

The Legendary Man Chapter 1165 -

Chapter 1165 Sworn Brothers

“You want me to be your senior?” Jonathan hurriedly waved his hand at those words. “No way. How can I be a senior to someone older than me? Let’s be sworn brothers with you as the elder. As long as you don’t mind it, I’ll be satisfied just being your lackey.”

Staring at Jonathan, Quintus chortled while saluting the former.

“Tsk... You’re one stubborn rascal...”

While saying that, Quintus suddenly fell to his knees with a thud.

“I’m serious about it. I...”

Quintus dragged the last syllable, unable to recall his own name. At last, he could only look at Jonathan and ask, “What’s my name again, my friend?”

“You’re...”

Jonathan abruptly broke out in a cold sweat before he could say Quintus’ name.

Meanwhile, the elder draped his arm around Jonathan’s shoulder.

Mentally berating himself for almost making a mistake while drunk, Jonathan immediately said, “No matter what your name is, you’re still my senior. From today onward, we’ll help each other in every matter. I’ll be there to help you with anything you need.”

“How generous!” Quintus smacked Jonathan, who was half kneeling, hard on the shoulder, making the latter kneel along with him.

“That’s settled, then. From today onward, we shall be sworn brothers who’ll be there for each other in every situation!”

Jonathan echoed, “I’ll be there for you in every situation!”

“Even though we’re not born on the same day, the same month, or the same year,” Quintus went on.

“But... Um... Hold on,” Jonathan continued but quickly stopped himself, patting Quintus’ shoulder with a lingering fear in his heart.

Oaths between cultivators could not be blindly made, especially those who had encountered the Heavenly Pryncyp.

Quintus was already over a hundred years old, and he could die any day.

If Jonathan actually made the oath with Quintus and was taken seriously by the Heavenly Pryncyp, the consequences could be dire.

Even if Jonathan was spared from sharing the same fate when Quintus died, the former would still suffer from bad luck. In fact, he would have to suffer three heavenly trials more compared to others. It was not worth it.

“Look, we’re both cultivators, and longevity is what we strive for. Talking about death all the time will bring us bad luck.”

At that moment, Quintus was already too drunk to process anything. Upon hearing Jonathan’s words, the former instantly bobbed his head.

“You’re right. We mustn’t think about death all the time. We should live our lives to the fullest!”

When Jonathan heard that, he hurriedly saluted and said, “Very well. We shall officially be sworn brothers from today onward.”

As soon as he said that, he knocked his head on the ground without giving Quintus any time to process what was said.

In the meantime, Quintus followed suit without hesitation.

The moment the two men’s heads touched the ground, Jonathan felt his heart skip a beat.

He looked up to the sky, a sinking feeling settling in him.

It was unlike what he felt when the Pryncyp entered his body, but there was no doubt he had sensed an unknown force earlier.

Jonathan had already simplified the nonsensical ceremony as much as possible and even controlled his spiritual sense and energy so they would not be discovered.

Still, the Heavenly Pryncyp targeted him once again.

There was only one explanation to it—Quintus' Pryncyp was almost complete, so much so that it was becoming a true Heavenly Pryncyp.

In fact, everything Quintus did was beginning to affect the waves of Pryncyp of War. That was why the Great Pryncyp reacted to their oath.

Nonetheless, something puzzled Jonathan.

If it truly was the Heavenly Pryncyp entering me, I should have felt it clearly instead of getting such a vague sense. It's as if there's a thin layer of veil on it. I just can't figure out what it is.

Jonathan slowly got to his feet. Well, no matter what, I've technically resolved the crisis.

If even he had sensed the Pryncyp energy earlier, then Jonathan was sure Quintus had felt it, too.

Hence, it was unlikely that Quintus would attack Jonathan, even if the former regained his memories. Jonathan was safe for the time being.

Quintus, who was still kneeling on the ground, suddenly toppled to the side and fell into a deep sleep beside the fire.

The fact that Quintus was so completely relaxed around Jonathan made him chuckle.

Jonathan had put a lot of thought into cooking up schemes, yet he never expected an amnesic Quintus to be so sincere toward him.

