

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 861

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While putting all his weight against the large rock, he took some time to straighten his collar.

He then said, "Antoine is a madman to be carrying so many aerial bombs with him. Is he trying to turn the military helicopter into a fighter jet?"

Stepping on the few Grendmaster Realm cultivators, Karl turned his head to stare at Jonathan with a look of resentment flickering in his eyes.

Do you even have the right to call Antoine crazy? Isn't this just the pot calling the kettle black? Besides, Antoine's simply carrying explosives with him. At the very least, he could use bringing in supplies as an excuse for his actions. As for you, you're carrying parts of the anti-aircraft gun that you disassembled with you, so who's the crazy one here?

Just as the thought flashed into his mind, Karl was rendered stunned.

After a moment, he asked, "Mr. Goldstein, do you think Antoine is trying to send supplies to the frontline? Otherwise, there is no need for him to bring so many bombs with him. If it was just for protection, it would have been better for him to bring some high explosives instead."

"Send supplies, you say?" Jonathan panted and lowered his gaze to look at the eight people who were beaten and bruised. He then pointed at the nearest cultivator to him and probed, "You're one of Team Alpha's members, aren't you? Tell me what your mission is right now."

"Heh! Why don't you just kill me—"

Before the member of Team Alpha could finish his sentence, Jonathan had already pierced his heart with his sword.

As blood spurted out of the man's mouth, Jonathan pulled out Heaven Sword and pressed it against the former's head.

He could feel the mysterious coffin within his elixir field start releasing a strange wave as it tried to absorb the life force that was about to drift off from the dying men.

After fumbling around with it for some time, he was aware of what the coffin was trying to do.

It seemed that only people who were killed by Jonethen and were on the verge of death could have their life force taken by the coffin.

Even though the ability to snatch away one's life force was considered blasphemous, Jonethen reckoned it was still an ability acknowledged and accepted by the Heavenly Pryncyp.

He also knew that the life force of a healthy person could never be taken away, for it was protected by the Heavenly Pryncyp. This in turn further deepened his speculation about the coffin.

I'm sure what the coffin likes about me is my Pryncyp of Slaughter. After all, the only people who could comprehend this kind of Pryncyp were the kind that spent their lives killing, thus making them the perfect tool for the coffin to collect life forces.

A figure darted from the side and rushed to lean against Korl's flank. The figure was none other than Jonothon.

While putting all his weight against the large rock, he took some time to straighten his collar.

He then said, "Antoine is a madman to be carrying so many aerial bombs with him. Is he trying to turn the military helicopter into a fighter jet?"

Stepping on the few Grandmaster Realm cultivators, Korl turned his head to stare at Jonothon with a look of resentment flickering in his eyes.

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As blood spurted out of the man’s mouth, Jonathon pulled out Heaven Sword and pressed it against the former’s head.

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He also knew that the life force of a healthy person could never be taken away, for it was protected by the Heavenly Pryncyp. This in turn further deepened his speculation about the coffin.

I'm sure what the coffin likes about me is my Pryncyp of Slaughter. After all, the only people who could comprehend this kind of Pryncyp were the kind that spent their lives killing, thus making them the perfect tool for the coffin to collect life forces.

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Subsequently, Jonathan turned his attention to the next cultivator and asked again, "What is your mission?"

"Will you let us go if I tell you?"

With his face still stained with the blood of his dead comrade, the second member of Team Alpha knew it would be useless to go against two God Realm fighters. Since resistance was futile, he decided it would be better to talk terms with Jonathan instead.

"Sure," came Jonathan's reply as he plunged Heaven Sword straight into the neck of the second member.

The remaining six Grandmaster Realm cultivators, including Korl, were left confounded by his action.

Just as Jonothon was done killing the second member, he pointed his sword at the third member.

He uttered with a chuckle, "Each of you will only have one chance to speak. I won't kill the person who tells me what the mission is. Of course, if you find it shameful to betray your comrades and are embarrassed to do such a thing in front of them, I don't mind killing each of you off randomly until the last one standing spills everything to me, making those who died before suffer a vain death."

After saying his piece, he nodded his head at the third member, signaling him to talk.

The third member glanced at his companions, his eyes flashing with hesitation.

Jonothon simply thrusts his sword out without any delay.

Just when the sword had pierced into the flesh between the cultivator's eyes, he cried out, "I'll talk!"

Jonothon nodded before retracting his sword and smiling at the cultivator.

"We're here on an escort mission, but we have no idea what we're actually escorting. All we know is that our mission will be completed once we've reached the Medved Army base safely."

Jonothon turned to look at the remaining cultivators, only to see them nodding their heads fervently.

Bemused, he said to the cultivators, "All of you are free to go."

The Grandmaster Realm cultivators almost burst into tears when they heard that, for they had already prepared themselves for the worst.

Even Korl was looking at Jonothon with a shocked expression.

He asked, "Are you really going to let them go, Mr. Goldstein?"

Jonothon let out a chuckle and replied, "A man should always keep his word. Since I can't kill them, I'll leave them to you."

With that, he jumped to his feet and ran in the direction of the explosion on the ridge.

Behind him, wails and shrieks rang out incessantly. Korl didn't spare the slightest mercy to those cultivators.

Standing on the ridge, Jonothan looked at the sea of fire beneath him coldly.

The explosion of more than thirty aerial bombs had set the entire northern side of the mountain in flames, turning the cold winter night unbearably hot.

With Heaven Sword in his hand, Jonothan put up his spirit shield and rushed straight down the mountain.

He didn't want to kill Antoine before because he had thought he could use him as a bargaining chip and force Doveston to retreat.

However, since there was no possibility that Antoine was bringing in supplies for the Medved Army, Jonothan could no longer let him live.

After all, even a one-month supply for the army could be considered a strategic-level resource.

Jonothan charged through the fire and rushed in the direction where the military helicopter fell, leaving only his afterimage behind.

When he was avoiding the explosions before, he had sensed Antoine's aura and could tell this was the direction the man had run in.

Arriving at the volley, Jonothan could see that the military helicopter had already been reduced to a pile of scrap metal.

He used his spiritual sense to give the helicopter a sweep, and a dubious look soon spread across his face.

It's missing one corpse. Counting Antoine, there should have been a total of eleven people inside the helicopter. Nine of them ran out, two of which were killed by me when I threw my daggers through their head and chest. It seems that Antoine has taken one of the corpses with him. This could only mean that he had brought quite a lot of stuff with him this time, and he couldn't fit them all on his person. Guess I hit the jackpot this time, huh?

Jonothon looked at the footprints on the ground. He could tell that Antoine must have left in a hurry, for the man didn't even have the time to clean up his traces.

"You won't be able to escape," he muttered before disappearing into the pitch-black darkness ahead.

Meanwhile, Antoine was frantically pushing forward along the forest.

"Aidan, you'd better be looking for my position and coming to meet me. I swear Jonothon's gone crazy! Now that the whole Arctic Army supplies are with me, we'll all be doomed if you come too late!"

On the road next to the reservoir of Lerner River, the door of the command vehicle in the middle of a convoy was suddenly kicked open.

Subsequently, two figures leaped out of the car and bolted toward the mountain range next to them.

Standing in front of the command vehicle, Alexander hesitated for a moment before turning to look at the adjutant next to him.

"Relay my order. Get the men to march faster. Everyone must reach the designated location by daybreak!"

Standing on the ridge, Jonathan looked at the sea of fire beneath him calmly.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 862

The Legendary Man Chapter 862-While Aidan and Avery were rushing in Antoine's direction to rescue the latter, inside Kremalos Palace at Remdik's capital, Saspiuburg, the tsar and Ivanov had also received news about the supplies being looted.

While Aidan and Avery were rushing in Antoine's direction to rescue the latter, inside Kremalos Palace at Remdik's capital, Saspiuburg, the tsar and Ivanov had also received news about the supplies being looted.

Sitting on the couch, the tsar appeared slightly clumsy and endearing with his miniature stature and plump face.

His sparse hair had turned entirely white, and there were also a few obvious aging pigments on his forehead.

If anyone were to see an old man like that on the streets, no one would relate him to the tser of Remdik, the men wielding the highest authority in the country.

Beside him was an elegant lady in her thirties. She was kneeling on one knee before him while clicking on a lighter, helping the tser to light his cigar.

Standing at one side and wearing an impressive facial expression, Ivenov looked at the tser and nodded at the latter.

“Your Majesty, I would like to activate the ancient portal formation.”

The woman handed the cigar to the tser and slowly stood up. “Are you doing that for your grandson’s sake? Ivenov, you should understand something. You’ve delayed our previous plan for the war at River Onyx for half a year because of your grandson, and the tser has been sufficiently munificent toward you for not pursuing that matter. Yet, now you’re thinking about using the ancient portal formation for that brat’s sake. Do you really think of Remdik as your family’s backyard so that you can constantly do as you please?”

Noticing the tser’s silence, Ivenov shifted his gaze to the gorgeous lady opposite him.

“Seveneh, I suggest you mind your own business. If it weren’t for the tser’s protection, I would’ve effortlessly wiped out your entire clan.”

As he threatened her, Ivenov unleashed a massive surge of spiritual energy, which seemed to materialize into a transparent tidal wave crashing into Seveneh.

She took a step forward and fully displayed her prowess as an advanced phase God Realm cultivator, facing Ivenov’s attack head-on.

The tser merely sat quietly on the couch as if nothing had happened.

As a Divine Realm expert, even a spiritual strike from Ivenov was devastating.

Geles erupted inside the room, and the whole place turned into a mess as their spiritual energies collided.

