

The Legendary Man Chapter 600

Chapter 600 Survival

Sofus turned and ran after Vladimir spoke.

If it were anybody else, Sofus might not have believed them. Since it came from his mentor's lips, he knew the latter would carry out his promise.

However, Vladimir was not letting Sofus go easily. The former gazed warily at the hill in the distance where Joselle was before disappearing in a flash.

Meanwhile, Joselle kicked the spear beneath her feet and sent it tearing through the air toward Sofus' back.

Vladimir reappeared with a whoosh in midair. The horsetail whisk he yielded morphed into a giant hand formed entirely of white strands as it grabbed the spear.

Jonathan felt confused as he watched Vladimir.

Is he rescuing Sofus? What's going on between the both of them?

He then cast a spell and gave chase to Sofus while Joselle and Vladimir fought.

"Hand over the pill, Sofus!"

Thanks to his God Realm cultivation level, Jonathan intercepted Sofus in seconds.

"Stop dreaming, Jonathan!" Sofus shouted through gritted teeth. "You wouldn't be able to escape if you don't run now!"

The black magical item in Jonathan's hand was covered in leaping flames. Despite the continuous approach of Vladimir behind Sofus, he did not care in the slightest.

"I'm here for the pill. Once I get it, I won't interfere with the d*mned affair of Phoebus Sect."

"F*ck your pill!" Sofus roared.

"The pill is only a common Condensing Pill mixed with the original sap of the Flaming Tree. Go back and chop down the Flaming Tree. Aside from treating serious injuries, regenerating lost limbs is also not beyond the realm of possibility."

Sofus' words took Jonathan by surprise.

That's right. I've been so occupied with the pill that it didn't occur to me how Sofus' grievous injury was cured by taking a few sips of the sap from the Flaming Tree. Why should I go to such lengths when something much more convenient is within reach?

During the intervening space of Jonathan being surprised, Sofus had already escaped in another direction.

“The sap of a Flaming Tree is only effective for cultivators, Jonathan. And only adept cultivators at that.”

Vladimir’s roar of anger sounded from behind Jonathan.

“Unless the person you wish to rescue is of Grandmaster Realm, the victim who drinks the original sap from the Flaming Tree will implode and die instantly.

“Besides, do you know how to store the sap, so its potency is retained? Do you know how to get out of Summerbank Abyss? Capture Sofus, and I’ll give you the pill and take you out of here.”

Jonathan understood from the urgency in Vladimir’s voice that the old man did not have much time left.

The feeling of being blackmailed is not a pleasant one.

Jonathan frowned as he watched the incessant battle between Joselle and Vladimir in the distance.

Though it was only a flash, he had clearly felt Joselle’s spiritual sense locking in on him.

If Vladimir fell in defeat, I would be the next one to die by Joselle’s hand.

However, Jonathan also knew that they would not be able to defeat Joselle even if he joined forces with Vladimir.

“What are you still standing around for, Jonathan?”

Vladimir’s bellow assaulted his eardrums once more.

“The woman is the monster suppressed by the Summerbank formation. The efforts of four Grandmaster Realm cultivators are required every three years to seal her.

“The process of sealing this time is only conducted halfway through. Now, the strength of the formation could not yet threaten her. Capture Sofus and use him as the foundation of the formation. Otherwise, we will all die!”

This time, Jonathan hesitated no longer and dashed off in Sofus’ wake.

Vladimir’s words unraveled Jonathan’s many questions over the past two days.

Though he could not trust Vladimir entirely, the only thing he could do at the moment was capture Sofus.

The boulders cracked beneath his feet. Every stride Jonathan took appeared a dozen meters ahead.

“I’ll ask you this one last time, Sofus. Do you have the pill or not?”

“Go to hell!” Sofus’ face was flushed red as he cursed at Jonathan beside him.

“Shatter!”

Following Sofus’ shout, a strange ripple dashed toward Jonathan’s face.

