

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1346

Chapter 1346 Lawless Land

Seeing Jonathan's bewildered expression, Sirius couldn't help but feel a bit skeptical.

"Jonathan, you're not tricking me, are you?" he asked.

Jonathan pointed at Hayden.

"Do you think he looked like he was in a cheerful intoxicated mood a moment ago?"

"Um..."

Sirius paused, thinking back to Hayden's agonized appearance, and realized he couldn't be sure.

"Never mind, my Spirit Suppression Talisman should keep him asleep for a couple of hours. We can ask him directly when he wakes up, and everything will become clear," Sirius suggested. "Right now, we should get out of this place. Those two Apocalypse assassins showing up here makes me suspect there might be more of them nearby."

Jonathan surveyed the surroundings, which were dominated by endless high mountains, peaks upon peaks, with no clear view of the distance.

"Let's go. It's not very safe here," Jonathan said calmly.

Their current location was only fifty kilometers from North Outer City. While such a location would be sufficient to evade any searches in the outside world, it felt somewhat insecure within this small world.

If this location were in the outside world, it would be sufficient to evade any search. However, in this small world, it seems somewhat less secure.

Jonathan possessed God Realm techniques, but the cultivators coming out of North Outer City were all in the God Realm as well. Once several thousand of them scattered, it would only take a couple of hours to search this area.

Moreover, Kathleen and Stellario were even closer to them.

Although Jonathan didn't know what the two of them had discussed after leaving, he understood that even after facing life and death several times, neither he nor Kathleen had revealed all of their trump cards. Jonathan had no concrete evidence, but he could empathize.

If he were pushed into a life-or-death situation, he still had three unutilized abilities: the full activation of his life force, dragon armor, and the ability to enter a frenzied state.

For Sirius and his group, they likely had even more tricks up their sleeves. Otherwise, these noble-born individuals wouldn't have survived to this point.

What worried Jonathan the most, aside from the threats of North Outer City and Kathleen, was one of the founders of Apocalypse, Blaze.

This individual, like Jonathan, was a renowned figure on the Dark Web.

Jonathan was currently the lowest-profile cultivator on the Dark Web with a history of consistently surviving.

Blaze, on the other hand, was an assassin who had never missed a mark.

When Apocalypse's assassin organization was established, it nearly disrupted the entire world of assassins.

The organization, founded by these three legends—Blaze, Fool, and Punisher—attracted numerous assassins to join with their reputations. They managed to successfully reshape the entire assassin industry worldwide with a seemingly non-violent approach, plundering the accumulations of centuries on the Dark Web.

Among these three individuals, Punisher had almost died in the Northern Crimson Prison, so Jonathan didn't take him into consideration.

Fool was someone Jonathan had never met in person, but according to rumors, Fool had only failed a mission once in their career.

At the top of the list was Blaze, a massive threat.

Back in the Western Region, even when Jonathan had acquired the complete Pryncyp of Blood and an incomplete Pryncyp of Slaughter, he still couldn't withstand a casual blow from Divine Realm cultivators like Damoyed and Kenado.

In a situation where survival seemed impossible, Blaze had somehow used a spatial magical item to whisk Jonathan away to safety. Such a technique was enigmatic and unpredictable.

In this small world where God Realm cultivators couldn't reach Heavenly Pryncyp, Jonathan's Pryncyp of Strength had vanished, leaving him as a God Realm with an exceptionally high intensity of spiritual energy.

In contrast, Blaze had become the greatest threat.

Outside this small world, Blaze, being a God Realm, could fully utilize the Spatial Pryncyp to enter the chaos field.

However, this couldn't be attributed solely to Blaze's power.

According to Jonathan's speculation, whether borrowed or accompanied by a Divine Realm powerhouse like the one hiding in his own coffin, Blaze had a way of using the Pryncyp of Strength within this small world.

While Jonathan's life force was derived from the Pryncyp of Life, it still fell short when compared to a genuine Pryncyp.

If he were to face Blaze, his chances of losing were over ninety percent. Initially, Blaze had sought to use Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter to trigger a worldwide war, intending to unleash the apocalyptic calamity mentioned in the Emperor's Tomes.