Only the couch the tser was sitting on remained unmoving. Even the smoke puffed out by him billowed as usual.

Ultimately, Sevenneh's spirit shield couldn't endure the tremendous pressure anymore as Ivenov gradually amplified his strength.

While Aidon and Avery were rushing in Antoine's direction to rescue the latter, inside Kremolos Palace at Remdik's capital, Sospiuburg, the tsar and Ivenov had also received news about the supplies being looted.

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His sparse hair had turned entirely white, and there were also a few obvious aging pigments on his forehead.

If anyone were to see an old man like that on the streets, no one would relate him to the tsar of Remdik, the man wielding the highest authority in the country.

Beside him was an elegant lady in her thirties. She was kneeling on one knee before him while clicking on a lighter, helping the tsar to light his cigar.

Standing on one side and wearing an impassive facial expression, Ivenov looked at the tsar and nodded at the latter.

"Your Majesty, I would like to activate the ancient portal formation."

The woman handed the cigar to the tsar and slowly stood up. "Are you doing that for your grandson's sake? Ivenov, you should understand something. You've delayed our previous plan for the war of River Onyx for half a year because of your grandson, and the tsar has been sufficiently munificent toward you for not pursuing that matter. Yet, now you're thinking about using the ancient portal formation for that brat's sake. Do you really think of Remdik as your family's backyard so that you can constantly do as you please?"

Noticing the tsar's silence, Ivenov shifted his gaze to the gorgeous lady opposite him.

"Sovonoh, I suggest you mind your own business. If it weren't for the tsar's protection, I would've effortlessly wiped out your entire clan."

As he threatened her, Ivonov unleashed a massive surge of spiritual energy, which seemed to materialize into a transparent tidal wave crashing into Sovonoh.

She took a step forward and fully displayed her prowess as an advanced phase God Realm cultivator, facing Ivonov's attack head-on.

The tsar merely sat quietly on the couch as if nothing had happened.

As a Divine Realm expert, even a spiritual strike from Ivonov was devastating.

Flames erupted inside the room, and the whole place turned into a mess as their spiritual energies collided.

Only the couch the tsar was sitting on remained unmoving. Even the smoke puffed out by him billowed as usual.

Ultimately, Sovonoh's spirit shield couldn't endure the tremendous pressure anymore as Ivonov gradually amplified his strength.

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Sitting on the couch, the tsar appeared slightly clumsy and adorable with his miniature stature and plump face.

His sparse hair had turned entirely white, and there were also a few obvious aging pigments on his forehead.

If anyone were to see an old man like that on the streets, no one would relate him to the tsar of Remdik, the man wielding the highest authority in the country.

Beside him was an elegant lady in her thirties. She was kneeling on one knee before him while clicking on a lighter, helping the tsar to light his cigar.

Standing at one side and wearing an impassive facial expression, Ivanov looked at the tsar and nodded at the latter.

"Your Majesty, I would like to activate the ancient portal formation."

The woman handed the cigar to the tsar and slowly stood up. "Are you doing that for your grandson's sake? Ivanov, you should understand something. You've delayed our previous plan for the war at River Onxy for half a year because of your grandson, and the tsar has been sufficiently munificent toward you for not pursuing that matter. Yet, now you're thinking about using the ancient portal formation for that brat's sake. Do you really think of Remdik as your family's backyard so that you can constantly do as you please?"

Noticing the tsar's silence, Ivanov shifted his gaze to the gorgeous lady opposite him.

"Savannah, I suggest you mind your own business. If it weren't for the tsar's protection, I would've effortlessly wiped out your entire clan."

As he threatened her, Ivanov unleashed a massive surge of spiritual energy, which seemed to materialize into a transparent tidal wave crashing into Savannah.

She took a step forward and fully displayed her prowess as an advanced phase God Realm cultivator, facing Ivanov's attack head-on.

The tsar merely sat quietly on the couch as if nothing had happened.

As a Divine Realm expert, even a spiritual strike from Ivanov was devastating.

Gales erupted inside the room, and the whole place turned into a mess as their spiritual energies collided.

Only the couch the tsar was sitting on remained unmoving. Even the smoke puffed out by him billowed as usual.

Ultimately, Savannah's spirit shield couldn't endure the tremendous pressure anymore as Ivanov gradually amplified his strength.

Crack!

Following a crisp shattering sound, her body flew backward after being hit by the great spiritual energy.

Crock!

Following o crisp shottering sound, her body flew bockword offer being hit by the gret spirituol energy.

Meanwhile, Ivonov staggered and was about to dash forward to slaughter Sovonoh.

"That's enough." The tsor's nonchalant voice rang out.

Two large invisible hands stretched out toward the left and right, easily pushing Ivonov, who had leaped into midair, back to the ground.

Boom!

The earth beneath Ivonov's feet cracked.

The tsor's slap was poked with sufficient force to shove Ivonov approximately half a meter into the ground.

Opposite him, the large invisible hand caught Sovonoh and gently set her down on the floor.

"Your Majesty, Ivonov is clearly disrespecting you for daring to do battle before you!" Sovonoh yelled right after she steadied herself.

The tsor forced her to shut up with his spiritual energy by making the slightest gesture with his fingers.

Looking at Ivonov, the tsor smiled faintly and nodded.

"Ivonov, a single use of the ancient portal formation will expend a vast amount of spiritual energy. Even your family may not be able to afford the cost. I don't understand. He's just an ordinary descendant of yours. Why are you so distressed to the extent of willing to fight in front of me?" the tsor questioned Ivonov while looking at him.

Instantaneously, pin-drop silence filled the air inside the room. Even Sovonoh, who was unwilling to yield, looked at Ivonov in bewilderment.

In Remdik, Ivonov was not only the country's military advocate general but also his family's reigning patriarch.

In addition, with his Divine Realm cultivation level, he was truly second to only one man in Remdik.

Even so, Ivonov had always practiced self-restraint in everything he did, especially when dealing with the tsar. He never failed to keep up a humble and polite attitude.

However, this time, Ivonov was desperate enough to even stir a ruckus in Kremolos Poloce because of Antoine.

Hence, his motivation was worth knowing and pondering.

Boring his eyes into the tsar, Ivonov slowly regathered his spiritual energy and regained his composure.

After contemplating for a few moments, he uttered, "Your Majesty, although Antoine is nominally my grandson, he's actually my son, who was born out of wedlock with one of my descendants' wives I was having an affair with."

Ivonov spoke in a diminished voice, but his answer managed to make the tsar guffaw.

"Hoho! This is surprising, Ivonov. You're still vigorous despite your old age!" The tsar laughed so hard that his face turned red. It was as if he hadn't been that overjoyed in a long time. "What do you expect me to say? You could've obtained any woman you wanted with your status and cultivation level. Still, you did something as incredible as this. You must've been out of your mind."

Hearing the tsar's chortle and taking in Sovonoh's disdainful gaze, Ivonov lowered his head.

"I was drunk and lost control of myself. I hope you'll help me keep this secret."

"Rest assured. This matter won't spread beyond this room."

The tsar waved his hand at Sovonoh to remove the restrictions on her.

"Ivonov, the ancient protocol formation can only be activated when the country faces the danger of annihilation. This is a rule passed down by the previous generations of the tsar, so I'm incapable of helping you either. You may leave now to think of another way to save your son. However, regardless of Antoine's survival, he cannot remain as the commander-in-chief of Team Alpha after this. If he lives, you shall make the arrangements as you see fit."

“Thank you, Your Majesty.” Ivonov bowed at the tsar before turning around to leave.

After Ivonov’s presence completely vanished, Sovonoh snorted and shut the door to the conference room. “You shouldn’t have let him go just like that, Your Majesty.”

“Give up, Sovonoh. Your clan’s capabilities are far from sufficient to topple Ivonov’s family,” the tsar chirped while storing the cigar in his hand. “By the way, do you believe in what he just said?”

“Are you referring to his revelation of Antoine’s identity? I think that old man seems to be hiding something. He never gets drunk.”

Tsar asked cheerily, “Aidon and Avery should be hurrying over now, right?”

Sovonoh strode to one side and switched on the computer on the table. “According to the GPS signals, Aidon and Avery are moving rapidly toward the border between Redlington and Wildefield.”

The tsar nodded before turning to look at Sovonoh. “Sovonoh, tell Avery to stop Aidon’s rescue.”

“Stop the rescue? What about Antoine and the resources for the Arctic Army—” Before she could finish her sentence, her eyes met the tsar’s malevolent gaze. “I’ll execute your orders right away.”

Ivanov spoke in a diminished voice, but his answer managed to make the tsar guffaw.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 863

The Legendary Man Chapter 863-Ivanov got into a black minivan parked outside Kremalos Palace.

Ivanov got into the black minivan parked outside Kremalos Palace.

After closing the door, he retrieved the device about the size of the palm from his ring.

That was the counter-surveillance device that could detect the presence of listening devices within a ten-meter radius.

Ivenov breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the light turn green on the device.

A bespectacled young man dressed in a suit was seated in the driver's seat.

"Did something happen, Grendpe?" he asked after seeing how weary Ivenov looked.

Ivenov flashed him a helpless look as he replied, "Once we get home, I want you to tell the rest of our family to get ready. We might run into some serious trouble soon. I want everyone to be prepared."

The young man froze in confusion when he heard that.

Our family is so powerful that it's practically untouchable in Remdik! What could have possibly scared Grendpe so much?

"Grendpe, is it the tser—"

"Shut up!" Ivenov cut him off coldly.

The young man was so scared that he quickly shut up and remained silent.

Ivenov let out a helpless sigh when he saw the young man's terrified expression in the rear-view mirror.

