

The Legendary Man Chapter 1341

Chapter 1341 Spiritual Sense Imprint

“Give me a straight answer...”

The Adrune cultivator looked at Jonathan with fear.

“Asura, if possible, we want to live... We can offer all these things to you!”

As the cultivator spoke, he manipulated his spiritual energy to remove all the rings from his hand. He then used this energy to float them over to Jonathan. Upon seeing this, Jonathan lightly patted his waist. From beneath his clothes, a thin line emerged, threading through those storage rings, and then once again concealed itself at his waist.

Although the storage bags in this small world can be infinitely stacked and placed within each other, the storage rings cannot.

Naturally, Jonathan wouldn't stoop to the level of a nouveau riche, wearing a dozen storage rings on his fingers. However, he couldn't bear to part with these items either, so he had no choice but to wear them hidden around his waist.

Accepting the item, Jonathan gave a slight nod toward Sirius in the distance.

Even though Sirius didn't know what Jonathan was planning, he still chose to cooperate.

He gripped the gun barrel tightly and then forcefully pushed down. The gun body pierced through the cultivator's spine and plunged deeply into the earth, astonishingly nailing another blond-haired, blue-eyed young man directly onto the ground.

Hearing the agonizing screams of his companion, the face of the spiritual control youth turned even paler.

Previously, they had encountered several cultivators from Aploth, but with the cooperation of their team, those guys had no ability to resist at all and were slain by him and his companions.

Just now, the moment they discovered Jonathan, they immediately recognized the identities of several people.

After all, they were professional assassins. Even if they hadn't been to every country on Earth, they were still very familiar with the influential figures of each nation.

It went without saying that Jonathan, Asura, was always at the top of the bounty list year after year.

Jonathan had become one of the rare stubborn holdouts on the Dark Web's bounty list.

Over the years, countless assassins had fallen while attempting to carry out the mission of assassinating Jonathan.

As for Sirius, being the representative of a respectable family out in the world, he was naturally well-known among all the major powers.

If a Chanaean assassin were to encounter these two individuals, they would definitely not provoke them.

But these foreign assassins, after several successful encounters with cultivators from Aploth, began to grow confident. They even dared to provoke the two top entities in God Realm.

Even if they wanted to regret it now, it was a bit too late.

"Hey!"

The assassin was still in a trance when he heard Jonathan's low voice.

"Are you going to speak up or not? I don't have the patience to keep this up with you."

The young man was pulled back to reality from his regret by Jonathan and then obediently looked toward Jonathan.

"Asura, feel free to ask anything. As long as I know, I will definitely tell you everything."

After careful consideration, Jonathan spoke again.

"What faction do you belong to? When did you enter? How was the entrance to the small world when you arrived? What's the situation between the Eastern Allied Army and the Remdikian Army, and what is your objective?"

A series of questions poured out from Jonathan's mouth.

Even Sirius, who was nearby, was drawn in by these critical questions.

The assassin hadn't expected Jonathan to barrage him with a series of questions. After careful consideration, he finally responded to Jonathan.

"My name is Chandler, a member of Apocalypse from Anglandur. We entered the small world on the third day of its opening. When we entered back then, the entrance to the small world was guarded by the Leeson family, with one in the Divine Realm and over a dozen in God Realm. However, we had already received news at that time that the rest of the Chanaean families were rapidly assembling in Doveston. As for the news of your Eastern Army battling the Remdikian Army, we truly have no idea. We are assassins. Changes in regimes, and shifts in nations, are not within our sphere of concern. What we focus on is simply the elimination of our targets and the bounty that follows. As for the purpose..."

As the young man spoke, his face suddenly flushed red.

"I cannot reveal our purpose. Even if I had the slightest inclination to do so, I would drop dead instantly."

"What are you babbling about?" Upon hearing the assassin's words, Sirius immediately lifted his foot, aiming to stomp on the man's cheek.

But Jonathan stepped forward, blocking Sirius' path.

"Sirius, indeed there is a similar technique that can etch a curse deep into a person's consciousness field. If the cultivator does something that contradicts the curse, they will die instantly."

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, the young man lying on the ground suddenly had a spark in his eyes.

