

The Legendary Man Chapter 556 - 560

Chapter 556 Nobodies

Jonathan looked up and shot a frosty glance at Irving. “You’re Irving Zeigler, aren’t you?” Jonathan’s words stunned everyone. Ever since the beginning, Jonathan had behaved in a humble and polite manner. In fact, in the face of Irving’s repeated provocation, he didn’t display any displeasure at all.

As a result, everyone—under the assumption that he was a pushover—was shocked by the murderous intent contained in Jonathan’s words. He’s actually someone ruthless!

Given that all of them had achieved Grandmaster Realm, their sixth sense was especially sharp. The instant they detected Jonathan’s murderous intent, Torkild and Bertel retreated at once. As for Irving, who was seated opposite Jonathan, he sprang to his feet and rapidly unleashed his spiritual energy, enveloping the room with it.

Following the expansion of his Grandmaster Realm force field, everyone else in the room cast their own force field to counteract Irving’s spiritual energy.

Truth be told, they had no intention of getting involved in the faceoff between Jonathan and Irving but were simply forced to do so.

If one was surrounded by a Grandmaster’s spiritual energy, one’s every movement would be seared into the Grandmaster’s mind.

In fact, the Grandmaster could predict one’s actions from the extent of one’s muscular contraction and the speed of unleashing one’s spiritual energy.

That was the reason why when a Grandmaster faced cultivators below the Grandmaster Realm, he could take them on regardless of their numbers—making him close to being invincible.

Even though Jonathan was obviously Irving’s target when he expanded his force field, he would inevitably surround everyone within it.

Hence, if they didn’t react by unleashing their own force fields defensively, they would be put at a disadvantage if Irving were to attack them.

After all, even if one might not harbor any intention to attack, releasing one’s force field was still considered an act of hostility.

That was how suspicious cultivators were of each other with no exceptions made for anyone.

“Mr. Windt, with your permission, allow me to cripple him first,” Irving sneered while staring at Jonathan.

“No.”

Sofus had barely spoken when a light flashed in the center of his forehead. It was then that the aura he unleashed began to swell.

Beginner phase Grandmaster Realm...

Middle phase Grandmaster Realm...

Advanced phase Grandmaster Realm...

Within the span of a few short breaths, Sofus had elevated his cultivation level to that of advanced phase Grandmaster Realm.

“I have invited all of you here to find my mentor for me. If you insist on fighting, you can find a valley after leaving Prima Majestica and settle your score there. I will not stop you from doing that. However, if you intend to brandish your weapons here, there’s no way I’m going to allow it!”

Sofus, despite being only sixteen, unleashed an extremely intimidating aura, which was so powerful that even Jonathan was pressured by it.

Two years ago, Sofus, whom he had encountered by accident, had given him a life-saving medication when he was grievously injured.

Based on Hades’ report, Sofus was just an ordinary young monk with nothing remarkable about him. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been locked up by the soldiers inside a dark hut for three days and nights.

Thus, Jonathan was surprised to see Sofus demonstrating the power of an advanced phase Grandmaster.

On top of that, he could sense that Sofus didn’t forcefully elevate himself to the advanced phase by using any secret techniques. Instead, he had been suppressing his cultivation level all this while until Irving behaved belligerently. It was then that he revealed the true extent of his power.

Having evolved from an ordinary person to an advanced phase Grandmaster within two years, Sofus is not inferior to me in any way.

Staring at Sofus, Jonathan, for the first time in his life, felt pressured with respect to his cultivation.

As for Irving, who saw with his own eyes how Sofus broke through three phases, he shifted the energy he was previously channeling at Jonathan onto Sofus instead.

“Mr. Windt, is this how you treat your guest after I have come all the way here to help you find your mentor?”

No sooner had Irving lowered his hands than spiritual energy began to concentrate on it, forming a pair of transparent claws that were ready to strike.

Behind him, Lauryn too readied her hands with her flying knives. Despite not saying a word, her battle stance said it all.

With his robe fluttering in the air, Sofus spoke in a calm voice with the two who were prepared to strike.

