

The Legendary Man Chapter 551 - 555

Chapter 551 You Again

Carmelo gazed at the closed door sinisterly from inside the room. He let out a long sigh and slumped onto the couch after making sure Ryan had left and walked some distance away.

Carmelo reached out his trembling right hand to lift up his pajamas and narrowed his eyes at his stomach. Under the bright lights, he saw that his stomach had deflated entirely as if he had been left unfed and hungry for an extended period.

Even his ribs were clearly visible on his chest. The multiple black spots of various sizes that covered Carmelo's skin were even more frightening.

Those spots layered his skin as if he had contracted a fungal infection. Some spots had even merged to form a sizeable infected area.

If anyone with experience in dealing with corpses witnessed Carmelo's condition, they would be scared out of their wits because the dark spots on his body were caused by the process of hypostasis.

That was a condition that could only be observed in a dead person.

Carmelo put down his shirt and gritted his teeth.

This body cannot last much longer. That brat, Ryan, has already noticed something is wrong. It seems like I've been too impatient.

With his eyes boring into the door, Carmelo's breathing turned labored. After Ryan achieves the Superior Realm, his body would be filled with the spiritual energy of that realm. When that happens, it would be the best time for me to steal and possess his body. However, if he refuses to cultivate and cooperate, I have no choice but to take the risk.

Inside the Hart residence at Summerbank, Leslie leaned against the couch while slowly puffing out a cloud of smoke.

Sitting opposite her was a middle-aged man, who was putting down the cup of coffee in his hand.

"Leslie, you should smoke less."

She nodded after hearing that. Then, she took another deep puff before putting out the cigarette in the ashtray.

“Dad, I dare say the recent cases involving those missing people must be related to the Jensen family.”

Leslie got to her feet and picked up a piece of paper from the cluttered tabletop.

“This man, Ryan Leiter, is the most influential underground leader who emerged in Summerbank lately. I looked into him, but there was plenty of missing information about his life, so I failed to acquire any useful evidence. It is as if he has lived the first part of his life for the purpose of evading others’ investigation.”

Hearing Leslie’s words, Steven Hart received the document containing Ryan’s details.

“Are you saying that this Ryan Leiter’s identity is a fake?”

“This is just my suspicion. I do not have any proof to support my claim yet.”

As she spoke, she walked to the side and flipped over a two-meter-wide whiteboard.

“Dad, take a look at this. This is the timeline and distribution of the location of those missing people that I’ve compiled. Although I do not have any evidence, these people’s disappearances began right after Ryan’s arrival. Besides, I highly suspect our men have made an error in determining the sequence of the disappearance of those missing people during the initial case acceptance process.”

Leslie paused for a few seconds before she continued to explain, “Previously, we assumed the first missing person case happened at Hillscester and then spread toward the entire Summerbank. However, we actually neglected a critical point. Among those who have gone missing, the majority of them are members of Summerbank’s underground circles. Not to mention, most of these people are those who were relatively active and accomplished in the underworld. They have something in common, which is how seldom they keep in contact with their family members. According to the information that we have, their family members lodged a report only after they failed to contact those missing people for a few days, which means those people could have gone missing long before the cases were reported to us.”

Steven screwed up his eyes and stared at the whiteboard that was covered in pictures, and he remained silent.

Leslie took a marker pen and quickly wrote some words on the corner of the whiteboard.

“Dad, check this out. These missing people shared some similar characteristics. They are all adult males who were in underground circles and possessed significant social status and influence in their circle. Most importantly, if we connect all the locations of their disappearance, the central axis of this network pattern coincides with the bearings where Mirage Plaza is situated! Ryan saved Carmelo in the past and has been visiting

the Jensen residence every night now. I have yet to figure out the whole situation, but since all our hypotheses involve the Jensen family, I firmly believe there must be a reasonable explanation that can connect these pieces of information. If we can identify the Jensen family's motive, this case can be considered solved!"

Steven nodded slightly at the sight of his daughter working hard to find an answer to the case.

"Your analysis makes sense, but you should take care of your health too. You've been exhausted lately, so go back earlier to get some rest."

"Okay. You should rest earlier, too," Leslie chirped.

Then, she lit a cigarette and exited the mansion.

