

# A WARRIOUR UNDEFEATABLE /

## A Man Like None Other

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4521** – “Same here. I’ve been alive for nearly ten thousand years, so it’s only natural for me to call you a child. If you’ve got nothing better to do, you might as well go home. Stop all this fighting and killing like adults do!” Infinides advised Decanus.

However, his advice sounded more like mockery.

“Are you insulting me?” Decanus’ eyes narrowed slightly.

“Yes, you’re right!” Infinides nodded.

Everyone from Allardland was rendered speechless upon hearing that. He seems dignified and always carries himself with such righteousness. Why does he sound funny when he speaks?

“You old fart, you’re not just insulting me. You’re insulting the entire Celestial Palace. You’ll regret this!” As Decanus spoke, he swung the sword in his hand toward Infinides like a bolt of lightning.

This single swing of the sword shook the heavens and the earth, its sheer power reverberating across the land. Even those a distance away were gripped by an overwhelming sense of dread.

Jared’s face was a picture of astonishment. He struggled to fathom how the Demon Seal Alliance had such formidable strength backing it.

What’s this Celestial Palace? Why does the power dynamics in the Ethereal Realm mirror those of the corporate world in the mundane world? It’s like they have a parent company and various subsidiary companies... What’s this all about? Don’t tell me there are more forces at play behind this Celestial Palace. Am I still facing the Demon Seal Alliance?

Jared was at a loss for words.

“Mr. Lefterov, should we take action together?” The cultivator who had been interrupted earlier leaned in to speak to Talcott.

Talcott felt the overwhelming pressure, his face awash with embarrassment.

He had wanted to take action together, but the oppressive force was so intense that it left them completely immobilized.

Even if they tried to do so, they probably would have been reduced to ashes before they could get any closer.

The cultivator, noticing Talcott's unpleasant expression, couldn't help but chuckle. I've asked this on purpose to make him feel humiliated. Does he not know his own capabilities? Thinking of joining in the brawl in such a situation? How idiotic!

Infinides let out a cold huff, sweeping his cane with a swift motion.

Bam!

The sword's radiance shattered, forcing Decanus to retreat a staggering fifty kilometers. Yet, Infinides remained rooted in place, his composure unshaken, not even a trace of exhaustion on his face.

"What's the matter with you? If you're feeling weak because you're hungry, I can let you head back for a meal and we'll continue this afterward," Infinides quipped with a faint smirk.

"D\*mn it..." Decanus' expression darkened as frustration flickered across his features. Without hesitation, he stepped forward, producing a diamond-shaped crystal from his hand.

From the object burst a blinding beam of light, piercing the heavens with its intensity.

Soon after, countless mysterious forces of unknown origin converged within Decanus' body. Simultaneously, the longsword in his hand began to emit a resonant hum, and a faint silhouette shimmered atop its blade.

"A sword spirit?" Jared muttered, his eyes widening in realization as he recognized the figure reflected in Decanus' weapon.

For someone of Decanus' extraordinary strength, it was only natural to wield a sword imbued with a spirit.

As the enigmatic energy infused his form, Decanus began to take on an almost ethereal quality. Waves of terrifying sword force radiated outward, rippling through the air with devastating force.

Seeing the escalating danger, everyone scrambled to retreat. However, the sheer speed and intensity of the sword force left many unable to escape in time.

Bernard quickly reacted, summoning a protective barrier to shield the group. Yet, the barrier crumbled instantly under the sword's overwhelming power, unable to withstand even a moment of the onslaught. His expression turned grim-exhaustion from a prior battle had drained much of his strength.

At the same time, neither Inmensas nor Leonidas were in any condition to endure the relentless surge of sword energy.

“Everyone from Allardland, block this force!” Nate commanded, stepping forward to take the lead.

He conjured shield after shield, layers of protective energy forming rapidly. Inspired by his actions, the other experts from Allardland followed suit, frantically casting their own barriers to shield everyone.

However, against the overwhelming might of the unleashed sword force, their barriers proved as fragile as paper, shattering almost instantly.

The grim expressions on the faces of every expert betrayed their growing despair.

“Let me.” Jared stepped forward.

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**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4523** – Infinides watched as the members of the Demon Seal Alliance fled, but he made no move to pursue them.

While he believed they were deserving of death, he had no intention of killing them. Moreover, he held no personal connection to Allardland. His intervention had been solely for Leonidas, his junior.

