

## The Legendary Man Chapter 597

### Chapter 597 The Mystery Of Summerbank

Master?

Hearing Jonathan's words, Lauryn directed her gaze toward Joselle in puzzlement.

At the same time, Irving, whose cheek swelled up terribly, was throwing a scornful glare at Jonathan.

He finally understood why Joselle would knock him out for no reason and bring him here.

How is that pure coincidence? Jonathan must've run toward me on purpose to divert attention! D\*mn it! I'll kill him sooner or later!

Irving could not help but curse inwardly after catching a glimpse of that smug expression on Jonathan's face as if he had succeeded in his treacherous plan.

On the other hand, Vladimir's horsetail whisk was grabbed so tightly by Joselle that no matter what he did, he could not withdraw it. He was undoubtedly dumbfounded.

"Who are you?"

A frosty glint flashed across Vladimir's gaze as he sensed the intimidating aura radiating from Joselle.

"I didn't have a name previously, but I do now. I'm Joselle Goldstein. Your capabilities aren't too bad. How about you become my slave too?" Joselle said with a laugh.

"Joselle Goldstein?" As soon as Vladimir heard that name, he instinctively turned to look at Jonathan.

The same surname? Why does it feel like they're siblings?

What truly baffled him was Jonathan's greeting earlier.

Vladimir's eyes dimmed as he fixed them on Jonathan and the rest.

"Since you're all here, it saves me some time and effort to go and search for everyone. Well, this makes things easier for me!"

As he spoke, the spiritual energy within him began to surge. The horsetail whisk in his grip suddenly expanded into innumerable white threads that filled the skies before wrapping around Joselle's body.

Then, those white threads tightened abruptly, turning Joselle into a giant cocoon.

“Run!” Jonathan shouted at Lauryn and reached out to grab her hand to flee the scene with her.

But as he got up to Lauryn, a strange-looking gun full of murderous intent rested close to his forehead before piercing through the ground right before him.

It was Joselle’s gun.

The muscles in Jonathan’s body tensed up as he turned to look at the white cocoon beside him.

On it was a hole the size of a bowl, where he spotted Joselle wearing a smile while peeking through curiously.

“I won’t let you get away just like that!”

Following a giggle, she pried the hole with her slender hands, and before long, she tore the white cocoon apart without much force.

Jonathan stared wide-eyed at the overwhelmingly domineering scene before him. He had put up a fight with Vladimir’s horsetail whisk earlier. He knew clearly how tough and formidable that weapon was. Yet, Joselle had managed to rip it apart with her hands.

Despite knowing how scary Joselle was, he could not help but feel stupefied.

Nonetheless, the one most astonished at that point was not Jonathan but Vladimir.

After all, Vladimir understood that magical item well since it belonged to him. Having watched it get destroyed without much effort by Joselle, he could not comprehend how fearsome she was.

He stared at Joselle nervously as he tried to escape the scene.

“Who are you exactly?”

“I am your master!”

Joselle let out a light chuckle. With a leap, she traveled a distance of more than ten meters and landed right before Vladimir.

Seeing her appearance, he swung the horsetail whisk in his grip toward her direction without hesitation.

Though Vladimir was well aware that his horsetail whisk could not hurt Joselle, he thought it was more than enough if it could fend her off for a short while.

Before long, a geomantic compass appeared in Vladimir's palm out of nowhere.

"Three Ultimate Formations! Restrain them!"

As his hand gesture took effect, a mysterious force spread out rapidly.

With Vladimir as the center, everything within a hundred-meter radius came to a halt as though time had frozen.

Jonathan and the others, as well as the flora and fauna in the surroundings, all turned frozen instantaneously.

Joselle's hand, which had come so close to Vladimir's neck, also stopped in its movement simultaneously.

While Jonathan froze in position—with one hand grabbing onto Lauryn's wrist, sheer shock inundated him after witnessing Vladimir's move.

The Grandmaster Realm cultivators could activate a Grandmaster's force field to trap everything within a certain perimeter.

Basically, its theory was to use one's force field to fill the space and one's spiritual energy to create a spirit shield to confine the targets one wanted to have control or restrain over.

However, that was not the case for Vladimir's move.

There was no spiritual energy nor any feeling of restraint. Instead, that feeling closely resembled how the world should have been.

Everything—from falling leaves to birds and insects—should stay suspended in the air. It was a feeling close to nature.

Yet, that brought intense fear from deep within Jonathan.