“I’m sincerely grateful to both of you for coming to help me today. However, if you insist on violence, you would be showing disrespect to the Phoebus Sect. Even though the Phantom Sect does not have as many disciples as the Phantom Sect, it’s still an ancient sect with a history of a thousand years and certainly one that you can trifle with. Therefore, if you dare make a move today, I’ll definitely kill you!”

Sofus had barely finished when he took the lead in dispersing his Grandmaster Realm force field.

As for Irving, he turned to look in Jonathan’s direction, “Jonathan, if you still have any sense left, leave and stop disgracing yourself here.”

Just as he spoke, Irving, too, dropped his force field.

Everyone else, in turn, did the same before turning their attention toward Jonathan.

With a flick of his fingers, Jonathan dropped his force field too.

“I, too, would like to advise you to disappear from my sight. Or else, death will be knocking on your door soon.”

“Who do you think you are?” Irving curled his lips into a smirk. “Is it just because you’re the head of Asura’s Office? Or that you’re f*cking Asura?”

Asura?

The moment they heard the words, Torkild and Bertel, in unison, turned their heads to look at Jonathan.

However, Lauryn didn’t show any surprise at all.

Evidently, she and Irving were already aware of Jonathan's identity.

At the mention of Asura, Jonathan had an epiphany that instantly cleared all his doubts—he finally understood the genesis of Irving's inexplicable hostility.

It was just that he had too many enemies to figure out which faction Irving belonged to.

“Jonathan, I'm sure you must be curious as to how I know you're—” Irving sneered.

However, before he could finish, Jonathan cut him off.

“I have no interest at all in knowing because I have just too many enemies—prominent families and powerful corporate interests both within and outside the country—who want me dead. Hence, it would be tiresome if I have to remember all these nobodies.

“You...” The moment he was labeled a nobody, Irving felt his blood boil. “How dare you speak so brazenly? Do you know who I am?”

“I don't care about the names of those who are going to die,” Jonathan flatly replied before turning his attention back to Sofus.

“Mr. Windt, I'm sure killing him after entering Summerbank Abyss isn't against the rules of the Phoebus Sect, right?”

Watching how Jonathan and Irving were at each other's throats, Sofus couldn't help but frown.

“Please refrain from killing one another. After all, I've sacrificed a lot just to gather all of you here.”

Meanwhile, at the Northern Crimson Prison supply warehouse, Malcolm was standing by the side of a stern-looking middle-aged man.

Reaching into his pocket to retrieve a pack of cigarettes, Malcolm gave it a gentle tap for the cigarettes within it to slide out.

He then handed it to the middle-aged man beside him with a chuckle.

“Captain Queen, this one's on me.”

Horace Queen glance at the pack of cigarettes before picking one out and lighting it.

Watching the soldiers in front of him moving supplies, Malcolm let out a gentle puff of smoke.

“Captain Queen, since you have traveled thousands of miles across Chanaea from the northeast to the west just to come to Northern Crimson Prison, I’m really curious as to what sort of mission are you on?”

Chapter 557 Right Or Wrong

Malcolm’s words caused Horace to shake his head in resignation. “Commander Wallace, please don’t put me in a difficult position. As part of the special forces, our mission is top secret. However, if you insist on knowing, I can call my commander to check whether I can share the information with you.”

Horace had barely spoken when he reached out for the satellite phone. However, Malcolm stopped him quickly.

“Fine, fine. Of course, I know what the rules are. If you make the call, the Prince of Diyoli would definitely complain to Excalibur King of War. When that happens, I’ll be in big trouble,” Malcolm ranted after seizing the phone from Horace’s hands.

In the midst of a knowing laugh, Horace put the phone away before pointing at the watchtowers on both sides.

Malcolm’s heart skipped a beat when he trailed the trajectory of Horace’s fingers.

“Captain Queen, what are you trying to say?”

Throwing his cigarette butt aside, Horace took a look, “The Northern Crimson Prison does indeed live up to its reputation as one of the top three hardest prisons to escape. From the moment I stepped in here, I have been observing the building’s design. Just look at how the buildings are arranged. They might not look neat, but they provide the best visibility possible.

