

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 5274

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David, dressed in a pale blue cloth robe, stood out among the Sword Sect disciples, looking somewhat out of place.

Ling Xue and the others were all dressed in the Sword Sect's standard white robes, but he remained in his usual attire. The seemingly ordinary Dragon Slaying Sword at his waist stood out against the backdrop of the various ornate swords around him, appearing even more plain and unpretentious.

"Brother Chen, look over there!" Ling Xue quietly nudged David's arm, pointing to the nearby Excalibur Villa group.

Three young men in silver armor surrounded a man in red. The man had sharp eyebrows and a gleaming gaze, a hint of haughtiness on his lips. It was Zhao Jingfeng.

He seemed to sense Ling Xue's gaze and turned, his eyes sweeping over David as if he were examining an insignificant object. Then, with a disdainful chuckle, he said to his fellow apprentice, "The Sword Sect actually sent a worthless wretch from the Loose Immortal Realm to fill the ranks this time? It seems they're truly out of resources."

The apprentices nearby burst into laughter. The laughter wasn't loud, but it reached the Sword Sect disciples clearly.

Ling Xue's face paled with anger, her hand trembling slightly around the hilt of her sword. "That's too much!"

David, however, remained calm, saying simply, "They have the right to speak. Let them say whatever they want."

David noticed that Qin Feng, who had challenged Ling Xue in a duel of swordsmanship at the Divine Sword Villa, wasn't in the line of disciples, but rather sat in the front seat.

"Senior Brother Chen, Qin Feng is the owner's son, so he holds a high status. He won't be on stage for a duel like this. He's probably afraid of getting hurt,"

Ling Xue said, following David's lead.

David nodded. A second-generation brother who was so timid wouldn't have much of a future.

At that moment, a bell rang out in the center of the square, three long and two short, signaling the start of the competition.

The leader of Sword Saint City slowly rose, his voice carried across the square through spiritual energy: "Once a century, the Sword Saints' Sword Contest! We have gathered here today to exchange swordsmanship and sharpen our skills!

I hereby reiterate three ironclad rules: First, no magic or magical weapons, only the sword will determine the winner; second, the final word, life or death is your own; third, on the stage, the winner is king!"

"Now, please enter, contestants from all sects!" As the

City Lord finished speaking, and the light curtain at the entrance slowly opened. Disciples from each sect took to the stage one by one.

Sixty-four contestants, divided into thirty-two groups, would face off in pairs, with the winner advancing to the next round. David's name was placed in the tenth group, his opponent a disciple from the Flowing Cloud Sect, a third-rank Earthly Immortal. "David, be careful. The Flowing Cloud Sect's 'Flowing Cloud Thirteen Styles' excels at speed."

Mo Chen had unknowingly reached David's side and whispered a warning. David nodded, "Don't worry, Master." As he stepped onto the stage, a murmur erupted from the audience. "Is that the Sword Sect's contestant? He looks so young." "I heard he's an eighth-rank Sanxian Realm cultivator.

Of the sixty-four, his cultivation level is probably at the bottom, right?" "Wang Chong from the Flowing Cloud Sect is a third-rank Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator. This round is a sure win."

Wang Chong, upon seeing David take the stage, smiled with a confident smile and bowed, "I am Wang Chong from the Flowing Cloud Sect. May I ask your name, sir?" "David." Two simple words, neither humble nor overbearing.

A flicker of displeasure flashed in Wang Chong's eyes, feeling that David was too arrogant. Without further ado, he unsheathed his longsword, transforming it into a stream of light and piercing David's heart. "Take it!"

The sword's light flashed like water, erratic and unpredictable. It was the opening move of the "Thirteen Forms of Flowing Clouds," "Clouds Rolling in the Setting Sun." The audience saw only a flash of white as Wang Chong's sword reached David, yet David remained standing, seemingly unresponsive. "It's over! David is probably going to lose!"

“Too arrogant! He didn’t even draw his sword?” Ling Xue closed her eyes in nervousness.