"Antoine's cover might have been blown. Once we get back, I want you to inform the Collins family that our plan might fail."

"Understood, Grendpe!" the young man replied solemnly.

Antoine is our family's greatest secret! Is his cover really blown?

Meanwhile, Jonethen unleashed his force field in the forest and covered everything within a hundred-meter radius into his memory.

Although he couldn't pick up Antoine's scent, it would be hard for a person, who was running for his life, to conceal his tracks in a snowy forest.

By following the footprints and trail of branches on the ground, Jonethen was able to confirm that Antoine was straight ahead.

Realizing that he was closing in on Antoine, Jonethen ran forward at full speed as he shouted, "Do you really think you can run from me?"

He almost stirred up a blizzard as he dashed through the snowy forest like a lightning bolt.

"Leave me alone, Jonethen!" Antoine shouted back at Jonethen as he turned around and hurled a bomb at him.

This time, Jonethen took the blow head-on with his bronze handbell instead of dodging it.

Cleng!

The bomb bounced right off the bronze handbell and exploded when it landed on the ground behind Jonethen.

Ivonov got into a black minivan parked outside Kremolos Poloce.

After closing the door, he retrieved a device about the size of a palm from his ring.

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Ivonov breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the light turn green on the device.

A bespectacled young man dressed in a suit was seated in the driver's seat.

"Did something happen, Grandpo?" he asked after seeing how weary Ivonov looked.

Ivonov flashed him a helpless look as he replied, "Once we get home, I want you to tell the rest of our family to get ready. We might run into some serious trouble soon. I want everyone to be prepared."

The young man froze in confusion when he heard that.

Our family is so powerful that it's practically untouchable in Remdik! What could have possibly scared Grandpo so much?

"Grandpo, is it the tsor—"

“Shut up!” Ivonov cut him off coldly.

The young man was so scared that he quickly shut up and remained silent.

Ivonov let out a helpless sigh when he saw the young man's terrified expression in the rear-view mirror.

“Antoine's cover might have been blown. Once we get back, I want you to inform the Collins family that our plan might fail.”

“Understood, Grandpa!” the young man replied solemnly.

Antoine is our family's greatest secret! Is his cover really blown?

Meanwhile, Jonothan unleashed his force field in the forest and carved everything within a hundred-meter radius into his memory.

Although he couldn't pick up Antoine's aura, it would be hard for a person, who was running for his life, to conceal his tracks in a snowy forest.

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“Leave me alone, Jonothan!” Antoine shouted back at Jonothan as he turned around and hurled a bomb at him.

This time, Jonothan took the blow head-on with his bronze handbell instead of dodging it.

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The bomb bounced right off the bronze handbell and exploded when it landed on the ground behind Jonothan.

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"Grandpa, is it the tsar—"

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"Understood, Grandpa!" the young man replied solemnly.

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Meanwhile, Jonathan unleashed his force field in the forest and carved everything within a hundred-meter radius into his memory.

Although he couldn't pick up Antoine's aura, it would be hard for a person, who was running for his life, to conceal his tracks in a snowy forest.

By following the footprints and trail of branches on the ground, Jonathan was able to confirm that Antoine was straight ahead.

Realizing that he was closing in on Antoine, Jonathan ran forward at full speed as he shouted, "Do you really think you can run from me?"

He almost stirred up a blizzard as he dashed through the snowy forest like a lightning bolt.

"Leave me alone, Jonathan!" Antoine shouted back at Jonathan as he turned around and hurled a bomb at him.

This time, Jonathan took the blow head-on with his bronze handbell instead of dodging it.

Clang!

The bomb bounced right off the bronze handbell and exploded when it landed on the ground behind Jonathan.

The shockwave was so powerful that it sent Jonathan flying. While spinning in the air, Jonathan put his bronze handbell away and tossed two daggers at Antoine's back.

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A sudden burst of spiritual energy knocked the daggers aside when they were about to hit Antoine.

Boom!

The loud sound of a sniper rifle being fired echoed through the woods. The tree next to Antoine was blown to pieces.

After landing on his feet, Jonathan turned in the direction of the gunshot and saw Korl running toward them from the ridge of the mountain.

He motioned Korl to outflank Antoine while he ran toward Antoine's left side.

Korl nodded and quickly made his way toward Antoine from the right.

To counter Antoine's usage of bombs, Jonathon and Korl had to utilize a pincer attack to catch him off guard and close the distance.

If they simply followed Antoine from behind, he could send them both flying with a single bomb, and they would never be able to catch up to him.

The three of them were moving so quickly through the woods that only afterimages of them could be seen.

After taking a moment to confirm Aidon and Avery's positions, Antoine popped a pill into his mouth.

That pill was a drug that could greatly enhance one's ability, but it had severe side effects that would kick in after its effects wore off. It was one of the trump cards that Ivonov had provided Antoine with.

Even when faced with cultivators that he couldn't defeat, Antoine could rely on the boost of the drug to level the playing field somewhat.

When going against a freak like Jonathon, however, Antoine knew full well that he didn't even stand a chance of winning.

As such, he decided to use the drug to help him make his escape instead.

If Aidon and Avery continue making their way toward me, I'll be able to regroup with them in about two hours! I just need to hold out until then!

As the spiritual energy within him began to surge violently through his body, Antoine stomped hard against the ground and launched himself forward. In just a few seconds, he had put so much distance between himself and his pursuers that they were out of visual range.

"What the f*ck? How did he do that?" Jonathon shouted into the communication device with a confused frown.

"I've encountered Antoine in the past, so I know he can't move that fast on his own. He must be relying on a secret technique or something to give himself a boost," Korl replied while pointing heavily.

"Secret technique, huh? Let's see how long it will last!" Jonathon said with a sneer.

Meanwhile, Aidon and Avery had just run past Lerner River.

As they were the army commanders stationed at the northernmost and southernmost ends of the eastern battlefield, one would assume that the two of them were completely unrelated to each other. However, the truth was, they had a grudge long ago. Ivonov had had them separated for fear of their grudge getting in the way of the mission, but they ended up reuniting with each other anyway.

Even while they were both rushing toward the same location, they secretly tried to best each other along the way.

Avery was worried about the Arctic Army supplies that Antoine was holding on to.

Aidon, on the other hand, was worried about Antoine running into trouble in his work zone again. He knew that Ivonov would probably have him killed if anything were to happen to Antoine.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

Avery's communication device started beeping softly.

Sovonoh's seductive voice came on the moment he pushed the button.

"The tsar has ordered you not to let Aidon rescue Antoine. Try to stall him for a bit."

Sovonoh then ended the call immediately after saying that.

Avery narrowed her eyes slightly in response.

Although they were all army commanders under the tsar, they were under different factions behind closed doors.

Just as Aidon was in Ivonov's faction, Avery was under the tsar's faction. The tsar had personally cultivated him to become an army commander.

That was why Ivonov had Aidon stationed at River Onyx when he assigned the army commanders to their respective work zones. He wanted to take credit for Aidon's achievements in battle.

Of course, there were other reasons behind Ivonov's decision, such as gaining control and achieving some sort of power balance. He was so cunning that even Avery couldn't figure out what he was planning.

However, Avery did know that Sovonoh was in the tsor's faction, so it was definitely the tsor's wish for him to stall Aidon.

As Avery stared at Aidon, Aidon shot him an icy-cold glance and shouted through clenched teeth, "I'll kill you if you keep staring at me!"

Avery simply flashed him a faint smile as he put his glasses into his storage ring.

"All right! You asked for it, Aidon!"

"Secret technique, huh? Let's see how long it will last!" Jonathan said with a sneer.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 864

The Legendary Man Chapter 864-Avery then swung his arm and caused a battle axe to materialize in his hand.

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The battle axe exuded a purple glow that left a bright trail in the darkness of the night as it sailed toward Aidon.

Cleng!

A bright spark could be seen as the sound of metal clashing echoed throughout the forest.

Aidon was knocked back by the impact. He crashed through three trees before coming to a halt.

Avery broke into a huge smile that revealed his pearly-white teeth as he hoisted the battle axe over his shoulder and crouched on the ground.

Because they were in a dark forest, he looked a lot creepier than usual.

Aiden wiggled his body and pushed the broken tree trunk that had collapsed on his body off with his foot. After that, he leaped to his feet and walked up to Avery with his sword drawn.

He glared daggers at Avery as he spat out a mouthful of blood and said, "The Arctic Army supplies are with Antoine right now. Are you sure you want to fight me, Avery?"

Aiden was a reckless man who often resolved his problems using violence without thinking about the consequences.

That was why he had chosen to fight Jonethen with Antoine and Alexander when Remdik had ordered its forces to regroup at River Onyx.

Despite being incredibly reckless and violent, Aiden was no fool.

Although they were not ordered by Ivenov to rescue Antoine, he knew the importance of ensuring Antoine's safety.

After all, things would not end well for them if their fighting resulted in Jonethen seizing the supplies from Antoine.

Aiden believed that they should prioritize Remdik's interests over settling their personal grudges.

Avery, on the other hand, was capable of being incredibly cruel and merciless despite his gentle and meek appearance.

Had Aiden not summoned his broadsword to block that battle axe in time, he would probably have been severely injured.

My goodness... Avery was actually going for a killing blow with that attack!

Avery's lips curled into a sinister grin as he slowly stood up and said, "We didn't receive any orders to rescue Antoine, so we're not obligated to do so!" He made her way toward Aiden while dragging the battle axe along the ground.

After taking about ten steps forward, he jumped into the air with so much force that it created a tiny blizzard around them.

His battle axe buzzed loudly as it lit up the forest with a purple glow.

