

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 771

The Legendary Man Chapter 771-At that moment, Jonathan and the massive giant had amalgamated into one.

As he looked around, all he saw was an empty void.

The only thing within it was the chessboard and the four-armed demon.

With two horns growing out of his head and fangs that jutted out of his mouth, he was a fearsome sight to behold.

The eyes of the human head he held in his right hand were still glaring angrily. Even in death, their murderous intent didn't diminish one bit, evidence of what a terrifying killer the man was when he was alive.

Within the demon's four hands, one carried the human head, one the devil-subduing scepter, one a spear, and the last one a white chess piece.

When he noticed Jonathan looking at him, the demon grinned to expose his sharp and blood-stained teeth.

Locking gazes with the latter, he pointed at the chessboard below as if to challenge Jonathan.

When Jonathan looked down at the chessboard below, there were only a few black pieces left. With their numbers at less than a third of the white pieces, it was clear that black was in an extremely disadvantageous position.

Shifting his gaze to the right, Jonathan saw a large purple bowl that was emitting streams of light.

On it were the alternating apparitions of different demon beasts.

There were dragons, tigers, wolves, and so on.

Great argus?

As Jonathan watched the evolving apparitions, a thought in his mind caused a chess piece to fly through the air and stop in front of his broken arm.

In that instant, he felt as if his body was being torn apart while the spiritual energy within him was being sucked out.

Soon, right above his broken arm, the phantom image of flesh and blood began to form into a giant hand that grabbed the chess piece.

Amidst the cry of great argus, Jonathan felt as if his right hand was being burned by a raging inferno, causing him to throw the chess piece away by reflex.

Clack!

A crisp sound rang out as the chess piece fell onto the chessboard accurately.

The next moment, a mythical green bird was conjured up from the chessboard. The apparition was so huge that it blocked off the sky.

Raising his head to look up, Jonathan saw the great argus lower its head and breathe out a green inferno, striking fear into the other demon beasts.

As the green fire spread across the chessboard, more than ten black streams of light rose into the sky. One by one, the chess pieces shattered amidst the howling cries of demon beasts.

At that moment, Jonathan and the massive giant had amalgamated into one.

Even though Jonathan had no idea what the rules of the chess game were, he had no doubt that he was controlling the pieces on the chess board and playing black.

Even though Jonothon hod no ideo whot the rules of the chess gome were, he hod no doubt that he wos controlling the pieces on the chess boord ond ploying block.

Right offer he ploced the greot orgus chess piece on the boord, the demon put down o piece of his own.

The next moment, o giont block shodowy beast rose from the chessboard. Multiple lightning strikes ensued, destroying more thon holf of Jonothon's block pieces.

Consequently, other thon the tens of pieces of block chess pieces on his bottom right, the rest of the boord was covered by white pieces.

"I have won this game!" the four-armed demon declared before bursting into hearty laughter.

As Jonothon stared at the strange-looking face, his heart began to race inexplicably.

Even though the sense of dread came out of nowhere, he couldn't deny its clarity.

He was certain that once all the black pieces were destroyed, his life would share the same fate as theirs.

"Me? Lose?" Jonothon shot his opponent a glare. "Since I'm going to lose, I don't want to f*cking play this game anymore."

Letting out a thunderous roar, Jonothon kicked the chessboard in front of him.

Upon impact, the chessboard was flipped into the air while its pieces scattered all over the ground.

Stunned by the sight, the four-armed demon screamed, "You're crazy, Jonothon!"

The moment he heard his name mentioned, Jonothon was equally shocked.

"Who in the world are you?"

The four-armed demon roared menacingly as he charged at Jonothon with his devil-subduing scepter.

As Jonothon tilted his head to dodge, an agonized cry of a demon beast rang out from behind him.

Turning around, he saw a pig-faced demon whose head had been smashed by the devil-subduing scepter.

It turned out that the four-armed demon had saved him.

"Who in the world are you?" Jonothon asked again.

Upon retracting his devil-subduing scepter, the four-armed demon killed another demon wolf with his spear before turning his attention to Jonothon.

"I om Bloze! You, Jonothon, have released a great calamity!" Bloze roared as he slaughtered the surrounding demons with his devil-subduing scepter and spear.

"This game of Divine Chess represents the cycle of life and death. At the same time, it also acts as a seal. By toppling the chessboard, you released all the ferocious beasts contained within it. This is a chessboard that can unleash the apocalypse, Jonothon!"

Even though Jonathan had no idea what the rules of the chess game were, he had no doubt that he was controlling the pieces on the chess board and playing black.

Right after he placed the great argus chess piece on the board, the demon put down a piece of his own.

The next moment, a giant black shadowy beast rose from the chessboard. Multiple lightning strikes ensued, destroying more than half of Jonathan's black pieces.

Consequently, other than the tens of pieces of black chess pieces on his bottom right, the rest of the board was covered by white pieces.

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"Who in the world are you?" Jonathan asked again.

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"I am Blaze! You, Jonathan, have released a great calamity!" Blaze roared as he slaughtered the surrounding demons with his devil-subduing scepter and spear.

"This game of Divine Chess represents the cycle of life and death. At the same time, it also acts as a seal. By toppling the chessboard, you released all the ferocious beasts contained within it. This is a chessboard that can unleash the apocalypse, Jonathan!"

Jonathan was immediately distressed by Blaze's words.

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On the chessboard just now, there were more than a hundred chess pieces on it, all of which were terrifying and powerful demons. One could easily encounter an advanced phase God Realm demon at random.

If they were all released, it would possibly bring about the apocalypse.

"What are you speculating about?" Blaze thundered amidst Jonathan's shock.

“The demons have just escaped the seal and have yet to recover their full power. Once they have absorbed enough spiritual energy, there will be no escape for us!” Bleze shouted as he lobbed off another skull with his spear.

Meanwhile, Jonethen, who was leaning against the Divine Giant, had no weapon in hand.

The only thing in front of him was the toppled chess board and the purple container used to hold the chess pieces.

When he caught a glimpse of the giant alligator charging at him, Jonethen grabbed the chess board and slammed it on its head.

Buzz...

A soft rumble was heard upon impact, followed by a shockwave that spread out across the surroundings.

Roar!

The next moment, a thunderous roar echoed through the air as the demonic alligator's head decayed rapidly.

On top of its open wound, one could see streams of Pryncyp gurgling as the massive alligator demon melted into a pile of bloody mush.

“This...”

The death of the alligator filled Bleze's eyes with disbelief.

The alligator has reached the advanced phase of God Realm at the very least. Regardless of how powerful Jonethen is, there's no way he can kill it with a single strike. Its death must have something to do with the chessboard. That must be it! Since the chessboard is used to seal demons, it definitely has the ability to subdue them.

In truth, it wasn't just the chessboard that was capable of eliminating demons. The container for the chess pieces and the items held in Bleze's four hands possessed the power to do the same.

Bleze just hadn't realized it due to the chaotic circumstances.

Nevertheless, the items' power didn't escape Jonethen's notice.

Holding the chessboard in hand, Jonethen flashed an insidious smile at the demon beasts around him.

“Are you trying to do me in? I’ll kill all of you for this!”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 772-Those demon beasts had relatively high cultivation levels, and most had acquired spiritual wisdom.

Seeing the look in Jonathan's eyes, those demon beasts turned around and fled.

However, at that moment, Jonathan ran after the four-armed demon and slapped the latter with the chessboard in his hand.

Clang!

Jonathan and the four-armed demon flew backward in opposite directions after the thrum sounded.

Blaze parried Jonathan's ambush with his spear. Then, he steadied himself and scolded, "Are you crazy, Jonathan? I told you I'm Blaze!"

"I know you're Blaze, and that's why I'm hitting you!"

Jonathan took another step forward and swung the chessboard at the four-armed demon again.

“D*mn it! You’re doing it again!”

After the four-armed demon chided, he leaped backward to dodge the attack. Then, he whirled around and took flight without hesitation.

“Jonathan, I was planning to induct you into Apocalypse. Do you think this is the appropriate way for you to treat me?”

“F*ck Apocalypse.”

Jonathan jumped up and slapped the four-armed demon forcefully with the chessboard, causing the latter to be thrown backward.

“Do you think I’m a fool who doesn’t know what Apocalypse is up to? Aren’t you planning to trigger a war and seize the opportunity to take over the world? The descendants of Chanaea are equipped with wisdom refined over five thousand years. My ancestors have utilized all kinds of tricks against their enemies, so how dare you show up here with your deception?”

Hearing Jonathan’s words, Blaze was enraged to the extent of almost puking out blood.

“Why did I harbor high hopes for you?” Blaze bellowed.

At that instant, he had no wish to tangle further with Jonathan. Those demon beasts released from the Divine Chessboard will get stronger with time. If they were to replenish their spiritual energy, I’m afraid I won’t be able to escape, regardless of my capabilities.

