

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 871

The Legendary Man Chapter 871-Aidan panted heavily as he landed on a ridge in Beshya, Redlington.

Aiden panted heavily as he landed on the ridge in Beshya, Redlington.

The rocks beneath Aiden's feet shattered due to the force of the impact.

His gaze fell on the pile of tree trunks still burning in the valley below.

He landed on the valley end stomped on the ground while releasing his spiritual energy, causing two bodies to emerge from the ground.

One corpse was completely charred, while the other was in pieces.

He couldn't tell which body was Antoine just by looking at the corpses, so he had to use his dagger to cut off the charred flesh from the first body's forearm.

After he broke the bone of the forearm, his heart jolted.

Only the God Realm cultivator could use their spiritual energy to strengthen their bones to this extent.

Aiden knew that this corpse definitely belonged to Antoine.

At the same time, he also knew he would soon face Ivenov's wrath.

Right then, a figure jumped down from the cliff. It was Avery.

Avery was carrying nine bodies.

"Did you find Antoine?" he asked Aiden coldly.

Aiden threw the broken forearm to Avery, who fell silent after trying to break it.

Then, he placed the nine bodies on the ground before looking up at Aiden.

"There are eleven people. This number completely matched Team Alpha which Antoine had dispatched."

Aiden didn't say anything. He merely stared at Avery with murderous intent burning in his eyes.

If it weren't for Avery, they would have been able to arrive before Antoine's death, judging from the time of death of these bodies and the situation.

However, Avery just had to start fighting with him because of their conflict with each other. It was Avery's actions that led to this outcome.

"Avery, this isn't over," Aiden said as he stored all the bodies in his storage ring. He then turned and headed north.

Since he had failed to save Antoine and caused the supplies for around a hundred thousand soldiers from the Arctic Army to get stolen, the Medved Army would have to act quickly to stabilize the situation.

Ivenov would definitely be furious if he learned that Aiden had failed to save Antoine, but he wouldn't do anything to him for this since he was still his subordinate.

However, if the Medved Army wasn't able to handle the aftermath of this situation and caused the Arctic Army to be left without supplies, Ivenov would then have a reason to kill him.

Aidon panted heavily as he landed on a ridge in Beshyo, Redlington.

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Looking at Aidon's disappearing figure, Avery smirked.

"Mission accomplished. Antoine is dead," he said into the communication device.

On the other end of the line, Sovonoh replied, "River Onxy is a military stronghold. Go and find an opportunity for Ivanov to vent his anger. If he kills Aidon, it will be beneficial to us."

"Understood!"

Avery hung up the call and let out a long sigh.

Although he was over three thousand kilometers away from Sospiuburg, he still felt a sense of uneasiness when he was communicating with Sovonoh.

He had seen the tsar before. The latter was a benevolent-looking middle-aged man.

However, he knew how terrifying this seemingly amiable man was since he was in his faction.

With the tsar's high cultivation level and cunning tactics, death was Ivanov's only outcome if he faced the tsar. It did not matter how strong he was.

"I really wish to see who will win among the two most powerful people in Remdik. No. Actually, I wonder how Ivanov will lose..." he muttered to himself.

In Delisgor Ridge, there was a nameless valley.

Although it was usually covered in snow year-round, it had now been cleared to make an empty, open space.

Joshua and Hoyden were sitting on a gigantic piece of black bear skin, watching the bear meat roasting over the fire in front of them.

Joshua used spiritual energy to control the brush, applying oil and various seasonings to the bear meat, which was almost fully cooked.

At the side, Hoyden took a big gulp from a bottle of expensive red wine.

“Joshua, you’re really something. With your storage ring, it feels like we are in the palace instead of this freezing place. This life feels even more comfortable than when I was with the Zink family.”

Hoyden lay on the bear skin, propping himself up with his arm.

“Joshua, how many things did you bring with you?”

“I brought ten storage rings,” Joshua replied gleefully. Even when roasting the bear meat, he was still reading a book.

“I guess we really don’t have to worry about our food and drinks with these ten storage rings.” Hoyden lay on the ground comfortably. However, he suddenly thought of something and asked, “Wait, are you trying to pull a fast one on me? Why do I feel you don’t have any control here, and you’re just trying to end your life in these mountains?”

“Do you really think I’m that kind of person?”

