

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1121

The Legendary Man Chapter 1121- No Other Choice

The method Jonathan was talking about was to use the Holy Blood of Remdik's Sanctuary.

According to Ksana, Holy Blood was a liquid secreted by the Remdik Emperor's heart, which needed to be distilled through a special technique to produce the drug they needed.

It could be used as a catalyst for cultivators during cultivation by improving the circulation of vitality and strengthening their bodies.

However, it did have a fatal weakness, which was exhausting the cultivator's body.

Jonathan had had an in-depth talk with Ksana about Holy Blood's properties.

Considering that she had grown up in Sanctuary since she was young, the people of the organization trusted Ksana and the others who had been brainwashed since they were children.

Otherwise, they would not have assigned any important positions or assignments to Ksana and the others.

Among these assignments were some documents that did not involve any organizational secrets.

Ksana had seen a document that had a detailed record of Sanctuary's research on Holy Blood over the years.

Though the report didn't include any scientific theories for the drug, it highlighted two characteristics of Holy Blood.

Firstly, any Grandmaster Realm cultivator who took enough Holy Blood had an eighty percent chance of breaking through the God Realm spirit shield and becoming a God Realm cultivator.

Secondly, the lifespans of the cultivator who took Holy Blood would decrease significantly. Some might not even be able to live longer than the average man.

The second point was much more terrifying.

After all, even though cultivators at that moment, such as Quintus, lived the longest, the oldest a cultivator could get was a little over a hundred years old. Even those who lived to be a hundred and fifty were rare.

Naturally, such a lifespan was not proportional to the powers of a God Realm cultivator.

Besides, it had been recorded in the ancient books that the cultivators of ancient times took at least sixty years for their solitary cultivation.

No one could tell for sure that one could successfully have a breakthrough even after solitary cultivation in modern times, but others could definitely convey their condolences during their death anniversaries.

The cultivators of the current time had too low of a life expectancy. All in all, it was something that could bring change to cultivating.

Back in the past, the world was rich with treasures. One could even find thousand-year-old medicine just by walking down the road.

No one would have cared if someone had gotten their hands on the resources and gone into solitary cultivation.

However, there was a lack of spiritual energy resources in the present day. Even spirit stones had become rare, much less the other much valuable treasures.

Furthermore, as one's cultivation level and Realm increased, the number of resources one needed naturally increased.

In an era with a deficiency of spiritual energy, cultivators needed to fight for whatever they needed if they wanted to grow stronger.

Only through fights could they get more resources.

Nevertheless, who could guarantee that there would not be any injuries on their bodies after countless battles?

Even someone like Seboxia, a cultivator who could reconstruct his body, had to hang on to dear life as he lay in a coffin, let alone other Divine Realm cultivators.

This was also the reason why there were rarely any Divine Realm cultivators out and about in Chanaea.

The number of resources they needed was too much, be it for battles or cultivation.

Worse still, if they had gotten injured in a battle, even if there was a cure for them, the medicinal herbs needed had already gone extinct and were nowhere to be found.

The cultivator world was just like a fine sieve, constantly eliminating cultivators one after another.

Those who managed to live were all ruthless beings who had survived countless battles in their lives.

The era of ancient times, where one could just find a random spot and gain the Heavenly Way, had long passed.

Yet, such a complicated situation did not prolong a cultivator's life by much.

Nonetheless, one's body could change depending on one's environment and what one did. Cultivators consumed the spiritual energy of heaven and earth on a daily basis, which helped strengthen their bodies, so it was only natural that they had more vitality than mere mortals.

Take Jonathan as an example. He was currently in the middle phase of God Realm. However, his cultivation level had been constantly declining since his Cor was broken, and he would one day become a mortal.

But, if he managed to find a place where there wasn't anyone after his life and where he could peacefully live the rest of his days, Jonathan believed he could live up to a hundred and fifty years old healthily.

This was the power of a cultivator.

Yet, Holy Blood was something that could undo all the hard work of a cultivator and strip them of their vitality and life.

Ksana had once talked to Jonathan about her body.

She had just turned eighteen and had already taken Holy Blood for over twelve years.

Ksana predicted that she would not live past thirty years old due to being utterly drained.

Holy Blood could activate a cultivator's vitality and senses mainly through its special chemical composition to stimulate the user's cell division.

It was also a well-known fact that there was a limit to the number of times for cell division in a human's lifetime.

Those who took Holy Blood were merely using up their energy for the next few decades in advance.

This was how Heavenly Pryncyp maintained balance.

One would have to give up on something if they wanted to achieve something else.

And in Sanctuary, the simplest way one could achieve the highest cultivation level was with their life.

A sense of helplessness crept into Jonathan as he glanced at Kane and the others before him, who were seemingly excited when they heard there was a way for them to have a breakthrough into God Realm.

Forget being able to safely bring Holy Blood back.

Even if Jonathan did bring it back, he would still talk to those in Asura's Office about the side effects of Holy Blood in detail.

Just like the drugs made by Charleigh, whether or not Hades and the others were willing to sacrifice their lives and take it was all up to their own volition.

At the same time, Jonathan knew that Hades and the rest would choose to take it without hesitation if he brought Holy Blood back.

These people were willing to give up their lives for the sake of Asura's Office, so why would they be scared just because the drug would shorten their lifespans?

Jonathan didn't want to make such a choice for his people, but he had no other alternatives.

Just as he said, Asura's Office didn't have much time left.

He had predicted that by the time the situation in Doveston settled down, it wouldn't be long before the eight respectable families made their moves on Asura's Office.

After all, Asura's Office would suffer a great deal of damage regardless of the outcome of the battle at River Onxy.

It was the best time to finish them off. Besides, Asura's Office's men would also be down in the dumps because of the loss of troops.

Hence, it was the best time to take over and reunify them.

Therefore, Jonathan had no other choice at that moment.

He could either sacrifice the lives of Asura's Office's crucial members for the sake of cultivation, or he could wait for the eight respectable families to make their move.

Asura's Office had gone through too much in the past three years and was now facing a critical juncture.

Forcing down the worries he was feeling, Jonathan forced a smile.

"All right, all right. Let's stop rejoicing for now. Where are Joshua and Hayden? Does anyone know where they are?"

Zachary and the others shook their heads in response.

Right then, Freddie's voice sounded from Jonathan's communication device.

"Mr. Goldstein, someone saw two people going into the mountains toward Doveston!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1122

The Legendary Man Chapter 1122-Doveston?

Jonathan froze. Then, as if he had thought of something, he turned toward the direction of Doveston.

Joshua was one of the people Jonathan wanted to help flourish the most. With the respectable families exerting pressure on them, he would have an easier time getting Joshua to be associated with Asura's Office too.

Most importantly, even though Jonathan was doing everything he could to stop the people from Asura's Office from attacking Wilbur, he understood there would eventually come a day when Asura's Office and Yaleview Army had to fight each other.

Yaleview Army occupied Yaleview. They were the heart of Chanaea and the chokepoint between the north and the south.

If Asura's Office attacked Yaleview, they would lose their honor and be seen as rebels.

However, as long as Joshua was with them, the accusations would eventually die off.

Joshua was a well-known commander-in-chief in Chanaea. If the two troops ever fought, all he needed to do was tell the world about how Wilbur had chased him out of Yaleview, and the citizens' discussion would naturally dwindle.

Furthermore, Joshua possessed an important ability that Jonathan cared deeply about.

No matter their rank, everyone in Asura's Office, including Jonathan, was from the military.

