

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 751

The Legendary Man Chapter 751-Inside the car, Jonethen expended his spiritual sense vigilantly, though not by much.

Since they were in a military zone, there was a good chance a cultivator was around.

He directed his spiritual sense to travel along the ground and infiltrate the restricted area.

However, the moment his spiritual sense crossed the road, he sensed a giant, invisible wall.

Buzz!

Following an eer-piercing buzzing sound, a Hexagram Array appeared in the air around the restricted area.

Shit! As Jonethen stared at the spinning hexagram, he kicked Hossom.

"What's going on?" Hossom looked at the dozens-of-meters-tall hexagram.

"I tried using spiritual sense to check out what's inside, but the moment I unleashed it, that strange formation locked onto my position!" Jonethen had already been exposed, so he opted to raise his body's spiritual energy. "Right now, the array only detected me. Your cover is still intact, so keep pretending as a soldier and don't move. Our collaboration ends here."

The moment he ended his sentence, a dozen figures dropped down from the rooftops of the high-rise buildings.

The Hexagram Array released a blinding light before tripping the vehicle Jonethen was riding in.

Without warning, a rocket flew straight toward that vehicle.

"Since infiltration doesn't work, I guess I'll have to force my way in!" The instant Jonethen removed his mask, he grunted, summoned Heaven Sword, and busted through the roof of the car.

With a wave of his blade, he sliced the rocket in half.

Then he landed on the billboard.

More than a dozen figures promptly surrounded him.

Expanding his spiritual sense, Jonethen speedily probed his enemies' spiritual energy. One God Realm cultivator and thirteen Grendmester Realm cultivators. Did the West Region gether all of their cultivators here?

"You're the God Realm cultivator." A man with the scepter standing behind Jonethen spoke in awkward Cheneese. "There are many God Realm cultivators in Cheneese, but as far as I can tell, they rarely leave the country. I believe they prefer not to cross paths with others. Since you showed up here, I'm guessing you're Asure, the mighty warrior who has disappeared from the battlefield of Cheneese for a long time. Am I correct?"

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“You’re a God Realm cultivator.” A man with a scepter standing behind Jonathan spoke in awkward Chanaean. “There are many God Realm cultivators in Chanaea, but as far as I can tell, they rarely leave the country. I believe they prefer not to cross paths with others. Since you showed up here, I’m guessing you’re Asura, the mighty warrior who has disappeared from the battlefield of Chanaea for a long time. Am I correct?”

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Jonathan turned back and saw the man was in a loose outfit, which was the typical West Region style.

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The man had a red mole on his eyebrow and a dashing face. He was holding a golden scepter as he gazed at Jonathan calmly.

“You know me?” Jonathan asked with a smile.

“Jonathan Goldstein, also known as Asura. Ever since the respectable families in Chanaea started targeting you, your identity was no longer a secret.” Upon pressing his right hand on his left shoulder, the man bowed slightly to Jonathan. “Allow me to introduce myself. I’m Vikas Reitherhorn, the person in charge of Springwyn’s southern defense. Please surrender, Mr. Goldstein.”

Jonathan leaped and landed on the ground like a feather. “You’ll find it difficult to force me into surrendering, so how about this? You tell me what’s inside the area, and once my curiosity is sated, I’ll leave. What do you—”

Before he could end his sentence, his spiritual sense informed him a cultivator behind him was attacking him with a long whip.

Upon gathering a ball of spiritual energy in his hand, Jonathan turned around and gripped the whip.

The moment he did that, the whip turned into a small snake and bit his arm.

Following a faint cracking sound, the snake’s poisonous fangs shattered. It couldn’t even penetrate his spiritual shield before it turned into a puddle of blood.

Jonathan cut the whip with Heaven Sword and turned to Vikas. “It seems that you lot aren’t interested in a conversation.”

“As long as you cooperate, I won’t kill you, Jonathan,” Vikas replied.

“But I will!” exclaimed Jonathan coldly.

The road below his feet cracked, and he arrived in front of Vikas in a flash, his sword centimeters away from stabbing his enemy.

Ding!

A crisp sound reverberated in the air as Heaven Sword and the golden scepter clashed.

Vikas lunged at Jonathan’s throat with his left arm.

Jonathan chanted his mantra, roaring like a giant beast, and threw everyone there into a temporary daze.

However, Vikas was only startled momentarily before he snapped back to his senses.

There was a thin layer of soft, shimmering white light on his body, preventing Heaven Sword from hurting him.

“It’s my turn!” He grinned at Jonathan. The golden scepter vibrated before turning into a sea of golden bugs. Upon spinning in the air, they transformed into a golden tornado and attacked Jonathan.

“Converge!” Jonathan tightened his right grip. Then, the spiritual energy in the space ahead of him seemed to have materialized instantly and rapidly shrank in his direction.

Consequently, the golden bugs were dragged toward him by the powerful torrent of spiritual energy.

In a flash, he sliced the golden bugs with Heaven Sword.

Instead of falling to the ground, the golden bugs split in two and flew toward Jonathan again.

Without delay, he gestured a technique, materializing a layer of Spirit Armor on himself. Sadly, it was gnawed through by the bugs immediately. These bugs are capable of devouring Spirit Armor. That’s pretty good.

Instead of dodging, he activated the bronze handbell and sprinted toward the Hexagram Array. According to Vikas, there’s at least one God Realm cultivator protecting each side of Springwyn. I must know what the thing the West Region is mobilizing its entire military force to protect is.

Of course, Vikas was aware of his intentions.

Vikas leaped toward the array at the same time Jonathan bolted in its direction.

“You shall not pass!” Following his exclamation, the spiritual projection of a statue with three heads and six arms holding a magical item slowly emerged.

A destructive aura exploded from that spirit statue.

The moment Jonathan met the statue’s eyes, he felt as though he was facing the entire universe.

It evoked a veneration for all existence in him, capable of stifling any thoughts of resistance in any living being.

Is this an almighty, secret, ancient technique? Still, Jonathan sent his fists flying toward the sky.

Meanwhile, the statue slammed its colossal hand down at him.

Boom!

The ground shook as a titanic handprint formed on the road.

As the religious icon faded away, three figures landed next to the handprint.

They were three God Realm cultivators.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 752](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 752-As the religious icon vanished, the imagery from the pit emerged before the people.

“Gone?” Vikes frowned.

He then walked to the edge of the pit and looked into it.

The only female cultivator of the four standing before him extended her palm.

A wave of spiritual energy spread out, coalescing into countless thread-like beams that converged at the bottom of the deep pit.

Before long, the woman drew a few drops of blood back into her palm. “This is blood essence, but it has lost its spiritual energy and value.”

The woman tossed the blood droplets aside with her hand.

To her left were a stooped elderly men.

“It may be some kind of substitute technique that uses blood essence as a lure, making it difficult to distinguish the real from the fake.” The elderly man spoke while turning his head to look at the Hexagram Array on the opposite side of the street.

“He must have already gone in.”

Standing opposite the elderly men was the young man. Donning the suit and puffing at the cigarette, the young man burst out laughing. “Vikes, I can’t believe I’m on par with the retard like you! After all that fighting, you couldn’t even tell the enemy was a fake. You’re such an idiot!”

Vikes looked at the young man in the suit icily. “Mind your own business. Don’t cross the line,” Vikes said while slowly reaching out his right hand.

Once again, the swarm of golden insects flocked to his palm before taking shape as the magnificent golden scepter.

Then, without hesitation, Vikes turned and walked toward the Hexagram Array behind him.

“Vikes, what are you doing? Your mission is to guard the southern part of Springwyn. Since he’s already gone inside, it’s no longer your concern.”

“He escaped because of me. I have to catch him back and make things right!”

Vikes sounded calm, but anyone could sense the murderous intent in his voice.

The elderly man zipped through the crowd and stood before Vikes. “Vikes, you’re going to upset God-King.”

