

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 761

The Legendary Man Chapter 761-As that deafening roar echoed in their ears, everyone trembled inwardly.

A burst of golden light fanned out beside Jonethen. At the same time, peculiar runes started manifesting and fleshing interminably.

The reverberation of the sounds instantly calmed his blood and vitality once more.

At the side, Vikes' face flushed bright red. He shot a finger out and pointed at the sky, his eyes brimming with horror.

"We're dead!"

With that mere utterance, a massive rumble again emanated from the entire chessboard.

Jonethen snapped his head over, only to see that another severed arm had fallen onto the chessboard beside the detached arm at his feet.

Sounds of bubbles bursting rang out unceasingly. Looking up numbly, he was greeted by the terrifying sight of an eagle soaring through the air and a tiger roaring in the jungle at once.

Right then, he finally believed that Amiel was capable of killing gods.

Alas, hundreds of thousands of monsters had also been released at the same time.

Roer!

Roer!

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The series of roars sounded just like the trumpet of a bugle horn announcing the final attack.

Hundreds of demon beasts collided in a chaotic mess.

Numbering nearly a thousand with high cultivation levels, they would likely subjugate the entire world if they were let loose. Not a single force would be able to battle against them.

Yet, they were all pawns to be ordered around there.

In the sky, the eagle swooped down to the ground.

Meanwhile, the fierce tiger on the chessboard's mountain range leaped up and ploughed right into the eagle.

Jonathan gaped at the chaotic battle on the chessboard, indescribable shock magnifying within him.

Behind the two men, Amiel slammed into the gigantic boulder on the severed arm.

Following his fall, he formed a spiritual blade in his hand and stabbed it into the mountain well.

"So, you're both here."

He dangled from the mountain well with one hand, sneering while wiping the corner of his mouth.

Vikes eyed him warily. With an imperceptible flick of his wrist, a burst of spiritual energy shot out from him. It transformed into an invisible belt that wrapped itself around Jonathan's waist.

After all, both their lives were then in Amiel's hands, and the only thing that could thwart his control was the golden light around Jonathan.

Hence, Vikes could never take a step beyond that range.

Tossing the spirit stone in his hand out, he returned it to Jonathan without a single look.

"Maintain your defense. I don't want to die yet."

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“It wouldn't benefit you in any way to kill us, no?”

He put that question forth to Amiel across from him.

Flicking his wrist lightly, Amiel flipped over and landed on a protruding rock.

“My desire to kill you has nothing to do with benefits, Jonathan. It’s even unrelated to your identity. Instead, it’s because I’m a God-King.”

“A God-King, my foot! Is even someone who isn’t stable in the Divine Realm worthy of being dubbed a God-King?” Jonathan retorted, staring at Amiel through narrowed eyes.

In truth, he was watching the latter’s every movement.

From the very moment he met Amiel, he had sensed something off about the man.

Regardless of whether it was Joselle whom he met previously or in accordance with Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, once someone broke through to the Divine Realm, he would be able to move his spirit by will and merge both elements together.

Therefore, Amiel’s situation when he saw him back then made absolutely no sense—the flickering of spiritual energy like a candle in the wind.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was most curious about something else.

Since Amiel is capable of killing gods, why did he come here to where Vikas and I are after severing an arm when there’s a sizeable distance between the two places, and it couldn’t be achieved in a short time? On top of that, he had the pill from the very beginning, yet he didn’t force it on me. He only did so after we’d all climbed onto the detached arm. All that indicates that his cultivation level is possibly unstable, and he can’t guarantee that it’d be at the Divine Realm at all times! In fact, even Vikas and I might be a threat to him at his weakest!

At the side, although Vikas couldn’t fathom why Jonathan was suddenly questioning Amiel’s cultivation level, he perceptively sensed something amiss. He likewise cast his gaze over with a frosty look in his eyes.

Amiel crouched on the rock without any change in expression. Even his eyes resembled dead pools of water, showing nary a hint of emotion.

“You’re questioning my cultivation level, Jonathan? Do you want a taste of it?”

Getting to his feet, he looked at Jonathan coldly. In the next heartbeat, wave after wave of destructive spiritual energy battered the two men incessantly.

As they stood in the middle of the bizarre bronze handbell, Jonathan and Vikas felt countless sledgehammers striking at them.

While that happened, Jonathan steeled his resolve. Moving his right hand slightly, he slowly shifted the bronze handbell above his head to situate it above Vikas' head instead.

“What are you doing, Jonathan?”

Sensing that Jonathan had stopped infusing his spiritual energy into the bronze handbell, Vikas hastily directed his own spiritual energy over to maintain the golden shield.

“Nothing much. I merely don't want to keep suffering the beatings. Doesn't he claim to be a God-King? I'd also like to see whether I can kill a god!”

As he spoke, he stretched out his left hand. Wisps of black mist slowly formed at his fingers before they swiftly gushed out.

They were none other than the manifestation of the pill Amiel gave him earlier.

“Let me out. He can't do anything to me,” Jonathan stated placidly.

Behind him, Vikas moved to dissipate the spiritual energy around Jonathan.

“If you misjudged things, Jonathan, you might very well lose your life.”

“It's no misjudgment. When I declared that I wanted to go out and fight him, he didn't attack us. That's evidence that he has no way of dealing with us.” Jonathan stared right into Amiel's eyes in the distance.

Bang!

A muffled bang split the air, and the rock under Amiel's feet promptly shattered. Amiel himself blurred into a black streak and rushed away.

“Don't let him get away!”

With a roar, Jonathan frantically charged forward and gave chase.

Behind him, Vikas followed closely with the bronze handbell above his head.

It turned out that Jonathan was right in that Amiel hadn't the capability of taking both of them out at that moment.

Fixating his eyes on the black shadow ahead of him, Jonathan channeled his spiritual energy and sprinted forward like mad.

He reckoned that Amiel's fluctuating cultivation level wasn't a random incident. During the two times the arms were broken, he was weak both times.

Therefore, he had to seize that opportunity to eliminate Amiel. Otherwise, he and Vikas would probably meet their deaths once the latter recovered.

Casting his mind back to the change in Amiel's attitude between when the man saw him and forced him to take the pill, the two were only less than an hour apart.

Based on that speed, he would most probably lose Amiel in another few minutes, let alone kill the latter.

"Vikas, if I die here, remember to take my storage ring back to Chanaea and hand it to Dorian. The others will then naturally understand," Jonathan shouted at Vikas behind him as he raced forward.

In the next second, his skin started growing crimson. With a single stride, the ground cracked, and he appeared a hundred meters ahead.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 762](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 762-Jonethen's blood surged. In e flesh, immense spirituel energy imbued his limbs.

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every last reserve he had and shrivel up in a few minutes at most to maintain that extreme state.

Amiel glanced back over his shoulder, his eyes blazing with resentment.

Even an elite from the Grendmester Realm would have long since had no trouble controlling his spiritual energy from leaking out, much less one from the God Realm.

Thus, there was only one reason a cultivator from the God Realm couldn't curb the wastage of his spiritual energy—he could no longer control the soaring of the spiritual energy within him.

It wasn't just empty talk on Jonethen's part. Instead, he was really risking his life.

"You're simply courting death!"

Placing both legs on the ground, Amiel leaped up and shot a black ray right at Jonethen's face with a flick of his hand.

"Take this!"

As a layer of black mist coated Heaven Sword in Jonethen's hand, he met the attack head-on.

Whoosh!

A strong vibration hit the air, and water-like surges of energy spread out rapidly in all directions.

Behind both men, the bronze handbell hovering above Vikes' head was inevitably struck by the tidal energy waves. Immediately, it went flying backward.

That was the bombardment of Pryncyp. Despite its flaws, it had already gone far beyond the level of spiritual energy. For those who hadn't come into contact with the fringes of Pryncyp, it was something they could never hope to withstand.

Tossing the spirit stone in his hand into his mouth, Jonethen stomped his feet onto the ground.

When his counterattack successfully thwarted Amiel's Prynny, he knew the letter was already on his last legs.