The Eight Kings of War were generals, so anything about battles and setting up formations was a piece of cake to them.

Jonathan could still be considered a commanding talent who could command three troops and become the embodiment of the army's spirit, inspiring the fighting will and faith of soldiers.

Besides that, he could predict the steps ahead each time he made a move. The man truly had a good eye and was much more powerful than the Eight Kings of War.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was well aware of his position.

He could gain power but not maintain it.

Jonathan could win the support of many and knew how to fight, but he was not someone who could handle the political affairs of the people.

Joshua, on the other hand, was well-versed in this.

Anyone could tell he had delivered outstanding results in the ten years he had been the commander-in-chief.

The battles that would occur soon would definitely cause chaos to unfold in Chanaea, regardless of whether Asura's Office was victorious.

What they needed the most in a time like that was someone who could enforce rules without a hitch and clean up any mess.

Consequently, Joshua was the perfect person for this role, seeing as he had been in Zedfield of Yaleview for ten years.

Jonathan had planned to elevate the power of all the members in Asura's Office, fill up any vacancies of high-ranking cultivators, prepare for the upcoming battle, and have Joshua fix any mess during the process.

That was all he could do so far based on his strategy.

"Mr. Goldstein?" Zachary called out from beside Jonathan. He reached out and tugged on the latter's sleeve to finally snap him back to his senses.

"What is it?" Jonathan asked with a smile.

Worry flashed across Zachary's face.

Jonathan had always seemed troubled ever since his Cor was broken.

Things seemed to have worsened now. It was just ridiculous that a God Realm cultivator like him only had a reaction after someone had tugged on his sleeve multiple times.

"Mr. Goldstein, we were asking what we should do regarding Remdik's arrangement."

Jonathan glanced at Kane, Zachary, and Andy, feeling torn inside.

These three men would definitely carry out any task they were given once they were thrown into a battlefield.

However, with two armies against each other at the moment, they lacked the ability to properly command hundreds of thousands of men, plus almost a million men from Yaleview Army.

Even though Jonathan was capable enough to lead the battle, he had other things he needed to do.

Asura's Office could easily end up in Wilbur's hands without someone leading them.

Jonathan could never accept this.

Although he was confident in his men in Asura's Office, he couldn't underestimate what Wilbur could do either.

After all, someone who was able to take control of Yaleview Army within three years could not be easily dealt with.

Planting evil thoughts in the men of Asura's Office, much less causing the Eastern Allied Army's betrayal, could have caused a big mess.

The faces of each crucial member of Asura's Office flashed through Jonathan's mind, but he ultimately dismissed the idea of appointing any of them.

He still held onto the idea that even though the Eight Kings of War were great generals, they could not be commanders.

None of them were capable enough to control troops with hundreds of thousands of men. If Jonathan were to force them to take the position, it would only cause the downfall of Asura's Office.

He then turned toward Karl.

Among everyone, the latter was the only one protecting Doveston and the commander of an independent army.

Still, Karl had one flaw, which was Eastern Army was too reliant on technology to suppress their opponents, so they didn't have enough experience in an actual war.

Jonathan needed someone who could replace him to contend with Wilbur.

As he continued to ponder, a short-haired woman popped up in his mind.

Leslie!

Jonathan's eyes glinted when he thought of her name.

He had met her back in Summerbank, where she worked as a clerk in a police station. Due to her sharp reasoning skills, Jonathan introduced her to Asura's Office's Intelligence Unit.

He had wanted to groom her into an outstanding informant since her calm analytical and deductive skills were beneficial in the intelligence and data-gathering department.

Yet, in a strange twist of events, Hades had given her a place in his commander training program.

On top of that, she had managed to set a terrifying record with thirty-five consecutive victories in the mock battles.

According to Hades, Leslie had increased her winning streak to fifty-five wins presently.

One should know that Asura's Office had spent lots of money specifically for the simulation to train commanders with extremely powerful algorithms and processors.

Besides Leslie, the other commanders had only managed to succeed in one-third of their mock battles.

As if she was cheating, Leslie had never once lost again since her first few mock battles when she hadn't quite adapted yet.

On a horrifying note, she had even managed to keep her calm to a terrifying extent while commanding her troops during all the simulations.

While in a commanding position, everything was mere chess pieces to Leslie.

She could even come up with strategies that involved using tens of thousands of men as bait.

This was why Jonathan had given the order that Leslie was not allowed any military power, even if it was just a small troop.

While the goal of wars was to win, it would be completely meaningless if they had fought just for the sake of winning.

Jonathan thought about the short-haired woman with a heroic spirit once again, a torn expression still on his face.

A few seconds later, he finally said into his communication device, "Freddie, I want to speak to Leslie!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1123

The Legendary Man Chapter 1123-In less than one minute, Leslie's voice finally rang out from the communication device.

"Jonathan, I can't believe you still remember me. How unusual!"

Even after learning Jonathan's identity, Leslie showed no fear and respect as she continued to speak in her usual carefree manner.

Nevertheless, Jonathan could still sense her tone was laced with a hint of dissatisfaction.

"What's the matter? Are you displeased with Asura's Office?" Jonathan chirped.

A scoffing sound came from the communication device's speaker.

"Asura's Office pays me a million every month to serve as a sparring partner for those commanders. Everything I want is also provided to me at a moment's notice, so what could I possibly complain about?"

Hearing the sarcastic voice coming from the communication device, Jonathan smiled wryly.

"All right. That's enough. All I did was forbade you from wielding military power. Do you have to be so angry with me? Anyway, have you considered that matter I mentioned to you?"

“What did you talk to me about?” This time, it was Leslie who got confused. Ever since Jonathan left me at the training camp, he hadn’t contacted me privately, so what could he have said to me?

Jonathan figured Leslie might not have grasped his intention, so he quickly explained, “I’m talking about the suggestion to let you change your tactics. Although you’re a talented strategist, you can’t always forsake at least one-fifth of my troops during every operation, right?”

“That wasn’t forsaking,” she retorted. “Deception is part of military strategy. To achieve overall victory, one must keep their opponent in the dark about their real intention. Feigning our motive, always staying ahead of our opponents in every step of the plan, understanding the goal, and keeping ourselves concealed are some principles we uphold to make ourselves invincible. Those decoys are the most critical part of—”

Before she could finish her sentence, Jonathan piped up, “Let me just ask you one thing! Can you abandon this decoy stratagem?”

“I’ll say it again. They’re not decoys but part of my plan—”

“Asura’s Office needs you to take command now!” Jonathan interrupted her again. “Leslie, I believe the commander training camp has already started reviewing today’s battle situation at Doveston, right? Despite the delay, the data you’ve obtained is very accurate. If you want, I can give you an even more precise data model, including the same authority as me. However, I need you to promise me one thing. Don’t think of human lives as mere pawns to be sacrificed.”

After saying that, Jonathan didn’t elaborate further. Leslie, on the other end of the line, also fell silent.

“Jonathan, if I agree to your offer, how many people can I command?”

“There are currently three hundred thousand soldiers in Eastern Allied Army. Shusonna Army, Yalegard Legion, and Guardian Army have already sent reinforcements to Doveston through Yaleview. As for the joint command of Yaleview Army, you’ll have to figure out a way to convince Wilbur to share his authority with you. Anyway, even if Yaleview Army operates independently and doesn’t fall under your command, you can still take charge of more than four hundred and fifty thousand soldiers,” Jonathan uttered nonchalantly.