The people from Allardland naturally stayed put, too. Even if they chose to chase, Infinides knew that Allardland would be no match for the Demon Seal Alliance. The battle had already taken a heavy toll on their forces, leaving many injured and drained of the strength needed to continue the fight.

With the members of the Demon Seal Alliance now gone, everyone from Allardland breathed a sigh of relief.

Although they understood that the Demon Seal Alliance would not let the matter rest and would likely launch another attack, they found some comfort knowing Infinides was on their side.

They then turned to look at Jared.

Everyone assumed Infinides was Jared's backer, for Jared was his disciple.

They hoped that Jared would speak up, convincing Infinides to stay in Allardland.

Jared, sensing their gazes, understood their intentions.

He looked at Infinides, parting his lips to speak, but he just couldn't get the words out.

Infinides ignored the crowd and turned his attention to Leonidas, who only had a shred of divine soul left. "Come with me," he said, his voice calm yet resolute. "I will help you restore your physical form."

After speaking, Infinides waved his sleeve, and Leonidas instantly vanished from sight. Slowly, Infinides followed suit, disappearing before the eyes of everyone present. The people from Allardland exchanged confused glances, their attention now turning to Jared.

"Mr. Chance, why didn't you try to keep Abbot Infinides here?" Bernard asked, his voice filled with curiosity.

"I..." Jared hesitated, letting out a soft sigh before continuing, "Even if I had tried to persuade him, he wouldn't have stayed."

Seeing the expression on Jared's face, Bernard seemed to understand and nodded thoughtfully. "The Demon Seal Alliance likely won't return anytime soon. We should focus on healing as quickly as possible. Restoring the physical bodies of these hundreds of thousands of soldiers will be a lengthy process, too..."

Jared's mind turned to the Soul Demon Sect. "Your Majesty, I have friends who specialize in both soul and body restoration. I can call on them for assistance."

"That's wonderful! We're counting on you, Mr. Chance," Bernard said, his voice filled with relief.

Jared felt a pang of guilt. The current state of Allardland was largely his fault, and he knew it was only right to take responsibility for what had happened.

Jared had been in contact with Faiyar through his communication device. As the son-in-law of the Soul Demon Sect, Faiyar had gained significant authority. Upon receiving Jared's request, he sprang into action. Accompanied by Serena and other disciples, they swiftly made their way to Allardland.

Thanks to the Soul Demon Sect's expertise, the tens of thousands of soldiers were able to restore their physical bodies at an accelerated pace.

The palace grounds had been destroyed, forcing Bernard and his people to seek refuge in another city. Allardland was not limited to a single palace; it was made up of dozens of cities, both large and small. While the recent attack had inflicted considerable damage, the survival of Allardland's key figures meant that the legacy of the kingdom remained intact. A full restoration, though challenging, was still within reach.

Jared worked tirelessly, alchemizing pills and providing treatment to the injured cultivators of Allardland, doing everything he could to aid in their recovery.

The past few days had been incredibly taxing for Jared, but it was a burden he accepted willingly.

“Mr. Chance, I’ve already instructed my people to gather resources and medicinal herbs from all corners of Allardland for your use,” Bernard said, his voice filled with concern. He had noticed how exhausted Jared was and, knowing the situation, ordered the resources be gathered regardless of the cost.

“Your Majesty, you’d better keep those resources. Many people in Allardland are still in need of them for their recovery. As for me, I plan to leave soon to attend to some personal matters,” Jared replied, his tone resolute.

“You’re leaving?” Bernard asked, taken aback. His expression turned grave as he processed the news. With Jared’s presence, there was a sense of security that Allardland could rely on, especially if the Demon Seal Alliance sought revenge. Without him, who would protect Allardland’s future?

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4524** – Jared noticed Bernard’s concern and quickly reassured him, “Please, don’t misunderstand. I’m only stepping away for a short while. I’ve left Prince Cedric with a communication device -should anything happen to Allardland, I’ll return immediately.”

A sense of relief washed over Bernard, and he nodded in response.

However, Bernard couldn’t help but feel a pang of irony. Allardland, once nearly the greatest power in the Ethereal Realm, now found itself depending on the protection of Jared, a mere Seventh Level Tribulator.

It was a stark contrast, yet the reality remained undeniable-Jared’s power, bolstered by the forces behind him, was unparalleled.

Jared made his departure, accompanied by Cloud.