Joshua kept his book and smiled at Hoyden.

Hoyden looked into Joshua’s eyes for a long moment before he shook his head.

“I can’t tell. You’re the kind of person who can pull off tricks right under the noses of the eight respectable families. I can’t tell what you’re thinking.”

“I’m not pulling any tricks. I was only able to climb up to my current position because the eight respectable families were guarding against one another and preventing one another from improving,” Joshua said as he passed

Hayden a piece of roasted bear meat. "As for the Zink family, they are amazing for being able to cultivate you into a God Realm cultivator under the guise of being under the extension of the Osborne family."

Hayden frowned upon hearing Joshua mention the Zink family.

"It's not that amazing. The Osborne family's strategy is just like raising pigs. Although it seems like they are nurturing cultivators and strengthening the family, in reality, they're just cultivating pawns for themselves. We have a total of four God Realm cultivators in my family, including me. Except for me, who has never appeared and registered with the Osborne family, the other three people have been assigned extremely dangerous tasks by the Osborne family since a year ago."

Joshua nodded slightly.

"As they should. With the three cultivators from your family, it's already enough to pose a threat to the other families, including the Osborne family. If I'm not mistaken, the Osborne family will continue to assign dangerous tasks to the other three people as long as they don't die."

"You're right. Half a year ago, they told my father to look for Remus Gray. They wanted to strike while the iron is hot. It was only after this incident that we began to plan to break away from the Osborne family, and you are our opportunity to do that."

As Hayden spoke, a alarm sounded suddenly by Joshua's side.

Both of them turned to look in surprise at the flashing lights on the alarm, then turned their heads to look at the top of the mountain in the east.

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Joshua kept his book and smiled at Hayden.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 872

The Legendary Man Chapter 872-That was the bio-detector alarm that Joshua had installed nearby.

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Delisger Ridge was located in a primeval forest, after all, so there were many beasts around. The black bear that had been killed by the duo previously had triggered the alarm too.

Nevertheless, beasts were of no threat to two God Realm cultivators.

What they were very most about was still the people they might encounter.

Joshue had come to this place following the coordinates. The place was deep in the hinterland of Delisger Ridge, a nature reserve where logging and hunting were forbidden. Hence, there was no one nearby at all.

To humans, this area would certainly be a no man's land, but Joshue was on the run at the moment. The cautious men knew that the eight respectable families would certainly not let him off.

Despite being in a deep forest like this, Joshue was still on his guard.

Is it a bear? Is it a tiger?

The two of them stood up to look ahead, hoping that the alarm was only a mistake like the previous few times.

However, the two people soon peled, as they felt a faint wave of spiritual energy fluctuation coming from the spot in front of them.

"Here they come!"

Joshue flicked his wrist, and an ink-black fan appeared in his hand.

At the same time, Heyden held onto the bear meat between his teeth and raised his sniper rifle as he rushed into the woods behind him.

Heyden was now far more careful than Joshue.

After all, Joshue was the only child of the Whitley family, so the only people he would endanger would be himself.

On the other hand, if news about Heyden being a God Realm cultivator were to spread, the sly men Meson would definitely put out orders to slaughter the entire Zink family.

Joshue sensed the disappearance of Heyden's eue, but he continued to fix his gaze on the ridge in front of him.

Not long after, three figures appeared on it.

The three people were dressed plainly in fur coats, trepper hets, and leather shoes, looking like ordinary farmers.

Joshue shook his head wearily when he saw the arrival of the three men.

"You're from the Leeson family from Doveston, aren't you?"

Joshue slowly gathered his spiritual energy into the ribs of Heilstorm Fen.

As the fen opened up, gusts of strong wind began to billow around Joshue.

"You shouldn't have been able to find me here. I'm curious. Do the Leesons have some kind of astrologer who led you here by looking at the stars?"

That was the bio-detector alarm that Joshue had installed nearby.

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Is it a bear? Is it a tiger?

The two of them stood up to look ahead, hoping that the storm was only a mistake like the previous few times.

However, the two people soon froze, as they felt a faint wave of spiritual energy fluctuation coming from the spot in front of them.

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Joshua flicked his wrist, and an ink-block fan appeared in his hand.

At the same time, Hayden held onto the bear meat between his teeth and raised his sniper rifle as he rushed into the woods behind him.