This was why in their several encounters, Blaze not only refrained from attacking Jonathan but also rendered him significant assistance.

However, circumstances could change.

People changed with time, and Jonathan couldn't predict what would happen when they crossed paths again. In this situation, it was best to play it safe.

Quickly enlarging the coffin and tossing Hayden inside, the two of them turned and ran in the direction they had chosen.

Following the markings on the map, they carefully identified their route and decided to head to the Colstrax first to check if they could find a way to cross the river.

Compared to the northern region, Jonathan had some knowledge of the southern region, and Sirius had previously used secret methods to search for the other members of the Blackwood family in the northern region but had received no response.

It was likely that they had a higher chance of being in the southern region. With their clan members dead, Sirius also needed to find Anderson for discussion.

The two of them quickly disappeared into the wilderness.

After they left, a corner of the large rock began to distort as if ripples were appearing in the air.

A shoe lifted out of the ripple, followed by a step landing on the large rock.

The man wore leather shoes and a suit, had neatly combed golden short hair, and held a peculiar black sphere in his hand.

This smiling and handsome young man was none other than Blaze, the number one assassin on the Assassin List.

Watching Jonathan and Hayden's distant departure, Blaze's eyes were filled with excitement.

"Jonathan knows about Sanctuary too. It seems his luck isn't bad either. The time is still a bit short, and this motley crew that's gathered is rather useless. It seems we need to accelerate our plan a bit," Blaze said.

While speaking, Blaze summoned a dining table and began cooking steaks with various utensils he took out from his storage ring.

After about ten minutes, several figures with strong spiritual energy fluctuations finally appeared in the direction of the valley below the mountain. Within a few seconds, they all leaped to the mountaintop and landed on the large rock.

Blaze was currently enjoying a piece of steak, and when the others saw him savoring it, none of them dared to make a sound. They all found their seats and began eating the food on their plates.

After swallowing the beef, Blaze looked at everyone with a gentle smile.

"That's right, we should treat food seriously like this. Starting with Fool, tell me what you've discovered."

Fool put down a black storage ring.

"This is the ring of the Divine Realm cultivator from the Rozmagzov family. Additionally, before he died, he revealed crucial information that the Koslin

family, who holds sway in North Epea, has entered the small world. I suspect that the other twelve families of the Enlighteners have also entered here. Our operation this time might be a bit tricky.”

Hearing Fool’s words, Blaze took the simple storage ring into his hand.

As he examined it repeatedly, his gaze remained exceedingly soft.

“Their arrival is fine. This small world was already a lawless land. It’s our home ground. Since they’re here, let’s make them stay here!”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1347**

Chapter 1347 Grave Danger

Cultivators from various respectable families, countries, sects, assassin organizations, and Enlighteners joined in.

They all turned an already complex situation into a complete hodgepodge.

Atop that mountain peak, Fool and others were each sharing the intelligence they had gathered.

That group of assassins seemed as though they were enjoying a picnic, quietly taking in the beautiful mountain scenery.

Blaze sat on the edge of a massive rock, quietly listening to the report from his subordinate, his gaze falling on the valley below.

Over there, the corpses of Apocalypse assassins, slain by Jonathan, had attracted massive beasts.

However, those bodies weren’t enough to sate the beasts’ massive appetite.

The behemoths below had already begun tearing into each other in the struggle for food.

Blaze gazed at those behemoths. His figure flickered, and he had already vanished atop the massive rocks.

Immediately, a monstrous roar echoed through the valley. Hearing the sound from below, several assassins stood up, ready to spring into action.

Though they were fervent followers of Blaze, they had yet to witness Blaze taking a life with his own hands.

Even when he arrived in the small world, Blaze just leisurely enjoyed himself as if he were on vacation, never taking the initiative to act in front of others.

With such a great opportunity at hand, his people felt it would be truly regrettable not to take a look.

Just as everyone was about to stand up, Fool gently put down his knife and fork. "Blaze's rule is simple: whoever sees him in action dies. Would any of you like to test it?"

Fool might seem old, but in reality, he was only sixty years old.

At that age, an ordinary person wouldn't be considered too old. However, whether in the world of cultivators or assassins, someone like that would already be considered old.