The runes glowed. Amidst Sofus’ wail, Jonathan heard a low chanting.

Spiritual sense assault?

Jonathan was slightly taken aback by the sight of Sofus on the ground writhing in pain while clutching his head.

Lauryn had told him once before about Sofus’ mastery of spiritual sense assault.

Though Jonathan had come prepared, spiritual sense assault was ethereal in nature. His wariness would prove fruitless.

It was a pleasant surprise that the strange bell above his head could block even a spiritual sense assault.

It was obvious that Sofus’ current predicament was a consequence of the recoil from his own attack.

Jonathan sealed Sofus’ meridian and tore the latter’s shirt apart.

A bronze mirror the size of a plate fell to the ground.

Jonathan clearly felt three paths swirling restlessly from other directions when he picked it up in his hand.

The bronze mirror must be how Sofus managed to locate Lauryn and the others.

Though he failed to locate the pill, Jonathan lifted Sofus and ran toward Vladimir.

“I’ve captured Sofus for you. Give me the pill!” Jonathan shouted toward the pair of combatants engaged in battle.

“Go to the Flaming Tree,” Vladimir shouted back. “It is the burial ground of the formation. If you want to seal this demon, you could only do it there.”

Grabbing Sofus by the waist, Jonathan turned to leave.

In order to leave the abyss, he must obtain the pill and, more importantly, remain alive.

Nobody would survive if Joselle is not sealed!

“You can’t do this to me, Vladimir! I’ve thought of you as my father for sixteen years. You can’t kill me!” Sofus lay on the white bones under the Flaming Tree, sounding hoarse from yelling.

“Help me hold the demon at bay for a minute, Jonathan. Let me complete the sealing.”

The horsetail whisk in Vladimir’s hand had by then looked like a tasseled spear with only a few strands of hair remaining.

A talisman appeared, and rays of green light emitted from the talisman in every direction. Within the span of a breath, they combined into a complex yet beautiful symbol.

An immense palace materialized out of thin air and enveloped Joselle.

Jonathan sensed something. His feet bent slightly before he leaped up with the magical item in his hand aimed directly at Joselle’s head.

Boom!

The spear in Joselle’s hand dispersed the green formation marks. The flaming staff in Jonathan’s hand struck at the same time.

Within the span of a second, Jonathan and Vladimir had undergone a complete exchange of identity.

There is no more foe or friend. Only our survival matters!

“How dare you lay a hand on your Master, slave? You have a very painful price to pay!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 601

Chapter 601 Seal Joselle

The spear in Joselle’s hand turned into a shadow as it flew toward Jonathan’s throat.

Clang!

The sound of a clock chimed.

Jonathan glowed with a golden light, surrounded by countless complex runes.

Boom!

Though the bronze handbell had blocked the strike, the impact knocked Jonathan over and sent him falling onto the bed of white bones below.

“Hurry up, Vladimir! I can’t hold on much longer!” Jonathan roared before leaping to his feet and dashing once more toward Joselle.

In the meantime, Vladimir had positioned Sofus into a peculiar stance beside the Flaming Tree.

“You mustn’t blame me, my disciple. I’m afraid all of us will die in this abyss if you are not used as the formation base.”

“No!” Sofus cried in despair, sensing the spiritual energy revolving around them.

“You only want to use the Three Ultimate Formations to refine the ancient beast, don’t you?” Vladimir said. “Phoebus Sect has sealed the spirit, and that involved two thousand years of spiritual energy. You are already halfway to the Divine realm. Are you not satisfied?”

“There’s no need to kill me, Master! You are my—”

Sofus stopped speaking abruptly as Vladimir spewed blood which dissipated into the air like mist, within which were three drops of blood that carried a tinge of gold light in its color.

It was the blood essence only available to God Realm cultivators. Every drop was exceedingly precious as it was the essence of a cultivator’s physical body.

Vladimir’s face turned sallow after ejecting three drops of blood essence. In an instant, his entire being seemed to shrivel until he looked like a feeble old man in his nineties.

