

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 821

The Legendary Man Chapter 821-“He is in a battle with a Chanaean cultivator but is currently missing,” the monk answered before casting an anxious glance to the side.

Although Hossom was the first one to react to it, the Grandmaster Realm cultivators soon realized the terrifying waves of power coming from Jonathan as well.

Louis looked in the direction where Jonathan was. He narrowed his eyes and saw a clear view of Jonathan’s face.

“Interesting,” he commented before taking a step that brought him over fifty meters away from his initial spot.

To others, Louis seemed to be moving slowly, but every step he took could let him cross dozens of meters.

In three breaths’ time, Louis had arrived by Jonathan’s side.

“His physical energy is in a mess, and his spiritual energy is channeling in reverse. Is he trying to self-destruct?”

Louis snapped his brows together as he let his spiritual sense search the area for Aetomoye.

What he did not know was that Aetomoye was currently screaming in agony inside Jonathan’s body.

By then, Jonathan’s meridian and energy field was already ruined. His spiritual energy had sunken his blood into his energy field.

At that moment, Jonathan’s energy field was like a miniature universe.

The only difference was that the usually smooth edges of the energy field were now cracking.

Blood was rapidly swirling into the whirlpool in the middle of the energy field.

Jonathan had materialized within his energy field. It felt as if he was large enough to see the entirety of the energy field, but at the same time, he felt as if he was small enough to stand on the mysterious coffin.

He was making a bet.

The coffin clearly craved life force—the one Aetomoye was going on about—so Jonathan was confused.

Why did it enter my body? Why would it waste its life force to help me repair my body? If it needed life force, why didn't it absorb me the second I dug the grave?

Those questions plagued Jonathan's mind.

However, right as he went up against Aetomoye, he found the answers to his questions.

It's because it wants to use me. By saving me, it can use me to devour more life force. Saving me is akin to an investment for the coffin.

Jonathan guessed there was only one reason for the coffin to pick him out of everyone.

The reason was Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter.

What was needed to grasp the Pryncyp of Slaughter?

It was slaughter. Endless slaughter.

Jonathan, who could grasp the Pryncyp of Slaughter, was the puppet the coffin needed.

As long as Jonathan killed a person, it could then take that person's life force the second the person died.

Hence, Jonathan was using his life to affirm his speculations.

His figure was starting to fade, and Jonathan knew that his body had already been ruined.

In a few seconds more, his figure would completely disappear due to his ruined meridian.

If his speculation were wrong, he would disappear in the blink of an eye. Nothing of him would be left in this world other than a pool of blood.

Jonathan had lost track of time as he looked into himself.

Standing in the middle of the elixir field, he could sense the chaotic churning of the spiritual energy.

He was already turning transparent.

Boom!

The earth-shattering sound of an explosion made Jonathan open his eyes wide.

“Ugh!”

He coughed out a mouthful of blood, and in the next second, he found himself feeling revitalized. His vitality and spiritual energy were replenished.

Everything he had witnessed when he was looking into himself earlier felt like a dream. If not for the blood stains on the screen before him, as well as the white-robed bald monk outside, Jonathan would have genuinely thought that he had been dreaming.

The coffin intervened?

Jonathan did not have time to bother himself with the bald man outside as he quickly checked his energy field.

Remanifesting into his energy field, Jonathan then noticed the swirling in his smooth energy field a little faster than before.

“I knew you didn’t have the heart to let me die!” Jonathan cried out to the coffin as he laughed boisterously.

“Where is Aetomoye? Did you devour him? That’s the life force of a cultivator who has succeeded in attaining Divine Realm! I refuse to believe that you won’t take such a wonderful life force!”

Jonathan had nearly ended his own life testing out his theory.

Nevertheless, his survival had rejuvenated him, and he felt the urge to cheer loudly.

Right as he was receding from his energy field, a wave of power trapped him in his spot. It was only for a brief second, but it felt as if it had been years for Jonathan.

The floating coffin was getting larger and larger in Jonathan's energy field until it was almost the size of a hill.

"I'll kill you if you do this again," came its voice that Jonathan could not describe with words.

It was as if its voice was seared into Jonathan's mind.

There was no gender nor age to its voice, but at the same time, it felt like it was the voice of the world.

That was all the voice said before the pressure on Jonathan dissipated and the size of the coffin returned to normal.

It's alive!

As Jonathan stared at the coffin in his energy field, he found his heart lurching as he snapped back to reality.

This thing can devour life forces, and it's alive! Perhaps it's better to say that the person sealed within this coffin is still alive.

Jonathan mulled over the numbers he had seen on the coffin. Even though he could not understand the language of West Region, he could read numbers.

He guessed that the person in the coffin was buried about a thousand and six hundred years ago.

How can they still be alive? The Coffin of Immortality! God's Body!

Jonathan found chills running down his spine as he thought about the conversation he overheard between Damoyed and Kenado.

F*ck, they're not prepping Prima for the person in the coffin's reincarnation, right? What in the world are the members of Seboxiasm trying to do? I have to find a way to get this coffin out of here. Things would be easier if this thing

was an inanimate object, but it's not! Doesn't that mean I have no secrets whatsoever? I have someone living in my stomach, and that person is a long-living being with horrifying powers! How am I going to pretend as if everything's fine?

Those were the thoughts that crossed Jonathan's mind as he furrowed his brows. After a beat, he stood up and scratched his bum.

Looking at the white-robed bald man before him, Jonathan kept Divine Chessboard and icily snapped, "What are you looking at?"

Right then, dozens of monks escorted Hossom and Prima to Jonathan.

Prima let out a shriek and quickly turned her head to avert her gaze.

At that, Jonathan shook his head in resignation. "Are you two dumb? How did you not manage to escape? I was already doing my best to open up a path for you."

Hossom had blood pooling in his mouth at that moment. Although he was alive, he was grievously injured.

Some of the blood spilled out of Hossom's mouth when Hossom heard Jonathan's words.

"Mr. Goldstein, please wear something before you try to act cool. Even underwear would do..."

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The Legendary Man Chapter 822-Underwear? Jonathan froze momentarily when he heard those words. Immediately after, he recalled something and quickly looked down.

"What the f*ck?" Jonathan yelled and stomped on the ground forcefully. As soon as he did that, the gravel and debris around him floated into the air and surrounded him.

When Aetomoye used Pryncyp to bury Jonathan a hundred meters deep, Jonathan's clothes had already been torn to pieces.

After that, Jonathan got rid of his clothes entirely to increase the contact area of his body when he was absorbing the blood mist on Divine Chessboard.

In other words, Jonathan had been completely naked ever since then.

Seeing that he was in his birthday suit, Jonathan quickly whipped out a set of sportswear from his storage ring and wore it. "What the f*ck, Hossom? You said so much when you were lying on the ground outside Divine Chessboard. Why didn't you tell me I was naked?"

While being held, Hossom couldn't help but flash a helpless and bitter smile when he heard Jonathan grumbling behind the wall of gravel and debris. "Mr. Goldstein, I was on the verge of dying. Why would I care if you had clothes on or not? Are you still able to fight? Help me..."

Right then, the gravel and debris fell to the ground, and Jonathan was seen standing on the pile of rubble with his bare feet. While looking at the bald man in white, he smiled and bowed. "Hi, there! They're my siblings. They're young, and they committed a mistake. I'll bring them away and teach them a lesson on your behalf." He chuckled and added, "For my sake, please let them go."

Although Jonathan was talking with a smile on his face, the monk in white remained motionless as he stared at Jonathan with beads in his hand.

"What is he doing?" Jonathan asked Hossom.

The latter shook his head weakly and answered, "He's from West Region, so he might not understand Chanaean. Did you expect the worshippers of Seboxia to learn Chanaean?"

"What should I do, then?" Jonathan asked in a helpless tone. "I can't possibly fight him right away, can I? That would be rude."

Suddenly, Louis smiled and used a West Region language to say, "Although I don't understand a word you said, I know you're not a Seboxia worshipper. In that case, I won't be letting you go. You should surrender."