Watching Leslie's car driving away from the floor-to-ceiling window, Steven picked up his phone and placed the device beside his ear.

"Jasper, did you hear Leslie's analysis earlier? Stop giving me that bullsh*t. Your entire Serious Crime Unit is more incapable of solving crimes than my daughter alone. That is your failure in carrying out your duty! I am going to utilize my authority today. Jasper, I want to make sure I hear the news of Leslie Hart's removal from the Serious Crime Unit tomorrow! I don't care what excuses you use. I want my daughter to be safe. She can't be the only police officer available in the entire Summerbank. Besides, she should have been in charge of handling paperwork, but you forcefully transferred her to your unit! There is no room for discussion. That's the final say!"

At Summerbank's night market, Leslie sat beside the road, eating some snacks. While chewing the food, she continuously scanned her surroundings.

The first reason she decided to go there was that she got hungry that night.

The second reason was that the night market was one of the key places related to those disappearances.

She gazed intently at the passing crowd while wearing a frown.

This is a famous street featuring a night market in Summerbank. There are a lot of people visiting this place every night. It's not even an exaggeration to say that everyone here would have to brush shoulders with one another to move along in this dense crowd. The person who disappeared here is the local gang leader, Elon Macchione. Considering the large number of people here, Elon must have offended plenty of others to win control of this street, so he must be surrounded by his subordinates whenever he's out, as he should be wary of his enemies taking revenge on him. Therefore, it is almost impossible for him to travel alone, so how did the other party lead Elon away without alarming anyone else?

Amidst Leslie's contemplation, she was distracted by what she saw because she caught sight of a familiar figure standing at a nearby food stall.

It is the guy who won the position to be the first to pray!

Looking down at the leftover snacks in her hand, Leslie tossed the rest of the food into the rubbish bin beside her and dashed through the horde of people in Jonathan's direction.

"Hey, we meet again," Leslie said while reaching out to pat Jonathan's shoulder after arriving behind him.

However, just as her hand was about to make contact with him, he slightly tilted his body sideways and avoided Leslie's arm.

Jonathan slightly frowned when he turned around and saw her. "Why is it you again?"

Chapter 552 Who Sent You Here

Jonathan was slightly speechless as he looked at Leslie. Back at Triplex Manifesta, this girl had proactively approached him. Now they met here again.

"You were following me?" Jonathan asked nonchalantly as he took the plate of pasta from the stall owner. Due to his special identity, there had been several assassination attempts on him. As such, he cultivated a habit of being cautious of the people around him.

Usually, when he was outside, Jonathan would subconsciously take note of any special characteristics of the surrounding people or vehicles.

Once he sensed any abnormality, he would instantly become alert and be on standby mode to attack anytime.

However, this habit of Jonathan's was not entirely foolproof. Many a time, he would not pay extra attention to the people who were seemingly ordinary and non-threatening.

Thus, if Leslie had really followed him, it was possible that Jonathan would not have noticed.

Hearing Jonathan's words, the pasta stall owner glanced at Leslie. There was a look of pity in his eyes.

Leslie was speechless when she saw the stall owner's expression. Most probably, the stall owner was seeing her as a bimbo who was lovestruck with Jonathan.

However, she did not say anything and instead proceeded to sit beside Jonathan.

"I'm not trying to be sarcastic. But look at you. You're someone who was willing to spend one hundred and fifty million to bid for the opportunity to be the first to pray at the temple. Yet, here you are, eating a plate of pasta that cost ten. Do you have to be so thrifty?" Leslie asked mockingly.

Jonathan took a side glance at Leslie before he continued eating his pasta.

"I believe this is my first time meeting you. We're not close, and we're certainly not friends. I don't have anything to talk to you about." Although Jonathan did not say it outright, it was obvious that he wanted Leslie to leave.

Jonathan was supposed to stay at Triplex Manifesta for cultivation after promising Sofus to enter Summerbank Abyss together tomorrow.

As the Phoebus Sect focused on internal cultivation, the members generally did not care much about food. Dinner was a simple fare of bread and pickles, which were too plain for Jonathan. Thus, he descended the mountain to the town to look for something to eat.