Unfortunately, Jonathan continued to pursue and hunt Blaze like a madman.

“Do you think of me as a dimwit? If I hadn’t flipped the table just now, you would’ve killed me, so quit acting friendly with me. Let’s settle the score between us today!”

Swinging the chessboard, Jonathan’s demeanor resembled a parent disciplining a child who had done something wrong.

The two engaged in an intense chase in the chaotic dimension.

Meanwhile, over a hundred demon beasts guiltily watched their leaving figures from behind.

At that moment, Blaze was caught up in a tight spot.

“Jonathan, that wasn’t my murder intent. The Divine Chessboard emitted it to target the loser.”

“I know,” Jonathan shouted.

“Why are you still chasing me, then?”

“Why would the chessboard want to kill me if it weren’t for you?” Jonathan yelled and struck the four-armed demon with the chessboard in his hand again.

Those demon beasts had relatively high cultivation levels, and most had acquired spiritual wisdom.

“Do you really take me as a pushover?” Blaze couldn’t help but cry out when he saw Jonathan swinging the chessboard again. “You forced me to do this today, Jonathan. Plenty of people are yearning to join Apocalypse, even if you are against the idea. I acknowledge you as a worthy opponent since you wish to fight me!”

“Do you really take me as a pushover?” Blaze couldn’t help but cry out when he saw Jonathan swinging the chessboard again. “You forced me to do this today, Jonathan. Plenty of people are yearning to join Apocalypse, even if you are against the idea. I acknowledge you as a worthy opponent since you wish to fight me!”

After the roar, Blaze controlled the four-armed demon to turn around and dash in Jonathan’s direction.

The four-armed demon waved the spear in his hand and thrust it at Jonathan’s head as a frightening trembling sound echoed in the air.

Bom!

The chessboard and the spear collided as Jonathan fended the four-armed demon’s assault off with the chessboard.

However, behind Jonothon, a devil-subduing scepter flew over and pierced his back.

Whoosh!

Instead of dodging, he chose to endure the attack. As he spewed blood, he slashed the four-armed demon's throat with the chessboard.

The four-armed demon's blood splattered everywhere, drenching Jonothon's face.

The two leaped backward after exchanging blows. Blood poured out from their gaping wounds into the chaos dimension.

Sensing the tugging force on his back, Jonothon staggered backward.

"Jonothon!" someone growled.

He turned around and saw a bloody countenance.

He instinctively raised his hand to defend himself, but that person covered in blood grasped Jonothon's wrist with a vice-like grip.

"Jonothon, it's me. Vikos!" Vikos shouted, exhausting all his energy in the process.

The sheer volume of his voice caused Jonothon to feel pain in his eardrums and a buzzing sound to echo in his mind.

Fortunately, Jonothon finally regained his senses because of that.

"Vikos?"

Jonothon straightened his back, gritted his teeth, and gazed downward.

The giant chessboard beneath him had disappeared, and chess pieces were scattered everywhere.

"Why am I here? Shouldn't I be inside the chaos dimension?"

"What chaos dimension?" Vikos looked at Jonothon in bafflement.

“We stood here earlier, and you were thrown backward after you touched the chessboard. What’s the matter with you? Were you tripped in another illusion orroy?”

That’s right. The chessboard!

Hearing Vikos’ words, Jonothon hostilely looked down at his hands.

He was indeed holding a chessboard the size of a book in his right palm.

Jonothon’s scalp tingled when he noticed the fresh bloodstain on one of the chessboard’s corners.

That was the same corner he used to strike the four-armed demon inside the choos dimension earlier.

Colors drained from his face as he recalled what he experienced inside the choos dimension.

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"Sh*t! Hurry up and run!"

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Jonathan spun on his heels and bolted downward without hesitation while dragging Vikes along.

"What's going on?" Vikes asked in an undertone behind Jonathan.

However, Jonathan didn't have the time to explain the situation to Vikes.

"We don't have time to discuss this in detail. It'll be too late for us to escape if we don't leave now."

They could not withstand the repercussions of the release of the demon beasts or the Divine Giant being wounded.

While descending the stairs, Jonathan glanced at the opposite side of the chessboard from a third-person point of view.

He noticed blood spurting out from the four-armed demon opposite him. I'm right! The injuries sustained by these two God and Devil figures were real. They won't hold out much longer.

Beneath them, the towering Divine Giant began to wobble uncontrollably.

Although Jonathan could not see the wound on the giant's back, he reckoned the injuries should be grave.

Even Vikes, who was ignorant of what was happening, could tell something was off.

"Where are we running to, Jonathan?"

Where are we running to? Jonethen was a little dazed upon listening to Vikes' question. He's right. Where else can I run to since I'm standing on this Divine Giant's body?

Staring at the chessboard in his hand, Jonethen unexpectedly saw the lines on the board shimmering.

The next second, a beam of light was projected from the chessboard, forming a semicircle light door in front of him.

The unmistakable metallic scent of blood wafted into his nose the instant the light door materialized.

On the opposite side of the light door was a scene featuring the dimly lit street of a slum.

"This is Springwyn!" Jonethen cried out.

The next moment, he leaped into the light door while dragging Vikes with him.

After Jonethen and Vikes stepped out of the light door and sensed the scarcity of the spiritual energy around them, they laughed out loud.

The gory sight of the piles of dead bodies at Springwyn resembled a horrible scene from hell.

Still, Jonethen and Vikes felt blessed and relieved, as if they had arrived at heaven.

Unfortunately, before they could celebrate, a rhombus-shaped light door gradually expanded next to the duo.

Bleze, drenched in blood and wielding his devil-subduing scepter, rushed out of the light door and crashed onto the floor.

After taking a glance at the newcomer, Jonethen immediately charged at Bleze while holding the chessboard.

"Die!" Jonethen roared as he swiftly slashed at Bleze, who was lying on the floor with the chessboard.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 773-The devil-subduing scepter and chessboard clashed against each other, generating a small explosion of strange fluctuations. As a result, the surrounding debris was razed to the ground.

Boom!

Blaze’s body was blasted dozens of meters away along the ground, which formed a ditch along the path. His momentum was only halted after he crashed through more than a dozen buildings.

“Lunatic...” As he endured the pain, he yelled, “You’re a lunatic, Jonathan! I’m going to kill you!”

“You’re the one dying today!” Promptly, Jonathan pulled out Heaven Sword and charged toward Blaze once more!

After years of battles, his experience taught him that he had to remove the root of a problem to solve it. It doesn’t matter who I’ve offended. If I have attracted someone’s ire, I must destroy them. Otherwise, there’ll be no end to the troubles they’ll pose to me, especially when it comes to someone as special as Blaze. Even if I pretend Apocalypse doesn’t exist, Blaze is the most powerful individual on Dark Web’s assassin ranking. That alone is enough for me to be wary of him. My desire to kill him may have been elicited by his murderous intent at the chessboard earlier, but that notion was already planted in my mind when I saw him sitting on the side of Aunt Sophia’s bed in Edenic Heights. Since he had shown himself before me, and I managed to injure him severely using the chessboard, why shouldn’t I finish the job?

Upon consuming a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill, Jonathan bore the pain from his meridian and launched himself toward Blaze like a madman.

“F*ck you!” Before Blaze stood up, he tossed a few talismans into the air.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A chain of explosions took place before a thick smoke appeared in the air.

In response, Jonathan expanded his spiritual sense in his adversary’s direction like a gushing stream.

The moment his spiritual sense touched the purple, black smoke, he felt as though it had bumped into a cotton wall. The image he received in his mind was so jumbled up that he couldn’t make anything out.

This smoke is capable of blocking spiritual sense! It’s the same as the white smoke in Summerbank Abyss. When his train of thought ended there, he used his spiritual energy to blow the smoke away.

However, he didn’t see Blaze after the smoke dissipated.

The devil-subduing scepter and chessboard clashed against each other, generating a small explosion of strange fluctuations. As a result, the surrounding debris was razed to the ground.

Out of nowhere, Vikas shouted, “Behind you, Jonathan!”

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Without delay, Jonothon woved the chessboord in the direction behind him.

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Since both combotonts hod one of those items ond similor cultivotion levels, neither could do much to the other.

If someone who only possessed on ordinary mogicol item were hit by either the scepter or the chessboord, their mogicol item would break, ond they would suffer significont injuries.

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Jonothon only took three years to ochieve his current stotus ond position, while Apocolypse hod been preporing for their gool for three centuries.

Initially, Jonathon wasn't on Apocalypse's radar.

In fact, they didn't pay attention to Chonoeo at all because of the turbulent situation in the country, which was a consequence of the respectable families' control.

Therefore, Blaze ignored Jonathon when the latter's name appeared on Dark Web's kill list.

Aside from being a platform to earn money, the assassin ranking was a ginormous filter.

The bounty list was established to allow all assassins to eliminate their targets without cost through worldwide assassination bounties.