After all, age had a great influence on one's stamina. If a cultivator was sufficiently gifted, their prime should start from thirty and last until forty-five. For each year during that period, they would make tremendous progress.

Even if they couldn't achieve a breakthrough, their understanding of battle and tactics would grow more powerful.

For someone as old as Fool, no matter which major power one was thrown into, they would be securely stationed in the rear.

They would essentially become figureheads who wouldn't easily take action.

However, Fool was still active in the world of assassins without a hint of desire to step back. That, in itself, represented a strong sense of confidence. Upon hearing Fool's words, the assassins, one by one, suppressed their curiosity and eventually returned to their seats.

Any one of those assassins would undoubtedly be a person of renown in the Dark Web.

Yet, they weren't acting arrogant at all there.

In less than a minute, the space in front of everyone slightly stirred. A blood-soaked figure emerged from the void.

Holding an eyeball larger than a basketball, Blaze grinned with satisfaction. "Has everyone finished eating? If it isn't enough, there are extra meals!"

Even the cold-blooded assassins felt their stomachs turned as they watched Blaze place the bloodied eyeball on the table. One by one, they quickly stuffed the steaks from their plates into their mouths, then stood up and moved to the side.

Seeing everyone like that, Blaze scowled. "Tsk. None of you understand the deliciousness of food. Oh, whatever. There's not much point in talking to you all since you all only know slaughter and don't understand life. Now that we've finished eating, let's get going. According to the map, North Outer City is over fifty kilometers away. Let's first take control of North Outer City first. It will make things a bit more convenient."

By the banks of Colstrax, Jonathan, carrying an ancient coffin on his back, stood alongside Sirius. Both of them wore solemn expressions.

There were only two ways to traverse between the northern and southern territories of the small world.

They could travel by foot, passing through the two gates of Yannopolis from north to south.

However, two thousand years ago, after the vassal families rebelled against the White family, they sealed off Yannopolis from within.

From then on, the people inside could only enter and exit through the teleportation array linked with South Outer City and North Outer City. That path was no longer usable.

Another option was to use the teleportation circles located in the South Outer City and North Outer City for transportation.

However, Jonathan and his companions had made a mess in North Outer City. They slayed two governors and even seized their governor's seals.

As such, if they headed to North Outer City, they would be surrounded by Black Armor Legion.

Moreover, even if North Outer City was in a state of chaos, the governor's seal could be used to activate the teleportation array to South Outer City. However, Neil from South Outer City was no good.

If the group traversed to South Outer City at that moment, they would be doomed.

The only two paths were blocked, leaving Jonathan and Sirius with just one way to reach the southern region.

They had to cross the river.

Moments ago, as the two of them reached the water's edge, they encountered an attack from a gigantic demon beast lurking in the water.

Luckily, the two of them were extraordinarily powerful. They not only dodged the attack but also managed to wound the beast.

Right after the demon beast was injured, a dozen God Realm demon beasts rushed toward it in the water, feasting on it. The entire surface of the water turned a bloody red immediately.

The beings in the water evidently noticed the two people on the shore. However, it was unclear whether it sensed the danger from Jonathan and his companion. The demon beasts below did not launch another attack. Instead, they submerged back into the water.

“Are you sure we can cross such waters?” A bead of sweat appeared on Sirius' forehead as he began to speak.

Judging by his look, it was clear that he hadn't yet recovered from the shock he just experienced.

Upon hearing that, Jonathan also felt somewhat uncertain.

When Jonathan and Seboxia first entered the small world, they saved Greyson and others from Mountain Village by accident. Jonathan learned from them that the water areas were the most dangerous in that small world. Despite Jonathan and Seboxia having traversed through the subsurface stream for such a long time, they surprisingly hadn't encountered any monsters.

Even when encountering the giant octopus, it was effortlessly dealt with by Seboxia.

Hence, Jonathan had assumed the residents of the small world were terrified of water because they couldn't defeat the demon beasts within. After all, the villagers were of Grandmaster Realm while the demon beasts were of God Realm.

It wasn't until that bloody scene Jonathan came to understand the true terror of that small world's waters.