The two of them boarded the airship, setting course for the Divine Smithing Sect at Greenoxen Peak. Jared had one clear objective: to fully restore the Dragonslayer Sword and free Zelda from its confines. Once the sword was whole again and Zelda could separate from its blade, Jared’s power would see a tremendous boost. At that point, he would no longer be fighting alone-Zelda would become a powerful trump card in his arsenal.

Seated within the airship, Jared was deeply engrossed in his cultivation. He knew the journey to the Divine Smithing Sect would take several days, and he intended to use that time to strengthen himself further.

As Jared made his way to the Divine Smithing Sect, at the headquarters of the Demon Seal Alliance, Talcott sat slumped in the main seat, disheveled and drained. Surrounding him were several mid-level leaders of the Demon Seal Alliance, their faces grim.

Gatlin, who had managed to escape, stood among them. The demonic cultivators of the alliance had suffered devastating losses- nearly everyone was injured. Only Gatlin, Ruth, and Seth had returned unscathed.

Gatlin's escaping skills unparalleled. But Talcott, too weary to focus on such matters, simply couldn't summon the energy to deal with it.

"Though we didn't manage to take down Allardland this time, we've certainly dealt them a significant blow," Talcott declared, his voice steady but edged with frustration. "Since we've prepared ourselves to continue attacking, we will never relent."

With that, he casually waved his hand, signaling the dismissal of the gathered leaders.

As they filed out, Talcott made his way toward a hidden chamber behind the main hall. Inside the secret room, a massive black void stretched before him, and in the center, Decanus sat, blissfully enjoying a lollipop.

Despite Decanus' unsporting behavior in abandoning the others and fleeing, Talcott dared not show even the slightest hint of dissatisfaction. Instead, he approached with the utmost respect, fully aware of Decanus' strength and influence.

"Talcott, I'm taking you to the Celestial Palace. Have you thought about what you're going to say?" Decanus asked, his tone casual but carrying a note of authority.

"Prince Decanus, I've given it some thought," Talcott replied, his voice respectful. "Although we didn't manage to take down Allardland this time, your contributions should not go unnoticed."

"That's good. Come with me." Decanus motioned for Talcott to follow as he stepped forward, leading the way into the swirling black void.



Talcott followed closely behind. As they entered, the black void slowly began to fade, and darkness enveloped Talcott's vision. When he opened his eyes again, he was met with an awe-inspiring sight. Before him stood a grand, black palace, towering in the midst of the vast void.

The entire structure appeared to float in the cosmos, suspended in the infinite expanse. This was the first time Talcott had seen the palace's exterior, despite having been summoned there numerous times before—each time, he had only seen the main hall, unaware of what lay beyond it.

“Prince Decanus, is this the Celestial Palace?”

Talcott asked, his voice filled with awe.

“Yes,” Decanus replied with a smug smile. “But this is only the Tenth Hall of the entire palace. As for the other nine, I have no knowledge of their locations. The reason I didn't bring you directly into the grand hall is to let you witness the power of our palace firsthand. If you serve us faithfully, like a loyal hound, I assure you, great rewards await you.”

Decanus treated Talcott as if he were little more than a dog, showing no concern for how Talcott might react.

Talcott wasn't angered in the least. Instead, a deep excitement filled him. After all, how could he be upset when given the chance to forge a connection with the celestials?

Seeing Talcott's enthusiastic response, Decanus was pleased, his smile widening. With a nod, he finally led Talcott into the main hall.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4525** – Though Talcott had visited the Celestial Palace before, each visit had filled him with dread, his heart racing in awe and fear.

The guards stationed at the entrance of the grand hall were cultivators at the Ultimate Realm. Along the sides of the hall stood cultivators at Ultimate Realm Levels Six and Seven, their expressions unreadable as they maintained a silent vigil. They weren't even permitted to sit.

This was just the Tenth Hall, the weakest of the ten halls that made up the Celestial Palace. Talcott had heard of its ranking, and even here, the sheer strength on display was overwhelming. It was difficult to fathom how immense the power of the entire palace must be.

“Father.” As they entered the grand hall, Decanus hurriedly called out, his voice tinged with both reverence and urgency. At the center of the hall, seated on a magnificent throne, was a

middle-aged man dressed in a long yellow robe, his posture regal and commanding. A crown sat atop his head, his expression cold and aloof, exuding an air of absolute authority.

This was none other than Tennyson Velazquez, Decanus' father.

In the Tenth Hall, Tennyson Velazquez was an unchallenged authority, the supreme presence that commanded respect and fear. Talcott dared not lift his gaze to meet Tennyson's eyes, nor those of the formidable cultivators seated beside him.