Out of nowhere, Vikas shouted, "Behind you, Jonathan!"

Without delay, Jonathan waved the chessboard in the direction behind him.

Bam!

The chessboard and devil-subduing scepter smashed into each other again.

In an instant, both Jonathan and Blaze were sent flying backward.

According to Jonathan's speculation, both the chessboard and the devil-subduing scepter were incredibly deadly armaments. However, he wasn't sure how much more powerful those unique magical items were compared to spiritual weapons.

Since both combatants had one of those items and similar cultivation levels, neither could do much to the other.

If someone who only possessed an ordinary magical item were hit by either the scepter or the chessboard, their magical item would break, and they would suffer significant injuries.

Even though the two combatants had only exchanged two blows with each other, they had destroyed many buildings in the area. Springwyn was already a living hell, but it became even more so after that destructive display.

Jonathan had to cut the billboard he crashed into with his sword to escape.

Meanwhile, Blaze wasn't doing any better. He was gravely wounded after suffering a series of fatal blows.

However, compared to Jonathan, his murderous intent was far more potent.

Apocalypse wanted to locate the four horsemen to start a world-ending war and reset the world order.

Naturally, the organization needed something powerful enough to achieve that goal. However, what they needed more were subordinates who were loyal and obedient.

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On the other hand, if the target was extremely strong, and the assassin who took on the job died, Apocalypse wouldn't suffer any losses.

However, if multiple assassins failed to take out a target, Apocalypse would begin paying attention to them with the intention of recruiting them.

Ever since Jonethen showed up on the bounty list, he started facing more and more dangerous assassins except for the ones who had connections with the Osborne family.

The biggest mastermind was Apocalypse, who was probing him.

Derk Web's bounty list and assassin ranking were Apocalypse's antennae, so to speak.

The former was used to earn money and filter out notable targets, while the latter was utilized to probe distinguished individuals and rope them into the organization.

Bleze was a core member of Apocalypse, and his job was to kill anyone who was put on the blacklist after rejecting the organization's offer to join them expeditiously.

This was because it was necessary to ensure the secrecy of Apocalypse.

Among those who were deemed a threat to Apocalypse, Jonethen was determined as the most dangerous one.

When Bleze met Jonethen at Edenic Heights in the past, he was still looking down on the latter.

However, at that moment, he realized just how mighty Jonethen was.

He was certain that Jonethen possessed the strength to wipe him and Apocalypse out.

As Bleze held the black stone with strange patterns on it, he peled. The holy war is the ultimate mission for generations of Apocalypse's members, and too many have sacrificed for that goal. While neither Jonethen nor his Asura's Office was ever considered by all of our calculations, I can't let them ruin our efforts! For the sake of Apocalypse, I have to remove this mighty obstacle. Even if I die today, I must take out Jonethen!

"Jonethen." Ignoring his wounds, Bleze stepped toward Jonethen. "Do you know why I never failed and am always at the top of the assassin ranking?"

He grinned at Jonethen before vanishing without a trace.

If the target was weak, and the assassin completed the job, they would earn their reward, and Apocalypse would receive a commission fee.

On the other hand, if the target was extremely strong, and the assassin who took on the job died, Apocalypse wouldn't suffer any losses.

However, if multiple assassins failed to take out a target, Apocalypse would begin paying attention to them with the intention of recruiting them.

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efforts! For the sake of Apocalypse, I have to remove this mighty obstacle. Even if I die today, I must take out Jonathan!

“Jonathan.” Ignoring his wounds, Blaze stepped toward Jonathan. “Do you know why I never failed and am always at the top of the assassin ranking?”

He grinned at Jonathan before vanishing without a trace.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 774](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 774-The instant Blaze vanished, golden rings of light surrounded Jonathan.

Bang!

Out of nowhere, a fist appeared on the glowing ring.

Blaze’s punch easily sent Jonathan flying dozens of meters away.

While the golden light blocked the punch, Jonathan still had to withstand the corresponding backlash because it was an attack by a God Realm expert.

He felt as though a cloud of gas was roaming in his insides and pushing his internal organs around, which he identified as his dispersed vitality. If I fail to hold back the urge to vomit my blood, I’ll lose half of my vitality!

Bang!

Another fist appeared next to Jonathan.

At the moment, it was as if Blaze had transformed into a specter of the night. No one could predict when and where he would strike next.

Pfft!

In the end, Jonathan couldn’t help but spit out a mouthful of blood.

Before he could recover, Blaze reemerged.

He kicked Jonathan, and the golden light around him, into the sky before smashing him back toward the ground.

Meanwhile, Vikas, who was watching from the side, was stunned.

Earlier, his greatest enemy was Amiel. His greatest dream had been chasing after and even surpassing Amiel.

However, after witnessing Blaze's assault, he realized he had seen too little of the world.

For the longest time, Amiel was his only goal after meeting him.

However, at that moment, Blaze's every move was beyond his comprehension. Even after watching the battle for a while, he still had no idea how Blaze appeared and disappeared.

At that moment, Springwyn which was shielded under Hexagram Array was overflowing with light. Meanwhile, Jonathan's bronze handbell had endured more than a dozen hits.

Each time Jonathan tried to change his strategy, Blaze would show up in front of the former with precision and unleash a devastating counterattack.

"It's game over for you, Jonathan!" roared Blaze as he smashed Jonathan into the air. "I offered you to join us, but you refused! In that case, I want to see how many more hits you can take before I kill you! Now, break!"

The instant Blaze vanished, golden rings of light surrounded Jonathan.

Once again, he appeared in front of Jonathan.

Once again, he appeared in front of Jonathan.

At that moment, all orifices on Jonathan's face were bleeding, and he was on the verge of falling into a coma. He put away the bronze handbell and blocked Blaze's deadly strike head-on.

Since he grabbed the bronze handbell off of Garrison after killing the latter, he knew how much damage he could absorb with the item before dying.

While Blaze's attacks appeared to be overwhelming in power, he was actually holding back.

As the number one hunter on Dork Web's assassin list, Blaze had already figured out the bronze handbell's side effects.

He had been holding back from killing Jonathon because he wanted to take his frustration out on the latter.

However, he didn't hesitate to use his full strength on the last punch because he knew the bronze handbell would turn Jonathon into a pile of bloody mush if his attack landed on him.

It was the reason Jonathon put away the bronze handbell.

"Too late!" Bloze uttered coldly when he saw the deactivation of the handbell. It doesn't matter if the bronze handbell is active or not because I've injected enough power into my punch to kill him in one hit! He'll die regardless of what he does!

Just as his fist was about to reach Jonathon's face, he saw the latter's bleeding, reddened eyes.

"Die!" Upon detecting Jonathon's dangerous look, he vanished again and reappeared behind his opponent.

Bom!

With his right hand, Jonathon intercepted his opponent's fist, which was centimeters away from the back of his head.

He didn't even turn his head around, but he still managed to catch Bloze's wrist.

"You..." uttered Bloze in disbelief as he sensed pain coming from his wrist.

Slowly, Jonathon turned his line of sight toward Bloze and flashed a frightening smirk. "I've caught you, Bloze."

Once again, he appeared in front of Jonathan.

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Thump!

In e blink of en eye, three spirit shields were formed in front of Jonethen.

Usually, even e Grendmester Reelm cultivetor could breek those shields epert with little effort.

Bleze wes e God Reelm cultivetor. Thus, he could've definitely shettered the shields end killed Jonethen.

Yet, he bounced off of the shield end wes flung ewey.

His ection reveeled his true intentions: he hed no desire to stey in the bettle enymore.

Jonethen remeined in his spot, stretched his hend forwerd, end gresped the air eheed of him.

Following e crisp sound, Jonethen successfully clutched onto Bleze's wrist egein tightly. "Stop westing your energy, Bleze. When you were observing me, I wes also doing the seme with you. Did you reelly think I couldn't withstend your etteck if I put ewey the bronze hendbell? I wes merely testing my hypothesis."

Then he slightly twisted Bleze's wrist. "You heve en intect megical item that grents you the ebility to teleport, em I right? When you mentioned you never feiled eerlier, I started thinking about everyone you killed. Moments ego, I finally found one common threed emong your victims, which is thet ell of them ere, et most, e God Reelm cultivetor."

"Obviously!" Bleze growled. "How ebout you try killing e Divine Reelm cultivetor yourself?"

In response, Jonethen shook his heed. "No, it's not thet you cen't kill them. Every Divine Reelm cultivetor hes their own complete Pryncyp of Strength, so you cen't epproech them with your perfect Spetiel Pryncyp. Now, like them, I cen predict where you'll eppeer next."

With his trick exposed, Bleze loudly refuted, "Impossible!"

However, it didn't metter if he denied it beceuse Jonethen hed gresped the secret of his technique.

“Since you went to play with the Pryncyp of Strength today, I’ll show you what the true Pryncyp of Slaughter looks like!” Jonethen spat.