Jonathan heard those words and cast Hossom a confused look. "What is he blabbering about?"

Hossom turned toward Louis weakly before shifting his gaze back toward Jonathan. "He called you a dimwit..."

As soon as those words fell, an icy look swirled in Jonathan's eyes, and he immediately stabbed Louis' chest with Heaven Sword.

However, Jonathan was stunned by what happened next. Heaven Sword stabbed right through his chest, no? Why didn't I feel any sort of resistance in his body? It's an illusion!

Jonathan was in awe, and the bronze handbell floated above his head once again.

Almost simultaneously, a ray of golden light flashed across Jonathan's back, and he was flung forward. Still rooted to the spot, Louis frowned and looked at the marking on his right palm solemnly.

"Why does this symbol look so similar to something I saw in the ancient texts?" Louis mumbled to himself.

Obviously, Jonathan didn't hear those words. Besides, Louis was speaking in a language from West Region. Jonathan wouldn't have understood Louis even if he were to hear those words.

Upon stabilizing his body, Jonathan turned around to look at Louis. This man is fast! I used Pryncyp of Slaughter when I struck just now, but he was able to react faster than I could! That's not a speed a cultivator of God Realm could possess!

When Jonathan removed the bronze handbell, he vaguely sensed the aura Louis was exuding. His cultivation level is the advanced phase God Realm, and I detected Pryncyp!

Realization struck when Jonathan was looking at Louis. It's obvious that he had also figured out the concept of Pryncyp. Is that Pryncyp of Speed? Is there such a Pryncyp?

Jonathan furrowed his brows and glanced at Louis. If he keeps moving at that speed, it doesn't matter how strong my Pryncyp of Slaughter is because I won't be able to touch him. As long as one is fast enough, there are no techniques that can't be overcome. That's a concept all the cultivators in Chanaea know. It illustrates the importance of speed and strength. Now, he has definite dominance over me! What should I do?

Jonathan was watching Louis' movements closely, and that was when he noticed something odd. Since just now, I think I can feel the blood flow in the bodies of others. It's just that this feeling is the same as other senses that I had just recovered. Besides, I missed it just now because I was too concerned by the fact that I was naked. Now that I've calmed down, I realize I can feel the speed of the blood flowing in everyone's body.

When Jonathan looked at Hossom, he felt as though he was looking down at a heavy flow of traffic. Hossom has blood accumulated in his chest, and the blood is flowing into his lungs. When did he suffer injuries to his lungs again?

Apart from feeling surprised, Jonathan felt something else after he regained his senses. Not only can I feel the blood flow, but I think I can even control others' blood flow! Is this Pryncyp of Blood?

Stunned, Jonathan slightly raised his right hand toward the monk next to him, who was in Grandmaster Realm.

The moment Jonathan made a squeezing gesture, the Grandmaster Realm cultivator was pulled toward him.

"Ah!" the cultivator screamed in agony. In the next second, his body trembled.

Right then, a mist of blood in the shape of a human was removed from the cultivator's body.

Thud!

The Grandmaster Realm cultivator fell onto the ground, and he looked as pale as a sheet. Due to the massive blood loss, the corpse had dried up.

Needless to say, the cultivator died on the spot.

Upon seeing the lifeless body on the ground, the crowd panicked and fled from Jonathan.

Meanwhile, Louis was using his Pryncyp to form a spirit shield in front of his body. That's Pryncyp of Blood! Isn't that Aetomoye's Pryncyp? How is that fellow using it?

"Aetomoye?" Louis yelled at Jonathan.

Louis knew it was impossible to transfer spiritual energy to someone else, let alone Pryncyp of Blood. Even if Jonathan had killed Aetomoye, Aetomoye's Pryncyp was supposed to return to nature instead of being transferred to Jonathan. Since Jonathan was using Pryncyp of Blood, Louis thought Aetomoye had most probably possessed Jonathan.

However, Louis was wrong.

With the mysterious coffin in Jonathan's elixir field and energy field, Aetomoye was long gone.

Jonathan couldn't possibly inherit Pryncyp of Blood, but Aetomoye had voluntarily entered Jonathan's body. Since a cultivator's body was self-contained, it could isolate itself from nature. Nature would retrieve Pryncyp of Blood, but it needed time to find out about Aetomoye's death.

Before that could happen, Jonathan was free to use Pryncyp of Blood.

"Is this a complete form of Pryncyp?" Jonathan was toying with the blood in his palm.

The next moment, the life force in the blood was quickly sucked away by the mysterious coffin.

Jonathan tossed the scab aside and looked at Louis. "Let's see the true strength of this Pryncyp!"

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The Legendary Man Chapter 823-Once he got a feel of the amount of Pryncyp in his body, Jonathan broke into a smirk.

He waved his hand, and his body was completely engulfed by the Pryncyp of Blood.

The Pryncyp suppressed every trace of his breath, causing Louis to lose track of him.

"Hey, don't run!"

All of a sudden, a terrifying pressure gripped Louis.

Just as he attempted to back off, he realized that his body was frozen. It was as if all the blood in his body had stopped flowing.

Jonathan took a step forward and closed a distance of more than ten meters to instantaneously appear in front of Louis.

There, he extended and swung his right arm menacingly.

“Argh!”

Accompanied by an agonized scream, a mist of blood exploded from Louis’ face.

At the same time, he had his blood flowing again by channeling Pryncyp through his body.

He disappeared in a flash, then reemerged more than ten meters away.

Louis’ vitality had begun to recover, something that didn’t escape Jonathan’s notice.

It seems that he must know some secret technique or has some powerful medication.

Jonathan turned toward the group of cultivators who had tied Hossom up.

“Kill him!” Louis thundered from afar.

Just as the monks beside Hossom were about to strike, Jonathan unleashed the Pryncyp of Blood and enveloped the twenty-odd Grandmaster Realm enemies within it.

“Mr. Coffin, it’s time to eat!” Jonathan sneered. His right hand transformed into a sharp claw as he did a pulling motion in the air.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Just like exploding soap bubbles, the cultivators dissolved into mists of blood and gathered at his hand.

Above the ruins, the blood mist of more than twenty Grandmaster Realm cultivators spun in the sky before turning solid and falling into Jonathan’s palm.

Once Jonathan absorbed all of their life forces, the blood mist that filled the air previously was reduced to a dark red scab the size of a basketball.

He walked up to Hossom's side and placed his hand on the latter's shoulder.

"Sir, I'm aware of how disrespectful I was previously, but I was still naïve back then. I promise to acknowledge you as my boss and pledge my undivided loyalty to you..."

All this while, Jonathan and Hossom had been using each other and didn't really share any kind of bond.

Hossom, fearing that Jonathan would turn him into a mist of blood, begged for mercy without any hesitation.

Just as he was pleading, Jonathan released streaks of pure life force from his hand.

Although Hossom appeared to be grievously injured, his wounds were largely external. All it took was a small amount of life force to help him recover.

In the blink of an eye, he was as good as new. His collapsed left chest had been restored, while the wounds on his body had mostly healed.

Hossom stroked his chest and vomited a pool of black blood.

"Sir, you're amazing! What did you do? I'm f*cking blown away by this technique of yours."

"F*cking blown away?" Jonathan gave Hossom a look of resignation. "I'm surprised you even know how to swear like a Chanaean, you damn foreigner."

"Sir, that would be inaccurate. I have a Chanaean ID card. A genuine one, in fact," Hossom said smugly.

As a professional thief, he possessed plenty of identities from all over the world.

Jonathan pulled Prima over to his side. With a gentle pat, he unraveled the restriction within her body with the Pryncyp of Blood.

"In that case, what's your name in Chanaean?"

“It’s Gr—”

Hossom stopped mid-sentence and gave Jonathan a stunned look.

“Sir, to you, I’ll always be your loyal subordinate, Hossom Hoffman!”

“Gr... Grant? Graham? Grundy? Forget it. It doesn’t matter what you call yourself since it’s fake.” Jonathan shook his head. “I suppose we’ll never see each other again after this.”

