

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 801

The Legendary Man Chapter 801-“That’s impossible!” Before Jonathan could finish, Hossom leaped to his feet and protested loudly, “Prima is only in the Grandmaster Realm. If she’s that capable, why did she fall for my trick? That doesn’t make sense at all!”

Deep down, Hossom might scoff at Prima’s idea of eloping with him, but he had different feelings for the very woman who “saved” him.

He refused to accept that she was capable of setting him up, given her professed adoration for him.

Anyone would react the same if they were in his shoes.

Jonathan kept his composure as he watched Hossom getting all emotional.

Regardless of what Hossom said, his faith in Prima had been irrevocably shattered, and he could not bring himself to put his trust in her a second time.

“Prima isn’t the only one. The four divine messengers aren’t in the advanced phase of the God Realm. In fact, they are halfway to Divine Realm and had mastered a part of the incomplete Prynycyp,” Jonathan revealed calmly. “I only managed to escape as the old man, Damoyed is currently stalling the three divine messengers.”

“Damoyed?” Hossom gazed at Jonathan in shock.

Unbeknownst to Jonathan, Damoyed was well-known in West Region as the founder of Damos. Damos had millions of followers, and it was the second-largest religion in West Region.

“I’m surprised Damoyed is still alive.”

After learning Damoyed’s true identity from Hossom, Jonathan immediately grasped the significance of the information.

“You’re saying that Damoyed is the founder of the second-largest religion?”

“Yes.” Hossom bobbed his head. “You can ask anyone from the West Region. Damos was founded over one hundred years ago, so I assumed its founder had passed away.”

“Cultivators don’t die easily. There are plenty of old monsters alive in Chanaea’s eight prominent families,” Jonathan revealed nonchalantly. “But if he’s the founder of a religion, then everything makes sense. I believe they are both taking advantage of us, and the young lady is the reason why both religions are at odds.”

A conflict between two religions or sects, especially in religions with a large number of believers like Seboxiasm and Damos, could result in extremely serious consequences if not handled properly.

One most classic examples in Chanaea was Legend of the Gods, which was widely circulated among ordinary folks.

It was known as the Great Tribulation in the cultivation world.

The conflict between the two religions, Interceptious and Elucidious, resulted in a large number of casualties.

Some even speculated that the battle had a lasting impact on the Earth and Heaven’s Kore that can still be felt today.

Now, it was obvious that Damoyed wanted to take action on Seboxiasm’s higher-ups.

However, Jonathan had yet to figure out one thing.

Damoyed has already reached the pinnacle of the Divine Realm, so why did he not go to the Bazar Temple himself? Why did he ask me to bring the young girl into the temple instead? What could be the thing that could be dangerous to him, a cultivator in the Divine Realm, yet be defeated by a cultivator in the middle phase of the God Realm like me?

Beside Jonathan, Hossom gave him a hesitant look.

Hossom may have been eager, but he lacked the experience and vision of Jonathan, who had been in authority for a lengthy period.

Thus, he didn’t think much about the matter, unlike Jonathan.

All he knew was that Jonathan controlled his fate, and beyond the crimson walls was Bazar Temple, a place he had longed to explore.

“Jonathan, there is still one divine messenger inside. Judging from the previous spiritual energy wave, I believe this one is the most powerful of them all. What should we do?”

“We’ll barge in by force,” Jonathan answered calmly as he glanced at the expressionless young lady beside him.

“I’ll handle the last divine messenger. Once we get engaged in a fight, you’ll head in to set fire to the place to keep us both safe. Do you understand?” Jonathan looked straight into Hossom’s eyes.

Hossom said nothing, but a vicious look flashed across his eyes.

Entering Bazar Temple had always been his goal, but Jonathan used his name to threaten him, prohibiting him to enter the temple. That was pretty annoying.

Jonathan retrieved his spear, ready to enter Bazar Temple.

His plan was simple—to bulldoze his way in.

The only way to attract the final divine messenger’s attention was to cause a huge commotion.

Just as Jonathan arrived at the bottom of the red walls, a monk wearing a crimson robe and bearing a red mark on his forehead ambled towards him.

“Sir, this is Seboxia’s scared grounds. Your aura is too hostile, so please keep your spear.”

Jonathan craned his neck to take a look at the monk, who had a benevolent expression on his face.

Jonathan craned his neck to take a look at the monk, who had a benevolent expression on his face.

After covering the monk with his spiritual sense, he didn’t detect any spiritual energy within the monk.

“You can speak Chanaean?” he asked curiously.

Hossom, Amiel, and Vikas could all converse in the Chanaean language, though their pronunciations were somewhat peculiar. Nevertheless, this monk was able to fluently express himself in Chanaean without any odd accent.

The monk gave Jonathan a polite bow.

“Sir, I came from Chanaea but ended up here due to an unexpected incident. I was saved by Seboxia who had taken pity on me. In order to repay the kindness, I decided to take up the life of a monk, dedicating myself to spreading the doctrine of Seboxiasm to others.”

As he spoke, he extended his hand to clasp the chain which connected Jonathan and the young girl.

Snap!

At the same time, Jonathan reached out to grasp the monk’s wrist.

“Sir, you can talk, but it isn’t right to take something that belongs to others,” he warned.

Jonathan’s grip on the monk’s wrist grew tighter, but to his surprise, the monk’s wrist remained unmoved, as if it was made of steel. Not even a change in skin color was visible.

Jonathan was powerful enough to twist an iron rod, let alone a human’s hand.

Something’s wrong with this monk!

Without delay, Jonathan raised his right leg to kick the monk’s groin.

Thud!

A muted thud reverberated through the air and the monk’s red robe glimmered, thwarting Jonathan’s attempted attack.

The monk staggered backward for at least ten meters, leaving two deep grooves in the ground in his wake.

“Sir, we are all equal. You shouldn’t keep this young lady in chains.”

Jonathan narrowed his eyes at the monk.

“If we’re all equals, why does Seboxia require its believers to kneel down before it? Does it looks down on them?” he demanded.

“The believers have been blessed by Seboxia, and they willingly bow to it. Seboxia didn’t ask us to bow to it.”

A red mist surrounded the monk as he strode over to Jonathan.

“Sir, you have sinned deeply. Let me grant you salvation so you can get rid of your sins...”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 802

The Legendary Man Chapter 802-“You may find it difficult to offer me salvation, I’m afraid.”

With that said, Jonathan threw the iron chain he was holding to Hossom, who was beside him.

“Hossom, take her and leave first. It looks like this monk should be the last divine messenger.”

He grinned as he turned to face the two and added, “The speed of this woman is far greater than yours. Don’t let up on the spiritual energy repression. Otherwise, I fear she’ll kill you before you even enter the hinterland.”

While speaking, Jonathan brandished the spear in his hand, and a powerful spear streak flew toward the vermilion wall that was more than ten meters high.

Boom!

The attack destroyed thirty to forty meters of the high wall, revealing the mysterious Bazar Temple for the first time to everyone.

“Go now. I’ve helped you break through the first layer of the spirit shield. You’ll have to deal with the remaining two layers yourself,” Jonathan said calmly to Hossom.

The latter wasted little time in grabbing the unnamed female cultivator and running toward the gap in the wall.

Instead of making a move to stop him, the monk in red merely looked at Jonathan while smiling placidly.

A bottle materialized in the palm of Jonathan's left hand with a swift hand gesture.

He crushed it with his bare hand, and an immense spiritual energy rose from within. It was the Spirit Rejuvenating Pill.

Jonathan threw three Spirit Rejuvenating Pills into his mouth as if they were jelly beans and swallowed them. Seeing that, a smile appeared on the face of the monk standing across from him.

"Ordinary people only need one Spirit Rejuvenating Pill to restore their spiritual energy, but even after taking three of them, your spiritual energy isn't overflowing. Sure enough, you're no ordinary person."

Although Jonathan appeared carefree while clutching his spear, he had secretly begun mobilizing the flow of his spiritual energy feverishly.

"Is your Seboxia sect truly so confident? By letting those two people in just now, I fear you won't be able to bear the consequences."

The monk in red pressed his palms together in front of his chest and bowed slightly.

"There's no fate without law, much less you and I. Everything is determined under the guidance of Seboxia, and since I said that I want to grant you salvation, I shouldn't be distracted by other things. Why don't you listen to my word of advice? Lay down your weapon and worship Seboxia so you may go to paradise."

Whoosh!

A faint quivering sound was heard, and beneath the trembling of the air, energy ripples that resembled water ripples emerged. In the center of the ripples, a thin shadow descended upon the monk in red.

Bam!

Shockwaves rolled out with a dull thud, shaking and breaking the trees on both sides of the road.

With that single blow, the ground exploded, forcing half of the monk's body more than one meter into the ground.

However, the monk did not appear to be hurt at all, even with the spear on his shoulder.

Even though Jonathan was not good at wielding a spear, the force of his brute strength alone could break boulders at his cultivation level without him employing a move.

Previously, despite Prima having a layer of protection from a Divine Realm expert in her body, he still shattered it.

However, when it came to the monk, his brute strength seemed to be impotent.

He attempted to pull back, but the red glow on the monk held the spear in place, preventing it from moving the slightest.

"This spear doesn't belong to you. The aura on it is menacing and unclean. You should leave it here at my sect for purification."

With that, the monk in red raised his hand to clutch the spear, and when he abruptly pulled it back, a powerful force rushed toward Jonathan, almost making the spear slip out of his hand.

The latter straightened his body and stamped down on the monk with both feet together like a hefty hammer.

A muffled groan was heard. Surprisingly, it was Jonathan who was injured this time.

The red energy around the monk turned out to be pure Pryncyp. Under Jonathan's assault, it was as solid as cast steel and showed no signs of damage at all.

Jonathan's expression was solemn as he held the handle of the spear with both hands.