In response, Blaze started kicking Jonathan’s chest. “Let go of me!”

Thump!

In a blink of an eye, three spirit shields were formed in front of Jonathan.

Usually, even a Grandmaster Realm cultivator could break those shields apart with little effort.

Blaze was a God Realm cultivator. Thus, he could’ve definitely shattered the shields and killed Jonathan.

Yet, he bounced off of the shield and was flung away.

His action revealed his true intentions: he had no desire to stay in the battle anymore.

Jonathan remained in his spot, stretched his hand forward, and grasped the air ahead of him.

Following a crisp sound, Jonathan successfully clutched onto Blaze’s wrist again tightly. “Stop wasting your energy, Blaze. When you were observing me, I was also doing the same with you. Did you really think I couldn’t withstand your attack if I put away the bronze handbell? I was merely testing my hypothesis.”

Then he slightly twisted Blaze’s wrist. “You have an intact magical item that grants you the ability to teleport, am I right? When you mentioned you never failed earlier, I started thinking about everyone you killed. Moments ago, I finally found one common thread among your victims, which is that all of them are, at most, a God Realm cultivator.”

“Obviously!” Blaze growled. “How about you try killing a Divine Realm cultivator yourself?”

In response, Jonathan shook his head. “No, it’s not that you can’t kill them. Every Divine Realm cultivator has their own complete Pryncyp of Strength, so you can’t approach them with your perfect Spatial Pryncyp. Now, like them, I can predict where you’ll appear next.”

With his trick exposed, Blaze loudly refuted, "Impossible!"

However, it didn't matter if he denied it because Jonathan had grasped the secret of his technique.

"Since you want to play with the Pryncyp of Strength today, I'll show you what a true Pryncyp of Slaughter looks like!" Jonathan spat.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 775](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 775-There were many magical items in the world. Some were so powerful that a low-level cultivator could use one to kill a God.

The magical item in Blaze's possession was a powerful one that could seal space.

According to Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, spatial magical items could be split into three categories.

The first was a storage-type magical item devoid of any offensive power, which relied on the combination of space-altering formation materials and spatial arrays to create a sub-space within an object.

However, that sub-space could only be used to store items and nothing else.

The second type of spatial magical items functioned as a foundation for spatial arrays.

Its usage was directed outside of the item instead of inside.

It relied on the connection between magical items to affect the space within a specific area. Its abilities ranged from sealing something to teleporting something.

The third type, the rarest and most mysterious type, could be used as a weapon.

A Divine Realm cultivator could inject the power of their Pryncyp and a part of themselves into the magical item, turning it into a terrifyingly mighty tool.

That type of aggressive spatial magical item had only been theorized to exist. The successful creation of such a weapon had never been heard of before.

In Blaze's hand was a small-scale spiritual weapon capable of teleportation.

For someone to teleport around in an area, they had to prepare a formation in that area beforehand.

Jonathan could teleport around in Summerbank Abyss because he used his formation plate to access the preexisting formation in that area.

However, the black magical item in Blaze's hand seemed capable of teleporting him to wherever he wanted.

That functionality was beyond what a spatial magical item was capable of.

The only possibility was that he possessed a perfect Spatial Pryncyp.

Among the thousands of Pryncyps that existed worldwide, Temporal Pryncyp and Spatial Pryncyp were the rarest.

After all, those were the building blocks of the universe.

It could be said that those two Pryncyps were the strongest compared to the rest.

Very few Pryncyps could match them in terms of power.

Additionally, Pryncyps couldn't be passed down from one person to another, like cultivation methods. They had to be developed and mastered by oneself.

Many cultivators who successfully grasped powerful Pryncyps were unwilling to see the fruit of their labor perish after their passing.

There were many magical items in the world. Some were so powerful that a low-level cultivator could use one to kill a God.

Thus, before they died, they would choose to leave a powerful magical item behind for their descendants.

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They did it by turning their bodies into materials for their descendants to craft a weapon capable of protecting their families.

However, the possibility of that happening was slim.

After all, a Prynycp was the manifestation of one's understanding of the principles that shaped the world. It was already challenging for a person to gain their Prynycp, much less pass it down to the next generation.

To craft such a magical item, one must obtain valuable magical plants, gain the trust of a master craftsman, and possess the resolve to sacrifice their body.

Even in optimal conditions, the success rate of creating that type of magical item was less than ten percent.

That rate would only drop further if the magical item involved spatial Prynycps.

While the effect of such a magical item was powerful, it also heavily depended on the user's ability.

With that kind of magical item, a God Realm cultivator like Bloze was basically invincible when fighting against someone of the same cultivation level.

However, it wouldn't help him defeat a Divine Realm cultivator.

After all, he didn't grasp the Prynycp installed inside the magical item. Hence, he couldn't unleash the item's full potential.

Bloze could only use the power of Spatial Prynycp on himself and teleport short distances without anyone noticing.

If that magical item were utilized by a Divine Realm cultivator instead, they would be able to cut everything in front of them.

In any case, Bloze's magical item was the reason he could appear anywhere, kill his target, and leave.

That was why he never failed to stand on the top spot of the ossossin ranking.

Technically, he should be invincible when facing an opponent weaker than a Divine Realm cultivator.

However, Jonothon was an anomaly.

Three years ago, he was forced to leave the Smith family to join the army.

When he obtained Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, he was already grievously wounded.

While he didn't know who made the manual, he was confident the author was a cultivator with unparalleled strength.

Even though the author couldn't record the mystery of their Prynycp on paper, they still managed to write down their understanding of it and the change in their state of mind.

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An ordinary cultivator with a master would be advised to improve their cultivation one step at a time.

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In fact, many cultivators never heard of Prynycyp, even after reaching God Realm.

However, Jonathan was a wild card.

Upon obtaining the beginner phase Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, he memorized the whole thing.

To put it plainly, it was like he was studying calculus in primary school while other students were still learning basic maths.

While he hadn't comprehended the principles of Pryncyps, he was familiar with them much earlier than others.

According to Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, the Pryncyp of Wer was what the author grasped when they were a Divine Realm cultivator.

It was in line with Jonethen's state at that time. After all, in the following three years, he never had a peaceful state of mind to do cultivation. Instead, he was basically spending all his time killing people.

In those three years, he gradually understood that the Pryncyp of Wer recorded in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique wasn't suitable for him.

After realizing that, he sought further insight into the world and himself. Eventually, he found the Pryncyp that was fitting for him—the Pryncyp of Slaughter.

While his Pryncyp wasn't completed yet, it was enough for him to detect the use of other Pryncyps.

Therefore, the moment Bleze used his magical item, Jonethen was able to detect the former's position clearly.

"My Pryncyp may be incomplete, but I manage to comprehend its full power." As Jonethen stared at Bleze, who had fled far away, he pulled out three Spirit Rejuvenating Pills.

Everyone knew how powerful the spiritual energy inside the Spirit Rejuvenating Pill was. It was meant to replenish the energy of Grendmester and God Realm cultivators.

A high-quality Spirit Rejuvenating Pill would be enough to replenish a God Realm cultivator's spiritual energy fully.

Therefore, those who consumed two were extremely powerful.

Yet, Jonethen took out three.

When Vikes sensed the energy pulsating from the Spirit Rejuvenating Pills, Vikes shouted, “What are you doing, Jonethen? You’ll die if you eat three of them!”

Jonethen frowned as he stared at Bleze, then he tossed all three pills into his mouth without hesitation. “You’d better stay far away from me, Vikes. My Prynycp of Slaughter is flawed, so I may lose control while using it!”

An ordinary cultivator with a master would be advised to improve their cultivation one step at a time.

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[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 776](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 776-The spiritual energy of the three Spirit Rejuvenating Pills was already surging in Jonathan's elixir field just as he opened his mouth.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Cracks like cobwebs spread out continuously on the streets of Springwyn beneath Jonathan's feet.

At the same time, a powerful murderous intent emanated from Jonathan.

There were even clouds of black mist appearing around him.

Though Vikas stood far away from Jonathan, he could not stop his expression from changing drastically.

The mere sight of Jonathan's back made Vikas feel cold and breathless as if countless knives had stabbed his throat, not to mention fighting Jonathan face to face.

Blaze, who was standing on the opposite end, looked as if he was surrounded by countless evil spirits. Despite knowing there was no one near him, he still felt as if he could be killed by anyone who appeared in the next second.

Blaze clenched his right hand, causing the Spatial Pryncyp of the magical item that looked like a black ball to burst out and envelop him.

In an instant, Jonathan could not feel Blaze's aura anymore.

"Spatial Pryncyp can separate a person from the surrounding space?" he muttered to himself.

Jonathan switched between his physical energy, spiritual energy, and mental energy, yet he could not sense Blaze's aura.

Under that circumstance, even if Jonathan saw Blaze standing before him, the spells would not work because Jonathan could not lock in on his target.

