

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1161 -

### Chapter 1161 Lilith

The records of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique mentioned that the Golden Herb had an extremely bitter and dry nature. It grew along the Earth's ley lines, absorbing the essence from the soil. It also had the effect of replenishing energy and nourishing blood.

Wherever the Golden Herb grew, no grass sprouted in its radius. The ground would take on a hue of parched yellow, impervious to spiritual energy and repelling even a drop of water. The soil was so coarse that it could be easily crumbled into fine sand.

Don't the current conditions align perfectly with the description?

Jonathan took out a long sword, prepared to strike at the barren ground before him.

Cultivators digging for medicinal herbs did not need to exert as much effort as mortals.

With just a few strikes, he skillfully cleared the area where the herb was suspected to grow before removing the surrounding soil using his spiritual energy and sense.

Then, Jonathan used his spiritual energy to raise a massive chunk of soil in front of him.

He exerted some force with his spiritual energy. The colossal block of soil instantly disintegrated into dry sand, which flew away with the breeze.

A thick root, resembling the arm of an adult or a lotus root, was revealed.

"Have I made a mistake?"

Jonathan gazed at the enormous Golden Herb before him with a perplexed expression.

According to the scriptures of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, the Golden Herb started out as a tender shoot before blossoming three years

later. It would then shed its petals and enter a ten-year dormancy period before growing to the size of a fingertip.

In sixty years, it could grow up to at least three inches and become a premium herb.

Within a century, it could grow to become as big as a person's forearm. That was an extreme rarity.

Yet, the Golden Herb in front of him measured over half a meter in length.

Have I stumbled upon a fake herb?

Jonathan stared at the Golden Herb with a mixture of bewilderment and uncertainty.

Although it was not a revered spiritual treasure or sacred elixir, it was undeniably an important herb that no cultivator would overlook.

After all, the mortal flesh was an important asset. Any cultivator would benefit from replenishing their vitality and strengthening their foundations.

Furthermore, the characteristics of the Golden Herb's growth habitat were too obvious.

No passerby could possibly fail to notice it.

Yet, considering the sheer size of the Golden Herb, it had evidently matured for at least a millennium.

The absence of any human presence within the mountainous expanse allowed it to grow without any disturbances.

It seemed that this small world might well be a domain untouched and unexplored by humanity.

As Jonathan thought about it, he suddenly heard the sound of a branch snapping.

Swiftly turning to retrieve his sword, he fixed his gaze ahead solemnly.

Roughly a dozen meters behind him, a wild boar of a size akin to that of a young elephant emerged from the forest.

Though it was a wild boar, it possessed striking dissimilarities. Apart from its huge, imposing tusks, what truly captivated Jonathan's attention was that it did not have hooves.

Instead, its feet bore four talons like that of a majestic eagle.

With every step forward, those razor-sharp talons pierced the earth, sending an icy shiver down the spine of anyone faced with it.

"The size of a cow and the shape of a pig... Talons instead of hooves... And a bark that sounds like a hound's?" Jonathan mused uncertainly as he slowly retreated.

Meanwhile, the wild boar opened its monstrous jaw, as if responding to Jonathan.

As a resonating bark reverberated through the air, the beast charged recklessly toward Jonathan.

"F\*ck you!" cursed Jonathan.

He leaped into the air to evade the charging beast while swinging his sword at its back with a powerful strike.

The beast brushed past him narrowly. When Jonathan inspected Heaven Sword, he was astonished to find not a trace of blood on its surface.

Was my previous strike completely useless? How thick is this beast's skin?

When the beast turned and charged once more, Jonathan swiftly fled.

He was not motivated by cowardice but by the realization that this beast before him was no ordinary wild boar.

If the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was not mistaken, this beast was a lilith—one of the ancient beasts.

It was long believed to be extinct for thousands of years.

How could there be one here? Even if it has been secluded for a long time, it probably has a limited life span too. It shouldn't have remained alive till now. Unless... There might be more than one lilith in this small world. Perhaps this small world is meant to raise them.

Jonathan activated the bronze handbell and sprinted down the mountain.

His guesses were not baseless.

In the records of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, it was said that during the initial creation of the small worlds, Fehohr could not yet achieve self-sustaining dimensions.