"Is this what everyone in your sect practices? Offering salvation when you see something good?"

While saying that with a sneer, Jonathan raised his palm and brought it down in the vicinity of the monk's head.

An invisible blade with an unending murderous aura circulating it formed in his hand.

This time, the monk's expression finally changed slightly.

"Defend!"

The moment the monk in red let go of the spear handle, he clasped his hands in front of his chest to form a fearless lion hand gesture, and a massive symbol appeared in front of him and charged straight for Jonathan's face.

Clang!

As the silhouette of a golden bell appeared, Jonathan felt an excruciating pain in his arm, as if it were being burned by a raging fire.

However, because of that, he was able to put the spear back into his storage ring.

"I can't believe you have a treasure of my sect. It would seem that the theft at my sect a few days ago should have something to do with you."

While keeping his hands in that position, the monk stepped out of the ground effortlessly with merely a slight movement in his feet.

Even Jonathan's eyelids twitched upon witnessing the scene.

There's something odd about this person. Despite not having any spiritual energy fluctuations on him, he has an almost complete Pryncyp. Could it be a trick of another Divine Realm individual?

However, he quickly squashed the thought as soon as it appeared.

Since there are very few individuals in the Divine Realm, once they make their move, they shouldn't drag it out for so long. But, if he isn't in the Divine Realm, he's way too strong. There shouldn't be such a powerful person in the God Realm!

After some thought, Jonathan drew out Heaven Sword.

It had been with him for the longest time and was also the most unusual weapon.

The sword had only ever displayed the two advantages of speed and toughness the entire time.

Whether it was up against a magical item or spiritual weapon, Heaven Sword had never bent—not even the slightest bit.

However, due to the hallucinations that might appear at any time, Jonathan dared not use it for a long time. Otherwise, if he succumbed to an illusion while fighting, he would never be able to atone for his actions.

This time, he was prepared to go all out by pulling out Heaven Sword once more.

The bronze handbell in his left hand could block all forms of attacks and could be used only as a shield when activated with spiritual energy, whereas Heaven Sword in his right hand could channel Pryncyp of Slaughter and cut down all obstacles.

Jonathan felt slightly more confident wielding two magical items of invaluable quality.

“I’m curious. What’s your Pryncyp? Why is it as hard as a tortoiseshell and cannot be broken?”

Jonathan stared at the monk in red curiously while gathering the Pryncyp of Slaughter in his hand. In a split second, specks of starlight lit up on the blade of Heaven Sword.

Even though he was holding Heaven Sword at an angle and some distance from the ground, at that very moment, a fine crack appeared on the ground, seemingly out of nowhere.

An extremely dangerous aura started spreading from the blade to the surroundings.

Jonathan was shocked, but he kept it to himself.

I'd also utilized spiritual energy to activate Heaven Sword before, but the blade showed no reaction. Even if there was sword energy, it was also a result of spiritual energy converging.

Right then, however, he could clearly feel that the sword was devouring his Prynecyp!

Whila kaaping his hands in that position, tha monk stappad out of tha ground affortlassly with maraly a slight movamant in his faat.

Evan Jonathan's ayalids twitchad upon witnassing tha scana.

Thara's somathing odd about this parson. Daspita not having any spiritual anargy fluctuations on him, ha has an almost complata Prynecyp. Could it ba a trick of another Divina Raalm individual?

Howavar, ha quickly squashad tha thought as soon as it appaarad.

Sinca thara ara vary faw individuals in tha Divina Raalm, onca thay maka thair mova, thay shouldn't drag it out for so long. But, if ha isn't in tha Divina Raalm, ha's way too strong. Thara shouldn't ba such a powerful parson in tha God Raalm!

Aftar soma thought, Jonathan draw out Haavan Sword.

It had baan with him for tha longast tima and was also tha most unusual waapon.

Tha sword had only avar displayad tha two advantagas of spaad and toughnass tha antira tima.

Whathar it was up against a magical itam or spiritual waapon, Haavan Sword had navar bant—not avan tha slightast bit.

Howavar, dua to tha hallucinations that might appaar at any tima, Jonathan darad not usa it for a long tima. Otharwisa, if ha succumbad to an illusion whila fighting, ha would navar ba abla to atona for his actions.

This tima, ha was preparad to go all out by pulling out Haavan Sword onca mora.

Tha bronza handball in his laft hand could block all forms of attacks and could ba usad only as a shiald whan activatad with spiritual anargy, wharaas

Haavan Sword in his right hand could channel Prynycyp of Slaughter and cut down all obstacles.

Jonathan felt slightly more confident wielding two magical items of invaluable quality.

“I’m curious. What’s your Prynycyp? Why is it as hard as a tortoise shell and cannot be broken?”

Jonathan stared at the monk in a curious way while gathering the Prynycyp of Slaughter in his hand. In a split second, sparks of starlight lit up on the blade of Haavan Sword.

Even though he was holding Haavan Sword at an angle and some distance from the ground, at that very moment, a faint crack appeared on the ground, seemingly out of nowhere.

An extremely dangerous aura started spreading from the blade to the surroundings.

Jonathan was shocked, but he kept it to himself.

I’d also utilized spiritual energy to activate Haavan Sword before, but the blade showed no reaction. Even if there was sword energy, it was also a result of spiritual energy converging.

Right then, however, he could clearly feel that the sword was devouring his Prynycyp!

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 803

The Legendary Man Chapter 803-Could it be that this sword is energized by the power of Prynycyp?

Jonathan was rather shocked when he thought of it.

A weapon that could host spiritual energy enhancement could be considered a spiritual weapon.

If the weapon could amplify the effect of an aspect of its wielder’s spiritual energy, it would be considered an ultimate weapon.

However, Jonathan's Heaven Sword utilized Pryncyp as its power source.

He had never seen something like that, not even in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique's record.

Meanwhile, the monk in red finally noticed something was off.

As time passed, the scintillations on Heaven Sword became denser, and the sense of danger the monk felt also intensified exponentially.

"Sir, the treasures you hold were all items missing from Seboxiasm a few days ago. Since you're unwilling to return them to us, I'll have to retrieve the items myself."

With that, the monk in red traveled over ten meters by taking one step forward and materialized before Jonathan.

A crimson palm giving off a blood-red malevolent aura zoomed across the air, rapidly growing larger as it approached Jonathan.

"Attack!"

Jonathan brandished Heaven Sword. A thin black line appeared as he swung the sword in front of him.

That's the crack of Pryncyp! Jonathan widened his eyes at the black line before him. This spatial crack can only appear when Pryncyp attains an extreme condensation point.

If he wanted to launch an attack with that magnitude, he could only do so after entering a frenzied state.

Although Jonathan's attacks would become highly potent during that period, that was a fighting style that would inflict significant damage on himself while hurting his enemy by sacrificing his Kore.

Surprisingly, Jonathan didn't feel any backlashes at that moment as the Pryncyp cracks formed. Conversely, he felt extraordinarily at ease.

When the red hand print and Pryncyp crack collided, the two forces nullified one another and vanished into thin air.

Unexpectedly, a vortex formed the next moment where Jonathan and the monk in red stood, violently sucking in the surrounding spiritual energy.

In no time, squall erupted!

In the blink of an eye, the spiritual energy around them clashed and spread out in ripples. Subsequently, golden lights enveloped Jonathan's body.

Boom!

The towering vermilion wall collapsed as thunderous booms echoed in the air.

Jonathan and the monk in red were thrown over a hundred meters backward.

Jonathan gazed at Heaven Sword in his hand after landing on a stone statue.

The scintillations on the sword flickered continuously. Jonathan used up almost half of the Pryncyp around him by unleashing one strike. This skill is incredible, but the energy consumption is too much.

The surge of energy resulting from a clash with Pryncyp was no longer comparable to a collision involving spiritual energy.

Jonathan would've sustained considerable internal damage when enduring the recoil earlier if it weren't for the bronze handbell.

The monk in red opposite him wasn't in any better condition. Standing before the tall vermilion wall, the monk pressed his palms together. The red glow around him intensified to the extent of almost blurring his countenance.

Still, even in that state, Jonathan could sense something was off with the monk in red. Oh my, he vomited blood!

Jonathan gazed at his opponent coldly and swung his sword again.

In a flash, he arrived before the monk in red.

The power of Pryncyp pulsed wildly as Jonathan thrust Heaven Sword forward to stab the monk's throat.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

An arm covered in a red glow grasped the sword. The monk gradually stepped backward while boring his bloodshot eyes into Jonathan.

“You didn’t strengthen your physical body,” Jonathan uttered in an undertone while smirking after he took in the monk’s demeanor.

He flipped Heaven Sword and slapped the hilt of the sword.

The monk’s fingers were cut off, and blood splattered everywhere.

Before the monk could react, Jonathan booted him in the chest.

Thump!

The monk in red flew backward while spewing out mists of blood.

“Focusing your training only on your spirit will cause you to have a fragile physical body.”

The ground beneath Jonathan exploded when he landed, but he reappeared in mid-air the next second as he allowed the shock wave to propel him upward.

Jonathan retrieved a large hammer from his storage ring and clobbered the monk’s back.

Boom!

A huge crater was formed on the ground.

Jonathan landed on the edge of the crater and pressed his hands against the floor, channeling a vast amount of spiritual energy into the earth.

“Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique! Five Elements of the Dragon Deity, rise!”

The earth trembled after Jonathan activated the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. The area a few dozen meters around him rippled like waves.

The black asphalt ground shattered, and the soil below churned as if it was about to devour everything on the surface aside from Jonathan.

Using his spiritual sense, Jonathan witnessed the monk in red getting dragged into the earth and sinking over a few dozen meters deep.

The piece of land Jonathan was standing on gradually solidified and turned back into a rigid state.

Huff...

Panting heavily while looking at the ruined land mass, Jonathan popped a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill into his mouth.