“Twelve watchtowers surround this supply depot. In the event of chaos, one only needs three towers on different sides to have eyes on the entire warehouse. Hence, as long as you have snipers stationed at the top, around thirty men, my four-hundred-strong special forces will end up as sitting ducks. Other than surrendering, we clearly have no other way out.”

Horace’s words stunned Malcolm for a fleeting moment before he threw his cigarette away and laughed softly.

“Captain Queen, I think you have misunderstood. The watchtowers within the Northern Crimson Prison are part of the living quarters of the soldiers stationed here. Even the snipers at the top are there to stop the convicts from escaping. Hence, they have nothing to do with your arrival at all.”

“I understand what you’re trying to say, Commander Wallace,” Horace replied with a sigh.

“The Northern Crimson Prison plays a very special role. Not only is it an important supply depot for the Mysonna Army, but it’s also where thirty thousand of the most hardcore criminals in Chanaea are locked up. Therefore, the precautions taken are entirely understandable.”

Taking a brief pause, Horace changed the topic.

“Don’t worry. We will leave once the repairs to our vehicles are done. After all, you have also provided us with sufficient supplies to complete the rest of our mission. That way, you and your men do not have to stand guard day and night.”

“Don’t say that.” Mysonna shook his head helplessly. “We are all soldiers under the command of Asura’s Office. Hence, it’s obvious that we trust you. Now that you’ve arrived in Mysonna on a mission, the Mysonna Army welcomes you as a guest. Just let us know if there’s anything you need.”

“In that case, thank you for your kind words, Commander Wallace.”

With that, Horace gave Malcolm a salute before turning around to look in the direction of his men.

“What are you idiots doing? Why haven’t you finished loading? Do you intend to empty out the warehouse? Move faster, for goodness sake!”

Half an hour later, Horace led his men and drove out of the Northern Crimson Prison’s western gate. Soon, their convoy disappeared into the golden sand of the horizon.

On top of the prison walls, Malcolm and Hayes both breathed a sigh of relief.

“They’re finally gone. I didn’t even sleep a wink over the last two days,” Malcolm commented with a self-deprecating smile.

“Tiger, do you think I was being too paranoid?”

At that moment, Hayes, with a stick in his right hand, stuck it into a hole in the plaster covering his left hand to scratch an itch. Upon hearing Malcolm’s words, he fell into deep thought before finally shaking his head.

“The Northern Crimson Prison is a really special place. Hence, it pays to always be more careful. Besides, there’s just something strange about our visitors.

Meanwhile, Horace’s convoy was rapidly moving forward across the desert.

Beside him, a young adjutant was wearing an elated expression.

“Captain, we have already spiked their supplies. Based on their current consumption, they will eat it tomorrow morning, or at the latest, tomorrow afternoon. Therefore, everyone ordinary will suffer from debilitating diarrhea across the entire prison.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

Staring at the golden sands outside the window, Horace let out a sigh.

He had been personally groomed by Karl and was one of the latter’s most trusted aides. In fact, Karl had even saved his life once.

Thus, due to his debt of gratitude, Horace wouldn’t hesitate to sacrifice his life for Karl, and that was the reason why he led the troops into Mysonna.

However, the moment he left Northern Crimson Prison, his resolve began to waver.

Over the last five years, the Eastern Army had been in a standoff with the Medved Army of Remdik across the River Onxy. During that time, the battle of River Onxy shocked the world. On that day alone, both sides suffered death and casualties that totaled up to seventy-thousand men.

Due to that incident, Horace, together with the other members of the Eastern Army, became proud members of their unit.

However, they had now started to take down the Mysonna Army.

As they were close to Chanaea’s western border, they were surrounded by a lifeless desert in every direction.

It was in such an environment that Dorian—as the head of the Mysonna Army—camped there for three years in the standoff against Ibica’s army ever since the establishment of Asura’s Office.

Even though the Mysonna Army didn’t fight a glorious battle similar to that of the Eastern Army, they still deserved to be respected in all of Chanaea.

Boss, are we making a mistake?