Even after refining them, these realms served as nothing more than spirit animal pouches used to confine and subdue spirit animals.

The spirit animal collars were also created due to Fehohr's development of the small worlds.

Moreover, Fehohr created the small worlds with the purpose of confining and subduing the savage demon beast clans so that peace could return to the world.

One could argue that these small worlds were destined to serve as both a prison and a farm.

Still, Jonathan could understand it even if someone dared to orchestrate an audacious endeavor like raising the liliths.

However, what truly puzzled him was the Whitley family's background.

Back then, Joshua's ancestors walked out of this small world.

How did they enter? Who were they when they entered the small world? Were the Whitley family's ancestors tasked to raise the liliths?

Lost in his thoughts, Jonathan soon found himself arriving at the foot of the mountain.

Though he escaped with all his might, he was still unable to escape the relentless pursuit of the lilith behind him.

Although the creature looked clumsy, it ran with the force of a truck, plowing through obstacles with unwavering determination.

Jonathan's mobility was suppressed by the small world, his agility and swiftness diminished. Amidst the chaos, he still had to navigate through a barrage of hurdles.

On the other hand, the lilith pursuing him was unburdened by such considerations.

It trampled over wildflowers and smashed through ancient trees. All it needed to do was lower its head, and it could rush forward without any hesitation.

As the lilith charged toward him, Jonathan kept the bronze handbell and flung the Divine Chessboard at the mountain slope in front of him.

“Activate!” Jonathan bellowed.

In an instant, the Divine Chessboard expanded to a length of twenty meters.

“I knew it!”

When Jonathan realized that the Divine Chessboard had reached its maximum, his eyes were filled with helplessness.

With a graceful leap, he landed on the Divine Chessboard. He then activated the space-altering formation.

No matter how fierce the lilith was, it remained nothing more than a demon beast. Even if it possessed some spiritual sentience, its thought processes were still too simplistic to notice the trap underneath it.

Bowing its head, it barreled toward Jonathan, its spear-like tusks aiming for his back.

“Die!”

Just moments before the tusks pierced Jonathan, he disappeared and emerged again behind the lilith, catching it off guard.

Without hesitation, he raised his hand and effortlessly plunged the blade of his sword deep into the flesh beneath the lilith’s tail...

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1162 -**

### Chapter 1162 Fury

As an ancient beast, the lilith had exceptionally thick skin.

This was not merely a natural characteristic. Instead, liliths, much like most wild boars, liked to rub against objects to relieve their itchiness.

Ordinary wild boars would often rub against pine trees to soothe the irritations caused by mosquito bites.

Over time, the sap secreted by these trees would form a thick, protective layer of grease on the boars' bodies. Like natural armor, it caused the boars' hides to become tougher.

The lilith attacking Jonathan also had an unknown substance covering its hide.

Despite the razor-sharpness of Jonathan's Heaven Sword, it still could not easily penetrate the lilith's skin. Its defense prowess rivaled that of protective magical items.

Yet, regardless of the lilith's armor, one area remained vulnerable—its anus.

As Jonathan swung his sword, the blade plunged into the lilith's tender flesh.

Awool!

The lilith cried in pain, leaving a trail of claw marks on the Divine Chessboard as it fled into the distant horizon.

Jonathan stood atop the chessboard, a sense of fear lingering within him as he observed the lilith's escape.

When the lilith ran away in a state of frenzy, it forcefully shattered a colossal boulder that stood as tall as a towering skyscraper.

With the sheer magnitude of its power, it would've killed or severely injured me if it crashed into me. That's terrifying!

Standing atop the Divine Chessboard, Jonathan let out a relieved sigh. However, he was soon stunned.

Gazing at his empty hands, he slapped his forehead.

"Heaven Sword!"

Leaping into the air, Jonathan swiftly folded the chessboard and chased after the lilith.

He would not be bothered with ordinary magical items.

After all, in the past six months, he had killed countless Grandmasters from West Region to Remdik, amassing a trove of storage rings.

One could argue that he alone had more equipment than all the cultivators in Asura's Office. Losing one or two magical items would hardly be cause for concern.

However, Heaven Sword was different.

Though it was currently defying his commands, Jonathan had already confirmed that it was connected to the Whitley family's ancestors before he entered the small world.