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Joshua sensed the disappearance of Hayden's aura, but he continued to fix his gaze on the ridge in front of him.

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Joshua shook his head weakly when he saw the arrival of the three men.

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As the fan opened up, gusts of strong wind began to billow around Joshua.

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"You shouldn't have been able to find me here. I'm curious. Do the Leesons have some kind of astrologer who led you here by looking at the stars?"

Right as he muttered that, he leaped up and dashed toward the three men.

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The three men from the Leeson family were Grandmaster Realm cultivators, and they were there because of Quintus' words during his brief moment of clarity.

Now that they had found Joshua, they dared not hesitate as they spun around and fled.

They were only there to survey the ore. Bumping into their enemy was not part of the plan, and it would be impossible for them to hold their ground against Joshua.

Bong!

Just then, a gunshot rang out in the mountain.

The head of the one running the fastest among the three exploded, and his body fell off the mountain.

The remaining two were then sent flying back to Joshuo by the gust of wind Joshuo had summoned with his fon.

“Stop!”

Joshuo made a hand gesture and restrained the two men on the snowy ground.

Hoyden returned to Joshuo’s side with a mask on his face.

“They’re from the Leeson family from Doveston?”

“I think so,” Joshuo replied as he crouched down to look at the two people.

“Why are you here?”

“We’re here to hunt,” said one of the Leesons.

“F*ck you!” Hoyden stomped on that man’s ankle, shattering it. “It’s my first f*cking time seeing three Grandmaster Realm cultivators coming all the way here to hunt. If you’re not going to speak the truth, I’m going to kill you right now.”

As Hoyden uttered that, he lifted his sniper rifle and pressed the muzzle against the other man’s head.

However, upon hearing him, the two men lying on the ground no longer felt afraid.

“What are you trying to ask if you already know that we’re lying? You might as well just kill me!”

“Oh? You want to f*cking get it?” Hoyden snorled as he made to pull the trigger.

“Wait.” Joshuo stopped him.

Joshuo glanced at the two people on the ground as he let his spiritual sense rove over them. Then, he used his dagger to slice one of the men’s clothes, in which he took out what seemed like a palm-sized charger.

“What’s that?” Hoyden asked curiously.

"It's o trocker," Joshuo said in exasperation. "It's pointless to kill them now. If my guess is right, the Leeson's have already been alerted when the other man died just now."

"I'm glad you know that," the man lying on the ground hissed. "I dare you to f*cking kill us. You'll never be able to outrun the Leeson's when they come!"

"There isn't o need for us to kill you anymore, so leave," Joshuo said as he shoved the trocker back into the man's chest.

However, before he retracted his arm, he manifested o dagger and slit their throats.

Hoyden was stupefied.

Just seconds before, he was going to advise Joshuo not to show them any mercy, as Grandmaster Realm cultivators like them were likely to cause more trouble if they were released.

As it turned out, Joshuo was far more ruthless than he thought he was.

"Joshuo... You're not o saint either!"

"When did I say I was one?" Joshuo took out o handkerchief to clean his bloody hand. "By killing them, I can at least keep your existence o secret. We can't stay here anymore. We've got to leave. Let's go to the border of Remdik. Not even the Leeson's will dare to make o ruckus there without thinking twice."

As Joshuo said that, he began running down the mountain. They had been staying there for days, and they had left plenty of traces of their tracks. Joshuo had to destroy all of those traces.

Their tracks had most likely been exposed since the Leeson family's men had found them earlier. However, he still needed to buy them o little more time.

Most importantly, he needed to erase Hoyden's tracks.

Joshuo was guessing that Evo would tell the Sollodoy family about Hoyden, but she would keep it o secret from the rest of the world.

That way, the other families would assume that he was alone when they were targeting him, and it would be easy to deal with them with Hoyden by his side.

Only the Sollodoy family knew that he had another God Realm cultivator by his side, so they were the only ones who could make the right arrangements.

The Sollodoy family could increase their chances of capturing him to their maximum.

And like the Sollodoy family, Joshua wanted to keep Hoyden hidden from the others.

If someone came to capture him, Joshua would be able to emerge as victor with the help of Hoyden and three spiritual treasures.

Hoyden could easily figure out what Joshua was trying to do.

At that moment, the Zink family no longer had other ways to escape the Osborne family's trap.