The monk will have to face unimaginable pressure if he wishes to climb out after being buried dozens of meters deep in the earth. Even the deities can't save him this time.

Jonathan turned to gaze sideways at Bazar Temple. Then, his figure disappeared in a flash amidst the rubble.

However, he failed to notice the five broken fingers on the floor slowly rolling together as a gentle breeze blew.

When the fingers came into contact, they bizarrely merged.

Three layers of walls enclosed Bazar Temple. The first wall was an illusory trap; the second layer aimed to confine the intruders, while the last wall functioned with a killing mechanism. Each layer of the wall was enhanced and guarded by various formations.

At that moment, the first wall had been destroyed, and since the illusion array was depicted on the wall, the formation was rendered ineffective.

As Hossom had left a trail on his way in, Jonathan merely had to follow the former's tracks to ensure he was on the right path.

Less than a minute later, Jonathan had arrived before the second vermilion wall.

He thrust Heaven Sword to strike the wall, planning to knock it down using the same method as earlier.

However, white lights glittered on the second wall.

The spot on the wall that came into contact with the tip of the sword emitted the brightest light. Then, the light spread out and gradually disappeared after moving tens of meters to the sides.

Subsequently, Jonathan failed to notice any mark left on the vermilion wall in front of him. What's going on?

He investigated the wall with his spiritual sense and realized the wall was simply constructed using ordinary red bricks.

Staring at the wall, Jonathan contemplated if he should attempt to leap over the trap formation. Right then, someone jumped over the wall atop him and landed.

“Hossom?”

After noticing the newcomer, Jonathan clenched his right hand and solidified the spiritual energy around Hossom to prevent the latter from escaping.

“What are you doing here? Where's the girl?”

Using his spiritual sansa, Jonathan witnessad tha monk in rad getting draggad into tha aarth and sinking ovar a faw dozan matars daap.

Tha piaca of land Jonathan was standing on gradually solidifiad and turnad back into a rigid stata.

Huff...

Panting haavily whila looking at tha ruinad land mass, Jonathan poppad a Spirit Rajuvanating Pill into his mouth.

Tha monk will hava to faca unimaginabla prassura if ha wishas to climb out aftar baing buriad dozans of matars daap in tha aarth. Evan tha daitias can't sava him this tima.

Jonathan turnad to gaza sideways at Bazar Tampla. Than, his figura disappaarad in a flash amidst tha rubbla.

Howavar, ha failad to notica tha fiva brokan fingars on tha floor slowly rolling togethar as a gantla braaza blaw.

Whan tha fingars cama into contact, thay bizarraly margad.

Thraa layars of walls anclosad Bazar Tampla. Tha first wall was an illusory trap; tha sacond layar aimad to confina tha intrudars, whila tha last wall

functioned with a killing mechanism. Each layer of the wall was enhanced and guarded by various formations.

At that moment, the first wall had been destroyed, and since the illusion array was depicted on the wall, the formation was rendered ineffective.

As Hossom had left a trail on his way in, Jonathan merely had to follow the former's tracks to ensure he was on the right path.

Less than a minute later, Jonathan had arrived before the second vermilion wall.

He thrust Heaven Sword to strike the wall, planning to knock it down using the same method as earlier.

However, white lights glittered on the second wall.

The spot on the wall that came into contact with the tip of the sword emitted the brightest light. Then, the light spread out and gradually disappeared after moving tens of meters to the sides.

Subsequently, Jonathan failed to notice any mark left on the vermilion wall in front of him. What's going on?

He investigated the wall with his spiritual sense and realized the wall was simply constructed using ordinary red bricks.

Staring at the wall, Jonathan contemplated if he should attempt to leap over the trap formation. Right then, someone jumped over the wall atop him and landed.

"Hossom?"

After noticing the newcomer, Jonathan clutched his right hand and solidified the spiritual energy around Hossom to prevent the latter from escaping.

"What are you doing here? Where's the girl?"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 804

The Legendary Man Chapter 804-Hossom was still eager to escape when Jonathan restrained him on the spot.

Upon seeing that it was Jonathan, he released a sigh of relief. “Let go of me first, Mr. Goldstein.”

In response, Jonathan opened his palm, allowing Hossom to fall to the ground.

“Have you taken care of that red-clothed monk?” Hossom asked as he panted.

Nodding, Jonathan answered, “I buried him alive. He shouldn’t be able to escape. Anyway, why did you run out? Where’s the girl?”

“If I didn’t flee, I would’ve been torn to pieces!” Hossom’s voice trembled slightly with fear. “More than one hundred Grandmaster Realm and eight God Realm cultivators were chanting inside. The moment we stepped in, the girl and I were surrounded. If you believe me, escape this place right now. There’s something off about this temple. I think the religion’s entire elite fighting force is gathered here.”

“Escape? Where to?” Grimacing, Jonathan stared at the high wall in front of him. “You may be able to evade the God Realm cultivators chasing after you, but can you do the same when Damoyed’s at your tail?”

“Who cares?” Hossom gritted his teeth. “I only have one life. If you send me in now, I’ll die. However, if I run away instead, I get to live a little longer before Damoyed captures and kills me! Why won’t I choose the latter option in this case?”

“Who said you’re destined to die here?” Furrowing his eyebrows, Jonathan remarked coldly, “I don’t know what Damoyed’s trying to do, but I feel like that girl is the key to our survival. Anyway, tell me the cultivation level of the eight God Realm cultivators inside. Do they possess Pryncyp of Strength?” If none of the God Realm cultivators wield the pryncyp, I may be able to subdue them. However, if even two of them are on the same level as a divine messenger, I’m screwed.

“They don’t have the Pryncyp of Strength. Otherwise, that girl wouldn’t have been able to hold them back by herself,” informed Hossom with a bitter expression. “While I want to unearth the secret treasure hidden within Bazar Temple, that doesn’t mean I want to die with you!”

“Stop whining and tell me what’s going on with this wall. Why can’t I shatter it? What technique are you using that allows you to pass through it freely?” Jonathan sounded annoyed. That mysterious girl may be tough, but she’s not immortal. If she’s killed before this operation is completed, there will be trouble.

Upon detecting Jonathan’s glower, Hossom gritted his teeth and retrieved an emerald badge from his storage ring.

“This is a formation emerald badge that allows anyone who possesses it to access most areas in Bazar Temple. Prima gave it to me. As long as I have it, the formations won’t affect me.

“However, this won’t allow anyone to enter the deepest area of the temple. Only a few people know the method of passing through the kill array.

“As for this wall, it’s installed with a vast equalized arcane array. Upon receiving damage, the impact would be spread through every brick on this wall.

“According to Prima, you can only either destroy the wall with missiles or have a Divine Realm cultivator use their Pryncyp to shatter the formation by force. That’s all I know. I’ll give you the emerald badge, so let me—”

Before Hossom could finish his sentence, Jonathan grabbed him and leaped over the wall.

“Motherf*cker!” Hossom yelled.

Moments later, both of them dropped into a garden.

Jonathan felt a slight change in the surrounding spiritual energy fluctuation the second they landed. I think the trap formation is triggered.

At the same time, the emerald badge moved strangely as it filtered out the fluctuation.

With the emerald badge in hand, Jonathan let Hossom go. “If you don’t want to follow me, you can stay here and wait for your lover to rescue you.”

“Don’t leave me!” Hastily, Hossom manifested a rope with spiritual energy and lassoed it around Jonathan’s waist. “If she catches me, she’ll tear me apart! I’ll come with you. It may be dangerous, but at least I’ll get a chance to live.”

“Lead the way!” Without delay, Jonathan dragged Hossom further inward with a sprint.

After a minute of travel, they heard the sounds of battle coming from ahead of them.

“The girl’s there,” informed Hossom anxiously.

Jonathan cut the spiritual energy rope that bound them together with his sword and leaped forward.

“Use all of your talismans to set the buildings aflame!” Seconds after he gave Hossom that command, he vanished between the buildings.

While Hossom was reluctant to do as Jonathan asked, he still attached a yellow talisman to a nearby building.

Since his emerald badge was taken by Jonathan, he had to do so through the main gate if he wanted to leave Bazar Temple. However, he was fully aware of his power and knew only death awaited him if he took that path.

Thus, if he wanted to live, he had to obey Jonathan’s orders.

The more chaos he spread, the more likely Jonathan would succeed.

If he failed his objective, both of them would die.

A small roof in Bazar Temple caught fire after an explosive fireball lit it.

Promptly, Hossom left in search of the next spot to set ablaze.

At that moment, he didn’t expect Jonathan’s and his plan to sow chaos in the temple would snowball into a big fire that triggered unrest in West Region.

After leaping past a few roofs, Jonathan finally saw the center of the spiritual energy fluctuation, which was a giant square.

The nameless girl was subdued by four God Realm cultivators in the middle of that giant square.

The crowd there was immediately alerted of Jonathan's presence. In a blink of an eye, more than a dozen figures landed on the roof, surrounding Jonathan.

Those figures included four God Realm cultivators with red monk robes and a weapon in hand.

As Jonathan stared at the giant Seboxia statue hundreds of meters away, he pulled out a square magical item and levitated it above his left hand. Then, he pumped spiritual energy into the chessboard, causing it to grow in size until it was a hundred meters wide.

The Divine Chessboard loomed over the surrounding cultivators with Jonathan at the center.

When Jonathan obtained the Divine Chessboard, he was already aware of one of its functionalities.

He didn't use its arcane array when facing the giant beast because it would've taken him too much spiritual energy to trap the titanic creature within the chessboard.

Even if he were at his peak, he would've died after having his spiritual energy sucked dry.

However, at that moment, he had enough spiritual energy to use that arcane array on his enemies.

He glanced at the chessboard above him, jumped, and flipped before stepping on it upside down.