Meanwhile, the young adjutant was still relishing in delight. After all, participating in the destruction of the impregnable defenses of the Northern Crimson Prison was an especially exhilarating event.

“Captain, where are we going now?”

Turning to the adjutant, Horace fell into deep thought before replying, "Drive forward a hundred more miles until we reach the sand dunes of Livingsfill. We'll set up camp there and let the men rest, in preparation for the battle tomorrow."

"Yes, Captain!"

Meanwhile, inside a private room in Mirage Plaza, Summerbank, Ryan looked at the shattered window with a frown. Standing beside him was the doorman who had arrived with news.

If Jonathan were around, he would either have the doorman killed or be crippled temporarily.

However, Leslie wasn't that particular and didn't take the doorman together with her.

Ryan looked at the doorman. "Did you see those two jump down from upstairs with your own eyes?"

"Yes," the doorman replied cautiously.

"They were standing by the window and talking when Mr. Carlson suddenly shot himself twice in his leg as if he was possessed. After that, he somehow ended up sprawled on the ground."

"He wasn't possessed. His mind was just controlled by a Grandmaster," Ryan plainly replied.

"Grandmaster... Boss, I don't understand what you're saying." The doorman softly suggested, "Boss, I quit. I just want to leave. It's fine if I don't get my pay."

"Of course," Ryan agreed with a smile. "This job isn't easy. As for your salary, you'll get what's due to you. But please, keep what happened yesterday a secret."

"I know, I know," the doorman acknowledged Ryan's instructions while nodding repeatedly.

"All right, off you go," Ryan added with a chuckle.

With that, the doorman turned to leave. However, the instant he turned around, he felt a stinging pain in his heart.

Lowering his head, he saw a bloodied hand sticking out of his chest, holding what looked to be his beating heart.

"Ugh..."

Just when the terrified doorman wanted to say something, the only sound he could make was the gurgle of blood out of his mouth.

Behind him, Ryan—despite his bloodthirsty eyes—maintained an indifferent expression.

Chapter 558 Difference

It was noon, and the fog on the mountain had faded a little. There were six figures speeding ahead at full force in the dense forest of Summerbank Mountain.

Their figures were already over ten meters away when the branches snapped into half under their footsteps. They were deft and quick.

Not even commercially successful movies could shoot such a scene in real life. Their shadows were a blur as they picked up speed. It took them only a few breaths to travel a hundred meters as they disappeared into the fog.

As the saying went, it was easy to determine a winner between two martial artists. Martial artists who were in the Grandmaster Realm, no matter their family backgrounds or statuses, were obsessed with martial arts.

None of them claimed to be the strongest in the world, but they refused to be weaker than someone else.

Usually, it was hard to encounter one Grandmaster Realm expert.

After the six of them gathered together, they became competitive in secret.

Sofus led Jonathan and the other four down from Prima Majestica and headed toward the perimeter of Summerbank Abyss.

As the six descended from the mountain, they displayed their prowess without holding back. The dense forest, cliffs, thorns, and weeds along the way didn't manage to slow down their progress.

"The entrance is just right ahead," Sofus declared while traveling ahead at full speed.

He stepped onto a boulder lightly and leaped down a cliff.

The cliff was covered with a thick fog. Some tall trees were in sight, but it seemed to be at least a thirty-meter fall.

If they were in the city, it would be like jumping down from a building at least ten-floor high.

An ordinary human wouldn't survive a fall of this height.

However, Jonathan and the other four behind Sofus didn't even falter.

Without hesitation, they rose into the air and jumped down the cliff mere moments after Sofus' figure disappeared from sight.

Up in the air, Sofus splayed his right hand and gave a forceful wave. A powerful burst of spiritual energy appeared and formed an invisible wind that blew at the fog in the mountains.

The fog dispersed to reveal the dense forest beneath them. Jonathan was surprised at the sight.

Before they leaped down the cliff, the fog was so thick that they could only see the trees.

Now that the fog had dispersed, everyone belatedly realized that every tree was at least twenty to thirty meters tall.

The height of the cliff was at least sixty meters, so it was taller than they initially expected.