"Exactly, exactly, it's this kind of curse, left behind by the founder of Apocalypse. If we disclose any information about Apocalypse, our spiritual energy will reverse, and we will self-destruct."

Sirius looked at Jonathan with confusion, only to see Jonathan nodding in response.

“It’s true, you can perceive this technique as a kind of mental imprint. It’s like this—imagine running naked down a pedestrian street. Such an act itself wouldn’t harm you, but you absolutely couldn’t bring yourself to do it. That’s the restraint that the morals you’ve learned over time have placed on you. The mental imprint is such that once a certain point is triggered, the cultivator can’t help but reverse his spiritual energy, which feels exactly the same as when you feel shame, with no difference whatsoever.”

As Jonathan spoke, his gaze was firmly fixed on the young man.

He only revealed half of the spell, leaving the other half unsaid.

This very thing, due to its incredibly simple casting process, was once revered by many cultivators in ancient times.

After all, even when forming a master and servant contract, one must expend their own blood essence and also extract a sliver of the other party’s consciousness to reside within their own consciousness field, allowing them to control the other’s life and death at any time.

However, this approach also had its drawbacks. While it was possible to control a person’s actions through life and death completely, problems arose when too many master and servant contracts were signed.

The cultivator’s own consciousness would become cluttered, providing no benefit to his cultivation.

Such a spiritual sense imprint, however, posed no harm to the spell caster.

Thus, in ancient times, the person who created this spiritual sense imprint began to continuously imprint others, and in the end, he astonishingly turned tens of thousands of people in a city into slaves who were absolutely obedient to his commands.

After the incident, all the major powers at the time understood the terror of the spiritual sense imprint. Consequently, they dispatched people one after another to hunt down the inventor.

And the inventor’s move was even more audacious. He actually announced his own invention to the world.

This led directly to the cultivation method of the spiritual sense imprint becoming as commonplace as the method of breathing exercises.

However, this thing was lethal, and for a moment, the entire cultivator world was thrown into complete chaos.

Walking down the street, everyone was on guard, fearing that others might imprint them with a mark of spiritual sense. Eventually, this tension escalated into a massive chaos that engulfed the entire cultivation world.

It was after that the entire community of scholars in Chanaea united. Over the span of three generations, they completely erased all traces of this spell.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1342

Chapter 1342 The Light Before The Night

A single spell had led to its collective banishment by all the cultivators in Chanaea for nearly two hundred years before they finally managed to extinguish the last vestiges of its legacy.

Even when Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was written, the technique had already been reduced to a mere legend, with no one having witnessed it firsthand.

But now, the evil spell had reappeared in the world...

As described in Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, all techniques in the world that had a wide range of dissemination, were easy to practice, and possessed specific functions, were indestructible by humans regardless of whether they were black magic or Great Prynycp.

Even if someone like Emperor Fehohr, possessing unparalleled resources of their time and capable of suppressing all adversaries, forcibly erased any traces of the technique, the spell would still make a comeback if given enough time.

Thus, the reappearance of the technique was an inevitable outcome.

It could happen through an ancient cave dwelling being discovered, or someone fortuitously receiving a legacy.

What worried Jonathan the most, however, was the timing of these occurrences.

Seboxia, Remdik Emperor, Apocalypse, the divine small world of West Region, the small world of Doveston, Holy Blood of Sanctuary, Charleigh's strengthening elixir...

The legacy of history, the breakthroughs in technology, the emergence of Secret Realms, the revival of legends...

Every single one of those things, taken alone, was enough to alter the century-old structure of the entire world.

But now, they were sprouting up like mushrooms, emerging continuously.

Could it really be as the Blackwood family predicted? That this life is the final struggle of heaven and earth's Kore before its collapse? The last burst of light before the impending darkness? If that is the case, the path of cultivating Great Prynycyp might indeed be reduced to nothing more than a legend for future generations.

"Jonathan..." the confused Sirius called out to the daydreaming Jonathan.

Ever since Jonathan finished speaking a moment ago, he had been lost in thought for a long while.

Jonathan turned his head to look at Sirius.

"Don't Worry. I was just thinking about the Eastern Army's battle outside. I wonder how they're doing."

Sirius was certainly no fool, he could clearly see that Jonathan's words were merely an excuse.