Jonathan looked at the shockwaves above Seboxia’s statue. A thirst for battle began to well up within him.

“Hossom, ever since fate brought us together in Mysonna, I have protected you and saved your life three times. And now, I’m sending you and Prima away. With your skills, hiding your identity should be a piece of cake. Considering Prima’s special status, both of you’d better get as far from here as you can. Don’t ever reveal your identity as a cultivator again. The enemy might use Prima’s grandfather as collateral. If you try to rescue him, you might not be able to escape. But that decision is yours to make.” Here, Jonathan let out a sigh. “Go now. This is where our destiny diverges.”

As Jonathan spoke, he walked toward the central battlefield.

“Sir!” Hossom gave Jonathan a conflicted look. “What are you doing? It’s a battle between two God-Kings, for goodness’ sake!”

“God-Kings?” Jonathan chuckled in response. “The only difference between me and a God-King is the ability to wield Pryncyp in its complete form. Now that I can use the Pryncyp of Blood, there’s no reason for me not to test myself against those two old men. Since I have reached a bottleneck in my progress, I might learn something new in my battle with them.”

“What if you don’t come back?” Hossom asked grimly.

“I suppose that will be my fate.”

Before Jonathan finished, he had already set off for battle.

From above the ruins, Jonathan could feel the pulses of two extremely powerful figures.

Even though he couldn't see clearly what they were doing, he could feel through the Pryncyp of Blood that both of them seemed to be engaged in battle.

“Kenado! Damoyed!”

Jonathan's voice thundered across the sky, amplified by his spiritual energy.

“I'm Jonathan Goldstein, Asura from Chanaea. Do you dare accept my challenge?” Hands behind his back, Jonathan stood on one of the uncollapsed towers near Seboxia's statue. His aura exploded into the sky, aggressively tearing through the two men's aura. “Do you dare accept my challenge?”

Following the booming voice, a powerful shockwave descended from the sky, sending the two figures into retreat.

Damoyed and Kenado, panting slightly, looked up toward the tower where Jonathan was.

At that moment, the standoff between the three attracted everyone's attention.

Hossom held Prima's hand. He was filled with admiration as he stared at Jonathan's silhouette.

“Mr. Goldstein is an extraordinary man. Even before the age of thirty, he dares to challenge two God-Kings openly, demonstrating an unprecedented level of courage and skill. He—”

“Get lost!”

Before Hossom could finish, Kenado thundered suddenly from the top of Seboxia's statue.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 824-A giant palm subsequently formed in the sky. Just like a fly swatter, it slapped the tower underneath Jonathan in half.

Crack...

Boom!

Jonathan's body was thrown aside before turning into an afterimage to crash into the ruins.

Um...

When Hossom saw the dust that had been kicked up from afar, he scratched his nose awkwardly.

At the same time, Prima gave him a look of concern.

"Hossom, that's a devastating blow. Should we... check if Mr. Goldstein is all right?"

"That doesn't sound like a good idea..."

Hossom stared blankly in the direction where Jonathan fell.

"Given how anti-climatic it was, we would embarrass Mr. Goldstein if we go over now."

Despite their words, Hossom and Prima hurried toward the location of Jonathan's crash.

When they arrived at the ruins, they were greeted by a huge crater that was over twenty meters wide.

Right in the center, the physically deformed Jonathan was coughing blood while painstakingly climbing back to his feet.

"Sir, are you all right?" Hossom asked.

Grabbing his right foot with his hands, Jonathan forcefully snapped it back into place.

From his exposed flesh, chips of shattered bone fell onto the ground. Nonetheless, new bones rapidly grew at the fracture to join his foot back together.

"It looks like I'm still no match for them."

Grimly watching the two Divine Realm cultivators engage in battle, Jonathan felt a chill down his spine from the close shave earlier.

Fortunately for him, both of them were mortal enemies. When Kenado attacked Jonathan, Damoyed seized upon the opportunity to strike at Kenado.

The only reason neither paid Jonathan any heed was that they were occupied by their own fearsome battle.

Otherwise, Jonathan would have been crushed if he were to fight them individually.

When Kenado broke Jonathan's body earlier, it sent a shockwave through the universe, causing Heavenly Pryncyp to notice that Jonathan was in possession of the Pryncyp of Blood, which didn't belong to him.

At that moment, the Pryncyp of Blood began to flow away from Jonathan, making him feel as if he was gradually forgetting something that he had learned.

Even though he could clearly understand them a moment ago, the Pryncyp was now nothing but a blur. The clarity that had previously been there was nowhere to be found.

Cough! Cough!

Upon getting back to his feet, Jonathan dusted the sand off his body.

"It's their lucky day I'm not fighting them today. Let's go!"

Just as he spoke, Jonathan had climbed out of the crater by supporting himself on his companions' shoulders.

However, a group of Seboxiasm cultivators, with Louis at their helm, had surrounded the three of them right then.

No sooner had the three steadied themselves than another group of men dropped in. They were none other than the people from the Damos religion.

When the two groups battled earlier, there were a total of seventeen God Realm cultivators. But now, there were only ten left, including Louis.

These men's bodies were covered with wounds, while their weapons were tainted with blood. Every one of them looked like the Grim Reaper himself.

Although the ten men seemed to have a clear line drawn between them, all of them had their eyes on Jonathan.

“Mr. Goldstein, they don’t seem keen on letting us leave,” Hossom said with a sigh.

“F*ck! The wall has collapsed, but we still can’t get out.”

Hossom wasn’t the only one feeling distraught. Even Jonathan had begun to grow concerned about the situation.

The consecutive battles within Bazar Temple had taken a toll on them.

Damoyed and Kenado might still be engaged in a brutal battle, but they would stop sooner or later.

When that happened, their chances of escape would narrow dramatically.

Upon trying to access the Pryncyp of Blood within his body, Jonathan furrowed his brows.

Heavenly Pryncyp had almost taken all the Pryncyp of Blood away from him in the blink of an eye.

At that moment, there was no way he could use the Pryncyp of Blood to vanquish Louis.

“They’re here for me.”

With a slight twist of his body, Jonathan flung Hossom and Prima out of the perimeter as if he was throwing a ball far out.

Just as expected, Louis didn’t stop the two from escaping.

“Sir!”

The moment Hossom landed, he turned around without hesitation, hoping to support Jonathan. However, he felt the flowing blood in his body freeze suddenly.

Jonathan had used the residual Pryncyp of Blood to control Hossom’s body.

“I appreciate the thought, but you’ll just get in the way. Just like how fighting the God-Kings was out of my league, you’re not qualified to join this battle. Now, go!”

Upon summoning Heaven Sword with a flick of his wrist, he subsequently engulfed it with Pryncyp.

Thereafter, he unleashed the Pryncyp of Blood from his body again.

This combination was his foremost choice for battle.

He had wanted to use the last of his Pryncyp of Blood to defeat the God Realm cultivators in front of him.

After all, going all out was the only way he could eliminate Louis, who posed the biggest threat to him because of his possession of a handicapped Pryncyp.

As Jonathan released a strange shockwave from his body, the God Realm warriors suddenly froze. Seizing upon the opportunity, Jonathan emerged right behind Louis.

A showdown between powerful warriors was usually decided in an instant.

Thrusting Heaven Sword forward, Jonathan soon felt some resistance.

Unfortunately, Louis’ figure disappeared before Jonathan could celebrate.

This time, Louis, wounded at his waist, had reappeared behind Jonathan’s back.

Despite sensing Louis’ presence, Jonathan couldn’t react in time as the former was just too quick.

The Pryncyp of Blood is too faint now. If I hadn’t gotten ahead of myself by challenging the power of Divine Realm, I probably wouldn’t have fallen into such circumstances. Fortunately, I still have the mysterious coffin where I can recover from my injuries instantaneously.

The moment he felt an excruciating pain in his back, Jonathan flipped Heaven Sword around and plunged it upward through his ribs.