He believed there was no way they could cross the water.



After all, no matter how strong a cultivator's cultivation was, they were still human. Once they entered the water, their cultivation would undoubtedly be greatly reduced.

As such, engaging in battle with demon beasts that lived in water would be disadvantageous.

It would be manageable if there were only one or two beasts or if that body of water was short. Jonathan could still make it with his techniques.

However, judging by the number of God Realm demon beasts lurking in that river at that moment, Jonathan was certain they'd die if they crossed it.

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1348**

### Chapter 1348 Mysterious Old Man

The two of them retreated to a distance of fifty meters away. That was a relatively safe distance. Even if the aquatic demon beasts were to attack, they could easily handle it.

Sitting atop the coffin, Sirius tossed Spirit Rejuvenating Pills into his mouth as casually as if they were jelly beans.

"Jonathan, your coffin has an incredibly strong defense. It should be able to help us cross the river, right?"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan carefully pondered over the formation that Seboxia himself had passed onto him. Then, he subtly nodded in agreement.

"It is indeed possible, but it carries a great deal of risk. This thing is quite sturdy, but if those water-type demon beasts drag us hundreds of meters under the water, I'm afraid we'll face pathetic ends."

Hundreds of meters deep? Sirius' gaze revealed a hint of doubt. "This is the small world. It's hard to imagine that it's so vast. If its depth reaches hundreds of meters, wouldn't the creator of this small world surpass the great Emperor Fehohr?"

Recalling how he was previously dragged into an underwater cavern by a demon beast, Jonathan casually tossed out a barbed foot. "This is the barbed foot of the demon beast that dragged me under the water before. We were at least three hundred meters deep! If it weren't for Seboxia's help, I would surely have died down there. Back then, I had no idea how to control the coffin, nor did I understand how Seboxia was able to maneuver it to avoid any disturbance from all the aquatic demon beasts miraculously. All in all, I must have drifted in the subsurface stream for at least two days."

Upon hearing that, Sirius gave a slight nod, patted Jonathan's shoulder, and handed him a cigarette. "I thought the Blackwood family was already unlucky to have entered this small world, but it turns out you're even more unfortunate."

Jonathan smiled without saying a word. After receiving the cigarette, he didn't light it up. Instead, he simply put it away.

"Not much of a smoker?" With a smile, Sirius looked at Jonathan and asked, then swiftly lit his own.

Jonathan chuckled and shook his head. "I used to smoke a lot when I was quelling the civil unrest. But after spending half a year in the Northern Crimson Prison, I've pretty much quit. Now that Josephine has a child, I really can't smoke anymore. Otherwise, if I leave this place and return home smelling of cigarette, she will complain to me incessantly."

Upon hearing that, Sirius gave a sly smile. "Being afraid of the wife is a good thing."

At that point, Sirius took a couple of drags of his cigarette. Without even glancing at Jonathan, he began to speak in an extremely low and measured tone. "Jonathan, tell me the truth. Can we really get out of here?" After Sirius finished his sentence, Jonathan's gaze slightly hardened.

Looking at Sirius, Jonathan felt as if the energetic man before him had aged by more than a decade in an instant.

Sirius achieved great accomplishments at a young age and held great power in his hands. He represented the Blackwood family, traveling abroad for nearly a decade.

Jonathan only started to deeply understand the eight respectable families in the last six months.

Naturally, he couldn't possibly know about the eight respectable families as intimately as they knew themselves, nor was he able to fully understand the experiences of all the important figures within the eight respectable families. Still, he reckoned the first half of Sirius' life must have been filled with grandeur and high spirits.

Ever since they entered the small world, all the pride of the Blackwood family had been shattered.

Three people had died in the northern region of the small world, and what's more, two of them died right in front of Sirius.

Under such a blow, even a resolute man like Sirius would feel somewhat devastated.

Jonathan knew what Sirius needed most at that moment was to hear a positive response from him.

After several attempts to speak, he eventually reached out and picked up the unlit cigarette from earlier, placing it in his mouth.

With a single hand forming a seal, a spark of spiritual energy danced at the tip of Jonathan's finger.

Taking a deep drag, Jonathan slowly exhaled a puff of smoke.