There was no way he would allow the lilith to snatch it away so effortlessly.

The small world was extremely strange. Jonathan had a hunch that the Heaven Sword's green glow was a sign to the external world about when the small world would open its gates. It was definitely useful.

All those items that were intertwined with the history of the Whitley family's ancestors would undoubtedly prove useful too.

Reaching the mountaintop, Jonathan cast his gaze into the distance.

The lilith, which had already lost its senses, was nowhere in sight.

However, tracking down the lilith proved to be a simple task. He merely followed the path of trees that had fallen down due to its rampage.

After confirming the general direction, Jonathan jumped down and chased after the mad lilith.

Nearly half an hour had passed when he finally stopped at a mountain valley.

Although his spiritual sense was not strong enough to investigate what was happening in the valley, he could clearly hear the painful howls coming from below.

The lilith was down there.

Summoning the bronze handbell, Jonathan suppressed his spiritual energy and stealthily made his way toward the depths of the valley.

He hid behind an old tree and carefully looked down.

There was a small pond about the size of half a basketball court in the center of the valley.

At that moment, the lilith was standing by the edge of the pond and drinking the water in large gulps.

“This lilith’s behavior is strange,” Jonathan muttered to himself, feeling puzzled as he observed it.

According to his estimation, the lilith should be so severely injured that it would have collapsed in pain and tormented to death.

However, although it was in pain, it seemed to be relatively unharmed.

Jonathan did not know what method the lilith used, but half of the Heaven Sword was already out of its anus.

He carefully observed from the mountain, trying to figure out how the lilith managed to save itself.

After a few moments, it stopped drinking, as if it had finally quenched its thirst. Once again, it raised its head and let out another cry of pain.

At the same time, Jonathan clearly saw Heaven Sword moving out slowly as the lilith exerted itself.

It’s just drinking water and trying to sh\*t the sword out?

Jonathan was astonished when he saw that.

How impressive is that beast? How can it easily sh\*t out a blade that is three-foot long? Can its sphincter be any stronger?

Seeing the blood dripping from the lilith’s tail, Jonathan furrowed his brows and removed the spirit shield of the bronze handbell.

The moment the spirit shield vanished, a surge of potent spiritual energy and life force enveloped Jonathan, causing him to be shocked.

He finally understood why the lilith had been relentlessly drinking from the pond. It wasn't just water; it was a natural healing elixir.

While it tended to its injuries by drinking from the pond, it tried to squeeze Heaven Sword out.

Displaying an uncanny intelligence, it was trying to keep its injuries under control.

However, it was not a bad situation. He could just patiently watch the lilith try to squeeze out Heaven Sword. Once it left, he could simply pick up the weapon and leave without putting himself in any danger.

Perhaps he could even collect some of the water for future use, making the trip even more worthwhile.

Just as Jonathan was planning to remain hidden behind the large stone, a familiar chirping sound echoed from the tree above his head.

Looking up, he spotted a red bird about the size of his palm, tilting its head and peering at him.

Jonathan shook his head slightly.

Expanding the force field of his spiritual energy, Jonathan attempted to restrain the bird again. However, before the force field could fully encompass the bird, it emitted a sharp cry and swiftly flew away.

Chirp!

The bird's shrill chirp caused Jonathan to clap his hands over his ears. He could even feel the spiritual energy within him tremble.

Meanwhile, down in the valley, the injured lilith turned its gaze toward Jonathan's direction.

Letting out a fierce roar, it dug its claws into the ground and dashed toward Jonathan with remarkable speed, closing the distance within seconds.

"That f\*cking bird!"

Jonathan wished for nothing more than to kill the bird, roast it, and eat it.

Leaping onto a nearby tree, Jonathan activated a technique when the time was right.

“Elemental Extrication Technique! Wooden Prison!”

The towering tree beneath him seemed to melt as countless branches drooped toward the ground. Just as the lilith charged over, it became ensnared within the branches.

Jonathan jumped down the tree. He approached the lilith from behind, firmly grasped the hilt of Heaven Sword, and yanked it out.

A spurt of blood gushed out too.

The lilith emitted a resounding howl as the branches entrapping him snapped into fragments.

Holding Heaven Sword, Jonathan steadily retreated. His heart sank when he glanced at the ancient beast again.

