

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 811

The Legendary Man Chapter 811-Kenado gripped Damoyed firmly by his ankles, and with one great swing, he tossed the latter and sent him flying through the air.

Behind Kenado, clouds gathered above Heaven Sword and soon formed a thick, dark blanket over the sky. Meanwhile, the blue lightning that rippled across his body like strands of hair started to flicker.

After steadying himself, Damoyed looked up at the billowing dark clouds covering half the sky and shouted, "Pryncyp of Thunder! So, is this the power of Pryncyp of someone halfway to Ultimate Realm? Seeing that you're already capable of manipulating the weather to a certain extent, you could become the representative for Pryncyp by the time you fully advance into Ultimate Realm. Your thoughts and words will be respected and heeded."

As Damoyed exclaimed at Kenado's incredible power of Pryncyp, he stretched his arms above him, raising a high, invisible wall above him to shield himself and those behind him. "Kenado, do you still remember what our master told us? Pryncyp doesn't focus on whether one is strong or weak but on whether one uses it well. I've always kept that in mind. It has been many years, and we've had spars before. However, I'm very interested in what'll happen in an all-out fight. Is your Pryncyp of Thunder stronger, or will my Pryncyp of Wind be superior?"

Following his challenge, the middle point between the pair became the border separating them. On Damoyed's side, a stillness seemed to fall over everything. From the trees and the plants, the hair on the one's head, to the pale white clouds dotting the sky, there was not even the slightest movement or rustle. He had yet to progress even halfway to Ultimate Realm. Nonetheless, with his astonishing cultivation level of Divine Realm's advanced phase, as long as he unleashed the full power of his Pryncyp, it would be enough to counter Kenado's formidable Pryncyp.

"Today marks the final battle between Damos and Seboxiasm. Don't hold back," Damoyed uttered quietly. Behind him, God Realm cultivators stepped forward in unison while brandishing their weapons. Moving so swiftly that they appeared as a blur, they charged wildly toward the followers of Seboxiasm, ready to kill.

Apart from Aetomoye, the other three divine messengers of Seboxiasm were outside, surrounded and attacked by those belonging to Damos. Jonathan had beheaded one of the eight God Realm cultivators. Hence, including Aetomoye, there were only eight of them left.

In terms of numbers, even with its nearly two-thousand-year-old legacy, Seboxiasm still had less skilled cultivators than Damos. That was a point that took everyone by surprise. Two Divine Realm cultivators went head-to-head while almost twenty God Realm cultivators fought each other. In an instant, bursts of spiritual energy surged toward the heavens. As for the Grandmaster Realm elites, they could not even move closer. All they could do was hide as far away as possible and watch the battle that would determine how the situation in West Region would change.

As the God Realm experts continued fighting, Damoyed and Kenado made no move to attack them. They knew that once either of them did so, their own God Realm cultivators would also wind up dead at the hands of the other party. Thus, even when one of them finally emerged victorious, that person would be like a general without an army, which was an outcome neither wanted. It was an unspoken understanding between the pair that the battle would be soldiers against soldiers and generals against generals.

Standing at the top of the tall tower, Damoyed raised his right hand slightly, and a gentle breeze blew past him. At almost that exact moment, a series of lightning bolts flew forward in front of Kenado, closely interweaving with each other to form an electric web.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound of explosions rang out. Under the dim glow of the electric web, it was vaguely visible that invisible blades of wind were hitting the ground one after another.

There was a buzzing sound, then a soft moan. Ripples started radiating from the middle point between them, swiftly spreading in every direction like waves. A second later, the thin Kenado and the gray-haired disappeared together.

Suddenly, a clap of thunder split the air before transforming into a thick bolt of lightning headed straight downward. Meanwhile, strong gales swirled over the ground, morphing into a circling python that soared upward.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Deafening blasts resounded far and wide, drowning out all other sounds. The usually formidable God Realm experts could no longer focus on fighting. One after another, they scattered in all directions without a second thought.

Meanwhile, Hossom collapsed amid the ruins and rubble several miles away, looking utterly despondent. With his spiritual energy brush in his hand, he urged spiritual energy to burst forth from the ruins, muttering, "What on earth has Jonathan done? Why has he stirred up such a big commotion?"

Despite sensing an intense surge of spiritual energy at the heart of Bazar Temple, I didn't take much notice of it. I may be highly skilled, but no matter how good I am, my cultivation level is still only at the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm. Such capabilities don't even come close to the power of Pryncyp. Regardless of how strong Kenado's or Damoyed's Pryncyps are, the same thing that happened when I first encountered the latter will occur again. I won't feel anything. However, even though I may not feel it, the shockwaves of its impact will overturn everything within a few miles. When I was about to use my spiritual energy brush to add an extra stroke on the fake talisman that Jonathan drew, I was thrown into the air by the power of a Pryncyp's shockwave!

While Hossom was grumbling and cursing, a female cultivator with blood all over her body and tattered clothes fell next to him. He felt as though someone was gripping him around his neck. Standing on the rubble, he widened his eyes and glared at the woman. Another God Realm cultivator!

She spat out a mouthful of blood upon falling to the ground, then fished out a talisman that would stop the bleeding and pressed it against her wound. "What are you staring at?"

With a flick of her finger, pieces of rubble shot through the air toward his face. He was about to dodge when a figure in a long, red robe landed in front of him. The latter waved an arm, and the rubble disintegrated into a fine powder.

Yet another one! Hossom gazed at the duo in dismay. Then, he turned and looked around, only to see no fewer than a dozen God Realm elites engaged in battle. What the f*ck? Have I walked right into a lair of God Realm cultivators?

The female cultivator pulled her clothes tighter around her as she glared at Hossom and the monk in red robes. "Every last bald follower who worships Seboxia must die today!"

Upon hearing that, Hossom finally realized why she had suddenly attacked him. After being hunted by White Elephant Squad, I returned to West Region with Jonathan. There, I shaved my head to disguise myself. She must think I'm with the others and mistook me as a follower of Seboxiasm!

“Pretty lady—”

Hossom was about to explain when the monk in front of him stretched both arms to stop him and said, “As a follower of Seboxiasm, you're impure and frivolous. If not for today's battle, I'd definitely punish you by making you copy Seboxia's scriptures. This is no place for someone of your cultivation level to linger. Hurry up and leave!”

“I...” Hossom looked at the pair helplessly. In the end, he could only rub his bald head in resignation. “Very well. Go on, then. I'd better leave you to it.”

While Hossom was grumbling and cursing, a female cultivator with blood all over her body and tattered clothes fell next to him. She felt as though someone was gripping him around his neck. Standing on the rubble, she widened her eyes and glared at the woman. Another God Realm cultivator!

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The female cultivator pulled her clothes tighter around her as she glared at Hossom and the monk in red robes. “Every last bald follower who worships Saboxia must die today!”

Upon hearing that, Hossom finally realized why she had suddenly attacked him. After being hunted by White Elephant Squad, I returned to West Region with Jonathan. There, I shaved my head to disguise myself. She must think I'm with the others and mistook me as a follower of Saboxiasm!

“Pratty lady—”

Hossom was about to explain when the monk in front of him stretched both arms to stop him and said, “As a follower of Saboxiasm, you’re impure and frivolous. If not for today’s battle, I’d definitely punish you by making you copy Saboxia’s scriptures. This is no place for someone of your cultivation level to linger. Hurry up and leave!”

“I…” Hossom looked at the pair helplessly. In the end, he could only rub his bald head in resignation. “Very well. Go on, then. I’ll battle you to it.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 812

The Legendary Man Chapter 812-Even though the two of them mistook his identity, Hossom could not be bothered to make any clarification.

Now that there were others who were there to face the music, it was time for him to get away.

With Damoyed and Kenado as the center, all the buildings within several miles of Bazar Temple had been turned into ruins.

That included the three high walls that had been protecting Bazar Temple for years.

Hossom carefully avoided the shockwaves of the surrounding God Realm fighters and looked up at the sky with a pale face.

Above Seboxia, the sky seemed to have separated into two different worlds.

On the east side, there were bolts of lightning and thunder. Dark clouds loomed above the city.

On the other hand, the sun was shining brightly on the west side, and the sky was clear.

Meanwhile, there was a gigantic, round mass churning above the statue of Seboxia. Every single time it broke up, it reconstructed itself again.

Hossom looked up at the sky in dismay.

Is this how Pryncyp is when it hits?

This is even more powerful than Jonathan's half-baked techniques.

The waves of ripples started to disperse around him. Both Damoyed and Kenado were fighting at an extreme speed that went beyond what human eyes could see.

Hossom took out the magical item, evaded the shockwaves, and dashed ahead.

At that moment, Bazar Temple suffered bad damage. In fact, one could run off in any direction.