However, he chose not to point it out, for everyone had their own secrets to keep.

"What should be done with these two? Should they be killed or set free?" Sirius asked awkwardly.

Upon hearing this, Jonathan sighed and waved his hand dismissively.

"Release them. It's a tough time for everyone now, so just leave them to their fates."

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, the foreign cultivator picked himself up in disbelief.

"Honorable Asura, we will meet again, and when that time comes..."

The foreign cultivator was speaking with great enthusiasm when Jonathan slashed Heaven Sword across his cheek, cleaving his head in two.

Sirius stared wide-eyed at Jonathan.
“Didn’t you say...”

“I promised him that as long as he cooperated with us, I would give him a swift resolution,” Jonathan said nonchalantly.

“Look at how happy he is, even in death. By the way, this was taken from the kid.”

As he spoke, Jonathan casually tossed out a storage ring.

Sirius took it in his hand, focusing his gaze on it.

It was an antique-styled black ring, on which there was a dragon’s head pattern outlined with extremely simple lines.

This is a ring of the Blackwood family!

Previously, he and two others were thrown into the dungeon by Black Armor Legion. All their storage rings and weapons were confiscated.

Upon seeing the ring, Sirius naturally understood its significance.

Another cultivator from the Blackwood family had died in the small world.

Casting a glance at Jonathan, who was busy gathering the weapons that were scattered all over the ground, Sirius waved his hand to summon two corpses from his storage bag. He then slipped on the Blackwood family’s ring and stored the two bodies in it.

“Thank you.”

Sirius bowed toward Jonathan as he expressed his gratitude.

Jonathan casually waved his hand.

“It has always belonged to the Blackwood family. I’m merely returning it to its rightful owner.”

Upon hearing the words, Sirius remained silent, turning to walk toward the cultivator nailed to the ground in the distance.

“Spare me...”

At that moment, the cultivator nailed to the ground was completely incapacitated.

While assassins might be accustomed to the risk of death, it only applied to being instantly killed in battle.

However, when one felt as if one was helplessly nailed to the ground, one would naturally feel fear and despair from the depths of their heart.

In response to the cultivator’s plea for mercy, Sirius lifted his foot and shattered the former’s jaw with a kick.

Immediately after, he drew his spear and completely severed the tendons of the cultivator’s hands and feet.

“For killing a member of my family, I’ll leave you to die here.”

After Sirius finished speaking, he mimicked Jonathan by taking away the storage ring from the man’s finger. Then, without looking back, he turned and walked away.

Behind him, the cultivator could do nothing but lie helplessly on the ground, whimpering.

As his jaw was shattered, the cultivator couldn’t even commit suicide by biting his tongue even if he wanted to.

There were only two outcomes awaiting him. One was to bleed to death slowly, while the other was to be devoured by the insects or beasts attracted by the scent of blood.

In the realm of cultivators, it was a dog-eat-dog world with everyone driven by their own interests. There was no clear distinction between right and wrong.

While Jonathan might not agree with Sirius’s approach, he would certainly never stand in the latter’s way.

If he were in the same situation, where members of his own family were being killed one after another, Jonathan's reaction would undoubtedly be even more intense than Sirius'.

The two of them left the valley and reached the top of the mountain in search of Hayden.

Earlier, Jonathan had instructed Hayden to take the high ground to gain a vantage point. However, even though the battle below had already ended, Hayden was still nowhere to be seen, nor had he sent any signals.

Jonathan began to sense that something was amiss.

Hayden was quite the chatterbox. He had become increasingly cocky, especially after revealing his talent for formations.

Even under the relentless pursuit in North Outer City, he couldn't keep still and behaved like a restless monkey, causing quite a headache.

Therefore, the long silence felt out of the ordinary.

"Hayden!"

Jonathan stood on the ridge, calling out softly.

Sirius gazed at a large stone a hundred meters away.

"If we're looking to set up a sniper point, the top of that large rock should be an excellent location."

The two of them, one leading and the other following, traversed a distance of a hundred meters to reach the base of the large rock.

Upon recognizing the few magical daggers embedded in the large stone, both of them heaved a sigh of relief inside.

The technique of using daggers as a ladder was definitely Hayden's doing.

"Hey! You're not asleep, are you?"