Everyone was shocked by the realization.

It felt like stepping into an empty elevator shaft, so it wasn't a great feeling.

That was what they felt right now. After preparing to land, they realized there were still over twenty meters before they could land. The sudden difference was a hard pill to swallow.

Jonathan had a similar experience back in Yaleview when he was kicked out of a flying plane. He made a series of hand gestures and used his spiritual energy to form an invisible barrier beneath his feet that would help him balance his body and glide forward.

Crack!

Sofus was the first to land on the ground following the sound of branches cracking.

The leaves within a three-meter radius were swept up from the ground and flew in the air.

Jonathan was the second to land. With the help of the invisible slide, he glided across the dense forest and landed dozens of meters away from Sofus.

Due to inertia, he took two steps forward. After coming to a complete stop, Jonathan turned over his shoulder.

Beside him, a sword descended from the sky and stabbed into the trunk of an ancient tree. The moment the sword came into contact with the tree trunk, a pair of white sneakers landed on its body.

The sword curved as Lauryn used it to cushion her fall. When the blade was bent to its maximum, she stepped away and hopped off elegantly.

Lauryn then grabbed her sword and gave it a slight tug.

As her sword slid into its sheath, she landed on the ground gently.

Lauryn shot Jonathan a smile as her ponytail moved slightly.

“Jonathan, that was a strange way to land on the ground. How did you do that?” she asked.

As she spoke, Irving, Bertel, and Torkild landed on the ground at the same time.

Both Bertel and Torkild used the branches of the trees to slow down the impact. It wasn't surprising at all.

Irving's way of landing was the most eye-catching of them all.

He smashed into an ancient tree around three meters tall and landed on the ground.

They stayed close to each other back when flying across the woods. However, Irving remained at the back of the team.

He was able to land on the ground at the same time as Bertel and Torkild as he didn't bother slowing down. The cliff was around fifty to sixty meters tall, but he jumped down without figuring out a way to cushion his fall!

Jonathan furrowed his brows as he glanced at Irving, who fell on his hands and feet. His spiritual energy soared as he gave off a violent vibe.

When Irving lifted his head, Jonathan couldn't help but feel that the former was a ferocious beast that could gobble up humans. Irving didn't look like a human.

At the sight of Jonathan and Lauryn standing together, Irving got to his feet slowly as his lips curled up.

“Jonathan, you should fend for yourself in Summerbank Abyss,” he announced icily.

“You should pray that you won't run into me,” Jonathan responded with a chuckle.

He turned to Lauryn and gave her a nod as a form of greeting before going toward Sofus.

During their journey, they revealed a lot of information through their actions.

As the only girl in the group, Lauryn could land right after Jonathan and Sofus. Her landing was elegant, and her breath was long and continuous. That showed that she had strong fundamental skills.

The mahogany sword she held looked menacing, so she was obviously skilled in light and quick moves.

Irving's cultivation focused on the explosive force, but his movements were a little lacking. Judging from how he landed earlier by crushing the tree trunk, he had excellent defensive skills.

Irving not only trained his external force, for he was also well versed in internal cultivation methods.

Otherwise, falling onto a tree trunk from a height of over fifty meters was like falling onto concrete, even if his spiritual energy had protected him.

If his internal organs weren't protected, he would've suffered a serious injury from the impact of his fall.

There was no way he could talk nonsense calmly like he was doing now.

Irving is externally and internally strong. No wonder he can be this arrogant.

Bertel and Torkild trained on the same thing. They were calm and seemed at ease, so it was clear they hadn't given their best yet.

Sofus, who led them there despite being the youngest among them, came as the biggest surprise to Jonathan.

At the age of sixteen, Sofus was already in the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm.

His spiritual energy was balanced, and his every move coincided with the law of nature.

Is a child capable of achieving this feat?

Jonathan couldn't help but recall the writings in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Only cultivators beyond the God Realm would make others feel this way.

They had seen a lot and weren't competitive at all. Only those who threw themselves into cultivation would give off this vibe.

Jonathan replayed their actions and compared them to Philip from the Gomez family.

