

## The Legendary Man Chapter 594

### Chapter 594 What I Am Waiting For

“I’m going to kill you, Jonathan!” Lauryn shouted in response to Jonathan’s slap.

Her scream sounded as though it was going to pierce the heavens. It did give him quite a shock.

Then, she shouted again. “He has disappeared!”

With a powerful right kick, Jonathan flew into the air.

Below him, a horsetail whisk swept past his previous spot.

He’s in God Realm’s advanced phase and halfway to becoming a Divine! Jonathan assessed.

It was hard to tell if it was because Jonathan had identified Vladimir’s cultivation level that the latter’s attack was getting agitated. Thanks to the spiritual energy flowing out of the old man’s body, Jonathan was able to see his opponent’s true strength.

Jonathan once fought against the elder of the Osborne family, Garrison, in Yaleview. Back then, Garrison was only in the beginner phase of God Realm. That and the presence of the creepy sound of the bell were enough to make him panic.

However, Vladimir had reached the peak of God Realm. Even if the old man didn’t use the formations to teleport himself around, that horsetail whisk of his was dangerous enough for Jonathan to think he stood no chance of victory. Thus, the only thing Jonathan could do when facing that kind of monster was escape.

“Go!” When Vladimir’s attack missed, the horsetail whisk flew toward Jonathan and wrapped itself around his leg as though it was alive. Since Jonathan was still in the air, there was nowhere for him to dodge.

Not only that, the horsetail whisk possessed the power to destroy spiritual energy, so even if he used a spirit shield, he would still be hit by the attack.

Lauryn was in despair when she saw the countless white strands reaching toward her. However, it was then an ominous aura rapidly spread out from Jonathan’s body.

Clang!

The strands of the horsetail whisk, which looked like white tentacles were blocked by a golden light, and not able to reach her.

She raised her head and looked around.

Currently, both of them were protected by a golden light with runes swimming on its surface.

Thud!

Jonathan landed safely on the ground with Lauryn on his shoulder.

When the horsetail whisk returned to Vladimir, he saw that the white strands had been burned to a crisp.

That shocked him.

After all, the horsetail whisk was a legendary weapon passed down from the head of the Phoebus Sect to the next. It was crafted by using the fur of an unknown demon beast. If the weapon were injected with spiritual energy, the user would be able to manipulate the length and toughness of the horsetail whisk.

Since it possessed the ability to destroy spiritual energy, it became a powerful trump card of the sect and was the reason many experts lost their lives.

That was why it pained Vladimir to see the two-thousand-year-old magical item in that ruined state.

With a gentle wave of the weapon, the burned parts of the horsetail whisk were scattered into the wind.

Then, he turned his gaze to the bronze handbell hanging above Jonathan's head.

"I didn't expect you to possess such a powerful item, Mr. Goldstein. I was right about you. You do possess incredible luck." Vladimir smiled plainly. "In that case, how about we have a chat? If you give me that magical tool and Lauryn, I'll hand you the pill and let you go. What do you say?"

Worry flashed past Lauryn's eyes when she heard that.

While she had a deal with Jonathan, she was worried it had lost its value when he had to face a powerful foe like Vladimir.

In that situation, she felt like a useless deadweight, and she thought Jonathan would've abandoned her to survive.

However, Lauryn didn't know what respectable families meant to Jonathan.

Ever since he learned the true meaning of the phrase 'respectable families,' he had been thinking about how to get rid of those vermin.

He knew no regimes would last forever, but there were respectable families that were known as The Untouchables.

If nothing were done, then Asura's Office would be infiltrated by those respectable families over the years and eventually become their sharpest weapon in just a few decades.

It wasn't an unfounded worry.  
After all, Yaleview was once a powerful city.

However, in just a little over a hundred years, it completely collapsed from the inside thanks to the respectable families.

Thus, to maintain peace in Chanaea, Jonathan decided to uproot those tumors completely.

Since Lauryn was the Blackwood family's daughter, she knew many secrets about the respectable families. Also, she possessed a very high position in that society and was willing to work as a spy for him. In short, someone like her wasn't easy to come by.

That was why Jonathan refused to abandon her.

"I refuse." He stared at Vladimir alertly. "If you had given me the pill from the start, then I wouldn't have interfered for the sake of our friendship. However, your disciple lied to me and lured me into Summerbank Abyss, fully aware that you weren't dead. He said the seal on Summerbank Abyss requires the blood essence of four Grandmasters to maintain. Lauryn and the other three were already enough, yet you still brought me in here. So, I think you've already included me as part of the sacrifice. Isn't that right?"

Vladimir nodded. "The more blood essence we have, the better. Since you showed up uninvited, we didn't feel the need to chase you away. This is the same as two years ago when I save you. It's all because of fate."