As Vikes gazed upon the gleaming beads held by the elderly man, a glint of murderous intent sparked in his eyes. “Master Simbe, we’re both cultivators, and we know the so-called miracles are just mere magical spells. Likewise, God-King is not a real god. He’s just another cultivator who’s reached a level beyond our own. I, too, have a chance of advancing to the Divine Realm. But if you wholeheartedly went to be God-King’s lapdog, you’re just cutting your own cultivation journey short. If God-King wants to blame someone, he can come and find me directly. Get out of my way!”

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"Master Simba!"

The man in the suit leaped in front of the elderly man, attempting to block Vikas' path, but Simba raised his hand and stopped the man in his tracks. "Let him go. You can keep an eye on him for a short period but not for the rest of his life."

Vikas slowly stepped into the Hexagram Array and vanished completely while Simba made that remark.

Meanwhile, the female cultivator, too, walked up to the elderly man. "It's impossible for the three of us to watch over all four directions alone. We must get God-King to send help."

"Just report the truth."

The elderly man tapped the ground gently with his feet, then vanished in the blink of an eye, only to reappear over ten meters away.

After a few moments, the female cultivator departed as well, leaving the man in the suit to stare at the illusion of Springwyn with a complex expression on his face.

Meanwhile, Jonathan cautiously treaded through a dark forest while holding Heaven Sword tightly.

During the final battle, as the swarming golden insects enveloped Jonathan's body, he successfully executed Zebedee's shadow clone technique. While the clones distracted the enemy, Jonathan's true body seized the opportunity to enter the formation undetected.

Springwyn appeared before his eyes after he entered the formation, but instead of detecting any signs of life, he felt a malevolent aura.

As Jonathan darted through Springwyn, he stumbled upon a burning heap of corpses, their flames raging fiercely into the sky.

Standing on a three-story building, Jonathan looked over and noticed at least a dozen mounds of corpses scattered throughout the area. What happened here? Did a massacre take place here?

Instead of investigating further, Jonathan hastened toward a giant statue in the center of a plaza in Springwyn.

However, as soon as he got in, a wave of severe dizziness overcame Jonathan. When he opened his eyes again, he found himself standing in a dense forest.

That was his reaction after he entered the portal formation.

Jonathan still failed to find any trace of life in this forest.

Although no living humans were spotted outside the woodland, there were at least traces of human activity.

The dense forest was enveloped in an eerie silence so unnerving that it could send shivers down the spines of anyone who entered it.

Jonathan activated his spiritual sense, striving to capture a mental image of the surrounding area.

No other plants were visible in the forest except for a leafless variety of trees.

For the first time, Jonathan felt he had done something on impulse. There's no life and sunlight in this place. Where else can I go? I don't even know how to go back.

Crack!

Jonathan came to the realization that he had stepped on a branch as he walked forward.

In this quiet, oppressive space, even the slightest noise seemed to reverberate, causing discomfort to Jonathan's ears.

With that slight noise, the trees around him began to spin slightly.

He immediately sensed this change in the environment with his spiritual sense.

Without any hesitation, Jonathan swung his Heaven Sword to cut off the peculiar trees around him.

Yet, his move had triggered something, bringing trouble upon himself.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The ear-piercing sounds rang out from all directions.

A golden light surrounding Jonathan flickered and constantly changed. Between the sky and the earth, countless branches turned into spikes and shot toward Jonathan from all directions.

Any Superior Realm cultivator could easily withstand the blow from each spike, but the sheer number of spikes in this area made it impossible for Jonathan to defend himself indefinitely. Under these conditions, he would exhaust all his energy and eventually succumb to the forest.

Looking at the branches around him, Jonathan gradually reduced the output of his spiritual power toward the bizarre bronze handbell above his head.

As the golden light around him faded and dissipated, a shield of spiritual power quickly formed around Jonathan, blocking out all the branches and spikes.

This also meant that Jonathan would have to continue exhausting his spiritual energy.

Nonetheless, Jonathan could now attack the peculiar trees outside the protective shield, unobstructed by the golden light of the bronze handbell.

As the flames in his surrounding intensified, the magical item in his hand expanded in size.

The magical item grew to about thirty meters in length before it truly reached its limit.

“Burn!” Jonathan uttered calmly while channeling his spiritual energy into the long staff in his hand.

Around him, flames soared as all the trees pierced by the staff began to burn uncontrollably.

Running swiftly through the forest, Jonathan set the peculiar trees ablaze, one after another.

All of a sudden, a pair of colossal eyes gradually opened.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 753](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 753-The fire was raging in the strange forest. Jonathan stood firmly on the ground with the magical item in his hand, wisely watching the changes happening around him.

Suddenly, a strange bird cry sounded behind him.

Jonathan's spiritual sense rushed to his back, but there were no signs of life in the surrounding area within a hundred meters.

As he turned around, all he saw was the blazing fire.

Everything about that place was odd, but Jonathan was sure of one thing—there were living things there.

After all, a cultivator would never hallucinate.

“Not revealing yourself, eh? Then I'll keep burning until you do!”

The ground beneath Jonathan cracked, and his body disappeared in a flash as he dashed toward the direction of the sound.

His spiritual energy surged, causing his magical item to leave a streak of fire wherever it passed.

The trees there were strongly dry. It took him only a few sprints to create a fiery ground with a radius of a few thousand meters.

If one were to look down from the sky, the dancing flames on the ground and the strange trees twitching in the fire would make them think the forest was alive.

Right then, Jonethen encountered the first living thing in the forest.

It was a bat.

To be more precise, Jonethen did not find it; it was the bat that was the size of a person's palm that found him.

Flapping its fleshy wings, the bat hung in the air in front of Jonethen and studied his face with its head tilted.

Perhaps Jonethen had been oppressed in the forest for too long that he found the bat rather amicable.

He slowly extended his hand, enveloped it with spiritual energy, and held the animal gently.

The bat's body was hot. In fact, Jonethen could even feel the bat's intense heartbeat.

In the next second, the bat lowered its head and bit Jonethen's finger.

The spirit shield instantly broke, and the bat's sharp teeth sank into Jonethen's flesh.

The moment Jonethen felt the pain, he squeezed the bat tight with his left hand until it was completely crushed.

When the bat's blood spurted into the air, the sound of gentle thumping against wooden planks resounded around him.

After plucking the bat's fangs out of his finger, Jonethen looked up and stared at the dark forest ahead of him.

As the fire illuminated the area, pairs of eyes slowly opened and fixed their gazes on Jonethen.

Soon, the number of eyes increased to thousands.

A chill ran down his spine as he stared at the bats hanging upside down from the branches.

The fire was raging in the strange forest. Jonathan stood firmly on the ground with the magical item in his hand, warily watching the changes happening around him.

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Tossing the fangs aside, Jonathan slowly backed away and ran into the blazing fire.

The thousands of bats flew after him, blocking off the view of the sky. With their ability to perform spiritual destruction, even a Divine Realm cultivator would flee, let alone a cultivator from God Realm.

Meanwhile, about several thousand meters away from the fire, a figure was charging toward the forest.

Although the branches kept stabbing at the intruder, they were blocked off by the radiant white light around his body. He was not the slightest bit injured.

The person pursuing Jonathan was none other than Vikas.

He was responsible for guarding outside the formation on the south of Springwyn. He did not know what had happened on the inside when the Hexagram Array blocked off everything.

The moment he entered the formation, he was shaken by the horrifying sight of bloody corpses.

In order to capture Jonathan, Vikas entered the portal formation as well and was transported to the forest.

At first, Vikas had no leads. Lucky for him, Jonathan started the fire at the right time, and Vikas charged in that direction.

What he did not know was that he could have lived longer if he did not encounter Jonathan at that moment.

Jonathan charged through the fire, while the bats zipped after him.

Smack! Smack!

Jonathan swept his staff behind him and turned two bats into nothing but blood mist.

He was confused when he realized the bats' bodies were not strong.

They managed to break through my spirit shield, yet they're so weak. This doesn't match the qualities of a demon beast.

As the ground beneath his feet continued to crack, Jonathan halted and flew backward.

He swung the staff in the air, and many dead bats fell from the sky. In just a few seconds' time, Jonathan had eliminated hundreds of demon beasts.