Jonathan stood beneath the large stone, laughing and cursing, yet not a single sound came from above the stone.

“Hayden?”

Jonathan drew out Heaven Sword and gently gestured toward Sirius.

Noting the cue, Sirius picked up his spear and nodded slightly. Immediately, the two of them leaped up from two different directions and charged onto the large rock that was more than twenty meters high...

The Legendary Man Chapter 1343

Chapter 1343 Hayden And His Death Wish

The two of them landed steadily, one at the front and the other at the back, on either end of the large rock.

Even if something was amiss there, as long as the two of them worked together, they would definitely not lose the upper hand.

Unexpectedly, there was no situation on the large stone at that time for the two of them.

The sniper rifle was mounted above, and Hayden was huddled up like a giant shrimp on one side of the boulder, trembling incessantly.

“Hayden!” Jonathan swiftly moved to Hayden’s side, flipping his hand and directly pressing it onto Hayden’s wrist. “D*mn! Your heart must be beating at least three hundred times a minute! What on earth is going on?”

Jonathan firmly held onto Hayden’s hands and shouted loudly, “Hayden! Speak up! Has there been some kind of attack?”

The life force surged wildly into Hayden’s body. However, after a full round of inspection, aside from a few minor internal injuries, no other issues were found.

Yet at that moment, Hayden’s hands were shaped like claws, forcefully retracting his arms.

It was as if he was trying to curl him up into an egg.

Sirius, standing to the side, wore a serious expression as he crouched down. He swiftly dislodged Hayden’s jaw, preventing him from biting his own tongue amidst violent convulsions.

The pain in his jaw brought a glimmer of clarity back into Hayden’s eyes. Watching Jonathan, Hayden’s throat continuously made sounds akin to a broken bellows.

At that moment, Jonathan dared not let go, and quickly shouted at Sirius, “He wants to speak. Put his chin back on!”

Sirius did as he was told. The moment he pushed Hayden’s chin back up, Hayden uttered, “Save me... I feel horrible... Mr. Goldstein save me... Argh!”

A chilling roar echoed through the mountains, causing even Jonathan, who was accustomed to all sorts of life-and-death situations, to feel his scalp tingle.

“Something is squeezing me. So many hands are grabbing me from inside my stomach... There are so many bugs... I can’t take it anymore...” Hayden cried out in agony, his voice sounding inhuman.

Sensing that something was amiss, Sirius reached out once again and dislocated Hayden’s jaw.

Blood gushed from the corners of Hayden’s mouth, and the life force coursing through his meridians surged to his tongue, repairing the nearly severed organ once again.

Had Sirius been a moment slower just now, Hayden would have bitten off his own tongue.

Even with his jaw dislocated, Hayden continued to struggle and roar in madness.

In a muffled voice, Hayden was actually asking the others to kill him.

Jonathan stared directly into Hayden’s crimson eyes.

In the gaze of Hayden, all he saw was a plea for mercy and agony.

Clearly, Hayden was enduring immense torment.

Jonathan couldn’t kill Hayden and end the latter’s agony.

Throughout their journey, although Hayden and himself initially formed an alliance out of mutual benefit, their relationship evolved far beyond simple exploitation after all they had been through.

Even animals, after supporting and accompanying each other for so many days, would develop feelings for each other, let alone humans.

“What on earth is wrong with you?” Jonathan gritted his teeth, holding Hayden tightly. Sweat dripped from the tip of his nose. Spiritual energy, consciousness, and spiritual sense continuously surged within Hayden’s body.

No matter how much Jonathan searched, he couldn’t find the problem.

“Kill me...” Tears filled Hayden’s eyes, and the two indistinct words kept repeating from his open mouth.

“Go to sleep.” Sirius reached out and pressed his hand on the forehead of Hayden. His spiritual energy continuously swirled in his hand, and in the next moment, a peculiar symbol had formed.

Seeing the right moment, Sirius struck with all his might and unleashed his spiritual energy.

Hayden’s face flushed red, his pupils dilated, looking just like a corpse as he lay there with his eyes wide open.

And with the cessation of the roaring, the tension in Hayden’s body also eased.

Jonathan, a God Realm cultivator, could easily lift over a hundred kilograms on a regular day. When he used his spiritual energy, it was as simple as holding a bottle of mineral water.

