

The Legendary Man Chapter 591

Chapter 591 Spiritual Curse

“Do you have a death wish, Jonathan?” Sofus was glaring at Jonathan with murderous intent.

“Death wish?” Jonathan chuckled, stepped forward, and instantly released the spiritual energy in his body.

God Realm! When Sofus and Lauryn felt the immense pressure brought forth by Jonathan’s spiritual energy, they were stunned.

That was because, in their opinion, Jonathan was still only a Grandmaster the day before. Yet, he was suddenly a God Realm martial artist.

No one would think that such a drastic transformation could occur in a single day.

“Since I’ve decided to protect Lauryn, I can only negotiate conditions with you and your master, Sofus. Two years ago, you two saved my life with the pill. That’s something I’ve never forgotten, which is why I don’t want to fight you two. However, I’m keeping this person!” Jonathan exclaimed.

With a worn-out axe in hand, Sofus’ spiritual energy continued to rise. “So what if you’ve entered God Realm, Jonathan? Do you really think I’m scared of you?”

His right hand gestured a technique before he pressed his forehead with his middle finger.

A sound that resembled glass shattering was heard.

In an instant, his spiritual energy rose once more.

The massive amount of spiritual energy caused a violent gale to form.

With a wave of his hand, Jonathan grabbed Lauryn and leaped away.

He tapped on a meridian on Lauryn’s chest. It was the quickest way to undo the seal on her meridian points.

“You should stay back. Something odd is happening to Sofus,” Jonathan uttered plainly.

At that moment, Sofus’ spiritual energy was spinning out of control, looking as though it had been destabilized.

Aside from Irving, who had a rare constitution, most cultivators would need to undergo a lot of training to use the spiritual energy within the environment.

To do that, they had to remove all impurities in the spiritual energy before they could absorb the pure energy that was left behind.

Otherwise, absorbing spiritual energy like that would only do more harm than good to a cultivator.

That was exactly what was happening to Sofus.

His spiritual energy was unstable and became much more dangerous.

“I think Sofus has an offensive technique that uses spiritual sense! I was attacked by that invisible technique earlier, so be careful!” Lauryn knew she was deadweight at that moment, so she warned him before leaving.

“I’ll be borrowing this sword!” Right at the moment she left, Jonathan held the sword in his hand. “I told you, Sofus. I don’t want to fight you.”

“Then you shouldn’t have interfered!” Sofus sneered and removed his hand from his forehead.

A black rune emerged on his forehead.

“This is the first time I’ve completely undone my spiritual curse. It’s time to die, Jonathan!” he exclaimed before rushing toward Jonathan with his axe.

Jonathan raised his sword before kicking Sofus in the chest.
Bang!

Following that loud sound, Jonathan’s expression changed slightly.

There was a seemingly impenetrable spirit shield protecting Sofus’ body. His kick failed to destroy that shield.

A weird smile appeared on Sofus’ face. “I didn’t expect the first God Realm expert I would kill is you! Spiritual destruction!”

As he roared, he slashed his axe toward Jonathan.

That attack was different from the previous ones because runes were glowing on the axe. Jonathan sensed that his force field couldn’t block the axe.

Thus, he pulled out his sword and used the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. As a result, the spiritual energy inside his body flowed into the sword.

Their weapons clashed as they passed each other by.

In the distance, Lauryn spat out a mouthful of blood. She sensed that the sword that was spiritually connected to her had been shattered in a single strike.

This is the power of a God Realm expert? Her eyes widened as she stared at the two combatants.

With her normal eyesight, there was no way she could keep up with their attacks. However, with the help of her spiritual sense, she could.

The moment Jonathan and Sofus passed each other by without hurting the other, they reoriented their weapons and tried stabbing their opponent's back.

Spiritual sense stopped being confined to the user for those who achieved Grandmaster Realm and above.

In a certain range, spiritual sense could completely replace normal vision and provide a better view of the details around the user.

In that scenario, direction meant very little in a battle between cultivators.

The axe and sword clashed against each other in the air once more.

The sword, which already had numerous cracks on it, exploded into pieces at the moment of contact.

"Fly!" After Jonathan uttered his mantra, the dozens of broken sword pieces flew toward different parts of Sofus' body like beams of light.

The sword can be used like that? Lauryn stared at the composed Jonathan with shock. If I was the one in battle, the moment my sword broke, the first thing I would do was run away! And yet, Jonathan didn't hesitate to control the fragments and used them to attack Sofus!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

A series of metal smashing sounds were heard. The seemingly clumsy axe danced in Sofus' hand as he protected himself from the flying sword fragments.