Unfortunately, all the escape routes had been blocked off due to God Realm fighters, Damoyed and Kenado.

By the look of it, the safest place would be the area under the statue of Seboxia.

Despite all the violent hits and strikes, even the second level of Bazar Temple crumbled into a pile of red bricks when it supposedly was not collapsible. As for the area under the statue of Seboxia, everything was untouched.

It was as if there was an invisible layer of spirit shield, and it blocked out all the attacks.

Furthermore, Hossom recalled something that Jonathan had told him in the past.

The ultimate secret treasure of Seboxia was the place where her finger was pointing at.

Right now, the Divine Realm and God Realm fighters had been subdued.

Given Hossom's capabilities, the usual Grandmaster Realm fighters were no match for him. There was no reason why he should not use the opportunity to look around.

Even if he failed to acquire any treasure, it would not take too much time when he needed to escape.

Hossom unleashed his moves. In less than a minute, he arrived at the feet of the statue of Seboxia.

He followed the fingers of Seboxia and charged at the nearest point on the ground where her finger was pointing at.

Shortly after he entered a small courtyard, Hossom was slightly taken aback.

It was an empty courtyard. In the center of it, there was a tombstone and a pile of dirt next to it. It appeared that someone had just dug open the grave.

Hossom got a little confused when he saw the hole.

Judging by the pile of fresh-looking soil, the hole had been dug not too long ago.

“Who the hell did this? How can anyone dig up a grave amidst the chaos? This is too outrageous.”

As Hossom was talking, he turned around and was about to head out.

At the very last moment, he saw the broken pieces of the tombstone on the ground.

The Establishment of Seboxia...

Although it was not a huge piece of broken tombstone, it was enough to stop Hossom in his tracks and make him tremble ever so slightly.

He turned around, and with a wave of his right hand, the pieces of the tombstone flew up into the air.

The dozens of broken pieces kept changing positions midair.

In the end, Hossom stopped moving and finally saw the end result. Although there were some pieces missing, he could still work out the inscription on the tombstone.

Crash!

As the pieces of the tombstone fell to the ground, Hossom got a fright and started looking around.

Earlier on, he was curious about the person who had been buried at the feet of the statue of Seboxia.

Now he knew the truth.

The person buried there was none other than Castimo, the founder of the Seboxia religion!

Castimo...

According to the legends of the West Region, isn't he the God of the West Region?

How can he be the founder of Seboxia?

As far as most cultivators were concerned, those stories were no different from fairy tales.

Everyone knew that a lot of stunts could be performed using cultivation. In the eyes of the mortals, such tactics were the powers of God and the Devil.

As a result, cultivators never believed the folklore that had been passed down by the common people.

Yet, right now, Hossom was standing on the burial ground of the god of that region. For a moment, he did not know how to process the newfound knowledge.

If Castimo is the one buried here, who dares to dig up his grave?

Hossom looked up at the humongous statue of Seboxia before running out.

At that moment, all he could think about was to chop Jonathan into pieces.

What kind of crappy information has he given me? If it isn't for Jonathan's tipoff, I won't have come here at all.

With that thought in mind, Hossom felt his heart skip a beat.

Jonathan Goldstein!

He's the motherf*cker who dug up the grave!

Jonathan did not find out about the secret treasure location. In fact, he got the information from Damoyed.

Both Hossom and Jonathan had been set up by Damoyed!

At that instant, fear and shock filled Hossom's heart.

If Jonathan really did find the secret treasure in Castimo's tomb, where is he now?

There is no way Seboxiasm will let Jonathan off so easily.

His spiritual sense started coming around. Once Hossom connected the dots, all he wanted to do was to leave Bazar Temple immediately.

He would never ever set foot in West Region again.

Once he left that place, Hossom would destroy his current identity and use spells to change his appearance. He would never mention this matter again.

While Hossom was busy planning to get out of the shocking mess he was in, he heard a weak cry coming from the side of the rooftop.

"Hossom..."

It might have been a soft cry, but it gave Hossom a scare. He jumped to the side quickly like a cat whose tail was stepped on. That was how sensitive Hossom was right now.

However, after running away for more than ten meters, Hossom frowned.

He found that voice very familiar.

It belonged to Prima, the High Priestess of Seboxia! In the past, she had let him off before.

Prima?

The spiritual sense of Hossom focused on the direction of that voice.

He saw Prima lying weakly on the rooftop. Her spiritual energy was almost undetectable. It was evident that she had sustained serious injuries.

As Hossom stared at where Prima was, his feet were taking him in the opposite direction.

Despite that, he could not help but stop after a few steps with his fists clenched.

Hossom turned around and looked in Prima's direction with gritted teeth.

His ploy to play the knight in shining armor was fake. The injuries he sustained and the way he got close to Prima were all fake.

Yet, Prima's tender, loving care for him was real. Even after he exposed his true intention, she still handed him her emerald badge and helped him to get away. All those were real as well.

Hossom had dozens of identities, and no one knew which one was the real him.

In the past, he moved from country to country. In truth, the earlier part of his life was built based on nothing but lies.

Even though Jonathan had saved him a few times, he would still use Hossom as bait at crucial moments.

Only Prima was different. She was the only one who was true to him.

"She's nothing but trouble!"

With that, Hossom got up and rushed toward Prima.

"Prima, hang on. If you're dead, I won't save you anymore!"

Jonathan did not find out about the sacred treasure location. In fact, he got the information from Damoyad.

Both Hossom and Jonathan had been set up by Damoyad!

At that instant, fear and shock filled Hossom's heart.

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Ha would navar avar sat foot in Wast Ragion again.

Onca ha laft that placa, Hossom would dastroy his currant idantity and usa spalls to changa his appaaranca. Ha would navar mantion this mattar again.

Whila Hossom was busy planning to gat out of tha shocking mass ha was in, ha haard a waak cry coming from tha sida of tha rooftop.

“Hossom...”

It might hava baan a soft cry, but it gava Hossom a scara. Ha jumpad to tha sida quickly lika a cat whosa tail was stappad on. That was how sansitiva Hossom was right now.

Howavar, aftar running away for mora than tan matars, Hossom frownad.

Ha found that voica vary familiar.

It balongad to Prima, tha High Priestass of Saboxia! In tha past, sha had lat him off bafora.

Prima?

Tha spiritual sansa of Hossom focusad on tha diraction of that voica.

Ha saw Prima lying waakly on tha rooftop. Har spiritual anargy was almost undatactabla. It was avidant that sha had sustainad sarious injurias.

As Hossom starad at whara Prima was, his faat wara taking him in tha opposita diraction.

Daspita that, ha could not halp but stop aftar a faw staps with his fists clanchad.

Hossom turnad around and lookad in Prima’s diraction with grittad taath.

His ploy to play tha knight in shining armor was faka. Tha injurias ha sustainad and tha way ha got closa to Prima wara all faka.

Yat, Prima’s tandar, loving cara for him was raal. Evan aftar ha axposad his trua intantion, sha still handad him har amarald badga and halpad him to gat away. All thosa wara raal as wall.

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In the past, he moved from country to country. In truth, the earlier part of his life was built based on nothing but lies.

Even though Jonathan had saved him a few times, he would still use Hossom as bait at crucial moments.

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“She’s nothing but trouble!”

With that, Hossom got up and rushed toward Prima.

“Prima, hang on. If you’re dead, I won’t save you anymore!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 813

The Legendary Man Chapter 813-Hossom landed on the rooftop. With a swift lunge, he struck the primary acupoint on Prima’s body.

Prima didn’t have sufficient spiritual energy within her. Once she lost control of the flow of her spiritual energy, she would die in the blink of an eye.

After sealing off Prima’s primary acupoint and the flow of spiritual energy in her meridian stopped, Hossom struck her chest, shielding her heart.

“Hossom... It’s great... that you’re alive...” Prima said breathlessly with a smile.

“Stop talking!”

The spiritual energy in Hossom’s palm surged as he lifted Prima.

“Keep your sentimental words until after we get out of here. Hold on. I’ll get you out of here now.”

“Not leaving me behind...” Prima choked as she looked up at Hossom.

Suddenly, Hossom’s brow furrowed at something up ahead as he cautiously evaded the continuous stream of pressure coming from the surrounding.

They were merely Grandmasters yet were inexplicably embroiled in the midst of the battle.

He and Prima were akin to tiny ants trying to survive through the crashing waves that could reap their lives at any second.

“I’ll leave you here if you keep dragging your feet.”

Hossom tossed a magical item to shield himself and Prima from another incoming wave. However, the force of the blast was more powerful. With a grunt, he forced down the mouthful of blood that rose in his throat.

“We only knew each other for a little bit more than a week, and I was acting the entire time. Why are you acting so sentimental? You’re having me elope with you the moment I see you. You’re crazy!”