“I don’t want to kill you but you could only blame your luck for being so. Die!”

Vladimir grabbed the three drops of blood essence and drew his finger on Sofus’ body at great speed.

The three drops of blood essence appeared sparse, but they behaved like acid upon contact with Sofus’ skin. The spot where Vladimir’s finger passed decayed rapidly into streaks of terrifying runic symbols.

“Awaken!”

Following the sound of Vladimir’s exhortation, blood-colored light burrowed out of the white bones in the entire valley.

One streak. Two streaks.

The glint of countless drops of blood solidified into a blood-colored screen with the Flaming Tree as its center.

Sofus, kneeling on the ground, was no longer angry.

Opposite Jonathan, Joselle frowned as she staggered backward. The direction of the spear in her hand had deviated to such an extent that it went half a meter away from Jonathan.

As even half an inch of deviation might lead to a loss during a cultivator's fight, such an error was rather devastating.

Jonathan swung his bat mercilessly against Joselle's skull.

Bang!

Joselle was smashed into the forest below following the sickening thud. Jonathan turned to leave after another thud signified her collision against the forest ground.

He had clearly sensed the extent of Joselle's cultivation at that moment—she was in Divine Realm.

The seal worked!

Before that, he could not have found out about Joselle's cultivation level. However, her cultivation level had been suppressed to Divine Realm at that moment.

“Awool!”

A roar of rage reverberating through the skies erupted from the mountainous forest.

Then, a figure dashed out through the fog amidst crackling branches and tumbling rocks toward Jonathan.

Clang!

The forceful strike sent Jonathan a dozen meters into the air.

Beneath Jonathan was a strange demon beast with Joselle's head but had gray fur all over its body.

“Jonathan! You're going to die!”

The demon beast sounded hoarse. If it did not have Joselle's head, Jonathan would never have associated it with the girl he knew.

The spear whizzed through the air. Jonathan swung the long staff in his hand, ready to deflect it.

Vladimir, on the other hand, was standing below at the center of the Flaming Tree with both hands pressed together.

Leaves of a fiery red rose shade danced in the wind and turned into streaks of light all over the skies as they flew toward Joselle.

“We need the blood essence of one more person!” Vladimir’s voice rumbled across heaven and earth. “The formation will slow her down by ten minutes at most. If you want to live, catch one of the two people remaining!”

A faint red light surrounded Joselle, which did not move in the slightest no matter how she attacked it.

Jonathan gazed at the unceasing movements of the red leaves from atop the valley, but he was plunged deep into thought.

He had heard Sofus’ last words and learned that the formation was not to seal demons away. Instead, it was a formation set up by the Phoebus Sect to seal the ancient beast and plunder its resources of spiritual sense.

That explains how Sofus has made such progress within two years.

After gazing at the trapped Joselle in the distance, Jonathan turned and left after a moment of thought.

Good and evil, right and wrong will all have to take a back seat in the face of survival. I too will die if I do not think of a way to help Vladimir seal Joselle away in ten minutes.

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Irving and Lauryn were running with great speed within the stretch of a mountain range.

“I owe Jonathan for this,” Irving said coldly as he hugged Lauryn. “I will let him go if he were ever at my mercy, but I definitely will not help him. I advise you not to do the same.

“There’s an essential difference between the respectable families and Asura’s Office. Besides, that difference contradicts one another and cannot coexist. Do you think your father will listen to you if you tell him not to go against Jonathan?”

“Or perhaps you think Jonathan will spare the Blackwood family and allow you to reign supreme after he does away with the other respectable families?”

“Stop dreaming. You can’t overthrow power as great as that.”

Although she knew Irving was merely stating facts, Lauryn was unwilling to accept his words.

Before she could open her mouth to retort, a clear voice sounded from beside the pair.

“Let me borrow you for a while, Irving!”