As the crowd stared at him in shock, he wielded his long sword. "Let me see what you can really do. Divine Chessboard! Kill array, activate!"

Since his emerald badge was taken by Jonathan, he had to do so through the main gate if he wanted to leave Bazar Temple. However, he was fully aware of his power and knew only death awaited him if he took that path.

Thus, if he wanted to live, he had to obey Jonathan's orders.

The more chaos he spread, the more likely Jonathan would succeed.

If he failed his objective, both of them would die.

A small roof in Bazar Tampla caught fire after an explosive fireball lit it.

Promptly, Hossom left in search of the next spot to set ablaze.

At that moment, he didn't expect Jonathan's and his plan to sow chaos in the temple would snowball into a big fire that triggered unrest in West Region.

After leaping past a few roofs, Jonathan finally saw the center of the spiritual energy fluctuation, which was a giant square.

The nameless girl was subdued by four God Realm cultivators in the middle of that giant square.

The crowd there was immediately alerted of Jonathan's presence. In a blink of an eye, more than a dozen figures landed on the roof, surrounding Jonathan.

Those figures included four God Realm cultivators with red monk robes and a weapon in hand.

As Jonathan stared at the giant Saboxia statue hundreds of meters away, he pulled out a square magical item and levitated it above his left hand. Then, he pumped spiritual energy into the chessboard, causing it to grow in size until it was a hundred meters wide.

The Divine Chessboard loomed over the surrounding cultivators with Jonathan at the center.

When Jonathan obtained the Divine Chessboard, he was already aware of one of its functionalities.

He didn't use its arcane array when facing the giant beast because it would've taken him too much spiritual energy to trap the titanic creature within the chessboard.

Even if he was at his peak, he would've died after having his spiritual energy sucked dry.

However, at that moment, he had enough spiritual energy to use that arcane array on his enemies.

He glanced at the chessboard above him, jumped, and flipped before stepping on it upside down.

As the crowd stared at him in shock, he wielded his long sword. "Lat ma saa what you can really do. Divine Chessboard! Kill array, activate!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 805

The Legendary Man Chapter 805-Spiritual energy surged as the lines on the Divine Chessboard glowed.

Silently, the chessboard's purple light beamed downward, landing on the ground.

Standing upside down in the middle of the chessboard, Jonathan eyed Seboxia's worshippers before calmly closing his eyes.

"Upsidedown chessboard!" Smiling, he leaped and immediately arrived next to the unnamed female cultivator.

Then, he used Heaven Sword to get rid of the object behind the girl and grabbed her necklace. "I don't know if your mind is the same as a normal person, but if you keep wearing that thing, none of us are getting out! If you can understand me, follow me!"

Crack!

Without delay, he pulled the necklace forcefully and sliced it apart with Heaven Sword.

Blood promptly spurting out of the tiny holes in the girl's neck.

When he saw that, he glanced at the necklace in his hand and noticed the inner part was attached with dozens of iron nails. This explains the holes in her neck.

A thought then popped into his mind before he injected spiritual energy into the necklace, causing the nails to grow. No wonder a necklace was all that it took to prevent an advance-phase God Realm cultivator from resisting! No one would've done differently if they had a torture device like this on their neck!

The instant the necklace was removed, the girl touched her bloody neck with a trembling hand.

As she stared at the blood on her palm, she cried while her shoulders quivered.

Jonathan gazed at the girl warily when he felt an overwhelming pressure emerging from her body.

Her pupils constricted while her fingernails grew rapidly.

That rendered Jonathan speechless.

Clang!

Rows of complicated runes glimmered in front of him.

Boom!

When he heard the loud sound coming from behind him, he expanded his spiritual sense in that direction. He saw that a tower around thirty meters tall was sliced apart, seemingly by invisible blades. The remains of the tower neatly slid to the ground.

Divine Chessboard's formation allowed its user to swap any two spaces within its effective area.

The moment Jonathan noticed something was off about the girl, he inverted the space around him.

Even then, her attack still landed on his spirit shield.

As Jonathan stared at the girl, who had plunged her hands into the ground dozens of meters away from him while squatting like a beast, he felt a sense of danger bubbling in his heart.

"What the heck is th—" Before he could finish his sentence, the girl moved again, but at an extreme speed.

If not for the chessboard, he wouldn't have been able to track her movements.

The Grandmaster Realm cultivators around the girl screamed in terror as she diced them into minced meat.

Meanwhile, a long, black staff silently smashed into the back of Jonathan's head.

In response, Jonathan thrust his blade forward.

When the staff swept past Jonathan's head without a pause, the God Realm cultivator who ambushed him smiled giddily.

Out of nowhere, a sharp blade jutted out of the cultivator's chest.

It took only a second for the cultivator's energy to be drained completely.

The image of Jonathan in front of the cultivator disappeared as he reappeared upside down on the Divine Chessboard.

"The area within the chessboard is my domain, regardless of the direction. I can change my position whenever I want!" Using his sword, he handily cut the cultivator's body in half and stored his opponent's finger, which had a ring on it, in his storage ring.

"This thing drains my spiritual energy way too fast, so I'll be killing all of you while I still have plenty of energy left," uttered Jonathan before he vanished again.

Everything was upside down while he was standing on the chessboard.

Despite that, he didn't feel any discomfort. As he swung his sword, it was as though he had transformed into a grim reaper.

Mists of blood exploded in the air as the Grandmaster Realm cultivators targeted by Jonathan were murdered in an instant.

At that moment, it was as though he and the mysterious female cultivator were participating in a strange killing competition inside the temple.

None of the God Realm monks could keep up with the two's speed, so they couldn't stop the duo.

It took only a few moments for the two of them to slaughter dozens of Grandmasters.

Any one of the dead cultivators could've dominated almost any place in the world.

Yet, they were merely cannon fodder before God Realm cultivators like Jonathan and the female cultivator.

In the end, the remaining forty-ish Grandmaster Realm cultivators retreated outside Jonathan's formation with the protection of the seven God Realm monks.

Concurrently, smoke rose at a spot more than a kilometer away from the crowd.

A God Realm cultivator roared, "Someone is setting the buildings on fire!" Then, he waved his hand, prompting the Grandmaster Realm cultivators to rush toward the smoke.

Jonathan was relieved when he saw the God Realm cultivators remained unmoved. There's no way those Grandmaster Realm cultivators can catch Hossom with his speed.

When the chessboard's glow dimmed, he jumped, landed on the tip of a tower, and put away the magical item.

In the eyes of those who hadn't grasped the power of Pryncyp yet, Jonathan was a terrifying existence when fighting in the Divine Chessboard's domain.

In his opinion, the God Realm cultivators were all quite cowardly. The moment they saw one of their comrades was slain, they immediately sprinted outside the chessboard's boundary.

In the end, Jonathan had to put away the chessboard because it depleted too much of his spiritual energy. He was worried he would exhaust his energy before he could take out his opponents.

Three of the seven God Realm cultivators surrounded the female cultivator while the rest encircled Jonathan.

However, none of the God Realm cultivators had the guts to strike first because they feared the duo's power, which they were sure had exceeded God Realm.

Jonathan removed the severed finger from his storage ring and turned it into a small pile of minced meat.

Then, he expanded his spiritual sense into the storage ring, allowing him to see almost all the items kept within instantly.

Moments later, he removed a jade bottle, crushed it, absorbed the rich spiritual energy packed inside, and consumed two Spirit Rejuvenating Pills. "Does anyone here know how to speak Chanaean? Step forward if you do."

Jonathan grinned at them while chewing the Spirit Rejuvenating Pills like bubblegums.

Just as he ended his sentence, he heard a familiar voice behind him. "You've sinned considerably. Only with my help shall you receive deliverance."

In the and, the remaining forty-ish Grandmaster Realm cultivators retreated outside Jonathan's formation with the protection of the seven God Realm monks.

Concurrently, smoke rose at a spot more than a kilometer away from the crowd.

A God Realm cultivator roared, "Someone is setting the buildings on fire!"

Then, he waved his hand, prompting the Grandmaster Realm cultivators to rush toward the smoke.

Jonathan was relieved when he saw the God Realm cultivators remained unmoved. There's no way those Grandmaster Realm cultivators can catch Hossom with his speed.

When the chessboard's glow dimmed, he jumped, landed on the tip of a tower, and put away the magical item.

In the eyes of those who hadn't grasped the power of Prynccyp yat, Jonathan was a terrifying existence when fighting in the Divine Chessboard's domain. In his opinion, the God Realm cultivators were all quite cowardly. The moment they saw one of their comrades was slain, they immediately sprinted outside the chessboard's boundary.

In the and, Jonathan had to put away the chessboard because it depleted too much of his spiritual energy. He was worried he would exhaust his energy before he could take out his opponents.

Three of the seven God Realm cultivators surrounded the female cultivator while she ran around Jonathan.

However, none of the God Realm cultivators had the guts to strike first because they feared the duo's power, which they were sure had exceeded God Realm.

Jonathan removed the savarad finger from his storage ring and turned it into a small pile of minced meat.

Then, he expanded his spiritual sense into the storage ring, allowing him to see almost all the items kept within instantly.

Moments later, he removed a jade bottle, crushed it, absorbed the rich spiritual energy packed inside, and consumed two Spirit Rejuvenating Pills.

"Does anyone here know how to speak Chanaan? Step forward if you do."

Jonathan grinned at them while chewing the Spirit Rejuvenating Pills like bubblegums.

Just as he ended his sentence, he heard a familiar voice behind him. "You've sinned considerably. Only with my help shall you receive deliverance."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 806

The Legendary Man Chapter 806-Upon hearing that voice, Jonathan turned back and saw the red-clothed monk he had buried alive earlier had reemerged.

However, at that moment, the monk was stark naked, and he was clasping his hands together while standing on a rooftop.

“Heh, what an elegant sight. Your religion sure is quite open if you can display yourself in that manner,” Jonathan mocked.