Suddenly, Jonathan found himself a little despicable.

Never mind that. Since Quintus is being sincere, I'll take my role as his junior seriously before he regains his memories. As a younger generation, I'm only benefiting from this oath.

At that thought, Jonathan reached out and tossed a few pieces of wood into the bonfire using his spiritual energy before placing a defensive formation banner around Quintus.

Although it was powerless against cultivators, it could protect Quintus from wild beasts.

When that was done, Jonathan strolled to the lake to fill the bottle carved with space-altering formation with the water for emergency purposes.

Back when Jonathan followed the lilith into the mountains, he sensed a faint life force in the lake.

He just did not have time to look into it as he was hunted by the lilith back then.

Squatting beside the lake, Jonathan dipped his hand into the water to feel it.

Immediately, the life force and spiritual energy in the lake seeped into Jonathan's palm and entered his meridian.

The unusual sensation caused him to frantically block out the spiritual energy using Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

The spiritual energy in the lake was more intense compared to the outside. Recklessly absorbing it en-masse would not only be useless to his cultivation, but it could also bring harm.

Regardless, something about it confounded Jonathan. When he used Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique to expel the spiritual energy, the life force in it would not leave.

Like a fish swimming in the water, the life force flowed from his meridian to his elixir field and finally, the coffin in the middle of his energy field.

Jonathan's eyes lit up instantly at that realization.

Is the coffin absorbing the life force?

The one in the coffin was Seboxia, who had an understanding of the Pryncyp of Life.

After the major battle, Seboxia invoked a heavenly trial before isolating himself completely. He had not made an appearance since then.

Jonathan's guess was that Seboxia had used too much Pryncyp of Life that he fell into a deep sleep.

Jonathan once gathered all the life force in his energy field Seboxia left behind, wanting to return it to the latter in the coffin.

Alas, the coffin seemed to have blocked out everything. Jonathan received absolutely no response.

Thus, Jonathan never expected it to be absorbing the lake's life force.

That means Seboxia might be able to wake up!

Without so much as hesitating, Jonathan leaped straight into the lake.

Jonathan's cultivation level was too weak in the small world. Although he had succeeded in fooling Quintus, the latter would still find out about everything once he met the Leeson family, regardless of whether he regained his memories.

The only person Jonathan could trust at that moment was himself.

As for Seboxia, he was an existence tied to Jonathan.

Jonathan had to do everything to wake Seboxia up, even if the latter had ill intentions against him.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1166 -

Chapter 1166 The Unlucky Quintus

Upon reaching the bed of the lake, Jonathan held his breath, feeling the lake's life force enter his body.

Meanwhile, Quintus was still sound asleep on the shore.

Logically speaking, a Divine Realm cultivator like Quintus would never lose his memory, even if he encountered a great demon beast or experienced a fierce battle.

Even if Quintus wanted to use Jonathan, he need not have made an oath while he was drunk and let the Heavenly Pryncyp acknowledge it.

In fact, Quintus could just threaten Jonathan if he wanted to take advantage of the latter like Seboxia.

There was no need for plots and schemes.

Those were just ways for the weak to win.

One would have a clear idea of what the outcome would be once they achieved the Divine Realm.

No one would come up with a meticulous plan just to kill an ant. That would be an utter waste of time.

Quintus, however, just had a terrible idea.

Prior to entering the small world, he felt that he was going to die soon. In fact, he had three more years to live at most. Even if he was healthy and lived a peaceful life, he would soon meet his end.

That was the rule Heavenly Pryncyp had imposed on each human body, including Seboxia. One had to pay a huge price for avoiding it, which was exactly what the latter was going through. Seboxia looked like a complete freak and was locked up in the coffin for the rest of his life.

Quintus had no tricks of that sort, so he could only accept his fate.

This time, he entered the small world only because he wanted to use his remaining energy to acquire the treasure of the small world on behalf of the Leasons.

Alas, he had underestimated the size of the small world.

According to the works of literature and his past experience, the word “small” was the keyword.

The small world he discovered in Remdik had a radius of less than a thousand meters, while the biggest small world in history, with a radius of fifty-six thousand meters, had appeared in Epea and was currently ruled by Rodunst.