Hoyden decided to stick with Joshua since the latter seemed to have a plan. He was curious to see how the respectable families would resolve their issues with each other.

"There isn't a need for us to kill you anymore, so leave," Joshua said as he shoved the tracker back into the

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 873

The Legendary Man Chapter 873-Jonathan was reading a travel guidebook on a train heading toward Mortling Castle.

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Although he had been to Remdik before, he had always had company. He needed not to worry about not understanding the local language.

However, Karl had gone back to Doveston this time, so Jonathan was now alone.

Furthermore, he needed a new identity while he was on the train to Remdik.

Fortunately, Jonethen had made preparations for that. Before heading to Remdik, he had asked the men at the Derk Special Forces to prep his new identity.

Jonethen, aided by Hossom's disguising skills, had assumed the identity of an exchange student en route to Sespiuburg for university.

"Zdrevstvuy," said a stylish young woman, who was holding several books and had approached him from the opposite direction. What she said next was lost to Jonethen as he stared at her blankly.

Jonethen's life had taken a drastic turn after the murder of his parents. Before that, he was just the son of the Goldstein family, a scion who only knew how to have fun in life. He would spend most of his days partying and enjoying himself in Yeleview.

Even though Jonethen had been slowly learning to see the big picture after establishingASURE's Office—he even started keeping an eye on the situation in Remdik—he was only human.

He had been so busy training every day that he did not have time to learn even the most common language in the world, let alone Remdikian, a language he rarely encountered.

After mulling over her words for a long while, Jonethen figured she was greeting him with the first word she said to him.

Meeting the girl's questioning gaze, Jonethen nodded and repeated the greeting.

"Zdrevstvuy!" Jonethen said with a smile.

The young woman nodded and looked at Jonethen, waiting for him to continue.

However, after a few seconds of hesitation, Jonethen gave her a small smile before lowering his head to continue reading his travel guidebook.

The young woman sat opposite Jonethen and said in heavily accented Cheneen, "You... Cheneen?"

Jonethen lifted his head in pleasant surprise.

“You cen speek Cheneeen?”

“A little,” she replied with e weve of her books.

“I’m studying Cheneeen et Sespiuburg University. There ere meny legends in Cheneee, so I’d like to visit Cheneee.”

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Jonothon lifted his head in pleasant surprise.

"You can speak Chonoen?"

"A little," she replied with a wave of her books.

"I'm studying Chonoen at Sospiuburg University. There are many legends in Chonoen, so I'd like to visit Chonoen."

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After taking the books she passed to him, he opened them and found that they were all about Chanaean.

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There were many comprehension texts in them. To Jonothon, those books were like textbooks of addition and subtraction in elementary school. It was simple.

Studying Chonoeon at Sospiuburg University...

Jonothon quietly returned the books to the young woman in front of him.

I'm currently pretending to be an exchange student heading to Sospiuburg University. Am I not blowing my cover by bumping into this girl?

"What's your name?" the young woman asked after a moment of silence.

"Irving Zeigler."

Jonothon shook her hand.

The young woman seemed like a cheerful one as she merrily introduced herself to Jonothon, "I'm Ksono."

"By the way, Zeigler, why are you here in Remdik? Are you here for holiday?"

"I am," Jonothon answered as he moved the book in his hand.

He decided it was best not to reveal that Irving Zeigler was supposed to be an exchange student at Sospiuburg University, as it could lead to trouble if the young woman invited him to go to the university with her.

Unlike the trains in Chonoeo, there were no tickets sold for the trains in Remdik.

Everyone's tickets were the same, so the seats were on a first-come-first-serve basis.

Listening to Ksono bombarding him with countless questions about Chonoeo, Jonothon could only feel a headache forming. Yet, when he started thinking of changing seats, he found out that the nearby compartments were all full.

He had three more days before he reached Mortling Castle. Even if he would not be physically tired from standing, the mere thought of standing for three whole days took a toll on his mind.

Ksono was talkative, but her good looks and figure made it less tiresome to look at her.

The two of them ended up chatting for over two hours before Jonothon excused himself by telling her he was tired. He leaned back against his seat and fell silent.

Ksono did not insist on the conversation as she started reading her books with her headphones on.

However, half an hour after Jonothon closed his eyes for a nap, his ears twitched, and the spiritual energy channeling in him was forcibly halted.