Blood flowed from the corner of his lips as he spoke.

Behind him, Prima had lost all signs of life.

“Prima!” Hossom shouted urgently and tapped the ground with the tip of his foot. The spiritual energy within his meridian surged, enhancing his speed.

Up ahead, a couple of Seboxiasm Grandmasters were sealed in the edge of the Seboxiasm ruins. When they saw their high priestess was threatened, they immediately surrounded Hossom.

Hossom lifted his right arm, and two reverse-griped scrapers appeared in his hand.

The weapons were magical items from his family heirloom. He never took them out before, no matter how precarious the situation was.

He was worried others might trace his background from the unique weapon.

Yet at that moment, Hossom tightened the grip on his scrapers and charged toward the cultivators up ahead.

“Get the h*ll out of my way!”

The entire Seboxiasm holy land and the Bazar Temple had been destroyed.

The battle between those within the Divine Realm, God Realm, and Grandmaster Realm had reached a fever pitch.

When the entire West Region trained their attention on the battle, the culprit was suffering a hundred meters deep in the dark underground.

Jonathan had watched a movie about supernatural powers before.

In that movie, there was a user who could live for eternity. No matter the kind of harm the user's body has been through, their damaged cells would be eliminated and replaced with new ones in a short period, allowing them to regain their vigor quickly.

Even if someone trapped their limbs, they could chop them off and escape.

Even if their skull were cracked and cut into numerous pieces of flesh, they would be fine since they could regenerate from their severed flesh and regain their vitality again.

It was surprising that an unrivaled person like that with such an undefeatable existence would end up being sealed in a large box and tossed into the deep ocean.

They could only drown and reincarnate on the dark seafloor, forever trapped in an endless cycle.

Facing endless darkness and suffering, the regeneration skill they were so proud of had become their torture machine.

Jonathan was going through an endless loop at that moment.

After being buried alive by Aetomoye, he could've escaped with the Elemental Extrication Technique from the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

However, Aetomoye furiously pounded the soil and rocks above Jonathan, further compressing the ground around him.

Aetomoye possessed the complete Pryncyp. With power and an attack like that, Jonathan couldn't have withstood it with spiritual energy alone.

The surrounding soil began to pack tight against Jonathan's body. The forceful counter shock from the few strikes Aetomoye landed had fractured Jonathan's meridian.

The moment Jonathan's meridian broke, the strange bronze handbell lost its support and fell onto Jonathan's body.

It was then pressed into Jonathan's organs by the mysterious coffin.

Being buried a hundred meters underground, Jonathan felt the force of ten thousand tons crushing him from every direction.

The overwhelming pressure snapped his blood vessels and broke his muscles and bones, crushing him into a pulp.

Right when Jonathan was on the cusps of death, the mysterious coffin above his head infused a great deal of life force into his flesh and blood, aiding him in healing his injuries and regenerating his cells.

Thus under the endless cycle of crushing force and rejuvenation, Jonathan continuously suffered from the torture of being smashed.

One time. Ten times. A hundred times... The cycle repeated.

Every time Jonathan woke up, he would feel the excruciating pain until his senses dulled and his body numbed.

No sight, no air, and no hope.

Jonathan had merged with the ocean floor, a hundred meters beneath sea level. He was one with the sand and rocks.

Jonathan had lost count of the times the coffin had revived him by the end. When he finally regained consciousness once again, he felt something was different.

The coffin didn't infuse life force into Jonathan immediately and healed him as swiftly as before.

Instead, it expended half a heartbeat longer to heal him.

Why did it take longer?

Before he could mull over the issue, the blood vessels in his body snapped again, and he fell unconscious.

The next time he woke up, he could feel the changes in his body. He noticed it took half a heartbeat longer for the life force to heal him completely.

Even though it only extended a heartbeat longer after two cycles, it was still a good change in the dark underground. Hope soared within Jonathan at the shift.

The duration would extend a little every cycle after that.

Comprehension dawned on Jonathan. The problem lay in the coffin.

The life force within the mysterious coffin was close to exhaustion.

At that rate, the amount of life force wouldn't be able to withstand the crushing pressure, and he would really meet his end by then.

Jonathan merely felt a sense of relief when he knew he was about to meet his end.

He knew the real torture lay in repeatedly being trapped in an endless loop of dying and reviving.

An unknown amount of time had passed, and Jonathan regained consciousness yet again, but he didn't sense the usual pressure crushing down on him.

Baffled by that knowledge, he unleashed his spiritual sense and saw the two meters long mysterious coffin above him had disappeared.

The energy in his meridian could flow smoothly. He pumped the limited spiritual energy within his elixir field into his arm. Slowly, he could lift his arm from the solid ground.

Sitting up, Jonathan wanted nothing more than to burst out into laughter.

The coffin was gone, but he still had the space with him.

He couldn't believe he managed to survive.

Even though the space lacked oxygen, Jonathan could hold his breath for a few hours as a God Realm cultivator.

He could wield an extrication technique to escape as long as he had enough spiritual energy.

At that thought, Jonathan searched for any Spirit Rejuvenating Pill on him before tossing a few into his mouth. He was stunned by what he saw the next minute.

When he viewed the interior of his body, he noticed a shrunken version of the mysterious coffin within the swirl of his elixir field. It was floating there as though it belonged. It didn't feel out of place.

Jonathan had bargained with the ocean floor, a hundred meters beneath the surface. He was one with the sand and rocks.

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The coffin didn't infuse life force into Jonathan immediately and haul him as swiftly as before.

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Tha coffin was gona, but ha still had tha spaca with him.

Ha couldn't baliava ha managad to surviva.

Evan though tha spaca lackad oxygen, Jonathan could hold his braath for a faw hours as a God Raalm cultivator.

Ha could wiald an axtrication tachniqua to ascapa as long as ha had anough spiritual anargy.

At that thought, Jonathan saarchad for any Spirit Rajuvanating Pill on him bafora tossing a faw into his mouth. Ha was stunnad by what ha saw tha next minuta.

Whan ha viawad tha intarior of his body, ha noticad a shrunkan varision of tha mystarious coffin within tha swirl of his alixir fiald. It was floating thara as though it balongad. It didn't faal out of placar.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 814

The Legendary Man Chapter 814-Jonathan was bewildered at the odd sight within his body.

Even though he was clueless about the coffin's nature, he understood that anything that could gain Kenado's utmost attention was special.

Jonathan worried if the coffin would cause any impact on his body with it being inside him.

He slowly drew some spiritual energy from the elixir field but didn't sense any abnormalities. However, anyone would've felt uneasy having a coffin in their energy field.

Jonathan's mood brightened slightly when the spiritual energy from the Spirit Rejuvenating Pills swiftly dissolved in his body.

As he wielded the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, the accumulation of spiritual energy quickly infiltrated into the surrounding sand.

Jonathan started unleashing the Earth Extrication Technique but didn't sense the compact earth around his body softening at all.

He sharpened the focus on his surroundings and noticed a trace of a malevolent aura circling him.

That aura was the by-product of Aetomoye's Pryncyp.

That red-robed monk sure is meticulous. He even thought about permanently sealing me here with Pryncyp. He overthinks.

Jonathan shook his right hand slightly, and the Pryncyp of Slaughter emerged once again.

Jonathan was shocked as he examined the long sword which embodied the Pryncyp of Strength.

His Pryncyp of Slaughter was no longer battered as before. Instead, it had refined to near perfection.

What is going on?

Jonathan looked down at his right hand with confusion.

Overhead, a crack sounded. A few clumps of sand fell from above.

Without hesitation, he stabbed the Pryncyp of Strength in his hand into the wall beside him.

That faint malevolent aura might be able to withstand the force of spiritual energy but burst like a bubble when faced with the Pryncyp of Slaughter.

In the meantime, at the ruins on the surface, the expression of Aetomoye, with a height of ten meters and a hundred distorted faces all over his body, turned grim.

Aetomoye let out a furious roar as he faced off against the attacks from three God Realm cultivators from Damos. He conjured a few bloody handprints in the air and sent the trio flying. With the trio down on the ground, he urgently turned around and flew toward the Seboxia statue.

At the edge of the second wall, every inch of Hossom's body was covered in injuries.

As a Grandmaster with the secret technique of his family, his speed was his lifeline.

Yet, at that moment, he couldn't increase his pace with Prima in tow.

Swinging the scrapers in his hands, he blocked one after another barrage of attacks from various weapons around him. He quickly retreated once he had Prima lifted with his spiritual energy.

With the successive assaults from a dozen Grandmasters, he couldn't break through the wall they formed even if he possessed the most powerful cultivation methods.

His only choice was to ditch Prima if he wanted to evade his attackers' pursuit.