"Sirius, I know the answer you seek, but would you believe me if I told you?"

Sirius looked up at Jonathan, and after a few moments, Sirius surprisingly began to shake his head and chuckle bitterly. "Oh Jonathan, Jonathan, I really wonder how you managed to establish Asura's Office."

"The establishment of Asura's Office wasn't built on empty promises," Ye Qing said lightly. "Whether we can get out or not has nothing to do with what I say. It entirely depends on our choices."

Sirius looked at Jonathan and said with a hint of confusion, "Choices?"

Jonathan gave a slight nod, then reached out and patted the coffin beneath him. "This is your choice."

Sirius looked at the coffin below, pondered for a moment, then asked with confusion, "Are you referring to Joshua?"

Jonathan nodded. "I'm not sure if you're familiar with the concept of luck. Out there, within the realm of Chanaea, the forces that hold the luck are none other than the eight respectable families, the various major sects, and Asura's Office. However, in this small world, luck stands on Joshua's side. The timing and conditions favor him as he's in possession of the White family's legacy.

What he lacks now is support.”

Sirius furrowed his brows, lighting up another cigarette for himself.

“So, you’re asking me to help Joshua?”

“Not help him. It’s to help yourself.” Jonathan sighed helplessly. “Whether it’s you, me, Kathleen, Stellario, or any other cultivator from different factions, who among us that have reached God Realm would never bow down to anyone? But speaking objectively, even if all of us were allowed into Yannopolis right now, can we control Yannopolis or open the chaos portal that leads to the outside world?”

Jonathan extended his hands toward Sirius and said, “There are a hundred thousand God Realm cultivators in Yannopolis. Do you really think you can handle them all?”

Sirius fell silent. Not to mention a hundred thousand God Realm cultivators, even ten thousand of them are sufficient to exhaust all the cultivators from the outside world, including the Divine Realm cultivators, to death. “After helping Joshua, what makes you think he will let us go? Don’t you forget. It was us, the eight respectable families, who annihilated the thirty thousand members of the White family a decade ago.”

Jonathan shook his head slightly. “I can’t guarantee it. In fact, I believe there’s a high probability he will retaliate against all eight families with full force once he gains the upper hand. However, you have no choice but to stand with him. Once Joshua gets hold of the White family’s legacy, you might end up dead. If you don’t help him, you will surely die. A wise man seeks benefits and avoids harm. This is such a simple choice, so I believe you should know how to choose.”

As Jonathan was speaking, he heard a sigh coming from behind him. “If it were up to me, I would choose the second option.”

Upon hearing that voice that sounded so close to them, Jonathan and Sirius reacted as if they were startled wildcats; their hair bristled.

Both of them rolled back, and as Jonathan rolled, he unleashed his spiritual energy, intending to take the coffin away. However, it was firmly held down by a hand. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t move it even a bit.

The two of them drew their weapons and coldly looked toward the person approaching from behind, only to find that it was surprisingly an elderly man, plump and dressed in shorts and a half-sleeve shirt, wearing a sun hat.

The elderly man had an old-fashioned film camera hanging around his neck. He was cheerfully watching the two of them as if he were just a tourist.

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1349**

Chapter 1349 Michael Collins

“Don’t move!”

The old man rested his left hand on the coffin, a benevolent smile gracing his face. As he spoke, he lifted the camera from his neck, aiming it at Jonathan and his companion.

Click!

The crisp sound of the old-fashioned camera shutter echoed, forever capturing the vigilant expressions of Jonathan and Sirius.

“It’s Jonathan and Sirius, right?”

The old man put down his camera and asked with a chuckle.

Jonathan slowly straightened his body, his gaze filled with caution.

The old man standing before them didn’t exhibit the slightest fluctuation of spiritual energy. However, anyone who wasn’t a fool could understand that no ordinary person could enter the small world and call out their names.

“Don’t be so nervous. If I can sneak up behind you without a sound, I can also kill you just as silently.” The old man chuckled, then reached out to grip the coffin lid, intending to pry it open with sheer brute force.

However, the coffin couldn’t be destroyed so easily.