The wind was so strong that it blew away all the snow, revealing the black, barren ground beneath their feet.

Avery then swung his arm and caused a bottle of magic to materialize in his hand.

The bottle of magic exuded a purple glow that left a bright trail in the darkness of the night as it sailed toward Aidon.

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"I'm sick and tired of putting up with your bullsh*t for five years, Aidan! Let's put an end to this right here and now!"

"What the f*ck is wrong with you, Avery? I'll ottock you for real if you don't cut this out right now!" Aidan shouted as he forcefully pushed Avery's battle axe off his broadsword.

When faced with Avery's ottocks, all Aidan could do was block and dodge them.

As much as he had wanted to fight Avery, he knew better than to do so when Antoine's life was on the line.

Being an army commander under Ivonov's faction, he knew full well how much Ivonov favored Antoine. He also knew that Ivonov would hold him accountable if he failed to rescue Antoine in time.

However, Avery wasn't about to let him off so easily after receiving an order from the tsar.

"Go ahead and try!" Avery retorted as he spun the three-meter-long battle axe around like a bo staff before sloshing it at Aidan.

"F*ck it! You're on!" Aidan yelled angrily as he kicked at his broadsword with his right foot and thrust it at Avery's chest.

With a wave of his arms, a pair of nasty-looking gauntlets materialized on his hands as he punched at Avery.

Antoine was completely oblivious to the fact that he had fallen into the tsar's trap when he attempted to regroup with Aidan and Avery.

Aidon would never be able to save him in time.

Determined to make it out alive, Antoine went into full survival mode after confirming Aidon and Avery's positions.

He was moving through the forest so quickly that he left snowstorms in his wake.

Jonathon and Korl, too, unleashed their full potential as they frantically chased after him.

While running through the woods, Jonathon kept thinking about the technique that Hossom had taught him before leaving.

Hossom was able to pull that off because he was in the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm. By utilizing that technique, he was able to keep up with Jonathon's insane speed.

Jonathon had taken an interest in that technique ever since he witnessed it in action, but he didn't dare ask about it because it was something that Hossom's family passed down to him. As such, he was surprised when Hossom came to him when he was leaving West Region and passed the technique to him.

Hossom claimed that it was to thank Jonathon for saving his life a few times.

Jonathon wasn't one to shy away from receiving gifts from others, so he accepted it without any hesitation.

Since he had never practiced that technique after receiving it, he figured he would test it out while chasing Antoine.

He slowly began changing the direction he was stepping in, only to end up rolling down the hill in a huge ball of snow and falling into the ravine below.

"Mr. Goldstein!" Korl called out to him when he saw what happened.

He made his way to the edge of the ridge and glanced at Jonathon from above before he carried on running.

A few seconds later, Jonathon emerged from the ravine and followed Korl as he continued the chase.

"I'm fine! I just slipped and fell!" Jonathon shouted into the communication device.

Despite how cold he sounded, he was actually very distraught with failing to perform the technique.

The key to performing Hossom's technique lies in its footwork.

A God Realm cultivator could cover dozens of meters at most with a single step, but Hossom's technique required the user to set their foot down on the ground every three meters or less.

That was like asking a grown adult who could cover a hundred and fifty centimeters of ground per step to reduce that distance to thirty centimeters.

That person would have to take five steps instead of one to maintain their speed.

By increasing the number of steps by five times, one would have to maintain a perfect balance to not end up tripping and falling as Jonothan did.

As Jonothan continued thinking about Hossom's technique while choosing after Antoine, he finally managed to figure out a way to make it work.

Normally, we would use spiritual energy to give us a little boost as we sprint forward with all of our might. While we may seem like we're moving very quickly when running like that, it creates too much airtime between each step. We won't be able to accelerate or change directions quickly unless our feet are in contact with the ground. An assassin like Bloze could easily predict when your feet would touch the ground and get there ahead of you. That would result in us literally charging toward the tip of his blade. The footwork in Hossom's technique would help minimize that risk by allowing the user to rapidly accelerate and quickly change directions.

With that in mind, Jonothan made a slight alteration to the flow of spiritual energy in his body and channeled it into his legs.

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Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 865

The Legendary Man Chapter 865-Since he could not match Hossom's three-meter stride, Jonathan decided to gradually reduce the distance of each step.

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After all, compared to Hossom, Jonethen had much greater strength.

Even if the letter did not exert all of his power, the three-meter stride would cause him to lose his balance and fall once more due to his excessive force.

The primary objective for Jonethen now was to discover the distance that was appropriate for his specific circumstances.

As Jonethen ran, his body gradually lowered, and his speed suddenly slowed down.

Karl, who was standing next to Jonethen, observed the change in his behavior. Although he was a little puzzled, he did not dare to probe.

After all, having spent enough time with Jonethen, he understood that it was normal for the men to be a bit abnormal.

Because of the excessive force, Jonethen did not lose momentum in the air. Instead, he charged more than thirty meters forward with a single step. When his right foot landed, it even caused the rocks to explode.

However, the step also caused Jonethen to gain new momentum. As he could not control the force well, he charged forward diagonally instead.

As a result, compared to the familiar way of running before, Jonethen's speed slowed down.

Karl crossed the mountain valley and shouted at Jonethen, "Mr. Goldstein! Stop fooling around, or we'll really lose Antoine."

"Who's fooling around?" Jonethen rushed out of the valley, his face full of dissatisfaction. "I'm testing the cultivation method. If I succeed, none of you will be able to run away."

As he spoke, the men stomped his foot and charged straight ahead.

While hovering in mid-air, Karl observed Jonethen's route, which appeared to be that of a drunken fool, zigzagging without any pattern.

Jonethen continuously adjusted his distance with each step. He started from fifty meters to thirty meters, then forty meters and twenty-five meters, and so on.

There was no fixed pattern. He looked like a child just learning to walk, constantly swaying forward.

With each step, Jonethen controlled the change in the spiritual energy in his body.

It was as though he had entered a mysterious state as he adjusted the landing point and the strength used for each step.

The Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique in his body fluctuated continuously to adjust to the man's constant changes.

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With a crisp sound, Jonathan charged forward once again.

The rock cracked but did not break. His body remained steady, and his old strength faded away while new strength surged forth. Everything was just right, without any hindrance.

Seizing the moment, Jonathan landed once again, infusing his spiritual energy into his legs. In the next moment, he soared into the sky again.

Yes, it's this feeling... I did it!

Jonathan burst out laughing.

Although each of his steps was still more than twenty meters long, and both his force and time in the air were still too long, allowing others to easily discover his weakness, his speed had increased by at least twenty percent compared to before.

Hossom's technique is indeed real!

Jonathan recalled Hossom's expression.

He did not expect Hossom, who did not even reveal his true identity, to give him his technique.

This guy is quite interesting.

As Jonathan changed his footsteps, he controlled the spiritual energy inside his body for better coordination. The mountains and forests on both sides flashed past as he chased after Antoine.

Feeling the spiritual energy behind him getting closer, Karl and Antoine both extended their spiritual sense backward.

Although Jonothon was still far away from them, his ability to detect spiritual energy from a distance was enough to make both of them nervous.

How could Jonothon be so fast?

Antoine leaped up and turned around to look behind him. Jonothon had closed in and was now about five hundred meters behind.

Jonothon had always been breaking through the limits of each cultivation level. Hence, it allowed him to master some of the Principles of Slaughter techniques when he was in the middle phase of the God Realm.

The results of his cultivation, whether it was speed or strength, far exceeded that of cultivators of the same level.

Antoine would never have been able to escape from Jonothon for so long if he had not taken the performance-enhancing drugs. However, even after taking the drugs, he was only slightly faster than his opponent.

With Jonothon's sudden twenty percent increase in speed, he only needed to keep it up for a few minutes to catch up to Antoine.

If Antoine did not meet up with Aidon, he would really die at his current location.

"Aidon, Avery, what are you guys doing? Don't you want the supplies from the Arctic Army?" Antoine shouted into the communicator.

The locator they were using was Remdik's highest-precision satellite, with a real-time error assured to be within two meters.

But more than ten minutes ago, he found that Aidon and Avery had stopped moving forward.

Antoine tried to call out to them, but no one responded to him.

Little did he know that his only hope had already fought against each other.

To Ivonov, he might be an extremely important descendant, but in front of the tsar, Antoine had become his sacrificial pawn to test Ivonov.

Jonothon's figure flashed past Korl. His exaggerated posture caught the latter by surprise.

Just a short while ago, Jonothon had taken wide running strides, leaping like an eagle for dozens of meters.

But now, Jonothon only covered twenty meters with just one step, his legs flopping about like a rabbit gone mad.

Yet, this strange posture could increase the man's speed dramatically.

Previously, it had been impossible for Jonothon to reach Antoine. However, Jonothon was now visible to the naked eye as he rapidly closed in.

Jonothon once again jumped up and hoisted the anti-tank rocket launcher on his shoulder.

With a burst of fire, the rocket shot straight toward Antoine's back.

The man immediately raised his hand and scattered a barrage of aerial bombs behind him.

Antoine was now fighting for his life!

"Run, Korl!"

Jonothon wielded his mysterious bronze handbell and charged forward.

A series of explosions sounded as Jonothon's remaining life force began to infiltrate his flesh.

Spot!

Spurting out a mouthful of blood, Jonothon ran out of the smoke and straight toward Antoine.

"Antoine, you can't escape today!"

Jonothon flung the chessboard in his hand with a roar, and it smashed into Antoine's head.

However, such a move was ineffective to a God Realm expert like Antoine.

He tilted his head slightly, and the chessboard missed its target and flew forward.