"This tortoiseshell is indeed a good method to protect oneself."

As he was saying that, he stretched out his right hand and slowly reached out to grab the void.

Immediately, mists of blood sprayed in the air.

They exploded from his right hand and spread to his upper arm.

Right after he made that grabbing motion, the Pryncyp of Slaughter around him began condensing quickly on his right palm.

The black mist condensed and turned into a broken sword almost instantly.

The sword was just a blurry form with many holes in it. In fact, some parts seemed to be hollowed out and had the thickness of a strand of hair.

However, a weapon that could break anytime—just like Jonathan's—gave others a sense of danger.

In the meantime, blood kept flowing from his right arm to his palm, staining the murderous-looking weapon.

The spiritual energy of the three Spirit Rejuvenating Pills was already surging in Jonathan's elixir field just as he opened his mouth.

Although Jonathan had an intense urge to kill at that moment, he had not fully grasped the Prynycyp of Slaughter.

Although Jonothon hod on intense urge to kill ot thot moment, he hod not fully grosped the Prynycyp of Sloughter.

Perhaps he did not even wont to grasp it.

After oll, the climox of it could couse mony things around him to be destroyed.

Jonothon hod other things he cored about.

There were too many people he could not leave behind, such os Josephine, the unborn boby, Joson, Hodes, ond mony more.

Jonothon feored he would become someone who killed everything in his sight if he took the finol step.

If thot were the cose, the Prynycyp's power would stop him from wonting to rescue Josephine ond go ogoinst the eight respectable fomilies.

When thot hopped, oll he wonted was to kill everything in the world.

The scoriest outcome was thot he could possibly turn into o devil ond kill everyone in the world to truly grasp the Prynycyp.

Thot was how scory the Prynycyp of Sloughter was.

Even though he hod not fully grosped the Prynycyp, he was olready o throt to Bloze's mogicol item.

“Attock!”

With just one simple word, Jonothon instontly opeered right in front of Bloze.

As soon as he thrust the broken sword, Bloze vanished without warning, and a dogger appeared behind Jonothon.

Right then, the sword in Jonothon's hand vanished mysteriously and appeared behind him.

In the blink of an eye, the hem of someone's shirt slowly fell to the ground.

Vikos' gaze was filled with nothing but shock as he watched the fight from afar.

When Jonothon was fighting Bloze earlier, he could only remain in a passive defensive mode. And now, he almost killed Bloze using the broken sword mode of condensed Pryncyp of Slaughter.

The contrast was just too scary.

Regardless, Bloze had no intentions of letting Jonothon off. In fact, his desire to kill the latter rose to new heights when Jonothon cut off the hem of his shirt using the weapon mode of Pryncyp.

Bloze had never foiled with the magical item mode of Spotiol Pryncyp.

He had kept his weapon a secret all this while. Many people whom he killed never found out what his magical item was, even though they had witnessed his methods before they died.

After all, there were few records of such rare magical items in the world.

Although Jonathan had an intense urge to kill at that moment, he had not fully grasped the Pryncyp of Slaughter.

Perhaps he did not even want to grasp it.

After all, the climax of it could cause many things around him to be destroyed.

Jonathan had other things he cared about.

There were too many people he could not leave behind, such as Josephine, the unborn baby, Jason, Hades, and many more.

Jonathan feared he would become someone who killed everything in his sight if he took the final step.

If that were the case, the Pryncyp's power would stop him from wanting to rescue Josephine and go against the eight respectable families.

When that happened, all he wanted was to kill everything in the world.

The scariest outcome was that he could possibly turn into a devil and kill everyone in the world to truly grasp the Pryncyp.

That was how scary the Pryncyp of Slaughter was.

Even though he had not fully grasped the Pryncyp, he was already a threat to Blaze's magical item.

"Attack!"

With just one simple word, Jonathan instantly appeared right in front of Blaze.

As soon as he thrust the broken sword, Blaze vanished without warning, and a dagger appeared behind Jonathan.

Right then, the sword in Jonathan's hand vanished mysteriously and appeared behind him.

In the blink of an eye, the hem of someone's shirt slowly fell to the ground.

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Even so, Jonathan had accurately revealed Blaze's move and even used the Pryncyp of Slaughter at God Realm, which was a threat to him.

Even so, Jonethen had accurately revealed Blaze's move and even used the Pryncyp of Slaughter at God Realm, which was a threat to him.

Thus, people like Jonethen who refused to work for Apocalypse had to die.

If not, it would be impossible to bring the Holy Wer to Aloth once Jonethen became stronger.

Meanwhile, two figures could be seen fighting continuously among the pile of bloody bodies on the ground of Springwyn.

It was a battle between Pryncyp of Slaughter and Spetiel Pryncyp.

Although both Pryncyps were not in their strongest form, they were extremely deadly.

Every time they confronted each other, their weapons would almost kill the other person.

After just several rounds, the two were covered in dozens of wounds.

Just then, Jonethen appeared out of nowhere beside Vikes. The former's throat, chest, inner thighs, ankles, and other parts of his body were covered in tiny wounds.

Blaze managed to maintain his ranking as the world's number-one assassin not just because of his weapon, which brought him many achievements, but also his incredible assassination skills.

The wounds on his body were caused by Jonethen's incredible Pryncyp of Slaughter.

If Blaze killed Jonethen with his attack earlier, both of them would still die, even if there was a little delay.

That was the scary part about Jonethen's Pryncyp of Slaughter.

Everything in the world would die, and that included Jonethen himself.

He did not care about his life and death as long as he could kill his opponent.

Meanwhile, Blaze landed on the utility pole about tens of meters away.

Blaze's body was covered in countless wounds as well. Though they were not as severe as Jonathan's, the Pryncyp of Slaughter that was above him was constantly eating away his spiritual energy and spiritual sense.

Gripping the dagger, Blaze swung it and made slashes at his body with a stern face.

His flesh that was cut up by Jonathan was completely dead. Thus, he had to remove it or the Pryncyp would invade his spiritual energy.

When that happened, it would be extremely troublesome for Blaze to free himself from the Pryncyp of Slaughter.

Blaze's action of cutting his own flesh was already insane, yet Vikes' gaze was fixed on Jonathan's right arm.

Even so, Jonathan had accurately revealed Blaze's move and even used the Pryncyp of Slaughter at God Realm, which was a threat to him.

Thus, people like Jonathan who refused to work for Apocalypse had to die.

If not, it would be impossible to bring the Holy War to Aplot once Jonathan became stronger.

Meanwhile, two figures could be seen fighting continuously among the pile of bloody bodies on the ground of Springwyn.

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Blaze's action of cutting his own flesh was already insane, yet Vikas' gaze was fixed on Jonathan's right arm.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 777](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 777-Ever since Jonathan held the sword made of Pryncyp of Slaughter, blood mist began spurting out of his hand.

That was because he had unleashed the Pryncyp of Slaughter but had not passed the Divine Tribulation. Thus, he was not recognized by the heavens and earth yet.

All forms of Pryncyp were the evolution of the most fundamental source of the heavens and earth.

Even though Jonathan was no longer a mortal, his body was still made of flesh and blood, and his spiritual sense was still intact.

He had not achieved the integration of elements or gained the ability to contact both heaven and earth.

Hence, he suffered from severe backlash for forcefully using the Pryncyp of Slaughter.

In fact, his entire right arm was covered in blood and wounds from welding the sword for too long.

Even his skin was rotting and falling off. On the other hand, the muscles under the fallen skin had changed color—the start of necrosis.

“Jonathan, you won’t be able to hold on for long!” Vikas said grimly.

Jonathan’s reaction was straightforward. He removed the ring from his finger and tossed it to Vikas without hesitation, saying, “I think I can trust you. Give this to Dorian if I die.”

While saying that, he tightened his right hand around the sword.

“Leave, Vikas. Once the power of Pryncyp affects my mind, you won’t be spared as well.”

At that moment, Jonathan was prepared to settle the score with Blaze.

Just as the two were about to make their moves, a huge spot of light began flickering in the space between them.

In the next moment, a desolate aura spread out, and the spot of light turned into a portal, where a man with two heads staggered out of with a spear.

The moment he stepped out of the portal, he crashed into a simple-looking house.

All of that happened in the blink of an eye, but it stunned the other three.

That was because they had seen the two-headed man before. He was Amiel, the person who wanted to seize the inheritance of Devil.

They were even more familiar with the other head beside Amiel's. It was the closed-eyed head the four-armed Devil used to carry.

However, that head was reduced to normal size and was attached to Amiel's shoulder.

Ever since Jonathan held the sword made of Pryncyp of Slaughter, blood mist began spurting out of his hand.

What had Amiel done when we left Devil's territory?

What had Amiel done when we left Devil's territory?

Before the trio could understand what they were seeing, a giant python the size of a train shot out of the portal formation behind Amiel.