"Not easy to use, eh? After all, it's not your own power," Jonathan commented as he stared at the panting Sofus.

Ever since Sofus exploded with a massive amount of spiritual energy, Jonathan had been keeping a close eye on his opponent's changes.

According to his estimation, Sofus' spiritual energy might have come from one of two sources.

The first was that Sofus was a genius cultivator. His cultivating speed was so fast that his master or elder was worried his foundation would become unstable. Thus, a spiritual curse was cast on him to reduce his cultivation speed.

The second was that the spiritual energy didn't belong to him and that it was kept inside his body through special methods.

That method would have to be something similar to forcefully opening an elixir field in his body. It would allow him to store a portion of spiritual energy so he could use it whenever he wanted.

It sounded simple, but in reality, it was very dangerous.

After all, that kind of violent spiritual energy was like a powder keg. Any mistakes made would spell Sofus' death.

Even though the spiritual curse had been removed, the spiritual energy Sofus wanted to use had to pass through his entire body.

To let such a massive amount of spiritual energy swim in one's meridians was an extremely painful process.

It was very unlikely Sofus wasn't feeling any discomfort.

Seeing that Jonathan had seen through his secret, Sofus sneered, "You should just focus on yourself!"

Then he raised his axe and attacked again.

Jonathan's look grew cold. "Give me the pill, and I'll stop, Sofus. I can let you leave."

"You don't have the right to negotiate with me!"

With a loud roar, Sofus slashed his axe. "Die!"

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Chapter 592 Vladimir Appeared

Jonathan's pupils constricted when he saw the axe coming straight toward him. With the help of spiritual energy, he quickly stepped toward the right by a few centimeters, barely dodging the axe. The weapon basically slashed right past his shoulder.

At the same time, he stretched his hand out and pressed it on Sofus' spirit shield

without looking.

“Break!” Jonathan muttered as spiritual energy poured out of his hands. Sofus’ spirit shield that was protecting him trembled like waves under the impact of a pure spiritual energy attack.

“How is this possible?” Sensing the anomaly happening to his spirit shield, his expression changed drastically. He held the axe with both his hands, aimed it toward Jonathan’s face, and brought it down.

“It’s too late.” The edges of Jonathan’s mouth curved upward before his right hand suddenly broke the spirit shield on Sofus’ chest apart.

Pfft!

Blood spurted out of Sofus’ mouth as a look of disbelief was seen in his eyes. He flew backward violently into the valley.

While his body was still flying in midair, Jonathan dashed forward faster than him.

The sword fragments rapidly jabbed into Sofus’ meridians to seal off his spiritual energy.

In an instant, Sofus appeared like a deflated balloon as he stared at Jonathan sullenly on the ground. “How did you break my spirit shield apart?”

“Nothing is impossible.” Standing next to Sofus, Jonathan uttered, “If your spirit shield were formed by the spiritual energy you’ve amassed yourself, then it wouldn’t have been easy for me to shatter it. However, breaking apart a spirit shield formed with impure spiritual energy is much easier. I just need to use a little pure spiritual energy to destroy the balance of the spirit shield and crack it.”

He then picked up the axe and played with it. “I’m only here to look for medicine, Sofus. Based on what you said earlier, your master’s not dead yet. Even though you attacked me, I won’t give you two trouble as long as you hand me the medicine.”

Sofus laughed in response. “You won’t give us trouble? Jonathan, you have a terrible sense of humor, Jonathan. Summerbank Abyss requires the blood essence of four Grandmasters every three years to reseal it. Otherwise, the monsters from within will break the seal apart and flood into the outside world. We, the Phoebus Sect, have been protecting the world for nearly two thousand years, and now you’re telling me you won’t bring us trouble? Let me tell you something, Jonathan. If you insist on protecting Lauryn for your own selfish reasons, you’ll become the cause of a disaster that’ll bring ruin to the world— “

Before he could finish speaking, the axe was already placed next to his neck.

He was stunned. As his line of sight followed along the axe, he saw Jonathan's expression had turned icy. "I hate it when people try to stop me by saying it's for the greater good. I don't give a d*mn if you're trying to seal monsters or gods here. The pill is the only thing I care about."

"You..." Sofus stared at him with a puzzled look. "How can you not care about the world..."

"I'm not the Messiah. I don't care about the world," Jonathan spat coldly. "In that two-thousand-year period, there are about seven hundred instances of a three-year gap. If four people died every three years, then it means almost three thousand Grandmaster Realm cultivators died in the hands of the Phoebus Sect. Let me ask you this. Do you consider those three thousand cultivators as part of the people living in the world? Even if Summerbank Abyss contains some of the deadliest creatures on the planet, what right does your sect have to decide who should be sacrificed?"