This time, Jonathan sensed something amiss.

It turned out that the bats were eating corpses of their kind.

Moreover, the bats that ate their kind doubled in size in just a short amount of time. Even the aura in their body seemed to have increased.

Are they demon beasts that devour on others to grow?

Jonathan swung his magical item and smashed the head of the bat that was one and a half meters tall.

He had used fifty percent of his strength in that attack.

If the other bats were hit, they would have exploded into blood mist. However, that bat was still struggling after crashing to the ground.

That bat had only eaten a few bodies of its kind.

Jonathan eyed the bat in bewilderment and mulled it over.

Apart from the bronze handbell, the bats kept banging on Jonathan's protective barrier. However, the bronze handbell's golden light protective barrier was not made of pure condensed spiritual energy, so it was useless against the bats' attack.

Putting it away, Jonathan swung the staff again and brought it down on the bigger bat's head. Only then did it die.

It took seventy percent of his strength, and Jonathan was shocked.

It would take at least a few decades of cultivation for a cultivator to train his or her body to the point of being able to withstand a God Realm cultivator's attack. On top of that, they could not hit a bottleneck during that period. They had to progress swiftly all the way to Grandmaster Realm.

However, the bats had completed the transformation in just ten minutes.

Jonathan scowled as he stared at the bats consuming the bodies of its kind.

I can't keep fighting them. I can't imagine what terrifying existence will be born if I do.

Jonathan kept the staff and fled into the distance with the bronze handbell.

It was then he finally felt something rapidly approaching him from up ahead. It was a spiritual energy that was as powerful as his.

Jonathan unsheathed Heaven Sword, looking as calm as ever.

Anyone who appeared in such a strange place could only be an enemy.

In just a few seconds, the two God Realm cultivators identified each other's identity thanks to the light from the fire.

"It's you!"

"Go to hell!"

The moment their voices rang out, Vikas instantly threw a fist at Jonathan without hesitation.

The wind howled as an invisible palm came rushing toward Jonathan like a collapsing mountain.

Lifting Heaven Sword into the air, Jonathan split the palm into two and leaped out from it.

"Take this!" yelled Jonathan.

Alas, it was too late. The palm that was split into two was like sturdy walls that easily crushed countless bat corpses behind him.

A look of horror crept onto Jonathan's face as he watched the surrounding bats frantically devouring the bodies of their kind.

"We're done for this time."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 754

The Legendary Man Chapter 754-“F*ck you!” Jonethen cussed at Vikes before turning around to flee.

He had only killed a few hundred bets earlier, which ended up creating a Grendmester Realm bet.

Now that there were thousands of dead bets on the ground, Jonethen had a feeling that even a God Realm bet could possibly appear.

Since Vikes was at fault, it was only right for him to deal with it on his own.

Jonethen could not be bothered to spend another second there.

Of course, Vikes was oblivious to all that.

His objective for entering such a place was to capture Jonethen and report to his superiors.

Now that Vikes had met Jonethen, he, naturally, would not let the letter escape.

“You’re not getting away!”

He pulled out his golden magic staff and charged toward Jonethen.

The bronze handbell flickered, and Jonethen resisted the blow without turning around.

“You want to fight? You’d better check out the other side first.”

Spiritual energy flowed out of Jonethen’s hands to form an invisible wave that pushed Vikes toward the bets. He then continued speeding forward.

Jonethen had never admired the wisdom of the people in the past that much before.

The principle of betraying a friend rather than sacrificing oneself described the situation perfectly at that moment.

Vikes had wanted to run after Jonethen. However, the bats on the ground behind him were rapidly increasing in size. Soon, they grew from the size of a human palm to as tall as a human.

“Shit!”

The golden magic staff turned into a myriad of golden insects and flew toward the bats.

Upon collision, the bats devoured all the insects.

Vikes' expression turned grim. He made a gesture to summon the insects back, only to find the insects swallowed by the bats had lost their ability to sense.

These bats can destroy magical items?

By the time he summoned back the rest of his magic staff, it was only the size of his palm.

The next second, Vikes was surrounded by countless bats.

A radiant white glow appeared as Vikes gently rubbed his hands together. Not long after, the remains of the magic staff turned into a bracelet on his wrist.

His lips moved, and tangible scriptures flowed out of his mouth and turned into strips that wrapped around his body.

At first, the bats were furiously attacking the protective white light around Vikes.

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Following behind those bats was a stern-looking Vikas.

It was not his incantation from earlier that drove them away. Rather, it was his concealing his aura that did the trick.

Bats had poor vision. As long as one concealed their aura, they could trick the bats’ senses and make the bats give up pursuing them.

However, Vikas’ incantation was similar to Jonathan’s bronze handbell. If he wanted to maintain the current situation, he had to give up on attacking or his aura would leak out.

It was at that moment Vikas finally understood why Jonathan had fled.

Just a while ago, Vikas had sensed the faint aura of a God Realm cultivator among the bats.

At that moment, Vikas dared not attack the bats. However, he had no better option in the blazing forest than to follow the tracks of the bats and Jonathan.

To Vikas' surprise, Jonathan reappeared with a look of panic.

This time, he did not avoid the incoming bats. Instead, he lowered his head and ran toward them.

“Run!”

Blocking off the bat that was taller than an ordinary human being, Jonathan dashed past Vikas.

Vikas was covered in runes as he cast Jonathan's back an icy gaze.

However, he gave up on controlling his aura and fled with no care for his appearance.

“Jonathan Goldstein, what the hell did you do?” yelled Vikas as he ran.

Jonathan killed the bat in front of him and stared at Vikas in surprise. “Wow! You know how to scold someone using Chanaean?”

“Enough with the nonsense! We need to spread out. Don't follow me!” Vikas bellowed.

With a gentle tap on the ground, he dashed to the left and a faint white light appeared on his body.

Meanwhile, the bats behind the duo divided into two groups, for they had no intentions of giving up on either of them.

As Jonathan turned around to look behind him, he saw two massive, gleaming eyes approaching rapidly in the sky.

They belonged to a bat the size of a basketball court. Jonathan was almost killed by that bat when he was fleeing earlier.

Although the bronze handbell had taken the blow for him, he still suffered some internal injuries.

According to his initial estimation, the giant bat behind him was at least in the advanced phase of God Realm. In fact, it was even possible that it was a Divine Realm demon beast.

Jonathan had never actually encountered the aura of a Divine Realm cultivator.

Although Joselle was of an extremely high cultivation level, she had never really released the spiritual energy of a Divine Realm cultivator. No one knew if it was the suppression of the formation or the ancient beast within her that caused the problem.

Facing the giant bat, Jonathan could sense it had incredible power despite not daring to confirm its cultivation level.

It was the type of power that could make a person feel helpless.

All Jonathan could do at that moment was run.

As he ran, he kept turning around to look at the giant bat above him.

Jonathan could not help but wonder if the giant bat had chosen to pursue him instead of Vikas because he had knocked into it just now.

After pondering for a moment, he turned around and ran after Vikas.

“Wait for me, Vikas! I have a gift for you!” Jonathan yelled at the top of his lungs.

Vikas, who was running at top speed, almost stumbled into a tree when he heard Jonathan’s words.

Jonathan was not giving Vikas a gift. He clearly wanted to divert the bat’s attention and make Vikas the target.

Immediately, Vikas moved his hands and drew a fluorescent formation in the air.

“Seal!”

As soon as he yelled that, the formation in the air flew toward Jonathan, and the forces between the sky and the earth swirled furiously around him.

Although it was only for a few seconds, it gave the giant bat enough time to catch up to Jonathan.

There was a deep buzzing sound, but what Jonathan heard was the sound of rods hitting each other.

Following that, a visible wave of vibration shot toward Jonathan's back.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The bats behind Jonathan exploded into blood mists.

The vibration collided with the bronze handbell and made Jonathan's blood boil intensely.

At that moment, the spiritual energy within Jonathan's body surged.

His skin flushed red, and his body turned around uncontrollably.

"Awoo!"