“Surely, you jest.” The monk stepped toward him on golden tiles. “The body is but a vessel. Through cultivation, one can learn to ascend beyond earthly concerns and desires. If one doesn’t possess an ego, one won’t mind how others look at them.”

The other God Realm monks slowly backed away with their hands clasped.

Then, a red malevolent aura began rising from the naked monk. In a blink of an eye, that aura enveloped his entire body.

Crack!

The instant Jonathan turned in the direction of the cracked roof tile, he saw a palm flying straight toward his throat.

“Scram!” Without delay, he swung Heaven Sword at the monk’s arm.

Since the Pryncyp of Slaughter was active, the malevolent aura could only block Heaven Sword for a moment before the blade sliced the monk’s arm off.

Then Jonathan slashed the monk’s neck with his blade.

In a snap, the monk’s head was severed. A tall fountain of blood gushed into the sky from his neck.

Concurrently, a handprint appeared on Jonathan’s chest.

Pfft!

Jonathan's vitality was dispersed by that assault. As he flew backward, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

When his spiritual sense swept past the monk, he was stunned. The palm strike was powerful, but it wasn't deadly. He knows how sharp my Heaven Sword is, yet he still sacrificed his life to land a blow on me. Did he have a death wish?

Then he noticed something odd. Wait a minute. I remember cutting off five of his fingers earlier, yet his hand seems undamaged. Does he have a secret regeneration technique?

Upon crashing into a building and landing on the ground, Jonathan activated the bronze handbell and charged forward again.

He narrowed his eyes when he witnessed the monk's severed head and fingers reattaching themselves to the corpse by the power of a Pryncyp.

While the wounds were still bleeding, Jonathan could tell the monk's life force was soaring.

Moments later, the malevolent aura returned to the monk's body, and he stood before Jonathan again, seemingly unharmed.

When the nearby God Realm monks saw that, they clasped their hands and began chanting loudly.

The naked monk's regenerative ability exceeded Jonathan's expectations. Even a Divine Realm cultivator wouldn't have been able to pull that off, much less a God Realm cultivator! How did he do it?

For the first time, he considered retreating because the monk was basically immortal. I don't know what price he's paying to use that ability, but I'm not going to stick around and find out! There's no way I can defeat him!

When his train of thought ended there, he immediately dashed away.

The female cultivator also sprinted in the same direction as him while appearing as though she was summoned by something.

The seven God Realm cultivators pulled out their weapons and chased after the duo.

If they could hinder the duo's escape, they would be able to slay the two with the help of the naked monk.

However, a thundering chime was heard just as the combatant's weapons clashed against each other.

In that split second, Jonathan felt as if his spiritual sense was blasted apart, and he fell.

Upon crashing on the ground, he turned toward the chime and saw that the sound was generated by the bell in the Seboxia statue's hand.

"Seboxia." The naked monk behind Jonathan was turned into a pile of meat paste by the chime. If not for his bones keeping him upright, he would've collapsed on the ground.

Despite bits of flesh continuing to drop from his body, he still clasped his hands together.

That was the side effect of his ability. His body couldn't handle even the slightest vibration.

As time passed, the red malevolent aura rushed toward the chunks of flesh, turned them into bloody mists, and pulled them back into the monk's body.

While Jonathan kept his guard up against the monk, his spiritual sense landed on the nameless girl.

At that moment, she had lost the ability to move. However, she was flying toward the Seboxia statue as though something was pulling her in, like a piece of metal to a giant magnet.

Also, it was as if the gigantic Seboxia statue had come to life because there was an odd rhythm of energy pulsating out of it.

Is that why Damoyed asked me to bring the girl to the statue? Jonathan thought as he leaped away.

Meanwhile, the monk was still regenerating. Hence, Jonathan used that window of opportunity to locate the secret treasure hiding in the temple.

"It's in the direction the statue is pointing at..." was the only clue Damoyed left Jonathan.

To his dismay, when Jonathan raised his head, he saw all four of the statue's hands pointing in four different directions.

"Godd*mmmit! He was messing with me!" Gritting his teeth, he dodged the attacks launched at him and darted forward. I've come this far. There's no way I'll give up now. At most, I'll just have to search through four different areas. Once I grab the antidote, I must leave this place as soon as possible.

He followed along in the direction the first hand was pointing at and arrived at a garden.

The view of the garden shocked Jonathan because there was a several-meter-tall tumulus sitting in the middle.

Plenty of words were carved onto the gravestone, but he couldn't understand any because it was written in West Region's language.

Hence, he used his spiritual sense to scan the area and detected an invisible barrier on the gravestone. Is there a secret entrance here? Isn't it a bit too much for these worshippers to disguise it as a grave?

Upon sensing the God Realm cultivators approaching him from behind, he slashed the tumulus apart with Heaven Sword.

Then, he used spiritual energy to pull out a white, glowing coffin.

The instant the coffin was raised from the underground, an immense life force surged along his spiritual energy into his meridian.

Suddenly, someone roared behind him. "How dare you touch the Transference Coffin! Die!"

At that moment, she had lost the ability to move. However, she was flying toward the Saboxia statue as though something was pulling her in, like a piece of metal to a giant magnet.

Also, it was as if the gigantic Saboxia statue had come to life because there was an odd rhythm of energy pulsating out of it.

Is that why Damoyad asked me to bring the girl to the statue? Jonathan thought as he slipped away.

Maanwhila, tha monk was still raganarating. Hanca, Jonathan usad that window of opportunity to locata tha sacrat traasura hiding in tha tampla.

“It’s in tha diraction tha statua is pointing at...” was tha only clua Damoyad laft Jonathan.

To his dismay, whan Jonathan raisad his haad, ha saw all four of tha statua’s hands pointing in four diffarant diractions.

“Godd*mmit! Ha was massing with ma!” Gritting his taath, ha dodgad tha attacks launchad at him and dartad forward. I’va coma this far. Thara’s no way I’ll giva up now. At most, I’ll just hava to saarch through four diffarant araas. Onca I grab tha antidota, I must laava this placa as soon as possibla.

Ha followad along in tha diraction tha first hand was pointing at and arrivad at a gardan.

Tha viaw of tha gardan shockad Jonathan bacausa thara was a savaral-matar-tall tumulus sitting in tha middla.

Planty of words wara carvad onto tha gravastona, but ha couldn’t undarstand any bacausa it was writtan in West Ragon’s languaga.

Hanca, ha usad his spiritual sansa to scan tha araa and datactad an invisibla barriar on tha gravastona. Is thara a sacrat antranca hara? Isn’t it a bit too much for thasa worshippars to disguisa it as a grava?

Upon sansing tha God Raalm cultivators approaching him from bahind, ha slashad tha tumulus apart with Haavan Sword.

Than, ha usad spiritual anargy to pull out a whita, glowing coffin.

Tha instant tha coffin was raisad from tha undarground, an immansa lifa forca surgad along his spiritual anargy into his maridian.

Suddanly, somaona roarad bahind him. “How dara you touch tha Transfaranca Coffin! Dia!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 807

The Legendary Man Chapter 807-Chanaean... Transference Coffin?

Jonathan stared at the coffin before him. A powerful aura seemed to bind his meridians to the coffin tightly.

From where the Seboxia statue stood, a hunched elder suddenly zoomed across the sky, aiming his palm in Jonathan's direction.

The deceptively simple attack instantly shrouded the area in darkness.

Jonathan looked up and spotted the palm coming right at him.

He felt helpless in the face of that impossibly large palm, which was tens of meters wide.

Despite its inconspicuous form, the attack had divided the skies and the land.

The attack perfectly manifested Pryncyp energy. Even as Jonathan wielded his Heaven Sword, supported by Pryncyp of Slaughter, he struggled to hold off the elder's advance.

Jonathan channeled Pryncyp energy into his Heaven Sword as he once again prepared to meet the elder's strike.

Unbeknownst to him, the coffin above his head glimmered and fired off several runes into the sky.

Above the Heaven Sword, the massive palm came into contact with the runes and suddenly evaporated into thin air.

The hunched elder was shaking as he glared at Jonathan. He still stood beside the Seboxia statue a distance away.

"Put down the Transference Coffin, Jonathan, and I can wipe the slate clean," the elder bellowed.

Jonathan's expression darkened as he sensed a faint and menacing aura from the elder.

While he still had no idea what the Transference Coffin was for, it was clearly important to the hunched elder.

However, the Transference Coffin appeared to have wrapped dozens of invisible tendrils around Jonathan, entangling itself with his meridians.

It appeared that Jonathan had no means of surrendering the coffin even if he wanted to.

On top of that, he could tell from the hunched elder's aura that the latter was a Divine Realm cultivator. Releasing the coffin would only put Jonathan in greater danger.

His lips twitched with amusement as he patted the levitating coffin beside him and coughed awkwardly. "Well, you see, I'm sure you're a Chanaean as well, good sir. Where is your hometown? I'm sure we could be considered fellow villagers."

Under the scrutiny of a grand Seboxia statue, a Divine Realm cultivator, and seven God Realm cultivators, Jonathan began touching the Transference Coffin and chatting up the hunched elder.

It was an unimaginable sight that struck its audience dumb.

Courageous people were everywhere, but Jonathan was practically flirting with death.

Alas, they were unaware of Jonathan's plight.

Meanwhile, the hunched elder still had his eyes on Jonathan, yet he had raised his left hand toward the sky. Jonathan's gaze traced his opponent's outstretched hand, and he was shocked to see the nameless girl from before floating in the sky.

The hunched elder was using his Pryncyp of Strength to keep the girl away from the Seboxia statue, engaged in some form of tug of war.

It was at that point that Jonathan came upon an important realization.

The consequences of allowing the girl near the divine statue appeared severe enough to command a Divine Realm cultivator's full attention.

Maybe he won't be able to stop me if I try to escape now.