"That..." When Sofus heard that question, he looked as though he was a little lost. "But what we're doing is to save more people..."

"If you sacrificed yourself to save others, then you can say you did it for the greater good. However, if you sacrificed others to save people, then you're just a clown who thinks he has a higher moral ground."

That shut Sofus' up completely.

Jonathan stood at the side and went into deep thought. Sofus is only sixteen years old, yet his cultivation level has already reached the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm. His monstrous constitution is enough to cause a commotion in any faction. However, he's still too young. Even though he may appear mature for his age, his line of thinking is far too naïve because he had been cultivating deep in the mountains for a long time. It's easy for people to manipulate him if he was brainwashed with extreme ideas from a young age. Based on our conversation earlier, it's not hard to figure out he had been brainwashed to think that the axis of morality is built upon the responsibility of saving the world. I doubt I can change his way of thinking with just a few sentences, but it's probably good enough if that planted a seed of doubt in his mind.

At that moment, Jonathan turned around because he felt an extremely powerful spiritual energy rapidly approaching him in that direction.

Upon sensing that powerful spiritual energy, Sofus shouted with joy, "Master! I'm here, Master!"

Following his shouting, a black figure finally appeared in front of them.

It was a skinny old man wearing a black robe with a white beard so long that it touched his chest. He also had a hair bun.

The old man was holding a horsetail whisk. Unlike how other people wield the weapon, he was just holding it casually.

Faint spiritual energy continuously flowed out of the old man's body. It made others feel as though his spiritual energy had a life of its own and breathing like a human being.

He looked like an old man on the verge of dying. However, even though he was just standing there, Jonathan felt as though there was an endless amount of pressure coming from the old man.

"Vladimir?" Jonathan asked with furrowed eyebrows.

Upon hearing that, the old man gently leaped and crossed more than ten meters in a single motion before landing next to Sofus.

"It's been two years since we last met, Mr. Goldstein. You've improved a lot." As Vladimir spoke, he waved the horsetail whisk in his hand.

Suddenly, it was as though an invisible string was pulling the sword fragments lodged in Sofus' body away.

"I gave you the pill back then because I saw great fortune surrounding you. I didn't expect things would turn like this after saving your life. Well, forget about it. Since this mess started because of me, I should be the one to end it. As this is how we met today, once I kill you, I'll sever the fate that binds us both. What do you think, Mr. Goldstein?" Vladimir uttered.

Jonathan unleashed his force field before staring at the old man warily. "I've never forgotten about the fact that you saved my life, Sir. However, it is inevitable that things would end up this way today. I still believe it's better if we don't fight each other."

With a gentle shake of his head, Vladimir informed, "The Three Ultimate Formations need to be replenished with the blood essence of four Grandmasters today. If you don't want to fight me, you'll have to seal your companion's meridian. Once I replenish the formation, I'll give you the pill and let you go."

Even though his tone sounded plain, the threat in his voice was obvious to even the most inattentive listener.

"What if I don't want to do that?" Jonathan asked with a smile.

Vladimir's horsetail whisk gently lay on his arm. "If you insist on antagonizing me, then I have no choice but to send you to the afterlife."

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Chapter 593 Could Not Defeat Him

“Does this mean you’ll give me the pill if I can defeat you?” Sensing the murderous intent coming from Vladimir, Jonathan tightened his grip around the axe.

Vladimir chuckled. “If you can defeat me, then my life will belong to you, Mr. Goldstein.” “Then you need to be careful, Sir!” The moment Jonathan lifted his head after bowing, the axe in his hand flew toward the old man without warning.

He followed behind the axe and formed spikes around his fists with spiritual energy before charging toward Vladimir.

Usually, he wouldn’t use that kind of dirty trick unless his life was in danger.

However, he had no idea what to expect when facing Vladimir.

Since the time the old man showed up, he had been giving Jonathan a feeling that he was in a very dangerous situation.

Even though Jonathan believed he had nothing to fear, he still wanted to be careful.

The sound of the battle axe zipping through the air came to an abrupt end while Jonathan’s fists were easily dodged by Vladimir.

Vladimir held the axe with a smile while standing a few meters away. “This is the axe I gave to my disciple. Thank you for returning it to us.”

As he spoke, he lodged the axe into the ground and gently moved the horsetail whisk as he approached his opponent with a smile. “Since you’ve made your decision, I won’t be holding back anymore. Please die now, Mr. Goldstein.”