Jonathan was not exactly fussy. After all, he used to be an elite warrior. Under emergency circumstances, he could even eat rodents and sorts, let alone plain-tasting food like bread and pickles.

However, this was not the war times. He did not see the need to treat himself so badly.

As his cultivation level advanced, Jonathan subconsciously wanted to open up his mind and hopefully be at peace with himself. Ultimately, he wished to achieve a state of mind where nothing could bother him.

However, he could not help feeling annoyed bumping into Leslie when all he wanted was to enjoy his dinner.

Leslie was quite pretty and had a good figure as well.

However, Jonathan did not wish to be too involved with her. His instinct told him that Leslie would bring trouble in the future.

Leslie ignored what Jonathan said. Not only did she not leave, but she continued sitting there and lit a cigarette.

"I'm not doing anything to you. Besides, you don't own this place, right?" Leslie retorted coolly.

Jonathan could not find any reason to rebuke her and decided to let her be.

“You’re one interesting person.” Leslie puffed out a ring of smoke and laughed. “In terms of looks, I may not outshine the celebrities or models, but I’m definitely considered pretty. Usually, men will try all means to get close to me when they see me. But you’re the total opposite, treating me as if I’m a monster. Why? Are you afraid that I will eat you up?”

“Are you done?” Jonathan raised his head, visibly irked. “Since you can guess my identity based on those records, do you understand what a martial arts grandmaster represents?”

“What?” Leslie asked with a smile. She cupped her chin with one hand while resting her elbow on the table.

A glint of murderous intent flashed across Jonathan’s eyes.

“As a martial arts grandmaster, I can easily exterminate a lowly family like yours.” Jonathan inched toward Leslie and warned, “And I mean every single member of the family. None will be spared. Remember that!”

Smack!

A small green book appeared in front of Jonathan. On the book cover, there was a logo embossed in red and gold. The logo was a sword with a simple line spiraling around it.

Every Chanaean would easily recognize that logo, for that was the emblem of the Chanaean police force!

“Allow me to introduce myself. I’m Leslie Hart, from the special operation team of the criminal investigation unit in Summerbank. If you want to challenge the law by force, by all means. I don’t care who you are, and I’ll arrest you all the same!” Leslie kept her identification booklet and said coldly, “Now, will you cooperate with me?”

“I’m not obliged to.” Jonathan took a piece of tissue paper and wiped his mouth lightly before continuing, “Officer Hart, please feel free to continue with your investigation. Forgive me for not being able to assist.”

With that, Jonathan turned around and left. Leslie immediately ran after him.

As Leslie chased after Jonathan, she explained her intention. “Hey, listen to me. I’m currently investigating a case regarding missing persons. Within less than a month, a few dozen people have mysteriously disappeared in Summerbank... I suspect this is the doing of cultivators. That was why I was at the auction at Triplex Manifesta! You’re a martial artist. I just want to seek your assistance to investigate this case.”

“What’s wrong with you?” Seeing that Jonathan ignored her, Leslie forcefully grabbed his clothes. “Can’t you just listen to me for the sake of restoring stability in the society—”

Before Leslie could continue, Jonathan reached out to grab her by her throat.

“Stop using your f*cking social responsibility to guilt-trip me. The stuff that I’m dealing with now is ten times more challenging than your puny matters.” Jonathan spoke angrily while tightening his grip on Leslie’s throat.

“If you wish to investigate, go ahead. I’m a martial artist, and I’m not at your command. Are we clear? If you continue to follow me, I’ll end your life!”

Enraged, Jonathan gave a hard push, causing Leslie to retreat a few steps. In the end, she stumbled and fell onto the pathway beside the road.

At this moment, a few masked youths walked toward Leslie and Jonathan. They revealed the cleavers in their hands as they inched closer.

“Kill them!” At the sound of a growl, a few of them, armed with cleavers, dashed toward Leslie and Jonathan.

Jonathan furrowed his brows tightly. He instantly summoned his spiritual energy and engulfed everything within ten meters.

“W-What’s going on?” All the attackers were shouting fearfully as their bodies froze, not being able to move a muscle.

“Who sent you here?” Jonathan asked coldly.

With a slight flicker of his finger, the spiritual energy surrounding Jonathan began to form shapes. The spiritual energy formed into invisible hands that were moving slowly toward the attackers and then grabbing hold of their wrists.