Jonathan moved his feet slightly as that thought crossed his mind.

He had barely taken a step when waves of spiritual energy surged toward him. Seven magical items flew at him from all directions, blocking all possible paths for escape.

Frustrated, Jonathan pleaded, "Sir, I never thought of bringing this coffin away with me, but it just won't let me go. Why don't you sever its ties to me? I promise I'll leave right away."

"No!" The hunched elder shot him a fierce glare before warning, "Don't even dream of leaving this place alive once you've touched the Transference Coffin."

Jonathan nodded weakly at his reply. "Fine. In any case, I can't dump this coffin behind. How about this? Let me open the coffin and see what's inside. Even if I end up dead, at least I won't die a confused man."

As he spoke, Jonathan resolutely brought his sword down upon the coffin.

Crack!

Sparks flew when the Heaven Sword and Transference Coffin made contact, almost as if a pair of sturdy, metal weapons had clashed in combat.

The strike surprised both Jonathan and the hunched elder in front of him.

Jonathan knew everyone's reaction through his spiritual sense.

Shock suffused his heart as he stared at the white mark left by his sword on the coffin.

Till then, the only things that could counter his Heaven Sword were the best magical items possessed by God Realm cultivators.

Those magical items were very hardy and physically strengthened by plenty of arcane arrays.

The Transference Coffin, however, was different. Jonathan did not feel any shifts in spiritual energy when he struck the coffin, which implied that the object had withstood his attack based on physical resistance alone.

The material would have been coveted for creating magical items, yet someone had turned it into a coffin lid instead.

It probably held a prominent figure within.

If that's true, the items buried with the person must be worth a fortune! I'm going to be filthy rich!

Jonathan tightened his grip on his Heaven Sword and grinned at the hunched elder. Then, he turned tail and ran while ringing his bronze handbell.

The elder barked, "After him! I want him dead!"

Magical items flung themselves at Jonathan with deadly intent.

The bronze handbell tolled again and again, swathing Jonathan in a golden glow. Combined with the coffin that continued to trail him, the magical items were simply no match for him.

Under the Seboxia statue, the hunched elder stomped his right foot, sending invisible waves hurtling toward Jonathan.

The emerald badge in Jonathan's hand suddenly shattered without warning. At the same time, a pillar of red light shot into the sky near the second outer wall until it reached the Heaven Sword, trapping Jonathan in a bubble that spanned the second level of the space.

"You're completely locked in now, Jonathan. It's impossible for you to escape." The hunched elder added, "Since you're being so stubborn, we'll take the coffin off you ourselves. Aetomoye, take him down."

"Understood."

The monk Aetomoye, shrouded in a blood-red malevolent aura, strode toward Jonathan after heeding the elder's orders.

This time, Jonathan noticed red, cobweb-like lines across the monk's body.

Aetomoye bowed before Jonathan and uttered, "Apologies, Mr. Goldstein."

In the next instant, he dissolved into a sea of blood-red mist that threatened to drown Jonathan.

Cr*p, I'm in danger!

Jonathan's expression revealed his panic.

His heart thumped like a runaway horse.

In the blink of an eye, numerous palm prints surfaced on Jonathan's golden protective shell.

Aetomoye was so powerful that one round of attacks had befuddled Jonathan.

Just then, streams of life aura churned in his elixir field, flooding the meridians throughout his body as though they had a mind of their own. It soothed Jonathan immensely, and he no longer felt suffocated like before.

The endless pool of life aura revitalizing his body gave Jonathan the urge to roar into the skies.

The Transference Coffin was simply remarkable. It could even connect to Jonathan's meridians through the glowing shell generated by his bronze handbell.

Re-energized, Jonathan traced the waves of life aura and gripped the coffin behind him.

He thundered, "I think it's high time I took the lead in this battle!"

If that's trua, tha itams buriad with tha parson must ba worth a fortuna! I'm going to ba filthy rich!

Jonathan tightenad his grip on his Haavan Sword and grinnad at tha hunchad aldar. Than, ha turnad tail and ran whila ringing his bronza handball.

Tha aldar barkad, "Aftar him! I want him daad!"

Magical itams flung thamsalvas at Jonathan with daadly intant.

Tha bronza handball tollad again and again, swathing Jonathan in a goldan glow. Combinad with tha coffin that continuad to trail him, tha magical itams wara simply no match for him.

Undar tha Saboxia statua, tha hunchad aldar stompad his right foot, sanding invisibla wavas hurtling toward Jonathan.

Tha amarald badga in Jonathan's hand suddanly shattarad without warning. At tha sama tima, a pillar of rad light shot into tha sky naar tha sacond outar wall until it raachad tha Haavan Sword, trapping Jonathan in a bubbla that spannad tha sacond laval of tha spaca.

"You'ra complataly lockad in now, Jonathan. It's impossibla for you to ascapa." Tha hunchad aldar addad, "Sinca you'ra baing so stubborn, wa'll taka tha coffin off you oursalvas. Aatomoya, taka him down."

“Understood.”

The monk Aatomoya, shrouded in a blood-red malvolent aura, strode toward Jonathan after heeding the alder's orders.

This time, Jonathan noticed red, cobweb-like lines across the monk's body.

Aatomoya bowed before Jonathan and uttered, “Apologies, Mr. Goldstein.”

In the next instant, he dissolved into a sea of blood-red mist that threatened to drown Jonathan.

Cr*p, I'm in danger!

Jonathan's expression revealed his panic.

His heart thumped like a runaway horse.

In the blink of an eye, numerous palm prints surfaced on Jonathan's golden protective shell.

Aatomoya was so powerful that one round of attacks had befuddled Jonathan.

Just then, streams of life aura churned in his alixir field, flooding the meridians throughout his body as though they had a mind of their own. It soothed Jonathan immensely, and he no longer felt suffocated like before.

The endless pool of life aura revitalizing his body gave Jonathan the urge to roar into the skies.

The Transfuranca Coffin was simply remarkable. It could even connect to Jonathan's meridians through the glowing shell generated by his bronze handball.

Re-anargized, Jonathan traced the waves of life aura and gripped the coffin behind him.

He thundered, “I think it's high time I took the lead in this battle!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 808

The Legendary Man Chapter 808-The bronze handbell could protect Jonathan from external attacks, but it would turn the attacks into impacts on Jonathan.

Even so, the abundant life force coming from the Transference Coffin was enough to eliminate all injuries.

Moreover, the Transference Coffin was not the slightest bit affected by the bronze handbell's power. It could pass through the golden spirit shield and turn into the sharpest weapon in Jonathan's hand.

"To hell with you!"

Holding the weapon in his hand, Jonathan brought it down on the blood mist around him.

Although Jonathan did not know why Aetomoye could keep changing and regenerating his flesh, the former had nothing more to worry about. After all, he had basically gained an indestructible body, which he did not have to bother protecting. All he needed to do was figure out how to attack intensely.

As he brandished Transference Coffin, loud cracking sounds echoed through the sky.

The blood mist seemed to have lost its power in the face of the Transference Coffin. Every time Jonathan swung the weapon, the blood mist would fade a little.

Moreover, strange fluctuations would rise from Transference Coffin with every swing Jonathan made.

It was an indescribable form of energy. Though Jonathan was separated from it by the bronze handbell's golden light, he could still feel a strong energy that surpassed Pryncyp of Strength.

It actually wrapped itself around Transference Coffin and became the most powerful item in the precinct.

Any form of energy, be it spiritual energy or Pryncyp of Strength, would be destroyed if they got close to the energy around Transference Coffin. They could not give the coffin additional support.

Is this how Transference Coffin resists the effects of time?

Jonathan could not help but frown when he recalled the number, six hundred and ninety-eight, on the stone tablet.

He knew little about the West Region's language, but he knew a few simple words.

The coffin was probably buried in AD 678, which meant it had been around for more than one thousand and three hundred years.

The fact that it could remain intact for so long was a miracle.

Meanwhile, bloody palm prints kept appearing on the golden light around Jonathan.

To Jonathan's surprise, Aetomoye had not given up attacking. Alas, all the latter's attacks were useless on Jonathan at that moment.

Perhaps Aetomoye did not understand what was happening. After all, he managed to injure Jonathan severely in his first round of attacks.

I should be able to kill Jonathan as long as I keep attacking. Why isn't it working now?

Aetomoye was befuddled, but Jonathan was enjoying himself by brandishing the weapon.

Jonathan made dozens of swings, obliterating some blood mist with each swing thanks to the energy on Transference Coffin.

Finally, Aetomoye could not hold it in anymore. He dispersed the blood mist around him and regained his human form on the roof by the side.

Earlier, he looked like a middle-aged man who was in his mid-forties. And now, he seemed to have aged.

It was as if he had become twenty years older.

Standing on the roof, Aetomoye placed his hands together and panted heavily.

As the leader of the Seboxiasm members, Aetomoye had always been known as the indestructible guardian.

About ten years ago, Aetomoye had grasped Pryncyp of Blood and wanted to pass the Divine Tribulation. Unfortunately, he got lost in Heart Tribulation.

If not for Seboxia, Aetomoye would have turned into a pool of blood.

Aetomoye should have died for failing the Divine Tribulation. Still, even though he did not break through Divine Realm, he had already grasped the Pryncyp of Blood in his mind.

Even though his body was destroyed, his mastery of Pryncyp of Blood allowed him to restore it and forcibly maintain his life force.

That was why Aetomoye could not die.

Theoretically speaking, Aetomoye could never enter Divine Realm. There would be no more growth in his cultivation level, but he had gained the gift of immortality.

If he kept cultivating it, he could live for a long time.

Never did Aetomoye expect to meet Jonathan, who could brandish the coffin like that and even use it to eliminate almost half of his blood essence.

“Aetomoye!” a scrawny old man yelled again under Seboxia’s statue.