To play it safe, Jonothon even formed a thin layer of spiritual energy armor to isolate the inside of his body from the outside world.

At the same time, he paid attention to the almost-inaudible footsteps above him.

Although the train was not the fastest around, it was running across the snowy lands. No ordinary people would be able to ride the train mid-journey, let alone walk swiftly above the moving train.

Jonothon inferred that the person above him had to be a cultivator even without using his spiritual energy and spiritual sense to investigate the matter.

They're swift, and they're capable of minimizing their spiritual energy fluctuation, so I'm guessing that they're at least a Grandmaster Realm cultivator.

Jonothon opened his eyes a slit, hoping to find out what those people were trying to do.

Yet, he saw the young woman before him lifting her arms and stabbing the back of her head with two thin steel nails.

While Ksono was running her fingers toward the back of her head, she was glancing at Jonothon.

Despite the slight opening of Jonothon's eyes, Jonothon was not moving at all, so it was as if he was still asleep.

The young woman paused for five seconds before clapping those two nails into her neck.

The second those nails went in, Jonothon sensed the complete transformation of the young woman's aura.

That was not all. The young woman even pressed her hands against her cheeks and started adjusting her facial features.

Damn... Her disguise looks terrifying.

Jonothon had a nasty shock as he watched the girl change her looks.

So it turns out we're all just sly foxes. And here I thought I really met an innocent girl. I knew it. I'm not that handsome, so why would girls approach me? She's better at hiding her identity than I am.

In a few seconds, the young woman's appearance had completely changed.

She had had a cute appearance, but now that her hair was down, she had a more mature and sophisticated look. She was nothing like the chatty and lively girl she had been before.

As she fixed her eyes on Jonothon, she potted the makeup cushion against the powder before blowing it at Jonothon.

Jonothon immediately caught a whiff of its sweet smell.

It was anesthesia.

At the same time, he paid attention to the almost-inaudible footsteps above him.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 874

The Legendary Man Chapter 874-Jonathan had no idea what type of anesthesia Ksana had used on him, but it was weaker than Rebecca's.

Jonethen had no idea what type of anesthesia Ksene had used on him, but it was weaker than Rebecca's.

It was worth noting that he had expended most of his spiritual energy to refine the anesthesia Rebecca had used on him with his Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique when she had tried to assassinate him.

However, right then his body had blocked Ksene's anesthesia. It was weak.

Relaxing his body, he let his head loll down to play along with Ksene's act.

Seeing that her plan had worked, Ksene let her guard down. She lifted Jonethen's chin with a finger, spun around gracefully, and set beside him.

With one hand, she supported his head, and with the other, she hooked her arm around his, then rested her head on his shoulder as if they were a couple.

Jonethen carefully controlled the flow of his spiritual energy within his body, slowing down his blood circulation so as not to arouse suspicion from Ksene. He didn't want to scare her away.

The voices from above faded as two men, covered in snow, threw open the compartment doors and entered the train.

Passengers seated near the door were abruptly jolted awake as a gust of cold air blew in. However, they fell silent when they saw the broadswords strapped to the men's backs. They were Grendmester Realm cultivators.

Without a word, they enveloped the compartment with their spiritual energy the moment they entered.

They swiftly made their way over to Jonethen's end and picked up Ksene's shoulder bag.

"This belongs to Ms. Ksene," one of them said.

He paused and gave Jonethen and Ksene an icy look before turning away.

"Search the train. Ms. Ksene must still be on board."

The two of them soon disappeared from sight.

As the last ripples of the cultivators' spiritual energy dissipated, Ksene stood up, ready to throw her school bag out the window.

However, Jonethen reached out right then and grabbed her wrist, effectively stopping her from doing so.

"Hey, I'd leave that school bag alone if I were you."

"You're still conscious?"

Ksene flicked her wrist, and a pistol appeared in her left hand.

As she raised it, she caught sight of a high-explosive grenade in Jonethen's hand.

Jonethon had no idea what type of anesthesia Ksono had used on him, but it was weaker than Rebecca's.

It was worth noting that he had expended most of his spiritual energy to refine the anesthesia Rebecca had used on him with his Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique when she had tried to assassinate him.

However, right then his body had blocked Ksono's anesthesia. It was weak.