Crack!

Light cracking sounds could be heard, and the attackers’ faces started to twist in pain.

At this moment, the attackers’ wrists were twisted and misshapen.

Even then, none of them could utter a word of pain. Jonathan had used his spiritual energy to shut their mouths.

“I’ll give you only one chance. If I hear any useless scream or plea for mercy, I’ll kill all of you instantly.” As Jonathan spoke, he waved his right hand. In an instant, the leader opened his mouth wide to gasp for air.

“Speak. Who sent you guys?” Jonathan asked.

“It... It was Blackey. He said that this woman has been too nosey recently and so he sent us to get rid of her...” the leader replied.

Chapter 553 Straightforward And Brutal Method

Jonathan was taken aback after listening to that gangster’s words.

He thought those people were targeting him. Unexpectedly, they were there to attack Leslie, so he was merely unlucky to have been dragged into that mess.

He turned to look at Leslie, who was wearing a dazed facial expression.

“Blackey? Blackey Carlson from Mirage Plaza?” she questioned that gangster coldly while rubbing the area on her neck, which Jonathan had grabbed earlier.

“That’s right. We received this instruction from Blackey.” Evidently, the gangster was enduring a lot of pain at that moment, as the veins on his forehead bulged and pulsated. “That’s all I know. I beg you. Please let us go. We are only executing an order from somebody else. We did not want to harm a police officer too.”

“You still intend to roam free after making a commotion while wielding weapons to gang up on a police officer in a party of more than three people? I suggest you mentally prepare yourselves to face eight or ten years in prison,” Leslie replied impassively.

She took out her phone and dialed a number as she spoke.

“Mr. Hoffman, a group of gangsters planned a joint assault on me at the night market. I’m fine. Somebody saved me. The gangsters have been subdued. Hurry up and send some men over. I’ll be waiting here—”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Crisp, loud sounds reverberated in the air again.

A horrible stench quickly wafted out. Leslie was dumbfounded as she gazed at those armed gangsters while still holding her phone to her ear.

Noticing those men wetting their pants, Leslie swiftly turned to look at Jonathan.

“Hey. W-What have you done?”

Jonathan answered calmly, “I did not do anything. These people slashed me with their cleavers, so I broke their spine. It is only reasonable for them to spend the rest of their lives in a wheelchair and suffer from incontinence.”

“You’re crazy!”

She immediately took out a pair of handcuffs and cuffed his wrist without hesitation. "You are arrested for being suspected of deliberately crippling others."

Jonathan frowned at the handcuffs on his wrists. "Ms. Hart, these people are here to kill you. I am your savior. Do you understand this?"

"I know, but this is not a reason for you to cripple them while they've already been held in check and cannot resist further. I am thankful that you rescued me. I will provide you with the best legal team and satisfy all your needs, but I must arrest you today. These people should be punished by the law, not by you!"

Hearing her speech, Jonathan reabsorbed the spiritual energy around him into his body.

He curled his lips upward while taking in her cool demeanor. "Leslie, I admit you are a good police officer. Regrettably, there are too few people like you in this society."

Jonathan raised his hands and reached out to grasp the steel handcuffs. Then, exerting only minimal force, he effortlessly crushed the handcuffs in just a second.

"I used to share the same mindset as you, imagining everyone would abide by the law. However, after witnessing so many incidents, I realize the laws can never restrain some people. A ten-year-old child does not have to be sentenced to death for murder. Those elites of the society with immense authority have been living their lives without regard for the rules. I've gained clarity after experiencing all these things. If you seek to restore justice in this world, the first thing you need to do is to make yourself stronger. Someone who cannot guard themselves does not have the qualifications to protect others," Jonathan elaborated while tossing the broken handcuffs into Leslie's hands.

Despite not agreeing with everything he had mentioned, Leslie could fathom his point of view because she was born into a prominent family.

The pair of handcuffs that symbolized the law and order in her hands were shattered.

Are martial artists truly that powerful?

Staring at her bewildered appearance, Jonathan chuckled. "I'll help you this time because of what you've just said. Let's go. I'll remove this threat for you."

"W-Where are we going?" Leslie asked subconsciously.