Hearing that, Aetomoye turned toward the elderly man and shot the latter a grim look.

Clasping his hands together, he began murmuring a spell.

Blood began spreading out across the area, starting from Aetomoye’s feet.

It went from ten meters to fifty meters and two hundred meters.

Streaks of blood spread out rapidly as if they were alive. They turned into countless hands and began grabbing the Seboxiasm members.

In the meantime, seven God Realm cultivators around Jonathan drew out their magical items to block the blood trails.

However, the Grandmaster Realm cultivators within the area of the blood trails were not that lucky.

They turned into minced meat the moment the blood trails wrapped around them.

As soon as the minced meats fell to the ground, they rotted instantly and turned into puddles of blood that blended into the blood trails.

In just a few seconds, almost a hundred Grandmaster Realm cultivators became a part of the blood trails.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

Soft sounds like drums came from Aetomoye's body.

Holding the Transference Coffin, Jonathan retracted his gaze.

That's Aetomoye's heartbeat.

As Aetomoye retrieved the blood trails, the overwhelming pressure around him grew stronger.

His body swelled up continuously, looking nothing like his weak self from moments ago.

The muscles in his body kept increasing in size, as well as his build.

At that moment, he looked like a balloon that kept swelling.

Surprisingly, the faces of people in pain constantly appeared on his swelling body.

The suffering faces kept struggling as if they wanted to escape Aetomoye's body.

Though there was no sound, anyone who saw those faces would be scared out of their wits.

Thanks to the gathering of the blood trails, Aetomoye finally transformed into a twenty-meter giant.

The energy within the body had reached its peak as well.

The sight of Aetomoye made Jonathan feel as if he was an insignificant being standing in front of a giant mountain.

“Jonathan, this is my most powerful state. Get ready to die!” Aetomoye lowered his head and stared at Jonathan. The former’s voice sounded distant as if it was traveling from another world.

Jonathan had put his guard up, yet a giant fist landed on his head in the next second.

Before he could react, he was shoved into the ground along with the coffin.

It went from ten matars to fifty matars and two hundred matars.

Streams of blood spread out rapidly as if they were alive. They turned into countless hands and began grabbing the Saboxiam members.

In the meantime, several God Realm cultivators around Jonathan draw out their magical items to block the blood trails.

However, the Grandmaster Realm cultivators within the area of the blood trails were not that lucky.

They turned into minced meat the moment the blood trails wrapped around them.

As soon as the minced meats fall to the ground, they rotted instantly and turned into puddles of blood that blended into the blood trails.

In just a few seconds, almost a hundred Grandmaster Realm cultivators became a part of the blood trails.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

Soft sounds like drums came from Aetomoya’s body.

Holding the Transfaranca Coffin, Jonathan retracted his gaze.

That’s Aetomoya’s heartbeat.

As Aetomoya retreated the blood trails, the overwhelming pressure around him grew stronger.

His body swelled up continuously, looking nothing like his weak self from moments ago.

The muscles in his body kept increasing in size, as well as his build.

At that moment, he looked like a balloon that kept swelling.

Surprisingly, the faces of people in pain constantly appeared on his swelling body.

The suffering faces kept struggling as if they wanted to escape Aatomoya's body.

Though there was no sound, anyone who saw those faces would be scared out of their wits.

Thanks to the gathering of the blood trails, Aatomoya finally transformed into a twenty-meter giant.

The energy within the body had reached its peak as well.

The sight of Aatomoya made Jonathan feel as if he was an insignificant being standing in front of a giant mountain.

"Jonathan, this is my most powerful state. Get ready to die!" Aatomoya lowered his head and stared at Jonathan. The former's voice sounded distant as if it was traveling from another world.

Jonathan had put his guard up, yet a giant fist landed on his head in the next second.

Before he could react, he was shoved into the ground along with the coffin.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 809

The Legendary Man Chapter 809-A deafening sound followed. Even the whole earth seemed to tremble.

Buried about twenty to thirty meters underground, Jonathan widened his eyes in shock as he stared at the giant fist covered with horrifying faces.

The force transmitted from the bronze handbell after the attack had crushed all the bones in his body.

This is not the kind of strength a human should have. Jonathan grimaced as he eyed the giant fist outside the golden light.

Tremendous life force flowed within his meridian, making his wounds recover speedily.

The moment he recovered, the giant fist above his hand landed on him again.

Naturally, his life force got to work again.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Deafening sounds rang out continuously as Jonathan sank further into the ground.

It was not until Jonathan was a hundred meters deep into the ground that the attack finally stopped. He had no idea how many rocks he had knocked against.

Cough!

Jonathan stared at the faint light from above with an empty gaze.

Every time he took a breath, blood gushed out of his mouth and nose. The same happened to his shattered internal organs.

Once again, his broken meridians were healed by his life force. Before the bronze handbell lost its spiritual energy, Jonathan gathered all the spiritual energy in his body to resist the next attack.

That was purely an attack on the physical body. Yet, Jonathan never thought he would one day be beaten until he was powerless.

Above the ground was Aetomoye, lowering his head to gaze at the deep hole. He then stomped heavily on the ground, causing one side of the hole to collapse from the vibration.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With a few punches, the hole was completely sealed.

Aetomoye had buried Jonathan in the ground just like how the latter did to him.

Immediately after that, Aetomoye let out a huge roar. The malevolent aura around him turned into a blood mist and swirled above his head.

Having absorbed the vitality of hundreds of Grandmaster Realm cultivators, Aetomoye felt as if he was unprecedentedly powerful and had the guts to take on anyone, no matter who they were.

“Aetomoye, get your act together! Otherwise, you’ll be consumed by Pryncyp of Blood and become a part of the earth!” the scrawny elderly man yelled.

At that moment, the nameless girl was slowly descending from the sky under the elderly man’s guidance. They were less than ten meters away from the ground.

Just then, the elderly man’s eyes dimmed, and he lifted his head to look up at the sky.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A sound that resembled glass shattering was heard, and the arcane array above the second wall of Seboxia’s believers was easily shattered by a figure.

The figure then landed inside Bazar Temple, followed by ten God Realm cultivators.

As soon as the eleven people landed from the sky, the leader of the group chuckled and said to the elderly man, “Kenado, why is Seboxiasm making such a huge commotion? Are you guys in some kind of trouble?”

The person who spoke had grey hair. He was none other than Damoyed, the Divine Realm cultivator who wanted Jonathan to bring him the nameless girl.

Putting on a subtle smile, Kenado held the floating nameless girl with his left hand. “Damoyed! I knew you were the one who ordered the attack on Seboxiasm when I was in seclusion.”

Damoyed chuckled and responded, “Huh? Oh, don’t put it that way. Damos is originally a sect that came from Seboxiasm, anyway. We’re only coming back home.”

He said it so casually, yet the believers of both sects would be mind blown if they heard what he said.

For the longest time, Damos, the second biggest religion in West Region, had instilled its beliefs in its believers that they would surpass Seboxiasm and become the official religion of the West Region.

Only heaven knew how many believers would be devastated if they found out the two religions were originally the same.

Kenado merely chuckled upon hearing Damoyed's words.

"Since you know the origins of your religion, then you should stop being rebellious. Why don't you announce the truth to the world? Then, we can combine forces and become one. No one in West Region would dare to be in our way again."

Damoyed sneered, "The truth? Seboxiasm was originally a local religion of West Region. When the previous Sage left, I was supposed to take over the position. Yet, ever since you, a foreigner, came here, I was ostracized everywhere. Is that the truth you're talking about? Should I address you as Kenado or Kenneth Gaines?"

Damoyed's words caused everyone to look at Kenado.

Right then, Kenado shook his head with a conflicted gaze.

"Damoyed, Seboxiasm's teaching is for everyone, even if they're not humans. As long as they're sincere about learning the religion, we'll do our best to convert them. It's the same for those of different races. Where did this distinction between locals and foreigners come from? Do you know why you can't break through the middle phase of the Divine Realm? That's because you think too much about Sage's position. You have too much greed and ignorance. If you don't ask for it, you won't get it. Do you expect people to read your thoughts? Damoyed, you've lost your mind," Kenado said with a sigh. Since they were quite far from each other, he passed the message to Damoyed via mantra.

His voice was so loud and clear that it felt as if it was resounding in everyone's ears.

Just then, Damoyed stepped forward and snorted.

"Break!"

With one word, everyone snapped out of their daze.

“Kenado, your psychedelic mantra doesn’t work on me. I’d advise you to stop using tricks like that to fool mortals. Things like heaven and hell, the past and the future, are what we use to control mortals’ fear. As a cultivator, our focus is on the present.”

Damoyed waved his hand slightly behind him, and a female cultivator pushed someone toward him. It was Prima.

“Kenado, this is the God’s Body you’ve selected carefully, while the girl you’re holding is your third-generation relative I’ve searched high and low in Chanaea. I’ve spent thirteen years nurturing her into a beast that’ll only listen to me. Now, it’s your turn to choose. If you want Seboxia to reincarnate, you need to let go of your relative and let her take your opportunity. Of course, you can choose to guard your opportunity and kill your relative. Then, I’ll kill this God’s Body and end Seboxiasm’s one thousand and three hundred years of teaching. Make your choice.”

Damoyed stomped on Prima’s head, looking utterly calm.

Meanwhile, Kenado’s eyes glinted with a chilling menace when he saw the scene before him.

Damoyed did not want to let Kenado make a choice. Rather, he was there to destroy the latter’s faith.

Damoyad’s words caused avaryona to look at Kanado.

Right then, Kanado shook his head with a conflicted gaze.