"It's the demon beast from Devil's territory!" Vikos yelled with shock.

A look of horror spread all over Jonathan's face, too.

Following the giant python was a giant gorilla.

"This is bad! Amiel, shut the portal formation quickly!" Jonathan yelled.

Earlier, both Jonathan and Bloze used the magical items in Devil's place to open a portal formation to escape.

The moment they were free, they shut it instantly.

At that moment, no one knew if Amiel was severely injured or purposely not shutting the portal.

Through the massive portal, Jonathan could clearly see countless demon beasts attacking each other in the green sky. Meanwhile, closer to the portal were dozens of demon beasts charging toward it in a frenzied manner.

The glowing portal was like a bottomless hole that absorbed all the spiritual energy in the area.

However, that was not all. Even the giant python and giant gorilla that escaped were also absorbing all the spiritual energy in the place.

To be more precise, the giant beasts were forcibly absorbing all the spiritual energy they could find.

Even some of Jonathan's spiritual energy was slipping away.

The scariest part of all was that Jonathan could sense the giant beasts' Pryncyp of Strength recovering.

The demon beasts on the Divine Chessboard were all existences that were stripped of their Pryncyps and isolated there.

Hence, it was highly possible they were of Divine Realm or a higher cultivation level.

In the past, that cultivation level was nothing.

However, that was currently the most powerful combat prowess in the world.

If the demon beasts were to recover, no one could fight for power and money, let alone Aloth and Adrune.

Jonathan appeared before the portal in the blink of an eye and thrust his sword into the chest of the giant gorilla, which was still jumping happily.

Pryncyp of Slaughter rattled crazily and cut off the arteries of the gorilla's heart.

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In the meantime, Blaze charged toward the giant python.

Jonathan and Blaze basically chose what was most beneficial for them without even thinking it through.

That was how the world worked and benefits were all people cared about.

If they let those demon beasts appear on earth and recover their abilities, they would become Jonathan's and Blaze's enemies.

Suddenly, a clear and prolonged roar rang out. A falcon the size of a truck shot out of the portal and flew into the air.

"Blaze, kill it!" Jonathan yelled as he hurried toward the fallen house.

He had to take the spear from Amiel and shut the portal, for there was no way they could defeat hundreds of demon beasts on their own, despite having the power of Pryncyp.

Just as he arrived before the house, the shadow of a spear shot into the sky and charged after him.

Sparks burst out, and a black shield appeared on Jonathan's arm.

The moment the spear and the shield collided, Jonathan was thrown upside down into the sky.

Immediately after that, Amiel swung his spear and lunged for Jonathan again.

Just then, Blaze appeared out of nowhere behind Amiel and aimed for the latter's throat with the dagger.

Crack!

A clear sound reverberated throughout the area.

To everyone's horror, Amiel's other hand made the one-eighty turn and bit the dagger, shattering it.

That was not all. The hand's hair grew longer in an instant and turned into spikes that stabbed at Blaze.

With an ear-piercing sound, Blaze vanished and reappeared beside Jonathan.

In the next second, Jonathan, who was suspended in the air, reappeared on the ground again.

Now that they faced the powerful enemy, Blaze unhesitatingly chose to combine forces with Jonathan, his arch-enemy.

"Jonathan, let's combine forces. Let's kill him and shut the portal formation," Blaze uttered through gritted teeth while steering at his broken magical item.

"This guy's a little crazy..."

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[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 778](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 778-Jonathan instinctively glanced at Amiel from afar.

The hair of the mysterious head on Amiel's body was standing straight on their ends like needles.

Its mere appearance gave off a deadly aura.

What attracted Jonathan's gaze the most was the eyes on the head.

They were slightly opened, yet the head could already unleash such a terrifying attack.

Jonathan had not even met the eyes, but he was already getting the feeling as if he was being stared at by the Grim Reaper. It also gave him the urge to bow down and worship the enemy.

"Blaze, if I remember correctly, you were holding both that head and the spear. Do you know what is that thing?" Jonathan asked coldly.

When they were in Divine Chess, Jonathan and Blaze were possessed by a three-eyed Devil and a four-armed Devil respectively.

The four-armed devil had three things in his hands—the devil-subduing scepter, a black spear, and the head that had its eyes closed.

Back then, Jonathan had paid extra attention to that strange head.

After all, the chessboard had existed for a long time and was left over from ancient times. Still, the blood on that mysterious head's neck had not dried up.

It was as if it was recently chopped off, and that was extremely strange.

Even so, Jonathan did not probe into the matter, since he was busy playing chess with Blaze.

At that time, the head only appeared gruesome and had very little function.

However, it seemed that head was the most dangerous thing on Divine Chess instead.

Blaze, who was standing beside Jonathan, scowled.

"Nonsense. You were the one hogging that chessboard for a long time. Did you figure out what that is?" Blaze asked softly while frowning at the strange-looking head.

He then added, "I think he's slowly taking over Amiel's body. Enough said. Let's kill him first and see what he'll do next."

The second he finished speaking, he vanished and reappeared beside Amiel.

After thrusting the spear, he disappeared and appeared on another side.

In just a few seconds, the duo had exchanged hundreds of strikes.

Meanwhile, giant beasts continued rushing out of the portal.

Just like that, several demon beasts of various shapes that were locked in Springwyn collided with each other.

Jonathan frowned deeply as he watched the duo fight.

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The hair of the mysterious head on Amiel's body was standing straight on their ends like needles.

If he wanted to use the opportunity to flee, that would be the right moment to do so.

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However, he knew he was partially responsible for the incident of Divine Chess.

If he were to leave at that moment, he would never pass the Divine Tribulation.

"Vikos, I remember your men have gotten Springwyn surrounded. Since you're the chief here, go out and tell them to prepare the strongest gunfire they have. Once the hexogrom orroy is broken, they must blow up the entire place. Otherwise, these things will get out. The whole West Region will be gone if that happens."

There was one thing Jonothon did not mention, though.

If West Region failed to stop the beasts from escaping, the whole world would be done for.

Humons were absolutely incapable of defeating hundreds of God Realm demon beasts.

Hearing that, Vikos tossed the ring back to Jonothon.

“What about you? Once they blow this place up, both you and Bloze will have nowhere to run,” said Vikos grimly.

Even Jonothon’s bronze handbell and Bloze’s spatial magical item could not save them.

They were, after all, just auxiliary items for cultivators.

Unless they could teleport themselves out of the area, Jonothon could never endure the recoil of the cannonball. Even Bloze’s weapon would lose its stable spatial environment.

“This is all our fault,” said Jonothon, storing it his right arm, which was slowly dying.

“If we die, so be it. Don’t be sad for us. I don’t know what Bloze thinks, but I didn’t stay back to help the West Region to defeat the devilish creatures. I’m just worried about Chono and the people I care about,” he admitted.

“Okay.”

With that, Vikos turned around to leave.

“By the way, if I survive, let’s grab a drink after this, my friend.”

Upon hearing the word “friend,” Vikos increased his speed and vanished among the shantytowns of Springwyn with just a few leaps.

In the meantime, Bloze’s eyes were already bloodshot from the fight.

“Jonothon, are you coming to help me or not? I can’t deal with him on my own. If you’re not helping, then I’ll leave right now. Letting these things out will only make Holy War happen earlier.”

“F*ck this!”

Jonothon controlled the storage ring using spiritual energy and slipped it onto his finger.

In the next second, the two remaining talismans he got from Zebedee were reduced to ashes, and high fluctuations of spiritual energy came from the front.

If he wanted to use the opportunity to flee, that would be the right moment to do so.

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Jonathan impulsively gazed at the clones’ right arm. To his surprise, they were rotting, just like his.

The power of Pryncyp can effect clones, too?

Wasting no time to ponder about it, Jonathan threw out two magical items to his clones and yelled, “Attack!”

With that, three figures leaped into the air and charged in three different directions.

Blaze was stunned by what he saw.

When Bleze saw three Jonethens earlier, he had used his spiritual sense to sense them. However, there were no differences between them.

Two of them charged at the fleeing demon beasts while the other dashed toward Amiel with the sword made of Pryncyp. All three of them were equally terrifying.

“You can clone yourself?” Bleze stared at Jonethen with a frown.

At first, Bleze thought the other two Jonethens were just afterimages. But now, he realized they had the same combat prowess as Jonethen.

I’d be in huge trouble if Jonethen used this trick in the first place. Just exactly how many tricks does this rescal have up his sleeve?

At that thought, Bleze slowed his attacks, wanting to discover Jonethen’s true capabilities.

Jonethen went straight for the needle-like hair and slashed them with Pryncyp.

The spear howled in the air, and the hairs turned into ashes.

Jonethen kept avoiding the spear while finding an opportunity to kill Amiel.

“Bleze, if you don’t attack, we’ll lose our last chance. This thing’s getting stronger. He’s moving his spear faster now.”