Jonathan chuckled. "Since I've already fallen for your trap, there's no reason for me to believe you'll let me go. From the moment you tried to kill me, I've cleared the life debt I owed you. What happens next depends on our skills and abilities!"

When he finished speaking, he turned around and left, with the bronze handbell still on his head.

Even though not much time had passed, the bronze handbell had absorbed a massive amount of spiritual energy from him.

He would be in grave danger if he didn't make it to the mountain soon.

"Be prepared, Lauryn. The moment I stop injecting spiritual energy into the bronze handbell, you'll need to do it on my behalf. Otherwise, I won't have enough spiritual energy to reach the middle of the mountain," Jonathan revealed as he ran.

A determined look appeared in her eyes when she heard that.

If she kept the protective magical item active, she would undoubtedly lose a massive amount of spiritual energy. If he decided to abandon her when her energy ran out, she wouldn't have any energy left to protect herself.

However, there was no other choice for her. Even if she decided not to keep the magical item active, the moment Jonathan abandoned her, she would still be dead.

When her train of thought ended there, Lauryn began gesturing a technique with her hands. "Leave this bronze handbell to me before my spiritual energy depletes."

"Deactivate!" Jonathan exclaimed.

The bronze handbell above his head shook. However, just as it was about to fall, a surge of pure spiritual energy was injected into the item, allowing it to levitate in the air once more.

"I can only support this bell for five minutes maximum!" she informed.

"That's enough time!" he replied as he stared at the mountain ahead.

"Careful, behind you!" Due to Lauryn's fear, an insane amount of energy poured out of her body and into the bell as she shouted. The golden light surrounding them became even brighter.

At that moment, Jonathan grabbed her legs and threw her behind him like a weapon. "That's what I'm waiting for!"

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### Chapter 595 Interlocked

"Ah!" Lauryn's scream reverberated throughout the whole valley.

She could never imagine that Jonathan would throw her toward Vladimir like a weapon. At that moment, the bronze handbell was being kept active by her spiritual energy. Back when she was still hanging on Jonathan's shoulder, the bell hovered above their heads. However, when she was thrown away, the bell followed her and centered on her.

A large golden visage of a bell covered in runes enveloped Lauryn as she flew toward Vladimir.

As for Jonathan, he forcefully kicked the ground and leaped backward.

Clang!

A loud bell sound reverberated throughout the area once more.

The moment Vladimir and Lauryn crashed against each other, a wave of golden light quickly spread out.

"Solidify!" Jonathan shouted.

Fifty meters away, the spiritual energy in front of him materialized into a spirit shield to block the golden wave.

However, in an instant, the spirit shield was blown apart by the golden wave of light. Right after that, he began sprinting toward the center of the explosion.

It was all part of his plan.

He made some calculations in his mind earlier. If he had run toward the mountain in the middle with his current speed, Vladimir would undoubtedly keep interfering in their path, thus slowing them down. It was very likely he and Lauryn would die before they could arrive there.

However, if they wanted to stop Vladimir, then they would need to fight.

While Jonathan wanted to protect Lauryn, he was also willing to sacrifice himself to save others.

Back when he fought against Garrison, the latter once expanded the defense radius of the handbell.

Consequently, Jonathan used all his power to strike the golden light with his palm. As a result, he was sent flying away and fell into a pond tens of meters away while Garrison was turned into a puddle of blood.

The power of the bronze handbell was incredibly potent.

With no weapons in hand, there was no way Jonathan could stop Vladimir successfully. Even with the bronze handbell, Jonathan didn't have the guts to battle against Vladimir. After all, his battle with Garrison taught him that the damage inflicted on people inside the golden light would be more significant than the ones outside. If one weren't careful, they would be disintegrated.

That was what gave him the idea to use Lauryn.

In his mind, it would be for the best if he let her use the bronze handbell instead.

As Jonathan's spiritual sense was activated, his surrounding was imprinted in his mind.

He bolted past Lauryn and materialized his spiritual energy into a blade. "Die!"

In the distance, just as Vladimir stood up unsteadily, he heard Jonathan's roar.

When he raised his head, he saw his opponent had already arrived in front of him.

Without making any noise, Jonathan's blade went straight for Vladimir's throat.

Countless amounts of white strands formed a thick web in front of Vladimir right before the blade reached at its target.

Using spiritual sense, Jonathan clearly felt the blade he made using spiritual energy was torn apart by the spiritual destruction property of the strands. Not only that, the strands immediately moved toward his wrist once the blade disappeared.

“F\*cking hell!” he cursed before he jumped and kicked the shield created by the white strands.

Pft!