“Damoyad, Saboxiasm’s teaching is for avaryona, even if they’re not humans. As long as they’re sincere about learning the religion, we’ll do our best to convert them. It’s the same for those of different races. Where did this distinction between locals and foreigners come from? Do you know why you can’t break through the middle phase of the Divine Realm? That’s because you think too much about Saga’s position. You have too much greed and ignorance. If you don’t ask for it, you won’t get it. Do you expect people to read your thoughts? Damoyad, you’ve lost your mind,” Kanado said with a sigh. Since they were quite far from each other, he passed the message to Damoyad via mantra.

His voice was so loud and clear that it felt as if it was resounding in everyone's ears.

Just then, Damoyad stepped forward and snorted.

“Braak!”

With one word, everyone snapped out of their daze.

“Kanado, your psychadelic mantra doesn't work on me. I'd advise you to stop using tricks like that to fool mortals. Things like heaven and hell, the past and the future, are what we use to control mortals' fear. As a cultivator, our focus is on the present.”

Damoyad waved his hand slightly behind him, and a female cultivator pushed someone toward him. It was Prima.

“Kanado, this is the God's Body you've selected carefully, while the girl you're holding is your third-generation relative I've searched high and low in Chanana. I've spent thirteen years nurturing her into a beast that'll only listen to me. Now, it's your turn to choose. If you want Saboxia to reincarnate, you need to let go of your relative and let her take your opportunity. Of course, you can choose to guard your opportunity and kill your relative. Then, I'll kill this God's Body and Saboxia's one thousand and three hundred years of teaching. Make your choice.”

Damoyad stomped on Prima's head, looking utterly calm.

Meanwhile, Kanado's eyes glinted with a chilling mania when he saw the scene before him.

Damoyad did not want to let Kanado make a choice. Rather, he was there to destroy the latter's faith.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 810

The Legendary Man Chapter 810-Kenneth was Kanado's original identity. He was discovered by the previous Sage of Saboxia in Chanana and brought back to the sect.

The meridians in his body were naturally free from impurities, which made him a rare, talented cultivator.

However, the cultivation conditions in Chanaea had become harsher over the past century.

Almost all the cultivation resources were taken by the nine respectable families. Without anything to guide him, Kenado managed to enter the Superior Realm by relying on his familiarity with spiritual energy.

Though he was already thirty years old by the time he achieved that level, it was worth noting that he relied solely on absorbing spiritual energy instead of using any cultivation methods.

When the previous Sage discovered his unique build, he wanted to take Kenado in as a disciple. It was as if Kenado was a precious treasure.

Back then, Kenado was in his prime, and his wife and children were still young. Thus, he was not willing to leave with a monk.

Of course, a Superior Realm cultivator like him was no match for a Divine Realm cultivator.

After a brief fight, Kenado was kidnapped by his mentor to the West Region.

At first, Kenado resisted, but he soon began to embark on his cultivation journey under the guidance of his mentor.

As soon as he began cultivating officially, he broke through the Superior Realm in less than a year. It was as if he had found a cheat way.

Slowly, he grew addicted to the satisfaction of mastering everything during the process of cultivation. And gradually, he forgot about his family in Chanaea.

After entering the Divine Realm, he could not help but shake his head and smile bitterly when he thought back about it. I wasn't addicted to the satisfaction cultivation brought. It was our mentor who used the psychedelic mantra to make me cultivate in peace. In other words, Kenado was brainwashed.

Regardless, he never returned to Chanaea, even after he advanced to another level and had seen through his mentor's tricks.

That was because he knew he had to cut all ties with the mortals once he embarked on that journey. If he went back, he would only watch his family die of old age.

I've been gone for so long, anyway. Surely they've gotten used to a life without me. They won't have to go through another farewell if I leave them alone. Maybe that's for the best.

After that, Kenado took over the role of Seboxiasm's Sage from his mentor and shouldered the responsibility of searching for God's Body to bring Seboxia back to life.

He then spent dozens of years before finding Prima, the purest God's Body so far.

During that time, he found the opportunity to advance to the Ultimate Realm.

Unfortunately, Jonathan and the others disrupted Kenado's process of entering the Ultimate Realm.

The statue of Seboxia in the middle contained the luck of Seboxia for nearly a hundred years.

Thanks to their teaching, the beliefs of hundreds of millions of people were poured into that statue.

That was the key to Kenado's advancement to the Ultimate Realm.

He only needed to refine the luck into his body and use its incredible strength to unlock the shackles of the world.

However, Damoyed had sent his blood relative there to steal the luck from him.

At the same time, the God's Body that Kenado worked so hard to find was currently under Damoyed's feet.

If Kenado wanted to protect God's Body, he had to let his blood relative steal the luck from him. However, the opportunity to advance to the Ultimate Realm might only come once in a lifetime.

Even if he were exceptionally talented and managed to seize the opportunity again, he would have no help once the luck of Seboxia was exhausted.

Still, if he did not give up on Seboxia's luck, Prima would die under Damoyed's feet.

Kenado once swore to his mentor that he would do everything in his power to revive Seboxia.

If Prima died, his promise would be broken, which would affect his faith as well.

Consequently, even if Damoyed did not cause trouble, it would be hard for Kenado to advance to the Ultimate Realm because of his flawed faith.

Thus, Damoyed's question only led Kenado to a dead end.

There was no way Kenado could break through to another level that day.

"Why aren't you making a decision, Kenado? If I were you, I'd give up on advancing to the Ultimate Realm. After all, you promised our mentor you'd do everything to revive Seboxia. If you give up now, will you still be worthy of this position?" Damoyed scoffed.

Kenado cast an expressionless gaze onto Prima, who lay under Damoyed's feet.

Gently, Kenado lowered his left hand and retracted the pure Prynycp of Strength. At the same time, the nameless girl who was still in the air sensed the statue's guidance and flew toward it.

When Damoyed saw that, he finally burst out laughing.

"Hahaha! My dear Kenado, you're still that fickle Chanaean from the past. Do you know how many people in this world get the opportunity to advance to Ultimate Realm? Yet, you gave up on it because of our mentor's instructions. People like you won't be able to bring Seboxiasm to a brighter future."

While Damoyed said that, Kenado let out a sigh.

"Aetomoye, devour her. She's my blood relative, after all. I can't kill her."

"Understood."

With a deep roar, Aetomoye turned into a blood mist and flew toward the nameless girl.

Damoyed's countenance changed. He then threw out his right hand, and a pure Pryncyp of Strength gushed out in an attempt to imprison Aetomoye.

Kenado, who was on the opposite end, waved his hand. Immediately, an invisible spirit shield appeared and blocked off Damoyed's Pryncyp of Strength.

"Damoyed, our mentor told me to beware of you before he died. However, I let you off the hook because you were once my senior who watched out for me when I was weak. That's also why I never pursued you when you betrayed Seboxiasm and created Damos when our mentor died. However, you shouldn't have threatened me using the resurrection of Seboxia. It was my fault for being too soft-hearted. I should've killed you back then. What's happening today is all because of the past. I don't need this opportunity to advance to the Ultimate Realm anymore. Today, we're going to settle this once and for all."

Following an agonizing shriek, the nameless girl in the air turned into a cloud of blood mist as Aetomoye devoured her.

The truth was, Damoyed put in a lot of effort to find the female cultivator who could steal the luck from Kenado.

Based on Damoyed's original plan, that girl would become his weapon once she stole the luck.

No one could stop that girl as long as he could make Kenado give up.

Never in Damoyed's wildest imagination did he expect someone like Aetomoye to exist in Seboxiasm. After all, the latter mastered Pryncyp without even entering Divine Realm.

Realizing his plan was ruined, Damoyed lifted his leg to stomp on Prima.

Before his leg could even touch Prima, a scrawny hand grabbed it.

Kenado was crouched on the ground and grabbing Damoyed's ankle.

Glaring at Damoyed, Kenado placed one hand on his chest, saying, "Damoyed, cultivators should refrain from anger! You've lost your mind!"

“Hahaha! My dear Kanado, you’re still that fickle Chanahan from the past. Do you know how many people in this world get the opportunity to advance to the Ultimate Realm? Yet, you gave up on it because of our mentor’s instructions. People like you won’t be able to bring Saboxism to a brighter future.”

While Damoyad said that, Kanado let out a sigh.

“Atomoya, devour her. She’s my blood relative, after all. I can’t kill her.”

“Understood.”

With a deep roar, Atomoya turned into a blood mist and flew toward the nameless girl.

Damoyad’s countenance changed. He then threw out his right hand, and a pure Principle of Strength gushed out in an attempt to imprison Atomoya.

Kanado, who was on the opposite end, waved his hand. Immediately, an invisible spirit shield appeared and blocked off Damoyad’s Principle of Strength.

“Damoyad, our mentor told me to beware of you before he died. However, I let you off the hook because you were once my senior who watched out for me when I was weak. That’s also why I never persuaded you when you betrayed Saboxism and created Damos when our mentor died. However, you shouldn’t have threatened me using the resurrection of Saboxia. It was my fault for being too soft-hearted. I should’ve killed you back then. What’s happening today is all because of the past. I don’t need this opportunity to advance to the Ultimate Realm anymore. Today, we’re going to settle this once and for all.”

Following an agonizing shriek, the nameless girl in the air turned into a cloud of blood mist as Atomoya devoured her.

The truth was, Damoyad put in a lot of effort to find the female cultivator who could steal the luck from Kanado.

Based on Damoyad’s original plan, that girl would become his weapon once she stole the luck.

No one could stop that girl as long as she could make Kanado give up.

Never in Damoyad's wildest imagination did he expect someone like Atomoya to exist in Saboxiasm. After all, the latter mastered Prynycp without even entering Divina Realm.

Realizing his plan was ruined, Damoyad lifted his leg to stomp on Prima.

Before his leg could even touch Prima, a scrawny hand grabbed it.

Kanado was crouched on the ground and grabbing Damoyad's ankle.

Glaring at Damoyad, Kanado placed one hand on his chest, saying, "Damoyad, cultivators should refrain from anger! You've lost your mind!"