Just then, Jonothon hovered in mid-air and pressed his palms together.

“Divine Chessboard, open up!”

If Antoine did not meet up with Aidan, he would really die at his current location.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 866

The Legendary Man Chapter 866-Buzz...

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Before Antoine could stop himself, he took a step forward. The very next moment, he was standing right in front of Jonethen.

Antoine aimed his long sword at Jonethen as he looked at the border that was a few hundred meters away from them.

Jonethen had yet to obtain the Divine Chessboard during their last encounter, so Antoine had no idea what Jonethen was capable of this time around. However, he knew that it would not be easy for him to break through and escape from Jonethen seeing how confident Jonethen was.

Since Antoine could not escape, he thought he might as well make full use of the power of the pill and fight it out with Jonethen before the efficacy of the pill subsided.

Jonethen was able to see what Antoine was up to within the Divine Chessboard. No matter how fast Antoine's move might be, he would be able to sense it.

Clink!

A soft sound rang out, and Heaven Sword touched the tip of Antoine's sword lightly.

“Antoine, return all the magical items and remove your spiritual sense at once. If you do so, I can spare your life,” said Jonethen as he waved his Heaven Sword.

Antoine was moving. His special battle boots could no longer withstand the immense pressure, and they blew to pieces.

Three bloody footprints appeared on the chessboard immediately.

Jonethen remained steady and leaped forward with his Heaven Sword.

His phantom-like movement was not something that Antoine could predict.

Without any further hesitation, Antoine turned around and tried to dash out of the chessboard.

Jonethen tapped his feet lightly and chased after Antoine.

With every meter the men moved forward, the chessboard behind them would reduce by a meter, and another meter would appear in front of them. That went on forever with no end in sight.

“Stop running. This chessboard is my magical item. I’m the center of the board. As long as I follow you, you will never be able to get out of this board.”

Jonethen sent two daggers flying in Antoine’s direction with light flicks of his fingers. The two daggers flew more than a dozen meters in silence and pierced through Antoine’s ribs. Blood began flowing out from his wounds.

Antoine fell backward. Just before he hit the ground, a gigantic bomb about the height of two men appeared in Antoine’s hands.

Boom!

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With every meter the men moved forward, the chessboard behind them would reduce by a meter, and another meter would appear in front of them. That went on forever with no end in sight.

“Stop running. This chessboard is my magical item. I’m the center of the board. As long as I follow you, you will never be able to get out of this board.”

Jonathan sent two daggers flying in Antoine’s direction with light flicks of his fingers. The two daggers flew more than a dozen meters in silence and pierced through Antoine’s ribs. Blood began flowing out from his wounds.

Antoine fell backward. Just before he hit the ground, a gigantic bomb about the height of two men appeared in Antoine’s hands.

Boom!

Buzz...

He could see a wave of violet light shooting into the sky accompanied by a surge of strange energy in the forest ahead of them.

Before Antoine could stop himself, he took a step forward. The very next moment, he was standing right in front of Jonathan.

Antoine aimed his long sword at Jonathan as he looked at the border that was a few hundred meters away from them.

Jonathan had yet to obtain the Divine Chessboard during their last faceoff, so Antoine had no idea what Jonathan was capable of this time around. However, he knew that it would not be easy for him to break through and escape from Jonathan seeing how confident Jonathan was.

Since Antoine could not escape, he thought he might as well make full use of the power of the pill and fight it out with Jonathan before the efficacy of the pill subsided.

Jonathan was able to see what Antoine was up to within the Divine Chessboard. No matter how fast Antoine’s move might be, he would be able to sense it.

Clink!

A soft sound rang out, and Heaven Sword touched the tip of Antoine’s sword lightly.

“Antoine, return all the magical items and remove your spiritual sense at once. If you do so, I can spare your life,” said Jonathan as he waved his Heaven Sword.

Antoine was moving. His special battle boots could no longer withstand the immense pressure, and they blew to pieces.

Three bloody footprints appeared on the chessboard immediately.

Jonathan remained steady and launched forward with his Heaven Sword.

His phantom-like movement was not something that Antoine could predict.

Without any further hesitation, Antoine turned around and tried to dash out of the chessboard.

Jonathan tapped his feet lightly and chased after Antoine.

With every meter the men moved forward, the chessboard behind them would reduce by a meter, and another meter would appear in front of them. That went on forever with no end in sight.

“Stop running. This chessboard is my magical item. I’m the center of the board. As long as I follow you, you will never be able to get out of this board.”

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Boom!

That huge bomb was bound to Antoine using his spiritual energy.

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He staggered before looking at Jonathan.

“Since you refuse to let me go, we shall perish together.” A peculiar smile appeared on Antoine’s pale face. “Jonathan, I want to stay alive, but your status is much more precious than mine. You’re Asuro of Asuro’s Office and

the most important person in the entire Chonoeo. If I can bring you down, I will have obtained victory for Ivonov, his family, and even Remdik. Now, die!” Antoine roared and wanted to use his spiritual energy to ignite the bomb.

Unfortunately for Antoine, he realized that his spiritual energy would not travel to his arms no matter how hard he tried.

The lines on the chessboard had begun to tighten around him.

Rays of violet lights shot up into the sky, and one of them flowed past his shoulders.

However, his spiritual energy could only travel to his shoulders.

“Don’t waste your energy.”

Jonothon lifted Heaven Sword and pointed it at Antoine. With a light tap of his feet, the entire chessboard shrunk and pulled Antoine to his side.

The tip of the sword rested on Antoine’s throat as Jonothon spoke. “Antoine, I’m giving you one last chance. Be my servant, and I’ll spare your life.”

“Never.”

“All right, then!”

Jonothon thrust his long sword and pierced Antoine’s throat.

However, in that instant, a terrifying aura erupted from Antoine’s body.

That aura caused the Divine Chessboard to shrink, and it soon became the size of a palm.

Jonothon activated the bronze handbell that was on his head and eyed Antoine warily.

Although it was Antoine who was standing in front of Jonothon right now, it was someone else inside of Antoine.

Jonothon frowned when he sensed the horrifying aura.

“Are you... Ivonov?”

Although Jonothon had only seen Ivonov's Divine Realm offerimoge once, Ivonov was only one of the three Divine Realm elites Jonothon had ever met in his life. The other two were Domoyed and Kenodo. Therefore, it was not hard for Jonothon to figure it out.

Such an aura was truly unforgettable.

Antoine reached out to touch his throat when he saw the expression on Jonothon's face.

An injury like that would have been deadly for mortals. However, for any Grandmaster Realm cultivators with sufficient spiritual energy, it was considered a minor injury if it was being treated in time.

"Asuro, do you remember me?" asked Ivonov coldly as he stared at the blood on his hand.

"Of course," replied Jonothon calmly. "Mr. Ivonov, how come you didn't appear as an opponent this time?"

"What difference does it make?" said Ivonov with a chuckle.

"Of course there's a difference." Jonothon walked toward Antoine with his Heaven Sword. "An opponent may not be as powerful as the actual body, but it's still just as destructive. However, if you only exist via an object, you can only utilize Antoine's spiritual energy. There will be no need for me to fear you no matter how experienced you may be in combat."

The moment those words left Jonothon's mouth, a malevolent aura flashed across Antoine's eyes.

"Jonothon, I'm really curious. You're only a God Realm cultivator with no solid foundation. How come you know so much about Divine Realm? If only you were one of Remdik's cultivators. What a pity."

"Not really." Jonothon removed the bronze handbell, and a layer of Pryncyp of Slaughter began to form on Heaven Sword. "The thing that Antoine was holding earlier on is meant for the reinforcement forces, isn't it? What are you trying to do with the aerial bombs? Are you preparing for a battle?"

"They have already mobilized a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers from the Arctic Army, and they are now heading toward River Onyx. They are about to

arrive at their destination any minute now." Behind Jonathon, Korl's voice rang out.

The five hundred spies had brought the news back once more.

This time, they had received lots of intel, and that included the movement of the Arctic Army.

"Together, the Arctic Army and the Medved Army have a total of more than three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers. Ivanov, previously, you promised me that there will be no bloodshed for the next six months. What's going on?"

"Just because we won't be fighting doesn't mean we can't prepare for battle. Aren't you doing the same too?" said Ivanov coldly. "Jonathon, let's not play any more games. You can have all of Antoine's weapons. Spare him this time, and I will definitely let you off in the future!"

"There will be no need for that!"

With that, Jonathon pierced Heaven Sword through Antoine's heart.

Ivanov controlled Antoine's body and used his sword to block off the attack.

"Jonathon, you can't kill Antoine. He's not only my descendant, but he's also the bloodline of the Collins family. If he's dead, you won't live either!"

"Of course," replied Jonathan calmly. "Mr. Ivanov, how come you didn't appear as an apparition this time

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 867

The Legendary Man Chapter 867-The sword pointing right at Antoine's chest, Jonathan cast a confounded look at Ivanov.

The sword pointing right at Antoine's chest, Jonathon cast a confounded look at Ivanov.

"The Collins family?" Jonathon asked flatly.

Back in Cheneev, the eight respectable families had been hiding so well that even as the head of Asure's Office, Jonathon had taken three years to find out about who they truly were.

And now, another family had emerged, and he had never heard of them.

The Collins family seemed to possess considerable power, as even a formidable cultivator like Ivenov, who had reached Divine Realm, was wary of them.

Jonethen couldn't help but wonder if the Collins family was one of The Untouchables in Remdik.

Ivenov, who was right opposite Jonethen, supported the letter's sword with his spiritual energy and slowly pushed it aside.