The pair felt their surroundings tightening violently at the new voice and became rooted firmly to the spot by the next moment.

Jonathan threw a fruit into Lauryn’s hand and grabbed Irving by the collar before turning around to leave.

“Enter the outermost mist wall,” he instructed her. “Leave as soon as the formation vanishes. Don’t forget what you promised me.”

Jonathan and his captive then disappeared by the time Lauryn regained her composure.

The tartness of the fruit in her mouth sent pure spiritual energy flooding her throat. Lauryn’s eyes widened as she devoured it. Though the spiritual energy did not heal her injuries, it sufficed at least to pull her through until she arrived at the border of the abyss.

More than half the leaves of the Flaming Tree back in the valley had turned into light and filled the spirit shield sealing Joselle away.

Vladimir panicked at the subtle shift of the surrounding aura. It had been five minutes, and he would die there once all the leaves of the Flaming Tree had fallen if Jonathan still did not appear by then.

Here he comes!

Jonathan emerged once more with an unconscious Irving from the slope to their left when there were barely any more leaves of the Flaming Tree.

“Throw him to me, quickly!” Vladimir shouted excitedly. However, Jonathan shook his head.

“Give me the pill first.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 602

Chapter 602 Rune

Vladimir’s froze as he gazed at Jonathan.

“Do you understand what’s going on, Jonathan? Every second delay means another second closer to our deaths. Are you sure you want to negotiate with me at a time like this?”

Jonathan shrugged. “We don’t have to negotiate. Just let go of Joselle.”

As he spoke, Jonathan dropped Irving and seated himself cross-legged on a rock like he was enjoying the show.

“You little...” Vladimir yelled through gritted teeth, but the sight of the nearly bare Flaming Tree caused him to regain his composure. He wrapped a pill in spiritual energy and sent it flying over to Jonathan.

However, Jonathan shook his head when the pill arrived in his hand.

“This is not the same as the pill I took all those years ago. Since you’re reluctant to work together, I cannot hand him over.”

“Enough!” Vladimir cursed. “Do you actually know what you’re talking about? This is the pill you consumed! We’ll all die here if you don’t believe me!”

Jonathan grinned at Vladimir who was fuming with rage.

“Calm down. I was seriously injured back then and had no idea what I consumed. I wouldn’t know it even if you simply gave me one at random. That is why I must first verify its authenticity.”

Jonathan put the pill carefully away before speaking once more.

“You were the one to have sealed our formation plate before. Hand it over, and I’ll hand Irving to you.”

At the sound of those two words, Vladimir flushed red and nearly spat out a mouthful of blood.

“You are taking advantage of the situation. I won’t give you the formation plate even if I die, Jonathan.”

“Then you will die.”

As Jonathan spoke, he picked up Irving and turned to go.

“Stay where you are!”

Vladimir’s voice sounded from the valley. Jonathan turned around slowly.

“Have you thought about it?” Jonathan said calmly. “Hand over the formation plate!”

"I'll give it to you," Vladimir conceded through gritted teeth. With a flip of his wrist, the formation plate, the size of a palm, morphed into light and landed in Jonathan's hand.

Jonathan reached out to take the square formation plate. As soon as his skin made contact, he learned the formation of the Three Ultimate Formations via a sudden epiphany.

He felt like a giant gazing down on a sand tray where every mountain, river, tree, and flower in Summerbank Abyss was imprinted clearly in Jonathan's mind.

"This is amazing!" Jonathan exulted as he sensed the message brought on by the formation plate.

When he was about to take a more profound step in learning the functions of the formation plate, a shapeless repulsive force came from the formation plate and ejected his mental energy.

"I know you're worried I would use the formation plate against you once we lock this monster away, Jonathan," Vladimir said coldly from the valley. "Though the formation plate is in your hand, it is imbued with my spiritual sense. None of us can use it. Fair enough, isn't it? We'll all die if you don't throw the kid over right now."

As Vladimir spoke, his fingers broke apart. The leaves from the Flaming Tree below ceased falling.