"That person told us just now. We are going to Mirage Plaza."

Meanwhile, on the third floor of Mirage Plaza, Maverick Carlson was hugging and groping a woman with a seductive body.

Sitting opposite him, one of his subordinates slowly lifted a bottle of wine. “Blackey, are we being too reckless for trying to harm a police officer this time? Previously, we had to know where to draw the line.”

Maverick looked up after hearing his subordinate’s words.

“F*ck! Are you a coward? She’s just a police officer. So what if she dies? Why are you so nervous?”

Maverick gulped the content of his wineglass after he spoke.

“Don’t worry. Those people I’ve assigned to carry out the task have already committed murders in the past. I’ve planned for them to go on the run anyway. This current job to target the police officer is just for them to taste one last round of thrill before they go into hiding.”

“I see. You’re indeed extremely thoughtful and farsighted, Blackey. By the way, now that we are serving Ryan, why are we earning so much lesser than before—”

“Shut up!”

Maverick’s face turned grim when he heard his subordinate mentioning Ryan’s name.

“Do you think you’re qualified to question or doubt Boss? Just mind your own business and don’t ask so many questions. Otherwise, you might lose your life.”

“I got it!”

The subordinate sensibly retreated from the room after taking in Maverick’s response.

After the door was closed, the s*xily-dressed woman grew even bolder. She rolled over and sat on Maverick’s lap.

However, he was not in the mood at that moment. The scenes of Ryan’s advent a month ago filled his brain.

Ryan turned our previous boss into a dry corpse in just a few seconds. Is he really human?

Maverick shuddered uncontrollably as he recollected the gruesome sight of his previous boss’ death.

He reached out to push the woman aside and uttered coldly, “Get out. By the way, tell Marvin to bring those killers to me immediately when they return.”

She glanced at him before turning to leave in displeasure.

At the same time, a taxi gradually came to a halt outside Mirage Plaza's entrance. Then, Jonathan and Leslie got out of the vehicle one after the other.

"Let's go. I'll show you how a martial artist deals with this kind of situation. Since we've already confirmed those men received the instruction from the boss of this place, what we need to do now is to differentiate between the men working for the gang leader and the customers to prevent hurting the innocents," Jonathan said while he casually walked up the stairs.

When Jonathan and Leslie arrived before the door, a few doormen stepped forward and greeted them politely, "Mister, miss, may I know if you've made a reservation?"

Jonathan replied nonchalantly, "No. I'm here to cripple Blackey Carlson. Will it be too troublesome for you to summon him here?"

"Cripple Blackey?"

The few doormen exchanged glances. One of them turned on his heel to relay the message while the rest rubbed their palms together and advanced on Jonathan.

"Is this how you distinguish between your enemies and the customers?" Leslie was astounded when she saw the unexpected turns of events.

She was under the assumption that Jonathan had a brilliant plan in mind, judging by how he had analyzed and described the situation to her earlier. But now, he was clearly attempting to provoke those men blatantly and hit those who tried to hurt him.

T-This method is simply too straightforward and brutal...

Chapter 554 Ancient Hidden Sect

Staring at the men lying on the ground, Jonathan stated placidly, "Undeniably, it's a brutal method. However, it works very well!"

On the heels of that, he appeared right in front of Leslie in a whizz before wrapping his arms around her.

Even though Leslie was convinced that Jonathan would not take advantage of her, she could not refrain from blushing crimson as she was pressed against his chest.

She put her guard up by placing her hands over her chest and stammered, "W-What are you trying to do?"

"I reckon the one who went to inform the gang leader has reached the third floor by now. Let me take you there with a shortcut," Jonathan replied nonchalantly and leaped

into the air. With that, they were high up in mid-air before ramming into the window of the third floor.

Leslie squealed at the top of her lungs. Surprisingly, they landed steadily on the ground the next second. When she opened her eyes, only then did she realize she was already standing in a room. Meanwhile, Maverick was seated on the couch opposite her, gawking at her.

The man who had gone to inform Maverick earlier was now standing at the door. He widened his eyes in disbelief as he stared at Jonathan and Leslie, not knowing what to do next.