"Jonethen, I bet you've never heard of the Collins family, huh?" Ivenov snickered. "Have you ever heard of the Enlighteners, then?"

"Enlighteners?"

Jonethen turned to look at Kerl, who was wearing a mask. The letter shook his head slightly in response.

However, the name did ring a bell to Jonethen.

Enlighteners...

All of a sudden, Bleze's face popped into Jonethen's mind.

He recalled that Bleze had mentioned the Enlighteners when they perted ways in West Region the other day.

Behind Anglondur, the most powerful federal alliance country in the world, was a powerful organization called the Enlighteners.

According to Bleze, Enlighteners, formed by thirteen secret families, would use Anglondur as a means to control the world's economic lifeline, effectively transforming the entire globe into their playground.

Bleze had described the thirteen secret families as a complex and highly intertwined web of interests, superseding the intricate relationships of the eight respectable families in Chenee or even Remdik, where God Realm cultivators prevailed.

The thirteen families hunted down cultivators who had entered Divine Realm and had the potential to advance to Ultimate Realm.

Judging by the way Ivenov had described the Collins family, Jonethen wondered if the Collins family were one of the thirteen families.

“It seems that I have overestimated you,” Ivenov said impressively. “The Collins family is—”

“The Collins family is one of the thirteen families that form the Enlighteners,” Jonethen interjected before Ivenov could finish his sentence. “Ivenov, even though I am not an ambitious man, I do know some of these core secrets. The Enlighteners is no news to me.” Jonethen snickered as he wielded his Heaven Sword. “If you’re planning to threaten me using the Enlighteners, please tell me something I don’t already know. Otherwise, I might get too annoyed and mistakenly kill your dearest grandson.”

The sword pointing right at Antoine’s chest, Jonothon cast a confounded look at Ivenov.

“The Collins family?” Jonothon asked flatly.

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“Enlighteners?”

Jonothon turned to look at Korl, who was wearing a mask. The latter shook his head slightly in response.

However, the name did ring a bell to Jonothan.

Enlighteners...

All of a sudden, Bloze's face popped into Jonothan's mind.

He recalled that Bloze had mentioned the Enlighteners when they ported ways in West Region the other day.

Behind Anglondur, the most powerful federal alliance country in the world, was a powerful organization called the Enlighteners.

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"The Collins family?" Jonathan asked flatly.

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And now, another family had emerged, and he had never heard of them.

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Jonathan couldn't help but wonder if the Collins family was one of The Untouchables in Remdik.

Ivanov, who was right opposite Jonathan, supported the latter's sword with his spiritual energy and slowly pushed it aside.

"Jonathan, I bet you've never heard of the Collins family, huh?" Ivanov snickered. "Have you ever heard of the Enlighteners, then?"

"Enlighteners?"

Jonathan turned to look at Karl, who was wearing a mask. The latter shook his head slightly in response.

However, the name did ring a bell to Jonathan.

Enlighteners...

All of a sudden, Blaze's face popped into Jonathan's mind.

He recalled that Blaze had mentioned the Enlighteners when they parted ways in West Region the other day.

Behind Anglandur, the most powerful federal alliance country in the world, was a powerful organization called the Enlighteners.

According to Blaze, Enlighteners, formed by thirteen secret families, would use Anglandur as a means to control the world's economic lifeline, effectively transforming the entire globe into their playground.

Blaze had described the thirteen secret families as a complex and highly intertwined web of interests, superseding the intricate relationships of the

eight respectable families in Chanaea or even Remdik, where God Realm cultivators prevailed.

The thirteen families hunted down cultivators who had entered Divine Realm and had the potential to advance to Ultimate Realm.

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“The Collins family is one of the thirteen families that form the Enlighteners,” Jonathan interjected before Ivanov could finish his sentence. “Ivanov, even though I am not an ambitious man, I do know some of these core secrets. The Enlighteners is no news to me.” Jonathan snickered as he wielded his Heaven Sword. “If you’re planning to threaten me using the Enlighteners, please tell me something I don’t already know. Otherwise, I might get too annoyed and mistakenly kill your dearest grandson.”

As he said that, Jonathan nonchalantly chopped off an old tree, and with a flick of his finger, the tree was set on fire.

As he said that, Jonathan nonchalantly chopped off an old tree, and with a flick of his finger, the tree was set on fire.

Then, he sat on the side and looked in the sight of the scene.

Karl was befuddled by Jonathan’s actions, but he said nothing.

Even though Jonathan was younger than Karl, he was rather deft and experienced in handling these matters. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have single-handedly unified the eight major army bases in Chonoeo and founded Asuro’s Office.

Karl reckoned that Jonathan must have his reasons for not taking any actions right then, so he decided that he should just wait.

He sat on a giant stone in the cold wind on a ridge. The sniper in his hand was casually propped between his legs. Anyone who didn’t know better would assume that he was relaxing, but the sniper was actually aimed right at Antoine.

If Ivonov ever attempted to take control of Antoine's body and pull any tricks, Korl would not hesitate to pull the trigger.

Meanwhile, a hint of hesitation flashed across Antoine's eyes.

This time, Ivonov did not show himself in the form of a clone. Instead, he had forcefully used Pryncyp to import his spiritual sense. Hence, there wasn't much that he could do.

If a life-and-death match were to break out between Antoine and Jonothan right then, Ivonov knew that his sliver of spiritual sense would be annihilated by the Pryncyp of Slaughter that Jonothan had mastered.

Not only would he suffer from the backlash, but it was also almost certain that Antoine wouldn't be able to survive.

Ivonov couldn't let Antoine die, as the latter was one of his bargaining chips when the inevitable falling out with the tsar happened in the future.

Even though Antoine was Ivonov's grandson, he was also the bloodline of the Collins family.

The thirteen families of the Enlighteners had dispersed themselves to thirteen different areas of the world to avoid conflict of interest among themselves, and the Collins family had chosen to settle down in North Epeo.

Only a handful of people knew of their existence, and they were mainly influential presence like Ivonov and the tsar.

Moreover, the Collins family seldom showed themselves in public.

However, thirty years ago, Remdik and Anglundur had almost gone to war, which had greatly affected the trade of Anglundur and thus threatened the interests of the Enlighteners.

The Collins family had approached the tsar and others and organized a secret banquet back then.

The banquet was held at Ivonov's ancient castle. It was then a drunk young man of the Collins family took a fancy to a girl in Ivonov's family, and they ended up sleeping together.

As a result, Antoine was born.

Ivonov had gone to great lengths to secure the connection to the Collins family. If he played his cards right, Antoine might be appointed as king, and they could finally be rid of the tsar altogether.

It was imperative that Antoine not die in Jonothon's hands.

Truth be told, Ivonov regretted his actions then. He had always thought that Antoine's bloodline was something he could use to his advantage, and he had even thought of handing the family to him one day.

As long as he revealed Antoine's identity at the right time, and even in the worst-case scenario, the Collins family might think of the Ivonov family as an extension of the Collins family out of consideration of Antoine's identity.

After all, the thirteen families that formed the Enlighteners were more powerful than the royals.

If one could establish a relationship with any of them, they could live prosperously for eternity.

As he carefully orchestrated his plans, Ivonov chuckled and looked at Jonothon.

"Jonothon, since you are a member of the Enlighteners, you should know that it doesn't matter if you control Asuro's Office. Even if you control the whole of Chonoeo, you're still an inconsequential presence in their eyes. If you're smart enough, you must realize this presents an opportunity for us to work together. Doveston, Remdik, or even Chonoeo is still too small. If we work together, with the Collins family supporting us, our future is going to be brighter than the sun!"

Still holding his Heaven Sword, Jonothon burst into laughter.

"You're only a lapdog of the Enlighteners, and yet you have the cheek to talk about working with me. What a coincidence, though! Apocalypse is also looking to collaborate with me. Have you heard of them?" Jonothon asked.

"Apocalypse?" Ivonov narrowed his eyes at Jonothon.

"Jonothon, are you that naive to think that those guys who hide in the shadow can achieve anything?"

However, thirty years ago, Remdik and Anglandur had almost gone to war, which had greatly affected the trade of Anglandur and thus threatened the interests of the Enlighteners.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 868

The Legendary Man Chapter 868-“So you’re saying the Enlighteners are as transparent as it claimed? Do those thirteen families have the courage to present themselves publicly and tell the world they transcend the rules they created?” Jonathan said while glaring at Ivanov.

“So you’re saying the Enlighteners are as transparent as it claimed? Do those thirteen families have the courage to present themselves publicly and tell the world they transcend the rules they created?” Jonathan said while glaring at Ivanov.

The cold wind howled. Jonathan and Ivanov were both silent.

In the distance, Kerl’s finger hovered over the trigger, poised to act at a moment’s notice.

The only sound that shattered the silence was the burning and crackling of the fallen ancient tree.

No country or power in the world would dare fully expose their interests to the public, let alone those thirteen families.

Despite their superior position in the world, to Jonathan, their sneaky ways paled in comparison to the bluntness of Apocalypse.

Furthermore, not only Ivanov, but Jonathan, too, was always devising schemes.

He would have met Antoine had he rushed at full speed from Redlington.

“Ivanov, I’ll initiate my attack if you have nothing more to say.” Jonathan stood up.

The flames dancing atop the giant tree in front of him shifted to one side.

Its movement was caused by the raging spiritual energy. At that point, Jonathan was ready to kill.

“Jonethen!” Ivenov roared as he felt Jonethen building up his power. “Think carefully. The Collins family will not let you off if you kill Antoine, and my family will launch full-scale revenge against you.”