Cough!

Blood gushed out of his nose and mouth.

At the same time, the sharp tip of a dagger emerged from the center of his chest. The one who stabbed Jonathan was none other than Louis.

Jonathan's plan was to unleash a suicide attack upon Louis.

By allowing his enemy to kill him, Jonathan lured his opponent close enough so that he could pierce the latter's heart.

As the mysterious coffin could heal him thereafter, he could leave once his plan succeeded.

Once the speedy Louis was defeated, none of the other God Realm cultivators would be fast enough to catch Jonathan if he were to flee.

Unfortunately, Jonathan had underestimated Louis' speed again.

Even though he had managed to pierce his sword into Louis under the cover of his own body, the latter's movements were just too quick.

No sooner had the dagger torn through Louis' flesh than Louis reemerged more than ten meters away.

With two blades stabbed into his body, Jonathan unleashed his spiritual energy to force both of them out, causing everyone around him to recoil in shock.

As his wounds gradually healed, Jonathan pounded his chest while holding Heaven Sword still.

Just a moment ago, the coffin had conveyed a message to him, warning him not to use suicide attacks again, for the supply of life force was now constrained.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 825-Pfft!

Jonathan spat out a mouthful of blood. The sword wounds on his body were already completely healed.

The location of the stab wounds should have been enough to kill any other cultivator, but Jonathan had bounced back in the space of a few minutes.

Nobody knew how Jonathan could heal himself so quickly.

The two God-Kings, who should have been concentrating on the fight, had to explain to their men why Jonathan was still alive.

“Jonathan, the Pryncyp of Blood is gone! There is no escape for you!” Louis shouted to Jonathan in the West Region tongue.

Jonathan waved Heaven Sword.

“What the hell are you saying? I don’t understand!”

“He said you can’t escape!” A clear voice rang out from behind the crowd.

Everyone turned around, searching for the source of the voice.

Jonathan stared at the speaker in a surprised daze.

The speaker was tall with a slender, well-proportioned torso and a sharp, angular face topped with distinctly blonde hair. It was Blaze whom Jonathan had encountered in Springwyn.

“What are you doing here?” Jonathan asked, scratching his head in confusion.

Blaze had been wanting to launch the Holy War and conquer the entire world. He wanted to be one of the four knights in the Holy War.

Jonathan saw him as an enemy, not a friend.

At that moment, he did not know why Blaze had appeared suddenly.

Jonathan pulled out his bronze handbell while looking at Blaze solemnly.

“What do you want?”

“I just wanted to join in the fun,” Blaze replied with a sly grin. “I was already on the plane out of here, but then I saw the commotion from the air, and I jumped off the plane to see what was going on.”

What the f*ck?

Jonathan stared speechlessly at Blaze.

The plane is high up in the sky, and he talks about jumping off mid-air so casually! If you didn't have a spiritual weapon, I would've killed you a long time ago, you bast*rd!

"You're joking, right?" Jonathan pointed accusingly at Blaze. "I'll pay you one billion for each man you kill here. As for the ones in white, I'll pay you five billion each! Do you accept this job?"

Blaze was not just any assassin, but the very best killer. He had never once missed his target.

Since he had suddenly appeared, Jonathan would be a fool not to engage his help.

"Five billion?" Blaze pulled out his dagger. "I'd be stupid to refuse such an offer, but I have one condition."

"No, I will not be one of the knights!" Jonathan countered with a smirk.

Jonathan did not want to be the person responsible for starting a world war. Even if one did not care about the lives that would be lost, the war would still be on Jonathan's conscience.

"Fine!" Blaze agreed, casually spinning his dagger in the air. "Then I'll consider this a favor for you. You owe me one. Don't worry. I know your rules in Aploth. I'll only kill as needed."

Jonathan nodded at Blaze's words.

"Deal!"

As the two of them were talking, Damoyed's men were also whispering among themselves. They were all standing in defensive stances and staring at Blaze.

They could guess that a deal had been struck between Jonathan and Blaze.

One was Asura, and the other was a top assassin.

How could the men not be afraid when two of the top cultivators had agreed to work together?

The five Seboxiasm men could not understand the Chanaean tongue. However, they, too, looked suspiciously at Jonathan and Blaze as words were exchanged between them.

Louis glanced at Blaze.

“You, Sir, please leave Bazar Temple. Otherwise, we will have no choice but to kill you.”

Blaze turned to Louis and said in the West Region language, “What a coincidence! I want to kill you as well. But first, let me introduce myself. I am an assassin code-named Blaze!”

Blaze!

The worshippers of Seboxia were stunned when they heard Blaze’s name.

Louis, who was the first to react, stepped away and disappeared from the crowd’s eyes.

Blaze, too, vanished.

Nobody saw even a shadow of the two men.

Right then, an arm draped around Jonathan’s shoulders and jerked him backward.

Jonathan’s head spun from the sheer force. In the next moment, he was already a long way from where he was just standing.

At the site of the battle, Louis was limping forward unsteadily.

“I stabbed him right through his heart. He will be dead soon!” Blaze said next to Jonathan’s ear. His right hand was shaking.

Jonathan glanced at Blaze’s right arm. A small dagger had pierced his forearm.

There was another long and deep cut on his shoulder.

“He was too fast! If I had not raised my hand to block his attack just now, I would be the one who’s dead!” Blaze said in explanation. The top assassin sounded a little shaken.

At that point in time, Louis had not yet mastered his Pryncyp. If what Blaze said was true, then Louis had the potential to be the highest-ranking cultivator in the whole world.

It had been an intense fight.

Blaze had only managed to emerge victorious because of his killer instincts.

Louis collapsed to the ground. His aura was fading rapidly.

Everyone stared at Blaze and Jonathan in horror.

Two Seboxiasm God-Kings now lay lifeless on the ground.

One was an immortal Aetomoye who possessed the Pryncyp of Blood. He was the highest-ranking cultivator after the God-Kings.

Another was called an heir of the God-King. He had mastered the Pryncyp. The God-King Kenado had once said that as long as he was to achieve the God-King cultivation level, no one would be able to defeat him.

Yet now, they both lay dead on the ground.

One had been killed by Jonathan, and the other by the assassin who had mastered the spiritual treasure.

The two of them were dead, and Bazar Temple was in ruins. Almost two hundred lives were lost that day.

Bazar Temple was not the base of the entire Seboxiasm religion. There were branches of Seboxiasm that had flourished throughout the West Region.

However, the most elite group of Seboxiasm cultivators had been based in Bazar Temple.

The West Region was about to undergo massive changes.

Thunder boomed and lightning crackled all across the sky as if marking Louis' death. Purple lightning flashed rapidly in the black clouds overhead.

“Kenado is feeling anxious.”

Jonathan yanked the dagger out of Blaze's arm. He pressed his palm over the bleeding wound, and it was healed in an instant. There was not even a scar left on Blaze's arm.

Blaze stared at his own arm in disbelief. It finally dawned on him why those men had wanted to capture Jonathan.

Even he wanted to abduct Jonathan now.

"Jonathan, y-you..."

"Stop talking and help me move these things."

Jonathan pulled out a stack of talismans and pointed at Damoyed and Kenado.

"What are you trying to do?"

"That b*stard hit me just now. I want to blow him up as revenge!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 826

The Legendary Man Chapter 826-Um...

Blaze let out a helpless sigh when he saw the serious look on Jonathan's face.

"Maybe you should just let that slide..."

Jonathan stared at Blaze as he twirled his fingers in the air, causing the talismans to spread out in front of them.

He tossed out the demon beast's blood that was used to draw the talismans and asked, "Just answer my question! Can you open a portal or not?"

Noticing that Blaze was still hesitating, Jonathan moved the demon beast's blood toward the talismans.

"F*ck!"

Blaze's face was filled with fear the moment he felt the spiritual energy fluctuations from the talismans.

He pointed at the spot in front of Damoyed and Kenado and made a strange pose with his left hand.