That was a pre-divine weapon capable of deceiving even the celestial enigma. Unless someone’s cultivation level reached the demigod level, the idea of relying on brute force to destroy the coffin was as absurd as building castles in the air.

“This item is indeed a treasure. It seems that you young folks really have good luck,” the old man said.

Holding the Heaven Sword, Jonathan, after much thought, still gave the elder a slight bow with his fist in his palm. “May I know who you are?”

“Me?” The old man chuckled softly, gently patting the coffin. “My name is Michael, Michael Collins.”

Upon hearing Michael’s words, both Jonathan and Sirius felt a sudden surge of spiritual energy within them.

Both individuals' affiliations had their roots firmly in Chanaea, yet they were surprisingly familiar with the surname Collins.

That was precisely the Collins family, one of the thirteen families of Enlighteners that was previously mentioned to Jonathan by Blaze. They are the founders of Anglandur and had a reputation that intimidated the entire globe.

Those thirteen families differ from the traditional respectable families of Chanaea, as they managed their surnames with the utmost strictness.

For a respectable family like the Blackwood family, even though they had core members of up to two to three thousand, the remaining branches might not return to their ancestral lands. However, they still carry their surname. Even after hundreds of generations, when their bloodline had become so diluted as to be negligible, their surname remained unchangeable.

Yet, for the thirteen families behind Enlighteners, their surnames were incredibly precious.

Apart from the few recognized, only they could bear the family surname.

Those from the remaining branches of the family who had not been recognized, if they dared to use the family's surname in public, would be executed directly by the family members.

And the old man standing before them, claiming to be from the Collins family, signified that the thirteen families of Enlighteners may very well have entered this small world.

A bead of sweat trickled down Jonathan's cheek. Looking at the kindly old man before him, Jonathan asked flatly, "The Collins family? I'm curious. Did you come looking for me on purpose, or did we just happen to cross paths?"

The thirteen families of Enlighteners were the absolute pinnacle of the entire world's community of cultivators.

Once, someone remarked that the power of a family was not enough to confront the machinery of the state. Yet, the thirteen families of Enlighteners, through their own efforts, facilitated the establishment of Anglandur.

In less than two hundred short years, it became the only mega-powerful country in the entire world.

With that as a foundation, it began to spread and develop globally, becoming the strongest community of shared destiny.

As of then, they were no longer merely the ceiling of the cultivator world. Economics, trade, and even global stability were all under the shadow of those thirteen families.

They were the real puppet masters of the world.

And as for the Collins family, the most direct connection between Jonathan and them was Antoine.

When Jonathan initially attempted to kill Antoine, Ivanov's transfiguration appeared to stop him, stating that Antoine was of the Collins bloodline and absolutely could not be killed.

At first, Jonathan didn't pay much attention, but since the Collins family had actually infiltrated the small world and found him, it inevitably gave Jonathan the creeps. Asura's Office can hide all my family members, and perhaps we can escape the search of the eight respectable families. Facing the behemoth that is Enlighteners, which has extended its reach to every corner of the world, I can no longer guarantee their safety. In this small world, I have yet to escape. How about those outside?

Upon hearing Jonathan's response, a hint of murderous intent flashed in Michael's eyes. "Well, you see, the decision to enter the small world was a direct order from Enlighteners. I happened to be traveling in Chanaea, and was assigned this task. Of course, Ivanov has already informed my family about you killing Antoine. So, taking you down today is just a side task. It's actually a simple task for me."

Upon hearing that, Jonathan turned his gaze toward Sirius. Both of them regulated their spiritual energy, their eyes filled with a serious intensity.

"Mr. Collins, Antoine's surname was Ivanov, not Collins, right? If I'm not mistaken, he hadn't received recognition from your Collins family yet, had he?" Jonathan asked.

"You're right. He hadn't." Michael nodded and continued, "Ivanov has no clue about the rules of our thirteen families. He thought his actions from the past were flawless, but in reality, we saw through him a long time ago. It's just that we, the Collins family, don't mind having a few more descendants. It's just a shame. Even if Ivanov exhausted his family's core resources to connect with our Collins family, Antoine was just a hastily made God Realm cultivator. He

simply didn't have the qualifications to become a deity. The Collins family could never acknowledge such a failure."