The cultivators standing aside were of Ultimate Realm Levels Six and Seven, and those sitting, undoubtedly, were far more powerful.

Talcott kneeled in the center of the grand hall, his head bowed so low that it almost touched the floor. His usual commanding demeanor as a leader had completely vanished.

"Are you defeated?" Tennyson's voice echoed slowly.

Decanus remained silent, his eyes briefly shifting toward Talcott.

"My Lord," Talcott spoke, his voice trembling, "We merely withdrew for the moment.

Allardland now exists only in name. However, at the very last moment, an ancient priest appeared, obstructing Decanus' path." Talcott's words faltered, his body shaking with the intensity of the moment.

"Are you talking about that old fart, Infinides?" said Tennyson.

"Yes, it's him." Talcott nodded.

"Father, that old fool..." Decanus began to explain, but before he could finish, Tennyson's sharp voice cut through the air. "Silence!" he commanded, his tone leaving no room for argument. "Go to the corner and reflect on your actions. You are a disgrace to us."

Decanus recoiled at the rebuke, fear flickering in his eyes. He cast a meaningful glance at Talcott before turning on his heel, his shoulders hunched in shame. As he left, he shot one last, warning look at Talcott, as if to remind him not to speak out of turn in his absence.

Tennyson's gaze then shifted to Talcott, his voice heavy with disappointment. "I remember you promised me you'd reign over the entire Ethereal Realm. Now, you can't even handle Allardland. How do you expect to rule the Ethereal Realm?"

Talcott shuddered under the weight of his words, but he quickly composed himself and answered with respect. "My Lord, indeed, the Demon Seal Alliance has the power to achieve that. We only need a bit more time. However, the emergence of a man named Jared has thrown the entire plan into chaos. Furthermore, there was Abbott Infinides, who secretly saved many of our demonic cultivators. This intervention has significantly impacted the strength and strategy of our Demon Seal Alliance."

Talcott knew he had to craft a solid excuse for his failure; otherwise, he risked being replaced as the leader of the Demon Seal Alliance.

“Are you making excuses?” Tennyson’s voice was icy, cutting through the silence like a blade.

“I wouldn’t dare, my Lord,” Talcott replied hastily, his tone deferential. “However, the presence of Abbot Infinides dealt us a severe blow. Even Prince Decanus was injured by him. Worse yet, he dared to insult Prince Decanus...” Talcott’s voice trailed off into a hushed tone as he kept his gaze firmly on the floor.

He understood all too well how much the celestials valued their reputation. Any insult directed at them was tantamount to blasphemy, and it would inevitably provoke their wrath.

As expected, the moment Talcott’s words registered, Tennyson’s expression darkened, and a surge of anger radiated from him.

A burly man standing to the left of Tennyson rose and roared, “Hmph, I can’t believe someone dared to insult us. They’re practically asking for death. I don’t care who he is. I’m going to kill him!”

“Tavon, you can kill that old fart?” asked Tennyson.

Tavon Lorthan declared, swinging his massive fist. “Yes, My Lord. I will avenge Prince Decanus. I don’t care how strong that old geezer is. All I need is one punch to shatter him into pieces.”

“All right, go handle it. But try not to provoke anyone from the Twilight Imperial City. That old fart is currently a distinguished guest there!” Tennyson reminded.

Talcott was puzzled, wondering what was the Twilight Imperial City that Tennyson mentioned.

He had spent countless years in the Ethereal Realm, where the influence of the Demon Seal Alliance extended across every corner of the realm. Yet, despite his extensive knowledge, he couldn’t recall ever encountering a place called Twilight Imperial City. Among the five major regions of the Ethereal Realm, not a single city bore that name.

“Understood!” Tavon bowed deeply before effortlessly hoisting Talcott with one hand. In the blink of an eye, the two vanished without a trace.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4526** – At the Divine Smithing Sect, an airship hovered above the place.

Hammerhead, along with numerous of his disciples, rushed out, their faces marked with confusion as they gazed at the airship hovering in mid-air.

Several elders from the sect leaped into the air, swiftly surrounding the airship. One of them, his voice sharp with fury, shouted, “Who dares intrude upon the sacred grounds of the Divine Smithing Sect? Leave at once, or suffer the consequences of your insolence!”

Jared looked at the elder before him and smiled.

These people were all rescued by Jared from Rudy's clutches.