Hence, according to those examples, one would deduce the size of Doveston’s small world to be somewhere below that number.

That was exactly what the Leeson family thought too. That was why they were doing everything in their power to stall for time so Quintus could explore all of it.

No one expected the small world to be that huge.

The distance Jonathan and the lilith had run during their pursuit was close to a hundred miles.

That was not enough for them to have a complete view of even one corner of the small world.

Quintus could never finish examining a small world that large in a short amount of time.

In fact, Quintus was just as confused as Jonathan the moment he entered the world and was faced with the stretch of mountains that seemed never-ending.

He did not know where he should head to.

More importantly, the portal was nowhere to be seen behind him the moment he stepped through it.

He could not even feel its energy within his area.

In conclusion, Quintus was trapped in the small world.

Since then, Quintus had discovered many great medicines that were unthinkable or even extinct in the outside world.

Then, he encountered a gigantic demon beast that resembled a black bear. So much spiritual energy was used during his fight with the demon beast that he had to absorb the potent spiritual energy belonging to the small world.

Finally, his meridian could not endure the discomfort, and he passed out on the black bear.

He was out for the whole day.

The bear was the overlord of the place, so the beasts dared not approach even though it was dead.

That was how Quintus survived.

More importantly, Quintus was incredibly old and had Alzheimer's disease, more commonly known as dementia.

So far, neither the world of cultivation nor scientists had found a way to reverse the condition.

The only drug available had to be consumed every day, but it could only slow down the rate of deterioration.

When Quintus passed out for the whole day due to internal injuries, he missed the time to take his medication. As a result, his condition relapsed when he woke up, making him forget who he was.

To make matters worse, Quintus had already passed on all the important things in his ring when he was at home for fear he might forget everything one day.

Apart from some cultivation consumables, there was nothing left in there that could prove his identity.

It was precisely this series of coincidences that let Jonathan acquire a senior who was older than him by more than a century.

According to the Leeson family's doctor, alcohol was the bane of Quintus' condition.

As someone who always kept a bottle of alcohol around, Quintus was willing to get rid of it just to help the Leeson family be superior over the other families for a longer period.

Alas, a leopard never changes its spots. Even though he had forgotten who he was, the drunkard in him would never pass up on the alcohol now that he had tasted it after twenty years of abstention.

Quintus was not faking it; he was actually drunk.

The brilliant Quintus was a well-known cultivator throughout Chanaea.

His cultivation journey had been smooth sailing and straightforward.

From the moment Quintus entered the small world, and especially after meeting someone as shameless as Jonathan, the former was in too deep to walk away.

Dozens of Divine Realm and more than a hundred God Realm cultivators had entered the small world, yet the very person Quintus encountered was Jonathan.

Quintus' luck was just nothing but terrible.

Nonetheless, the two men were unaware of the series of coincidences behind their encounter. Even if they did, it was still unthinkable for Jonathan to become sworn brothers with someone suffering from Alzheimer's disease.

After all, everything that happened was too nonsensical.

While Quintus slept peacefully, Jonathan kept his cultivation method in check in the lake.

In order to absorb the faint life force hidden in the water, Jonathan needed to open up the paths in his body for it to enter.

At the same time, he had to block out the water's terrifying spiritual energy.

Hence, Jonathan was completely focused on the paths in his body.

In the meantime, the spiritual energy in his body was like a huge filter that screened the life force without stopping.

Using his inner vision, Jonathan watched the thin wisps of life force enter the coffin. It filled him with anticipation.

The process was rather slow, but as a cultivator, Jonathan knew good things needed time.

Besides, waking Seboxia in the dangerous small world would offer Jonathan some protection.

If making preparations could speed up the work, then Seboxia would be Jonathan's best investment.

Jonathan was so focused on his elixir field that he failed to notice what was happening in the green waters of the lake beneath his feet.

Two faint lights the size of basketballs were slowly approaching him.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1167 -

Chapter 1167 The Beast From The Pond

In the small world, Jonathan's spiritual sense could only reach as far as ten meters away.

The extent of his spiritual sense applied only through the air without any obstruction.