Philip was the first Grandmaster Realm martial artist Jonathan encountered. However, he was worlds apart from the five of them.

Is this the difference between sect followers and rogue cultivators?

Chapter 559 Members Of Respectable Families

Sofus knitted his brows at the sight of Irving clashing against Jonathan right after he landed. He had spent almost all his savings that he earned in Triplex Manifesta to hire Irving and the others to search for his mentor.

Sofus might be young, but he was mature and would look at things in a calm manner. After going through all the trouble to gather them here, he didn't want them to have an internal conflict.

"Everyone, look at the thick fog before you. When you step into the fog, you'll be officially inside Summerbank Abyss' territory." Everyone turned to look in the direction Sofus was pointing.

Dozens of meters ahead, there was a dense fog so thick that visibility was near zero.

Initially, they assumed it was because they were pretty far away. They only realized there was something wrong when they got closer.

The fog surrounded everyone. It looked dense from afar and thin from a close distance.

A fog wall appeared before them without warning. It was thick and rolled about like a colossal dough covering the sky and sun.

"Wow, how pretty..." Lauryn praised as she stared at the fog that seemed to be blocked behind something in the valley.

As she spoke, she reached out to touch it.

Her hand penetrated it easily. Following her action, everyone balked slightly.

The fog was thick, and Lauryn's arm was still around one meter away from the perimeter, but everyone could only see a blurry outline belonging to her arm.

The scariest part was that the fog could disperse one's spiritual sense.

Jonathan was in awe as he recalled the scene he saw on the boulder behind Triplex Manifesta.

Indeed, Summerbank Abyss is a dangerous place. Cultivators of all cultivation levels would become blind once they enter this place full of fog that could disperse their spiritual sense. I don't think I can retaliate in time if someone were to ambush me inside.

Beside them, Sofus frowned and said solemnly, "We're at the perimeter of Summerbank Abyss. You can see that the fog can inhabit spiritual energy and block your view. However, you don't have to worry even though it is peculiar. It gets thicker as you get closer to the perimeter. On the contrary, it gets thinner as you walk toward the center. By the way, I need to remind you that I've been here with my mentor. The closer you get to the center, the denser the spiritual energy will be, and the more dangerous your situation will be. My mentor had bumped into a ferocious beast fifteen miles ahead. Thus, you can only travel twelve miles after getting into the fog. If something happens, you can contact me through the bronze shards. You can pull out anytime if you run into danger. The Phoebus Sect won't raise any objections."

Having said that, he gave them a bow.

"Thank you in advance for finding my mentor."

Everyone nodded.

Without hesitation, Sofus stepped into the dense fog.

One meter... Three meters... Five meters...

Shortly after, his figure disappeared from sight.

Jonathan retracted his spiritual sense as he gazed at the thick fog.

The mysterious fog dispersed his spiritual sense completely after five meters into the fog.

Jonathan's spiritual energy was in the Grandmaster Realm, but that was because he was injured in the fight against Garrison.

In fact, he was in the God Realm.

Despite lacking spiritual energy, Jonathan had sufficient spiritual sense.

If a God Realm cultivator could only check out five meters ahead, then the other Grandmasters...

Jonathan observed the rest and took in their solemn expressions.

Bertel and Torkild mumbled among themselves and reached an agreement. After making sure everything was all right, they stepped into the fog together.

It seemed that they were planning on searching together.

However, Jonathan couldn't help but flash a resigned smile after he overheard their conversation.

Despite being in the same sect, they didn't trust each other. After entering the fog, they whipped out their weapons and put on their guards.

They are wary of everyone. Is this what a real cultivator acts like?

Jonathan turned to look at Irving and realized the latter was glaring at him coldly.

"Jonathan, now that Sofus is inside, let's fight here," he sneered.

His gaze was aflame with the desire to rip Jonathan into half.

Irving had just stepped forward when Lauryn moved her fingers to flick the sword out.

"Irving, the Osborne family failed to make Jonathan stay in Yaleview. I think you should be careful," she said.

Irving glanced at the sword blocking his path and raised his right arm abruptly.