Hence, he had to seize the opportunity to kill Amiel at present.

A dragon's roar sounded out of nowhere. The spiritual energy behind Jonethen rose into the air, and the figure of the colossal dragon gradually manifested once more.

"Die!"

Distinct flecks of dragon-scale armor appeared around him and cloaked his major acupoints.

Below the mammoth severed arm, Jonethen's and Amiel's figures seemingly disappeared simultaneously.

Jonathan's blood surged. In a flash, immense spiritual energy imbued his limbs.

His heart pounded violently like a never-extinguishing engine, supplying him with boundless power.

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On the ground, Vikas scrutinized the sky with wide eyes after regaining his feet, hoping to perceive Jonathan's and Amiel's figures through his own eyesight.

Alas, all he glimpsed were two afterimages, even when his eyes were swollen and bleeding. He couldn't even see their exact movements.

Meanwhile, the ferocious beasts that had been battling each other on the seemingly infinite chessboard had ceased fighting by then. They had all turned their eyes in the direction of Jonathan and Amiel.

Roar!

As the roar of a tiger split the sky, the colorful hulking tiger that spanned a hundred and ten meters lunged across the chessboard by stepping on the chess pieces.

Behind him, the eagle swooped down and headed in Jonathan's direction.

In less than a few breaths, the ferocious beasts previously in fierce combat on the chessboard charged forward madly as though having been summoned.

"Look down, Jonathan!" Vikas bellowed, standing on the detached arm.

In the sky, blood spurted in an arc. Jonathan dropped to the ground, blood dripping down the Heaven Sword in his hand.

Across from him, Amiel landed on the ground with his shoulder colored bright red.

"You injured a God-King!" Vikas exclaimed, gaping at Amiel.

In the West Region, the four God-Kings were undefeated, and no one had ever wounded anyone of them.

But right then, Jonathan had done the impossible—broken the myth regarding God-Kings.

Nonetheless, Jonathan wasn't the least bit thrilled then. He cast his gaze downward with a solemn expression on his face.

Spitting the spirit stone onto his palm, he frowned deeply.

“What’s going on? Why are these demon beasts all charging toward us?”

“Haha...”

At the side, Amiel cackled with laughter as he applied pressure on the wound on his shoulder.

When his laughter ended, he declared, “It’s because they were all stripped of Pryncyp from the Divine Realm and trapped here on this chessboard. As such, they’ll attack in a frenzy whenever they sense the power of Pryncyp. The two of you ruined my plan. In turn, the thousand demon beasts will also rip you both into pieces. All of us shall go down together!”

Not only did the man do nothing in the face of the fast-approaching demon beasts, but he even plopped onto the ground leisurely as though waiting to watch the show.

Jonathan’s figure blurred. In the next instant, he had traversed dozens of meters to appear beside Amiel.

“Tell me everything you know, quick!” he demanded frostily.

Ever since he entered that strange dimension, he had been in an illusion array, trap formation, and kill array, one after another.

By then, he could no longer tell whether he was outside the chessboard or still within it with everything around him being an illusion.

On the contrary, Amiel had a clear goal from the moment he appeared. Hence, it was evident that the man knew the truth behind the formation.

Amiel looked down at the sword pressed against his neck, disdain marring his features.

“If I hadn’t used too much Pryncyp that resulted in its foundation being shaken, Jonathan, do you think you could’ve been my match? Even if you’re holding a sword to my neck now, do you think I’m afraid for real?”

Hearing that, Jonathan slowly lowered the sword in his hand.

“Amiel, I don’t know what exactly this formation is. I only want to live. If you want to sit here and embrace death, so be it.”

Subsequently, he whirled around and walked toward Vikas.

“Let’s go, Vikas. These demon beasts are definitely not creatures we can handle.”

“Go? Where else can you go? There are only two ways to break this chess game. One is to decimate the demon beasts in front of you. The other is to cut down the chess players and gain recognition.”

Amiel’s voice rang out behind Jonathan.

Glancing over his shoulder, Jonathan trained his eyes on the dark expanse behind the severed arm.

He knew he was standing on the chessboard while the dark expanse concealed the unrivaled God and Devil. In comparison with him, however, they were too far away. That was why all he could see was a vast sea of empty darkness.

“It’s impossible for us to defeat the demon beasts. If you want to live, tell me how to kill a God,” he said to Amiel evenly, turning to the man.

At that, Amiel regarded Jonathan with a scornful look on his face.

“In Divine Chess, God and Devil will only reach out when they move a piece. That’s also the only way for us to approach them. Just now, you should’ve listened to me and attracted their attention. Then, I could’ve killed them by climbing up the arm. Unfortunately, you ran away. We’ve already lost the final chance. We can’t fly. Even if you can still use Pryncyp, we can’t reach them. Give up the fight, Jonathan. This is our final resting place.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 763

The Legendary Man Chapter 763-Vikes kept away the bronze handbell and turned to throw it at Jonethen instead.

When Jonethen caught it, a look of confusion crossed his face.

He had already forced the black pill out of him with the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, so he no longer needed to be worried that he would be stuck under Amiel's control.

However, Vikes, who needed the bronze handbell to stop Amiel from controlling him, was giving the handbell back to him.

It was a clear sign of surrender.

"What's the matter, Viki? Aren't you afraid that I'll kill you?" Amiel taunted, turning toward Vikes.

Vikes walked over to Jonethen to study him calmly.

He then uttered, "I'm going to die anyway, and it makes no difference whether I die in your hands or the hands of a demon beast. You can kill me now if that's what you want. Even though you've destroyed my Kore, you later lent me the spirit stone and the bronze handbell, and you even saved me from Amiel. You've repaid the debt, so this ends here."

"Thank you," Jonethen said with a smile. He then pointed Heaven Sword at the eagle in the sky and shouted, "Regardless of what you people from the West Region think, I'm not one to submit to fate. Isn't there a bird there?"

Vikes froze momentarily when he heard Jonethen's words, but before he could smile, Amiel's voice rang out again.

"Give up. The living beings trapped in this board will never get to leave this place. Even if you can get that huge guy to fly upward, you still won't be able to get close to God and Devil."

"How would you know unless you try it out?" Jonethen questioned with a sneer.

Seemingly effected by Jonethen's words, Amiel slowly rose to his feet and said, "Since you're prepared to die, why don't you tell me how you're going to get out of here?"

"According to the ancient texts, the foundation of Divine Chess exists in the eye of God and Devil. As long as we destroy that, we'll be able to get out of this game."

Right as the wind billowed, the large eagle in the sky swooped downward.

The strong gusts of wind were almost visible to the naked eye. At that moment, the bird—although it was just a creature—seemed to rule above all.

Like the flash of lightning, Jonethen teleported himself toward the eagle.

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"Get down!"

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When the eagle saw Jonathan appearing in front of him, it cried out and pecked at Jonathan.

Alas, it was but a demon beast that was stripped of its Pryncyp.

Even if Jonathan was not all-powerful, it was not a match for Jonathan.

A murderous look was in Jonathan's eyes when Jonathan cast his gaze on the eagle.

With a wave of twisting black swirls, Jonathan swung his right leg down to split the eagle in half.

Boom!

The thundering sound reverberated throughout the entire place.

The gigantic body of the bird slammed onto the humongous severed arm.

"Die!"

Jonathan bellowed as he plummeted toward the tiger with the Heaven Sword from above.

With the extra force of Pryncyp, a line of blood emerged on the tiger's forehead, but its sturdy skull was stopping Jonathan's Heaven Sword from piercing through its head.

Roar!

In the next second, the giant paw of the tiger swiped toward Jonathan. Before it even reached Jonathan, the gusts of wind it brought made the air buzz.

Jonathan reached out to grab the cloning talisman, and immediately, another Jonathan appeared in the air.

The two Jonathans kicked each other and darted toward the two sides of the tiger's head.

"Unum, skywards!"

Jonathan stabbed his sword at the tiger's eyes before running along its cheek.

Bloody footprints were left where Jonathan ran past.