The next thing Jonathan knew, a portal had appeared in front of him and was exuding a powerful surge of spiritual energy that was out of this world.

Is he transferring spiritual energy from the sky all the way here?

Jonathan was snapped out of his train of thought when Blaze shouted angrily at him, "What the f*ck are you looking at me for? Toss them in!"

Jonathan quickly crumpled the hundreds of talismans into a ball and tossed them into that spot.

A second later, a huge fireball with a radius of about dozens of meters appeared in the sky above.

The shockwave from the blast was so powerful that it sent Damoyed and Kenado flying instantly.

"Hah! I knew a quantitative change could lead to a qualitative change!" Jonathan cheered when he saw what happened to them.

Those words had barely left Jonathan's mouth when Kenado, who was standing above the statue of Seboxia, pointed his hand in their direction.

Damoyed, who was on the tower nearby, was staring at them as well.

Although they did not possess Spatial Pryncyp, they had God Realm cultivation levels and could easily pinpoint Jonathan and Blaze's location through the detection of their Pryncyp.

A few seconds later, a purple beam of lightning with a diameter of about fifty centimeters was headed toward them.

Right next to it was a wind blade that seemed to cut through time and space as it flew in their direction.

Those attacks were filled with Pryncyp, so being hit by either of the two could easily get them killed.

"Run!" Blaze yelled as he grabbed Jonathan by the shoulder and pulled him away from the impending attack.

A second later, the two of them were standing on the rooftop of the hotel nearby.

“Where to?” said a voice that boomed from the sky above as dozens of purple lightning beams came flying toward them.

“F*ck!”

Blaze summoned a black ball and pressed his palms together to create a space-altering formation.

The purple lightning beams disappeared upon coming into contact with that formation, only to reappear hundreds of meters away in different directions.

At least six or seven of those lightning beams were cut off mid-air before being redirected by Blaze’s Spatial Pryncyp toward the other lightning beams, causing them to cancel each other out.

According to ancient records, the Pryncyp that people used was generally weaker than natural ones.

For example, the Pryncyp of Speed and the Pryncyp of Strength served to boost certain aspects of the user’s body.

Natural Pryncyps such as Kenado’s Pryncyp of Thunder and Kenado’s Pryncyp of Wind, however, had the ability to alter the natural environment.

The ones at the top of the three thousand Pryncyps were those that could manipulate space, time, light, and darkness.

The records of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique did not go into detail about those Pryncyps. The individual who created those cultivation methods practiced the Pryncyp of Slaughter, which was against the rules of nature, so they couldn’t learn more about the other Pryncyps.

That was the restriction for Pryncyp.

However, Jonathan had learned the true meaning behind the highest-ranking Pryncyp that day.

When he first witnessed Spatial Pryncyp, he assumed it was nothing more than a teleportation ability.

Seeing Blaze's application of Spatial Pryncyp was what helped him fully understand how it worked.

It created a portal that could lead to anywhere in the world.

Had Blaze fully mastered Spatial Pryncyp instead of relying on spiritual treasures, he could counter an attack by opening two portals—one in front of him and one behind the attacker.

That would result in the attack hitting the attacker from behind.

"Whoa! I didn't know you could use your spiritual treasure like that!" Jonathan exclaimed excitedly.

He turned to look at Blaze when he didn't hear a response, only to see traces of purple lightning forming on Blaze's body.

"We're not going to be able to escape! Our surroundings are sealed off by Pryncyp, and my Spatial Pryncyp can't sense anything beyond a hundred-meter radius!" Blaze cried out with his teeth tightly clenched.

Jonathan frowned slightly when he heard that. As he looked up at the purple lightning beams that were clashing against each other, he could clearly feel the power they carried.

But Blaze has disrupted the beams. How could they seal us in?

That was when Jonathan realized something was amiss.

The skies were covered in black clouds as though a storm was approaching, but there was no wind in the area.

Oh, no! This is bad! I really messed things up this time!

"It's the Pryncyp of Wind!" Jonathan exclaimed with a gloomy look on his face.

As Blaze could no longer maintain his space-altering formation, the purple lightning on his body exploded in his chest and sent him flying instantly.

The black ball went back into Blaze's body, and Jonathan had to use some spiritual energy just to stabilize his condition.

“There’s no way we’ll be able to escape now!” Blaze yelled as he glared at Damoyed, who landed dozens of meters away from them.

Kenado, too, slowly descended onto a balcony behind them with the help of his lightning and thunder.

“Jonathan”—Kenado pointed at him—“you two killed my divine messenger and enforcer, destroyed the coffin of Seboxiasm’s founder, and released the High Priestess! Your crimes are so severe that not even death is enough for you! Right now, I shall give you a chance to redeem yourselves. If you join the Seboxiasm religion, I will allow you two to live.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Kenado. They are your mortal enemies now, so they’ll never join you willingly. We might as well have them join Damos instead!” Damoyed said with a chuckle. He then turned toward Jonathan and Blaze. “Jonathan, Blaze, listen to me very carefully. There are no rules in Damos, so you two may come and go as you please. On top of that, I promise that Kenado won’t be able to hurt you two if you join us.”

Jonathan and Blaze exchanged confused glances upon hearing that.

Not only did these two Divine Realm cultivators spare our lives, but they are also trying to recruit us?

That was when the two of them realized there was still a chance to turn things around.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 827

The Legendary Man Chapter 827-Supporting Blaze, Jonathan glanced at the two old men.

Supporting Blaze, Jonathan glanced at the two old men.

“May I ask if I choose to side with one of you, will the other person do away with me?”

Jonathan put forth a straightforward question, but no one thought it was inappropriate.

As things stood, they decided to spare Jonathan’s life because they realized Jonathan and Blaze might be useful to them.

If not for that, the two old men would've eliminated them instead of negotiating terms with them.

However, the two old men didn't answer even after listening to Jonathan's words.

Jonathan and Blaze understood the lack of response was their way of expressing their stance and implying they had silently agreed to Jonathan's statement.

Under such circumstances, they could still retreat, but the chances were slim.

Jonathan furrowed his brows and contemplated.

"Will we be allowed to survive if each of us joins one sect?"

"I'll spare the life of the person who joins Damos," Damoyed chirped.

Blaze, who was standing at one side, uttered, "But you'll slaughter the person who joins Seboxiasm, is that right?"

"Smart," Damoyed answered while wearing a kind smile. "The two of you have great potential. Killing Aetomoye and Louis, who were said to be imperishable, is already proof of your capabilities. If you two fall into Kenado's hand, I'm afraid there will be two more additions to the ranks of Divine Realm martial artists. I cannot stand by and watch as the difference in power between Damos and Seboxiasm grows wider. Hence, I have no choice but to put you in this difficult situation. Now, make a choice. Choose the sect you wish to support you. Then one of us will do our best to secure your survival."

After listening to Damoyed's speech, Jonathan turned to gaze at Kenado.

Kenado appeared to be meditating as he merely stared at Jonathan and Blaze quietly.

At that point, speaking further was futile.

Jonathan and Blaze were like two pieces of commodities at that instant. Damoyed and Kenado were merely waiting for Jonathan and Blaze to make up their minds before deciding whether to make a move.

Blaze's eyes glinted as he gazed at Kenado.

As Blaze was the one who murdered Louis, Kenado had been directing his killing intent at Blaze ever since his advent.

Blaze had a feeling Kenado wouldn't let him off easy even if he were to join Seboxiasm.

"We need some time to discuss," Blaze said coldly through gritted teeth.

Kenado trained his turbid eyes on Jonathan and Blaze for a long while before averting his eyes in acquiescence.

Blaze stretched out his right arm and gently waved his hand to isolate himself and Jonathan from the others using Spatial Pryncyp.

Damoyed and Kenado were slightly taken aback by Blaze's gesture. Still, they didn't let their emotions show.

After all, the two had completely sealed off the area using their Pryncyp. It was no longer possible for Jonathan and Blaze to escape that place using Spatial Pryncyp.