Michael's words made Jonathan's expression soften slightly.

"Mr. Collins, since you don't acknowledge that Antoine was part of the Collins family, then you have no reason to kill me, right?"

"No... No... No..." The old man explained in an awkward tone, "I'm not killing you because you murdered Antoine, but because you knew Antoine was of the Collins bloodline, and yet you still chose to kill him. This matter is somewhat disrespectful to the Collins family. Of course, there are countless people in this world who curse Enlighteners. We can't possibly eliminate them all. After all, these people are just talking big, and many of them don't even know what Enlighteners really are. But as the leader of such a massive force like Asura's Office, your attitude is unlike that of an ordinary person. Even though this explanation might seem a bit far-fetched, killing you is like dessert after a meal. It's optional, but today, I just feel like killing someone. So, you're still going to die here today."

The old man spoke somewhat awkwardly, then lightly stomped his foot.

Crack!

Boom!

With a muffled boom, the ground before the old man split open, and the entire riverbank astonishingly collapsed completely.

The shattered earth, carrying Jonathan and Sirius, plunged straight into the crimson waters.

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1350**

Chapter 1350 The Terrifying Divine Realm

"Watch out!"

With a low shout, Jonathan channeled his spiritual energy into the fractured bank beneath him. Using an Elemental Extrication Technique, he summoned two Burrowing Dragons to lift himself and Sirius, hurling them toward Michael's direction.

Sirius' clothes were torn and tattered, the runes on his body glowing brightly. With a fierce stomp, his figure transformed into an afterimage, charging straight ahead.



The spear, like a dragon, pierced the sky and arrived.

With a piercing sound, the tip of the long spear in Sirius' hand fiercely stabbed at Michael's face.

Ding!

With a soft sound, Michael didn't even waver a bit, maintaining his usual placid demeanor.

The tip of the spear was stopped by a pinpoint of light, the size of a fingernail, three centimeters away from Michael's forehead.

"Rune-Enhanced Body Mastery, you Chanaean cultivators are quite tough on yourselves!"

Michael chuckled lightly, his right hand moving like lightning to seize Sirius' spear. With a forceful shake, he astonishingly snapped the spear in half right down the middle.

The flash of a sword swept by, and Michael, with a broken gun in his hand, bravely countered a strike from Jonathan's Heaven Sword. Immediately after, he thrust his palm directly toward Jonathan's face.

Ding!

The bell tolls, and the eerie bronze bell were activated, carrying Jonathan's body and tumbling backward.

Coughing up a mouthful of fresh blood, Jonathan formed hand seals, employing the Water Elemental Extrinsic Technique. He summoned the Colstrax beneath his feet to his command.

Yet, accompanying the rising water column that burst from the surface, there was also a massive figure akin to an octopus.

It was a God Realm demon beast!

Beneath Jonathan's feet, spiritual energy surged. He stomped on the tentacle that the demon beast had extended, transforming into an afterimage as he landed on the shore.

After taking a hard hit from Michael, Jonathan felt as if his internal organs were on fire. The pain was intense.

The life force swiftly gathered to heal the internal injuries, and Jonathan's eyes were filled with a vigilant hue.

At this moment, he and Sirius were on either side of Michael, trapping him in the middle. However, even in such a situation, they didn't have the slightest chance of winning against Michael.

From the beginning to the end, Michael stood unwaveringly by the side of the Coffin.

And while the two had acted somewhat hastily just now, they had nonetheless given it their all.

The ease with which Michael neutralized the attacks of the two individuals undoubtedly proved that he was a cultivator at the Divine Realm.

Judging by Michael's appearance, it was clear that he had no intention of letting the two of them go.

In a swift motion, Jonathan summoned a dozen long spears, and without hesitation, he threw them toward Michael's direction.

Michael subtly shifted his stance, allowing the whistling spears to pass by him. They tore through the void, all landing at Sirius' foot.

"You can go ahead and give it to him directly, I really don't mind," Michael said with a chuckle. "Had I met you a few years earlier, I would have definitely invited you to become an affiliated family of our Collins family. What a pity, we no longer need cultivators from the God Realm now. You really have missed the good times."