"Greetings, esteemed elders. It's been a while. How are you doing?" He slowly emerged from the airship.

Upon recognizing Jared, the elders were instantly overjoyed. They all gathered around him, exclaiming, "So it's you, Mr. Chance! We didn't expect you to come. Let's catch up inside!"

They escorted Jared to the main hall of the sect.

The Divine Smithing Sect had undergone remarkable transformations over time, thanks to the collective efforts of its members. Majestic buildings now stood tall, a stark contrast to the humble state the sect was in when Jared first visited.

When Hammerhead saw Jared, his face was filled with excitement. "Mr. Chen, I didn't expect you to come. I apologize for being rude. Please forgive me!"

He displayed exceptional courtesy toward Jared, fully aware that the sect's prosperity was largely attributed to Jared's contributions.

As Jared entered the main hall, a crowd quickly gathered around him, their faces brimming with enthusiasm and respect, each eager to express their gratitude and admiration.

Cloud's admiration for Jared grew even deeper as he observed the scene.

The cultivators of the Divine Smithing Sect were renowned for their formidable strength and reputation, yet they extended such extraordinary hospitality toward Jared. The sight left Cloud profoundly shaken. Unaware of Jared's deep-rooted connection with the sect, he found himself unable to fathom why Jared was received with such warmth and respect.

"Mr. Chance, I assume your visit to our sect has a purpose. Please, feel free to share your request. If it's within our capabilities, we will do everything in our power to assist," Hammerhead said warmly.

"Master Hammerhead, to be honest, I've come here to repair the Dragonslayer Sword in my possession. It has sustained damage, and the spirit within it is injured and unable to separate from the sword body. I need the Sworder's expertise to restore it," Jared explained as he unsheathed the Dragonslayer Sword.

At the mention of the Sworder, Hammerhead's expression flickered with surprise before giving way to mild frustration. Around them, the gathered crowd grew unusually quiet. Heads subtly bowed, and a heavy silence filled the air.

Taking note of their expressions, Jared furrowed his brows and said, "Has something happened to the Sworder?"

“Mr. Chance, there’s something you might not be aware of,” Hammerhead began with a heavy sigh. “Ever since you last absorbed the sword energy from the sword-cleansing lake, the sword marionette within the pool has gone into a frenzy. It nearly destroyed the entire lake. As for the Swordsman, he hasn’t been seen for quite some time. We dispatched people to search for him, but they found no trace of his whereabouts. Worse still, those who ventured into the lake never returned. Out of desperation, we sealed off the lake entirely. Now, no one dares to go near it.”

Hearing this, Jared couldn’t help but feel a twinge of embarrassment. Back then, he had absorbed all the sword energy from the sword-cleansing lake to strengthen his Dragonslayer Sword. The Swordsman had even gone out of his way to assist, enabling Zelda to take on her human form.

Who could have predicted things would turn out this way? If something dangerous had befallen the Swordsman as a result, Jared knew the guilt would weigh heavily on him for the rest of his life. After all, it was his request that had placed the Swordsman in harm’s way.

“Master Hammerhead, may I visit the sword-cleansing lake?” asked Jared.

“Mr. Chance, it has already been sealed off. We’ve spent a fortune to hire an array master. If the seal were to be broken, I fear the sword marionette within it would burst out. That would cause quite a bit of trouble. Moreover, to seal it, we’d have to pay a hefty price to hire an array master. Our sect has just recovered, we really can’t afford to hire another one again,” explained Hammerhead.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4527** – “Master Hammerhead, you don’t need to pay for some array master to seal it. I am an array master myself, and my skills are even more formidable than the average ones in the Ethereal Realm,” Jared quickly said.

“You know array craft?” Hammerhead looked at Jared, seemingly in disbelief!

“Of course.” Jared replied, his voice steady. With a swift motion, his fingers danced through the air, weaving intricate hand seals. Then, he traced several elaborate array runes in the thin air, each one glowing faintly as they took shape.

Buzz!

A resonating hum filled the air as a brilliant flame array took form, surrounding the entire hall in a protective glow.

“Master Hammerhead, I’ve set up a defensive arcane array around the grand hall,” Jared explained calmly. “If anyone attempts to attack, the array will activate.”

The crowd was left in awe, their excitement palpable. They marveled at Jared's skill in array crafting.

"All right then, Mr. Chance, please follow me!" Hammerhead led Jared toward the sword-cleansing lake.

As the crowd drew closer to it, an eerie aura began to pervade the surroundings.

