

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5259 |

Full Read Online **Chapter 5259** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5259

“This... How is this possible?”

“A seventh-grade Loose Immortal, holding his own against a seventh-grade Earth Immortal for ten moves without defeat? This kid is a monster!”

“Too terrifying! With such resilience and fighting prowess, his future is limitless!”

The surrounding chatter grew louder, and their gazes toward David were filled with shock and admiration.

Eleventh move!

The fat woman’s massive palm finally broke through David’s defenses, slamming heavily into his chest.

“Puff!”

David, struck hard, gushed blood. His body flew backward like a kite with a broken string, slamming heavily against the wall and sliding down, his life or death unknown.

“Brother Chen!” Hu Mazi’s eyes were bloodshot, and he let out a cry of grief. He desperately struggled to break through, but was held down by the guards.

The fat woman panted heavily, looking at the collapsed David, a complex expression flashing in her eyes.

She hadn’t expected it would take so much effort to capture a seventh-grade Loose Immortal Realm cultivator, and even wounded him, which made her look even uglier. She stepped towards David, clearly intending to kill him once and for all.

Just then, a commanding voice rang out from outside the Information Building: “Stop!”

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw a group of cultivators dressed in the attire of the Sword Sect hurried in, led by none other than Mo Chen.

Ling Xue followed him, and upon seeing the collapsed David, her face instantly paled.

Mo Chen glanced around, taking in the injured fat woman, the sight of David lying on the ground, his life or death uncertain, and the surrounding chaos. His eyes instantly turned cold.

“Master Fat Woman, you’re so arrogant!”

Mo Chen’s voice was calm, yet it carried an undeniable sense of pressure. “How could a disciple of the Sword Sect be treated like this in your Information Building?”

The fat woman’s face changed slightly upon seeing Mo Chen. She had naturally heard of Mo Chen’s reputation; he was one of the Sword Sect’s top masters, possessing unfathomable strength.

Although both were at the Earth Immortal Realm, she wasn’t entirely confident she could defeat him. However, at this moment, she had the upper hand and naturally wouldn’t show any weakness.

“Fellow Daoist Mo Chen, your disciple committed murder in my Information Building. Is there anything wrong with me teaching him a lesson?” the fat woman asked coldly. “Murder?” Mo Chen snorted.

“I believe there must be a reason. Although my disciple is young, he’s not one to slaughter innocent people. I think it’s best to let this matter go. The Sword Sect is willing to compensate you for the losses incurred by your Information Building. Ten thousand immortal stones, how about that?” He didn’t want to make a big deal out of it.

After all, this was the Information Building, not Sword Sect territory. Upon hearing this, the fat woman’s lips curled up in sarcasm. “Fellow Daoist Mo Chen, are you treating a beggar like this?”

What my Information Building has lost isn’t just a maid, it’s also our reputation! Ten thousand immortal stones? Not enough!” “Then how much does the building owner want?” Mo Chen asked patiently.

“One million immortal stones!” The fat woman demanded loudly. “Also, if this kid kowtows and admits his fault, I’ll consider sparing his life!”

“You’re going too far!” Ling Xue couldn’t help but rage. David had been beaten so badly, and the fat woman still made such an outrageous demand. Mo Chen’s face also darkened:

“The host is determined to make an enemy of my Sword Sect?” “So what if we are enemies?” Fatty was fearless. “Daoyou Mo Chen, don’t think that just because your Sword Sect is famous, my Information Building is afraid of you.

For today's matter, either do as I say, or don't blame me for being rude!" "Okay, very good!" Mo Chen nodded, a fierce look flashed in his eyes, "Since the host is unwilling to give me this face, then I can only ask the host for some advice!" Before he finished speaking, Mo Chen moved.

His figure swayed, and an aura that was even more powerful than Fatty's spread out. In his hand, he had an ancient long sword. The sword flashed, and with a fierce momentum, it pierced Fatty.