With a wave, Jonathan dispersed the shield formed by the spiritual energy. Staring at Maverick, he asked curiously. "Are you Blackey Carlson?"

"I..." Maverick swallowed a slump down his throat and nodded. "My name is Maverick Carlson. May I know why you are looking for me?"

At the same time, Leslie finally regained her composure. She straightened her cloth before whipping out her police ID.

"Blackey Carlson, you know who I am, don't you? You're charged with aiding and abetting others in murdering police officers. Please follow me back for interrogation."

"Officer, what are you talking about? I don't get you." Maverick rose to his feet and refuted apprehensively, "I'm operating a legal business here—"

Before Maverick could finish his words, he stood rooted to the ground as though he was a robot, and someone had controlled his movement.

Leslie turned to look in Jonathan's direction. "Didn't you agree to let me handle him after he's captured?"

"Take a closer look." Jonathan lifted his right hand as if he was holding an invisible string. With that, Maverick slowly moved his hand from his back to the front, like a puppet. Unexpectedly, there was a black gun in his hand.

"Leslie, if we were two ordinary people, he might have fired at us abruptly during your hesitation moments ago. You could've landed yourself in deep trouble because of your soft personality. Do you realize that?" Jonathan pointed out as he manipulated Maverick's movement with his inner thought. In a split second, Maverick put his arm down gradually.

Bang!

After two consecutive gunshots sounded, Maverick's legs bled profusely.

“That’s all I can help you with. Take care of the rest by yourself. Remember not to pester me again.”

The next second, Jonathan clenched his right fist, converging the pure spiritual energy surrounding Maverick. Subsequently, the spiritual energy dispersed, causing a massive explosion with a boom. In the blink of an eye, Maverick lay motionless on the ground in a bloody mess.

“Jonathan...” Leslie was about to say something. She turned around, only to find that Jonathan was already nowhere to be seen.

In the meantime, Ryan was seated in the clinic of Xenhall with sheer impatience in his eyes.

Meanwhile, the burly man Jonathan scared off earlier was whipping a woman with a belt. The woman whose arms were held by two men and was beaten to a pulp turned out to be Lynn.

The burly man pulled Lynn’s hair with a yank and bellowed, “D*mn it! Are you going to say it? Where’s the brat who backed you up yesterday?”

Lynn was on the verge of unconsciousness. Needless to say, she could not reply to the burly man’s questions, as her mind was a blur at that moment.

The burly man chastised breathlessly, “D*mn it! You’re indeed a tough nut. I’ll rip your clothes off and take you to the village to let the others look at you. I’ll see how long you can last!”

Just as he was about to rip off her clothes, a porcelain bowl hit his head. He fell to his knees as the bowl shattered into pieces. Covering his head, he turned around and saw Ryan glowering coldly at him.

“I’m utterly disappointed with your work efficiency.” Ryan’s voice sounded as though he was a demon from hell. His voice sent shivers down the burly man’s spine.

Without a second thought, the burly man crawled toward him and pleaded, “Boss, please give me another chance. I’m sure I’ll be able to get her to tell me about that brat’s whereabouts now.”

As Ryan looked at how the man pleaded with him for forgiveness, a flicker of ferocity flashed across his eyes. Even the spiritual energy in his meridian began surging and burning up.

However, at that very moment, the phone on the desk suddenly rang.

After Ryan answered it, a panicky voice sounded from the other end of the line. “B-Boss... Blackey was arrested by the police, and we were instructed to close down Mirage Plaza!”

Ryan’s frown deepened into a scowl in an instant. He cast a look at Lynn on the other side. “Take this woman with us. We’ll head back to Summerbank now.”

In the meantime, Jonathan had a sleepless night in the guest room of Triplex Manifesta.

The following day, a young monk went over at dawn as instructed by Sofus to relay the latter’s message.

Shortly after, he led Jonathan to a room. Other than Sofus, there were another three men and a woman.

The moment Jonathan entered the room, he could sense the foursome’s spiritual sense right away.

Ah! Four Grandmasters!

Sensing the fluctuation of their spiritual energy, Jonathan could figure it out at once.

At the same time, Sofus stood up. “Everyone, let me introduce this man to you. He’s Jonathan Goldstein. Mr. Goldstein is also the last person who will join us on our trip to the Summerbank Abyss this round.”