Relaxing his body, he let his head loll down to play along with Ksono's act.

Seeing that her plan had worked, Ksono let her guard down. She lifted Jonethon's chin with a finger, spun around gracefully, and sat beside him.

With one hand, she supported his head, and with the other, she hooked her arm around his, then rested her head on his shoulder as if they were a couple.

Jonethon carefully controlled the flow of his spiritual energy within his body, slowing down his blood circulation so as not to arouse suspicion from Ksono. He didn't want to scare her away.

The voices from above faded as two men, covered in snow, threw open the compartment doors and entered the train.

Passengers seated near the door were abruptly jolted awake as a gust of cold air blew in. However, they fell silent when they saw the broadswords stopped to the men's backs. They were Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

Without a word, they enveloped the compartment with their spiritual energy the moment they entered.

They swiftly made their way over to Jonathon's and picked up Ksono's shoulder bag.

"This belongs to Ms. Ksono," one of them said.

He paused and gave Jonathon and Ksono an icy look before turning away.

"Search the train. Ms. Ksono must still be on board."

The two of them soon disappeared from sight.

As the last ripples of the cultivators' spiritual energy dissipated, Ksono stood up, ready to throw her school bag out the window.

However, Jonathon reached out right then and grabbed her wrist, effectively stopping her from doing so.

"Hey, I'd leave that school bag alone if I were you."

"You're still conscious?"

Ksono flicked her wrist, and a pistol appeared in her left hand.

As she raised it, she caught sight of a high-explosive grenade in Jonathon's hand.

Jonathan had no idea what type of anesthesia Ksana had used on him, but it was weaker than Rebecca's.

It was worth noting that he had expended most of his spiritual energy to refine the anesthesia Rebecca had used on him with his Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique when she had tried to assassinate him.

However, right then his body had blocked Ksana's anesthesia. It was weak.

Relaxing his body, he let his head loll down to play along with Ksana's act.

Seeing that her plan had worked, Ksana let her guard down. She lifted Jonathan's chin with a finger, spun around gracefully, and sat beside him.

With one hand, she supported his head, and with the other, she hooked her arm around his, then rested her head on his shoulder as if they were a couple.

Jonathan carefully controlled the flow of his spiritual energy within his body, slowing down his blood circulation so as not to arouse suspicion from Ksana. He didn't want to scare her away.

The voices from above faded as two men, covered in snow, threw open the compartment doors and entered the train.

Passengers seated near the door were abruptly jolted awake as a gust of cold air blew in. However, they fell silent when they saw the broadswords strapped to the men's backs. They were Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

Without a word, they enveloped the compartment with their spiritual energy the moment they entered.

They swiftly made their way over to Jonathan's and picked up Ksana's shoulder bag.

"This belongs to Ms. Ksana," one of them said.

He paused and gave Jonathan and Ksana an icy look before turning away.

"Search the train. Ms. Ksana must still be on board."

The two of them soon disappeared from sight.

As the last ripples of the cultivators' spiritual energy dissipated, Ksana stood up, ready to throw her school bag out the window.

However, Jonathan reached out right then and grabbed her wrist, effectively stopping her from doing so.

"Hey, I'd leave that school bag alone if I were you."

"You're still conscious?"

Ksana flicked her wrist, and a pistol appeared in her left hand.

As she raised it, she caught sight of a high-explosive grenade in Jonathan's hand.

“Are you sure you want to shoot?” Jonathan chuckled.

“Are you sure you want to shoot?” Jonothon chuckled.

Ksono stored the high-explosive grenade, then looked at the compartment doors in front and behind her as she weighed her options.

I'd risk drawing their attention and exposing myself if I caused a scene. And I'm pretty sure my family sent more than two men to capture me. It won't be easy to escape if I get caught.

Ksono quickly trained her gun on Jonothon while the other passengers were distracted and sat back down.

“Who are you? How are you still conscious after the anesthesia I gave you? You must be strong.”

Jonothon put away his grenade after sensing that Ksono's cultivation level wasn't much of a threat. At most, she was at the beginner phase of Grandmaster Realm.

“There's a tracking device inside that bag, right? If you throw the bag out now, they'll know you're among us and conduct another search. Your disguise and special technique to hide your aura won't be enough to protect you. Your necklace, clothes, and hair color haven't changed, and your height and posture remain the same. I couldn't hear everything those two men said earlier, but they'll come for you once they realize who you are.”