As it turned out, Jonathan had sliced through the tiger's left eye with his sword.

Meanwhile, Jonathan's clone had burrowed itself into the tiger's ears and stabbed its long sword into the tiger's head.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. In the next instance, the tiger started rolling off the severed arm.

Panting, Jonathan then landed on the thrashing eagle's head. When he stomped on it, it let out a cry of agony.

"Stay right there!"

Jonathan then turned his grave focus toward the crowd of demon beasts running toward him.

By then, he had already used over half of the spirit stone's spiritual energy.

Although his attacks were powerful, he was risking his life with the hasty consumption of the spirit stone's energy.

Despite the usage, Jonathan had only gotten rid of two demon beasts. There were hundreds more to be slain.

Am I really going to die here?

The tiger and the eagle were two demon beasts closest to the severed arm. The other demon beasts that wanted to get over to Jonathan would need to take a little more time crossing the board. However, the demon beasts that could fly were about to reach him in a minute more at most.

When Jonathan turned around to look at Amiel, who was below, he noticed that Amiel was looking at him as well.

"Jonathan, I told you. We lost this round. We won't be able to clear all the demon beasts down there. Just give up."

Jonathan shook his head. "I won't. I'm going to die anyway, so I'd rather choose a dignified death."

"I'll come with you." Vikas leaped to Jonathan's side before holding his staff before him. The space behind him twisted, but the three-headed God did not appear this time.

Jonathan knew that it was because he had destroyed Vikas' unformed Kore with his Pryncyp.

Perhaps that was karma. He had ruined someone's Kore, and in return, he would have to be trapped on the board forever.

Just as the two were holding their breaths in anticipation of the fight, a rumbling avalanche-like sound came from above the chessboard.

Then, purple rays rushed upward, and when Jonathan looked at the spot a distance away, he saw dozens of purple rays interlacing, dividing the chessboard into grids.

In those grids, the hill-sized chess pieces were falling and disintegrating.

That was not all. The running beasts began shrieking before they, too, disappeared without a trace.

"Amiel, what's going on?" Jonathan shouted as he watched the scene unfold.

Even Amiel was startled by the sight of the disintegrating demon beasts, and he hastened his way to Jonathan's side.

"The demon beasts must have been fighting against the chess pieces underneath. Once the chess pieces have been killed, the demon beasts will be gone too!" Amiel exclaimed. "Someone's dueling with us, and they're on the opposite side of the chessboard!"

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 764](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 764-A duel!

The very mention of those words made a sharp glint flash past Jonethen's eyes.

If the death of the chess piece meant the death of the demon beasts, that meant they would be able to get out of the game by destroying all of the chess pieces on the board.

"Amiel, have you ever seen the chess book?" Jonethen urgently asked Amiel as he grabbed him.

Amiel shook his head and said, "Although the books I've seen recorded the existence of Divine Chess, it has never mentioned any chess books. Even if the chess book does exist, we might not be able to understand it. I'm afraid the only way we can get out of this is to kill God and Devil!"

Hearing that, Jonethen, who was wearing his spiritual energy as armor, leaped to the eagle and lifted Heaven Sword.

"Hey, I don't know if you can understand me or not, but I'm giving you one chance now. Take us up there. The higher, the better. It's best if you can fly out of this chessboard's range. I'll be counting to three. If you don't react to this, I'll kill you right away."

Then, Jonethen started counting.

"One. Two. Three!"

With the last number, Jonethen stabbed Heaven Sword toward the eagle's eyes.

Yet, before he could plunge it in, a hand shot out toward him, and a black mist grabbed Heaven Sword.

"Don't be in such a haste to that. It's a demon beast, after all. How is it supposed to understand what we say?"

With a smile, Amiel slid his palm across Jonethen's blade. When the blood dripped, it turned into orbs the size of a ping-pong ball in the air.

"This contract will let you know what is on my mind."

The power of Pryncyp came out of Amiel's hand and turned the orbs into a complicated pattern. Then, he pushed and pressed the crimson pattern into the eagle's eyes.

"Take us up!"

Amiel tightened his right fist, and the runes glowed.

The eagle only struggled for a brief second before lifting its head and crawling upright.

"Go on!" Amiel bellowed again.

The eagle shook its head, seemingly trying to shove Jonathan and the others off, but its efforts were for naught. It was as if the men were rooted, they remained unmoving.

Then, some kind of viscous liquid flowed out of the eagle's eyes. In the ensuing second, the eagle soared into the air.

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Yet, before he could plunge it in, a hand shot out toward him, and a black mist grabbed Heaven Sword.

“Don’t be in such a haste to that. It’s a demon beast, after all. How is it supposed to understand what we say?”

With a smile, Amiel slid his palm across Jonathan’s blade. When the blood dripped, it turned into orbs the size of a ping-pong ball in the air.

“This contract will let you know what is on my mind.”

The power of Pryncyp came out of Amiel’s hand and turned the orbs into a complicated pattern. Then, he pushed and pressed the crimson pattern into the eagle’s eyes.

“Take us up!”

Amiel tightened his right fist, and the runes glowed.

The eagle only struggled for a brief second before lifting its head and crawling upright.

“Go on!” Amiel bellowed again.

The eagle shook its head, seemingly trying to shove Jonathan and the others off, but its efforts were for naught. It was as if the men were rooted, they remained unmoving.

Then, some kind of viscous liquid flowed out of the eagle’s eyes. In the ensuing second, the eagle soared into the air.

A duel!

The very mention of those words made a sharp glint flash past Jonathan’s eyes.

Jonathan whipped his head around to look at Amiel in shock.

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“Can you really make animals understand what you say?”

“Hahaha!” Amiel laughed boisterously. “Did you really believe what I said earlier? I’m only tormenting it with a mark of a slave. Once it starts flying, I’ll stop hurting it. It’s but an animal. You can’t reason with it.”

Jonathan shook his head upon hearing that. When he turned around, he saw the mountain range beneath him getting smaller and smaller until he finally saw the full view of the area.

Seemingly resentful of how the eagle had taken flight, the beasts beneath let out angry roars. At the same time, colossal flying beasts started coming after Jonathan and his party.

“I’ll control the eagle, and you’ll defend us against the demon beasts behind us. Just hold on for about a minute. We’ll be reaching the top soon,” came Amiel’s voice from the head of the eagle.

By then, Jonathan was already swinging Heaven Sword toward one of the creatures.

It was a demon beast that Jonathan did not even know the name.

It had the body of a human and the head of a monkey, but it also had two large wings on its back.

The second Jonathan cut it, the ugly demon beast fell. However, it did not die. Vikas noticed that Jonathan had not used his Pryncyp to attack it.

Even though Pryncyp was powerful, it was too energy-consuming. Jonathan had done calculations for it. Even if he were to use up the entire spirit stone, he would only kill off, at most, four to five demon beasts.

Yet, there were more than dozens of demon beasts behind them that they needed to deal with.

Furthermore, as time went by, Amiel was slowly regaining his Pryncyp. If Jonathan were to use up all of his spiritual energy, he would be an easy kill for Amiel later.

Even if Jonathan could end in a tie in a fight against Amiel by entering a frenzied state, the effects of entering that state would be more than enough to kill Jonathan in their current situation.

The three of them were only working together to stay alive. Even when Jonathan gave the spirit stone and bronze handbell to Vikas, he had only done it because he was sure that Vikas could not stay alive without him.

In other words, they were only in a mutually-beneficial alliance.

Once their crisis was resolved, it would not be an exaggeration to say that they might end up as enemies again.

Therefore, it would be a safer option for Jonathan to not put all his eggs in one basket.

The eagle was still ascending under Amiel's control, and they were getting closer and closer to the blue light at the top.

It was then Jonathan noticed that the demon beasts behind them were slowing down.

After taking out the bronze handbell, Jonathan carefully looked up.

A face looking downward had emerged from behind the blue glowing screen.

It was the face of God and Devil that appeared earlier!

"The pieces are on the board again!" Vikas yelled as he pointed below.

