing horizontally like a bamboo leaf sweeping through the wind. "Hmm, that's quite interesting." Mo Chen's eyes flashed with approval.

"The way of the sword has no fixed rules. Those who are trapped in the techniques are craftsmen, while those who fully understand the principles of the sword are masters. Your previous swordsmanship was too focused on 'slashing,' forgetting that the sword can also 'entangle,' 'circle,' and 'remove.'"

With a flick of his finger, a bronze sword beside the bamboo couch soared into the air, transforming into a stream of light and shooting towards David. The strike seemed slow, but it blocked all of David's angles for evasion.

David's heart trembled, and he instinctively tried to block with brute force, but suddenly remembered Mo Chen's words. He twisted his wrist sharply, and the Dragon Slaying Sword wrapped around the bronze sword like a spirit snake.

With a gentle slide along the sword's spine, he actually diverted the sword's force to the side. The moment the two swords crossed, he turned his wrist again, and the blade was pointing directly at the bronze sword's hilt. "Ding!" The bronze sword fell to the ground with a crisp sound.

David stood there

in shock. The realization he had just experienced was like a revelation. He felt his spiritual energy surge, and the bottleneck of the Seventh Rank of the Loose Immortal Realm was shattered. An even more powerful force filled his body—the Eighth Rank of the Loose Immortal Realm!

"Breakthrough?" Hu Mazi watched from the side, astonished. "It's only been a few days, and David's cultivation speed is simply inhuman!"

Mo Chen stood up, walked over to David, and for the first time, smiled with satisfaction. "Not bad, a single glance. Your comprehension is far greater than mine back then."

Just then, a Sword Sect disciple hurried into the courtyard, shouting excitedly, "Senior Brother! Master Mo Chen! The once-a-century Sword Saint City Sword Competition is about to begin! All the major sects are signing up!"

David's heart moved, and he asked, "What is this Sword Competition?"

The Sword Sect disciple explained it to David.

“Swordsmanship Tournament?” Hu Mazi rubbed his hands. “Sounds exciting, David, shall we go?”

David looked at Mo Chen, only to see his brows furrowed slightly, seemingly unenthusiastic. He didn’t know why.

A few days later, news of the Swordsmanship Tournament spread throughout Sword Saint City. Major sects signed up, and even some sword-cultivating families from thousands of miles away sent representatives.

The disciples of the Sword Sect couldn’t wait to participate. Ling Xue and several other core disciples even approached Mo Chen, begging him to join.

“Master, this is a once-in-a-century opportunity. Even if we don’t win, we can at least witness the swordsmanship of other sects!” Ling Xue said earnestly.

Mo Chen was silent for a long time, then finally shook his head. “Your strength is still limited. This tournament is full of hidden talents. Many sects will do anything to gain a spot. Going there will only mean you’ll die in vain.”

“But...” Ling Xue wanted to argue, but Mo Chen interrupted her.

“Especially the Divine Sword Villa,” Mo Chen’s voice deepened. “They have a long-standing grudge against our Sword Sect. Their disciples are known for their ruthlessness. If we encounter them at the conference, they will show no mercy.”

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David heard about the Excalibur Villa and knew that when he entered the city, Ling Xue and Qin Feng from the Excalibur Villa had been competing in a sword-fighting match.

If he hadn’t intervened, one of them would have died.

“Master,” David stepped forward, his eyes firm, “disciple is willing to represent the Sword Sect in the competition.”

“You?” Mo Chen looked at him, “Although you have broken through to the eighth level of the Loose Immortal Realm, the core disciples of the Divine Sword Villa are at least at the fourth level of the Earth Immortal Realm. If you go up...”

“Disciple knows the danger, but precisely because of this, we should go.” David’s tone was sincere, “If we retreat blindly, it will only make people think that the Sword Sect is

cowardly and can be bullied. Besides, disciple wants to take advantage of this conference to hone his swordsmanship.”

Ling Xue also echoed: “Yes, Master, Senior Brother Chen is making rapid progress, maybe he can create a miracle! We are willing to go too. Even if we can’t play, we can cheer for Senior Brother Chen!”

The other disciples also nodded, their eyes full of anticipation.

Mo Chen took in the eager eyes of the crowd, then glanced at David’s confident expression, and finally relented. “Well, since you insist on going, then so be it. But remember, safety comes first.”

He turned to David and solemnly instructed, “I’ll sign you up, but listen, there are three ironclad rules for the competition: First, swordsmanship only. No magic, magic weapons, or external forces are permitted. Second, you must bring your own weapons, but they must be swords. Third, once on stage, life and death are left to fate, and no one is allowed to interfere.”

“Especially if you encounter someone from the Divine Sword Villa,” Mo Chen emphasized. “Their ‘Sky-Splitting Sword Technique’ is incredibly powerful, and every move is lethal. If you feel you can’t defeat them, surrender immediately. Don’t try to be stubborn! Saving your life is paramount.”

David nodded, “Disciple, understand.”

Seeing David’s composure, Mo Chen felt a sense of relief, yet a lingering worry remained.

He knew this sword competition was far from being as simple as it appeared. The people of Divine

Sword Villa had likely been waiting to deliver a fatal blow to the Sword Sect at the conference.

A few days later, the sword tournament began. The Sword

Saint City’s martial arts square was already packed.

In the center of the bluestone-paved square, a white jade arena, a hundred feet in diameter, hovered in mid-air, its edges inscribed with dense sword patterns.

A faint golden glow shone in the sunlight. This was the “Soul Locking Formation,” painstakingly laid by successive lords of Sword Saint City. It prevented the aftermath of the fight from harming spectators and confined all magical powers, ensuring that only swordsmanship could determine victory.

Dozens of viewing platforms, built into the hillside, surrounded the square, the flags of the major sects fluttering in the wind.

On the top VIP platform, the person in charge of Sword Saint City sat in the center in a purple robe. On his left sat several old men with white hair and beards, all of whom were highly respected sword masters in the city;

on his right sat the heads or elders of the major sects. The most eye-catching among them was Qin Lie, the owner of the Divine Sword Villa. He was dressed in a red python robe, with a pitch-black long sword hanging from his waist. His eyes were as sharp as an eagle's. He was chatting and laughing with several elders beside him, with pride between his brows.

"Have you heard? This time, Divine Sword Villa has sent three core disciples. The leader, Zhao Jingfeng, is said to have mastered the 'Sky-Splitting Sword Technique' to the seventh level. With a cultivation base of the sixth rank in the Earthly Immortal Realm, he's practically unmatched among the younger generation!"

"Not only that, there's also Li Hanjiang from the Seven-Star Sword Sect. He's so skilled in the 'Seven-Star Linking Sword' that it's said he once cut down a thousand-year-old pine tree with a single strike!"

"I bet Zhao Jingfeng will be the champion this time! Look at his aura. Just standing there, no one dares to look directly at him!"

The discussion from the audience surged like a tide, and the eyes of thousands of cultivators were focused on the entrance on the east side of the arena, where contestants from various sects were preparing to enter.