An invisible spurt of spiritual energy covered his palm as he held Lauryn's sword.

In the blink of an eye, endless sword energy burst out and formed ripples around Irving's palm and Lauryn's sword.

"Irving, are you going to attack me?" Lauryn's expression turned wintry.

Irving snorted and gave a forceful push. At once, Lauryn lost her grip on her sword, and it flew toward Jonathan.

"Stop!"

Jonathan didn't move an inch while the sword stopped three inches away from his forehead.

"This is a good sword, but it isn't nice of you to toss it around," he commented calmly as he grabbed the sword's handle.

With a flick of his fingers, the sword returned to Lauryn's sheath safely.

"Since you mentioned the Osborne family, I believe you two are members of respectable families." Jonathan cast Irving a curious look. "I don't know much about them, so it's the perfect chance for me to force you to give me more information."

Before anyone could react, Jonathan disappeared without warning.

We're in danger!

Lauryn brandished her sword and retreated over ten meters.

Irving narrowed his gaze and assumed a stable position. He gathered an incredible amount of spiritual energy and tossed it out.

Boom!

The massive spiritual energy originating from their fists spread all over and dispersed the fog outside Summerbank Abyss.

Jonathan and Irving each took several steps back from the impact. It was obvious how strong the strike was.

"You're not a weakling. No wonder you defeated Jay easily," Irving drawled.

Glancing at the blood dripping down his right hand, he trembled profusely as excitement shone in his eyes.

"Jonathan, you didn't disappoint me. Asura, the legend of Chanaea, huh? Let's see if you're invincible!"

Chapter 560 Mutated Spiritual Energy

Sensing the numbness in his right arm, Jonathan was surprised. Irving's spiritual energy was quite unique. When their fists met each other earlier, a trace of his spiritual energy had entered Jonathan's veins. Although it was minimal, Jonathan felt strongly threatened.

He had used his own spiritual energy to squash Irving's eerie spiritual energy in time, but it had caused him to consume ten times the energy Irving used up. What kind of spiritual energy is this? It's so violent!

Jonathan put up his guard discreetly and lowered his arms. In the next second, he expanded his force field rapidly. Everything within the twenty-meter radius was clearly reflected in his mind.

Seeing that, Lauryn backed off with her sword in hand.

It was a common fact that the wider the force field was, the more spiritual energy the cultivator would exhaust.

When cultivators fought, they usually only needed a force field with a five-meter radius to handle the attacks around them.

The fact that Jonathan activated such a huge force field clearly showed that he was putting up a defense in case Lauryn suddenly attacked.

That was exactly what Jonathan's intention was.

He didn't mind Irving and Lauryn joining hands to fight him since he had many trump cards.

However, he believed that he should give his best even when dealing with minor problems, not to mention a life-or-death match like this.

Lauryn and Irving both belonged to Phantom Sect. Judging from their conversation earlier, they may not have a close relationship, but they were still from the same sect.

If Lauryn actually launched an attack out of nowhere, it would be troublesome for Jonathan.

Moreover, it was natural for someone in the Grandmaster Realm to have a secret weapon.

Though Jonathan didn't know much about the martial arts world, he had spent half a day with these Grandmaster Realm cultivators. He could see that they were way more powerful than an amateur like Philip.

If he fell into their trap here, he would surely wallow in regret later.

While staring at Irving, Jonathan sensed Lauryn exiting his force field.

It was a sign that she didn't want to be part of the battle.

In his subconsciousness, Jonathan could see Irving's figure turning blurry. Following that, even the area around the latter started to look misty.

Irving had wrapped the force field around his own body. The next moment, he suddenly appeared and charged toward Jonathan.

"Manifest!" Irving roared and clasped his hands around an invisible item.

An invisible hammer took shape between his hands quickly as he aimed it at Jonathan's head.

Everything happened too quickly.

Standing aside, Lauryn watched the two men with a frown.

Although Irving was much slower than her, the capability he had just displayed was beyond her expectation.

She had to admit that the move he just made was powerful enough to rival the mighty Sofus.