Jonathan looked in the direction he pointed. By then, he could see most of the board.

A gigantic claw was putting down a piece on the opposite side of the board.

The chess pieces are shattering, and rays of purple light were spreading from the center to the edges.

The demon beasts in the air above the board were disappearing, but Jonathan's attention was on the corner of the severed arm.

"That piece is about to break!" he shrieked before running toward the head of the eagle.

Time had turned the chess pieces beneath them into hills, and there was no way Jonathan could remember which peaks corresponded to which demon beast.

However, he could remember the pieces corresponding to the tiger and the eagle, for they were much closer to the trio.

If the piece corresponding to the eagle broke, Jonathan and the other two were going to plummet back onto the chessboard.

The only method Jonathan could think of to save them was to have Amiel use his Pryncyp to cover the entire eagle so that the game would not affect the creature.

Yet, when Jonathan told Amiel his idea, Amiel nearly fell off the eagle's beak in shock.

"Do you really know what it means if someone's in the phase of Divine Realm? It's not as if I've achieved godhood. Where am I going to summon that much Pryncyp to cover the entire eagle?"

"What can you cover, then?" Jonathan asked without missing a beat.

Looking at the purple rays that had extended to the corners below, Amiel then gritted his teeth and pointed at the wings of the eagle.

"Just the feather!"

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 765](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 765-Jonathan and Vikas were taken aback to see Amiel's grim expression.

They quickly realized that Amiel wasn't joking, for he could only cover one feather!

Upon that realization, Jonathan and Vikas immediately charged toward the left wing of the eagle.

Despite its colossal size, the majestic eagle had only one place where its feather could fit the three of them comfortably—the feathers on its wing.

Vikas landed on its wing and used his spiritual energy to lift a feather as big as a ship, intending to pluck it out.

"What are you doing? Just chop it!"

Jonathan raised his Heaven Sword and with a swift slash, struck the eagle's wing, causing blood to spurt out instantly.

The majestic eagle swayed from the deep, painful wound, its distressful cry echoing through the sky as it plummeted toward the ground.

Hovering midair, Jonathan plucked out a feather and tossed it ahead.

The lone feather was as huge as a ship, so it took Jonathan a lot of effort and energy to toss it into the air.

Jonathan created a long rope made of spiritual energy in his right hand and carefully wrapped it around Vikas' waist. He then followed with a graceful leap onto the eagle's back. With a powerful heave, he propelled Vikas up onto the eagle's body, sending him soaring through the air like a cannonball.

"Pull me up!" Jonathan hollered.

Beneath him, the huge eagle was starting to disintegrate.

Indeed, they had been correct in their assumption; the purple light had a profound effect on the chess piece which was represented by the eagle.

As the majestic bird disintegrated, the rope that was encircling Jonathan's wrist grew increasingly taut, slowing his descent toward the ground.

"Come on up!"

Vikas stood at the brink of the feather, exerting a tremendous amount of strength as he tugged, launching Jonathan into the atmosphere like a fish being pulled out of the sea.

After landing on the feather, Jonathan gave Amiel a wary look, holding the bronze handbell in his hands.

Amiel was standing in a strange position.

After he tossed the feather upward, Amiel should be standing in front if he were to land on the feather.

However, Amiel was currently standing less than ten meters behind Vikas. It was clear that he wanted to kill Jonathan mere moments ago.

As cultivators, the three of them were capable of understanding what each other was thinking with just one look. Their current situation was precarious

and they were all in it together, so they kept up the pretense and refrained from exposing one another.

Jonathan and Vikas were taken aback to see Amiel's grim expression.

Vikas was under Amiel's control, yet his strong-willed nature meant that he could be unyielding even when Amiel threatened to kill him.

Vikos was under Amiel's control, yet his strong-willed nature meant that he could be unyielding even when Amiel threatened to kill him.

On the other hand, Jonothon might be Amiel's biggest threat, but he could utilize the incomplete Pryncyp for now.

He could destroy the feather completely by chopping it. However, if he were to provoke Jonothon, the three of them would die instantly.

As for Jonothon and Vikos, they had to rely on Amiel's complete Pryncyp of Strength to protect the feather they were currently on.

Soon, the trio came to a rather peculiar understanding. Once they had managed to escape the perils they faced, one of them would definitely take action.

"I can only maintain the feather for a few minutes. I'm afraid I won't be able to keep it intact after that," Amiel told them calmly.

"Besides, we're standing above the feather. We might not crash to the ground and die, but we're still descending continuously. I need your help to fly this feather out of the chessboard. The only way to escape is to find God and Devil in this game."

"We'll push it in that direction, then!"

Jonothon leaped into the air and latched onto the quill of the feather. He swung the Heaven Sword and made two slashes, creating a sharp edge on the feather.

A while ago, the feather was still floating about. It could now charge ahead at full force.

He then made his way to the rear of the feather. Drawing upon his spiritual energy, he conjured up a gust of wind that propelled the feather forward.

The chess piece was crushed. If the feather lost the protection of Amiel's Pryncyp, it would disintegrate to dust in mere moments.

I must make the feather arrive at God and Devil's position in a few minutes.

Behind them, the Divine Chess kept changing formations.

Chess pieces were constantly being taken and purple lights were rising, indicating the ongoing action. The overall situation on the chessboard had been determined.

It seemed that the side Jonathon and the like picked were going to lose soon.

"Get prepared. I'm at my limits!" Amiel shouted, pulling Jonathon out of his reverie.

"The chessboard's barrier is too strong. I'll need to deplete my Pryncyp to break through the barrier!" Amiel added.

Jonathon and Vikos blanched visibly at his words.

They noticed the end of the feather crumbling as he spoke.

"We have yet to see God and Devil's body. We'll die if we were to fall now! Hang in there, Amiel!"

Amiel clenched his jaw in anger, his eyes narrowing as he bellowed, "Cut the crap! Do you think I want to give up? Do you think I have a death wish?"

Vikas was under Amiel's control, yet his strong-willed nature meant that he could be unyielding even when Amiel threatened to kill him.

On the other hand, Jonathan might be Amiel's biggest threat, but he could utilize the incomplete Pryncyp for now.

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Amiel clenched his jaw in anger, his eyes narrowing as he bellowed, “Cut the crap! Do you think I want to give up? Do you think I have a death wish?”

Following his words, a fierce gust of wind came rushing from the deep, bottomless abyss in front of them, causing them to nearly lose their balance on the feather beneath their feet.

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“Where did the wind come from?” Vikas managed between gritted teeth.

Wind...

Jonathan’s eyes turned wide as he stared at the dark abyss and recalled what he had gone through. He quickly pulled out a long rope, which was a magical item.

“Get ready. If I’m not mistaken, we might’ve arrived at our destination!”

“Our destination? What are you talking about?” Vikas seemed confused.

However, Amiel seemed to understand what Jonathan meant.

“Are you saying that—”

“That’s it! We’re here!” Jonathan declared.

He wrapped the long rope on the Heaven Sword and threw it up with all his might.

A humongous arm emerged from the darkness and headed straight for the feather.

An ordinary person would be pulverized even if they got hit by a truck.

However, the three of them were up against the vast mountain that seemed to stretch on endlessly.

“Let’s go!” Jonethen urged.

He then held Vikes as they leaped down the feather.

Amiel was expected to react. He had jumped off the feather but couldn’t avoid the arm in time.

The arm as big as the mountain range swung past their heads.

The moment Amiel disappeared from sight, Jonethen’s Heaven Sword shot out in a flash and embedded in the huge arm.

“Grab the rope!”

Right after Jonethen yelled out loud, his shoulders felt like they were being torn apart.

The arm formed by God and Devil was too fast that Jonethen could barely hold on to the rope.

He was already using the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, to begin with.

Behind him, Vikes was feeling worse. He was coughing out blood continuously, having suffered a serious internal injury.

Jonethen reached out to grab his collar.

“Hang on. You don’t want to die, do you?”

Vikes gritted his teeth and tied the long rope to his wrist.