Is the sword-cleansing lake possessed by an evil spirit? Jared's brow slightly furrowed.

When Jared first entered the area, although the sword marionettes were present, they did not emanate any malevolent energy. However, now, as he approached the sword-cleansing lake, he could sense a palpable evil aura. It was clear that an evil spirit had taken residence within the lake, which was likely causing the sword marionettes to turn wild and attack anyone who approached.

As the crowd drew closer, Jared's attention was drawn to a faint white glow that seemed to shield the lake's surface. Through the radiance, he was struck by the sight of the water itself—it was black, an unnatural, ominous shade. The water churned violently, with wave after wave of dark energy crashing against the protective glow.

Jared observed it for only a moment before his eyes narrowed. He realized that the arcane array meant to seal the lake was on the verge of collapse.

Had Jared not arrived, it would have taken only a few more days for the seal on the lake to collapse. Without a moment's hesitation, he formed intricate hand seals and thrust his hands deep into the water. Array runes spread outward from his palms, radiating with energy.

"Within moments, the turbulent waters began to settle, their chaotic energy slowly dissipating. Golden light, brilliant and pure, began to envelop the entire lake, creating a shimmering barrier from all sides.

The members of the Divine Smithing Sect watched in awe as Jared effortlessly set up such a powerful and intricate array. Their admiration for him soared, and they now regarded him with a newfound respect."

"Master Hammerhead, I'm going to check out what's happening in the sword-cleansing lake, and while I'm at it, I'll try to find the Sword. If I don't emerge from the lake in the next three days, seal this place off and don't let anyone come near," said Jared.

“Mr. Chance, that’s too risky!” Hammerhead frowned.

“No worries. I’ve entered the lake once before, so I’m pretty familiar with the place!” Jared smiled reassuringly.

“Mr. Chance…” Cloud called out, his face full of concern.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be fine.” Jared patted Cloud on the shoulder before plunging headfirst into the lake.

The majority of the sword energy within the lake had already been absorbed by Jared during his previous visit. As a result, when he entered the water this time, he was not attacked by the sword energy.

He swam deeper into the lake, but the surroundings were pitch-black, the dark water obscuring his vision. The depths were shrouded in uncertainty, and Jared couldn’t make out anything in the distance.

Without hesitation, he activated his Nethersky Eye. Immediately, his vision sharpened, unaffected by the dim light or the water’s reflections. What he saw left him stunned. A dense swarm of sword marionettes moved before him, their numbers staggering. They exuded an aura of ferocity, clearly influenced by the evil energy that now pervaded the lake.

Fortunately, Jared had activated his Nethersky Eye, or he would have plunged headfirst into those sword marionettes.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4528** – Using his Nethersky Eye, Jared skillfully navigated through the swarm of sword marionettes, evading their unpredictable movements. His primary focus was clear: to locate the Sworder.

Finding the Sworder was crucial, as it was the key to understanding the cause of the lake’s current state.

Where on earth did all these sword marionettes come from?

While sword marionettes had always been present, their numbers had never been this overwhelming. The evil energy that now emanated from the lake was a new and troubling development. Why had the marionettes proliferated so rapidly, and what was the source of this malevolent energy that had taken hold of the lake?

Jared began to stealthily navigate through the swarm of sword marionettes, gradually making his way toward the depths of the lake.

Despite Jared's careful movements, one sword marionette detected his presence. To his surprise, the marionette emitted a brilliant beam of light, its entire form crackling with sword intent as it charged toward him.

Jared was momentarily stunned—he hadn't expected the marionette to possess sword intent.

Reacting swiftly, Jared drew the Dragonslayer Sword and advanced toward the marionette.

A streak of blinding sword light cut through the air as Jared's own sword intent surged in response.

Swish!

With a single, precise stroke, he cleaved through the marionette. As the marionette fell, the sword intent within it was instantly absorbed by the Dragonslayer Sword.

Jared was surprised and excited as he observed the scene unfold. He had not expected the Dragonslayer Sword to absorb sword intent on its own while submerged in the lake. If this continues, could it be possible that, by defeating enough sword marionettes, the Dragonslayer Sword could be restored to its former glory? And more importantly, could Zelda once again detach herself from the sword?

Despite this revelation, Jared couldn't ignore the overwhelming number of sword marionettes surrounding him. Though the urge to charge forward and defeat them all was strong, he exercised restraint. It wasn't just a matter of capability—eliminating such a large swarm would require an immense amount of strength and time.