A bloody mist was seen from behind the white shield.

It was pretty apparent that the kick dealt significant damage to Vladimir.

Using the backward momentum of his kick, he jumped away from his opponent. Then, without hesitation, he carried Lauryn, used his spiritual energy to grab the handbell, and started running away.

Lauryn was covered in blood as she lay on his shoulder. Her breathing was weak.

“You’re... a sly b\*stard... Jonathan...” she uttered weakly.

If she hadn’t used her protective talisman to absorb the majority of the impact earlier, she would’ve been dead.

Jonathan’s expression was as cold as ice. “If I didn’t save you, you would’ve been dead. If I didn’t use you as a weapon, Vladimir would’ve chased us down and killed us. That was the only way.”

Lauryn could feel he was using his meridians to send pure spiritual energy to her to help stabilize her injuries. Bitterness swelled in her heart. Even though I trusted my family, I was just a tool for marriage for them. Even though I trusted Sofus to help him find his master in Summerbank Abyss, I was tricked and almost died. I thought death would be waiting for me when Vladimir showed up. Yet, not once did Jonathan give up on me. I was touched by that for a moment before I was used by another person again.

As her injuries were getting treated by Jonathan’s spiritual energy, her mind fell into disarray. Was he trying to save me or did he just want to use me as a weapon?

Tears streamed down her cheeks. It was the first time that she, the daughter of a respectable family and the proud disciple of an ancient sect’s elder, experienced the helplessness and sorrow of having her life dictated by someone else.

“If this is the only method, can you tell me if you would’ve agreed to do that if I told you how likely you would’ve died in the process?” Jonathan asked plainly. “You should be grateful that you’re still alive. The last time this happened, the elder of the Osborne family, Garrison, was turned into a lump of rotten meat!”

Upon hearing that, Lauryn went silent.

His pace increased when he noticed she was quiet. “I know you hate me, but we’re still alive. There’s no way we’re getting out of the fog, so our only hope is the mountain up ahead.”

“What’s there?” Lauryn asked with great effort.

“A monster.” Recalling his time with Joselle, worry filled Jonathan’s heart. “There’s an incredibly powerful monster there. If we go there, we may be able to lure that monster to Vladimir. However, it’s also likely we’ll die in the monster’s hand.”

It was a big gamble.

In the past, Joselle tried to kill Jonathan. If he showed up again, and if she attacked him without hesitation, then there was no way he could fight back.

Even if he successfully baited Joselle to kill Vladimir, it would still be difficult for him to escape from her afterward.

However, at that moment, he didn’t have the luxury of perfecting his plan, so he just kept running.

“Be careful, Jonathan! He’s coming again!” Lauryn exclaimed.

In response, Jonathan expanded his spiritual sense backward.

By that point, Vladimir no longer looked like a graceful and composed expert.

He was still holding the horsetail whisk in his hand, but his hair had become loose and the robe he wore looked more like a beggar’s garb. “I want to see where you can escape now, Jonathan!”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 596

### Chapter 596 You Are Dead Meat

On the mountain in the middle, the sound of birds chirping and the fragrance of flowers filled the air. Everything seemed quiet and peaceful.

And in a field halfway up the mountain, Joselle was perched atop a rock, swinging her legs.

“Slave, why don’t you act all cute again for me?”

Act cute?

Irving’s expression turned icy, electricity rippling through his body.

I launch an all-out attack on her, but she dares to think I was acting cute. What’s her cultivation level? She’s a little too terrifying!

A hint of despair flashed in his eyes as he cast his gaze over the twenty-three shriveled corpses and skeletons.

I'm not Jonathan, but as the head of the Phantom Sect's last disciple, I know a little about some secrets. Although their clothes have seen better days after exposure to the wind and rain, I can tell from the style and material that they were disciples of various ancient sects. In fact, two of them had on gorgeous and colorful clothes. Despite being torn and tattered, the colors are still as vibrant as when they were new. Just one look is enough to tell that they weren't just any ordinary clothes.

Irving compared the two sets of clothes with the portraits of the two missing God Realm-level elites in his mind, and what he concluded made his heart sink.

These two corpses are them! This woman sure has a weird taste, arranging dead bodies into different poses for fun. If I don't think of a way to get out of here, I'm afraid I won't be able to escape a similar fate as them.

With that thought in mind, he moved abruptly and dashed downhill.

Although he made the same decision as Jonathan, his cultivation level was one tier lower than the latter.

Hence, he only managed to run two steps before getting stepped on.

Joselle lowered her head and giggled as she pressed her foot against Irving's face.

"One escaped earlier, so I sure can't let another do the same. Otherwise, I'll be bored out of my mind."