An ear-piercing howl rang in the air, and the faint shadow of a dragon appeared around Jonathan.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 755](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 755-In just an instant, tiny droplets of blood mixed with Jonathan's spiritual energy before solidifying into a set of crimson armor around his body.

As he gazed at the crimson armor in the distance, the roaring battle spirit surged within him.

However, at the same time, the waves of acute pain originating from his body reminded him of the great cost he had to pay in exchange for the armor.

He was exhausting his life force.

That was the fundamental constituent of the cultivator. A minimal loss could be replenished via the consumption of magical herbs. However, once the loss exceeded the threshold, the cultivator would be utterly drained and ultimately die.

Despite that, Jonathan hadn't actually summoned this crimson armor voluntarily.

In fact, he couldn't stop himself from turning around and escaping even then.

Yet, there was an incessant voice in his head urging him to fight.

Meanwhile, the giant bet, flying in the sky, looked down at Jonethen in slight astonishment.

Jonethen surprisingly noticed a hint of terror in the bet's eyes. Should I fight or flee?

Sensing his life force being rapidly expended, Jonethen dismissed the bronze handbell with a wave of his hand. The next second, he summoned and grasped Heaven Sword.

"Skywards!"

Jonethen used up all his spiritual energy by unleashing that single strike.

He couldn't afford to dreg on the fight with the giant bet or wear the crimson armor any longer.

If the giant bet were indeed a Divine Realm cultivator, and he couldn't kill it with one hit, Jonethen would be the one to meet his end.

Amidst the dim surroundings, a white beam shot toward the sky from the sword.

The silhouette of the Sacred Dragon soared upward from Jonethen's back, dashing toward the giant bet's stomach along with the white glow from the sword.

Ahh!

The giant bet shrieked at the Sacred Dragon silhouette below it.

Within a hundred-meter radius around Jonethen, flames extinguished, tree branches splintered, and sand and gravel flew in the air. It was as though Armageddon had descended upon the world.

A drop of blood the size of a ping-pong ball fell to the floor in front of Jonethen.

Subsequently, blood rained from the sky.

Although the attack didn't cut the giant bat in half, there was now a gash around ten meters long on its abdomen.

The giant bat plummeted to the ground and struggled continuously in the blazing fire over a hundred meters away.

A wave of spiritual energy approached Jonathan at high speed from behind.

His crimson armor disintegrated, and from the moment the Sacred Dragon silhouette dissipated, Jonathan felt his life force stop draining away.

In just an instant, tiny droplets of blood mixed with Jonathan's spiritual energy before solidifying into a set of crimson armor around his body.

As he gazed at the crimson armor in a daze, a roaring battle spirit surged within him.

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Without contemplating further, he took out his last spirit stone.

Jonathan had been saving that stone for Hayes. He was going to deliver it to the latter after visiting Dorian.

Unexpectedly, he came to West Region first.

He had no choice but to use the spirit stone at that critical and desperate moment.

Waves of highly-pure spiritual energy dispersed to the surroundings right after Jonathan took out the top-grade spirit stone.

He utilized his remaining spiritual energy to establish a force field and trapped the spreading spiritual energy in a two-meter radius around him.

He fully restored his spiritual energy after taking just a few breaths, consuming approximately one-tenth of the spirit stone's spiritual energy.

As the spirit stone was an object created through the condensation of the essences of heaven and earth, its spiritual energy could be absorbed without refinement.

Recharging spiritual energy using a spirit stone was significantly faster than consuming a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill.

Meanwhile, Vikas, who was emitting a white luminescence, landed beside Jonathan.

He noticed the spirit stone in Jonathan's hand. Although the stone's energy was confined within Jonathan's force field, Vikas could still sense its immense spiritual energy.

"Spirit essence? You sure have a lot of treasures," Vikas uttered enviously.

Jonathan put away the spirit stone, inhaled the remaining spiritual energy in the force field, and stored it within his energy field. Only then did he turn around to look at Vikas.

“Are you here to enjoy the show?”

“The bat is injured. I think we can kill it,” Vikas said while regarding Jonathan with a scorching gaze.

Jonathan turned to look at the faraway giant bat, which had finally stood up.

“I’m okay with working together, but you need to make the first move.”

After all, Vikas belonged to a different faction and even tried to kill Jonathan before the latter entered that place. Therefore, it was a challenge for Vikas to win Jonathan’s trust.

Vikas took a step without hesitation. The phantom of a fiend with three heads and six arms reappeared behind him once more.

“Jonathan, I can only unleash one strike using my skill, so I hope you’ll keep your word.”

“Rest assured. I’ll be right behind you once you initiate the assault.”

Vikas placed a pill into his mouth. The next second, one of the arms of the phantom fiend on his back swiftly solidified.

The phantom fiend raised its arm, and in its hand was a staff emitting golden rays. Surprisingly, the staff was identical to the one Vikas held previously.

The only difference was that the fiend’s staff was over ten meters long.

Lines of runes glimmered on the golden staff.

As Vikas exerted force, one of the phantom fiend’s heads opened its eyes and swung the staff, giving off an unknown energy fluctuation, to stab the giant bat.

Vikas’ aura dropped drastically the moment the phantom fiend thrust out the staff.

Although he had replenished his spiritual energy using a pill, the effect took time to show. Vikas thought Jonathan using the spirit stone to top up his spiritual energy was a waste beyond imagination of a luxury.

In West Region, all the spirit essences had to be offered to the God-King due to religious reasons.

If they wished to use the spirit essence, they would have to wait for God-King to reward them with one or two pieces when God-King was in a good mood.

Jonathan, wielding Heaven Sword, dashed past Vikas. "I won't take the initiative to attack you before we leave this jungle."

Jonathan made Vikas a promise, and that arrangement was also the goal Vikas aimed to achieve for returning to kill the giant bat.

The phantom golden staff penetrated the bat's wing with tremendous might.

The giant bat that had just gotten to its feet fell back to the ground.

Moments before the phantom golden staff vanished, Jonathan leaped onto the giant bat's wing while gripping Heaven Sword.

Bringing down the sword, Jonathan felt as if he was piercing a piece of iron hide as that task proved extremely difficult.

Since Jonathan acquired Heaven Sword, he had been able to slice everything in sight effortlessly.

Unexpectedly, he was having trouble cutting the thin layer of fleshy membrane at that moment.

Jonathan infused a large amount of spiritual energy into Heaven Sword while mustering his strength to run forward, adding momentum to his movement.

Hot blood spewed out as he slashed a gaping wound around twenty meters long on the giant bat's wing.

Jonathan reckoned the giant bat wouldn't be able to take flight anymore with that injury.

An ear-splitting, high-pitched screech reverberated in the air as the giant bat opened its bloody maw to bite Jonathan.

At the same time, Vikas, floating in mid-air, held a golden spear and forcefully thrust it into the bat's protruding eyes.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 756

The Legendary Man Chapter 756-An eer-piercing howl rang in the air, and Jonethen and Vikas were sent flying away by a strong gust of wind.

In mid-air, Jonethen wrapped his spiritual energy around the strange tree on the ground to adjust his body. The moment he turned, he saw the enormous bat on the ground struggling with all its might.

Endless streams of black liquid were then seen pouring out from its eyes, gathering to form a river on the ground.

Meanwhile, the bat's body gradually turned into ash in the river.

At the same time, everything around became distorted, and the strange forest was ignited by the raging fire, turning into an endless sea of flames.

Soon, rays of green light appeared above the sky and dispelled the initial darkness.

Jonethen soon realized he was in an illusionary world.

When he looked at his feet, he found out that he wasn't in mid-air. Instead, he had never left the ground, and all the scenes seemed illusory.

Meanwhile, Vikas, who was next to Jonethen, was in shock.

A square platform more than one meter high appeared before their eyes after the enormous bat disappeared. Vikas' golden spear was seen inserted into the platform.

Vikas then approached the spear, yanked it out, and checked his surroundings.

At that moment, the rays of green light were still drifting over their heads.

It was as if they were looking up from underwater.

When he looked down, he saw that they were standing on a grey surface.