Blaze covered his mouth with his hand to prevent Damoyed and Kenado from seeing the movements of his lips.

"Jonathan, be honest with me. What's with your ability to heal wounds rapidly?"

"Damn it! We're caught in a life-and-death predicament now. How can you still dwell on that matter?" Jonathan covered his mouth and shouted while gnashing his teeth. "We're now considered friends who have survived ordeals together. Can you quit coveting my trump card?"

"I'm not coveting anything. I'm just thinking of a way to survive!" Blaze was enraged by Jonathan's remark. He hurriedly added, "Jonathan, do you still remember the technique I used when I slayed Amiel?"

Amiel?

Jonathan frowned while taking a walk down memory lane.

Blaze escaped the God and Devil dimension moments after Jonathan and Vikas left that place. As for Amiel, he was possessed by the severed head in God and Devil's hand and turned into a freak with two heads.

At that time, the trio was engaged in an intense battle. In order to eradicate Amiel, Blaze entered a void and revealed only a sword-wielding arm to cut off Amiel's head.

However, because of that, the mysterious severed head officially took over Amiel's body and fled afterward.

Brows knitted, Jonathan nodded while staring at Blaze.

"I do. You stretched out your hand and cut off that guy's head."

Blaze explained, "I didn't just stretch out my hand! That was a result of my decision to linger in the chaos dimension temporarily." Then, he uttered to Jonathan in an undertone, "I can pull you into the chaos dimension as well. That is a highly disorganized space isolated from reality. I'll endure a significant backlash if we wish to hide within the chaos dimension. Based on my previous experiments, I can linger there for at most eight seconds. Upon exiting, I'll need to recuperate for three months to achieve complete recovery. According to my estimation, my limit is around ten seconds. However, if your regenerative ability can hold out for a sufficient period, I can hide us within the chaos dimension longer. In that case, perhaps we'll be able to escape from here!"

"Are you serious?" Jonathan looked at Blaze doubtfully. "Blaze, I think you're getting more proficient at scamming and lying now. What if you bring me into the chaos dimension and leave me stranded there?"

Blaze stared at Jonathan in a daze for a long while before finally letting out a long sigh.

He pointed his middle fingers at Jonathan and uttered, "Jonathan, f*ck you!"

"Back at you!" Jonathan swung his fist at Blaze's face.

At the same time, Blaze lifted his leg and booted Jonathan's abdomen.

The two God Realm martial artists began hitting one another, fighting like hooligans without using their spiritual energy.

Twisting Jonathan's right arm, Blaze bellowed, "F*ck you and your whole family. Did you become a member of the higher-ups in your organization for

too long until the position corrupted your mind? Aren't you behaving too paranoiacally?"

Jonathan tugged at Blaze's hair. "Damn you! You were trying to fool me into becoming some stupid knight. How can I trust you with my life?"

"I can swear on it with my most esteemed reputation!"

Jonathan scolded loudly, "Esteemed reputation, my foot! How can you be reputable when you're an assassin? F*ck you! I'll pluck off all your hair and turn you into a bald man."

Jonathan pulled Blaze's hair forcefully as he shouted and, indeed, ended up pulling out a huge chunk of the latter's hair.

Standing outside the Spatial Pryncyp, Damoyed and Kenado were dumbfounded.

Although they could figure out Jonathan and Blaze's conversation by reading the movements of their lips, they were still baffled by what Jonathan and Blaze were doing. Are they putting up an act? They're assaulting each other with the lowliest techniques. Hair-grabbing, nose-picking, and even targeting one another's private parts...

Damoyed and Kenado felt uncomfortable as they took in Jonathan and Blaze's uncultured and dishonorable brawl. Assuming they are really fighting, they didn't actually have to engage in this fistfight since they are both cultivators. They could've utilized their spiritual energy to strangle their opponent or even shatter their opponent's meridian.

Jonathan and Blaze wrestled on the rooftop. Just as Blaze was about to turn bald, he finally yelled at Jonathan, "That's enough! I swear on my cultivation, which you Chanaeans regard with utmost importance, that I will not leave you behind no matter what. Will that be sufficient?"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 828

The Legendary Man Chapter 828-"Are you serious?" Jonathan asked Blaze again as he panted heavily.

"Are you serious?" Jonathan asked Blaze again as he panted heavily.

“I swore on my cultivation, didn’t I? What else do you want from me?” Blaze retorted as he kicked Jonathan aside in frustration. “You should believe me now, right?”

“Yes, I do,” Jonathan responded. He then patted his clothes and got to his feet. “Let’s do as you say!”

They go to their feet to face Damoyed and Kenado.

Damoyed flashed a pleasant smile. “So? Have you made your choice?”

“Yes!” came Jonathan’s cheery answer.

“What is your choice, then?”

The moment Damoyed asked that question, Jonathan promptly discovered he was the target of two killing auras.

“Our choices are...”

Jonathan stretched his left hand out and placed it on Blaze’s shoulder as he spoke.

However, he gave Damoyed the middle finger with his right hand.

“F*ck you!”

Swoosh!

Crack!

An invisible blade and a purple flashlight rammed into each other.

These were Damoyed’s and Kenado’s killing moves. They could’ve easily killed Jonathan but ended up crashing into each other forcefully.

Right before the attacks could hit them, Jonathan and Blaze quickly vanished from sight and found refuge in an alternate chaos dimension, allowing them to escape the danger.

They found themselves suspended in a peculiar dimension, one that seemed to exist independently from the world they knew, yet they could observe the exterior world with remarkable clarity.

They saw Damoyed shaking in anger and the vicious look in Kenado's eyes. In fact, they saw all the details, including the ripples formed by the Pryncyp collision earlier.

They felt as though they were observing the world through a VR headset.

They saw everything with startling clarity, but they felt completely detached from it.

Jonathan turned over his shoulder to glance at the ruins of Bazar Temple. Nothing had changed even though he was now within the chaos dimension.

"Blaze, this is amazing! I had originally assumed that entering the chaos dimension would mean entering a state of pandemonium and disarray, but it looks like I could not have been more wrong. So this is what the chaos dimension looks like."

"This isn't the chaos dimension!" Blaze managed between gritted teeth.

It seemed that he was enduring excruciating pain.

"My spiritual treasure is currently protecting you. I'm the only one who has to suffer the chaotic backlash from it. If we were in the real chaos dimension, the two old men outside would perish just by touching it, let alone you."

"Oh, I see."

Jonathan couldn't sense the real situation within the dimension, but he knew his life force was surging toward Blaze.

He turned to Blaze, wearing a grim expression. With each passing second, his life force was rapidly draining away, and he knew that he only had three minutes left.

The coffin had made it clear that it would never lend its life force to Jonathan anymore.

"Blaze, I need to let you know that our life force can last for one minute and thirty seconds at most!"

Blaze looked at Jonathan in astonished admiration, his eyes wide with surprise. "Really? That long?" he asked incredulously.

Jonathan was confused. "Is one minute considered long?"

"Hey, we're enduring the chaos dimension's backlash. Holding out for thirty seconds at most is already considered quite impressive," Blaze disclosed with a sigh.

"One minute is enough for us to leave."

Blaze turned and led him away.

Jonathan reached out and grabbed his shoulder. "Blaze, can you open a portal? I want to poke that old b*stard to his death!"

Blaze turned over his shoulder to see Jonathan holding the black spear he got from Devil and God.

"Seriously?" Blaze yanked Jonathan and ran straight ahead. "If you hadn't insisted on bombing them, we would've escaped by now!"

"Hey, that's enough. I promise I won't poke them. Stop pulling my ears!" Jonathan howled in pain.

They charged ahead at full force, not leaving any traces behind.

The Pryncyp restraint was like a heavy, inky black cloth draped over Blaze when he found himself in the normal dimension. He felt completely cut off and isolated, unable to sense anything from the outside world, let alone open a portal to escape with Jonathan.

However, the Pryncyps in the outside world couldn't affect Blaze when he was in the chaos dimension. He easily made his way outside.