Yet, in just a few short minutes, it felt as if all strength had been drained from the body, completely drenched in sweat.

Sitting paralyzed next to Hayden, Jonathan slowly exhaled a breath of turbid air.

Jonathan looked at Hayden, who seemed as if he was dead, and began to ask, “Is he all right?”

Upon hearing that, Sirius slightly shook his head. “I’m not sure myself, but what I just condensed was the Spirit Suppression Talisman of the Blackwood family, a talisman specifically designed to intimidate the spiritual sense of cultivators. It can put his spiritual sense into a temporary state of chaos, as if he’s been knocked senseless.”

Upon hearing that, Jonathan couldn’t help but burst into laughter. “You could’ve simply said you had slapped him unconscious!”

With a sigh of relief, Jonathan once again grasped Hayden’s wrist. “The heartbeat has calmed down. What on earth is going on with this kid? If the body is unharmed, even inner demons shouldn’t elicit such a reaction.”

Sirius lit two cigarettes, handed one to Jonathan, and then began to speak with some hesitation.

“Jonathan, I’ve experienced your magical power. I’m certain that no matter what physical injuries one has, your energy can heal them. So, I think his issue is definitely not on the physical level. There could only be two possibilities. Firstly, Kathleen and Stellario, those two rascals, had meddled with Hayden before they parted ways. After all, one of them is a master of insect sorcery, and the other is an expert in poisons. They might just have a way to pull this off,” Sirius said.

Upon hearing that, Jonathan gave a slight nod. “What you’re suggesting could indeed be possible, but I honestly can’t find any trace of foul play in his condition. By the way, didn’t you mention there was a second possibility?”

Sirius crouched next to Hayden, and upon hearing the words, he slowly exhaled a puff of smoke toward Hayden’s face. “This second possibility, I’m not entirely sure about, but his situation aligns perfectly with the characteristics of a drug addiction.”

“Drug addiction?” Jonathan was slightly taken aback. Then, his gaze somewhat dazedly fell upon the unconscious Hayden. In this world, gambling and drug addiction are the two most lethal vices. Generally, anyone who gets involved with them is likely to lose everything they have. However, it’s a different story for a spoiled rich kid like Hayden. He was born into endless wealth, never having to worry about such things. Indeed, many wealthy young men lack purpose in life and have fallen into bad habits under the influence of others. How could Hayden possibly be this kind of person?

“He doesn’t have a needle hole on him,” Jonathan said with a hint of disbelief.

“You clearly don’t know anything about this.” Sirius sat by the side and added flatly, “In the Blackwood family, one of the younger members had gotten hooked on this stuff. He was into all sorts of drugs that needed inhaling, smoking, sniffing, rubbing, sticking, you name it. Only the lowest level of drugs required injections.

“Um…” Jonathan looked at Sirius with an incredibly strange expression. “I didn’t expect such talent to come from respectable families. So, what happened next? Did the child manage to quit?”

Sirius shook his head slightly. “Before he even had a chance to quit, the patriarch, my father, twisted his head off in public.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1344

Chapter 1344 Holy Blood

Jonathan stared blankly at Sirius, then slowly extended a thumbs-up.

“Mr. Blackwood, you’re really easy-going, not even sparing your own core blood relatives...”

“We must eliminate him,” Sirius said with a furrowed brow. “We can’t set such a precedent. If others start to follow suit, within three generations, our family will be ruined.”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan gave a slight nod.

He had seen the same precedent back in the Goldstein family at Yaleview.

Those young talents, born into affluent families, once tainted by gambling and drugs, some would squander their family fortunes, while others ended up crippled by others.

The best outcome was to be imprisoned at home, spending the days in a daze, slowly turning oneself into a living dead.

It seemed this thing was really dangerous.

“But that doesn’t seem right,” Jonathan said, looking somewhat bewildered at Sirius. “If Hayden has reached the Divine Realm, his Cor must be incredibly firm. Even if he has picked up bad habits due to immense pressure, his body, tempered through the God Realm, shouldn’t have such a severe reaction.”

At this moment, Sirius was also somewhat bewildered upon hearing these words.