“If we adopt your previous strategy, every time you deploy your troops, at least one-fifth of the soldiers will be put into a deadly position by you. In that case, we’re talking about sacrificing ninety thousand lives. Therefore, you must give me your word regarding this matter.”

Leslie took a deep breath. When she spoke again, it was as if she had made up her mind. “I can only promise you that I won’t actively utilize that strategy unless necessary.”

“That’s good enough,” Jonathan replied in relief. Immediately afterward, he contacted Freddie using the communication device. “Freddie, prepare the fighter jet and transport Leslie to the Doveston battlefield as soon as possible.”

“Yes!”

Freddie immediately began to make arrangements.

At that moment, Leslie spoke up again. “Jonathan, I have a few requests for you as well. First, none of your Asura’s Office members can interfere with my decisions when I’m in command. Second, I want to bring some people from the training camp. They will serve as my deputies and help me analyze the battle situation.”

Jonathan glanced at his watch and said, “I agree, but be quick. You have one and a half hours, tops.”

Then, he summoned Zachary and the others to issue them his orders.

“I’ll cut to the chase. I now appoint Leslie as Eastern Allied Army’s commander-in-chief. You are to assist and fully obey her strategy, even if...” At that point, Jonathan paused briefly. “Even if her arrangement is to send our soldiers to their deaths, it must be executed!”

Hearing Jonathan’s words, the trio just stared ahead in silence.

They’d heard of Leslie, the war prodigy, long ago, especially her command style, which was highly noteworthy.

Most of the simulated battles in the commander training camp were campaigns that took place in the eight major military regions. Hence, the

commanders' revisions of the military operations were supported by real data instead of imaginary virtual battles.

The most ruthless aspect of Leslie was that she could always achieve equal results as the original battles with fewer casualties during those war simulations.

Achieving such results seemed to imply a superior battle plan, but there was an underlying issue. During a real war, every soldier was killed because they fought to the death, while in all of Leslie's revision, she instructed a portion of the soldiers to be sacrificed under the enemies' gunfire.

Even though that military tactic resulted in fewer casualties, most people still found it unacceptable.

However, Jonathan's current instruction showed he had accepted that strategy.

The trio wanted to argue, but they couldn't find a reason because Leslie's appointment as the commander-in-chief was a plan that would result in the least losses for Eastern Allied Army, among the countless possibilities of how the war at River Onxy would unfold.

Jonathan was merely trying to preserve Asura's Office's strength.

"Did you all not hear what I said?" Jonathan questioned the trio again.

Zachary saluted and replied loudly, "Rest assured, Mr. Goldstein. We're professional soldiers who will fulfill our missions at all costs!"

Kane and Andy also took a deep breath and saluted. "We will ensure the completion of our missions!"

...

While the entire Asura's Office was making final preparations for the upcoming war, the interior of Doveston's Delisgar Ridge, where Joshua and Hayden had once stayed, was now heavily sealed off.

Quintus stood on a small hill outside the valley, looking at the scene below in excitement. "This is not a restraining barrier. It's a small world! Hurry up and

notify all the cultivators above Grandmaster Realm from our family to gather here at once! The Leeson family must defend this entrance at all costs!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1124

The Legendary Man Chapter 1124-Quintus’ order was conveyed quickly, and it only took about half an hour for a God Realm cultivator to appear in his line of sight with a team of cultivators.

Once his spiritual sense had dispersed, Quintus gripped his billhook, his killing intent flaring up.

However, after more than ten seconds, he discovered that the person who came was none other than the current patriarch of the Leeson family and the eldest in his generation, Ashton Leeson.

“Uncle Quintus!” Ashton greeted with a slight nod as he landed beside Quintus.

The rules of such respectable families were very unusual. Once someone became the family patriarch, regardless of their level of cultivation or seniority, they would hold authority over the entire family, even their elders.

Hence, even an elder like Quintus had to treat the family patriarch with respect.

This was to ensure the absolute authority of the family patriarch. After all, every patriarch of those respectable families went through many tests before they were selected and could lead their families forward.

Additionally, the seniorities within those respectable families were a complicated mess due to their thousand-year-old lineage.

It would be a big problem if people could show no respect and interfere with family affairs just because of their seniority.

Quintus also gave Ashton a slight nod as a greeting to his family patriarch upon his arrival before asking curiously, “Ashton, I’m surprised that you guys got here so quickly. I just sent the message less than half an hour ago.”

The latter shook his head with a smile after hearing his words.

“Winston had already sent us a message before you did, Uncle Quintus. He deduced that Joshua might come back here, so he told us to dispatch our men to apprehend him. Because Joshua has many treasures in his hands, I personally led the team here to avoid any blunders. I didn’t expect to receive your message about the small world midway through the journey.”

Quintus’ eyes briefly lit up in surprise.

“Winston is... remarkable!”

He did not attempt to hide the admiration in his eyes.

“Ashton, if you can’t find a particularly suitable successor among the younger generations, Winston is a good choice. Although he won’t be able to lead our family for a long time, he can still play a key role in being the connecting link to the next patriarch.”

Quintus’ words resonated with Ashton.

Between him and Winston, one took charge of internal matters, while the other handled external matters. To refer to them as the twin pillars backing the Leeson family would not be an exaggeration.

Possibly as a result of the Leeson family flourishing too quickly under the duo’s leadership, the young people under the age of thirty in the family found themselves in an awkward situation where no one could assume the mantle.

Once each patriarch of the eight respectable families with their thousand-year-old lineages had a firm grasp on their position of leadership, they had to start looking for promising successors and train them from a young age.

For example, the Osborne family. Although Jay was caught up in a storm of public opinion due to his sexual orientation, his mistakes would undoubtedly be mitigated once Everett’s incident became public.

Judging from the current situation, Jay might as well rejoin the core of the family.

There was also Eva from the Salladay family, Stellario from the Mallory family, and Caleb from the Gray family...

These young and inexperienced people were all trained to be successors by the respectable families.

Even a family like the Zink family had a secret agent like Hayden whom the respectable family had invested everything to train.

Yet, the Leeson family simply could not find a suitable candidate to become their successor.

Even if they selected the best among the mediocre ones, they still could not find the right person.

At present, be it traveling outside or handling all the family affairs, the family members of Winston's generation were at the forefront.

However, Winston, Ashton, and other members of their generation were already approaching their fifties.

The entire Leeson family needed new blood to adapt to the rapidly changing situation in Chanaea.

"I'm not greedy for power, Uncle Quintus. On the contrary, I think being the family patriarch has seriously affected my cultivation. If you have any suitable candidates in mind, or if Winston wants to be the family patriarch, I can step down at any time," Ashton said to Quintus with a smile.

The latter quickly dismissed his words with a wave. "I know what's going on inside your head, Ashton. Just do your duty as the family patriarch properly. Trust me. Cultivation isn't something you should think about. You'll never be able to enter the Divine Realm in this lifetime. There's too much unrest within you."

For a cultivator who had reached the middle phase of the God Realm, Quintus' words were like a sharp blade, piercing deeply into Ashton's heart.

Those who had attained this level of cultivation had a Cor as firm as iron.

Everyone wished to seek the great freedom and carefreeness of reaching the Divine Realm, so how could Ashton accept Quintus' dig at him?

"Uncle Quintus, if you can achieve Divine Realm, so can I. My vision shouldn't only be as big as Doveston, but the entire world."

Quintus looked at Ashton when he heard that. He wanted to say something but ultimately held back his words.