There was a ravine that had been cut into half tens of meters away from the two of them, and it was spread on both sides.

"What's going on here?" Jonethen asked while poking Heaven Sword into the ground.

With all his strength, the Heaven Sword only pierced about an inch into the ground. That confirmed Jonethen's presumption that they were standing on some supernatural ground. If this was real life, Heaven Sword would've pierced two feet into the ground after I let it go.

Vikes, who was next to him, also stabbed his golden scepter into the ground. "There's no point in asking me. I don't know anything about this place."

With that, Vikes looked around wearily and added, "It seems like we need to work together for a while longer. Even though we're out of the forest, we're still in danger."

"I don't mind that," Jonethen replied fleetly. I can't think about exhausting the high-level cultivators in the West Region at the moment. Instead, I need to figure out ways to get out of here. If I don't get out of here alive, what's the point in killing all the God Realms in the West Region?

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"I don't mind that," Jonathan replied flatly. "I can't think about exhausting the high-level cultivators in the West Region at the moment. Instead, I need to figure out ways to get out of here. If I don't get out of here alive, what's the point in killing all the God Realms in the West Region?"

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Right after they were done talking, a boom as loud as thunder rang out behind them.

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When they turned around, they saw a mountain in the distance trembling slightly.

The mountain then floated into the air and spread out gradually to form a gigantic palm.

In between the index finger and middle finger, there was a mountain-like chess piece that slowly fell toward Jonathan's and Vikas' heads.

All of a sudden, a gust of wind blew.

The chess piece was still far away from the two of them, but Jonathan felt as though he had been locked by a powerful force, and he couldn't move an inch.

Right then, Vikas seemed to have thought of something, and his expression changed dramatically. "Run! This is Divine Chess!" he shouted.

After he shouted, Vikas frantically summoned the religious icon behind him and sprinted forward.

Nearby, a ray of green light flashed across Heaven Sword, and Jonathan immediately felt the constraints in the surroundings disappearing.

Not daring to hesitate another moment longer, Jonathan funneled his spiritual energy into his limbs and fled alongside Vikas.

Meanwhile, the mountain above their heads was dropping rapidly.

Not only were the fingers on the palm huge, but even the chess piece between the fingers had a radius of hundreds of meters.

Boom!

A deafening sound rang out, and the ground started shaking.

When that happened, Jonathan and Vikas were hanging on the cliff of the huge ravine with their weapons in their hands.

Jonathan's expression was utterly solemn when he looked at the chess piece above his head.

Beside him, Vikas jumped and sat on the golden scepter. At that moment, his pale face was filled with despair.

While leaning on the cliff, Vikas stammered, "W-We're never getting out."

Jonathan turned toward Vikas and saw the hopelessness in Vikas' eyes.

Although they hadn't spent a lot of time together, Jonathan knew Vikas was a proud man. If he could bring himself to say those words, that means we're doomed.

"We have to rely on each other now, so I need more information. Could you tell me everything you know? That way, I can help us figure things out," Jonathan said.

"We won't be getting out!" Vikas shook his head while looking at the green sky above their heads. "If my guess is right, this place should be the Divine Chess that exists in our West Region mythology. The ground you stepped on just now was just one of the squares on a chessboard. It's said that in ancient times, two kings of the West Region fought a great war. At that time, one billion and six hundred million soldiers from both sides perished—"

"Wait..." Jonathan interrupted Vikas' sentence by asking, "Did you mean one hundred and sixty thousand soldiers? How could there be so many humans in ancient times? Heck, how many people do you guys have in the West Region now?"

Vikas cast Jonathan a helpless glance and asked, "Are you sure you are Asura, Jonathan? Why do I feel as though you have trouble understanding the main point of the story?"

Vikas was displeased when he continued, "The point is that after the war, God and Devil came to the human world and set up a game of life and death. If Devil wins, all the people in the world are to be slaughtered."

Vikas' story piqued Jonathan's curiosity, and Jonathan couldn't help but ask, "What happened next?"

Vikas shook his head slightly in response. "Devil wanted to kill the humans, but God intervened. However, they had similar supernatural powers, and neither could defeat the other. Therefore, Devil proposed to play chess to determine the winner. Since the game was chosen by Devil, God obviously couldn't win the game. In order to protect humans, God left a chess piece aside. In other words, the game never finished."

"Left a chess piece aside?" Jonathan shifted his gaze toward the mountain that looked like a chess piece above his head.

Confused, Jonathan pointed at the chess piece above his head and asked, "Are you telling me this is it?"

Vikas smiled bitterly and answered, "You better hope that's not it. Otherwise, we're doomed!" As soon as he finished his sentence, the sound of rushing water came from the gully under their feet.

When they both looked down, they saw the blood-red river rising promptly.

Vikas stretched out his hand and flicked it lightly, and a golden insect suddenly flew out from the golden scepter and fell downward.

Before the insect could reach the water, a strange and gigantic fish leaped out of the water and ate the insect.

"That fish is in the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm!" It only took Jonathan one glance to notice the cultivation level of the strange fish. Besides, there were countless dark shadows swimming speedily in the water under them.

"Stop staring! Run!" Jonathan pulled out Heaven Sword and stepped on the wall to leap into the air. His body instantly rose by over ten meters high and landed on the huge chessboard.

After getting on the chessboard, Jonathan saw a hand as big as a mountain in front of him. It was a severed hand that was bleeding profusely into the gully of the chessboard.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 757

The Legendary Man Chapter 757-“Don’t step onto the center of the chessboard! Keep walking on the edge of it!” Vikes shouted from behind Jonethen.

Jonethen seemed to have realized something when he heard those words. This is the game of chess, so some of the squares are vacant. That’s why even if there are still empty squares on Divine Chess, one can still win the game. However, I doubt this game is as simple as the regular game of chess. I bet the chessboard is filled with deadly formations. Every time a chess piece lands on one square, it changes the formation of the square. Now that both of us have been suddenly brought here, we must’ve altered the layout of the chessboard. As Vikes said earlier, if we were to step on the empty spaces on the chessboard again, we might once again land in a formation. If that happens, we’ll be in great danger!

With that in mind, Jonethen looked around and yelled, “There are chess pieces in the rear. Let’s retrace our steps and move back!”

It was a completely level area on the left, while the chess piece that looked like a mountain had just landed on the right.

Upon considering both directions, Jonethen unhesitatingly chose to retrace his steps. Although I don’t know if the left side of the chessboard is filled with formations, I know we’ve already broken through the illusion array behind us.

At almost the same time, Vikes made the same decision.

Jonethen then stabbed Heaven Sword into the mountain and climbed upward. Under his feet, the blood river was continuously rising, and within a few seconds, it had already flooded the ravine and spread toward the opposite plain.

Looking down from the huge chess piece, Jonethen saw that the blood river had almost flooded half of the mountain that stood tens of meters tall.

Meanwhile, no matter how hard those strange fish tried to leap into the air, they couldn’t reach the highest twenty-odd meters of the mountain.

At that point, Vikas was sweating nervously. Although he had achieved the God Realm cultivation level, there was nothing he could do on the chessboard but run.

Until then, neither Jonethen nor Vikas could figure out a way to get out of there.

Jonethen then turned to look at the arm that looked like a mountain somewhere far away. "Vikas, if we went to get out of here, we need to know who or what we're fighting against. If we keep running around mindlessly, we're going to use up our spiritual energy and die here. Therefore, I would like to check out that severed arm."

Vikas turned toward the direction Jonethen was pointing in and saw a huge arm lying in the darkness far away on the chessboard.

"Don't step onto the center of the chessboard! Keep walking on the edge of it!" Vikas shouted from behind Jonathan.

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"We can go, of course. However, how are we going to cross the river?" Vikas asked.

“I have this.” Jonathan whipped out a magical item that looked like a tortoiseshell. He then started chanting, and the shell in his hand grew over ten meters long. “We can use this as a boat, but we can’t stop the strange fish from attacking us. Hence, I need the help of your glowing spell to completely conceal our auras.”