The enraged lilith’s fur was standing on end, making it look like an enormous hedgehog bristling with steel-like quills.

Jonathan could clearly sense that he was now the target of the lilith’s furious aura.

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1163 -**

Chapter 1163 A Scary Cultivator

Honing in on a target needed a cultivator’s spiritual sense.

However, that particular ability was only possessed by the human race.

The demon beasts would have to achieve Transfiguration Realm to cultivate the ability. Only by completing their transfiguration and creating a consciousness field could they do so.

The lilith wasn’t weak but hadn’t achieved the Transfiguration Realm yet, so it shouldn’t possess a spiritual sense.

What’s wrong with this small world?

Studying the arrow-looking mane along the lilith's body, Jonathan turned around and left.

He had witnessed the prowess of the lilith's defense. Even though he could've toyed with the beast with the Divine Chessboard, he didn't know what to do with the scary-looking mane.

His intention to enter the small world wasn't to butt heads with beasts like the lilith. At the very least, he couldn't risk his life before finding Joshua and Hayden.

Every person who entered the small world was gunning for the ancient legacies left by their predecessors.

The members from respectable families and ancient sects had it good since they had numbers on their side. They could stay in a group upon entering the small world.

However, things were far direr for Jonathan and the others.

If members from the respectable families and ancient sects exploring the small world was likened to a treasure hunt, then Jonathan's and the rest's adventure were the real battle royale.

Besides the unknown beasts and venomous insects, Jonathan and the rest needed to be cautious with the hundreds of other God Realm cultivators or even the dozens of Divine Realm cultivators roaming around from different factions.

All those were possible threats Jonathan would face on his journey. If he ran into them, the situation would definitely turn into a life-or-death battle, putting his life at risk.

Hence, Jonathan could not allow himself to get hurt before coming face-to-face with those cultivators.

Fleeing was Jonathan's only choice when his opponent was a fierce beast like the lilith.

It was as if Jonathan's and the creature's relationship had reverted to square one. One was fleeing while the other was in pursuit. The two were sprinting across the forest at a lightning rate.

The lilith's skin was tough and durable. Regardless of the obstacles, the creature could ram through them.

Meanwhile, Jonathan took advantage of his agility and continuously switched directions to ensure his safety.

Moreover, he finally got the chance to glimpse at the other creatures of this small world during his escape.

Some were huge, while some were tiny. Some were familiar, while many others were foreign. Many creatures existed within this world, toppling his initial assumption about it being lifeless.

However, those creatures didn't seem to have a higher hierarchical status than the lilith, for they all shrunk to the side, revealing a parted path for Jonathan and the lilith as the two approached. None of them were of any help to Jonathan in stopping the furious creature.

Just as Jonathan thought he would have to keep running until the beast's injury worsened, a foul-smelling stench came from up ahead.

The stench was terrible. Even with his experience of being in a place with decomposing corpses covering every inch of land, he still had the urge to hurl after inhaling the smell.

No matter what has happened up ahead, the situation isn't appealing if it gives off a stench like this.

Jonathan intended to take a detour to avoid the possible unfavorable situation, but the lilith was close on his heels. Without much of a choice, he leaped over the ridge before him.

Regret flooded him the minute he leaped past the ridge, for a giant black bear was sprawled out on the other side of it,

On the back of the bear stood a man covered in blood.

Regardless of the type of demon beast the giant bear was, judging just from its size, it was already much bigger than the lilith chasing after him. At one glance, he knew the bear wasn't something he should mess with.

However, the massive creature was sprawled out on the side of the slope. Lifeless.

It was evident the demon beast was already dead, and the foul-smelling stench was coming from it.

The thing Jonathan regretted the most was catching the attention of the man standing on the back of the dead bear as he leaped over the ridge.

Ah, dang it! It looks like I'll have to engage in a life-and-death battle now.

Jonathan tossed the Divine Chessboard in his hand, planning to fight using the formation.

However, before the chessboard could fall to the ground, the bloodied man had reached Jonathan's side in the blink of an eye.

Jonathan's eyes widened in shock. Still caught in the daze, he sensed his connection to the Divine Chessboard being forcibly severed.

Landing on the ground and turning around, Jonathan saw a sight he would never forget.