After a long time, he sighed heavily.

“Ashton, do you truly think you can attain true carefreeness upon achieving Divine Realm? Take my advice. If possible, end your cultivation journey once you’ve reached the advanced phase of God Realm. Don’t strive for the Divine Realm. The terror of the Divine Tribulation is unimaginable.”

“Uncle Quintus, do you think I’d be afraid of a heavenly trial?” Ashton asked Quintus lightly. “From the moment I began this cultivator journey, the Divine Realm has been my ultimate goal, and I’ve been working hard to achieve it. I can tell you very responsibly, Uncle Quintus, that even if I face the heavenly trial and am shattered into pieces by Lightning Tribulation, I will never back down in fear!”

When Ashton said that, the spiritual energy all over his body surged, and the air around him kept twisting and rising, giving the impression that he was a warrior with an endless fighting spirit. Just looking at him was suffocating.

Quintus felt the other man’s power with a helpless look in his eyes.

The obstacle to the Divine Realm isn’t just Divine Tribulation. Just like the annihilation of the Whitley family, it isn’t something that the eight respectable families can control.

However, he could not tell Ashton everything he knew.

This is not only for Ashton’s safety but also for the survival of the entire Leeson family.

The conversation between the uncle and his nephew had reached a stalemate at that point. Ashton could not understand the true meaning behind his uncle’s words. As for Quintus, he also had a reason for keeping silent.

The two core cultivators of the Leeson family stood silently on the ridge and looked down at the chaos portal that had appeared in the valley below, still like statues.

However, the rest of the Leeson family members did not dare to stop.

This time, Ashton brought a total of four God Realm cultivators and fifty Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

Along with the ten Leeson family members who were stationed there, a total of sixty-four cultivators were rapidly using their spiritual energies to drive spirit stones into the earth on the cliffs around the valley.

They were setting up a huge primary-level formation, the energy-locking formation!

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1125

The Legendary Man Chapter 1125-The energy-gathering and energy-locking formations were the two most commonly-known formations among cultivators.

The former collected the spiritual energy within a particular area, while the latter retained it to prevent leakage, but despite their differences, they worked synergistically to create a favorable environment for cultivation.

The goal of the Leeson family was to conceal all the energy exuded from the small world's chaos portal.

Although they were only dozens of miles away from the battleground at River Onxy, the spiritual energy discharged from the chaos portal was so thick that it formed an energy tide that caught Quintus and Jonathan's attention.

The mountain they were at was but an unremarkable one out of the numerous peaks in the Delisgar Ridge. Still, it appeared unusual because of the surge of mist rising from the mountain as a result of condensing spiritual energy.

The mist's density was so high that the beginner-phase Grandmasters' faces turned red as if they were drunk.

Their vitality spiked because they absorbed the potent energy as they breathed.

When Ashton noticed the situation, he promptly repositioned those Grandmasters to the periphery of the mountain.

Since spiritual energy shared the same characteristic as saline water, particles in both agents moved from high density to low density.

As for the Grandmasters in the beginner phase, although cultivating in a space with dense spiritual energy would elevate their ability rapidly, they still found it hard to control their vitality in an environment where the spiritual energy transcended their ability to cope, let alone those still in the Superior Realm.

The energy that leaked from the chaos portal was enough to turn the mountain into a superior cultivation hub, which went to show the significance of the secret hidden in the small world behind the chaos portal.

“Be mindful of the spirit stones’ positions. We need to seal all eight entryways on this mountain. Each entryway should be assigned nine groups of triple energy-locking formation. Hugh, bring your men to set up a trap formation plate outside the portal and an illusion array as the third layer. Garner all your resources and ask the family to send more if you don’t have enough. We’re going all in!”

Although Ashton’s strategy to mobilize all kinds of formations was formidable, it was merely the tip of the iceberg.

While one did not dare to trespass the small world at the moment, according to historical records, the appearance of the world’s chaos portal meant a catastrophe was inevitable.

After all, as part of the ancient heritage, the small world was home to many demon beasts trapped there for experimental purposes during those times.

But in the contemporary context, those then-insignificant creatures were considered powerful beasts.

In the past, even beasts the size of a vehicle tire that emerged from a portal could wreak havoc in the world, let alone those from a portal with a height of more than thirty feet.

The spiritual energy oozing from the portal was enough to disconcert just anyone. Even Quintus, a Divine Realm cultivator, was alarmed at the sight, so it went without saying that a God Realm cultivator like Ashton was unnerved.

His hunch told him that the creatures in the small world might change the entire Chanaean history, but faced with such a crisis, he was aware that subduing the threats behind the portal was just part of the Leeson family’s

hurdles since they also had to contend with other influential families over the portal.

Despite Ashton's personal distaste for how respectable families would spy on one another for intelligence, the practice was undeniably common among families.

Although it was impossible for spies to infiltrate the core of other families, the intel they gathered just from the lower levels was enough for them to infer the target families' intentions.

More importantly, there was no way the spies could overlook what was happening at the portal, especially when the spiritual energy tides coming from it rippled across hundreds of miles.

Whilst the spies of the seven respectable families had retreated from Doveston, it was evident from Joshua's behavior that he had been waiting for the small world's activation.

With the Leeson family occupying the portal to that world, the only way for Joshua to enter was to mess up the situation to create a distraction.

As for Jonathan, he had upended Remdik and West Region over the past half a year despite his claims to retire from Asura's Office.

Given his Divine Realm ability, it was unsurprising that he would take advantage of this opportunity, especially when the small world was so close to him.

"Time is of the essence!" Quintus remarked as he beheld the clouds of spiritual energy from above.

"People from the seven respectable families will be here in no time. In fact, even those hidden ancient sects would reappear after knowing about the portal. I don't think I can hold on any longer, Ashton. You have my approval to put the two other Divine Realm cultivators in position."

Quintus' words struck Ashton, for the Leeson family only had three Divine Realm cultivators, two of which had been living in seclusion for more than a decade since the besiege of the Whitley family.

They had distanced themselves from the world because they suffered severe internal injuries back then and did not want to get involved in worldly strife.

They were the pillars and foundation of the Leeson family, but in a situation like that, Quintus had no choice but to allow Ashton to mobilize those two cultivators.

To Ashton, that strategy meant that mere tricks and tactics could no longer resolve the emergency at hand—the gravity of the crisis called for forceful intervention.

“Is this the only way, Uncle Quintus?” Ashton asked reluctantly.

Quintus nodded slightly, saying, “The chaos portal is in Doveston. Geographically speaking, our family has the upper hand since it’s closer to us, but this opportunity is a ticking time bomb. The eight respectable families might have had their own strife in the past. Still, it was unlikely that things could escalate to a point where they joined forces to oust a single family, just as they did to the Whitley family because it was not in their interest to do so, but this portal is a game-changer. Unless our family gives up on this opportunity to dominate the chaos portal, we remain the seven families’ common enemy. You’re the patriarch of the family now, so it’s your call to decide, but I suggest you not confront them with force.”

At that point, Ashton seemed to have understood Quintus’ message.

“Uncle Quintus, are you saying that...”

“You’re right. We should enter the chaos portal before they do anything,” Quintus suggested calmly.

“I’ve made up my mind. We both know I don’t have much time left to live. I give myself three to five years at most. The last thing I can do is to give it a shot for our family’s future.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1126

The Legendary Man Chapter 1126-When Ashton saw Quintus’ sunken cheeks, his nose reddened, and a lump formed in his throat.