Moreover, his venture into the lake this time was not solely to slay the sword marionette.

His true intent was to seek out the Sworder and ask him about what had happened.

Jared continued his journey into the depths of the lake, skillfully evading a swarm of sword marionettes along the way.

Whenever he encountered one or two of those sword marionettes, he would not hesitate to slay them.

He finally ventured deep into the lake, where the surrounding evil energy grew increasingly intense.

As Jared ventured deeper into the lake, he noticed a significant decrease in the number of sword marionettes. However, the strength of the remaining marionettes had surged exponentially.

In the beginning, Jared could easily dispatch three or four marionettes at a time with little effort. But as he pressed on, even eliminating a single one became increasingly difficult.

The marionettes were stronger, more relentless, but their sword intent had also intensified.



Swiftly, Jared sensed the aura of the arcane array, which brought a frown to his face..

The last time he was at the bottom of this lake, he indeed discovered an array and even obtained a formation fragment.

The array at the bottom of the lake should have been broken, so why is there still a trace of its aura?

Jared's confusion deepened as he quickened his descent. When he finally reached the bottom of the pool, his feet sank into the thick, muddy sand. However, what truly caught his attention was the intensifying aura of the array beneath him.

Could there be other arrays at the bottom of this lake?

Jared looked around, somewhat bewildered!

Just as Jared found himself lost in confusion, a sudden, intense suction force gripped his feet, as if someone had instantly seized him by the ankles.

Startled, Jared sprang up, attempting to break free from the compelling force.

The suction force was immense, rapidly intensifying and creating a powerful whirlpool. Jared's body was relentlessly drawn toward its center, the pull growing stronger with each passing moment.

D\*mn it, what's going on? How could there be such a suction force at the bottom of this lake, even creating a massive whirlpool?

Jared's mind raced in confusion, unable to make sense of what was happening. He continued to descend, realizing that this was not yet the lake's bottom. No matter how hard he struggled, the overwhelming force held him fast, refusing to let him break free. In the end, with no other option, Jared resigned himself to the pull. With his eyes squeezed shut, he surrendered to the suction, allowing it to drag him deeper into the murky depths of the lake.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4529** – Jared didn't know how much time had passed before he suddenly felt his body relax. The pressure of the pool and the aura of the sword marionette around him had vanished!

When he opened his eyes, Jared realized he was no longer in the water but in a strange, otherworldly dimension.

Looking up, Jared could clearly see the silt and flowing lake water above him.

Yet, something seemed to block the silt and lake water from falling, making it look as though they were suspended in mid-air.

What is this place? Could there be another dimension at the bottom of the sword-cleansing lake?

Jared glanced around, but all he could see was a misty whiteness. Here, he couldn't distinguish dimension from time.

Even when he extended his spiritual sense, Jared still couldn't figure out any direction.

Left with no choice, Jared cautiously moved forward. Before long, a faint crimson light appeared not far ahead of him. When Jared saw it, he quickly headed toward the light.

Reaching the glowing spot, Jared froze in shock.

Is this a charm?

Jared was surprised because the glowing object in front of him turned out to be a charm imprint. It didn't look like an array rune but more like it was made of characters.

After staring at it for a long time without understanding, Jared continued onward.

Soon, he encountered another charm imprint ahead. However, the characters inscribed on this one were different from the first.

Jared found a total of seven such charm imprints, but he couldn't comprehend any of their meanings.

"What the h\*ll is this place? And what are these charm imprints?" Jared cursed aloud.

"Kid, haven't you noticed that these seven imprints form a circle?"

At this moment, the voice of the Vermilion Demon Lord spoke.

"A circle?" Jared was taken aback. "I don't recall walking in circles. I've been heading straight the whole time."

Jared hadn't felt as though he was walking in circles. he'd been moving forward the entire time when he discovered these charm imprints.

How could they form a circle?

"You've already lost your sense of direction here. How can you be sure you were walking straight?"

Vermilion Demon Lord chuckled.

Hearing this, Jared instantly understood. He had lost his sense of direction in this space. Even if he had been walking in a circle, he wouldn't have noticed it.

"Nethersky Eye..."

Jared activated his Nethersky Eye. In this space where everything looked the same, it was far too easy to lose his way. He hoped the Nethersky Eye would help him see through it all.

When the Nethersky Eye was activated, the scene before Jared's eyes began to shift. He found himself in a secret room,

The secret room wasn't very large, spanning only a few hundred meters at most.