"Let's go!"

Blaze firmly grasped Jonathan's hand and led him forward with a determined stride, and they appeared in the outside world again.

However, they were currently thousands of meters away from where they started.

The moment their auras emerged, Damoyed and Kenado turned to look in their direction.

However, Jonathan and Blaze vanished in a split second. This time, they had traveled too far away to be detected by Damoyed and Kenado.

Jonathan and Blaze had escaped successfully.

“Damoyed, is this the outcome you desire?” Kenado asked calmly as he stared at the ruins of Bazar Temple at its top.

Damoyed let out an icy snort. “Kenado, if you’re not interested in power, then I ask that you kindly relinquish the position and allow me to take on the role of the Sage of Seboxiasm. We don’t have to go against each other.”

“You should leave,” Kenado said calmly as he clasped his hand before his chest. “Our beloved master foresaw that one day we would come to be at odds with each other. He believed that it was necessary to take preemptive action, and so commanded me to put an end to your life. However, I was not willing to carry out such a heinous act. I take full responsibility for this and accept the repercussions of my decision. From this point forward, we are no longer connected in any way. Should you make a mistake of this magnitude again, I will not hesitate to make good on my master’s original command.”

With that, he took one step forward and disappeared from the rooftop.

The dark, oppressive clouds that had been looming in the sky slowly dissipated, giving way to the brilliant, orange sun as it set on the horizon. Peace had been restored in Newcove once again.

Nevertheless, the ruins conveyed a strong message to everyone that nothing would ever be the same again.

Five figures belonging to Damos members landed on the rooftop.

“Lord Damoyed, the rest are dead,” a cultivator in the advanced phase of God Realm reported politely.

“Mm.” Damoyed gave a curt nod. “You did a great job. Let’s go.”

Under his lead, they left the ruins.

Under the huge statue of Seboxia, Kenado clasped his hand as he stared at Seboxia’s tomb.

“Seboxia, is leaving with him part of your evolution with the heaven and earth? It’s time to bring an end to this game that has lasted for one thousand and six hundred years.”

Outside the courtyard, dozens of cultivators in Grandmaster Realm came closer as Kenado walked out.

“This is a holy order. All disciples in Grandmaster Realm or above must gather here three days later. Those who are late shall be killed!”

Hearing his order, the Grandmaster Realm cultivators gave a deep bow.

“Understood!”

After they left, Kenado lifted his head to stare at the giant statue.

“It’s time for a change in the West Region!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 829

The Legendary Man Chapter 829-Blaze and Jonathan emerged in a house at the edge of Newcove.

Blaze and Jonathan emerged in a house at the edge of Newcove.

Two people entangled in a passionate embrace were stabbed by a dagger, dying before they could see who the intruders were.

Jonathan gave Blaze a disapproving look.

“You didn’t have to do that. You could have just knocked them out.”

Blaze sat on the couch and picked up a bottle of unfinished wine. He gave it a sniff before taking a huge gulp.

Jonathan calmed down, sensing half of his life force within him.

Even if Jonathan was severely injured, he could still rebuild his body with the remaining life force.

After downing half the contents of the wine bottle, Blaze said cheerfully, “Seal your spiritual energy. We might’ve escaped several dozens of miles, but who

knows what a Divine Realm cultivator is capable of? We won't get this lucky if we get captured again."

He wasn't telling Jonathan to seal his meridians.

What he meant was that Jonathan should control his cultivation method to make sure it didn't communicate with the rotation of the outside world.

Once communication was cut off, the spiritual energy in the outer world wouldn't fluctuate. No one could detect Jonathan's location through energy fluctuation unless they used their spiritual energy or spiritual sense to envelop his body.

Jonathan took a seat across from Blaze and found some snacks under the coffee table. He ripped it open and started stuffing food into his mouth.

When cultivators fought, they exhausted not only their spiritual energy but also their vitality.

In a single day, Jonathan's life hung in the balance multiple times, which required him to go through the arduous process of rebuilding his body each time. Thus, he was in a state of extreme hunger due to the lack of sustenance.

Jonathan would find pet food delicious, not to mention snacks.

After consuming the snacks, he turned around to face the bed, which was saturated with an ominous, crimson hue from the spilled blood.

"You're quite bloodthirsty, huh? No wonder you're known as the best of assassins."

"Stop joking," Blaze replied with a grin. "You have uncovered the gruesome truth of the Pryncyp of Slaughter. How can you possibly accuse someone else of being bloodthirsty? That's absurd. There must be a minimum of millions of people who have perished as a direct or indirect result of your actions. In a mere twelve hours, you have slain an innumerable amount of Grandmaster Realm cultivators and above at Bazar Temple. Do you truly have any regard for their lives? We are both equally merciless killers. Don't attempt to portray yourself as a saint."

Jonathan froze.

“I only kill those who deserve to die.”

“That’s purely your opinion!” Blaze mocked. “Remember Louis and Aetomoye? Did they threaten your family or do something immoral? We’re all cultivators, so it’s pointless to discuss this.”

As Blaze spoke, he lit up a cigar for himself.

“Jonathan, pray tell. What is your next move?”

“Go back to Chanaea,” Jonathan replied without hesitation.

According to Aiden’s previous assessment, Dorian could only survive for approximately two weeks. Jonathan had been here for ten days. He feared Dorian would not be able to last the remaining time if he did not return.

“I know you’ll definitely return to Chanaea,” Blaze answered with a chuckle. “I mean, what do you plan to do after returning to Chanaea?”

“What will happen after I return to Chanaea?” Jonathan furrowed his brows.

Something told him that Blaze was up to something. Has he not given up on persuading me to join their Holy War?

Blaze pondered briefly before explaining, “Chanaea is in a precarious situation. To the north, they are neighbored by Remdik, to the west by the West Region, and to the east by Jetroina. All three of these countries are powerful and have their eyes on Chanaea’s resources, making them a constant threat of war. The tension is only exacerbated by the internal strife within Chanaea, as the eight respectable families are becoming increasingly unruly, causing the high-ranking cultivators not to cooperate to face the outside enemies. The only thing standing between Chanaea and total chaos is Asura’s Office, but it may not be enough to handle both the internal and external issues. Can Chanaea overcome these dual threats and maintain peace and stability?”

Jonathan tossed away the snack and leaned into his chair, casting Blaze a frosty look.

“Your evaluation of Chanaea is even more impressive than my own, particularly considering I am Asura. You clearly possess a great deal of

knowledge regarding the eight respectable families. That must have required a considerable amount of effort and dedication on your part.”

“Not really,” Blaze replied as he waved his hands. “You know I’m only competent in assassination and infiltration. We could not ascertain what the eight mysterious respectable families were until Asura’s Office conducted an investigation, and we were made privy to all the relevant information.”

Jonathan gave a curt nod.

“Got it. I understand that the Apocalypse is more than capable of infiltrating Asura’s Office. Why did you bring up Chanaea’s situation with me? Is it simply an attempt to assist me in better understanding the situation, or is there something else you are trying to tell me?”

“Of course not,” Blaze responded as he puffed out smoke. “I want to make it clear to you that if you so desire, I can create an immense amount of disarray and havoc in both the West Region and Jetroina. This would leave them in a helpless state, allowing you to successfully conquer and combine the two nations. I’m sure you understand the requirement for me to do so.”

“You want me to become a knight?” Jonathan asked curiously.

“Yes.” A smile nudged Blaze’s lips. “The war will not take place in Chanaea. Rather, it will take place in a separate nation. I hope this knowledge offers some level of comfort.”

“I’m not interested.” Jonathan shook his head.

He never wanted to start a war, even if Blaze promised that he could reign over the people after they established a new conduct.

Jonathan had absolutely no interest whatsoever.

His goal had always been discovering Pryncyps, and he couldn’t afford to create discord in society.

Blaze got to his feet and let out a long sigh.