Although they were not close relatives, they were still related by blood.

Most importantly, Quintus was very close to becoming a Divine Realm cultivator tens of years ago.

Unfortunately, the bottleneck made the previous patriarch give Quintus a job with little work, which was to train the Leeson's younger generation.

Ashton and Winston were Quintus' students.

In less than three years, Quintus went through enlightenment and entered Divine Realm.

Even so, Quintus never stopped teaching Ashton and the others.

Thus, Quintus was more than a Divine Realm cultivator to Ashton and the rest.

In fact, Quintus was like a parent to him.

And now, he had offered to go through the chaos portal to grab the opportunity.

Those who were unaware of the situation would think Quintus wanted to monopolize the magical plant.

As a patriarch, Ashton understood what Quintus was planning. The latter was helping the Leeson family to find a solution.

Every appearance of the chaos portal meant that a tiny world emerged, and each world had ancient beasts guarding it.

One could imagine how dangerous it must be for Quintus to go there alone.

Unfortunately, the Leeson family was stuck in a predicament. In the end, Quintus, who was more than a hundred and fifty years old, had to be the one to open the way for them.

Ashton felt bad as a younger member of the Leeson's.

"U-Uncle Quintus, I'll get a few men to help you scout the area..."

While saying that, Ashton beckoned a few Grandmaster Realm cultivators in the distance.

Right then, Quintus reached out and grabbed Ashton's shoulder. "Forget it, Ashton. It's pointless if I can't kill those things there. Grandmaster Realm and God Realm cultivators will only end up dead, no matter how many you send in. Let me do it instead. You guys can stay outside and get the formation ready. Remember this. If anything comes out of the portal, kill it immediately."

"But—" Ashton opened his mouth to speak.

Regardless, Quintus smiled and shook his head. He then sat cross-legged and began adjusting his spiritual energy and spiritual sense.

Just then, several Grandmaster Realm cultivators hurried over and gathered around Ashton.

"Mr. Ashton!" they greeted with a bow. Seeing that, Ashton quickly stretched out a hand to interrupt them. "Relay my order. The formation must be completed in ten minutes."

"Understood!"

The men immediately dispersed to relay the orders, while those who received the order quickened their pace.

The minutes ticked by. Finally, a Grandmaster Realm cultivator placed a spirit stone into the ground.

A gentle wave of energy washed over Ashton before disappearing instantly.

Trap formation, kill array, illusion array, and lock formation were completed.

The Leeson family backed away when the four formations that had different functions were formed.

At that moment, the valley surrounded by dense mist changed its form repeatedly until it returned to its original form when the portal appeared.

The illusion array worked.

It was a dangerous situation for those not in the know. If they entered the illusion array, they could be destroyed by the trap formation and kill array.

Those formations had nothing special to them when used individually.

However, with how the Leeson family restructured and arranged them, their powers were greatly increased when used together.

According to the original formation, anyone below the absolute phase of God Realm who had not grasped the Pryncyp would at least have their skin melted or even die.

To put it bluntly, only Divine Realm patriarchs of the remaining seven respectable families were the only ones who could pass through the Leeson family's formations.

Suddenly, Quintus slowly got to his feet and scanned the peaceful valley with a calm gaze.

At that moment, Remy took a formation plate from the person beside him and spun it several times before drawing on the talisman paper.

"Uncle Quintus, this is the sign corresponding to the current pathway of the formation. I'll change the structure of the formation once you enter the chaos portal."

Ashton's eyes reddened as he spoke.

After all, stepping through the portal was not different from seeking death.

Quintus had been working hard for the Leeson family all his life, yet he never got to enjoy his remaining years in peace.

This is such a humiliation to the family.

After taking the piece of paper, Quintus moved his fingers a little to place a black storage ring in Ashton's hand.

"Ashton, this has everything I accumulated throughout my life. My direct descendants have no talent in cultivation, so I'm letting you manage these. You can keep them for yourself or give them to the other members of the Leeson family."

That was all Quintus had to say. He then stuck the paper on his chest and announced, "I'll get going now. Remember my words. When dealing with the other seven respectable families, you must leverage their strength and never fight head-on."

With that, Quintus disappeared into the illusion array. The ripples in the air vanished, leaving no traces of Quintus.

“Kneel!” bellowed Ashton while standing on the ridge.

Hundreds of members of the Leeson family remained in their positions. Although they had no idea what was happening, they quickly kneeled before the valley upon hearing Ashton’s words.

“The members of the Leeson family bid you farewell, Mr. Quintus!”

“I will wait here for your triumphant return, Mr. Quintus!”

“Farewell, Mr. Quintus!”

“I’ll wait here for your triumphant return, Mr. Quintus!”

As soon as Ashton finished, the Leesons repeated his words loudly, so much so that their voices echoed through the area.

Quintus, who was in the middle of the valley’s spiritual mist, curled his lips slightly when he heard the voices outside.

He took one step forward and disappeared into the portal.

Meanwhile, Joshua and Hayden were hiding in a valley deep in Delisgar Ridge.

The dense forest was a natural cover for the two. Joshua took out an umbrella-like magical item to hide both his and Hayden’s aura.

While they looked at the sky through the tiny cracks above their head, they saw figures swiftly skipping over the valleys.

“Five God Realm cultivators and less than a hundred Grandmaster Realm...”

Hayden dared not breathe when he sensed the auras passing over his head.

It was not until he was sure that the strangers had left did he breathe a sigh of relief and said, “Joshua, are the Leesons trying to kill you? Why would five God Realm cultivators bring along so many Grandmaster Realm cultivators? Don’t tell me the Whitley family has mobilized all their forces.”

Instead of answering Hayden, Joshua frowned and unfolded his clenched right fist.

Lying on his palm was a ring that had a green glow.

This time, the green light stopped flickering and turned into an everlasting light.

There was only one explanation for that—the small world of the ancestral land had been opened.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1127

The Legendary Man Chapter 1127-Joshua put away the magical item and slipped the green ring into his storage ring.

“Hayden, do you remember what you said to me?”

Taken aback by Joshua’s question, Hayden asked, “What did I say?”

Nonetheless, he hesitated for a moment and put on a wry smile. “I remember it now. I told you I placed all the Zink family’s bets on you so you could avenge them.”

Nodding, Joshua turned around and leaped onto the ridge beside the valley. “Hayden, the people who went over just now would never capture me. I’m not that important to be hunted by such a huge-scale dispatch from the Leasons. If I guessed it correctly, my family’s ancestral land has opened, and those people are going there to guard the entrance.”

Hayden remained on the ridge, a complicated look flashing past his eyes.

Back then, Hayden had agreed to Joshua’s request only because he lost hope of exacting revenge when the Zink family was captured by the Osborne family.

Now that the Zink family was rescued by Asura’s Office, Hayden had lost the reason to sacrifice himself.

After all, no one would court death when they could continue living their life.

Looking at Hayden, Joshua bobbed his head lightly and patted the former’s shoulder with a smile.

“All right. Don’t think so much about it anymore. I, too, wouldn’t want to die like that if I were you. Besides, it wouldn’t be as meaningful now if you intend on helping me. The opening of the ancestral land is a huge thing. If we keep guarding the valley, they’ll have a chance of conquering it. Now that the entire Leeson family is going there, it’s meaningless even if you do everything in your power to cover me. You should leave,” said Joshua with a smile before jumping to the north.

However, Hayden simply stood at his spot and gazed coldly at Joshua’s retreating back with his fists clenched. There was no telling what was on the former’s mind.