Once he was in the water, the distance became shorter. In fact, his spiritual sense could only stretch to a distance of two meters when it came into contact with mud.

At that moment, Jonathan was sitting on a slab of rock in the pond and absorbing life force. His spiritual sense could only reach an area of no more than five meters away.

However, Jonathan was not anxious. After all, he was a God Realm cultivator, and his senses were extremely sharp after all the training he had.

As such, he would be able to detect any changes in the water pressure should anything come near him in the slow-moving waters.

Unfortunately, Jonathan was unable to detect the two globes of faint light that were approaching him.

Gradually, the two balls of light rose slowly from the bottom of the pond.

The creature finally revealed itself in the gentle light that was seeping through the water.

It turned out that they were not two balls of lights the size of basketballs. They were huge, round eyes.

Those gigantic eyes belonged to a massive demon beast with a body that resembled a snake. Both sides of its face were filled with sharp spikes, and there was a fist-sized hump on top of its face.

Overall, the beast looked like a serpent except for the sides of its body. Dense hook-like feet more than a meter long covered both sides of its body and made the creature look like a centipede.

At that moment, those long legs were moving slowly in the water. The body of the demon beast stretched all the way from the front of Jonathan to the extreme depths of the pond.

It was impossible to tell how long the demon beast was!

The massive demon beast was swimming in the icy water and looking at Jonathan, who was only a few meters away.

Jonathan was concentrating so hard on the coffin that he did not detect anything was wrong.

As time went by, he slowly felt that the life force entering his body was actually getting lesser.

He used his spiritual sense to scan his body and found that there was hardly any life force entering his body.

Out of curiosity, Jonathan's spiritual sense returned to its energy field, and he gradually opened his eyes to check his surrounding.

Whatever was in front of Jonathan scared the daylight out of him, and his hair stood on end.

"F*ck!"

As Jonathan cursed, he gulped down a mouthful of the icy water.

Because of his shock, Jonathan had forgotten to hold his breath and nearly passed out.

At that moment, he dared not stay there any longer.

Jonathan gave a hard kick, and the rock that he was sitting on broke into pieces. He then shot toward the surface of the water like a loosed arrow.

In order to absorb the life force of the water quickly, Jonathan had immersed himself at a depth of five meters in the pond.

Even though his cultivation level had been suppressed in the small world, it would only take him a second to get out of the pond.

However, just as Jonathan's head popped out of the water, a dark shadow loomed above him.

That gigantic demon beast actually came charging at him from above rapidly.

"Ah!"

After suffering the major blow, Jonathan swallowed a mouthful of water once again.

Jonathan was completely stunned. He was surrounded by countless razor-sharp legs that resembled sickles and could only use the bronze handbell to protect himself.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The rustling of those creepy long legs could be heard.

Jonathan cowered within the golden spirit shield that was emitted by the bronze handbell and looked all around him.

Outside the golden shield, dozens of sharp claws kept stabbing at the spirit shield that was protecting him.

Every stab would cause the bronze handbell to create a backlash for Jonathan.

Even for someone like Jonathan, who had no aversion to dense objects, seeing those long, lush legs was enough to cause a chill to run down his spine.

Imagined being engulfed by a huge centipede. It would not be a pleasant experience even if the creature had yet to hurt you.

Furthermore, the beast was now bringing Jonathan to the bottom of the pond.

Not knowing how deep the pond was, Jonathan widened his eyes in shock.

If I really am being taken to the deepest end of the pond, I might not come back up alive.

Even with the protection of the bronze handbell, every attack would still create a backlash for Jonathan.

Although every blow of the beast was only equivalent to that of a Grandmaster Realm's and unlikely to cause Jonathan any injury, Jonathan wondered how long he would be able to put up with the relentless assault.

Even Quintus would not be able to withstand such an ordeal.

I'm going all out!

There was a surge of spiritual energy within Jonathan, and the spiritual energy turned into scales and covered his body quickly.

In less than three breaths, Jonathan had already transformed into a human dragon.

Just then, the demon beast had taken Jonathan into a vast space.

Jonathan looked up and realized that he could barely see the surface of the pond. In fact, it looked as if it was about to disappear.