Upon hearing that, Vikas looked at the severed arm far away once more and hesitated. In the end, he nodded and said, “I have a condition. You must give me the spirit essence.”

Vikas frowned and reached out his hand. “After all, I’ll be using my spiritual energy constantly. Without spirit essence to help me replenish my spiritual energy, you can ambush me at any time.”

“Deal.” Jonathan took out the spirit stone, replenished it with his own spiritual energy, and gave it to Vikas.

The two of them got prepared and tested their method by walking toward the blood.

With Vikas’ chanting, the fish next to their feet seemed to be unable to sense them.

After that, Vikas included the ten-odd meters long shell in his spell before they set off carefully.

Upon getting on the shell, Jonathan and Vikas moved forward cautiously and crossed a distance of hundreds of meters. Finally, they arrived at the edge of the next chess piece.

The moment Jonathan set off on the chess piece, however, the sky shone brightly before their eyes. When he eventually turned around, he noticed that Vikas and himself had appeared on a tall mountain.

At that moment, there was nothing but a clear sky above their heads. It didn’t seem like they were on the chessboard anymore.

Vikas then dropped his hand seal and threw the spirit stone into Jonathan’s palm before grumbling, “This is another formation. We were following the lines on the chessboard, so we were supposed to float toward the severed arm.”

Jonathan didn't see any point in retorting. Instead, he was checking their surroundings warily, fearing that danger would spring a surprise.

When Jonathan looked around, he saw nothing but trees. That sight made him grow even more worried because he couldn't sense even the slightest hint of life on the mountain.

"Vikas, could you—"

Jonathan suddenly turned around without finishing his sentence because he noticed that Vikas' aura had disappeared. It feels as if he was never here in the first place.

All of a sudden, the bronze handbell in Jonathan's grasp floated into the air and emitted rays of golden light.

When he lowered his head to look at his palm, he saw that the spirit stone had turned into a regular stone.

"Again?" Jonathan muttered before dashing toward the top of the mountain with Heaven Sword in his hand.

Beside him, Vikas picked the spirit stone off of the ground in confusion. "Hey! What's the matter with you?"

Seeing that Jonathan was rushing toward the mountaintop, Vikas followed suit.

While he was running, brilliant rays abruptly appeared on top of the mountain.

With that, arc-shaped magical items soared into the sky and slowly merged with each other in midair with endless lightning in the background.

"That's a divine tool!" Feeling the desolate and cold atmosphere at the top of the mountain, Vikas grew excited and unfolded the religious icon behind him. "That's mine!" he screamed at the top of his lungs.

After that, Vikas' magical staff transformed into a ray of golden light and shot toward Jonathan's back.

Jonathan, who was running in front, turned around immediately and pulled out his Heaven Sword.

The golden staff broke instantly. In Jonathan's dimension, however, he saw that he had severed a giant python in half.

Behind the giant python was an extremely huge demon beast in the form of a spider.

"I don't care what you are! You shall die!" Jonathan activated the moves in his body, and a spiritual energy armor quickly formed around his body.

The moment Jonathan shut his eyes, a thin black line appeared out of thin air on the tip of Heaven Sword.

It was a Pryncyp attack.

While facing the demon beast in the form of a spider, it seemed as though Jonathan had lost all patience.

The moment he struck, he pulled out his best move.

When the Heaven Sword swept across the sky, it was as if he had opened up a gap in the sky, and rays of green light once again appeared above his head.

By the time Vikas realized it was merely an illusion, he tried to dodge Jonathan's sword. Unfortunately for him, it was too late.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 758](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 758-The long sword—which was also a magical item—in the hands of the virtual ten-meter-tall three-headed being quickly condensed.

However, the condensed magical item did not block Jonathan's Pryncyp, causing the virtual religious icon to be cut in half.

Landing on the ground, Jonathan looked back, only to see that the scene faded once again, now replaced by the churning river of blood.

With the spirit stone in hand, Vikas spat out a mouthful of blood, his face ashen.

"What's wrong, Vikas?"

Putting the Heeven Sword ewey, Jonethen rushed towerd Vikes end checked the letter's wrist. However, Vikes pushed him ewey.

"You're ruined my Kore, Jonethen!"

Vikes kneeled on the ground with beads of sweet on his fece.

"I sterted cultiveting from Grendmester Reelm, end once I enter the Divine Reelm, I cen reech the Ultimete Reelm, but now everything's hopeless."

Blood wes still gushing out of Vikes' mouth, end his eyes seemed lifeless.

Vikes hed never slected in the slightest when it ceme to cultivation. Moreover, to evold being in anyone's debt, he did not interect much with anyone. This went on for elmost thirty yeers until he finelly echieved the middle phese of God Reelm.

In the pest, Vikes hed no feer even when his opponet wes God-King.

It wes beceuse he believed he could reech Divine Reelm one dey es well.

However, Jonethen's etteck destroyed his hope.

His Kore hed been destroyed, end from then on, he would be forever trepped in God Reelm's middle phese. He could never go eny further.

Jonethen never thought that he would destroy Vikes' Kore in the illusion. He now hed e helpless look on his fece, confused es to whet he should do.

Right then, something in his mind told him to turn eround, end that wes whet he did.

Somehow, someone else hed joined them in the eree et one point.

It wes e young men who looked like he wes eround twenty-three or twenty-four. He wes weering e peir of snow-white pents, but he wes not weering eny shirt or shoes es he stood on e large rock.

"Are you Jonethen Goldstein?" the young men esked him.

"Who ere you?" Jonethen questioned, werily looking et the young men.

Jonethen could sense the scent of deeth coming from that person.

What was strongest was how the spiritual energy from the person was fluctuating between week end strong. Sometimes, it felt as if it were a waterfall, and sometimes, it felt as if the person were merely an ordinary person. Jonathan could not figure out what in the world was the young man.

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However, the condensed magical item did not block Jonathan's Prynccyp, causing the virtual religious icon to be cut in half.

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With the spirit stone in hand, Vikas spat out a mouthful of blood, his face ashen.

"What's wrong, Vikas?"

Putting the Heaven Sword away, Jonathan rushed toward Vikas and checked the latter's wrist. However, Vikas pushed him away.

"You're ruined my Kore, Jonathan!"

Vikas knelt on the ground with beads of sweat on his face.

"I started cultivating from Grandmaster Realm, and once I enter the Divine Realm, I can reach the Ultimate Realm, but now everything's hopeless."

Blood was still gushing out of Vikas' mouth, and his eyes seemed lifeless.

Vikas had never slacked in the slightest when it came to cultivation. Moreover, to avoid being in anyone's debt, he did not interact much with anyone. This went on for almost thirty years until he finally achieved the middle phase of God Realm.

In the past, Vikas had no fear even when his opponent was God-King.

It was because he believed he could reach Divine Realm one day as well.

However, Jonathan's attack destroyed his hope.

His Kore had been destroyed, and from then on, he would be forever trapped in God Realm's middle phase. He could never go any further.

Jonathan never thought that he would destroy Vikas' Kore in the illusion. He now had a helpless look on his face, confused as to what he should do.

Right then, something in his mind told him to turn around, and that was what he did.

Somehow, someone else had joined them in the area at one point.

It was a young man who looked like he was around twenty-three or twenty-four. He was wearing a pair of snow-white pants, but he was not wearing any shirt or shoes as he stood on a large rock.

"Are you Jonathan Goldstein?" the young man asked him.

"Who are you?" Jonathan questioned, warily looking at the young man.

Jonathan could sense the scent of death coming from that person.

What was strangest was how the spiritual energy from the person was fluctuating between weak and strong. Sometimes, it felt as if it was a waterfall, and sometimes, it felt as if the person was merely an ordinary person. Jonathan could not figure out what in the world was the young man.

The long sword—which was also a magical item—in the hands of the virtual ten-meter-tall three-headed being quickly condensed.

Instead of answering Jonathan, the young man leaped to Vikas' side.

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"Vikas, I was guessing that the next person to achieve Divine Realm was you, but alas, your Kore has been destroyed. You no longer pose a threat to me. Initially, I thought of using this Secret Realm to kill you. Now, it looks like I don't need to do that."