Hayden’s purpose for coming out this time was to make himself a bargaining chip to bet on Joshua.

Now that the Zink family was protected by Asura’s Office and temporarily lifted off the threats of being wiped out, Hayden had lost his reason to fight.

Although Joshua and Hayden had made it clear that they were in a mutually beneficial relationship, Hayden could not bear to just leave the former alone after having spent so much time with him.

Even kittens and puppies would develop feelings after spending some time together, let alone two adults who had experienced life-and-death situations together.

After much hesitation, Hayden unleashed his spiritual energy and went to catch up with Joshua.

“Joshua!”

While speeding toward the north, Joshua heard Hayden’s voice from afar.

Hence, Joshua slowed his pace, only to find Hayden catching up with him moments later.

“Why are you here?” asked Hayden with a smile. “You should look for Jonathan. He’s a great person. Although we didn’t spend much time together, I’m sure he won’t threaten you with your family like what the Osborne family did. Besides, this war might cause Asura’s Office to break the overall layout of Yaleview Army and the eight respectable families. If three God Realm

cultivators from your family could join Asura's Office, they'll definitely be put to good use—”

Before Joshua could finish, Hayden said, “Joshua, must you really go? The Whitley family's gone. You're their last descendant. Are you really going to face the entire Leeson family and even the cultivators of eight respectable families just for an ancestral land? Is it even worth it?”

Joshua halted in his tracks and stared at the north with a look of indifference.

“You won't understand. My family has been looking for the ancestral land for the last two thousand years and waiting for it to open. Whether or not it can help me take revenge or if it's an imperishable inheritance from the ancestors, it no longer matters. Sure, there are still tens of thousands from my family who are still alive, but they're collateral relatives. In fact, I might be the only direct descendent left of the Whitley family. If I give up on it as well, then the entire Whiteley family will be done for. That's why I must go, even if it costs my life.”

Hayden furrowed his brows upon hearing that.

“Joshua, what... the heck are you talking about?”

All he felt was a buzzing feeling in his mind.

“Is everyone in your family crazy? Was everything you said about getting an inheritance after entering the ancestral land a lie? You don't even know what's in there, yet you're going in there blindly. What if there are only three straw huts inside?”

Joshua suddenly turned around and shot Hayden a stern gaze.

“Still, they belong to my family! I'm going to kill anyone who touches it!”

“F*ck!” Hayden cursed. Following that, he let out a long sigh as if he had made up his mind. “Remember this. I'll run away immediately if there's any danger. I'm not going to risk my life since there's nothing that belongs to my family.”

...

Meanwhile, Winston, Remy, and another member arrived somewhere beyond a nameless valley.

“Ashton,” greeted Winston upon arriving before Ashton.

The patriarch turned around to glance at the trio covered in blood.

“Is the matter with Eastern Army settled?” he asked.

“The battle isn’t over, but most of the Remdikian cultivators are driven off the battlefield. What’s left is the large-scale battle among mortals. There’s no need for us to get involved in that.”

Ashton nodded in acknowledgment.

In order to ensure Eastern Allied Army would not suffer too many casualties due to the other party’s overhaul, the Leeson family deployed a team of one Divine Realm cultivator and three God Realm cultivators to help out with the situation. They had done their best.

After all, the battle was between Remdik’s Eastern War Zone and Eastern Allied Army.

If cultivators were to be involved all the way, the battle would change fundamentally.

Although a large group of cultivators had been transferred to the army and played a vital role in the battle, times have changed. Battles of cultivators conquering a city or a fief like ancient times would not happen.

Remdik needed to deploy their army if they wanted to infiltrate Doveston.

The function of cultivators was merely to provide assistance and intimidate the enemy’s cultivators.

“Winston, Uncle Quintus has entered the portal. It’s been about half an hour, and there’s no news yet.” Ashton paused momentarily to place a jade pendant into Winston’s hand. “Remember this. If something happens to me again, you’ll be the Leeson family’s next patriarch.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1128

The Legendary Man Chapter 1128-Winston’s gaze turned cold as he surveyed the dragon-patterned jade pendant before him, which represented Ashton’s authority as the patriarch.

“Ashton, you don’t have to do this. It hasn’t come to that point yet.”

Winston attempted to return the dragon-patterned jade pendant to Ashton but to no avail.

Ashton frowned at Winston.

“Winston, you knew all along that I’ve never wanted to be the patriarch of the Leeson family. Father forced me into this position. I remember him promising me I’d be free to go once he found someone suited for the role. Yet for fifteen years, it had never once happened. The Leeson family’s strength will go through a tectonic shift now that Mr. Quintus has entered the chaos portal. While I might survive this pandemonium, it’s best to have a backup in place. The Larson family can’t be without a leader if I get beheaded by one of the cultivators.”

Winston stared at the dragon-patterned jade pendant hesitantly before finally reaching to take it.

“All right. I’ll take this and lead the Leeson family after your death.”

There wasn’t a need to exchange pleasantries and formalities between blood brothers.

They’d promptly decided upon the future authority of the Leeson family. The only thing left for them to do was to bide their time.

The other respectable families would know of their decision sooner or later. As such, the Leeson family members needed to buy more time for Quintus.

A stream of silhouettes dashed toward the ridge on both sides of the valley from the south. They were all cultivators of the Leeson family.

Including Ashton and his group, the Leeson family appointed twelve God Realm cultivators in total and about two hundred Grandmaster Realms.

While not all of the Leeson family’s high-level cultivators were appointed, almost all of them were deployed.

The ones remaining stayed behind to guard the ancestral land.

After all, no matter how many secrets the small world contained, luck and fate were the ultimate deciding factors. Even if there were abundant treasures

hidden within, there was no guarantee that they could lay their hands on the prizes.

The Leeson family's ancestral ground, on the other hand, represented their foundation and history tracing back more than two thousand years ago. Thus, they couldn't afford to lose it.

The members of the Leeson family landed one after another and sat on the ground with their legs crossed as they began regulating the spiritual energy in their bodies.

They were doing that for two reasons. The first reason was to prepare for the upcoming battle, while the second was to absorb the highly concentrated spiritual energy in the area.

The respectable families spent plenty of resources grooming cultivators who successfully achieved Grandmaster Realm.

Almost all of them had undergone specialized cultivating at Secret Realms with concentrated amounts of spiritual energy which the Leeson family developed.

However, not even the spiritual energy concentration level of the most ideal location in the Secret Realm could compare to the spiritual energy density in that area.

While the energy-locking formation was powerful and did seal off a large portion of spiritual energy, the bits that escaped were enough to make the Leesons exhilarated.

Ashton gazed proudly at the young members of the Leeson family who were focusing on controlling their breathing on the ridge.

However, at the same time, he felt a tinge of pity.

If such a portal had not appeared so abruptly and the Leeson family had more time to prepare, he would have used all his resources to seal off the entire region for good.

By then, the Leeson family would gain more God Realm cultivators with help from the spiritual energy that emanated from the portal.

If they had sufficient time, they might even be able to stealthily accumulate their strength and grow to be stronger than the Whitley family ten years ago.

Unfortunately, that was all just wishful thinking. The Leeson family had missed their chance to achieve that.

“Enemy incoming!” Ashton looked toward the north and announced coldly.

The eleven God Realm cultivators who sat around Ashton immediately whipped out their weapons from their storage rings.

Following a loud thud, a figure materialized atop the ridge of a hill several meters away.