Without further hesitation, Jonathan recalled the bronze handbell.

In that instant, dozens of sharp legs came stabbing at his scales.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Those scales that were made using spiritual energy were naturally no match for the protection provided by the bronze handbell.

If there were only one or two attacks, Jonathan would still have been able to fend them off with his own Spirit Armor.

However, the attacks coming from the dozens of razor-sharp legs were more than what Jonathan's scales could withstand.

Soon, the scales shattered, and the sharp legs stabbed into Jonathan's body. Bright red blood began to flow out of his wounds.

Jonathan, on the other hand, was not bothered. With both hands gripping his sword tightly, he launched toward the demon beast.

Other than the stench of his own blood, Jonathan also felt numb.

He might not know what the creature had done to him, but he suspected that he had been poisoned.

Jonathan slashed the beast in its stomach and caused a wound that was more than a meter long. He then began to chop those long legs off him.

“Elemental Extrication Technique! Up!”

Following Jonathan’s technique, the water surrounding him began to spin quickly without warning.

A stream of water formed under his feet and brought him upward rapidly.

Jonathan did not expect the technique to come in handy in the small world.

Right behind him, the injured demon beast turned around and followed Jonathan’s trail of blood back to the surface of the pond...

The Legendary Man Chapter 1168 -

Chapter 1168 The Hook Serpent

Crack! Crack!

There were the consecutive sounds of something breaking through the water’s surface.

Above the icy pool, it seemed as if a storm had just swept through.

Jonathan swiftly flew through the air, dozens of broken sharp legs sticking out of his body.

Behind him, the unidentified behemoth emerged from the water like a long train as it relentlessly chased after him.

Landing on a single foot, Jonathan then leaped several times and somersaulted onto a hillside next to him.

On the flat ground next to the pool, the horrifying demon beast finally revealed its full form, measuring over thirty meters in length.

Moreover, Jonathan noticed an important feature of this beast that he hadn't seen before. Its tail was bifurcated, resembling a centipede.

It had a forked tail shaped like a hook, its body was like that of a centipede, and it was amphibious.

If he remembered correctly, this creature was none other than the ancient beast recorded in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique—the hook serpent!

According to miscellaneous records, while the hook serpent could move around on land, it predominantly resided underwater.

It preferred using its hooked tail to submerge its prey and strangle them underwater before devouring them.

Most importantly, it was highly venomous!

As Jonathan compared the creature before him with the description of the hook serpent in the miscellaneous records, he activated his cultivation method to expel the legs that had managed to pierce his body just now.

He even went so far as to force out the blood in his wounds.

Only a small fraction of Seboxia's life force remained within his body, and it couldn't help him heal any significant injuries.

However, it was sufficient for replenishing his vitality.

Even if it wasn't enough, Jonathan still had a millennium-old Golden Herb. Taking a few bites of it would also have some positive effects.

Feeling the diminishing numbness in his body, Jonathan retrieved the enormous Golden Herb and stuffed it into his mouth.

With just one bite, the overwhelming bitter taste almost made Jonathan pass out.

However, as the extreme bitterness reached its peak, Jonathan's spirit was invigorated.

The juice of the Golden Herb transformed into cooling energy that surged through his limbs.

After just a few moments, Jonathan felt his body becoming overheated. The wounds that had started to heal under the effects of the life force were once again ripped open, and blood continuously gushed outward.

Sensing the changes in his body, Jonathan hurriedly looked down at the Golden Herb in his hand.

Then, a tickling sensation came from his nose before droplets of blood fell onto the Golden Herb.

Only at this moment did Jonathan realize that he seemed to have overdosed on the herb.

He had underestimated the strength and value of the Golden Herb. If he continued, the effectiveness of the Golden Herb would rapidly dissipate.

From the storage ring, Jonathan retrieved a jade box and activated the formation on it to open it. Then, he carefully sealed the Golden Herb inside before stowing it away in his storage ring. Only then did he finally feel relieved.

After that, he turned his gaze toward the hook serpent below while wielding his Heaven Sword.