However, that was the only option he didn't want to take.

Unbeknownst to Hossom, Prima was no longer a target of his mission.

After he infiltrated the Bazar Temple with Prima's help, they had been in each other's company for only a week.

In truth, Hossom had expended a year scouring for this woman's information before meeting her.

Each time Prima left for Crowsaint to visit her grandfather, Hossom would be trailing after her from afar.

Every time she arrived at Crowsaint, she would accompany her grandfather for the entire day.

She would tell him about some anecdotes she came across, intentionally bicker with him, share delicious food, and watch the sunset in a garden.

While Hossom would conscientiously monitor Prima's every move from afar so as to get her trust for the smooth proceeding of his plan later on.

He would even use a recording device to record her every move and glance, then analyze her character, habits, and feelings behind each microexpression.

Hossom had dedicated his whole self to being a thief.

A year's worth of preparation resulted in him knowing Prima better than himself.

That was why he could get her to fall head over heels for him in seven days.

Hossom knew the meaning behind each of her glances and actions.

With that one year, there were some scenes that also boggled Hossom.

Every time after spending a day with her grandfather, Prima's eyes would be dead when she left Crowsaint.

She was Seboxiasm's high priestess. She would receive tens of thousands of support when she returned, so she shouldn't have that look in her eyes.

Even if Prima asked him to elope with her, he merely thought of her as a woman who was stupidly in love.

Having never been in her shoes, Hossom wasn't aware Prima was a reincarnated God's Body.

However, when she asked him if he would leave her there with a smile, realization finally dawned upon him.

In Prima's eyes, Bazar Temple, which everyone considered a holy land, was hell.

The emerald badge that allowed her free access past Crowsaint's two walls was her only hope of leaving that hell.

Yet, she gave it to him, and he dumped her there.

Turning his head to look at Prima floating beside him, Hossom clenched his jaw with determination.

"Hold on! Stay alive! Do you hear me, Prima? I, Hossom Hoffman, am here to elope with you."

Swoosh!

An ear-splitting sound echoed throughout the entire place.

Accompanying that sound was a bloodied arrow shot through Hossom's chest.

The forceful impact sent Hossom flying.

Cough!

The vigorous exercise had gotten the vitality in his body pumping. The moment the arrow struck the right side of his chest, the pressure immediately forced the blood from the wound to flow into his airways, resulting in blood pouring out of his mouth and nose.

The spiritual energy's circulation was disrupted abruptly due to the injury, launching the floating Prima forward.

Hossom wanted to concentrate his spiritual energy to grab onto Prima, but he was a second too late. Yet, in the end, he could only watch as Prima rammed into the sharp tip of the ruin.

Boom!

With a loud thud, Hossom crashed onto the ground. The inertia from his high-speed sprinting sent him rolling forward.

Despite that, his spiritual sense was honed in on the floating Prima.

Boom!

A thud sounded from beneath Prima in the split second before she impaled onto the sharp tip.

A figure in tattered clothing suddenly shot up from underground, eliciting a cloud of sand.

Whoosh!

The surrounding sand fell like a storm. Jonathan greedily inhaled each breath with a hand clasped around Prima's ankle.

"F*ck! Even though cultivators can control their breaths with their elixir field, I almost suffocated from the crushing pressure!"

Jonathan's chest rose and fell heavily at each breath. The image his spiritual sense caught was engraved in his mind.

Seeing the monks of Seboxiasm being cautious and didn't dare to approach, Jonathan shouted at Hossom with a smile, "Hossom, why did you fling your girlfriend? Do you still want her or not?"

Meanwhile, Hossom placed one hand to put pressure against the wound on his chest, and the other pushed against the ground to get himself up. When that didn't work, he placed the top of his head on the floor and got himself into a kneeling position. After a few more maneuvers, he finally got to his feet.

"F*ck you!" Hossom waved his right hand, and a storage ring flew toward Jonathan.

"Jonathan, I started the fire for you. If you have a conscience, help me get Prima out of here. I owe her that much..."

Yat, sha gava it to him, and ha dumpad har thara.

Turning his haad to look at Prima floating basida him, Hossom clanchad his jaw with datarmination.

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"Jonathan, I started the fire for you. If you have a conscience, help me get Prima out of here. I owe her that much..."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 815

The Legendary Man Chapter 815-Jonathan extended his left hand and caught the storage ring.

He checked using his spiritual sense and realized that his thousand talismans were half gone.

It seems that the fire Hossom started is by no means small.

He turned around with a chuckle after slipping the storage ring onto his finger.

"Hossom, I didn't give you poison. It's the antidote for anti-inflammation and detoxification."

Hossom scoffed coldly and uttered, "I know that, Jonathan. I'm not cooperating with you because I'm afraid of death. Simply put, I'm worried that this is my only opportunity to discover the secret of Bazar Temple. I know my days are numbered. Just take it that I owe you one. Take Prima with you. I-I beg you, please..."

It was clear that Hossom wasn't used to pleading with people. Even in this kind of circumstance, he appeared slightly self-conscious when uttering these words.

“I can tell you my family’s secret technique as your remuneration,” Hossom pleaded. He was as pale as a sheet.

The arrow had pierced through his lungs. At this moment, it was hard for him to channel his spiritual energy, so Hossom knew that it was unlikely that he would live through this.

He owed Prima, so he hoped he could pay her back before he died.

Looking at Hossom’s pale face, Jonathan shook his head.

“You’re one of the best thieves in the world. Why are you out here acting so deeply in love? If you want to save her, you will save her yourself. I don’t want to care about your matter.”

With that, he applied strength to his right hand, which was holding Prima’s leg.

An immense life force flowed from his elixir field and exited his right hand to enter Prima’s body quickly.

Although the life force from the coffin had gotten slower in healing Jonathan, it was still capable of healing typical flesh wounds entirely.

Within a few seconds, the meridians in Prima’s unconscious body fully recovered, and she opened her eyes.

“Uh... This—”

Prima gazed at the man’s thigh in front of her, dazed.

Jonathan’s clothes were torn and ragged because they were crushed into pieces when he was buried underground.

At this moment, Prima was staring at Jonathan’s body which was slightly visible under the breeze. She widened her eyes in disbelief, not knowing what to do.

“High Priestess, shouldn’t you come down? Although you aren’t wearing a dress, this position is still too—”

Before Jonathan could finish his sentence, Prima had served a left kick to his chin, sending him staggering backward as he was caught off guard.

All of Prima's injuries had vanished. She moved with the grace of a Grandmaster Realm cultivator as she moved several meters away by lightly pushing herself off the ground with her hands.

"D*mn you! You kicked me even though I'm the one who saved you! I knew it! People from Seboxiasm are no good!" Jonathan responded as he touched his bleeding chin.

Prima had exerted much of her strength in that kick. If it were in the past, Jonathan would surely be suffering in pain right now.

However, there was only a small scratch on him now.

As Jonathan was speaking, his wound had already healed completely.

"Hahaha! You deserved it!"

Knowing that Prima was fine, Hossom burst into laughter. Blood kept spewing out of his mouth as he smiled with relief.

"Hossom!"

Prima appeared beside Hossom in a flash. She finally remembered everything that had happened.

She knew that Hossom didn't leave her behind this time.

Therefore, she took out a pill and forced Hossom to swallow it.

"Eat it. It's Seboxiasm medicine that can surely save your life."

"There's no use." Hossom grabbed Prima's hand and shook his head before continuing, "My heart and lungs are badly injured, and I can't channel my spiritual energy to heal. Moreover, even if this pill saves my life, Seboxiasm's monks will never let me leave this place."

Looking at them behaving like it was their last moment together, Jonathan heaved a deep sigh and walked away.

"Do you two need me to play some music to set the mood?"

Clang!

Following the sound of a bell, Jonathan flew into the air suddenly.

While he was in mid-air, his surroundings erupted in a flash of golden light. He had already unsheathed his Heaven Sword.

After landing on the ground, Jonathan turned to look at the direction he had been standing in previously. A crimson, bloody mist was gathering at the spot.

It was Aetomoye who had sealed him underground and almost killed him.

“It’s you again!”

Jonathan kept the bronze handbell. On his left hand, a palm-sized chessboard appeared.

He was holding the Divine Chessboard in one hand and Heaven Sword in the other.

The spiritual energy within Jonathan’s body surged.

“Not only did you bury me underground, but you also used Pryncyp to fortify it. You’re Aetomoye, right? Good! One of us will die today!”

Jonathan walked up. As he passed Hossom, he kicked the latter’s back with his bare foot.

With the kick, Jonathan had transferred a ton of life force into Hossom and healed him completely.

He even transferred energy to force all the blood out of Hossom’s lungs.

Hossom looked at Jonathan, bewildered.