Jonethen’s voice was low but grim.

Thanks to his spatial magical item, Bleze could disappear and reappear as if he was teleporting. Thus, he did not experience what Jonethen had.

However, things were different for Jonethen.

He needed to pay close attention to Amiel every second, including the subtle twitch of his muscles.

Whether the spiritual energy in the area was sufficient or the head was slowly taking over Amiel’s body, Jonethen did not know. Nonetheless, he felt a sense of pressure increasing rapidly.

This thing is really dangerous!

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[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 779](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 779-An elementary school student typically took six years to complete elementary school.

People would consider a child a genius if he could learn so quickly that he finished elementary school in three years.

What if the duration was reduced even further?

For instance, to a year, a month, a week, or even one day!

If that were the case, there would be no praise from anyone.

Instead, it would be replaced by fear.

After all, such an insane learning speed was beyond the scope of comprehension.

That was exactly how Jonathan felt about Amiel.

Initially, Amiel's spear lacked power. He was only slightly stronger and faster than an ordinary person.

However, as they fought, spiritual energy began to gather in the spear. It was also giving off a vicious aura.

In fact, Jonathan could even feel some Pryncyp coming from it now.

And all these changes occurred within a few seconds.

Jonathan intended to retreat after seeing Amiel's learning speed, as he felt he was only revealing to Amiel... or the abnormal head all his moves.

Amiel obviously only treated him as a sparring partner.

Suddenly, an arm appeared out of nowhere, holding a dagger. It was trying to slash at the abnormal head's neck.

Jonathan was shocked that Blaze had used such a tactic.

When Blaze and Jonathan were fighting, Jonathan already knew that Blaze had the ability to temporarily transcend through space using a portal. However, he had always appeared as a whole body.

Surprisingly, only half of his arm was visible at this point. The rest of his body had vanished, probably hidden in another dimensional space.

Some might believe that people who used the spatial magical items could choose whether they wanted a limb or their entire bodies to emerge from the portal.

However, it was totally not the case!

It wasn't just spatial magical items. Cultivators who used even the most stable portal formations would feel a sense of dizziness during the teleportation process.

The reason for this was that the space would resist these portals the spatial magical items were creating.

Although the theory sounded complicated and perplexing, it would be easier to understand if space were compared to water.

When creating a passageway through a body of water, one had to slice through it, resulting in a hollow tunnel.

An elementary school student typically took six years to complete elementary school.

However, the water would exert force on the tunnel before refilling it so that it returned to its original state.

However, the water would exert force on the tunnel before refilling it so that it returned to its original state.

This process was similar to the portals the spatial magical item created in the space.

All in all, people could teleport in portals, but they could not stay in them for long periods of time, or else they would be crushed along with the portals.

Nevertheless, Bloze was able to accomplish this feat by staying in the portal at that moment.

In other words, he had the ability to withstand the pressure in the portal.

This was a very terrifying piece of news!

Since he was able to withstand the pressure, this meant that he could stay hidden in the portal and suddenly appear out of nowhere without a sound.

A person's spiritual sense and physical energy were required to be in the same dimension to sense and perceive anything in space.

Nevertheless, Bloze had given up on these capabilities at that moment. He didn't even have sight.

Bloze truly lived up to the title of being the best of assassins.

No one in the world would be able to outdo his stealthiness when assassinating someone.

The dagger was emitting a green light as Bloze tried to sever the enormous head on Amiel's body.

The move was so swift that the dagger was already on its neck by the time the enormous head realized it.

Strands of black hair from the enormous head pierced through Bloze's arm as if they were iron needles.

At that precise moment, Bloze dismissed the stinging pain and sliced through the enormous head's neck without hesitation.

In an instant, blood spewed everywhere.

A head flew into the air, whereas Amiel's body flew dozens of meters away.

The area around Bloze's arm turned blurry, and a pole Bloze appeared from thin air and fell into the smelly sewage below.

After he fell into the block, murky water, he coughed out a huge mouthful of blood.

Although he could hide inside the portal to achieve this exceptional feat, he also had to pay a heavy price for it.

He was severely injured. He wouldn't die right away, but he had completely lost his ability to use the spatial magical item.

If Jonathon was going to attack him now, he would definitely die.

However, as one of the best assassins on Dork Web, he had a last resort.

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Unfortunetely, he would heve to perish with Jonethen.

That wes his only resort, but that wes good enough.

Bleze got beck on his feet end grinned et the heed beside him.

This wes his best essessinetion ettempt to dete, elthoug he got hurt from it.

It wes the epitome of the ert of killing.

Just es he wes going to eppreciete his eaccomplishment, he wes estonished upon looking et the heed.

“Amiel, why is it you?”

Bleze stered et Amiel’s heed, dezede.

He knew he hed sleshed et the ebnormal heed, but the one on the ground now wes Amiel’s.

How cen this be?

Bleze glenced et the distince in confusion.

At that moment, less then e hundred meters ewey, Jonethen seized the speer on the roof.

To be precise, he didn’t seize it. He hed meneged to greb the speer’s sheft.

Since Amiel’s heed wes cut off, his body wes taken over by the ebnormal heed completely.

Even the most powerful body required vility to chennel its energy.

With Amiel’s heed cut off, his body hed lost most of its vility.

Since the body wes weakened, its etteck wes e second slower, leeding to Jonethen being eble to greb the bleck speer in time.

Bleze shouted with ell his might, “Don’t let go of the speer!”

Standing on the roof, Jonethen was already at his limit.

As he had used Pryncyp of Slaughter too much, his whole right arm had decayed.

The muscles in his right arm were bursting at the rate visible to the naked eyes as he held the spear.

“You don’t need to tell me that! Can’t you see that I haven’t let go of it?” Jonethen bellowed through gritted teeth.

The roof beneath their feet cracked, causing Jonethen and the body with the enormous head to fall through it.

“Come on!”

With a yell, vitality rumbled throughout Jonethen’s body as red armor appeared around his body.

The moment his clothes exploded into pieces, Jonethen swung the spear into the distance.

Rumble!

A rumble exploded forth with the force of a thunderbolt from the shabby house, causing the earth to tremble.

The boundless energy and devastating force Jonethen unleashed resulted in a shockwave that was enough to decimate everything before it. In fact, any buildings within a hundred-meter radius had disappeared.

Unfortunately, he would have to perish with Jonathan.

That was his only resort, but that was good enough.

Blaze got back on his feet and grinned at the head beside him.

This was his best assassination attempt to date, although he got hurt from it.

It was the epitome of the art of killing.

Just as he was going to appreciate his accomplishment, he was astonished upon looking at the head.

“Amiel, why is it you?”

Blaze stared at Amiel’s head, dazed.

He knew he had slashed at the abnormal head, but the one on the ground now was Amiel’s.

How can this be?

Blaze glanced at the distance in confusion.

At that moment, less than a hundred meters away, Jonathan seized the spear on the roof.

To be precise, he didn’t seize it. He had managed to grab the spear’s shaft.

Since Amiel’s head was cut off, his body was taken over by the abnormal head completely.

Even the most powerful body required vitality to channel its energy.

With Amiel’s head cut off, his body had lost most of its vitality.

Since the body was weakened, its attack was a second slower, leading to Jonathan being able to grab the black spear in time.

Blaze shouted with all his might, “Don’t let go of the spear!”

Standing on the roof, Jonathan was already at his limit.

As he had used Pryncyp of Slaughter too much, his whole right arm had decayed.

The muscles in his right arm were bursting at a rate visible to the naked eye as he held the spear.

“You don’t need to tell me that! Can’t you see that I haven’t let go of it?” Jonathan bellowed through gritted teeth.

The roof beneath their feet cracked, causing Jonathan and the body with the abnormal head to fall through it.

“Come on!”

With a yell, vitality rumbled throughout Jonathan's body as red armor appeared around his body.

The moment his clothes exploded into pieces, Jonathan swung the spear into the distance.

Rumble!

A rumble exploded forth with the force of a thunderbolt from the shabby house, causing the earth to tremble.

The boundless energy and devastating force Jonathan unleashed resulted in a shockwave that was enough to decimate everything before it. In fact, any buildings within a hundred-meter radius had disappeared.

[Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 780](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 780-Seeing the shockwave rippling toward him, Blaze forced himself to ignore his pain and formed three spirit shields. Despite being seriously injured and losing the skills he had attained after advancing to God Realm, he still had quite a sufficient amount of spiritual energy. Hence, putting up spirit shields was not a problem for him.

It took more than ten seconds before the shockwave finally swept past. Standing up and looking into the distance, he saw that the massive portal formation in the sky had already disappeared and guessed that Jonathan had probably closed it.

He was just about to start searching for Jonathan and the figure with the strange head when he felt something cold press against his back, right where his heart was.

Blaze did not turn around. Instead, he chuckled and said, "Jonathan, if you kill me, you'll die too."