Subsequently, a huge wave of spiritual sense gushed forth and engulfed everything within a several-hundred meters radius.

“It’s a God Realm cultivator!” Some of the Leeroys gritted their teeth and muttered under their breath as they sensed the aura of the cultivators opposite them.

Winston was on his guard as he gripped his billhook.

“He goes by the name Ivanov and is the commander-in-chief of Remdik’s Eastern War Zone. He was the one whom Uncle Quintus battled against. Ivanov possesses the Pryncyp of Strength. During the battle at River Onxy, he managed to disrupt the district’s stronghold and massacred more than ten thousand Eastern Allied Army troops with a single move. He managed to turn the tide of the war at the last minute despite being defeated by Jonathan and Uncle Quintus.”

Listening to Winston’s introduction, the Leesons braced themselves to face the formidable opponent.

A Divine Realm cultivator with the Pryncyp of Strength sounded like a devil right out of hell.

These progenies from the Leeroy family knew a lot more about Pryncyp compared to other self-taught cultivators.

While Pryncyp was known to be infinite, its usage could be generally classified into two categories.

Quintus' Pryncyp of War and Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter belonged to the first category. Practitioners used it to elevate their own power to defeat their enemy.

This was the more common Pryncyp as it was generally more relevant to what the cultivators adhered to. As such, they'd gain more insights from it during battle.

The second category of Pryncyp, on the other hand, was the Pryncyp of Rule, which was complex and elusive. Exceptional discernment was a must to comprehend the Pryncyp of Rule.

This kind of Pryncyp could be used directly on one's opponent. In fact, once the practitioner reached a certain cultivation level, they could even alter the space and surroundings around them just like Ivanov.

That was precisely why Jonathan suspected the authenticity of what Seboxia said about Immortal Road.

According to Seboxia, the Four Honored Pryncyps were Light, Darkness, Life, and Death, also known as Pryncyp of Slaughter.

All three Pryncyps, except for Death, belonged to the second category, which meant one could use their Pryncyp to affect the environment and engage enemies head-on.

Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter, however, belonged to the first category. As such, he could only enhance his own capabilities and had no power to take someone's life with mere words.

He didn't believe that such a pointless Pryncyp just like his own would exist among the Four Honored Pryncyps.

Perhaps there were some hidden secrets to his Pryncyp of Slaughter that he'd yet to discover.

All in all, according to his past experiences, when two Divine Realm cultivators of the same level battled against one another, the one practicing the Pryncyp of Rule always had the upper hand.

This was a fact set in stone.

To put it simply, if Ivanov decided to make a move, the Leeson family could only withstand his assault for several minutes at most before dying.

Just then, Ashton parted the crowd and stepped forward instead of remaining in the protective circle formed by the God Realm cultivators.

Bowing slightly, Ashton showed his respect toward Ivanov.

“Mr. Ivanov, I’m Ashton, the patriarch of the Leeson family from Doveston. It’s an honor to meet your acquaintance.”

Ashton stood ramrod straight on the ridge while facing Ivanov, who was a hundred meters away.

“Since you’re already here, why not come closer so I can show you some hospitality?”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1129

The Legendary Man Chapter 1129-Hearing Ashton’s words, not only Ivanov, even the other members of the Leeson family were stunned.

Since Divine Realm cultivators of the Leeson family hadn’t arrived yet, if Ashton fought head-on with Ivanov, members of the Leeson family would be sitting ducks for the latter’s attacks.

Winston frowned at Ashton.

Even though he had talked to Ashton about the authority transfer as the family’s patriarch, Ashton shouldn’t blatantly provoke Ivanov.

At that moment, Winston noticed the geomantic compass in Ashton’s hand.

Comprehension dawned upon him. He sheathed his billhook and stood behind Ashton.

Winston dropped his guard just like that. Even his spiritual energy had dimmed to nil. Not even a bit of nervousness was seen on his countenance or body language.

Ivanov was shocked to see Winston’s abrupt change.

He had seen firsthand how fierce Winston's combat skills were. In Winston's previous battles, he forced Aidan and the others into a precarious situation with just a billhook. Ivanov had a clear recollection of that.

Yet at that moment, Winston was not keeping his guard up. Ivanov couldn't help but have doubts that something was off.

"Where's Quintus? Ask him to come forward and talk to me," Ivanov demanded coldly.

Ashton pointed at the valley below. "Mr. Quintus is right in this valley, Mr. Ivanov. If you like to head in, I'll let you pass."

Ashton's fingers moved slightly as he spoke, causing the geomantic compass on his left hand to shine a golden glow.

Within the valley below, a corner of the energy-locking formation unlocked momentarily before swiftly falling back in place.

Pure, towering spiritual energy pulses flooded in every direction.

Greed flashed across Ivanov's gaze, feeling the extreme purity of spiritual energy.

This is the energy pulse I felt!

Ivanov was originally on his way back to River Onxy but suddenly sensed a surge of spiritual energy in Doveston's direction.

Hence, he immediately switched course to search for the origin of the spiritual energy surge. It looks like this is the place.

Sensing the pure spiritual energy, Ivanov shot a cold glance at Ashton.

"What's inside here?"

Although he asked that question, Ivanov didn't expect an answer from Ashton.

He knew no one would willingly share such pure spiritual energy, regardless of whether they originated from magical plants, spiritual mine, or spiritual ley lines.

It also wasn't hard to deduce from the Leeson family's stance that they had their eyes set on the items inside.

It seems like I'll have to make a move if I want to see what's inside.

Right when Ivanov drew on his Pryncyp of Strength, he heard Ashton explain.

"There's a portal into a small world in there—chaos portal."

A glint flashed across Ivanov's eyes at Ashton's answer.

Small worlds had never belonged solely to Chanaea. It appeared within Remdik's border a few times before.

Due to the high concentration of Remdik cultivators, Ivanov was the one who organized a team to investigate the small world which appeared in Eastern War Zone.

Even though the small world was just a tiny void, precious resources were abundant inside that limited space, especially demon beasts. Once they were slaughtered, their feather, skin, and bones were all rare refining materials.

Even a Divine Realm cultivator like him couldn't help but be envious.

The formation engraved and some of the ancient herbs in the small world had extended the lives of many valuable items.

Any and every one of them was a priceless artifact.

Naturally, none of the items would reach his hands with the tsar still on the throne.

Even at present, the tsar had the small world in Remdik enveloped in layers of formations, treating it as his own secret realm, forbidding others from approaching it.

Despite his unwillingness, Ivanov's only choice was to bow his head and display his subservience to the tsar.

Yet the small world in front of him was within Chanaea's boundary.

He might not be able to take the small world with him, but he was sure the haul would be plentiful if he went in and plundered his fill.

After all, the small world's energy pulses were much stronger than the ones in Remdik's.

Such dense spiritual energy! I'm sure there's a copious amount of precious artifacts inside!

For a few times, Ivanov's hands itched to fight with Ashton but tamed his urges down.

On top of the formation in the valley, there were a few more layers of restraining barriers shielding it, sealing the valley off from cultivators' spiritual senses, and keeping whatever happened in the valley.

If Quintus was within the formation just as Ashton said, I might startle him once I make my move. A fierce battle is unavoidable by that time. Quintus might go on a rampage and destroy everything inside the small world if I win. That'll be a waste. But I can't just leave such premium items when they're right within reach.

After contemplating briefly, Ivanov slightly flipped his wrist, and a wave of Pryncyp of Strength instantly slammed into the valley below.