"Who exactly are you? I can't believe I had to use the formation plate to keep you in place. How did you manage to enter Three Ultimate Formations?" Sweat droplets covered Vladimir's forehead as he loudly questioned Joselle, who almost killed him.

But in the next instant, Vladimir averted his gaze toward Jonathan and the others.

What caught his attention was the two rows of mummified bodies on the ground.

Vladimir did not have the time to give too much thought as he got into a fight with Joselle immediately after rushing there in a fit of rage. Now that he spotted those bodies, his eyes darkened.

In the formation of the Three Ultimate Formations, other than several cultivators who ventured in by themselves, the other cultivators who disappeared there were lured inside by Phoebus Sect.

There were many instances where Phoebus Sect would lure four cultivators there, but in the end, there would always be one or two missing.

It was also because such occurrences were frequent that Sofus would conveniently invite Jonathan after running into him then.

The purpose was to use Jonathan as a substitute had anyone gone missing again.

Comprehension dawned upon Vladimir after seeing those bodies at that point—those people who went missing were not devoured by the demon beast but were turned into various shapes and forms of mummified bodies.

Staring at those bodies, Vladimir jolted in terror.

His heart thumped even more wildly when he noticed the bodies of the two God Realm fighters.

After all, among the two, Rory was a well-known cultivator in the martial arts world. Even Vladimir had to greet him politely if they ever crossed paths.

Even someone like Rory has died here. Even though Summerbank Abyss is a part of Phoebus Sect, these mummified bodies definitely aren't our doings. Who the hell did this?

"Do you like my slaves too?" Behind, a crisp voice sounded. Vladimir leaped a few meters away before he mustered the courage to whip his head around.

Standing right in front of Jonathan, Joselle reached out and slowly pulled out that strange-looking spear.

"Old shorty, how did you freeze people on the spot just now? It seems fun. How about you play with me from now on?"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 598

### Chapter 598 Going All Out

Joselle's words sounded like a death sentence to Vladimir.

"How is this possible?" Vladimir looked at the formation plate in his hand and exclaimed. "Freeze!" he shouted at the top of his voice while forming a hand seal with one hand.

Jonathan could clearly sense strange energy waves circling Joselle beside him. However, the energy that froze him on the spot merely slowed down her movement a little before losing its effect.

“I’m tired of this trick of yours. Are there any other tricks you can show me?” Joselle asked teasingly, still holding her spear.

The next moment, she swung her spear, and a ripple visible to the naked eye unfurled on its tip.

With just one wave of the spear, the strange sense of restraint holding Jonathan and the others captive disappeared as if it was never there.

Boom!

Following the loud noise, Vladimir was sent flying while Joselle charged at him.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

As the dense collision sound drifted away, Jonathan and the other two fell to the ground, for the pressure that Vladimir and Joselle had on them earlier was overwhelming.

Vladimir was one step to the Divine Realm. Although he was still in the God Realm, with the help of the magic weapon’s power, Jonathan and the others were no match for him. As for Joselle, she was even more terrifying. Although no one could see any signs of her cultivation level, every move she made exuded overwhelming power.

Jonathan once suspected that she was a cultivation expert above the Divine Realm, but she had lost all her memories due to certain incidents.

The biggest basis for that speculation was Joselle’s appearance.

According to her, she had been in Summerbank Abyss for at least a few decades.

However, she still looked like a young girl in her late teens. According to the miscellaneous records, only those in the Ultimate Realm and halfway to achieving immortality could retain their youth and never age.

A half-immortal... It only exists in myths, even in ancient times. Is there truly such a terrifying being in the present world where cultivators have almost vanished?

Feeling the energy waves of Joselle and Vladimir fading away, Jonathan turned to look at Lauryn, who was covered in blood.

“Can you still run? Vladimir can’t resist for a long time. We must take this opportunity to leave quickly.”

Lauryn cast a complex gaze at him.

From the moment Jonathan rescued her, she became a part of his ploy even though he held her in his arms to protect her as much as possible in the end.

However, having been used by him repeatedly, she did not know whether she should trust him again.

At that moment, Irving was still sprawled on the ground with flushed cheeks. "Lauryn, help me unblock my meridians and acupoints!" Irving cried as he looked at Lauryn in pain.

While still supporting Lauryn, Jonathan flicked his finger and a burst of spiritual energy flew straight to Irving's lower abdomen to unblock his meridians. Feeling the spiritual energy rushing in his veins again, Irving leaped up.

"Jonathan, don't make me hold a grudge against you. Do you think I'm unaware that it was you who led that she-monster to me?"

Seeing Irving's self-absorbed manner rendered Jonathan speechless.