He's only in the beginner phase of Grandmaster Realm, but he has the skills one would possess in the advanced phase. What kind of monster did the Zeigler family make?

While Lauryn was stunned, Jonathan had a different reaction as he stood in the force field.

Although Irving's attack was brutal, Jonathan could see its many weaknesses.

Earlier, Irving had expanded his own force field to stop Jonathan from checking the surroundings.

However, the spiritual energy in Irving's force field crumbled and converged on his hands when he utilized a huge amount of spiritual energy to form the hammer.

Although the weapon took shape the moment the spiritual energy dispersed, gaps appeared on Irving's force field. Thus, Jonathan could see through Irving when the latter approached him.

Irving's right shoulder was relaxed, while his left calf was tightened so he could back off at any time.

He did not exert all of his strength.

When Jonathan realized that, the hammer was already inches away from his forehead.

Right at that moment, he turned around on his left foot unexpectedly.

Boom!

Following an explosive sound, branches flew everywhere. A huge hole around four meters deep appeared under Jonathan's feet, spanning more than ten meters.

The loud boom echoed around the valley thunderously, almost turning people deaf with its vibrations.

At the edge of the massive hole, Jonathan stood there with his arms shielding his body.

Lauryn looked over and noticed that his sleeves were tattered and sooted as if they had just been burned.

Across from Jonathan, Irving rubbed his shoulder with a grimace. There was a solemn look in his eyes as he stared at the former.

They were neck and neck in the match that just happened.

Jonathan lowered his hands slowly. The tingly and numb sensation in his arms disappeared quickly under the effects of his spiritual energy.

“Your spiritual energy is quite interesting,” he remarked calmly while looking at Irving.

After testing the waters earlier, he finally began to understand what was special about Irving’s spiritual energy.

Usually, a cultivator would absorb the most untainted spiritual energy in heaven and earth while cultivating. With that, the spiritual energy they ended up cultivating and keeping in their bodies was pure and refined.

Yet, for some reason, Irving’s spiritual energy seemed to have the attribute of thunder to it.

It was ruthless and vicious like a mad dog. Once it sensed someone’s spiritual energy, it would trace along the spiritual energy and enter the person’s body.

At that thought, Jonathan remembered something from the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

There was a rare type of mutated spiritual root called the thunder spiritual root.

According to the records, that mutated spiritual root was extremely tough and vigorous. Cultivators with this kind of spiritual root could cultivate much faster than the average person.

Since the spiritual energy produced by this mutated spiritual root was utterly powerful, once the cultivator absorbed the spiritual energy from heaven and earth, the thunder spiritual energy in the cultivator’s energy field would immediately purify that spiritual energy. It was, so to speak, very convenient.

Moreover, it was terribly dangerous for one’s body to be attacked and invaded by this special kind of spiritual energy due to its thunder attribute.

Once this thunder spiritual energy entered one’s body, one could suffer damaged meridians. In the worst-case scenario, one’s elixir field would be destroyed, rendering one unable to cultivate anymore.

Jonathan was unscathed only because of the gap between their levels.

It was true that his meridians were injured, and the spiritual energy in his elixir field was scarce. In fact, he only possessed the amount of spiritual energy a cultivator in the Grandmaster Realm would have.

However, Jonathan was in the God Realm.

As a cultivator, every time he advanced into the next realm, he would break through his previous self.

Although Irving was more powerful than cultivators of the same level because of his thunder spiritual energy, it was still difficult for him to overcome his difference from Jonathan. If he really wanted to do so, it would only be possible when he reached the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm.

As of now, it was still too early.

Standing opposite Jonathan, Irving retracted his gaze.

Ever since he entered the sect and started cultivating, he rarely fought with others.

Besides, the elders of Phantom Sect trained him with the goal of making him the sect's trump card. Thus, he was very well-protected.

During training, his mentor once told him that although he was not yet an invincible existence among the Grandmaster Realm cultivators, he could very well defend himself with his current prowess.

However, Irving felt somehow pressured when he fought Jonathan head-on.

He felt that he hadn't figured out how powerful Jonathan truly was.