His injuries had completely recovered. Even the underlying ailments left by his previous training had disappeared completely.

How can a kick be so powerful? Jonathan has some terrifying tactics.

Hossom glanced down at his hands and uttered excitedly, “Sir, you’re amazing!”

Jonathan ignored his outburst and gripped his Heaven Sword tightly.

“Get lost. This person has a complete form of Pryncyp of Strength. I might not win against him, so bring Prima as far as you can.”

“I’ll do whatever you say.”

With two scrapers in each hand, Hossom towed Prima outside without any hesitation.

He had seen Aetomoye’s strength before and knew that he would only cause trouble for Jonathan if he stayed here any longer.

Jonathan glanced at Aetomoye opposite him and grinned widely.

“Aetomoye, we have both buried each other before, so we are even. This time, this is a battle of life and death!”

“Why do you have to be so fixated on winning or losing? If you want to fight, I’ll fight with you.”

Aetomoye scoffed coldly. Blood mist gathered around his hands and turned into ten blades.

Jonathan promptly threw the chessboard on the ground. He stood on it, and the chessboard immediately became larger instantly. With Jonathan in the middle, the chessboard enveloped the surroundings within a hundred-meter radius.

“Die!” Aetomoye bellowed, and the ten blades flew toward Jonathan.

However, the blades couldn’t hit Jonathan at all.

The nearest they were ever to Jonathan was when they were a few centimeters away from the tip of his nose.

They still missed Jonathan by an inch.

Ha was holding the Divina Chessboard in one hand and Haavan Sword in the other.

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With tha kick, Jonathan had transfarrad a ton of lifa forca into Hossom and haalad him complatally.

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Ha had saan Aatomoya's strangth bafora and knaw that ha would only causa troubla for Jonathan if ha stayad hara any longar.

Jonathan glancad at Aatomoya opposita him and grinnad widaly.

"Aatomoya, wa hava both buriad aach othar bafora, so wa ara avan. This tima, this is a battla of lifa and daath!"

"Why do you hava to ba so fixatad on winning or losing? If you want to fight, I'll fight with you."

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They still missed Jonathan by an inch.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 816

The Legendary Man Chapter 816-Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

A series of muffled sounds resounded around Jonathan's body.

On the ground, Divine Chessboard flashed brilliantly as it continuously canceled out Aetomoye's assault.

As for Jonathan, he remained where he was, motionless like a statue.

"What's going on?" roared Aetomoye, who had successfully broken through Divine Realm.

The moment he fully mastered Pryncyp of Blood and became a God-King, his body was torn to bits because it could not withstand the insurmountable spiritual energy.

Still, Aetomoye not only survived but also managed to reconstruct his body with his complete mastery of Pryncyp of Blood.

However, he would be stuck in Divine Realm for good.

No matter how he reconstructed his body, there was no way for him to expand his energy field.

Despite that fact, Aetomoye remained powerful because of the strange encounter that had turned him into something special.

Although Aetomoye could not reach Divine Realm, he would be the number one in God Realm, and no one would be able to dispute that.

Still, Aetomoye was stunned when facing Jonathan, for he failed to hit Jonathan even though the man was right in front of him.

The nonchalant smirk on Jonathan's face only made Aetomoye feel more insulted than he already was. In fact, that caused him the greatest humiliation.

"This is impossible! Why can't I seem to hit you?" roared Aetomoye, who failed to do anything to hurt Jonathan no matter how fast he swung his fists. Every time Aetomoye thought he had Jonathan, he would learn that he had missed the man by just a little.

"Save your breath, Aetomoye," advised Jonathan calmly. "I control all the directions on my chessboard, so all I have to do is redirect all your attacks before they can reach me, and you'll never be able to lay a finger on me. For example, you think I'm standing in front of you right now, but actually, I'm over here!

With that, a sharp blade appeared from the side and went straight to Aetomoye's temple, and when Aetomoye raised his hand to block the attack, Jonathan immediately cut off his arm with Heaven Sword.

"Black and white; good and evil; God and Devil; true and false..." Jonathan stood before Aetomoye once again with Heaven Sword. "What exactly is real, and what isn't? You're done for, Aetomoye. This time, it's my turn to send you to the afterlife."

Then, a faint pattern on Jonathan's arm slowly formed and attached itself to Heaven Sword.

Aetomoye's pupils immediately constricted because he could feel a sense of danger coming from Jonathan's weapon.

His heart almost skipped a beat when he sensed the power of Jonathan's Pryncyp. Even though Jonathan's cultivation level is impressive, he remains in the middle phase of God Realm. The powerful Pryncyp he displayed should only be possible in the advanced phase of God Realm, if not the completion of God Realm. However, not only did he manage to do it, but he also continuously did Pryncyp of Slaughter in a single battle. Is he some sort of monster?

Aetomoye was terrified when faced with Heaven Sword covered with Pryncyp of Slaughter, so he swiftly turned into a bloody mist filling every corner of Divine Chessboard.

With Aetomoye gone, Jonathan slashed nothing but air with his Heaven Sword.

“Jonathan, you said this chessboard is your domain, but now you’re inside my body. How do you plan to kill me when I’ve mastered Pryncyp of Blood?”

As Aetomoye’s words resounded all around him, Jonathan’s heart began to throb inexplicably, and suddenly, he felt as if his blood was boiling inside and trying to leave his body.

“Solidify!” uttered Jonathan inwardly to cover himself with three layers of spirit shield to no avail. Is he trying to deplete me of my blood with Pryncyp of Blood?

Jonathan then took out the bronze handbell, but even that did not help.

Pryncyps were the foundation of the world, so no matter how powerful the bronze handbell was, it was still made from the materials of the world.

Naturally, no items forged from Pryncyps could rival the Pryncyps themselves.

The blood flow began to slow down when Jonathan covered himself with an incomplete Pryncyp of Slaughter, but before long, Pryncyp of Blood found the flaw in Pryncyp of Slaughter and started eroding the inside of Jonathan’s body.

Neither Jonathan nor Aetomoye knew how the tug-of-war began, but they both knew Jonathan would die if the stalemate continued.

Jonathan gritted his teeth as he thought to himself. Do I just let him go? If I withdraw Divine Chessboard, I can get away with Pryncyp of Slaughter. However, I’ll lose the perfect chance to strike down Aetomoye.

Just when Jonathan was still hesitating, there was a sudden movement on the mysterious coffin in his elixir field and energy field.

It simply moved a little but did enough to calm the restless blood flow down completely.

Not only that, but Jonathan could sense greediness coming from the coffin. Does that thing... desire to devour the blood?

Jonathan then extended his hand to grab the blood mist in front of him, and the blood in his palm instantly dried up.

At that moment, he could feel a strange energy traveling along his meridian and converging into the coffin.

It was life force!

Sensing the change inside his body, Jonathan suddenly had an epiphany.

The mysterious coffin needed the energy of life, and Aetomoye just so happened to be a God Realm Pryncyp of Blood user who had devoured countless people's blood essence.

The man was a walking life force treasure trove!

With that thought in mind, Jonathan clenched his hands tightly on the edge of the chessboard as purple beams of light shot up into the sky to form a solid spirit shield to isolate those inside the chessboard from those outside.

"Aetomoye, consider yourself unfortunate for bumping into me. Now die!" After Jonathan stomped on the chessboard, it began to shrink rapidly toward the center.

"What are you doing?" questioned Aetomoye anxiously.

As an expert who had mastered a Pryncyp, Aetomoye had the ability to sense even the slightest change in his body, so he could tell that Jonathan had figured a way out to deal with him just by looking at how the man clenched the chessboard.

Unfortunately, it was too late for him to make a break for it by then.

As the chessboard continued to solidify, Jonathan shook his body slightly to knock off what remained of his shirt. "Give up, Aetomoye. It's time for the legend of your immortality to end."

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Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 817

The Legendary Man Chapter 817-As the chessboard began to shrink, the blood mist within the space also grew denser.

At that moment, Jonathan was like a human vacuum. The blood mist that came in contact with his skin lost its vitality and shriveled into dried blood scabs that fell onto the ground.

As the chessboard shrank rapidly until it was just about five meters wide, it finally met resistance from Aetomoye's Pryncyp of Blood.

Glancing around, Jonathan surveyed his surroundings and saw that the blood mist gave him a wide berth of roughly two meters. It dared not venture closer.

Aetomoye understood that attacking Jonathan at this moment was tantamount to feeding the other party his own life force.

The life force that Jonathan had ingested earlier was immense. If Aetomoye had not consumed a few Grandmasters earlier, he would likely have been turned into a dried corpse.

As such, Aetomoye was greatly shocked.

He could not understand how a person like Jonathan, someone who had not mastered Pryncyp, was able to force him into a corner.