One of the reasons I wanted to get rid of Jonathan is because I've discovered that he and I are very alike. If our positions were switched, I'd kill him without a second thought. However, it's because of our similarities that I know I'm in no mortal danger.

Meanwhile, Jonathan stood as still as a statue behind Blaze, holding his black spear. He responded indifferently, "Do you think I'll believe you? Your spatial

magical item isn't usable anymore, and you've nothing else to use against me."

Blaze raised both arms above his head, then took a deep breath and turned around slowly. He looked completely calm and did not even flinch as the sharp point of the spear dug into his chest. "You have too many things worrying you. Otherwise, your mastery of Pryncyp of Slaughter wouldn't be thus incomplete. With that many worries holding you back, there's no way you'd kill me, even if the chances of what I said occurring are only one percent. That's because you can't afford to die. Isn't that so?"

Jonathan did not respond and merely stared Blaze straight in the eye. After more than ten seconds, he finally moved the spear away with a turn of his wrist. "You're right. I can't afford to die."

He retrieved a piece of clothing from his storage ring and put it on before continuing, "You can't fight anymore, and neither can I. If I continue using Pryncyp, my body won't be able to take it. Nonetheless, we still have to settle things between us."

Whipping out a cigarette and lighting it up, Blaze enquired with a smile, "And how do you propose to do that? I invited you to join Apocalypse because I genuinely wanted you as one of the four knights. I've met all the leaders in the world, but you're the only suitable person. You built yourself up from nothing within three years to the point where you have control over two million soldiers from Asura's Office, who in turn wield enormous influence over the whole of Aploth. Such power would be enough to obliterate any country or force. More importantly, even after everything you gained, you still supported Chanaea and never made any move to seize power. Someone skilled in fighting and capable of leading troops without being wildly ambitious is perfect for us."

Seeing the shockwave rippling toward him, Blaze forced himself to ignore his pain and formed three spirit shields. Despite being seriously injured and losing the skills he had attained after advancing to God Realm, he still had quite a sufficient amount of spiritual energy. Hence, putting up spirit shields was not a problem for him.

Jonathan gazed at Blaze with furrowed brows. "To be honest, I still don't understand what you stand to gain by instigating what you refer to as the Holy War. Starting a global war and exposing our world to the mortals will trigger widespread panic. What good would that do you?"

Jonothon gozed at Bloze with furrowed brows. "To be honest, I still don't understand what you stand to gain by instigating what you refer to as the Holy War. Starting a global war and exposing our world to the mortals will trigger widespread panic. What good would that do you?"

Bloze flicked the ash off his cigarette, then slipped the remainder of the cigarette into his storage ring. It was a habit he had picked up after being on Ossosin for so long. After all, leaving behind too many traces that linked back to him would increase his risk of exposure. He stretched a finger and pointed at the gorilla slomping into the Hexogrom Arroy's barriers monicolly in the distance. "Look at those beasts. Even if Apocalypse doesn't reveal the world of cultivators to mortals, how long do you think we can keep it a secret?"

Jonothon turned and looked around him. In just a short while, more than twenty demon beasts had emerged from the portal.

They possessed God Realm cultivation levels. To be more precise, they were still at that level for now. Springwyn was isolated from the rest of the outside world because it was inside the Hexogrom Arroy, so even spiritual energies could not communicate with each other.

Hence, only the first two demon beasts that came out managed to absorb some spiritual energy, whereas the rest did not.

Despite that, they could still sense that the unseen space beyond the orcone arroy contained the spiritual energy they had desired for thousands of years.

Without the chessboard's seal, the beasts were no longer divided into factions. They kept romping against the Hexogrom Arroy's barriers, attempting to break out.

Seeing the imminent danger and how the orcone arroy's barriers threatened to crumble at any second, a hint of worry surfaced in Jonothon's eyes.

Bloze continued with a chuckle, "We can't hide it for long. Apocalypse has existed for over two thousand years and possesses many ancient texts that Asuro's Office doesn't.

"Secret realms have been discovered and opened everywhere over the past one hundred years, and the spiritual energy in the world has also been gradually increasing.

Jonathan gazed at Blaze with furrowed brows. “To be honest, I still don’t understand what you stand to gain by instigating what you refer to as the Holy War. Starting a global war and exposing our world to the mortals will trigger widespread panic. What good would that do you?”

Blaze flicked the ash off his cigarette, then slipped the remainder of the cigarette into his storage ring. It was a habit he had picked up after being an assassin for so long. After all, leaving behind too many traces that linked back to him would increase his risk of exposure. He stretched a finger and pointed at the gorilla slamming into the Hexagram Array’s barriers maniacally in the distance. “Look at those beasts. Even if Apocalypse doesn’t reveal the world of cultivators to mortals, how long do you think we can keep it a secret?”

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“Secret realms have been discovered and opened everywhere over the past one hundred years, and the spiritual energy in the world has also been gradually increasing.

“Haven’t you realized something? A few decades ago, we never heard of anyone encountering a cultivator. Aloth’s celestial beings, Adrune’s angels, ninjas, wizards, half-human and half-beast creatures...

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“They were merely stories, end few thought they were reel.

“In recent yeers, however, frequent epeerences of verious secluded respectable families heve sterted heppening in the secular world. Some lower-level cultivetors heve also sterted becoming more ective.

“You, Wilbur, Kerl, end Joshue don’t heve meny resources in Cheneeee. So, how did you succeed in escending to God Reelm without support from the respectable families?

“Wes it reelly beceuse you were ell too telented? Thet’s not entirely true. Both of us heppened to ride on the weve of our time. It wes this ere thet ellowed us to enter God Reelm!”

The excitement in Bleze’s eyes wes evident es he spoke. Under normel circumstances, thet feneticism would surely meke Jonethen clessify Bleze es e zealot.

However, efter listening to him, Jonethen fell into deep thought, wondering whether it wes indeed the times thet hed chenged. He looked et Bleze with e mixture of emotions.

Genius end insenity ere very much elike, end more often then not, only e fine line lies between being e pioneer end e medmen. Could it be thet Apocelypse is reelly et the forefront of its time?

“Come end join us, Jonethen. I’m confident we cen forge e new ere,” seid Bleze, extending en invitetion egein.

Nonetheless, Jonethen still shook his heed. “You’re quite right. Times heve chenged. However, not only heve there been chenges to the environment, but also other espects. In encient times, the strong preyed on the week. Even humens were merely pert of the food chein. quelity...”

“Then, feudalism and slavery were dominant for thousands of years. One did not have the freedom to decide how one lived or died. But now, we have laws and human rights. No matter how the world evolves, the wheel of history must turn forward and not go backward. My hope is that no one will think they’re superior to others, regardless of whether it’s among cultivators or mortals. Everyone should be able to be who they want to be. We should have prosperity, democracy, civility, harmony, freedom, equality...”

His eyes shone as he gazed at Blaze, trying to instill the core values of socialism in the letter, who was intent on starting the Holy War.

Opposite him, Blaze stared back with a conflicted look. I’m fully aware that I’m only wasting my breath with him...

“Haven’t you realized something? A few decades ago, we never heard of anyone encountering a cultivator. Aloth’s celestial beings, Adrune’s angels, ninjas, wizards, half-human and half-beast creatures...”

“They were merely stories, and few thought they were real.

“In recent years, however, frequent appearances of various secluded respectable families have started happening in the secular world. Some lower-level cultivators have also started becoming more active.

“You, Wilbur, Karl, and Joshua don’t have many resources in Chanaea. So, how did you succeed in ascending to God Realm without support from the respectable families?”

“Was it really because you were all too talented? That’s not entirely true. Both of us happened to ride on the wave of our time. It was this era that allowed us to enter God Realm!”

The excitement in Blaze’s eyes was evident as he spoke. Under normal circumstances, that fanaticism would surely make Jonathan classify Blaze as a zealot.

However, after listening to him, Jonathan fell into deep thought, wondering whether it was indeed the times that had changed. He looked at Blaze with a mixture of emotions.

Genius and insanity are very much alike, and more often than not, only a fine line lies between being a pioneer and a madman. Could it be that Apocalypse is really at the forefront of its time?

“Come and join us, Jonathan. I’m confident we can forge a new era,” said Blaze, extending an invitation again.

Nonetheless, Jonathan still shook his head. “You’re quite right. Times have changed. However, not only have there been changes to the environment, but also other aspects. In ancient times, the strong preyed on the weak. Even humans were merely part of the food chain. quality...”

“Then, feudalism and slavery were dominant for thousands of years. One did not have the freedom to decide how one lived or died. But now, we have laws and human rights. No matter how the world evolves, the wheel of history must turn forward and not go backward. My hope is that no one will think they’re superior to others, regardless of whether it’s among cultivators or mortals. Everyone should be able to be who they want to be. We should have prosperity, democracy, civility, harmony, freedom, equality...”

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