Right after he did that, the arm above them halted in its tracks, causing the long rope to swing in the air like a swing.

If they were in the woods, Jonethen could easily grab a vine to swing around like Terzen.

However, if they failed to reduce their speed, they would be doomed to meet their end in a catastrophic collision with the massive arm, ending their lives in an instant.

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Amiel was a tad late to react. He had jumped off the feather but couldn’t avoid the arm in time.

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If they were in the woods, Jonathan could easily grab a vine to swing around like Tarzan.

However, if they failed to reduce their speed, they would be doomed to meet their end in a catastrophic collision with the massive arm, ending their lives in an instant.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 766](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 766-The spirit stone in Jonathan's hands was directing a substantial flow of spiritual energy into his meridian and energy field.

His body was like a transfer station for the spiritual energy as it flowed into the long rope continuously.

Under Jonathan's control, the long rope became longer. It was initially thirty meters long but turned into hundreds of meters long in mere seconds, allowing Jonathan and Vikas to swing ahead quickly.

"Hang in there. We'll be able to flip up soon!" Vikas shouted as he gazed upon the sky that was illuminated by a brilliant array of green lights.

"Why don't you try it out yourself?" Jonathan retorted.

They finally arrived at the edge of the arm before flipping into the air.

Jonathan's wrist was quivering as he propelled a surge of energy along the extended rope, which slowly began to twist in his direction.

He had used up all his energy even though it was only a few hundred meters away.

After doing everything he could, Jonathan crashed onto the cliff.

He stuck his hand into the firm wall, but the long rope on his left hand was growing shorter at a rapid pace.

Not long after, the magical item returned to its normal size with the Heaven Sword hanging on its other end.

Jonathan kept both weapons before turning to Vikas.

"Hey, can you still hold on?"

Vikas seemed like he was on the verge of dying.

Despite being an invincible God Realm cultivator in the outside world, he was the weakest existence here. His body and meridians were pushed to their very limits from the injuries he had sustained.

Vikas had lost control of the spiritual energy in his elixir field, allowing it to surge across his meridians.

"I can no longer control the spiritual energy in my body," he told Jonathan with a grim expression.

Flashing a bitter smile, he continued, "You should leave now. I can't hold on for long. We're both cultivators, so I believe you know what will happen to cultivators who lose control of their spiritual energy."

Jonathan furrowed his brows as he stared at Vikas with a look of conflict showing in his gaze.

He wasn't technically friends with Vikas as the latter entered the Divine Chessboard to kill him.

Despite his initial reservations, he was forced to acknowledge that Vikas had helped him a lot.

Hence, he was unable to force himself to do nothing and stand idly by as Vikas was in danger of death.

The spirit stone in Jonathan's hands was directing a substantial flow of spiritual energy into his meridian and energy field.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was unable to prevent Vikas from losing control of his spiritual energy.

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The human body was like an extremely precise instrument, absorbing the external spiritual energy into the body, compressing and purifying it before transporting it across the body in a specific way.

One's elixir field and energy field would act as a heart that connected countless meridians in the limbs.

One's cultivation method was the path of spiritual energy. In the elixir field and energy field, there must be an entrance and an exit, just like the arteries and veins of the heart. Everything must operate in a fixed way.

Nevertheless, if one were to lose control of one's spiritual energy, it would cause a spiritual energy outbreak within the body.

The spiritual energy within one's energy field would surge uncontrollably, causing the compressed spiritual energy to flood over the entire body—including one's limbs, heart, and mind—practically everywhere.

A cultivator in the God Realm had an impressive amount of spiritual energy stored up in their body. When an outbreak occurred, the amount of compressed spiritual energy in their body was like a bomb waiting to explode. The amount of power released from such an outburst was significant and could cause serious destruction.

Vikos was currently facing this predicament.

"Vikos, you should try to destroy your Kore," Jonothon advised him.

With that, Jonothon leaped up into the air. A few flips later, he disappeared among the trees.

Vikos was caught in a dilemma.

If he allowed his spiritual energy to go berserk, he would end up pulverized following an explosion.

The only way out was to destroy his Kore as Jonothon had suggested.

Jonothon wasn't talking about the God and Devil's Kore, but his own energy field and elixir field.

He was suggesting that Vikos destroy his elixir field, a move that would render him powerless and utterly helpless.

The only way to survive was to dissipate his spiritual energy, allowing them to return to the heaven and the earth.

If they were outside, he could change his identity after dissipating his spiritual energy. His body was strong enough for him to live for hundreds of years more.

However, he would be committing suicide if he were to disperse his spiritual energy and destroy his elixir field right here.

After sensing the current situation in his elixir field, Vikos used his last shred of energy to charge up the cliff.

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His destination was the forest right above him. The only way for him to survive was to head up there.

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God and Devil had been here for an indefinite amount of time, as the earth had turned into an endless mountain range. If one had no idea one was standing on a gigantic earth, it would be identical to being in an outdoor space.

Of course, Jonethen couldn't ignore the demon beasts surrounding him.

The most powerful demon beast was in the advanced phase of the Grendmester Realm, so they weren't able to hurt him.

Back when they were in despair, Amiel said that the only way to escape was to reach God and Devil's eye and locate the foundation of the formation.

Without hesitation, Jonethen dashed up the cliff.

Right after he flipped over the mountain, he saw a figure climbing up the cliff over thousands of meters away from him.

"Amiel!" Jonethen narrowed his eyes.

He pulled out the Heaven Sword and went after Amiel.

On the cliff, Amiel sensed the surge of spiritual energy behind him and turned over his shoulder to see Jonethen. At once, he summoned the remaining spiritual energy in his body to continue his journey upward.

Amiel might have survived after colliding with God and Devil's arm, but the collision had exhausted the remainder of his Pryncyp.

He was shaky in his current realm, so his odds of overcoming Jonethen were not particularly encouraging, as he would only have less than a fifty percent chance of winning.

If Jonethen were to catch up to him, he knew that they would definitely be at odds.

Run!

That was Amiel's only thought.

As long as I can control the formation of the chessboard and escape, I can gain control over all living beings inside. With God and Devil's recognition, I can complete my incomplete Divine Realm Core. By then, I won't be afraid of anyone in the world, let alone the West Region.

Amiel mustered all of his strength and leaped himself into the air, his feet pounding against the jagged edges of the mountain rocks, causing them to tumble down the cliff in an attempt to hinder Jonethen's progress.

However, Jonethen wasn't going to be stopped easily.

Jonethen was unaware of the repercussions of controlling the formation's foundation, but judging from Amiel's reaction, he was certain that he would be in grave danger if Amiel were to get to God and Devil's eye before him.

His destination was the forest right above him. The only way for him to survive was to head up there.

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Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 767

The Legendary Man Chapter 767-Jonathan made no move to dodge the boulder that was falling above his head. With a slash of Heaven Sword, he nimbly extracted himself from the cracks of the shattered boulder.

“Amiel, you’re not going to get away!”

With his feet encased in spiritual energy, Jonathan charged up the wall of the mountain and chased after Amiel madly. Each step punctured into the rock deeply, and it was as if he was running on a flat surface.

Ahead of him, Amiel began to form the hand seals, and he slammed down the large emerald in his hand onto the cliff.

Crack! Crack!

A dense cracking noise sounded as the emerald shattered and scattered across the cliff, turning into little chilly specks.

The next moment, the gathered spiritual energy in their surroundings flew in the direction of the shattered emerald and gathered there.

Although Jonathan had a bad feeling about it, it was far too late, for he had already stepped into the area that was surrounded by the shattered emerald.

Cold glints of light flashed as the shattered emerald pieces turned into blades that shot toward Jonathan’s throat. They were so fast that Jonathan could not react in time.

Clang!

Following the sound of a bell, Jonathan’s surroundings erupted in a flash of golden light.

As the bell sounded, dozens of shattered emerald pieces flew at Jonathan’s weak points simultaneously.

Spinning in unison, the emerald pieces were like a mini sword formation.

If it hadn’t been for the bronze handbell’s protection, Jonathan would have been at a loss for how to deal with such an onslaught.