The bloodied man held the twenty meters wide Divine Chessboard and slammed it against the raging lilith as though smacking a fly.

Bang!

With a dull thud, the lilith that had just leaped up was slapped back over the ridge.

Meanwhile, the bloodied man did not hesitate as he crouched slightly and disappeared after the lilith.

In the next second, a dull thudding as though a heavy hammer was being slammed into the ground echoed continuously.

The lilith's yelps began to grow weaker. Before long, everything fell silent.

Jonathan was rooted in place, utterly stunned. The shock he experienced in those twenty seconds was more than he could recover from on such short notice.

When the bloodied man brushed past Jonathan, the former's speed and skill at forcibly snatching the chessboard all indicated a cultivation level of Divine Realm.

If the man truly is a Divine Realm cultivator, he would've never saved me, no matter if he's from the hidden sects, one of the eight respectable families, or Ivanov from Remdik. Then, who is he?

Jonathan contemplated long and hard and finally decided to sheathe his Heaven Sword before returning to the top of the ridge.

He knew he had lost the opportunity to flee when he spaced out earlier.

I can't escape if the Divine Realm cultivator has malicious intentions against me. With his earlier abilities, the Heaven Sword is nothing more than a flaming stick in front of him. I might as well sheathe it as a sign of my goodwill.

Jonathan stood on the ridge with a massive decomposing bear carcass behind him and a bloodied slope in front of him.

The cultivator tossed the Divine Chessboard to Jonathan's feet. It was covered with blood and bits of flesh.

The elephant-sized lilith had been smacked into a pulp and embedded into the ground. The whole scene was brutal.

Jonathan lifted a foot and stepped on the Divine Chessboard, plunging his spiritual sense into it, trying to reestablish a connection.

His spiritual energy reverberated as he shook the muck and blood off the board's surface. After most of the gunk slid off, he carefully kept the board in his storage ring.

"I, Jonathan Goldstein, thank you for saving me earlier, sir."

Even before the cultivator neared Jonathan, the latter already bowed respectfully.

Despite their close distance, Jonathan didn't dare to extend his spiritual sense to probe the other party.

Only one reason could explain that—fear.

In a bowed stance, Jonathan watched as a pair of bloodied bare feet came into his sight and halted in front of him.

"Um... Where is this?"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1164 -

Chapter 1164 Amnesic Quintus

Huh?

Jonathan was taken aback to hear that familiar voice.

Is he from Doveston?

Jonathan looked up and saw a thin face and sunken eyes. Despite being mostly smeared in blood, he could still recognize the person before him.

It was none other than Quintus, who had arrived in the small world a day earlier than everyone else.

“Greetings, I’m Jonathan Goldstein...” Jonathan was about to start ingratiating himself with Quintus but hesitated when he remembered Quintus’ previous question.

Where am I?

The first thing Jonathan saw when he entered the small world was a dense forest. Subsequently, he was pursued by a lilith and ran for who knew how far. How would I know where I’m at currently?

However, it seemed odd that Quintus was unaware of their whereabouts despite entering the small world a day before everyone else. Could it be...

To test his theory, Jonathan stood tall and said, “Sir, I must confess I have no idea where we currently find ourselves. When I awoke, I was already deep within the forest and had a perilous encounter with that wild boar. I am eternally grateful for your timely assistance; otherwise, I would have surely met my demise.”

“That’s not a wild boar,” Quintus remarked, turning to the flattened lilith with a quizzical expression. “It seems that none of us knows why we’re here. But you’re luckier than me. At least you know your name.”

Jonathan raised an eyebrow at Quintus’ statement. He even forgot his name?

Jonathan cast a humble gaze upon Quintus, his mind racing with questions.

What in the world happened to him? Could he have lost his sanity during his encounter with the wild bear? Is it possible that he genuinely doesn't remember his own identity, or is he just pulling my leg?

Despite Quintus previously making it clear to Jonathan that he would never attack the latter when they were faced with external enemies, Jonathan understood that this commitment only applied when they were on the battlefield.

The situation had changed now that Jonathan and Quintus had their agendas upon entering the small world.

Quintus had no obligation to spare him. Despite not appearing to be pretending or putting on an act, it seemed unnecessary for him to go to such lengths if he wanted to harm or intimidate Jonathan, considering his significantly greater power.