With the Heaven Sword in hand, Jonathan watched Michael cautiously.

The old man truly gave him a sense of overwhelming terror.

This feeling was even more intense than when he first encountered Damoyed and Kenado in the West Region.

In the West Region, Damoyed and Kenado used the power of the heavens and the earth to summon thunderstorms and fierce winds to besiege Jonathan. The scene was enough to startle the soul.

Even so, none of it was as shocking as the kick Michael just delivered.

The distance from the Coffin to the riverbank was fifty meters wide, and with Michael's step, the riverbank, at least several hundred meters long, completely collapsed.

This was merely a kick without the application of the Prynycyp of Strength. The way this guy used his strength was a bit too terrifying.

“Mr. Collins, we’ve entered this small world and so far, we’ve gained nothing. Now, all we’re hoping for is to leave safely. As for Antoine, you guys don’t care about him either. There’s no need for us to fight tooth and nail. Peace is more valuable, don’t you agree?”

As Jonathan wiped the fresh blood from the corner of his mouth, he spoke in a sycophantic manner. Simultaneously, beneath his feet, a vast spiritual energy surged wildly into the earth as he began to perform an Elemental Extrication Technique.

Michael, sensing something, gently exerted force beneath his feet, forcefully incorporating the ground within a ten-meter radius around him into his spiritual field.

The Elemental Extrication Technique, in simple terms, was a method that used spiritual energy and spells to alter the sudden arrangement of structures.

This was akin to water seeping into the sand. If the sand was dry, it would naturally allow the water to penetrate with ease.

But if he were to encounter a piece of ‘permafrost’ that was already filled with spiritual energy, even Jonathan’s Elemental Extrication Technique would not be of any use.

“While claiming not to want to fight, you secretly use Elemental Extrication Technique to ambush me. You, young man, have no sense of propriety,” Michael said with a chuckle, then subtly shifted his feet. A surge of spiritual energy quickly rushed from the ground, following the path of Jonathan’s energy.

“Stop!”

Sensing the anomaly in his spiritual energy, Jonathan decisively cut off his own spiritual energy output, then swiftly dodged with a flip.

In the very moment he sidestepped, the ground beneath his feet exploded with a thunderous roar. Countless grains of sand and pebbles shot up toward the sky like bullets.

“Darn it, some people just don’t appreciate kindness!”

Jonathan stood firm. His gaze toward Michael no longer held any respect. Instead, it was filled with intense murderous intent.

“Without the ability to use Great Pryncyp, aren’t you just another slightly stronger God Realm cultivator? Once I’ve killed you today, I’ll be famous among the Enlighteners!”

With a cold shout, Jonathan pushed off the ground with force, transforming into a blur as he charged straight toward Michael.

“You boastful lad!”

As they moved forward, Jonathan formed a seal with his left hand, causing the Coffin to suddenly enlarge.

Michael was standing next to the coffin when, without warning, it suddenly enlarged, causing him to stumble.

In that instant, Jonathan’s Heaven Sword struck directly at Michael’s neck.

Ding!

Once again, the shimmering speck of light appeared above Michael’s neck.

No matter how hard Jonathan tried, the speck of light acted like a pair of pliers, firmly blocking the sword’s edge, preventing the Heaven Sword from advancing even an inch.

“Bite the dust!”

In the moment when Jonathan and Michael were locked in a struggle, on the side, Sirius, his body shimmering with crimson runes, appeared beside Michael, wielding a low-grade magical long spear.

With a loud shout, Sirius’ spear aimed straight for Michael’s lower abdomen. Click...

With all his might, Sirius thrust forward, but under the tremendous impact, the inferior spear shockingly snapped into several pieces.

Even with Michael’s exceptional skills, he was unable to withstand the onslaught of two top-tier God Realm experts. Eventually, he was sent flying backward, tumbling through the air.

“Hurry up!”

Jonathan reached out and patted the enormous Coffin, then with a wave of his hand, he caused the Coffin to shrink back to just over a meter in length, which he then carried on his back.

Without a moment’s hesitation, he reached out and grabbed Sirius’ wrist, then they both disappeared into the ground.