Gazing at the foursome, Jonathan nodded slightly.

“Jonathan Goldstein?” Among them, a pale-faced, good-looking young man, who was seated at the furthest right, guffawed. “Mr. Goldstein, I’m impressed that you are already a Grandmaster at such a young age. I hope you don’t mind that I don’t have a good eye. Would you mind telling me which sect you are from?”

Even though the other three did not chime in, they paused what they were doing and turned to look at Jonathan in unison.

Seeing that, Jonathan shook his head. “I’m not from any sect.”

A faint smile spread over the other two men’s faces when they heard Jonathan’s words. The contempt in their eyes intensified instantaneously.

Only the young woman with a ponytail, who was seated opposite Jonathan, stood up to greet him courteously, “I’m Lauryn Blackwood from the Ancient Sword Sect.”

She stretched her hand to pat the young man who piped up a while ago and added, "He's Irving Zeigler, my senior. The one on the left is Bertel Tanner, whereas the one on the right is Torkild Fisker. They are both cultivators of the Ancient Sword Sect."

Jonathan, too, greeted Lauryn politely, "Nice to meet you, Ms. Blackwood."

Irving snapped coldly, "What's the point of you feigning formality? Since we are all cultivators, why not address each other directly by name? You'd better not try to butter anyone up to curry favor with us."

Jonathan threw a glance at Irving. Coincidentally, the latter fixed his eyes on Jonathan as well. There was inexplicit viciousness and haughtiness in Irving's piercing gaze.

In a split second, Jonathan was fully aware that Irving's cultivation method was obviously of an extreme type. Nonetheless, he could not fathom why the latter seemed to harbor a sense of hostility toward him.

Well, I hope he won't step on my toes once we enter the Summerbank Abyss later.

As the thought occurred to Jonathan, Sofus, who was alongside him, cleared his throat.

"Since everyone is here, we'll enter the Summerbank Abyss in no time. Thank you in advance for your cooperation."

Chapter 555 Magical Communication Device

When Sofus greeted him, everyone got to their feet and responded cordially. Thus, Irving had nothing further to say. After all, Jonathan was the only one among the group who tagged along for the pill, while the rest were hired by Sofus.

They were engaged for their skills in helping others deal with problems. As the ones who were present were disciples of major sects, it was necessary for them to maintain some sense of decorum.

Bertel looked to be between forty to fifty. Dressed like a commoner, he had his hair tied up in a knot, just like a monk. However, the rosary beads in his hand made it difficult to determine what he actually was.

"Mr. Windt, now that we're going to enter Summerbank Abyss, I would like to say a few words first. Do forgive me for the candid words I'm about to offer," Bertel—eyes lowered—remarked in a raspy voice.

Sofus responded with a nod.

"Feel free to speak, Mr. Tanner."

Upon receiving Sofus' permission, Bertel stopped rolling the beads through his fingers as he turned his attention to Lauryn and the others.

"Everyone, we have a duty to complete the mission we have been hired to do. Therefore, after entering Summerbank Abyss together with Mr. Windt, we must try our best to seek out Mr. Vladimir Vasquez.

"However, there's still something that I would like to highlight. Even though I've been paid to do this, it doesn't mean I'm willing to perish there. I do vow to do my best, but in the event that we face an insurmountable foe, please forgive me for my cowardice, for I'll choose to retreat on the account of self-preservation. Thus, Mr. Windt, please don't hold me against it."

Bertel had barely spoken when everyone turned toward Sofus.

From the perspective of the mortal world, Summerbank Abyss was just a wildlife park with extremely tight security.

The public was informed that the three peaks of Summerbank Mountain contained huge carnivorous creatures which necessitated the sealing off from the world.

However, within the martial arts world—especially among the ancient and reclusive sects—Summerbank Abyss was held in extremely high regard.

Shrouded in mist throughout the year, the mysterious Summerbank Abyss had always attracted many curious cultivators who wanted to explore it.

Unfortunately, no one had managed to actually discover its true essence.

In fact, the reason for its fame started more than a hundred years ago when two God Realm warriors entered it but were never heard from again.

After all, God Realm cultivators were supposed to be the strongest warriors in the martial arts world.