In the distance, the screen of red light surrounding Joselle began to flicker incessantly.

"How are you so ill-tempered despite your age?" Jonathan lifted the unconscious Irving and threw him toward the valley. "He's yours. Hurry up and seal it. I have urgent matters to attend to outside the forest."

"Smart boy," Vladimir snarled before receiving Irving and flying over to the branches of the Flaming Tree.

In the same manner when Sofus was sacrificed, Vladimir once more spent his blood essence and prepared to draw runic symbols on Irving's body.

As Irving's flesh decayed rapidly, a series of talismans appeared on his back.

Just when Vladimir retracted his hand in preparation for the final seal, Jonathan's finger twitched from the summit.

"Disperse!"

Vladimir turned around to gaze at Jonathan when the mantra left the latter's lips.

Irving had been on his knees before Vladimir. The spiritual energy in his body exploded forth, and his cultivation level suddenly jumped from Grandmaster Realm to the middle phase of God Realm.

“Jonathan! Go to hell!” Irving cursed as his eyes flew open. A green bronze handbell flew from his mouth to the top of his head. The shadow of the golden gong appeared for a moment in the midst of all that.

Clang!

With Vladimir’s hand imprinted upon him, Irving’s back shone with a golden light. The bronze handbell grabbed Irving and took flight into the distance.

Under the Flaming Tree, Vladimir stared at his shaking palm with an ugly look on his face.

Only one more summon and the sacrifice would have been completed.

“Why?” Vladimir screamed at Jonathan, looking quite deranged.

“For a simple reason,” Jonathan said plainly as he gazed at Irving glowering at him. “I don’t trust you. Your cultivation level is higher than mine. Once you seal Joselle away and set your sights on me, I would have no guarantee of survival.”

Vladimir gnashed his teeth at Jonathan’s words.

Though the latter only took a guess, Vladimir was indeed planning on doing so.

Once he did away with Joselle, Vladimir would have been able to kill Jonathan with the formation plate. Besides, he was in an opportune spot within the formation. Though it would be difficult to get rid of Jonathan, he was confident that he could do it.

However, he did not expect Jonathan to have preemptively schemed with Irving to deceive his sealing rune.

At that moment, the series of rotting runes on Irving’s back sparked with light. Jonathan examined the direction of every stroke of the runes and focused his spiritual sense on examining Irving’s body as he tried not to overlook any detail.

Irving looked mutinous at the sensation of being scrutinized from all over.

“I was forced to cooperate with you today for the sake of survival, Jonathan. But remember, I will be coming for you one day when I’m out of here.”

“We’ll discuss getting out of here later,” Jonathan replied mildly.

“If my estimations are correct, your method of forcing the progress in your cultivation level is causing huge damage to your spiritual root. When you have an opportunity afterward, bite down on the tree and drink the sap within. It will replenish your deficit.”

As he spoke, Jonathan reached out and removed the bronze handbell on Irving’s head.

“Just as I suspected. Aside from the last summon, which is universal, the sealing method is different every time. Although I don’t know the principle, I can perfectly copy Vladimir’s runes. What we need to do next is to catch him. How long can the boost in your cultivation level last?”

Irving’s gaze betrayed a sliver of doubt as he regarded Jonathan.

“You don’t trust Vladimir, Jonathan, and I don’t trust you. After I help you capture Vladimir, seal the monster, and kill Vladimir, I will be a sitting duck at your mercy.”

Jonathan laughed at Irving’s words.

“You and I are different, Irving. I don’t trust Vladimir and am capable of planning a charade with you to seal the rune. You don’t trust me, but you have no other choice!”

Crack!

The red spirit shield surrounding Joselle cracked open.

“Don’t just stand there! If Vladimir dies by that fellow’s hand, I will be forced to use you to go through with the sealing!”

As he spoke, Jonathan leaped up and dashed toward Vladimir below, armed with a staff.