

The Legendary Man Chapter 1146

Chapter 1146 Pryncyp Of Sword

Wulfgar stood before the trio and extended his hand toward Joshua. “Joshua, let me use one of your swords.”

“Great-grandpa.” Joshua gritted his teeth and took out a top-grade long sword from his storage ring.

After receiving the weapon, Wulfgar flicked it slightly, and as a crisp sound rang out, waves of energy spread outward from him in all directions like tidal waves.

Those closest to him, such as Jonathan and his party, experienced a never-before-felt sense of suffocation.

A muffled thunderous explosion in the pitch-black night sky shocked everyone, causing their hearts to skip a beat.

Amidst the thunder, Wulfgar slowly raised his long sword.

Buzz...

A surge of Pryncyp of Strength broke through the protective shields set up by numerous Divine Realm cultivators using their Pryncyp of Strength, smashing into Wulfgar.

Spiritual energy churned, and the instant the Pryncyp struck Wulfgar, his body made of spiritual energy almost disintegrated.

Wulfgar’s figure flickered. He seemed to be in agony. Still, he grasped the long sword in his hand.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A series of cracking sounds rang out as splits rapidly formed on the precious top-grade long sword.

Taking in the dense cracks on the long blade, Wulfgar spoke again. “Let’s go. Let’s return to our ancestral land to seek the true inheritance of our ancestors.”

Joshua, bear this in mind. Revenge is secondary. Survival takes precedence. As long as you live, the Whitley family won't perish. Go!"

With that, Wulfgar swung his left arm.

Jonathan and the others were suddenly engulfed by a layer of gentle spiritual energy and pushed toward the chaos portal.

At that moment, the Divine Realm cultivators from the eight respectable families made their moves.

They had been searching for the Whitley family's treasures for a decade. Now that the relics were right before their eyes, how could they let Joshua slip away again?

Even with Wulfgar protecting the trio, the members of the eight respectable families wouldn't give up.

After all, the party rushing toward the chaos portal was simply too glaring. They were the descendant of the Whitley family, the person in charge of Asura's Office, and the successor of a rebellious vassal family.

Considering Jonathan's and the others' identities, the respectable families desperately wanted them dead.

Even if Wulfgar was incredibly formidable, what difference would it make?

He might stand a chance in a one-on-three fight, but facing eight powerful enemies at once would be an impossible feat unless he was immortal.

"Charge!"

As the shout rang out, eight Pryncyps of Strength dashed toward Jonathan and his party from multiple directions.

"Get lost!" Wulfgar bellowed, thrusting the long sword in his hand.

Contrasting the illumination from the chaos portal, the slash of Wulfgar's sword left a fine semicircular black line in the air.

Soundlessly, the eight Pryncyps were instantly severed when they made contact with the black line, shattering into smithereens of Pryncyp and dispersing back into nature.

Wulfgar lightly swept the ground with his foot, and a swirl of spiritual energy rose, launching Jonathan and the others forward again.

He then turned around and stood rooted to his spot while wielding the long sword. "Anyone who dares to take one step into the valley shall die!"

The sword intent enveloping Wulfgar intensified, causing even the potency of the tribulation cloud formed in the sky to pale in comparison to the augmenting sword intent.

Everyone recognized that the power was the Pryncyp of Sword!

The sword was the most prominent among all weapons. As the Pryncyp of Sword was unleashed, the magical items wielded by all the cultivators nearby, aside from a few special ones, became disconnected from their users.

Some of the weapons which had already become spiritually sentient were even rejecting their users' spiritual energy, turning completely unresponsive.

Upon witnessing Wulfgar's overwhelming power, the Divine Realm cultivator of Fantasy Sword Sect was the most agitated among those who stood above the valley.

Pryncyp was a very peculiar force. There was a diverse collection of Great Pryncyps that cultivators could harness.

When a cultivator advanced to the Divine Realm, they would be acknowledged by one of the Heavenly Pryncyps.

While a cultivator could put the Pryncyp to use, that also signified the Heavenly Pryncyp had recognized the cultivator to be the most compatible with that specific Pryncyp.

In other words, no two people could acquire the same Pryncyp simultaneously.

Seboxia, for example, was acknowledged by the Pryncyp of Life one thousand and six hundred years ago. Subsequently, as he continuously cheated death, the Pryncyp of Life had never returned to nature.

As a result, no cultivator had successfully comprehended the secrets of mastering the Pryncyp of Life to that day.

Fantasy Sword Sect was the only known hidden sect in Chanaea that specialized in sword techniques. Since ancient times, every disciple of the sect had regarded the attainment of the Pryncyp of Sword as their lifelong goal.

Because of their disciples' obsession with and fervor for sword technique mastery, nearly all Pryncyp of Sword users throughout the generations had been from Fantasy Sword Sect.

However, a little over a hundred years ago, the elder who held the Pryncyp of Sword in Fantasy Sword Sect passed away, stirring a sensation among the God Realm disciples of the sect to seize the Pryncyp of Sword.

Unfortunately, none of them succeeded. When news of the Pryncyp of Sword resurfaced, it was already associated with Wulfgar.

Over thousands of years, Wulfgar was the second person to take away the Pryncyp of Sword from Fantasy Sword Sect.

That alone was a testament to Wulfgar's exceptionally remarkable talent in swordsmanship.

Disciples from Fantasy Sword Sect were able to attain the Pryncyp of Sword because they had countless insights from their predecessors to refer to.

Yet, Wulfgar had incredulously accomplished that on his own.

As astonishing as the news was, it had also become a great source of humiliation for the entire Fantasy Sword Sect.

A sect specialized in sword technique had to rely on other Pryncyps to preserve its reputation. Anyone who heard about that would find it ironic.

Ten years ago, when the Whitley family was annihilated and Wulfgar died, everyone had thought the Pryncyp of Sword had returned to nature. Consequently, another thrilling race to acquire the Pryncyp of Sword had broken out within Fantasy Sword Sect.

Still, after several years, no one in Fantasy Sword Sect had managed to achieve that. Some disciples with excellent qualifications who were overly obsessed in that matter even became disheartened, having failed to gain any

insight into mastering the Pryncyp of Sword. As a result, their Cor wavered, ruining everything they had achieved as a cultivator.

Those who attempted to acquire Pryncyp were all elite God Realm disciples. How could Fantasy Sword Sect's Divine Realm cultivator not be anxious upon witnessing the haggardness of those disciples?

At long last, they finally figured out why no one could attain the Pryncyp of Sword—Wulfgar had yet to die.

At that point, the Divine Realm cultivator of Fantasy Sword Sect could no longer sit still. “Wulfgar, return my sect's Pryncyp of Sword!” the cultivator bellowed, thrusting the long sword in his hand. Countless sword glows drifted downward like fireflies.

Those balls of light seemed to move slowly but were actually traveling at breakneck speed toward Jonathan and his party.

“Damn it!” Jonathan cursed at the sight of those countless balls of light surrounding them.

He fished out his Divine Chessboard and channeled his spiritual energy into it, enlarging the chessboard and using it as a shield.

The formations on the Divine Chessboard certainly couldn't resist the attack from a Divine Realm cultivator, but the chessboard itself was unusually durable.

Jonathan had previously used it in battles, and no weapons could leave a scratch on it thus far.

At that moment, his idea was very simple. As long as the chessboard could help them block the incoming attack for even two or three seconds, they would have sufficient time to enter the small world.

Sensing the fluctuations of the waves of Pryncyp around them, Jonathan clenched his jaws. If I can cross that portal, I'll pile up a mountain of explosives on the other side of the entrance. That's the only right thing to do!