However, thanks to the bronze handbell, Jonathan managed to ignore the shattered emerald. Although he felt enraged, he was unscathed.

Ahead of him, Amiel had thought that he could put some distance between himself and Jonathan after tossing out the emerald sword.

He was utterly shocked when he saw the latter power through the golden light and appear right before him.

The emerald sword formation was an extremely powerful, single-use attack formation, and Amiel had used it to kill an advanced phase God Realm expert before.

He had spent a lot of effort to ensure his complete victory.

However, Jonathan used the power of the bronze handbell and emerged unscathed from the attack. Once again, Amiel's animosity toward Jonathan rose.

The secret tool basically gave its user a second life. Obviously, there wasn't anyone who would not want such a thing.

Behind Amiel, the spirit stone in Jonathan's hand was already covered in cracks.

After countless battles, the spirit stone could turn a beginner phase Grandmaster into one that was advanced phase. At that moment, however, most of the spirit stone's powers were already depleted.

Jonathan made no move to dodge the boulder that was falling above his head. With a slash of Heaven Sword, he nimbly extracted himself from the cracks of the shattered boulder.

Jonathan threw away the spirit stone and popped a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill into his mouth.

Jonathan threw away the spirit stone and popped a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill into his mouth.

The tricks he had at his disposal were rapidly decreasing. Between him and Amiel, only one of them would walk out alive.

"Attack!"

Following the roar, Jonothon felt a sharp pain in his right knee.

Jonothon's speed rapidly increased just as his right knee took the full brunt of the pressure. In just a few breaths, he had already moved to a few meters behind Amiel.

"Jonothon Goldstein!" Amiel shouted as he felt the other man draw closer. "There is no blood between us. We can work together!"

"F*ck working together!"

The rocks beneath Jonothon's feet crumbled as he extended the long sword in his hand. A thin bolt of black sword energy emitted from the sword, cleaving out all the obstacles above his head, and hurtled toward the back of Amiel's head.

Although it was an incomplete Pryncyp, it was not something that could be blocked by spiritual energy.

Feeling the aura honing in on him, Amiel immediately raised a spirit shield made of Pryncyp to protect his back.

Obliterated, the black light disappeared.

Jonothon took advantage of that moment to rush to Amiel's side.

"Die!"

With a sharp piercing sound, Jonothon brought down the Heaven Sword in his hand onto Amiel's face.

Sparks flew, and Amiel revealed his weapon, which was made from a demon beast's spine, for the first time.

An enormous wave of spiritual energy erupted from the clashing blades of the two men.

Flying backward, Jonothon stabbed Heaven Sword into the face of the cliff.

Across from him, Amiel scrambled to find a hand or foothold on the boulder.

At that moment, the two of them were perched on the Divine Giont's shoulder. Below them lay an endless abyss. No matter who it was that fell, their body would be crushed as long as the person could not fly.

Countless rock debris from their battle rained downword.

Staring at the rock debris, Amiel pointed the demon beast spine in his hand at the other man. "Jonathan, do you really wish to make this into a fight to the death?"

"I'm not the one who's trying to drag this out. You're leaving me no choice," Jonathan replied coldly. "I would not be trying to exterminate you if you hadn't forced me to swallow the black pill. No matter what you say, I'll never trust your words ever again."

Boom!

Jonathan threw away the spirit stone and popped a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill into his mouth.

The tricks he had at his disposal were rapidly decreasing. Between him and Amiel, only one of them would walk out alive.

"Attack!"

Following the roar, Jonathan felt a sharp pain in his right knee.

Jonathan's speed rapidly increased just as his right knee took the full brunt of the pressure. In just a few breaths, he had already moved to a few meters behind Amiel.

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A muffled boom sounded from beneath the two men's feet. It was followed by a rising pulse of spiritual energy.

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The two men looked down with grim expressions.

The moment Jonethen felt a fluctuation of spiritual energy, he knew that Vikes' Kore had not been severed and it was currently rejoining.

Meanwhile, Amiel had lost the ability to detect the parasites in Vikes' body.

An advanced phase God Realm expert was already dead. It likely meant that the next to fall would be one of them.

Jonethen and Amiel made their move at the same time.

Amiel immediately dashed upward while the strange magical item made of beast spine slithered toward Jonethen like a dragon.

Under the golden light, the beast spine elongated rapidly and surrounded Jonethen from all sides.

Due to the golden light's isolating properties, Jonethen was unable to sense out his spiritual sense. Surrounded from all sides and his line of sight blocked, Jonethen lost the direction of Amiel's whereabouts.

More importantly, the strange demon beast spine that wrapped around Jonethen was rapidly tightening.

While the bronze handbell could block attacks that came toward its holder, it could not stop the pressure that was applied directly onto Jonethen's body.

Unable to breathe, Jonethen felt as if he was being strangled by a giant python.

Reaching out, he gripped the bronze handbell above his head and rapidly withdrew the spiritual energy that was infused in the bell.

The instant the golden light vanished, he leaped out from the clutches of the strange weapon.

Jonethen looked up and saw Amiel rapidly approaching the giant's shoulders.

Casting away all thoughts, Jonethen put away the bronze handbell and sprinted toward Amiel like a madman.

“Jonethen, you’re done for!” Amiel roared in laughter as he ran toward the giant’s head.

Turning his gaze toward the giant’s chest, Jonethen tossed out a magical rope, hooking it onto the top of a boulder. He swung himself onto the giant’s chest.

Amiel was slightly taken aback when he witnessed the scene before him. However, he could not discern Jonethen’s intentions.

“It’s too late for you to run! Do you think you can escape from Divine Chess?”

Still holding onto Heaven Sword, Jonethen swung across the expanse of the rift and landed on the giant’s chest.

He stared at the giant’s mouth and nose above his head and slashed downward at the center of the giant’s chest.

Live or die, and whether he could catch up to Amiel, everything came down to this moment!

A muffled boom sounded from beneath the two men’s feet. It was followed by a rising pulse of spiritual energy.

The two men looked down with grim expressions.

The moment Jonathan felt a fluctuation of spiritual energy, he knew that Vikas’ core had not been severed and it was currently rampaging.

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Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 768

The Legendary Man Chapter 768-Heaven Sword vibrated intensely in Jonathan's hand as he ran toward the Divine Giant and slashed at it.

"Haaah!" Jonathan yelled at the top of his lungs while slashing at the giant's chest, leaving behind a huge cut about fifty meters long.

Amiel's eyes were filled with confusion as he stood on the giant's shoulder and saw what Jonathan had done.

Has this guy lost his mind? Why would he attack a divine being? Does he really think he can defeat Divine Giant with that little bit of strength that he has?

Having gotten Jonathan off his tail, Amiel curled his lips into a disdainful smile as he continued making his way toward Divine Giant's neck.

If I can climb onto Divine Giant's third eye, I will be able to control the foundation of the formation and escape the chessboard, recreate the damaged Kore, and reach Divine Realm!

Meanwhile, Jonathan's sword danced about wildly in his hand as he made a beeline for the giant's chest.

Gigantic rocks were flying everywhere, but Jonathan was able to shatter those in his path and cover a distance of several hundred meters in a few seconds.

The rock armor on the giant's body had been broken through.

After breaking through the rock armor that the giant had on, Jonathan continued charging inside its body like a madman.

Loud impact noises could be heard coming from behind him. Jonathan figured the giant was probably trying to pull him out of its body with its broken hand.

Of course, Jonathan couldn't care less about that at the time. He needed to keep going deeper into the giant's chest and reach its heart. That was the only way he could beat Amiel to the giant's third eye.

Jonathan kept downing Spirit Rejuvenating Pills to keep his spiritual energy, mental energy, and Prynecyp levels high while charging forward.

Having activated all three of his energy sources, Jonathan kept his eyes focused on the flesh in front of him as he hacked his way through them.

It wasn't until he felt nothing underneath his feet that he quickly turned around and stabbed his sword into the surface behind him.

Jonathan had reached the center of the giant's chest cavity.