If he knew the former's location, he would be capable of doing such that to cause a diversion.

However, he had no idea that he would meet Irving in that place, so he felt aggrieved by the accusation.

Even so, Jonathan did not have time to argue such nonsense with Irving. Looking at the girl with blood covering her face in his arms, he urged, "Either follow me or Irving, Lauryn. It's up to you. Even though Vladimir and Joselle have left, it won't take long before one of them gets the upper hand. It doesn't matter who wins or loses. As long as they catch up with the three of us, I'm afraid none of us will survive. We must leave immediately."

"Even if we leave, where can we go?" Lauryn uttered softly, "Although Summerbank Abyss isn't a small place, it isn't that big either. Now that the outermost mist wall is impossible to pass through, where can we run to even if we leave this place?"

After successive twists of events and pursuits, the former daughter of a respectable family had become utterly despondent to the point that there was even a sense of dejection in her tone.

On the contrary, Irving spat out a mouthful of blood while rubbing his swollen cheek at the side before remarking, "Although we are no match for them, we can't just stand here and wait to die."

After giving Jonathan a frosty look, he contemplated for a moment and continued, "Although I want nothing more than to kill you, I think we should leave together so that our chances of survival will be higher given our current situation."

Jonathan met Irving's somewhat reluctant expression with indifference.

Sure enough. There are no eternal enemies, only eternal interests. Before entering the abyss, he was adamant about killing me. However, in the face of a common enemy now, he chose to give up his revenge to join forces with me. He looks like a simple-minded and reckless guy, but just for the fact that he dares to humble himself at any time, he does display certain aspects of an exemplary hero.

Despite acknowledging Irving's courage, Jonathan still shook his head slightly.

"No. We can't leave together," he said flatly.

Irving frowned. "But you're Asura, Jonathan, the pillar of Asura's Office. This can't be all the bravery you have, right?"

"This has nothing to do with courage." Jonathan responded while shaking his head, "I'm sure you've seen the abilities of those two, and, frankly speaking, if several cultivators who are part of the God Realm like me were to join forces, they may pose a certain threat to Vladimir. But if it's just the two of us, we are far too weak. For a battle of this caliber, you guys aren't even qualified to participate, and I'm only talking about facing Vladimir. If our opponent is Joselle, it doesn't matter how many of us join forces as it would also be useless—she is invincible."

Despite feeling indignant, Irving could not find any words to refute Jonathan. After all, the latter had recovered his cultivation, which was one level higher than his.

Hence, even if he found it hard to accept, it was still the truth.

Jonathan looked in the direction Joselle and Vladimir went before adding, "Besides, I came to the abyss this time for a pill. There's someone out there who is waiting for me to save her. I can't leave empty-handed."

"Jonathan..."

Lauryn knew that Jonathan was not lying as she had heard the previous exchange between him and Sofus.

"I hope you're not thinking of snatching the pill. You'll die!" she said worriedly.

Jonathan handed her over to Irving before replying, "My relative needs the pill to save her life, so I must go all out!"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 599

### Chapter 599 Flaming Tree

Jonathan ran like the wind in the dense forest.

After parting ways with Lauryn and Irving at the central mountain, he took the opposite path from them.

In actuality, Jonathan also understood that his chances of surviving would be a little higher if he left with the other two.

Although they were merely Grandmasters, he understood the logic behind harming the interest of others for one's benefit.

If he brought them along with him, he could at least use them to get out of a critical situation as he did before.

However, Jonathan did not wish to do that for a simple reason.

As Lauryn said earlier, if we can't find a way to leave this abyss, it's only a matter of time before we die. Even if I use her and Irving to escape from death twice, I'll only be delaying my death at most. Just like a line from a book saying that when a prison car is on the way to the execution ground, the number of red lights it encounters or whether or not it breaks down does not help with the situation at all.

While determining the direction, Jonathan stuffed a bitter fruit into his mouth, chewing hard before swallowing it.

It was the same type of spiritual fruit he previously ate, which he discovered when he passed by earlier.

Although the fruit was not ripe and extremely bitter, it contained plenty of spiritual energy that could quickly make up for what he had lost.

Jonathan knew that the pill was most likely with Vladimir, but if he got himself involved in the battle between the latter and Sophia, it would be no different from courting death.

Hence, he planned to head back and look for Sofus first to try his luck.

If the pill is with Sofus, it'll save me a lot of trouble.

The ground beneath his feet quickly fell back, and Jonathan jumped down from a mountain peak.