“You’re right, that little rascal of ours, despite being a Grandmaster Realm cultivator, loses his temper when his addiction kicks in. He just smashes whatever he sees. Logically speaking, Hayden shouldn’t be feeling this distressed.”

As they were speaking, Sirius happened to catch a glimpse of the storage ring on Hayden’s hand.

“All right, let’s stop guessing. If he truly is a drug addict, then his ring would surely carry a fair amount of related items. Let’s open it up and see, then we’ll know.”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan hesitated slightly. However, he then directly took off the ring from Hayden’s hand.

“Hayden, please don’t blame me.”

As he spoke, Jonathan reached out and forcefully wiped the ring, directly using his own mental energy to completely erase the mental energy Hayden had left on it.

Jonathan looked at Hayden but didn’t see any reaction from him. The spiritual sense within the storage ring and the magical item were closely linked with the cultivator’s mind.

Typically, such a brutal erasure of a cultivator’s spiritual sense would cause the cultivator to experience pain. But now, Hayden lay on the ground in absolute tranquility, not even uttering a single groan.

Jonathan turned his head to look at Sirius beside him.

“What’s the origin of your rune, anyway? You haven’t killed someone with it, have you?”

Upon hearing this, Sirius gave Jonathan a speechless look.

“This is a family heirloom, a rune passed down from ancient times. If it were fake, he would have been dead by now. Cut the chatter and quickly check his ring. Finding the reason for his sudden madness is what truly matters.”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan didn’t say much. He immersed his spiritual sense into it and began to search carefully.

Sniper bullets, some food, magical instruments, water, clothes...

As Jonathan’s spiritual sense sifted through everything, he found no trace of any medication.

“Can you actually do it or not?”

At this moment, Sirius bore no resemblance to the representative of the Blackwood family. He moved closer, snatched the ring from Jonathan’s hand, and began to search through it as if he were treasure hunting.

“This item doesn’t necessarily have to look like a pill or a medicine bottle. It could also possibly be in cartoon packaging, or simply disguised as something else entirely.”

Upon seeing Sirius's relentless determination to find the prohibited drugs, Jonathan could only let out a helpless sigh.

Sitting next to Hayden, Jonathan reached out and once again grasped his wrist.

At this moment, Hayden's heartbeat had completely calmed down, and his body slowly stretched out, thoroughly relaxing.

Although he couldn't figure out the exact reason for the madness, seeing that Hayden was all right, Jonathan finally felt at ease.

Perhaps it was some kind of special illness.

With these thoughts in mind, Jonathan took out some beef jerky from his storage space and began to chew on it.

"Sirius, don't label all young people as bad just because your own child isn't living up to your expectations. I must say, Hayden has done well. Generations of their hard work were all for the purpose of freeing themselves from the control of families like yours. Someone like Hayden, who carries the hopes of the entire clan. There's no way the venerable ancestor of the Zink family would let him touch any of that messy stuff."

At this moment, Sirius was carefully identifying what was in the bag of food he was holding.

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Sirius chuckled and shook his head lightly.

"Who told you that being strict won't lead to bad habits? That kid in our family, the one who's a bit off his rocker, has even more talent than Colton. He was previously groomed to be the legitimate successor of the Blackwood family, but look at what happened in the end. Do you know what excuse that kid gave when he was found out? He said the pressure was too much for him to handle!"

As Sirius spoke, he simultaneously took out an empty glass bottle from his storage ring and began to examine it carefully.

"Tell me, what kind of d*mn excuse was that? We are from a respectable family. He never lacks food or drink. All we ask is for him to focus on his training, and yet he claims he's under a lot of pressure!"

Upon hearing this, Jonathan looked at Sirius with a smile.

“Kids these days want freedom, you can’t just expect them to become cultivators, they might not—”

Originally, Jonathan merely glanced casually, but he never expected that this single glance would leave him utterly stunned.

“Sirius!”

Jonathan shouted loudly.

Sirius was deeply engrossed in searching for something when Jonathan’s sudden shout startled him.

Drawing his gun, Sirius lowered his body like a leopard, his back to Jonathan, assuming a posture ready for battle at any moment.

The mountain breeze gently caressed as Sirius looked around, his eyes filled with caution.

“What’s wrong?” Sirius asked in a cold voice.