There was thick, red blood all around him. Jonathan also saw countless strange fishes the size of his arms swimming in the blood. The fishes all charged at the protective golden barrier of his bronze handbell.

Heaven Sword vibrated intensely in Jonathan's hand as he ran toward the Divine Giant and slashed at it.

Visibility no longer mattered inside the giant's body as there was no way of seeing through all that blood.

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Due to the protection of the bronze handbell's golden barrier, Jonathan was unable to use his spiritual sense to identify the direction he was facing.

With his free hand, Jonathan filled the entire space within the bronze handbell's protective barrier with spiritual energy. He then pulled it downward to put the bronze handbell into storage.

Without the protection of the bronze handbell, Jonathan felt a sudden increase in pressure around him. As his spiritual energy continued to course through the giant's bloodstream, Jonathan felt like his body was being roasted over a fire.

Jonathan was shocked to find out that the Divine Giant's blood was capable of burning a person's spiritual sense, but he clenched his teeth and swam forward with all of his might.

He could clearly feel something solid beating rhythmically about a hundred meters in front of him, which was obviously the giant's heart that he was looking for.

Jonothon stepped on the fishes quite a lot as he continued running through the viscous blood with all of his might.

He could feel the vibrations coming from the giant's heart as he got closer to it.

Upon hearing the sound of the heart beating when he was within ten meters of it, Jonothon tightened his grip on Heaven Sword and stabbed at the wall in front of him.

The huge heart instantly contracted upon being stabbed.

As though the blood around Jonothon had turned into a gigantic sledgehammer, it hit him so hard that it nearly flushed him out of the giant's chest.

It took Jonothon a few desperate attempts before he was able to plunge Heaven Sword into the giant's heart again.

After being hit by the impact from the blood flow a second time, Jonothon pulled out a halberd from his storage ring and stabbed it into the giant's heart.

Using the halberd as an anchor to keep himself in place, Jonothon then continued slashing at the giant's heart with Heaven Sword.

The powerful blood flow hit him repeatedly, but Jonothon was determined to keep going until he could get inside the giant's heart.

He came up with this idea the moment he saw the blood flowing out of the broken arms.

If the structure of the giant's body is similar to that of a human's, then I simply need to enter its body, get through the blood flow, survive the attacks from the strongest fishes, and get to the heart. As long as I can enter the heart, I'll be able to use the giant's blood flow to carry me to its head. That is the only way I'll be able to quickly close the distance between Amiel and me. If I'm lucky, I might even be able to overtake him and beat him to the third eye!

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Meanwhile, Amiel nearly fell off the giant's shoulder while making his way up.

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Although Divine Giant looked terrifying, it was merely a gigantic puppet. Otherwise, the cultivators who hadn't even mastered Divine Realm would not have been able to enter and exit its body freely.

Amiel had reached the giant's neck when it suddenly started pounding against its chest like crazy. Having been caught off guard, Amiel almost lost his balance and fell onto the giant's shoulder.

What the... This giant is just a puppet, so why is it doing this?

As he lowered his gaze, he noticed blood gushing out of the giant's chest.

Did Jonathan drill his way into the giant's body? What is he trying to do?

A strong feeling of uncertainty formed in Amiel's heart as he instinctively continued climbing up the giant's neck.

He had no idea what Jonathan was trying to do, but he knew he had to find the foundation of the formation and gain control of Divine Chessboard. That was the only way to guarantee his own safety.

With that in mind, Amiel quickened his pace and climbed up the giant's neck as fast as he could.

He had just reached the top of the giant's neck when an explosion took place above him.

Jonathan then came flying out of the hole in the giant's body a second later. After spinning a couple of times as he sailed through the air, he crashed into the nearby cliff.

Boom!

Noticing that there were two fishes clinging to his arm, Jonathan shook them off with a burst of spiritual energy.

After ensuring that he still had a firm grip on the long rope, Jonathan looked down and grinned smugly when he saw Amiel beneath him.

"It looks like I've caught up to you, Amiel!"

"Oh, f*ck you!" Amiel yelled as he ripped a spike off the giant's back and hurled it at Jonathan's face.

Both of them were above the giant's neck and very close to its third eye. The one who reached it first would be able to make it out alive.

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[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 769](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 769-“Retract!” Jonathan shouted, causing the long rope in his hands to shorten rapidly and pull him upward.

The spike missed its target and hit the cliff behind, causing some debris to fall in Amiel’s direction.

Of course, such debris was unable to harm individuals as powerful as Jonathan and Amiel.

A loud noise echoed through the area as Amiel used the giant’s spikes as a ladder and quickly caught up to Jonathan.

“Take this!” Jonathan yelled as he swung Heaven Sword at Amiel.

Determined to slice Amiel’s head clean off, Jonathan focused all of his physical strength and Prynccyp of Strength into that attack.

Amiel retaliated by launching a spike at Jonathan with so much force that it looked as though it would cut through space and time.

The clash of the two attacks created such a powerful shockwave that it sent Jonathan flying.

Amiel let out a dull groan before continuing to make his way up.

He, too, was reaching his limits at that point.

After taking a second to regain his balance, Jonathan continued charging upward with Heaven Sword in hand.

Energy waves from the sword and spikes from the giant's back were flying everywhere.

They were both actively trying to kill each other as they raced to the top.

Upon reaching the giant's cheeks, the two realized that they had run out of ground to stand on.

In order to continue heading upward, they would have to create their own paths on the giant's face.

Without hesitation, Jonathan stabbed his magical items into the giant's cheek and used them as a ladder to continue his climb.

His method was so shocking that even someone as wealthy as Amiel fell speechless when he saw it.

Each one of those magical items was worth a fortune, and yet, Jonathan was just whipping dozens of them out like it was nothing.

Little did he know, Jonathan had obtained those magical items by looting Vladimir.

Phoebus Sect had gotten countless cultivators killed over the years. As their weapons had to be kept hidden from the public, Vladimir stored them inside his storage ring.

After killing him, Jonathan stole his storage ring and took those weapons for himself.

Using the huge number of weapons available, Jonathan charged toward the third eye with lightning speed.

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Naturally, Amiel wasn't about to just sit around and do nothing. He quickly stabbed the spike into the giant's cheek and used them as stepping stones to aid his climb.

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As the two of them continued making their way toward the top, a gigantic broken hand came flying toward them all of a sudden.

To Divine Giant, Jonathon and Amiel were like two mosquitoes on his face. While being stabbed in the face didn't really hurt the giant, it got so irritating that the giant tried to crush them with its broken hands.

Jonathon whipped out his bronze handbell and rushed toward the large platform right in front of him.

That was most likely the corner of the giant's eye. While it was a tiny crevice for the giant, the space was big enough for Jonathon to hide in.

Having discovered the some hiding spot, Amiel ran straight toward Jonathon in an attempt to take cover.

"Get lost!" Jonathon yelled as he sent a wave of spiritual energy in Amiel's direction to keep him out.

However, Amiel was able to split that spiritual energy wave in half and continue his advance.

Boom!

The giant's broken hand slammed into its face the moment Amiel set foot on that platform, hitting them both with a powerful shockwave that pinned them against the giant's body.

Unable to move even a muscle, they could only wait helplessly for about ten seconds before the shockwave reduced in intensity.

By the time the broken hand was lifted, Jonathon had closed the distance between them.

However, an invisible force stopped Heaven Sword in its tracks before it could reach Amiel's throat.

What the... What is this? Is Amiel using Pryncyp of Strength?

"You forced my hand, Jonathon! This is all on you!" Amiel yelled as he whipped out a dagger.

Jonothon felt the air around him pressing down on his body, holding him firmly in place.

“Die!” Amiel shouted at the top of his voice as he plunged the dagger at Jonothon, who could only watch as his body was frozen in a lunging position.

A weapon that can immobilize me completely... Is he using a spiritual weapon?

That was when Jonothon recalled something he had read about in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Any weapon that qualified as a spiritual weapon would possess a special ability.

The ability to immobilize Jonothon completely was one of the many examples.