"Secret Realm?" Jonathan queried in surprise.

Jonathan was a man who had Summerbank Abyss under his control, but he did not think that the place he was at had anything to do with Secret Realms.

To Jonathan, the place was nothing but a dead man's land.

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, the young man turned around.

"Jonathan, let me introduce myself. I am one of West Region's God-King, Amiel. Your encounter with me spells your death on this chessboard."

"What if I don't want to die?"

Jonathan took out Heaven Sword as its spiritual energy swirled in it.

Even though the young man did not display any hint of his spiritual energy, Jonathan could guess that he was of Divine Realm from the speech he gave to Vikas.

On the other hand, Jonathan was only in the middle phase of God Realm. Although he had Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique and was technically far more powerful than a cultivator of his level, he was still no match for a Divine Realm cultivator.

According to the records Jonathan had read, Divine Realm cultivators were cultivators who had already attained true Prynycp.

For example, Jonathan would need to use everything he had to channel a Prynycp attack, but a Divine Realm cultivator could easily dish out a Prynycp. In other words, a Divine Realm cultivator was not someone Jonathan could go up against.

However, Jonathan was not going to be a sitting duck. That was not in his nature.

If Amiel truly wanted to kill him, he was going to fight him to the death.

As he gripped his clone talisman, a somber look crept onto Jonathan's face.

In contrast, Amiel was relaxed as if he had no plans to attack Jonathan.

"Jonathan, I know that there are conflicts between West Region and Chanaea, but I'm someone who has thrown myself into cultivation and cultivation alone. Those things don't matter to me. Therefore, your identity as Asura means nothing to me. The clone talisman you have must be from Jetroina's Zebedee Makino. Keep it away. That thing is useless against me."

As he spoke, Amiel reached out to tap the air with his right hand. Instantly, Jonathan found himself losing connection with the clone talisman in his hand.

“If you want to leave this game, you must kill the chess players. I tried killing them earlier, but I only managed to sever one of the arms. Hence, I need your help.”

“What do I get in return?” Jonathan asked with a frown.

Amiel spread his fingers and pulled Vikas toward him. With a mere gentle pinch from Amiel, Vikas turned red in the face and opened his mouth.

Then, Amiel threw a black pill into Vikas’ mouth.

“This can temporarily suppress the severity of your wound, but it can also kill you at any time. If you want to live, you must obey me like a dog to its master.”

Jonathan’s heart lurched as he looked at Vikas’ suffering state, but he did not say a word.

Amiel then turned to Jonathan.

“Jonathan, you’ll gain my mercy in return and I will not kill you. Is that enough for you?”

“Tell me. What are we going to do next?” Jonathan expressionlessly uttered.

Turning toward the severed arm, Amiel said, “Every move we make on the chessboard will trigger the formations on the board. These formations will get stronger and stronger while the range of their influence gets wider and wider. If we want to survive this, we’ll need to reach the edge of the board before the entire place turns into a land of death. The records say that, by killing either God or Devil, we’ll be able to receive the other being’s protection. Our target will be the one who already has a severed arm.”

With that said, Amiel took a step forward and instantly reached the peak of the mountain.

Walking over to Vikas, Jonathan then looked at him apologetically and said, “That is your God-King?”

“If not for your attack, I would have become God-King as well.”

Perhaps the black pill was truly useful, for Vikas' vital signs were stabilizing.

Jonathan took out the spirit stone and passed it to Vikas.

"Hold onto this. Think of it as an apology from me. If we can get out of here, you can ask for anything from me, and I'll do my best to fulfill your requests."

Vikas gritted his teeth and snatched the spirit stone.

"If I didn't need to work with you, I'd have killed you right here and now!" Vikas hissed under his breath as he kept the spirit stone in his storage ring. "Be careful of Amiel. Those who work with him die."

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 759](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 759-Jonethen and the other two men rode the tortoiseshell down the viscous, bloody river.

With Divine Realm cultivator Amiel's accompaniment, the tortoiseshell was covered with Pryncyp, and the bestial fishes in the water could not sense them at all.

About an hour later, the trio arrived beneath the severed arm.

Jonethen could feel his chest tighten as he stood there.

It was only the severed arm, but the arm was hundreds of feet tall and with an unfathomable length.

Just the gushing blood from the severed arm alone was already forming a river that threatened to wash away the three of them.

"You severed this arm?" Jonethen asked, staring at the mountain-like severed limb.

"I cut it off with Pryncyp of Strength," Amiel muttered before leaping onto the severed arm.

Jonethen and Vikas followed suit, but right as Jonethen's feet touched the arm, he sensed a murderous chill prickling on his skin.

Perhaps it was because it had been a long time since the arm was severed, for a thick layer of soil covered the giant arm. In fact, plants had grown on top of it, making it look as if it was a real mountain.

However, this peak was not a silent spot. When Jonethen spread his spiritual sense, he saw many demon beasts around.

They were all massive. Seemingly having noticed the trio, they began swarming toward them.

"Vikes, I'll leave the ones outside to you," Amiel commended with a frown to his brows.

Despite Vikes' reluctance, his life was currently in Amiel's hands, so he had no choice but to obey.

With the golden staff in hand, Amiel darted toward the woods ahead.

Jonethen took out his Heaven Sword, about to lend him a helping hand, but Amiel waved and stopped Jonethen.

"You don't need to help him. Vikes is far more capable than you think he is. You need to help me with something more important."

As Amiel spoke, he took out a black pill.

"Eat this."

"Can I choose not to?" Jonethen knitted his brows as he fixed his eyes on the pill.

"If you don't eat it, you die," Amiel said as he hovered the black pill over to Jonethen with his spiritual energy.

Jonethen's grip on Heaven Sword tightened as the urge to strike Amiel arose several times, but in the end, he held himself back.

Jonathan and the other two men rode the tortoiseshell down the viscous, bloody river.

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Jonathan and the other two men rode the tortoiseshell down the viscous, bloody river.

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Jonathan was well aware that Amiel would actually kill him if he were to reject him.

Still using his spiritual sense, Jonathan could sense that, at one point, Vikas’ golden scepter had turned into countless daggers that killed the demon beasts.

Although there were many demon beasts around, they were all only in Grandmaster Realm.

As time went by, Vikas would certainly run out of spiritual energy.

Nonetheless, for now—as long as the fight was short—he would be fine with the spirit stone Jonathan had given to him.

Jonathan took the black pill and tossed it into his mouth.

The second it entered his mouth, the black pill turned into a swish of pungent water and rushed into Jonathan’s throat.

It’s alive?

Jonathan widened his eyes at Amiel.

When he looked into himself, he could see that the black thing had seeped into his flesh and curled itself around his heart.

“Don’t worry. As long as you work with me, I won’t do anything to you.”

Sensing the black liquid that surrounded him, Jonathan realized that he was truly under Amiel’s control.

Meanwhile, golden daggers were dancing around the duo, slaughtering all of the demon beasts dozens of meters before they could reach the two men.

There was even once when several golden daggers brushed past their ears. Even Jonathan could sense the murderous intent those daggers had for Amiel.

However, it was as if Amiel had not noticed it. He continued to stare at the dark abyss a distance away.

At that, Jonathan kept his silence and focused on the darkness as well.

The severed arm mountain range beneath him, Jonathan guessed, had to be the edge of the board.

For Jonathan and the others, a chess piece was a hill the height of dozens of meters.

The lines on the boards were akin to ravines.

To Jonathan and the others, the world outside the board looked like an endless land of darkness.

Jonathan did not know how long it would take before he could reach the bottom if he were to take a leap.

Those were the thoughts that went through Jonathan’s mind when a breeze suddenly came from the abyss.

“The main character has come.”

Despite the somber look on Amiel’s face, Jonathan could see the excitement in his eyes.

After all, that was their chance to change their fates.

In no time, the breeze turned into a strong gust of wind.

Alarm bells were starting to ring in Jonathan's head.