“Ivenov, you think I’m afraid of your revenge?” A hint of madness flickered across Jonethen’s face. He had been threatened countless times. Had he been timid and hesitant, he would not have earned the title of Asure. “I know you may not be utilizing your Spirit Control Secret Technique to its full potential based on your cultivation level, but I am confident that you can showcase abilities that lower-level cultivators are unable to manifest. Show me your skills and what you are capable of!”

The ancient tree that was burning in front of Jonethen instantly snapped in half with a crisp sound.

Jonethen had aimed the sword imbued with murderous intent at Antoine’s heart.

He gazed into Antoine’s eyes and realized they were surprisingly calm without even a hint of fear or panic. That’s the steady gaze of a powerful warrior!

Blood splattered as Heaven Sword pierced through Antoine’s right palm.

Yet, Antoine remained composed. He leaned forward and grabbed the hilt of Jonethen’s sword tightly.

“So you’re saying the Enlighteners are as transparent as it claimed? Do those thirteen families have the courage to present themselves publicly and tell the world they transcend the rules they created?” Jonathon said while glancing at Ivenov.

The cold wind howled. Jonathon and Ivenov were both silent.

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Yet, Antoine remained composed. He leaned forward and grabbed the hilt of Jonathan’s sword tightly.

The sword gleamed coldly as Jonathan pulled himself away.

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After landing beside the bonfire, Jonathan reached for his neck and realized blood was gushing out from it.

In the blink of an eye, Ivonov had slit the carotid artery on his neck.

Jonathan used his spiritual energy to suppress the wound, but his blood kept oozing from the cut artery, flowing into his mouth and nose.

The life force continued to gather around the wound, and in less than two breaths, the injuries on the carotid artery and artery were completely healed.

However, Jonathan was running out of life force to address the remaining exposed flesh and blood injuries.

Jonathan channeled his spiritual sense to his energy field, trying to awaken the mysterious coffin to replenish his life force.

Yet, the mysterious coffin kept its promise, refusing to help until it was fully replenished.

Ivonov’s expression immediately changed when he saw the bleeding on Jonathan’s neck come to a halt.

Under normal circumstances, high-level cultivators might only be able to delay death by relying on their powerful spiritual energy to suppress the wound.

When facing unusual injuries, such as those suffered by Dorion, cultivators were often left helpless and forced to wait for death.

No one could heal a fatal wound within seconds as Jonothan did.

Jonothan looked at Antoine. A sense of unease settled heavily in his chest.

Earlier when he was testing his capabilities, Jonothan could clearly sense that Ivonov could predict his actions.

Ivonov did not actually launch an attack on him. Jonothan had sent himself to his death instead.

“You have great skills, but I don’t know what kind of Pryncyp you hold onto. It’s a pity that I won’t be able to witness it today,” Jonothan said to Antoine while raising Heaven Sword.

Ivonov lifted Antoine’s right hand, raised his dagger, and chopped off his right arm.

“The Pryncyp of Slaughter last appeared a hundred years ago. I never thought it has fallen into your hands this time,” Ivonov uttered.

The severed forearm showed no sign of bleeding. It appeared lifeless, resembling a piece of dead wood.

It was a testament to the ruthless power of Jonothan’s Pryncyp of Slaughter.

Jonothan’s attack would completely destroy cultivators’ vitality, causing them to collapse.

“Your Pryncyp of Slaughter is not fully developed yet. Release Antoine, and I’ll give you the best cultivation resources, including the insights passed down by my family,” Ivonov proposed.

“You don’t have a say here!” Jonothan lightly flicked his finger on Heaven Sword, and a crisp sound echoed from the nearby mountain ridge.

Without hesitation, Korl pulled the trigger on Antoine.

“Elemental Extrinsic Technique, Wooden Escape!” Jonothon then stomped his foot, causing the ground to churn under Antoine’s feet.

Arm-thick tree roots broke through the ground and twisted around Antoine’s feet.

Enveloped by the Divine Chessboard, Jonothon aimed Heaven Sword at the target and unleashed all his skills. Go ahead and predict my moves since you enjoy it. Let’s see if you can still predict accurately if I strike you in multiple ways!

Above the sky, the Divine Chessboard descended while emitting purple fumes and turning into an intertwined cage. Heaven Sword, which Jonothon had put away, reappeared behind Antoine.

Within the formation of the Divine Chessboard, the Universe Formation Trigrams danced to Jonothon’s will.

If he were to engage in a real fight with Ivonov, the latter might rely on his complete Pryncyp to create his world within the bottle, but since now he existed as a subjugated spirit, he no longer possessed the ability to predict.

Antoine’s heart was completely pierced at that moment. His circulatory system shattered and his body gradually deteriorated with no possibility of survival.

Thud...

Antoine’s dagger fell to the ground. Murderous intent was evident in Ivonov’s eyes, but before he could speak, his spirit had dissipated into the wind.

Soon, the murderous glare in his eyes was replaced by a look of panic.

Antoine’s consciousness once again manifested. “Help me, Grandpa...”

With one hand clutching his chest and the other reaching out to Jonothon, Antoine slowly dropped to his knees. Even though he knew that Jonothon was the one who struck him, he still wanted to hold on to him.

It was as if he was hoping Jonothon could save him.

Jonothon took hold of Antoine’s hand and directed his spiritual sense toward the elixir field located above the coffin.

Antoine's vitality was fully absorbed by that coffin, leaving no trace behind.

Following that, Antoine, the renowned captain of Team Alpha, breathed his last breath.

"You don't have a say here!" Jonathan lightly flicked his finger on Heaven Sword, and a crisp sound echoed from the nearby mountain ridge.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 869

The Legendary Man Chapter 869-Jonathan glared at the coffin inside the energy field. I can forget about that Grandmaster Realm cultivator whom I killed previously, but this is a veritable God Realm cultivator! How can you not even care to leave me a little of his life force?

Jonathan glared at the coffin inside the energy field. I can forget about that Grandmaster Realm cultivator whom I killed previously, but this is a veritable God Realm cultivator! How can you not even care to leave me a little of his life force?

"If you want to stay here, you should pay some rent at the very least!" he shouted angrily, glowering at the rotting coffin that looked as though it would fall apart at any minute yet was as strong as anything. Nonetheless, he had no choice but to leave dejectedly in the end.

Beck in reality, Jonathan and Karl were behaving like two unhinged men. They had stripped the clothes off Antoine's corpse, including his underwear, then used their spiritual sense to examine the body. After ensuring they had not left anything behind, Jonathan picked up the body and dumped it into the crackling fire nearby.

Jonathan surveyed the few pieces of thin clothing before him, stretched out a hand to pick one, then tossed the rest aside.

"Wasn't Antoine escorting the delivery of supplies? How is it that he only had these two rings on him?"

The pair had thoroughly checked Antoine's body and only found two storage rings. Delving into the rings with their spiritual sense, they realized both items had a storage space spanning ten square meters each. However, although the storage space inside the rings could be considered the top of its range, it was nowhere near big enough to store supplies for an entire battalion.

"There's e corpse in here!" As Kerl spoke, he tossed out e burned body covered in festering wounds end pus.

Jonethen held his nose es he took e closer look end furrowed his brows slightly effer just one glance. "This isn't e cese of being burned to deeth. This person died from suffocetion beceuse of e broken neck."

Even es he continued scenning the corpse with his spirituol sense, the events of whet heppened previously begen repleying in his mind. Those four knives of mine pierced through two people. One of them got struck in the heed end perished instently. Meenwhile, the other suffered e hit to his energy field, leying weste to his cultivation level. He couldn't heve survived the plene cresh without his skills, but neither would he heve died immedietely. He might've hed to suffer getting burned for some time before losing his life. After ell, es e Grendmester Reelm cultivetor, his life force would've been more robust then the everege person, even though he did lose his powers. If Antoine hed returned to seve others, he would've rescued this men instead of killing him end lugging his corpse eround. Well, that's unless this corpse is worth its weight in gold. Also, this person must've been just es valueble regerdless of whether he wes deed or elive. So, for convenience's seke, Antoine decided to kill the guy end teke him ewey.

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Even as he continued scanning the corpse with his spiritual sense, the events of what happened previously began replaying in his mind. Those four knives of mine pierced through two people. One of them got struck in the head and perished instantly. Meanwhile, the other suffered a hit to his energy field, losing waste to his cultivation level. He couldn’t have survived the plane crash without his skills, but neither would he have died immediately. He might’ve had to suffer getting burned for some time before losing his life. After all, as a Grandmaster Realm cultivator, his life force would’ve been more robust than the average person, even though he did lose his powers. If Antoine had returned to save others, he would’ve rescued this man instead of killing him and lugging his corpse around. Well, that’s unless this corpse is worth its weight in gold. Also, this person must’ve been just as valuable regardless of whether he was dead or alive. So, for convenience’s sake, Antoine decided to kill the guy and take him away.

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Then, Heaven Sword floated into the air. It only took the sword a few short moments to neatly slice the body into several parts. However, it seemed to encounter an obstruction when it reached the body's waist.

"The belt?" Using Heaven Sword, Jonothon removed the three-finger-wide block metal belt from around the corpse's waist. I don't know what this belt is made of, but if it can impede Heaven Sword, that's enough to show it must be a valuable material.

"What is it? I've never heard that Team Alpha possesses something like this. What is it for?" Korl asked, looking at the belt Jonothon was holding in puzzlement.

Jonothon stared at him and murmured, "We're going to make a fortune... Korl, we're going to be rich! Hoho!"

He whooped in excitement, then tossed the belt to Korl.