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The special ability of the weapon depended on the forger's understanding of Prynycp.

Those in Divine Realm or higher would use themselves as the core when forging the magical item, but they would only have a ten percent chance of successfully forging a spiritual weapon.

That was why spiritual weapons were still in high demand, even though most high-level cultivators knew how to forge them.

The dagger that Amiel wielded looked just like an ordinary dagger, but it packed an insane amount of power.

There was nothing Jonethen could do except clench his teeth as the dagger got closer and closer.

An intense pain tore through his torso as the dagger slowly pierced through his chest.

While the dagger was able to immobilize Jonethen completely, using its ability also required a huge amount of Amiel's blood essence and spiritual energy.

As such, it was actually Amiel that Jonethen was fighting to break free from.

Having the dagger as a medium to channel that energy provided Amiel with a slight advantage, but that was about it.

Blood came pouring out of Jonethen's chest, but that didn't stop Amiel from pushing the dagger forward.

The veins on the sides of his neck were bulging beneath the skin as he yelled with a gleeful look in his eyes, "Die, Jonethen!"

Right as he was about to pierce Jonethen's heart with the dagger, however, a figure appeared next to them and kicked Amiel in the face without warning.

Bem!

The kick was so powerful that it sent Amiel flying instantly. Amiel coughed up a mouthful of blood as he crashed into the giant's body on the side.

With the invisible force gone, Jonethen fell on his knees with his face all pale.

He then ripped the dagger out of his chest and turned to look at the person who saved his life.

The figure was completely naked and had no skin or hair. On top of that, he was covered in blood from head to toe as he stood before Jonathan.

Even so, Jonathan was able to recognize that figure by sensing his aura.

What the... Vikes?

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What the... Vikas?

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 770](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 770-"Vikas?" Jonathan asked in disbelief. "You're still alive?"

At that moment, Jonathan wasn't the only one surprised. Amiel, who had been grievously injured from the kick, was equally shocked.

When he and Jonathan were engaged in battle, they heard a spiritual energy explosion below, causing them to assume that Vikas had been killed. Unexpectedly, the latter was now standing right before their eyes.

How is this possible?

Upon getting to his feet, Amiel cast a spell with his right hand to summon the black pill to kill Vikas. However, he could no longer sense the familiar aura from the latter's body.

“Are you trying to find the parasite in my body? It’s already gone,” Vikas said to Amiel coldly.

“Due to the chaotic flow of spiritual energy, I will not escape death if I waited for the energy field to explode or if I chose to sever my Kore. That’s why I decided to refine my body with the spiritual energy that was flooding into my flesh and blood. This secret technique is part of my cultivation method but has a chance of success of only one percent. Luckily, I managed to survive the process,” Vikas explained.

Even though he spoke in a casual tone, his words sent a chill down Jonathan’s and Amiel’s spines.

How in the world did he come up with such an extreme idea?

Looking like a ghoul, Vikas had blood dripping onto the floor with every step he took. It must have taken him a tremendous amount of willpower to achieve this!

Jonathan got to his feet and held Vikas’ wrist.

Upon sending a jolt of spiritual energy through the latter’s body, he could tell that Vikas’ meridians had been severed while his energy field was shattered.

Vikas would never be able to cast a spell again. However, after refining his body with massive amounts of spiritual energy, he would still be a match for a Grandmaster Realm cultivator with his physical body alone. Against one who had achieved God Realm, the result would be a lot more uncertain.

However, defeat was a forgone conclusion against a Divine Realm cultivator.

After all, such cultivators wielded Pryncyp. Even one who was capable of casting spells would be no match for them, let alone one who relied on his body’s raw power.

Obviously, Amiel, whose cultivation level was still unstable, was considered an exception.

Holding the short blade, Jonathan turned toward Amiel.

“Vikas?” Jonathan asked in disbelief. “You’re still alive?”

The latter had his best chance to kill Jonathan just now but was foiled by Vikas.

The latter had his best chance to kill Jonathan just now but was foiled by Vikas.

Now that the spiritual weapon was in Jonathan's hands, it was impossible for Amiel to attack the former anymore.

"Amiel, it's your turn now."

By keeping the short blade in his storage ring, Jonathan had severed the connection between Amiel and his spiritual weapon. After that, he charged at Amiel with Heaven Sword in hand.

"Jonathan, you will not get my opening mechanism if you kill me. Without it, you still won't be able to leave even if you find the orroy!" Amiel roared with the statuette in hand.

However, Jonathan responded decisively. Brandishing Heaven Sword, he slashed it down upon Amiel's head without an ounce of hesitation.

As the statuette was smashed, Amiel turned and fled.

He had used up the last of his Prynccyp while restraining Jonathan just now. Therefore, he was incapable of withstanding another of Jonathan's Prynccyp-destroying attacks.

As Heaven Sword tore through the air, Amiel had no choice but to leap into the bottomless abyss below the giant's body.

"Jonathan! I'll definitely have my revenge if I survive this!"

As Amiel's raging voice echoed through the air, his current predicament made him sound pitiful instead.

As someone who had achieved Divine Realm, he was supposed to be a god who walked among men. Little did he expect to meet his downfall in such a place.

Panting heavily, Jonathan watched Amiel's figure rapidly disappear into oblivion.

He had started out as the son of the rich Goldstein family of Yoleview. If his uncle hadn't exiled him to Jodeborough in a power struggle, he would have lived the life of an ordinary man.

Even since he walked the path of a cultivator three years ago, Jonothan had many brushes with death, but none were as horrifying as this one.

Despite the many years of hard cultivation and achieving Divine Realm, Amiel still met a miserable end.

In that case, what about me? How will it all end for me?

Meanwhile, Vikos trudged up behind Jonothan with his blood-drenched feet.

"Jonothan, let's go. He's not coming back," Vikos reminded him, thinking that the latter was just being vigilant against Amiel's potential comeback.

In response, Jonothan turned toward Vikos.

"You might not be able to use spiritual energy now but should be able to absorb it from pills. Here, take this Spirit Rejuvenating Pill. Otherwise, you'll die of excessive blood loss."

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After handing the pill over, Jonathan used his spiritual energy to form a large hand to carry Vikas in mid-air. Thereafter, he ran as fast as he could.

After handing the pill over, Jonethen used his spiritual energy to form a large hand to carry Vikas in mid-air. Thereafter, he ran as fast as he could.

At that moment, Jonethen had reached the corner of the giant's eye and was very close to the third eye on the forehead.

Without Amiel getting in their way this time, they managed to arrive at the border of the third eye in around five minutes.

Even though Jonethen had seen the giant's face from the ground, he was still blown away by its appearance up close.

The height of its eye alone was a few hundred meters. However, instead of an eyeball, there was nothing but a massive empty hole.

Upon putting Vikas down, the wary Jonethen scanned his surroundings with his spiritual sense and quickly found a worn-out staircase beside the giant eye that granted direct access to the top.

"It's probably up there," Vikas remarked as he unexpectedly set off toward the steps.

However, Jonethen got in Vikas' way and suggested, "Why don't you let me do it?"

Jonethen's words triggered a grave smile on Vikas' face.

"No. Even though both of us know we won't attack each other, we can't help but be vigilant. Now that my strength is at the beginner phase of Grendmester Realm, my survival is in your hands. That's why I have to be of some use to you, so let me take the risk of being in front."

No sooner had he finished than he ran up the stairs.

As for Jonethen, he followed closely behind with an indifferent expression. This time, both of them reached the stone cave in the third eye after an uneventful climb.

Inside, the chessboard was floating in the air, together with a box of black chess pieces.

Looking down from where they were standing, they could see the entire chessboard on which many pieces had been cleared off.

There were two factions of demon beasts below, engaged in a ferocious massacre.

By reflex, Jonathan picked up a chess piece and placed it on the board.

In that instant, a dramatic change occurred before his eyes. The chessboard in front of him shrunk to an ordinary size.

Sitting opposite him was a black demon who held a head with one hand and had four arms grown out of his back.

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