The moment he finished his sentence, he disappeared.

It wasn’t because he was moving so fast that no one could see him. He really just vanished into thin air. Even Jonathan’s spiritual sense couldn’t locate where he was.

Just as Jonathan was on his guard, the white horsetail whisk suddenly emerged in front of him.

It was as though his spirit shield was made of paper because the horsetail whisk shattered it without even slowing down.

Facing that powerful attack, Jonathan only had enough time to block it with his arms before he was sent flying away.

He then landed next to Lauryn.

Soon, he felt immense pain in his arm. As Jonathan assessed his injury with a frown, he realized his arms had turned into rotten flesh.

When the horsetail whisk attacked him, it was as though the strands on the weapon turned into extremely sharp blades, cutting through his arms hundreds of times.

If not for how he dodged in time, it was possible that his arms would've been chopped off.

What cultivation level is Vladimir on? How is he so terrifying? Jonathan stared at his opponent fearfully as his arms trembled.

At that point, he couldn't determine the cultivation level of Vladimir because the old man hadn't used his full power.

"I'm sorry, Lauryn." From that attack alone, he had determined the gap of power between him and Vladimir.

It seemed as though he was going to abandon Lauryn to save his own skin.

When Lauryn heard that, her eyes were filled with despair.

However, she knew no matter what she could offer to Jonathan, there was no way he would be willing to put his life on the line to defeat an opponent as absurdly powerful as Vladimir.

"I'm grateful for all that you've done for me up until this point," she thanked him in a deep voice.

Then, she pulled out a jade pendant from her pocket. "Take this jade pendant. If you ever meet someone from my family in the future, please give it to them and tell them this: 'Forests on the white mountain with black rivers. A boat of dreams under the starry night.' My father won't trouble you if he hears those two sentences."

Holding the jade pendant in hand, Jonathan stared at the object as it was tainted by his blood. Then he shifted his confused look to her. "Do you think I'm afraid of your father troubling me?"

"I'm not afraid of that." Lauryn sighed. "I know you tend to fight against respectable families. I just want to use this jade pendant to let my father know that you once helped me so he won't attack you. That way, maybe you'll let go of the Blackwood family."

"You think far ahead," he replied plainly before stuffing the pendant into his pocket.

Then, he turned to Vladimir with a smile. "Until next time, Sir!"

Just as he finished speaking, he grabbed her and began running toward the burning peak.

Everyone was stunned when they saw him do that, especially Lauryn, who was being carried on his shoulder.

Disbelief was written all over her face as she stared at the flora passing her vision.

In recent years, Jonathan had become an influential figure in Chanaea.

No matter where rumors about Jonathan's character came from, all of them mentioned that he was a ruthless, decisive, cruel, and extremely dangerous man.

Everyone thought he was the type of formidable hero who would choose to fight to the death against an undefeatable opponent.

No one thought he would just turn around and escape shamelessly.

Is this guy really the Military God of Asura's Office? Lauryn couldn't help but reassess her view on Jonathan.

"Is that old man chasing after us?" he asked as he held onto her legs.

Even though he still had no idea how Vladimir managed to vanish and reemerge earlier, there was one thing he had learned from the fight—he couldn't trust his spiritual sense any longer.

When Lauryn was asked that question, she raised her head and looked. "He's coming! I think he'll only need at most ten breaths before he catches up to us!"

"Ten breaths?" Jonathan muttered.

As he stared at the mountain in the heart of Summerbank Abyss, the look in his eyes turned serious. I need to find a way to shake off this old man. As long as I can make it to Joselle, I'll be safe! However, I think I need at least twenty minutes to make it there. Do I have enough time—

"He has disappeared, Jonathan!" Lauryn exclaimed.

At that instant, he forcefully changed his course.
Bam!

A horsetail whisk suddenly appeared where Jonathan was standing earlier and created a loud bang when the attack landed on the ground.

When Vladimir appeared, Jonathan finally saw the trick to that technique.

The moment the old man emerged, the surrounding space twisted a little bit. That fitted the description of the space-altering formation in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Oh yeah, Summerbank Abyss does have a space-altering formation! It's not that Vladimir is teleporting all over the place. He's just using the formation to go through shortcuts! This is the same as walking in the fog for a hundred meters yet appearing a thousand meters from the starting point upon exiting the fog! When his train of thought ended there, joy appeared on his face.

He slapped Lauryn's butt and shouted, "Keep a close eye on Vladimir! His ability to teleport isn't unlimited! You need to tell me the moment he disappears!"