Just then, a buzzing noise rang out from the foot of the mountain.

Clang!

Joselle turned and gazed in that direction after hearing the sound of a bell ringing.

Then, a beam of golden light pierced through the tops of the trees and shone toward the mountaintop.

There was a loud thud as Jonathan crashed into the side of the mountain with Lauryn in his arms while wielding the bronze handbell.

The jarring impact caused a retrograde blood flow in Jonathan, and his meridian and spiritual energy were also slightly affected.

There was also a flickering golden light around him. Jonathan and Lauryn rolled down the side of the mountain, only coming to a stop after knocking into a sitting corpse and shattering it to pieces.

"Jonathan?"



Joselle looked as though she had just discovered a new continent when she saw Jonathan. Forgetting all about Irving under her foot, she rushed over to Jonathan excitedly.

Then, she reached out and took Lauryn from Jonathan's arms. Due to the shockwaves from the bell earlier, Lauryn was covered in blood.

Joselle merely cast a careless glance at Lauryn before tossing the latter aside, looking somewhat displeased.

The way she did so was no different from how she would throw garbage.

"I've caught you, Jonathan," Joselle declared with a grin.  
A chill ran down his spine as he gazed at her beautiful face.

This little br\*t looks harmless, but the brutality of her actions is the worst I've ever seen in my life. Even Hades, one of the Eight Kings of War known for his coldness, might not be a match for her. If possible, I never want to see her again. Who would've expected me to return to this place of my own accord after only a few hours? Oh, what a cruel twist of fate!

"Joselle, it has been a while since we last met."  
Jonathan forced some semblance of a smile as he spoke while discreetly feeling about next to him.

When he landed earlier, the bronze handbell lost its bond to his spiritual energy and fell next to him.

If I have the bronze handbell, I'll still have a sliver of hope.  
"Jonathan Goldstein, I told you before that I'd kill you if I caught you. Now, prepare to die!" Joselle declared with a cackle. She raised the spear in her hand, about to throw it straight at the point between his brows.

Just then, a thin figure wielding a horsetail whisk appeared next to the group. It was the person who had been in hot pursuit—Vladimir.

At the same time, Jonathan finally felt the bronze handbell beneath his fingers. Almost without thinking, he roused his spiritual energy and channeled it outward through his hand.

However, what happened next stunned him.

Within his subconscious mind, a pitch-black space appeared out of thin air. Scattered messily about inside that space was a random collection of items.

There were clothes, gold bars, food, drinks...  
However, the oddest thing was the sense that something strange was going on surfacing in his heart.

As long as I will it to be, these things I see will instantly appear right before me. What's going on? Shouldn't a shield appear when I channel spiritual energy into the bronze handbell? Why have these things popped up?

He subconsciously glanced down at the bronze handbell in his hand. However, he was not holding a handbell. It was clearly a black ring.

It's a magical item for storage!

The moment Jonathan saw the ring, his eyes widened instantly.

According to miscellaneous records, the cultivators of yore would refine a magical item for storage to conveniently store things. For the most part, those magical items were in the form of rings, bracelets, and belts. And as luck would have it, I've somehow managed to stumble upon a storage ring!

He turned to look at the dried-up corpse he had smashed to pieces. Gazing at the vibrant colors of the torn clothes, he came up with a conclusion inwardly.

Although a ring like this was a common sight in the olden days, it's a rare treasure nowadays. If I go by my earlier speculation, this must be the body of the cultivator from the ancient sects who went missing thirty years ago. Could this storage ring have fallen from his hand?

While Jonathan was distracted by his thoughts about the storage ring, Joselle had already started walking toward Vladimir.

"Wow! So many slaves! What's that thing in your hand with the white hairs?"

As Joselle spoke, she stretched out a hand to touch the horsetail whisk Vladimir held.

However, Vladimir was already in a rage after getting tricked by Jonathan and did not care to entertain her curiosity.

"You little br\*t! Where on earth did you come from? Move away!"

Vladimir could not restrain himself from flicking the horsetail whisk at Joselle's face.

Hearing a soft snap, Vladimir paused momentarily as he was walking toward Jonathan.

The movements of Joselle's spiritual energy were so faint that they resembled one at the Grandmaster Realm at most.

Hence, Vladimir did not think of her as a threat at all. Only Jonathan knew that the shifts in her spiritual energy were not a reflection of her true strength.

One would think that's all she's capable of when, in fact, she has merely inadvertently revealed the tip of the iceberg.

When Jonathan saw Joselle grab the horsetail whisk he had failed to deflect even once, he roared with laughter.

"And there I was, wondering how to make you attract even more attention. I didn't think you'd be so daring as to attack my master. You're dead meat!"