As for those who achieved the more powerful Divine or even Ultimate Realm—who had the power to move heaven and earth—they only existed in historical records.

At the very least, no one had heard of such powerful warriors in real life.

Although the combined strength of two God Realm warriors was enough to take on reclusive sects, they still disappeared without a trace after entering Summerbank Abyss.

That was how Summerbank Abyss became a forbidden area within the martial arts world.

Therefore, many in the group still held reservations despite the fact that Sofus had paid them a lucrative sum to join the search for his mentor.

As a result, Bertel's words simply reflected everyone's sentiments.

Cognizant of their stand, Sofus acknowledged their concerns with a nod.

"I'm already extremely grateful for your willingness to help. Even though our objective is to rescue my mentor, I recognize that some time has passed since he entered Summerbank Abyss. Thus, I'm under no illusion that the chances of his survival are low.

"Nevertheless, as his disciple, I'm unable to rest until I'm able to confirm his fate. Therefore, my friends, your safety remains paramount while we're inside Summerbank Abyss. As to whether we can find my mentor, that is secondary. Just remember, do not venture too deep inside."

While he was speaking, Sofus retrieved a few pieces of bronze shards from his pocket.

"Everyone, these bronze shards came into my possession when I was training with my mentor a few years ago."

As Sofus flung them out, the five shiny bronze shards fell into everyone's hands.

In response to the gentle force emitted by the bronze shard, Jonathan could feel his spiritual energy rage before being channeled into it.

Subsequently, a ray of light began to glow with increasing intensity before a mysterious force linked all the bronze shards together.

"What's going on?" Lauryn asked curiously while holding one of the shards in her hand.

"These bronze shards are the shattered pieces of what used to be a magical bronze mirror."

In the middle of his explanation, Sofus began to draw—using his hand as if it was a brush—on the shard he was holding.

Soon, a sequence of words emerged on the shard in Jonathan's hand.

"Is that a... magical communication device?" the slightly plump Torkild exclaimed.

Torkild wasn't the only one surprised, as everyone else's eyes widened in shock.

Staring at the bronze shard in his hand, Jonathan noticed that it had recovered its mottled look after losing the support of his spiritual energy.

“Is this thing valuable?”

Jonathan finally got the burning question off his chest after a long hesitation.

From Jonathan’s perspective, the device functioned just like a phone but inferior to one, for it needed to be powered by spiritual energy.

Irving and the others, upon hearing Jonathan’s question, threw him another look of disdain.

Torkild pinched the bronze shard in his hand tightly. “Mr. Goldstein, although there are plenty of magical items used by a cultivator, they can be categorized into four categories—offensive weapons, defensive weapons, storage, and communication. With regard to both offensive and defensive weapons, the techniques for forging them have been handed down. Hence, despite how incredibly precious they are, they can still be recreated. However, the situation is different for magical storage and communication devices. Other than items that are inherited such as the one Mr. Windt had just shared with us, no new ones can be forged, for the techniques for doing so have been lost in the passage of time. To be honest, this is the first time I have even seen a magical communication device!”

Upon hearing Torkild’s words, Jonathan had an epiphany.

Recalling the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique within his memory, he couldn’t help but feel what a shame it was, for the two lost crafting techniques that Torkild had mentioned were actually seared into his mind.

When Jonathan only possessed the first half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, he only had access to its cultivation method.

However, after obtaining the second half recently, he realized it not only contained detailed explanations of cultivation methods but also techniques for forging pills and equipment.

In fact, he had even studied the chapter on pill making during his spare time.

Unfortunately, just the complicated names alone were enough to dissuade Jonathan from going further.

Even though the names of the herbs sounded exceptionally bombastic, Jonathan had no idea what they were at all.

It was as if he was someone from the distant future reading a cooking recipe from the past. The recipe required a certain amount of salt and sugar but he didn’t even know what those ingredients were. Thus, there was just no way of carrying on.

Meanwhile, Irving, who was sitting opposite, let out a light chuckle in response to Jonathan's silence.

"Mr. Fisker, why do you even bother to tell him? He is, after all, not a disciple of any sect. Hence, there's plenty he doesn't know. Don't tell me that you're planning on explaining every single thing to him?"