“Jonathan, remember my condition. If you ever find yourself in trouble because of the actions of Remdik, the West Region, and Jetroina, you can always come to me for help. Additionally, regarding the eight powerful families

that you're so concerned about, they have already reached the peak of their power in Chanaea. If you truly wish to uncover the secrets of Pryncyp, you must be wary of the Enlighteners, otherwise known as the Divine Punishers. They originated from the secluded sects, and their goal is to create a free state. Should anyone attempt to surpass Divine Realm, they will be silently killed by the Divine Punishers. I understand that you may not want to work with me now, but I'm sure you will come to me once you have achieved Divine Realm," Blaze said as his lips curled into a smirk.

With that, he took one step forward and disappeared.

The Divine Punishers?

That was the first time Jonathan had ever heard about them, but the information caused him to feel a tremendous amount of stress.

Divine Realm was the highest possible realm in the world. Above it was Ultimate Realm, which had only appeared in legends.

Cosmic Realm, once a powerful force above even Ultimate Realm, had faded into obscurity after its heyday in ancient times.

Jonathan couldn't help but wonder if the Enlighteners, having the power to build the most powerful nation, could also hunt and kill those in Ultimate Realm.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 830

The Legendary Man Chapter 830-Amidst the yellow sand of Mysonna, a figure zipped past, swiftly heading west while leaving a cloud of yellow dust in his wake.

Amidst the yellow sand of Mysonna, a figure zipped past, swiftly heading west while leaving a cloud of yellow dust in his wake.

Right then, Jonathan had already crossed the national borders and entered well into Chanaea's territory.

From afar, at the west of Saosa Desert, he spotted the remnants of the desert poplar that stood at a height of less than a hundred meters.

When he had drawn closer, a wide grin split his face as he caught sight of the car parked under the tree.

“Sure enough, my homeland has far better security. I’ve parked my car at this spot for a long time. But then, it’s still here.”

Climbing into the driver’s seat, he took out the key and inserted it into the ignition.

Boom!

Like a fountain, yellow sand sprayed twenty to thirty meters high, scattering into the sky. Jonathan lay on the yellow sand, his life force healing his wounds at lightning speed.

Argh! Someone attached a bomb to my car!

“I’ll definitely kill that person if I find out who did this!” he snarled through gritted teeth, glaring at the SUV that had been blown to pieces.

Jonathan sprinted the rest of the hundred miles. It took him until sundown before he finally glimpsed the outline of Northern Crimson Prison.

Although Northern Crimson Prison had already been destroyed then, reconstruction was on the Mysonna Army’s agenda.

There were still armed guards on the city walls that had collapsed at the west.

“Reporting in! It’s detected that a living creature is rapidly approaching from the west at eighty kilometers per hour, suspected of being a cultivator!”

Following that bellow, the soldiers stationed on the west wall lifted their guns and pointed them at the west.

In the desert, a cloud of dust whizzed forward at high speed.

“Fire!”

The instant that order rang out, two crisp pops split the air as two snipers on the watchtower opened fire.

Clink! Clink!

A burst of golden light shimmered before Jonathan, and the two bullets from the sniper rifles bounced off, one after another.

“These little brats are vigilant!” Jonathan commented with a gratified smile upon sensing the immense impact.

Nonetheless, he didn’t slow down. Instead, he put on a burst of speed and charged toward Northern Crimson Prison.

Since Northern Crimson Prison was Mysonna’s last distribution stop, its restoration was of the essence. Alas, the Mysonna Army had suffered heavy losses. Despite the thirty thousand people transferred over from the Zaidham Army and the Northern Army, they were all in the process of adapting.

In truth, only some four thousand rubble-clearing soldiers were at Northern Crimson Prison presently.

Only a few hundred soldiers stood guard outside, with merely about a hundred on the west side. Thus, firepower was limited.

For that reason, the rifle bullets couldn’t harm a hair on Jonathan’s head despite the plinking sounds on the protective shield.

During the last few hundred meters, the man unleashed his skills to the maximum. His figure flashed so quickly that even the two outstanding snipers couldn’t lock onto him.

“Damn you! I’ll die with you!”

Seeing that Jonathan was already close to them, the commander on the city walls roared before rushing toward him with two grenades in hand.

“Whoa!”

Dodging the commander, Jonathan made a hand seal and confined the spiritual energy around the man.

On the heels of that, he snatched the two grenades, whose pins had been removed, away and flung them far into the distance.

Dozens of meters away, two muffled blasts sounded in succession.

Jonathan waved a hand and dispelled the spiritual energy around the commander.

“I’m Jonathan Goldstein!” he cried out at the top of his lungs.

“I don’t f*cking care!”

Whipping out a dagger, the commander swung it at Jonathan’s neck.

Left with no other choice, Jonathan again used spiritual energy to restrain the man.

He massaged his throbbing temples and muttered, “I forgot that my identity is classified for the lot of you.”

At the sight of the dozens of muzzles pointing at him, he used his spiritual sense to rummage around in his storage ring.

“This is my military seal. I’m Asura!” Jonathan asserted.

He tossed the lion military seal into the commander’s hand.

The mention of Asura promptly made the commander’s heart jolt.

He scrutinized the military seal in his hand for a long moment. In the end, he made a call to his superior to verify Jonathan’s identity and authenticated the man as Asura.

No one had ever expected Asura himself to personally inspect the soldiers’ progress in clearing the rubble. The news spread, resulting in the entire Northern Crimson Prison plunging into an uproar.

Jonathan gazed down at the four thousand people gathered below, inexorably feeling a touch anguished.

As a cultivator, he had military power over Asura’s Office and could make the whole world tremble.

Yet, the eight strong troops mostly comprised young men of flesh and blood.

In other words, they were guarding Chanaea’s territory with their mortal bodies.

The more Jonathan stared into their scorching gazes, the greater his determination to draw the line with Blaze.

After all, a single wave of his hand had the power to have millions of people fighting to their deaths, and a single look from him sufficed to change a party's situation.

They all regarded him as their idol, yet ninety percent of them had no idea about Asura's true identity.

I'd be worse than a monster if I were to exchange their lives for so-called benefits or status!

Amidst the ruins of Northern Crimson Prison, Jonathan shared a meal with the four thousand people.

As he ate and drank with them, he even performed some spells exclusive to cultivators for their entertainment on the raised platform in the middle, winning him a series of cheers.

While he wanted to stay and help them clear away the large pieces of rubble, he knew it wasn't where he was supposed to be.

Standing on the city walls, Jonathan watched the crowd return to their posts below.

"Is Dorian still in Zadiff?"

At that question, the commander hastily stepped forward, answering, "Mr. Chance is still recuperating in Zadiff, Sir."

Jonathan dipped his head a fraction in acknowledgment. Then he turned to the man and patted him on the shoulder.

"The patrol and defense did a good job. Everyone reacted quickly with a resolute counterattack. Keep up the great work."

"Understood!"

When the young commander received a compliment from Asura himself, he was instantly fired up.

Jonathan's easygoing personality enabled the soldiers around him to relax.

A newly recruited soldier exclaimed excitedly, "You know what, Sir? Our commander has said that while it's impossible for us to declare war with the West Region for the time being, we've got to be on guard. The scope of our patrol has extended to below the desert poplar. We even found a car there with Zadiff's license plate. But we investigated, and there was no record of it at all. Hence, our commander suspected that it was likely driven away by a spy who infiltrated our base. He even attached an explosive to it personally. If the spy dares drive the car, he'll be blasted to pieces!"

Halting in his tracks, Jonathan turned to the commander, the look in his eyes as calm as ever.

"You attached the bomb personally?"

"Yes!" the commander answered enthusiastically. Subsequently, he glanced at the soldier at the side with embarrassment written all over his face. "Why did you tell Asura all that? That's our responsibility."

Jonathan stretched out a hand and beckoned at the dozen soldiers standing on guard nearby, summoning them all over.

"Come here. I'm now giving you a command as Asura's Office's commander-in-chief." He pointed at the commander and continued, "You're not to break his bones or inflict any internal damage on him, but you must make it so that he can't get out of bed for three days. Get him!"