"Use your most powerful attack to catch his attention as a distraction!" Amiel uttered as he unleashed a spirit shield.

Right then, with the aid of the blue glow above his head, Jonathan finally saw what was within the darkness—a giant in armor.

As it was too tall, Jonathan could not see the full appearance of the giant.

Nevertheless, he could somewhat make out its facial features.

The giant had three eyes.

All the giant did was lean over, but Jonathan could already feel the world flipping around. A being like that was something Jonathan could never land a scratch on.

No matter how strong an ant was, it was, at the end of the day, an ant.

It could never hurt an elephant.

Just then, a large hand reached downward. Jonathan spun around and started running.

"D*mn you, Jonathan!" Amiel bellowed at Jonathan before curling his fingers to activate his spell to kill Jonathan.

However, Jonathan seemed completely unaffected as he continued fleeing away from the hand.

"What?"

Amiel swiftly channeled his spiritual energy and changed his technique casting. Vikas, who was below him, immediately collapsed.

"Kill Jonathan, Vikas, or I'll kill you instead!"

Demon beasts were surging toward Vikas, but Vikas, whose heart was under the black pill's control, could not defend himself.

Once Vikas made his order, he released his control over Vikas' heart a little, and Vikas could breathe again. In the next second, he dashed toward Jonathan.

"Run!" Jonathan shouted.

When the two of them slammed into each other, Jonathan kept away his Heaven Sword and reached out toward Vikas.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 760](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 760-The two God Realm cultivators were moving at an incredible speed, and in the blink of an eye, they collided with each other.

Brandishing the staff, Vikas charged toward Jonathan's throat, while Jonathan, who was unarmed, extended his right hand toward Vikas.

"F*ck!"

As the staff came within a few meters of Jonathan, Vikas finally let out a low growl and flipped his hand to retrieve it.

Clop!

With a soft clop, their right hands clasped together.

Jonathan burst out laughing, dragged Vikas and ran off into the distance.

When Vikas was dragged into the protection zone of the bronze handbell, Amiel's spell quietly activated in the sky.

However, he was still too slow. Vikas had escaped unscathed.

Amiel's face contorted in fury as he looked at the golden light emanating from the severed arm.

"I can't believe there is a magical item that can filter Pryncyp. I've underestimated you."

Even though Amiel could directly chase after and kill Jonethen and Vikes, the giant palm had already descended from the sky.

Jonethen was afraid he might lose out if he hadn't seized the chance right then.

The moment the giant palm descended from the sky, thin, dark lines emerged around Amiel's body, disappearing right on the same spot.

Meanwhile, Vikes was pressing down on his shoulder with his left hand at some distance away as he bellowed, "Jonethen, you're a goddamn lunatic! Did you have any idea how tragic our deaths would be if you'd lost the bet?"

"Quit yekking! Didn't I just win?" Jonethen chuckled.

At the sight of the bizarre bronze handbell on top of his head, Jonethen felt an unprecedented sense of peace.

Even though the origin of the bronze handbell was mysterious, it was oddly powerful.

Not only could the bronze handbell steal off spiritual energy and spiritual sense, but it could also cut off Prynccyp completely. Jonethen reckoned that it would be a precious treasure even back in the olden days.

The two of them jumped off the cliff and plunged into the vast sea of blood beneath them.

Behind them, the giant palm had already hit the severed arm.

Boom!

A loud, thunder-like bang ensued. Jonethen could feel the ground shaking.

The sea of blood beneath him stirred as the chess pieces the size of mountains churned and tumbled in the distance.

Though Jonethen and Vikes were far away, the huge momentum from the giant palm almost made them faint.

Are they flipping the table now that they're losing?

Ever since knowing he was in the middle of the Divine Chess game, Jonathan had felt like an insignificant jumping flea on top of the chessboard.

The two God Realm cultivators were moving at an incredible speed, and in the blink of an eye, they collided with each other.

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The two God Realm cultivators were moving at an incredible speed, and in the blink of an eye, they collided with each other.

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Jonathan felt incredulous that Amiel had the intention to massacre it.

He's a madman!

"Rise!" yelled Jonathan.

He sacrificed his magical item that looked like a tortoiseshell, and he threw the magical item into the sea of blood the moment they fell.

As they fell, the magical item shook so violently that it almost tipped over. Fortunately, Jonathan steadied the tortoiseshell, saving them from being devoured by the monster fish.

"Vikas, hurry up and use your spell to wipe out our scent," Jonathan urged.

Outside the tortoiseshell, countless strange gigantic fish jumped out of the water and clashed against Jonathan and Vikas' golden protective shield.

Even though they couldn't break through the shield for the time being, Jonathan's powers were exhausted each time they clashed against it.

If Vikas didn't help him, Jonathan would have died from exhaustion before they could escape to the nearest chess piece.

However, no matter how Jonathan shouted at Vikas, the latter would not budge. Instead, he was looking behind Jonathan while holding his breath.

Jonathan knew something was wrong when he saw the look on Vikas' face. Slowly, he turned around to find out why. Jonathan was dumbstruck by the sight before him.

Perhaps the momentum from the giant palm was too strong; the little mountains representing the chess pieces were in disarray as they sprawled all over the gigantic chessboard.

Atop the huge chessboard, beams of seven-colored lights constantly collided and dissipated.

Meanwhile, in the sky, multiple doors in a myriad of shapes slowly emerged.

Demon beasts and devil creatures poured out of them.

There were bats over ten meters long, devils clutching long forks, monkeys with rotten faces, and an eagled-face monster with a dog's body...

From a distance, the entire sky appeared to have descended into a chaotic Halloween party with various bizarre monsters and creatures.

“Are these creatures... God Realm cultivation level?”

Vikas gulped in shock as demon beasts continued to emerge from the strangely-shaped doors.

“Maybe...”

Even Jonathan couldn't stay calm anymore.

Any one of the monsters would require all his might to kill, and there were literally hundreds of them right then.

Moreover, more and more of them were emerging at an alarming rate.

Amidst the despair, Jonathan saw a way out.

“I think something doesn't add up here.” Jonathan pointed at a giant tiger standing atop a giant chess piece. “Look at that demon tiger. Even though it looks like it's about to murder the demon wolf, it hasn't made a move. Not only the demon tiger but look at all the demon beasts. They seem like they can only move within a certain range.”

Vikas immediately checked it out and realized that Jonathan was right.

“Jonathan, look at those giant bats. They're exactly the same as the ones we encountered. Could it be that these demon beasts are sealed within the chessboard?”

Vikas' words enlightened Jonathan.

He turned around and noticed that the broken arm was still there.

The giant palm had only smashed the stone mountains on top of the severed arm, but the main body of the arm did not suffer any damage.

“Let's go up there to take a look!” Jonathan said and dashed over to the severed arm.

Vikas could only keep up with him as he needed Jonathan's protection.

However, to avoid Amiel, Jonathan and Vikas did not walk on the severed arm this time. They stopped when they were some distance away from it.

From where they were standing, Jonathan and Vikas had a bird's-eye view of the chessboard.

Jonathan snapped his brows together and carefully observed the squares nearby the severed arm. Perhaps because it was near the corner of the chessboard, there were not many chess pieces.

There were only two chess pieces with demon beasts. One was an eagle with wings spanning a hundred meters, and another was a skeleton covered in rotten flesh.

The skeleton with decaying flesh seemed all right, as it only stood atop the chess piece and growled. The eagle, on the other hand, attracted Jonathan's attention.

No matter how it spread out its wings, the eagle could only spin circles in its own square.

It attempted to break through the square multiple times, but an invisible shield flicked it back to its own place.

"They're stuck within the chess board and cannot move freely."

Jonathan was glad that he was right.

No matter how strong the demon beasts were, as long as they couldn't attack him, they wouldn't be a threat to him.

"However, this chessboard can't suffer any more damage," Jonathan uttered as he looked at the eagle with furrowed brows. "The giant palm slap had caused the seal to loosen. Another round of rumble, and we'll be in serious trouble!"

Just after Jonathan was done talking, a deafening roar echoed from above.

"Zap!"