“Hey, you belong in the water. Your movements will be greatly hindered on land. I don’t know if you have developed sentience, but I must warn you. If you sink back into the water right now, I won’t kill you!” Jonathan shouted confidently at the majestic hook serpent after repairing his Spirit Armor.

Although he spoke evenly with a tone of composure, his true intention was to awaken Quintus, who was by the campfire below, with the sound of his voice.

Although he couldn’t determine the level of the hook serpent, he knew that its cultivation was definitely not inferior to his own.

When he and Quintus became sworn brothers, his intention was precisely to rely on Quintus to help him overcome the current difficulties.

If I don’t use his help now, then when?

However, Quintus, the old drunkard, hadn’t touched a drop of alcohol in over ten years. At that moment, he was passed out and didn’t give any response.

Even though Jonathan had infused his voice with spiritual energy, which caused his shouts to echo throughout the valley, it was to no avail.

Seeing Quintus' motionless body lying on the ground, Jonathan felt a headache.

If he thought about it, he was the one who got Quintus drunk in the first place.

Wasn't this equivalent to cutting off his own escape route?

However, the hook serpent below had no intention of giving Jonathan any more time for deliberation.

As it undulated its belly, its gigantic body transformed into a blur while charging toward Jonathan with incredible speed. In fact, its speed was completely disproportionate to its size.

"What the f*ck!"

Jonathan leaped into the air, evading the hook serpent's lunge.

Jonathan planted his foot firmly on the side of the hill and turned around. To his astonishment, the once pristine hill he had just stood on now revealed a series of trenches, as though it had been carved by many invisible knives.

As Jonathan's gaze fixated on the head of the hook serpent, unbeknownst to him, the serpent's two formidable tails, both measuring two meters in length, had stealthily aligned themselves with the back of his head.

At that moment, as the serpent's twin tails entered Jonathan's field of spiritual sense, a sense of impending doom overwhelmed him.

The mere ten-meter gap between them seemed insignificant for the hook serpent, whose tails served as its primary hunting weapons.

Crack!

Ping!

Amidst the two sounds, one of the hooked tails pierced through Jonathan's spiritual armor and grazed past him.

As for the other hooked tail, Jonathan could only rely on his Heaven Sword to resist it with all his might.

The hooked tail had specifically evolved for the hook serpent's benefit in capturing prey, and its hardness surpassed even its legs. Even though it endured a strike from the Heaven Sword, the sword merely left a faint white scuff on it.

Although Jonathan managed to withstand this fatal blow, the tremendous force from the hooked tail sent him flying backward.

Before he could react, he smelled a foul stench behind him, and the serpent's gaping mouth was already lunging toward him.

"Bronze handbell!"

Faced with the countless blade-like teeth in the hook serpent's mouth, Jonathan knew that even if he inserted his Heaven Sword into it, it would only result in a futile struggle.

After all, Seboxia hadn't awakened yet, and the remnants of the life force within his body had already been completely depleted from his recent injuries. If he were to be injured again, it would truly be troublesome for him.

He summoned the bronze handbell once again and placed its spirit shield around him.

The serpent's mouth, with its incalculable number of teeth, began to close in on Jonathan, and the immense pressure almost made him spit out a mouthful of blood.

Looking at Quintus, who was still in a deep slumber on the ground, Jonathan shouted at him, "You old b*stard! Hurry and save—mmph!"

Before he could finish his sentence, Jonathan suddenly felt his vision go dark as the hook serpent swallowed him whole.

Jonathan had initially planned to expand the spirit shield so that it would get stuck in the serpent's mouth, thereby providing him an opportunity to fight against it.

However, when the spirit shield's faint golden light illuminated the dense teeth surrounding him, he hesitated.

If he couldn't hold on and the shield suddenly shattered, getting bitten by this creature would be no joke.

Cooperating actively with the hook serpent's swallowing motion, he contracted the range of the spirit shield and slid down the serpent's esophagus.

However, just as Jonathan prepared to strike from within the serpent's stomach, he heard a loud but muffled thud, followed by violent writhing movements.

Jonathan stared dumbfoundedly at the sticky esophagus outside his protective shield.

Why does it seem like this hook serpent has returned to the water again?