Wasn't the power of Pryncyp supposed to reign over spiritual energy? Also, the cursed chessboard managed to imprison me. Not even Pryncyp of Blood could make a breakthrough. What's going on?

The blood mist in the surroundings retreated as Jonathan extended his right hand. It was as if they were afraid that Jonathan would rush into the thick of it and begin consuming it.

"What's wrong, Aetomoye? Are you afraid?" Jonathan sneered as he continued to scrutinize the blood mist around him. "Are you still going to accuse me of stealing from the establishment of Seboxia?"

“Jonathan, what the h*ll do you want?” Aetomoye’s voice sounded from all around Jonathan. “Didn’t you come to Bazar Temple for a treasure? I can tell you where it is if you let me out of here.”

Treasure?

Jonathan’s eyes glittered when he heard the word.

After all, the reason he came all the way to Bazar Temple was to find an antidote for Dorian.

However, he had gotten involved in the situation.

Currently, the mention of the treasure made the cogs in Jonathan’s mind turn.

“All right. Tell me where the treasure is, and I’ll let you go.” Jonathan grinned.

Although Jonathan smiled to express his goodwill, that smile was as terrifying as the evil spirits mentioned in Seboxia’s scriptures to Aetomoye.

The blood mist in front of Jonathan swirled and coalesced into a vaguely human form. Not long after, Aetomoye’s form emerged.

“Jonathan, let’s not play tricks on each other. I’m afraid you’ll kill me the moment I reveal the treasure trove’s location. I have a solution to this; just hear me out. The treasure trove is a thousand meters to your left. However, an immensely strong kill array lies beyond the trove. I know the way to break the kill array. Take me with you, and you can watch me break the kill array. If I try to deceive you, you can capture me with the chessboard. What do you think?”

In order to keep his life, Aetomoye no longer cared about sacrificing the sect. Thus, he immediately stated the conditions for his cooperation.

“Okay,” Jonathan replied without hesitation. With a light tap of his feet, Divine Chessboard instantly expanded and grew larger.

Cautiously, Aetomoye stood in the blood mist. It was only when he saw that Jonathan truly would not trap him did he feel a little relieved.

He lifted his hands and made a respectful gesture toward Jonathan before proceeding to lead the way.

“This way, Mr. Goldstein.”

“After you, great master.” Jonathan chuckled.

Aetomoye hesitated for a moment, but in the end, he turned around and strode forward.

The instant he turned around, Divine Chessboard shrank back rapidly. It compressed itself into a diameter of fewer than three meters.

Bam!

Following the muffled sound, Aetomoye once again reverted to his blood mist form.

Suspended in mid-air, Aetomoye cursed at Jonathan from above. “Jonathan, I knew you’d do this!”

“Right back at you!” Jonathan’s Heaven Sword flashed with a cold light as it flew toward Aetomoye’s head.

The first rule of the cultivator’s world was never to trust the words of one’s enemy, for the thing that benefited them the most was their opponent’s death.

Jonathan cleaved the head into two. With another swing of his blade, he drew a Prynycp of Slaughter and trapped a large portion of the blood mist in his palm.

“Absorb!” Jonathan shouted. The blood mist in his hand instantly turned into dried-up scabs.

Divine Chessboard continued to shrink. Although the speed at which it shrank was extremely slow, Aetomoye could no longer escape.

Jonathan stood in the center of it all, and his hands splayed open to absorb the life force from the blood mist.

The narrower the Divine Chessboard became, the more futile the surrounding blood mist’s struggles became.

It was just as Aetomoye had said.

The blood mist was the embodiment of Aetomoye, and at that moment, Jonathan stood in the blood mist.

Since Jonathan was already standing within Aetomoye's body, how could the latter possibly escape?

"Jonathan, I have a complete Pryncyp. As long as you're willing to let me go, I will make a cultivator's oath and swear to do all your bidding."

"A cultivator's oath?" Jonathan sneered. "You can no longer raise your cultivation level in this lifetime. The terrifying thing about an oath is the Heart Tribulation that follows when one makes a breakthrough in their cultivation level. Since you can no longer raise your cultivation level, what use is your cultivator's experience?"

"Y-You..." Aetomoye was rendered speechless by Jonathan's retort. "Fine. Since you refuse to let me live, then we will die together!"

Following Aetomoye's words, Jonathan felt an icy sensation. He looked down and felt an invincible blade piercing his chest.

"You're not the only one who's adept at transforming your Pryncyp. Very well, since you refuse to let me go, then we shall become one. I'd like to see how you can survive without harming yourself."

Thanks to the mysterious coffin's life force, the wound on Jonathan's chest was healing rapidly.

Jonathan felt his scalp tingle when he heard Aetomoye's words.

What did he mean by becoming one?

With Heaven Sword in his hands, he cleaved toward the blade formed by Pryncyp of Blood.

At the same time, Jonathan felt the Pryncyp forged blade open a channel of sorts, and it was sending something into his body.

Everything happened in an instant. Jonathan swept Heaven Sword against the air in front of his chest. However, it met no resistance.

He could not detect a single trace of life force in the blood mist surrounding him.

It was as if Aetomoye had disappeared into thin air.

Flexing his right hand, all the blood mist that had collected on Divine Chessboard gathered on the palm of his hand without resistance.

With that, Aetomoye vanished...

Jonathan stood in the center of it all, and his hands splayed open to absorb the life force from the blood mist.

The narrower the Divine Chessboard became, the more futile the surrounding blood mist's struggles became.

It was just as Aatomoya had said.

The blood mist was the embodiment of Aatomoya, and at that moment, Jonathan stood in the blood mist.

Since Jonathan was already standing within Aatomoya's body, how could the latter possibly escape?

"Jonathan, I have a complete Pryncyp. As long as you're willing to let me go, I will make a cultivator's oath and swear to do all your bidding."

"A cultivator's oath?" Jonathan sneered. "You can no longer raise your cultivation level in this lifetime. The terrifying thing about an oath is the Heart Tribulation that follows when one makes a breakthrough in their cultivation level. Since you can no longer raise your cultivation level, what use is your cultivator's experience?"

"Y-You..." Aatomoya was rendered speechless by Jonathan's retort. "Fine. Since you refuse to let me live, then we will die together!"

Following Aatomoya's words, Jonathan felt an icy sensation. He looked down and felt an invincible blade piercing his chest.

"You're not the only one who's adapted to transforming your Pryncyp. Very well, since you refuse to let me go, then we shall become one. I'd like to see how you can survive without harming yourself."

Thanks to the mysterious coffin's life force, the wound on Jonathan's chest was healing rapidly.

Jonathan felt his scalp tingle when he heard Aatomoya's words.

What did he mean by becoming one?

With Haavan Sword in his hands, he claved toward the blade formed by Pryncyp of Blood.

At the same time, Jonathan felt the Pryncyp forged blade open a channel of sorts, and it was sending something into his body.

Everything happened in an instant. Jonathan swung Haavan Sword against the air in front of his chest. However, it met no resistance.

He could not detect a single trace of life force in the blood mist surrounding him.

It was as if Aatomoya had disappeared into thin air.

Flashing his right hand, all the blood mist that had collected on Divina Chassboard gathered on the palm of his hand without resistance.

With that, Aatomoya vanished...

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 818

The Legendary Man Chapter 818-Jonathan paled when he saw the blood in his palm. Aetomoye should be in control of these blood mists, yet they've easily gathered in my hand. There's only one place he could've gone to!

As he remained still, he looked inward and saw his blood, bones, and meridians in his mind.

With a blink of an eye, he examined his entire body, inside and out.

He was starting to comprehend the situation. My blood is flowing slower! Did Aetomoye enter my bloodstream?

As he pondered that possibility, he heard Aetomoye's sneer in his mind. "Yes, I'm in your bloodstream right now."

"How is that possible?" Jonathan's expression shifted as he searched for Aetomoye in his blood but found nothing unusual.

“Stop wasting your time. I have complete mastery over Pryncyp of Blood. As long as there is fresh blood around to act as a medium, I’m functionally immortal. In any case, I’ve become one with you the moment I entered your body. To put it another way, the universe has tacitly agreed that I can live within the body I come in contact with! You want to kill me, don’t you, Jonathan? Well, I’m curious to see how you’ll kill yourself!” uttered Aetomoye smugly.

Jonathan was dumbfounded. He’s saying I have to kill myself to kill him? What kind of bullsh*t is this? I’ve heard of self-sacrifices before, but this is ludicrous!

No one outside of Divine Chessboard knew what was going on inside.

Instead of busting out of the encirclement, Hossom and Prima returned to Divine Chessboard again because their paths were blocked.

Divine Chessboard was only two meters in length and width. Its brilliant, omnidirectional glow was isolating itself from the outside world.