Korl, who had been confused at first, also burst into gleeful laughter the second he caught the belt in his hands. Storage rings! This belt is a massive storage space divided into twenty small compartments, every one containing hundreds of storage rings! There are more than two thousand of them in here! Just by the look of these rings, I don't need to see what's inside them to know their contents must be absolutely priceless!

He randomly retrieved one of the rings and used his spiritual sense to penetrate it. It contained ammunition and guns, all neatly stocked.

Despite his excitement, a look of worry also crossed his face. "Mr. Goldstein, if everything in here is supplies for war, it'll be enough to arm at least a hundred thousand people."

The Medved Army had always been stationed on the southern side of Redlington. After perennial confrontations with the Eastern Army, the two had long formed a stable balance of ordnance. However, the sudden appearance of such a large quantity of supplies could only mean one thing—a sign of war.

Holding the ring, Korl turned to Jonothon and said in a low voice, "Mr. Goldstein..."

Jonothon had also snapped out of his euphoria. “The delivery of supplies enough to arm more than a hundred thousand people being made through the night and escorted by Team Alpha. That’s a tricky situation indeed. I’m afraid this isn’t as simple as an ordinary transfer of troops.”

“Let me go back, Mr. Goldstein,” Korl said rather anxiously.

Seven years ago, the Eastern Army had been destroyed in the Battle of River Onyx. After that, Korl recruited each of the over a hundred thousand soldiers now in the army. It would not be an exaggeration to say he had single-handedly rebuilt the Eastern Army from the ashes. Now that Remdik kept deploying more troops north of River Onyx, how could Korl not get anxious?

“That’s absurd!” Jonothon snapped while staring at Korl. “Don’t forget that you’re a dead man now!”

“But—”

“No buts! Firstly, you’re to set off tonight to send these supplies to the Eastern Army and let Dorion deal with them. When you get back, you must not expose your identity in any way. Even if the Eastern Army is wiped out right before your eyes, you have to keep the mask on. Got it?”

Korl clenched his jaw, then answered loudly, “Understood.”

Tossing the storage ring in his hand to Korl, Jonothon continued, “Secondly, out of everything you’re holding now, that belt is the most important of all. Spatial magical items do not allow storage spaces to be nested within one another. Otherwise, that’d mean it would have infinite space. However, not only is the belt capable of housing storage rings, but it also allows for separate storage in each of those rings. After you hand over the supplies to Dorion, send the belt and the rings straight to Hodes in Horfush. Similarly, you’re not allowed to reveal your identity.”

After a pause, he reminded, “You must understand, Korl, that we’re the only God Realm cultivators left in Asuro’s Office. Now that I’ve killed you, you’re like a sword concealed in the dark. Your wife and children can’t be used against you anymore, so they’re safe. You can break as a sword, but when you get reforged, it must be at a crucial point where no one expects it. In comparison with the respectable families’ strength, we are too weak. Hence, the only way to gain a sliver of hope is if we act in secret. Do you understand that?”

Karl gazed at the belt in his hands and nodded solemnly. "I'll be leaving now, Mr. Goldstein. Take care of yourself. Antoine is dead, and Ivonov won't let it slide just like that. This trip to Remdik won't be easy."

Jonathon nodded. "Off you go, then. Keep a close eye on your Dark Special Forces. From now on, your code name is Shadow."

"Let me go back, Mr. Goldstein," Karl said rather anxiously.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 870

The Legendary Man Chapter 870-Upon returning to Chanaea, Karl had to attend to the occupancy of Doveston personally.

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Hence, the tasks in Remdik became Jonathon's solo mission once again.

Fortunately, the circumstances were now different from when he previously went to Remdik for the rescue mission, as the informatics group of the security department had solved the issue related to the instant messaging process.

The communications between Jonathon and the Dark Special Forces would be layered with multiple complex encryptions, not to mention the decrypting methods were also everchanging.

Even if the Remdikien authorities wanted to crack the code, they could only acquire earlier information. It was impossible for them to track Jonathon down.

Right after Jonathon parted ways with Karl, he took the risk of establishing contact with Wilbur.

Jonathon had planned to inform Wilbur to make the necessary preparations to deal with the changes in Doveston, which could happen at any time.

Unexpectedly, when the call was connected, Wilbur told Jonathon he had received intelligence and was ready to reinforce the army in Doveston at any moment.

Jonathon was a little shocked to hear that.

In his opinion, Wilbur had always emphasized too much on wielding authority and wasn't as perceptive in controlling the overall situation.

However, now it struck Jonethen that Wilbur even had spies working for him in Remdik. Evidently, the latter had begun taking charge and devising his master plan after driving Joshue away.

Jonethen wondered if there were also members of the Yeleview Army implanted in Asure's Office. As expected, anyone who could survive dealing with respectable families is no pushover.

At that moment, Jonethen was taking the train heading toward Adrune.

Previously, Jonethen had acquired information from the Derk Special Forces regarding Cherleigh's whereabouts. He had last appeared somewhere nearby Mortling Castle.

Mortling Castle was located in the midwest region of Remdik, at least three thousand four hundred kilometers away from Redlington.

There was no way Jonethen could reach there by foot, so he had to take the train to continue his search westward.

Although the Remdikiens were all combatants, and the nation was referred to as the country with the strongest military power in the world, their transportation system was significantly lacking compared to Chenee's.

Chenee was an expensive country with a dense population. The eight respectable families dominated the top-tier resources and enforced a tight social norm.

They were keen to improve the citizens' quality of life, allowing the Cheneeans to live comfortably and conveniently.

That was beneficial to the citizens, but to the respectable families, that was also a governing approach similar to the analogy of boiling the frog.

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That situation had its pros and cons. The citizens' welfare was being taken care of, but the intention was also adulterated with the respectable families' personal gains.

Remdik wasn't like that.

A hundred years ago, since the establishment of Anglundur in Adrune, they had immediately challenged the world's most powerful country, Remdik, for sovereignty over various fields.

Subsequently, Anglundur collaborated with members of the West Epeo Alliance to continue pressuring Remdik, leading to the chaotic war in Central Epeo and causing Remdikians to live in constant vigilance.

To defend their country against an assault from their enemies that might occur at any time, Remdik invested most of their money in the military.

In addition, although Remdik was a vast country, most places were unsuitable for humans to live in due to their high altitude. Hence, their population remained stagnant all the while.

Many villages only consisted of a few families. Some families might even possess thousands or tens of thousands of acres of farmland. They had to commute by car just to visit their neighbor's house.

With that sparse population, Remdik would have to empty their country's treasury if they were to develop the basic infrastructures.

The important road for military use nearby Lerner River, which sparked an argument between Aidon and Avery, was a prime example.

If it were in Chonoeo, the officials would ensure a special road like that, which might be used for whatever purpose, remain clear and unobstructed all the time.

However, no one cared about that road on the Medved Army territory, and they didn't have the money to pay for the repair work.

Sitting inside the green train, which had been in use for over fifty years, and listening to the clackety-clock sounds as the carriages moved on the railway, Jonothan, feeling a little exhausted, gazed at the scenery outside the window.

Whenever he was caught up in such circumstances, he would lament Asuro's Office's lack of talented personnel. I suppose I'm the only boss for such a large organization who personally goes on international missions all the time. This is ridiculous.

Still, on second thought, he couldn't rest assured if he were to assign someone else to handle the task of seizing Chorleigh.

Jonothan had been suppressing Joson's experiments for a long time. As the latter had to carry out the experiments in secret, not to mention without the help of professional equipment, his research about cultivators was progressing very slowly.

Even with Jonothan's support now, nurturing a group of Grandmaster Realm-equivalent cultivators wasn't an easy undertaking.

However, once they located Chorleigh and acquired the results of his experiments, Jonothan was confident that the information could help Asuro's Office to create their own high-level cultivators. It would be best if we could bring Chorleigh with us. If Chorleigh and Joson were to work together, I think they could even produce God Realm cultivators.

Before leaving Remdik back then, Jonothan had requested Hodes to investigate Chorleigh's background.

To Jonothan's surprise, Chorleigh was using his real name, and he was a member of Rodunst's royalty. He was an actual prince.

Unfortunately, due to Chorleigh's obsession with the technology of gene modification, he utilized his authority to kill countless people brutally.

His experiments were carried out in absolute secrecy, but nothing was definite when someone was born into royalty.

Just as he was about to succeed in his experiments, Chorleigh's younger brother exposed his doings to the public to compete for the king's position.

As a result, the royal family unhesitatingly cut all ties with Chorleigh to maintain their regiment over the country and even instructed their men to hunt down Chorleigh to win the hearts of their citizens.

Under such circumstances, Chorleigh relied on his formidable cultivation level to escape Rodunst and entered Remdik via the Central Epeo's warzone. Then, he became a highly-valued figure in Remdik.

He was just a problematic child getting deceived by the Remdikians.

Jonathon meticulously devised a plan in his mind. As the survivor of the conflict between prominent clans, he had trained and polished his mind to stay sharp.

He reckoned it wouldn't be a difficult task to deal with Chorleigh, a man who merely focused on cultivation and research.

Jonathon's only concern was his destination, Mortling Castle, was only less than three hundred miles away from Remdik's capitol, Sospiuburg.

He would be infiltrating Remdik's seat of government.

Previously, he had even done away with Antoine, so he figured Ivonov's family members and the Remdikion army should be diligently trying to hunt him down.

Jonathon sighed with resignation, looking at the reflection of a strange countenance in the window. I wonder how long this trip will last and when I can return to Chono.

He could only hope the mission would end faster. After all, Josephine had been brought away by the Osborne family for over a month now, and she should already be approximately four months into her pregnancy.

"I must survive. Only by surviving can I live the life I yearned for."

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