Seeing that the bloodstains on the ground were clearly visible, he knew it was the spot he fought with Sofus earlier.

However, the latter had already vanished.



Jonathan looked around with the bronze handbell above him and finally found a few drops of blood more than ten meters away.

“Do you think you can run away?”

His gaze turned frosty as he ran in the direction of the bloodstains.

In a valley, an ancient tree with a wide canopy was swaying in the wind. One would call the canopy of the tree wide because it was half the size of a soccer field, and under the leaves that danced like flames, dangling white roots swayed gently.

If such spectacular and beautiful scenery existed beyond the abyss, it would have been a popular photo-taking spot for influencers.

However, there was a mountain of bones under that huge tree that would cause anyone to shudder at the sight.

Jonathan looked beneath the tree from his position on the hillside and noticed that Sofus was stepping on the bones and staggering toward the tree.

Upon reaching the tree, the boy slashed the tree trunk with a battle axe, removing the bark after several slashes.

Then, Sofus half-knelt on the ground and began to lick the trunk with his tongue like a puppy.

What’s that?

Jonathan stared at Sofus with widened eyes.

At that moment, he could already feel the strong vitality coming from the latter’s body.

After a breath or two, Sofus stood up again.

As for the ancient tree trunk, it went back to its original state as though the slashing never happened.

The fiery red giant branches and leaves swayed in the wind.

Pieces of red leaves fluttered in the air, but before they landed on the ground, they had already turned into dust and dissipated in the sky.

That is caused by the dissipation of life aura!

Jonathan stared wide-eyed at the boy under the tree.

What this guy ate just now was the life essence of this tree! I smell danger!

While commending the peculiarity of the tree, Jonathan suddenly had the impression that he was being targeted.

“Defend!”

Around Jonathan, countless spiritual energy quickly entered the strange bronze handbell, and streaks of golden light quickly formed beside him.

As runes appeared, a broken horsetail whisk suddenly appeared out of thin air behind Jonathan and hit the shadow of the handbell.

Vladimir!

Jonathan was sent flying in mid-air, and at the spot where he previously stood, Vladimir’s figure appeared, looking disheveled.

However, just as Vladimir’s figure appeared, it disappeared again, and at that instance, a phantom impaled the spot where he stood.

Boom!

Rocks crumbled, and the whole earth seemed to tremble.

Joselle separated the scattered gravel that landed on the spear lightly. She still had the same playful and naive look, but every time she attacked, a sense of powerlessness would emerge from the deepest part of anyone’s heart.

Jonathan stabilized himself on the mountaintop opposite the valley before lightly touching the storage ring with his right hand, and a short stick with intricate runes appeared in his hand.

As spiritual energy flowed into it, the less-than-a-meter-long short stick instantly turned two meters long. On its surface, the runes lit up one after another, and both ends of the long stick had become crimson.

The heat radiating off the long stick made Jonathan feel slightly at ease.

Previously, he only heard Irving mentioning that two seniors in the martial arts world vanished in Summerbank Abyss.

However, he did not expect one of them to have so many treasures.

Just this magical item that can change its size alone is probably priceless, but I don’t know if the power of this item can withstand the attacks of Vladimir and Joselle.

Vladimir stood in the valley in his wretched state and turned to look at Sofus next to him.

“You... You absorbed the life essence of the Flaming Tree?”

Sofus looked like he was still on the verge of death, but at present, other than his

unkempt clothes, he was full of vigor and did not appear to be injured at all, so naturally, Vladimir understood what his precious apprentice had done.

“Master... I was injured too badly just now—”

“Bullsh\*t!”

Vladimir stretched out his hand and slapped Sofus’ cheek.

“Do you know the importance of this Flaming Tree? It’s the only seedling left in the world. If something happens to it, there’s nothing you can offer to compensate it!”

With just a slap, Sofus was sent flying dozens of meters and spat out a dozen teeth.

After wiping his mouth, he struggled to stand up.

“Master, am I not as important as a tree?”

Sofus’ voice trembled as he said that, and his eyes teemed with confusion and bewilderment.

However, Vladimir’s gaze was cold, and he merely snorted when he heard the boy’s words.

“Useless prick! I’ve trained you for sixteen years and put so much effort into it, but you can’t even handle a few Grandmasters. I truly don’t know what’s the point of me keeping you!”

Vladimir stared at the red leaves that kept falling from the Flaming Tree before turning to look at Sofus.

“I can’t let anything happen to the Flaming Tree. Since you absorbed its life essence, you must replenish what you have taken. Now, die!”