The bloody mist spreading on the chessboard had vanished entirely by that point. All that was left was Jonathan, standing in the middle of the board with his eyes closed and sword in hand.

“You won! You’re awesome, Mr. Goldstein!” Hossom pressed his body on the half-transparent light barrier and howled while Prima stood beside him.

“I can’t believe you manage to erase that baldy from existence! You’re my idol, Mr. Goldstein!” His excited shouting reverberated through the ruins as he slammed his fist on the light barrier.

When the thirty or so Grandmaster Realm cultivators saw that, they put on their guards instead of charging forward.

While they didn’t believe their immortal divine messenger was killed by Jonathan, they couldn’t deny Jonathan was the only person left in the light barrier.

It didn’t matter whether they knew why Jonathan was rooted to his spot with his eyes closed. They still didn’t have the guts to approach their enemy when Hossom was cheering loudly.

“Open the door, Sir! Don’t just hide inside and stay quiet! Come out quickly and kill these sons of b*tches! They got a few good hits on me, you know? Open the light barrier, Sir! I’m hurt! Sir...” Hossom was getting exhausted from all the shouting.

However, even after a few minutes passed, Jonathan remained unresponsive, as though he had become a statue.

The Seboxiasm monks gradually reacted to the situation.

While they had no clue what was transpiring inside, they could tell Jonathan was very likely immobile. As they wielded their weapons, they were prepared to launch another assault.

Upon sensing the enemy’s hostility, Hossom panted and pulled Prima to his back.

“I think I’ve come to realize your style, Sir. No matter what you do, you’ll always want to be the grand finale. That’s fine by me. I need you to help me watch my back while I attack first. If I get hurt, you have to save me like before, okay?” Just as he ended his sentence, a figure appeared next to him.

Using his swords, he pushed the black spear away.

“Prima, turn your back against the barrier! You don’t need to worry about the enemy behind you!” yelled Hossom as he engaged with the cultivator ahead of him in combat.

A chaotic battle ensued once more.

Concurrently, Jonathan and Aetomoye were standing on a giant stage in the former’s mind.

Not only was the stage a mental construction, but the two figures standing on it were as well.

It was like an illusion. Visible, but incorporeal.

“Your subordinate is so very noisy, Jonathan,” Aetomoye sneered. “If you don’t accept my condition, I’ll just keep living inside you. You better think this through, Jonathan. I can change the speed of your blood flow and create

blood clots whenever I wish! In fact, I can end your life with just a single thought!”

“What are you going to do after you kill me? Can you leave Divine Chessboard?” Jonathan frowned. “Isn’t it enough that I promise I’ll let you go?”

“No.” Aetomoye shook his head. “As I said, I’ll only leave your body if you vow to find me a cultivator.”

Murderous intent swirled in Jonathan’s eyes as he glared at Aetomoye’s illusory figure.

While making a vow seemed simple, it was basically the equivalent of cutting off Jonathan’s cultivation path.

No matter what, he didn’t want to let Aetomoye go. If he did it to protect his life, he would be planting the fear of death in his mind.

A cultivator was an individual who absorbed energy from the universe while spending their life defying it.

Once they started becoming afraid of death, they wouldn’t be able to raise their cultivation level anymore.

Despite that, Jonathan had no other ideas to deal with Aetomoye.

Just as he was deep in thought, he heard Hossom’s voice saying, “I think I’ve come to realize your style, Sir. No matter what you do, you’ll always want to be the grand finale. That’s fine by me. I need you to help me watch my back while I attack first. If I get hurt, you have to save me like before, okay?”

Those words helped Jonathan realize something. After all the pointless sh*t he uttered in the past, he finally said something helpful. Anyway, when I saved him earlier, I used the life force kept inside that mysterious coffin. However, who can say for sure what exactly this life force is?

When his train of thought ended there, he turned to Aetomoye. “Since we can’t take each other out right now, let me ask you a question that has been bothering me for a while. When we first start our cultivation, we train our vitality and body first before allowing spiritual energy to enter our flesh,

connecting us to the universe. Since you've completely grasped a Pryncyp, which energy will you say is our life force? Is it the power of Pryncyp?"

"What ara you going to do aftar you kill ma? Can you laava Divina Chassboard?" Jonathan frownad. "Isn't it anough that I promisa I'll lat you go?"

"No." Aatomoya shook his haad. "As I said, I'll only laava your body if you vow to find ma a cultivator."

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A cultivator was an individual who absorbad anargy from tha univarsa whila spending thair lifa dafying it.

Onca thay startad bacoming afraid of daath, thay wouldn't ba abla to raisa thair cultivation laval anymora.

Daspita that, Jonathan had no othar idaas to daal with Aatomoya.

Just as ha was daap in thought, ha haard Hossom's voica saying, "I think I've coma to raaliza your styła, Sir. No mattar what you do, you'll always want to ba tha grand finala. That's fina by ma. I naad you to halp ma watch my back whila I attack first. If I gat hurt, you hava to sava ma lika bafora, okay?"

Thosa words halpad Jonathan raaliza somathing. Aftar all tha pointless sh*t ha uttarad in tha past, ha finally said somathing halpful. Anyway, whan I savad him aarliar, I usad tha lifa forca kapt insida that mystarious coffin. Howavar, who can say for sura what axactly this lifa forca is?

Whan his train of thought andad thara, ha turnad to Aatomoya. "Sinca wa can't taka aach othar out right now, lat ma ask you a quastion that has baan botharing ma for a whila. Whan wa first start our cultivation, wa train our vitality and body first bafora allowing spiritual anargy to antar our flash,

connecting us to the universe. Since you've completely grasped a Prynycp, which energy will you say is our life force? Is it the power of Prynycp?"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 819

The Legendary Man Chapter 819-Aetomoye didn't expect Jonathan would ask a profound question like that in a deadly situation.

Aside from shock, he felt puzzled. "You're asking that now?"

"That's right." Jonathan nodded and answered matter-of-factly, "Since we're just staring at each other right now, I may as well utilize the time to learn more. How do you think I managed to raise my cultivation level this quickly? It's because I love learning. Whether through experience or understanding, the more information I absorb, the more I expand my knowledge. It also helps me solve any problem I encounter when cultivating in the future."

The more he spoke, the gutsier he sounded. By the end, he was practically painting himself as a studious, inquisitive, and positive figure.

In response to Jonathan's fiery speech, Aetomoye waved his hand. "Please stop tooting your own horn, Mr. Goldstein."

Jonathan rubbed his hands together and smiled obsequiously. "You're my senior in terms of cultivation, Aetomoye. Heck, I'm even willing to call you my mentor. Since we're in a stalemate and have nothing better to do, I thought I'd ask you that question. Of course, you're free to ignore me if you like. I'll just keep thinking about how to kill you."

As he spoke, he started making himself somewhat transparent, as though he was going to disappear at any moment.

Just as Jonathan's figure was about to vanish, Aetomoye spoke. "Wait."

While he had taken control of Jonathan's blood with the power of his Prynycp, that was all he could do.

He had no access to other parts of Jonathan's body because he wasn't the owner of the body he was residing in. If I want to negotiate with Jonathan, I need to relent a little. After all, both of us are trying to stay alive.

When Jonathan rematerialized his figure, he gazed at Aetomoye with annoyance. “What’s up?”

He was acting as though he wasn’t the one who had just asked a question.

Upon sighing, Aetomoye answered, “Since you’ve asked, I suppose I can provide you with my insight.”

“Okay.” With a wave of his hand, Jonathan summoned a table and a chair on the empty stage.

After taking his seat, he materialized a blackboard next to Aetomoye.

Jonathan’s act amused Aetomoye. “These are just illusions, Mr. Goldstein. There’s no need to do this.”

A brief silence later, Aetomoye raised his head and lectured, “Different cultivators refer to what you call ‘life force’ with distinct terms, such as vital energy, life energy, etc. Some even call it a soul! In the end, these are just different names for the same thing, the purest energy in existence. You can think of this energy as consciousness, but it’s not spiritual sense. A person’s soul follows them from birth until death. Even though it can’t be described, it is undeniably real.”

Suddenly, Jonathan raised his hand. “What does the soul rely on to exist? For example, when the body of a mortal dies, their life force disappears. However, a cultivator like you can abandon their body and continue to exist as long as there’s blood around. In that case, the soul clearly doesn’t need a body to keep existing.”

Aetomoye nodded.

As the number one Divine Realm cultivator, he would usually answer any questions the core cultivators in his religion had in Bazar Temple.

However, he rarely saw individuals like Jonathan, who was always eager to learn regardless of the circumstances.