At this moment, Sirius completely entrusted his back to Jonathan. This act of trust alone spoke volumes.

But at this moment, Jonathan didn’t have the time to deal with these matters. Instead, he swiftly moved to Sirius’ side.

“Where did you find that bottle just now?”

“Bottle?” Sirius frowned at Jonathan, then gently beckoned, holding the bottle from earlier in his hand again. “You mean this one?”

Watching that familiar bottle, Jonathan snatched it from Sirius’ hand.

Upon opening it, a fleeting hint of bitterness, akin to that of mugwort, wafted through the air, as ephemeral as it was subtle.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was looking in the direction of Hayden with a serious expression on his face.

“No need to look any further, I already know what’s going on with him.”

Upon hearing this, Sirius picked up the bottle again, then lowered his head to smell the scent that had already dissipated within. He looked somewhat bewilderedly at Jonathan.

“This doesn’t seem like a prohibited drug, does it?”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan slightly shook his head.

“You won’t be able to find this item on the market, not even circulating anywhere in the entire world.”

“Do you remember the eighteen-year-old girl, Ksana, I brought back from Remdik?”

Sirius pondered for a moment, “Are you referring to the girl who almost died in Merania, the one who helped you bring Charleigh back?”

“It’s her!” Jonathan said in a deep voice, “This jar belongs to her! The thing inside is called Holy Blood.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1345

Chapter 1345 What Did They Do

“Holy Blood...”

Upon hearing that term, Sirius furrowed his brows. Despite racking his brain, he couldn’t find a shred of information.

“Where did this thing come from? Are you sure Hayden went mad because of it?”

Jonathan gave a slight nod. “I’m certain. This object is a product of the Sanctuary. It has the power to elevate one’s cultivation level to God Realm forcibly.”

As soon as Jonathan’s words were spoken, Sirius’s figure slightly stiffened. Sanctuary... It can forcibly elevate someone to God Realm?

Sirius stared at the empty jar in his hand, his eyes flickering incessantly.

They, from respectable families, and all the cultivators worldwide, spent their entire lives striving to enhance their cultivation by every means possible.

Divine Realm was attainable by one in ten thousand cultivators, a level many dared not dream of. As a result, God Realm became the common goal of almost all cultivators.

There were many who devoted decades to diligent cultivation yet remained stuck at the level of Grandmaster Realm until their dying day. They couldn’t even touch the fringes of God Realm, and in the end, they could only pass away in a state of regret.

But now, Jonathan was telling Sirius that even God Realm cultivators could be mass-produced.

How could Sirius possibly accept such a situation?

The fact that Charleigh could mass-produce Grandmasters had left the Blackwood family struggling to cope.

Now that God Realm cultivators could be mass-produced, what did the arduous cultivation of the world's cultivators amount to?

“Jonathan, it's not appropriate to joke about such matters,” Sirius said somewhat unnaturally.

Jonathan looked at Sirius and said nonchalantly, “Have I ever joked with you?”

He took the empty bottle and replaced it in Hayden's storage ring.

“Do you still remember why Remdik mobilized half of the Western Army's technology and cultivators to capture me when all I did was intercept Charleigh? Remdik doesn't fully understand Charleigh's genetic experiments, and in reality, they don't take the experiments too seriously either. If it weren't for Remdik sidelining Charleigh's experimental plan, Charleigh wouldn't have chosen to return to China with me.”

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Sirius began to continuously recall the events he encountered when he went to Western Remdik to meet Jonathan.

In truth, the eight respectable families had always found that incident with Remdik perplexing.

For any major power, mortal affairs should be handled by mortals, and matters of the cultivators should be dealt with by the cultivators themselves.

Even though no one had explicitly stated that rule, everyone seemed to abide by it instinctively.

That was primarily to guard against the opponent's dimension-reducing attack. It was like when Remdik and Chanaea went to war in the Doveston. Remdik dared to send high-ranking cultivators to achieve a breakthrough in the rear of

the Chanaea's Eastern Allied Army, but they absolutely did not dare to carry out large-scale slaughter from the rear.

All along, those cultivators had been targeting the forces of the Eastern Allied Army. Even if they passed through a city like Kransbay, they had never actively killed mortals.