Full Read Online **Chapter 5260** of the novel **A Man Like None Other**

Chapter 5260

"Well-timed!" Seeing this, the fat woman stopped talking and rushed forward, waving her massive palm.

"Dang!"

The sword and palm of clashed with an even harsher clash. The violent blast of air spread again, this time sending many weaker cultivators flying. Cracks appeared on the walls of the Information Building.

The two masters instantly engaged in a clash!

Mo Chen's swordsmanship was exquisite, at times nimble and graceful, like an antelope hanging its horns, leaving no trace;

at other times fierce and domineering, like a thunderbolt, unstoppable. Each strike imbued him with a profound understanding of the way of the sword, sending the surrounding Sword Sect disciples' blood boiling.

The fat woman's fighting style was vigorous and powerful, leveraging her Earth Immortal Realm cultivation and formidable physique to counter Mo Chen's sword moves.

Each of her strikes carried such immense force that the very air trembled.

The two engaged in a fierce back-and-forth, the battle darkening the heavens and fading the sun and moon.

Sword flashes and palm strikes intertwined, a relentless roar echoed. The tables and chairs within the information building were shattered, walls crumbled, and the entire building was on the verge of collapse.

The surrounding cultivators had already retreated outside, observing the clash of top-tier masters from afar, their faces filled with shock.

“Oh my God! Is this a duel between top Earth Immortal Realm masters? Terrifying!”

“Senior Mo Chen truly lives up to his reputation; his swordsmanship is formidable!”

“That fat woman is no ordinary creature either. Her physical strength is insane; she managed to withstand Senior Mo Chen’s sword strikes head-on without a scratch!”

The battle raged for a long time, and as rumored, the two engaged in a full three hundred rounds!

After three hundred rounds, both men were breathless and wounded.

Mo Chen’s clothes were torn in several places by the fat woman’s palm wind, and there was a trace of blood at the corner of his mouth.

The fat woman was not much better off. The sword light had cut her body with several deep wounds that could be seen to the bone. She was bleeding and her breathing was a little disordered.

Obviously, this battle had consumed both of them greatly.

“Mo Chen, your strength is only so good!”

The fat woman panted, her eyes gleaming with excitement. “Today, let me experience the true strength of your sword sect!”

After saying this, her aura surged again, clearly preparing to use her most powerful skills.

Mo Chen’s face was solemn, he knew he was almost reaching his limit.

The fat woman’s body was too powerful. Although his swordsmanship was exquisite, it was almost impossible to defeat her completely.

“Take my last move! Blood Demon Dance!” The fat woman roared, and the blood flowing from the wounds on her body began to boil, swirling around her body, forming blood-colored air currents.

Her body seemed to expand, becoming even more terrifying.

“Not good!” Mo Chen was horrified. He could sense the terrifying power contained within this move, and fearing the slightest chance of complacency, he concentrated all his

spiritual energy on his longsword and whispered, "Sword Sect's Secret Technique, Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Sect!"

Instantly, countless piercing sword energies erupted from his body, converging in the air into a massive sword shadow. With devastating force, it slashed towards the Fatty.

The blood-red air and the massive sword shadow collided with a resounding roar!

"Boom!"

A resounding, earth-shattering roar echoed, and the entire Sword Saint City seemed to shake. A

violent energy storm spread, razing the Information Building to the ground. The surrounding buildings were also affected, collapsing many.

Smoke and dust filled the air, obscuring everyone's view.

The surrounding cultivators held their breath, staring intently at the center of the cloud, eager to learn the outcome of this terrifying duel.

After a long moment, the smoke gradually dissipated, and

the figures of Mo Chen and the Fatty reappeared in the arena.

Mo Chen was leaning on a long sword; his face was as pale as paper, blood was constantly flowing from the corner of his mouth, and his breath was extremely weak. It was obvious that he was seriously injured and had lost his combat effectiveness.