Aetomoye clasped his hands. “That’s a good question. I thought the same when my flesh was destroyed. According to my personal understanding, the soul is my consciousness, my thoughts. It has nothing to do with the body. For example, when a mortal dies, even though their consciousness wants to keep

living, it can't because it has lost what's keeping it alive. And so, their soul vanishes. However, someone like me can stay alive without a body by relying on the power of a Pryncyp. That power provides me with the nutrients I require to sustain my thoughts. Therefore, my soul remains intact. Do you understand?"

Jonathan stood and bowed. "You really are a wise cultivator, Aetomoye. So you're saying that your life force relies on your Pryncyp's power to hold itself together from dissipating?"

"That's right."

A grin formed on Jonathan's countenance. "I understand everything now. As long as you have a life force, I can pull this off. Just wait, Aetomoye. I'll find a way to kill you!"

Meanwhile, Aetomoye was slightly spacing out.

In the next moment, he sensed a strange movement.

When he returned to the bloodstream, he realized Jonathan's meridian was surging with spiritual energy.

Back in the real world, the religious cultivators attacking Hossom suddenly leaped backward as if they had just seen a ghost.

Hossom was shocked by their abrupt retreat. After turning his head back, he saw Jonathan sitting on Divine Chessboard with gritted teeth.

"As long as you have a life force, I can kill you!" Jonathan activated the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique as he used the surging spiritual energy in his meridian to channel his vitality.

His meridians were starting to tear themselves apart due to overexertion.

"What are you doing, Jonathan?" roared Aetomoye.

"What do you think? I'm going to destroy myself and take your life!" As Jonathan howled in pain, he successfully forced his spiritual energy to flow backward.

An ordinary cultivator would be in debilitating pain if even a little bit of their spiritual energy were flowing in the opposite direction.

Yet, at that moment, Jonathan was forcing nearly a third of his spiritual energy to do just that.

He gritted his teeth and released a muffled grunt instead of vomiting blood.

“Die, you son of a b*tch!” As he yelled, his meridians were ripped apart. The root of his cultivation was instantly demolished and even rushed straight into his elixir and energy field. “If you want to live inside me, you have to pay rent!”

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He gritted his teeth and released a muffled grunt instead of vomiting blood.

“Dad, you son of a b*tch!” As he yelled, his meridians were ripped apart. The root of his cultivation was instantly demolished and even rushed straight into his elixir and energy field. “If you want to live inside me, you have to pay rent!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 820

The Legendary Man Chapter 820-Aetomoye’s screams of terror went on in Jonathan’s mind.

Even the rookie cultivators of the Precelestial Realm would know that the reverse movement of spiritual energy meant the self-destruction of the Core, energy field, and elixir field.

If the cultivator’s cultivation level were low, they would have little spiritual energy.

By destroying their own cultivation, they would, at most, break their energy field. Their vital energy would take a heavy hit, and if they did not have magical plants to help them out, they might end up ill for the rest of their lives.

However, the worst-case scenario for someone of Jonathan’s level in reversing the channeling of the spiritual energy and creating a conflict in the meridian would be a mini explosion.

As a result of the clashing of spiritual energy, everything around Jonathan would turn to ashes.

That was the path Jonathan had chosen to walk.

How could Aetomoye not be afraid of that?

While he did have Pryncyp, even his blood would be gone if Jonathan were to end his own life.

Moreover, he did not know how he was going to deal with Divine Chessboard yet. It was highly possible that he would be trapped in Divine Chessboard forever.

Although Aetomoye's Pryncyp seemed strong—he would remain immortal as long as he had blood in him—it was also a dangerous Pryncyp.

Three thousand major Pryncyps were what created the world.

Aetomoye's Pryncyp was only one of the three thousand major Pryncyps.

In fact, rather than saying that Aetomoye had figured out the concept of Pryncyp of Blood, it was more like he had borrowed the power of Pryncyp of Blood.

With blood, the user of Pryncyp of Blood would be able to stay immortal.

If Aetomoye went a long time without blood, the Pryncyps of the world would assume Aetomoye as a dead man, and the Pryncyp of Blood he had would be taken back by them.

The power he had in the face of the world would be wiped out by the Heavenly Way. There was no chance he was going to survive.

Therefore, Aetomoye was definitely going to die if Jonathan were to kill himself and if Divine Chessboard truly had sealed his Pryncyp.

“Stop!” Aetomoye roared. “Jonathan, you madman! As long as you stop, I'll swear my loyalty to you! I'll accept any contracts of slavery to you! I'll use part of my Pryncyp and turn it into a contract to submit to you! I'll do anything as long you stop!”

Aetomoye was unwilling to die just like that. He desperately begged for mercy at Jonathan's crazed behavior.

Frankly, Jonathan was tempted when he heard Aetomoye's willingness to give up everything just to stay alive.

However, self-destruction was akin to jumping off a building.

Who could regret their decision after taking a step forward?

Jonathan's Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was a swift-channeling technique.

Therefore, his self-destructive process proceeded quickly as well.

In just a few breaths' time, the crack of the meridian had already traveled from the end of the meridian to Jonathan's energy field.

"Ugh!"

With a pained look, Jonathan spat a mouthful of blood on Divine Chessboard's spirit shield.

The blood he coughed up was fresh, dark blood.

Still, Aetomoye could use the blood to escape from Jonathan's body.

Meanwhile, outside of the board, when Hossom and Prima saw the blood, they paled.

Hossom could not get past the spirit shield, but he could figure out that something must have happened to Jonathan.

He could sense frightening energy coming out of the chessboard.

Realizing that things were going wrong, Hossom immediately towed Prima toward the outside.

"Move aside!"

Hossom lifted his left hand and made hundreds of talisman float into the air when he saw the crowding cultivators.

Those were Jonathan's defective talismans, and Hossom had been secretly keeping them until he had over a hundred of them.

With a spin of the scraper, Hossom roughly slid it across his wrist.

Spiritual energy surged everywhere, and in seconds, blood covered all the talismans.

"Hossom, are you mad?" Prima shrieked in confusion when she saw what Hossom had done.

However, Hossom continued to use his spiritual energy to throw those talismans toward the spot before them.

As they cut through the air, intense spiritual energy fluctuations came from those talismans.

As it turned out, Hossom was using his blood as a medium to store spiritual energy and complete the talismans.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As if fireworks had been set off at Bazar Temple at sunset, clouds of flames were flaring up in the sky.

The flames were how Hossom safely towed Prima in a frenzied manner.

It was a risky escape.

Although Hossom had no idea what Jonathan was doing, he figured out that Jonathan was definitely up to something big.

That spiritual energy fluctuation he sensed felt far more dangerous than when the two elderly men were using their Pryncyys.

With the cover of the flames, Hossom and Prima rushed at least a thousand meters away from their original spot before the panic in Hossom's chest faded.

By then, they were already at the edge of Bazar Temple's ruins.

Even if the Grandmaster Realm cultivators wanted to catch up to them, it was already too late.

Before Hossom could celebrate their success in escaping, a handprint suddenly appeared on his chest.

“Ugh!”

Hossom flew backward, for the palm had slammed into him like a sledgehammer and caved in his entire left chest.

As he flew backward, Hossom threw out his scraper toward the one holding Prima hostage.

However, the bald man suddenly stuck out his right hand and grabbed the scraper.

Thump!

When Hossom slammed against the collapsed crimson wall, a large character symbol was left behind him.

Then, dozens of figures landed around Hossom, raising their weapons in preparation to kill Hossom.

Right then, the bald man in a white monk robe muttered, "Keep him alive. We'll have our Sage decide what to do with him."

The white-robed monk then put a hand on Prima's shoulder and easily made her knees buckle with a pinch.

"Prima, as Seboxiasm's High Priestess, you shouldn't have left Bazar Temple without our Sage's permission," the white-robed monk uttered as he towed Prima forward with his hand still on her shoulder.

When the monks around him heard the white-robed monk's words, none said a word in protest.

It was because that man was none other than the second-in-command of Seboxiasm—Louis Simpson. He was the one who was in charge of punishments and rewards in the sect.

"Sir, Bazar Temple has been attacked by Damos. We have been unable to protect the temple," one of the monks reported to Louis.

Louis then passed Prima over to that monk before lifting his head to smile at the energy fluctuations in the sky.

"This is a fight between God-Kings. It's normal that you can't hold your ground. Where is Aetomoye?"

It was a risky ascapa.

Although Hossom had no idea what Jonathan was doing, he figured out that Jonathan was definitely up to something big.

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By than, thay wara alraady at tha adga of Bazar Tampla's ruins.

Evan if tha Grandmatar Raalm cultivators wantad to catch up to tham, it was alraady too lata.

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"Sir, Bazar Tampla has been attacked by Damos. We have been unable to protect the temple," one of the monks reported to Louis.

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"This is a fight between God-Kings. It's normal that you can't hold your ground. What is Aatomoya?"