The force of Pryncyp of Strength wasn't overly powerful. It couldn't even wreck the formation.

It merely shook the barrier lightly.

Ivanov's attack didn't hurt anyone or the formation. It simply served to force Quintus out of the portal.

Ashton might've declared himself the patriarch of the Leeson family, but only a fight could determine the distribution of such massive spoils.

The rest were just empty talks.

Within the valley, the formation shook continuously. Flashes of white glow gleamed incessantly on the mountain cliffs on both sides. The formation began to stabilize.

Ashton's and the other Leeson family members' expressions turned grim at the sight.

Ashton held onto the formation plate and asked, “What is the meaning of this, Ivanov?” Everyone, including Winston, had drawn up their spiritual energy, prepared to attack anytime.

Such actions were nothing more than jokes in Ivanov’s eyes.

“I think the Chanaean call it the Empty Fort Strategy, am I right? It looks like Quintus was never stationed in the formation in the first place. Instead, he had already slipped into the small world to search for treasures. You guys are only here as a measure of deferment! I’m truly naive to be stunned by insignificant fellows like you.”

Ivanov lost his temper at being treated like a fool.

“Prepare to die since you have no Divine Realm cultivator here!”

Ivanov threatened as Pryncyp gathered in his hands. Once converted into energy pulses, he hurled them toward Ashton and the Leasons.

The moment Ashton saw Ivanov was gathering Pryncyp, he sliced his finger open with his nail.

As the blood flowed from the open wound, a talisman appeared midair and turned into a massive blood-red arcane array in front of Ashton.

“Blood Ritual Gate! Open!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1130

The Legendary Man Chapter 1130-Buzz...

A soft buzz pierced the air right when Ivanov’s two Great Pryncyps neared the blood ritual.

Two dried-up hands reached out of the arcane array and stopped Great Pryncyp’s attack easily.

The collision between Great Pryncyp caused them to scatter in the air and produced a powerful shockwave that rippled in all directions. However, the shockwave was contained within a certain range by an unseen force.

“It’s a Divine Realm cultivator,” Ivanov said as he stared at the blood ritual that appeared out of nowhere warily.

Within in, two elderly men stepped out.

The first elderly man was wrinkly and looked like a dried corpse. There seemed to be no flesh on his body, and he was a horrifying sight.

Behind him was a middle-aged man with a cigarette dangling from his lips.

Both men’s features and auras differed from each other greatly.

The only similarity that they shared was the dangerous air that they gave off.

Both men were in Divine Realm!

The fragments of the blood ritual glowed and shattered, vanishing into the air.

The middle-aged man took out the cigarette from his mouth. “Ashton, what happened?” he demanded, sounding displeased. “Don’t you know how rare a blood talisman is? We were dozens of miles away and would arrive soon. You should’ve just stalled for time for a little more. Why couldn’t you do that?”

Ashton dared not refute his words. He put his hands before his chest and greeted the elderly men respectfully.

“Sir, I wanted to do that, but you saw that we weren’t able to stall for time,” he replied meekly.

“Nonsense!” the middle-aged man cursed.

He was about to continue when the other skinnier elderly man rasped out, “That’s enough. I trust Ashton. If they weren’t in danger, he wouldn’t waste a blood talisman to teleport us here.”

It sounded like he had to force each and every syllable out of his throat, and his voice was really hoarse and almost intelligible.

“The one who took action was that man, wasn’t it?” inquired the elderly man, as his aura locked onto Ivanov, who was standing across from him, rendering the latter unable to move.

The other Divine Realm cultivator who was a middle-aged man spat out his cigarette. He gathered his Great Pryncyp, ready to take action.

A riot of emotions brewed within Ivanov.

He initially assumed Quintus was the only Divine Realm cultivator from the Leeson family who took action and had no idea he would summon two other Divine Realm cultivators with his Pryncyp.

One reason why Remdik was bold enough to send their troops to Chanaea was because of Chanaea's unique cultivation environment.

In Chanaea, the majority of cultivators beyond the Grandmaster Realm belonged to the eight respectable families and secret sects.

Therefore, cultivators in God Realm and Divine Realm were scarce in the mortal world.

Ivanov couldn't help but think he got extremely unlucky as he ran into three Divine Realm cultivators who came from the same family in one day.

Have I stirred a Divine Realm nest?

When Ivanov sensed two Pryncyps homing in on himself, he gathered his own Pryncyp and immediately put his guard up.

"I believe this is a misunderstanding. There is a valuable treasure right here in this small world, so there's no need for us to engage in a fight. If we get injured in the process, someone else will reap the benefits!"

Among the Pryncyps of Rule, Ivanov's Pryncyp was considered more unique.

Despite that, he knew he wasn't a match for three Divine Realm cultivators of the same level.

However, Ivanov couldn't bring himself to give up on the small world.

The only way out was to stall for time.

He refused to believe that the massive commotion in the small world would go unnoticed by anyone except himself and the Leeson family.

If other forces interfered, the Leeson family would inevitably become the center of the conflict as they were the first to discover the small world.

Then, he could take the opportunity to sneak into the small world amidst the chaos.

There was a possibility that Quintus might have already entered the small world with the intention of gaining personal experience, but the energy fluctuations coming from within indicated that the internal space of this world was incredibly vast.

Based on his experience and past records from ancient scrolls, Quintus knew that many treasures within a small world were locked in unique formations. It was possible for some people to enter the space and search for three days, but still fail to find anything, while others could simply take one step and discover valuable treasures.

The course of destiny was uncertain and inexplicable.

As long as the chaos portal leading to this small world was still open, everything was possible.

Thus, Ivanov knew he had to stall for time.

The more variables there were, the more chances he would get!

Ivanov had been in a position of power for an extended period, making him a shrewd individual. However, the Leesons were not to be underestimated either.

Despite not knowing Ivanov's exact thoughts, they could guess Ivanov's plan as the small world was right in front of them.

"B*stard. You're still thinking about the treasures within the small world, huh? You have a death wish!" the middle-aged cultivator roared.

He was about to take action when Ashton stepped out to stop him.

"Don't move!"

The middle-aged cultivator halted in his tracks, and the Prynycp of Strength in his hands faded away.

He swiveled around to direct an angry look at Ashton.

“Ashton, are you sure? We have an advantage over him now and can slaughter him immediately.”

Ashton gave the middle-aged man a cold, disdainful look, his previous respect completely gone.

“Sir, don’t forget that I’m the current patriarch of the Leeson family,” he replied coldly.

The other Leeson family members said nothing, but Ivanov could barely hide his shock upon hearing that.

In Remdik, those with higher cultivation levels and greater strength would typically be the ones to call the shots within their families.

Thus, he was stunned to see a mere God Realm cultivator giving orders to a Divine Realm cultivator.

This is ridiculous. He’s seeking doom!

Ivanov was waiting to see how the cultivator would teach Ashton a lesson, but to his surprise, the man didn’t take any further action and instead dispersed his Pryncyp, stepped back, and sat crossed-legged.

“You’re the patriarch, so you get to call the shots.”

Ivanov gaped incredulously at the sight.

He couldn’t understand why the middle-aged man chose to bow down to Ashton when he could kill him easily.

Despite the fact that both Remdik and Chanaea were part of the same continent, Aploth, Ivanov could never comprehend the family hierarchy in Chanaea since the culture and customs differed greatly in both countries.

One should take charge of what they specialized in.

Divine Realm cultivators may excel in combat, but the Leeson family needed to strategize and devise a plan in the current situation