Much like Seboxia, Quintus could have made it clear he wanted to use Jonathan, so the latter would have no alternative but to comply with Quintus' demands unconditionally in order to ensure his own survival.

It looks like Quintus really has lost his memory.

However, Jonathan remained uncertain as it was all speculation. There was still a possibility that Quintus was playing a prank on him.

He gazed at Quintus and gestured toward the latter's hand. "Sir, I notice you're wearing a storage ring. Perhaps it holds some clues."

Quintus shook his head in response. "I've already checked. It only contains medicinal herbs, animal bones, weapons, and pills. There's nothing inside that can confirm my true identity."

Quintus brooded over the matter as he sat on the floor, lost in his thoughts.

He let out a sigh. "Who am I?"

The helpless expression in Quintus' eyes tugged at Jonathan's heartstrings.

Kneeling, he retrieved a pair of shoes and sports attire from his storage ring.

“Whoever you may be, Sir, you could use a change of clothes. The shoes might be a bit large, but it’s all I have at the moment. I know a place with spring water brimming with life force and vitality where you can refresh yourself. If you take it slowly, I believe it might help you recall your true identity,” Jonathan said patiently to Quintus.

Jonathan’s encounter with Quintus served as a stark reminder of the vast power disparity between himself and someone from the Divine Realm.

It was a force he couldn’t withstand, even if he fought with all he had. If Seboxia remained unconscious when he encountered another individual from the Divine Realm, he wouldn’t be able to endure more than a few Pryncyp blows.

However, the situation was different now that Quintus had lost his memory.

If Jonathan could gain the support of someone as formidable as Quintus, his time in the small world would be smooth sailing.

A smile crept across his lips at the thought.

“Were you reminded of something pleasant or joyful?” Quintus’ voice broke Jonathan’s train of thought, pulling him out of his reverie.

“No. I just remembered that I have some food in my storage ring. We can barbecue some meat for dinner once you’ve cleaned up,” Jonathan replied.

Quintus nodded in agreement. “Barbecue? Sounds good. All right then. Since I can’t recall anything else, lead the way to the spring water.”

Jonathan tended to the flames as they sought shelter in the valley where the injured lilith had been recovering earlier.

The two pieces of lilith’s thighs hung over the fire, cooking to a delightful golden brown.

Jonathan focused on grilling the meat to perfection, occasionally adding aromatic spices and fine salt for seasoning.

The enticing aroma of the cooked meat filled the air, spreading throughout the entire valley and even luring small creatures from the nearby ridge.

On the other hand, Quintus, having cleaned himself up and changed into fresh clothes, approached with enthusiasm.

“Wow, kid, this smells delicious!” he exclaimed, in a great mood after washing away the blood and dirt from his body.

Without hesitation, he grabbed a log to use as a makeshift stool and took a seat.

Jonathan gazed at Quintus, a man over one hundred years old, adorned in sports attire that was clearly a few sizes too big for him. However, it was the best option available.

He handed Quintus a short knife and chuckled. “So, can you tell me what state you were in when you regained consciousness and understand how I ended up here.”

Jonathan continued his probing of Quintus.

Quintus took a bite of the barbecued meat, savoring the flavor before sighing deeply. “I have no recollection of what happened. I woke up already on top of the blind bear. Beyond that, everything is a blank.”

Jonathan’s speculations were confirmed as he listened to Quintus’ response.

The memory loss was indeed connected to the encounter with the black bear.

With that in mind, he decided to let the matter rest for now and proceeded to serve Quintus a glass of whisky, attempting to establish a closer bond.

Being a local of Doveston, Quintus could handle his alcohol well, despite his old age.

After a few bottles of whisky, the two of them began to feel the effects, getting slightly tipsy.

Jonathan belched and waved Quintus off. “No more for me. You have quite the tolerance, Sir. You win this round.”

Swaying, Quintus let out a chuckle. “I’m telling you, Jon... Calling me ‘Sir’ makes me feel old.”

Jonathan hastily shook his head. “No, Sir. It’s a sign of respect!”

“Bullshit!” Quintus playfully swatted Jonathan’s arm away as he stood up unsteadily. “If you hold me in such high regard, then let’s become sworn brothers... You can be the elder one.”