Perhaps the number of high-ranking cultivators in Chanaea was not as many as in Remdik, but once they took action against the civilians, they would most likely thoroughly infuriate the Chanaean cultivators. At that point, if Jonathan really united a group of high-ranking cultivators to wreak havoc, pillage, and seek revenge in various cities of Remdik, it would be a huge problem.

If a high-ranking cultivator were to completely let go of all restraint and seek revenge on a faction, it would be disastrous.

In the span of a single night, one high-ranking cultivator could slay thousands upon thousands of people and move on to the next city or even the next country without anyone finding out.

That would be the worst outcome, as the culprit could never be caught.

That was also why Jonathan, relying on his own strength, could, to a certain extent, intimidate the eight respectable families.

Following that logic, even if what Jonathan did to Charleigh had affected Remdik's interests and compromised their strategic deployment, they should, at most, mobilize high-ranking cultivators to besiege Jonathan.

However, at that time, the situation was such that all the cultivators and troops from the entire Western Army had set off for Merania. They even violated international treaties, taking the lead in using cruise missiles within Merania's territory.

At that time, Asura's Office's Shusonna Army, Mysonna Army, Yalegard Legion, and Zaidham Army had all initiated wartime deployment. Fighter jets, various types of missiles, task forces, and even special ammunition from the Doveston had entered a state of readiness. They were on the brink of starting an all-out war.

Charleigh alone should not have caused such a stir.

In the end, all of that could only be attributed to the groundbreaking genetic technology mastered by Charleigh.

But now, Sirius finally understood.

The truly extraordinary thing was the Remdik girl whom he saved!

Sirius uttered somewhat anxiously, “So... this thing can really promote someone to God Realm?”

Upon hearing that, Jonathan gave a slight nod.

“But there’s no need for you to get excited. Sanctuary of Remdik is a very special organization. This ‘Holy Blood’ can indeed help them mass produce God Realm cultivators, but they couldn’t replicate the result. Firstly, Remdik is a nation where power and military might are highly centralized. The majority of the nation’s cultivators wholeheartedly devote themselves to the concentration of national authority. Even under normal circumstances, there can’t be too many high-ranking cultivators. After all, cultivators are chosen from among hundreds of millions of people. Among those available for selection, there are also many cultivators who can enter the Sanctuary and can be nurtured from a young age. Even if your families are numerous and thriving, at most, you only number in the hundreds of thousands. The core members are merely a few thousand. Compared to the mortality rate brought by ‘Holy Blood’, your numbers simply cannot withstand it.”

Upon hearing that, Sirius finally calmed down a bit. It’s only normal for such a potent drug to be accompanied by a high mortality rate. If there were no consequences, this thing might indeed be enough to plunge Remdik into chaos.

However, the words that followed from Jonathan completely extinguished the remaining excitement of Sirius.

“This item possesses a second characteristic. Only the descendants of Remdik Emperor can consume ‘Holy Blood’. That’s because this substance is derived from the purified extract of Remdik Emperor’s heart.”

“Remdik Emperor?” Sirius looked at Jonathan with a puzzled expression.

“Didn’t Remdik Emperor die eighteen hundred years ago?”

Jonathan reached out and patted the coffin behind him.

“This guy has been dead for sixteen hundred years. I’ve pretty much gotten used to these old monsters not staying dead.”

The second condition almost entirely extinguished Sirius' ambition for Holy Blood.

After all, it was impossible for the Blackwood family to carry the bloodline of Remdik Emperor. Hence, drinking Holy Blood would be pointless.

Just as Sirius was about to marvel at the wonder of Holy Blood, he looked up at Hayden with a puzzled expression. "That's not right... Hayden isn't a descendant of Remdik Emperor, so how could he possibly drink it?"

Jonathan was slightly taken aback by Sirius' question.

Immediately, he looked somewhat bewilderedly toward Hayden. There are less than six bottles of this stuff in total. Originally, Ksana was desperate to go to the tropics to see the sea and the beach, so I gave all of the Holy Blood in my possession to Ksana at Edenic Heights. But why would this item end up in Hayden's hands? And by the looks of it, it seems like Hayden drank it, too! What on earth did those guys from the Eastern Allied Army do while I was up front battling Ivanov?