Yet Jared had been wandering here for quite some time, clearly moving in circles the entire time.

With the Nethersky Eye, Jared now saw that the seven charm imprints indeed formed a circle.

"Eight trigrams..."

Jared examined the charm imprints closely and realized they were not randomly placed.

Instead, they were positioned with exact precision according to the principles of the Five Elements and Eight Trigrams, perfectly arranged within this secret room.

"An Array of Five Elements and Eight Trigrams?"

But to form such an array, there should be eight imprints. Why are there only seven?"

Jared was puzzled, frowning as he studied the scene carefully.

Even with the Nethersky Eye active, there was an area at the center of the secret room that he couldn't see through.

He moved toward the center, and soon, a ripple of light appeared before him.

Reaching out to touch it, Jared found the ripple spread like water waves.

Could there be an array within an array?

Jared frowned. The ripple just now was clearly formed by an arcane array. It was unlikely such a phenomenon would naturally occur in this secret room.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4530** – Jared gently touched the ripple of light with both hands, and a divine marking appeared in the center of his palm.

It took only a moment for the light to gradually fade, and the center became clearer.

When the light fully dissipated, Jared was shocked to discover that, in the exact center, Sworder and several elders of the Divine Smithing Sect were trapped inside!

Seeing Jared's sudden appearance, these people were visibly excited.

"Sworder..."

Jared quickly rushed toward Sworder when he saw this.

No wonder he hadn't seen Sworder appear for such a long time. Those who were sent out to search had entered the sword-cleansing lake and never returned!

It turned out they had been trapped here all along. Had Jared not arrived, it was unclear how much longer they would have been stuck.

"Mr. Chance, don't come closer..." Sworder shouted loudly when he saw Jared approaching.

Alas, it was already too late!

From beneath Sworder and the others, a charm imprint suddenly erupted with blinding light.

The light was so dazzling that Jared felt his body lighten as he was blasted away by a powerful force.

At the same time, the other seven charm imprints exploded with light.

In that moment, an Array of Five Elements and Eight Trigrams slowly took shape.

Eight beams of light converged, surrounding Jared.

Sworder and the others were shocked to see this.

As the eight beams of light surrounded Jared, the entire secret room trembled violently.

The silt and lake water, which had seemed to float in mid-air, surged down as if stirred by a great force.

The secret room was instantly filled, and to make matters worse, countless sword marionettes were awakened. Seemingly triggered by something, they rushed toward the group.

Jared's body was completely encased in the light, unable to move.

On the other hand, Sworder regained their freedom. However, facing the swarming sword marionettes, they all looked bitter.

“Follow me and kill these sword marionettes! Do not let them get close to Mr. Chance!” Sworder shouted and immediately led the charge with his sword.

The other elders of the Divine Smithing Sect also shouted and rushed into the mass of the sword marionettes.

In an instant, the air rippled, and spiritual energy blazed, dazzling like a storm!

Countless sword marionettes turned into streams of sword intent, wildly darting through the sword-cleansing lake.

Sworder and the others had no time to absorb and refine the sword intent. They could only fight desperately.

Meanwhile, Jared remained motionless, encased in the glow of the formation, appearing as though he was in a deep slumber.

Fortunately, none of the sword marionettes dared approach Jared. They all kept a distance from the light.

“Swordstorm Slash...”

Sworder’s eyes blazed with fierce battle intent.

In the next moment, thousands of swords erupted from his body.

Behind him, the void shimmered, and dozens of white sword lights appeared, each incredibly sharp.

With a single motion of his finger, the thousands of sword lights trembled and then surged toward the sword marionettes.

Sworder was furious. After being trapped here for so long, everyone in the Divine Smithing Sect believed he was dead.

The countless sword lights collided with the sword marionettes in an explosive clash.

For a moment, the sword-cleansing lake was filled with chaotic energy.

Outside the sword-cleansing lake, Hammerhead and the others watched the turbulent water with grim expressions.

None of them knew what was happening inside the sword-cleansing lake.

The commotion was so intense that it felt like the entire Divine Smithing Sect was shaking!

Jared, however, remained calmly surrounded by the light, his body seeming to relax as if immersed in a hot spring.

This feels so good...

Jared's eyes were half-closed, and he felt completely at ease.

As Jared relaxed, thin, visible black threads began to slowly seep into his body from the light.

Jared's body remained still, a faint smile still on his face.

Just as those black threads were about to enter his body, Jared suddenly opened his eyes.