Jonothon spoke rapidly, making it difficult for Ksono to keep up, but she understood the gist.

She put her bag away and ordered Jonothon to take off his clothes, keeping her pistol trained on him.

“Take off your clothes and hand them over to me.”

“Just act like you're sleeping,” Jonothon said as he took hold of Ksono's shoulder and drew her close.

He swiftly disarmed her gun with his left hand and snatched it away, stowing it in a storage ring.

As he finished, the compartment doors on both sides were pushed open once more, revealing at least twenty people with broadswords on their backs standing before them.

“She’s not here,” one of the men muttered, casting a suspicious glance at Jonothon and Ksono. “Hey! Have you seen the girl over there?”

Jonothon found himself at a loss with the Remdikion language the men spoke, so he merely smiled and shook his head in response.

The man frowned and reached out to grab Ksono’s hair.

“Hey!”

Jonothon stood up and stopped his hand away, but he didn’t appear particularly confident.

Ksono, playing along, sat up and feigned grogginess as she looked at Jonothon and the men.

“What’s going on?” She spoke in a high-pitched voice, far from her usual soothing tone, as she addressed the cultivators around her.

“Have you seen the owner of these things?” the man asked in Remdikion.

Ksono acted clueless as she looked at the bag across from her with a puzzled expression.

She turned to Jonothon and asked, “Dear, was there someone sitting across from us just now?”

“How would I know? I’ve been asleep this whole time!” Jonothon clenched his fists and faced the man. “All I know is someone here is trying to act like a big bully.”

The man understood that Jonothon was insulting him despite the language barrier and was about to draw his broadsword when a bearded cultivator behind him intervened.

“Forget it. We have more important things to do. Let’s go.”

The man with the broadsword scoffed and left with the rest of the cultivators.

As the last of them jumped off the train, Jonathan turned to Ksana with a curious smile.

"Hey, aren't you going to reintroduce yourself to me again?" He returned the pistol to her.

At the same time, Ksana pulled out a box of cigarettes from her pocket, put her feet up on the table, and lit a cigarette.

"You're an interesting man. How about I give you one million to take me to Sospiuburg safely?"

"I'm only going to Mortling Castle," Jonathan replied with a chuckle.

"Then you'll protect me for the next three days until we reach Mortling Castle. I'll pay you one million once we get there."

"Deal," Jonathan agreed without hesitation.

He knew Ksana wasn't just an ordinary girl since she was willing to hire him without even knowing who he was.

However, at the moment, he needed a guide who spoke Chonoese to help him hide his real identity.

They were merely taking what they needed from each other without asking questions, as adults understood.

"Hey!"

Jonathan stood up and slapped his hand away, but he didn't appear particularly confident.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 875

The Legendary Man Chapter 875-Jonathan and Ksana went through three rounds of inspection for the remaining two days.

Thanks to the ideas from an undercover master like Jonathan, Ksana could completely leave her old identity behind when she used her disguise technique to change her appearance.

Besides, with Jonathan by her side, those people wouldn't be able to sense any spiritual energy from Ksana even if they were standing before her.

During these two days, Ksana and Jonathan behaved like a real couple, talking about anything and everything.

However, if someone were to dissect their conversations, they would realize there was no substance to their conversations.

Jonathan was eating some beef jerky as he looked at the sunset outside.

He should arrive at Mortling Castle by midnight. Previously, he had contacted someone hiding near Mortling Castle, so he could go directly to where Charleigh was last seen once he arrived.

"Irving, why are you eating beef jerky again? Your body won't be able to take it," Ksana said while sitting opposite Jonathan with a plastic bag in her hand.

She took out what was in the bag, revealing two servings of pasta.

"This train is famous for long-distance travel in Remdik. The food here is exceptional as well. Do you want some?" she offered as she pushed the other serving of pasta in front of Jonathan. "Try it. You've been eating what you brought for the past two days. I don't think your body can hold on much longer."

Jonathan pushed the serving of pasta back to Ksana.

"It's better to eat what you brought when you're outside. The pasta smells great. You can have them to yourself."

Ksana didn't say much after hearing that reply and just ate the food in front of her.

"Irving, do you really not want to come with me to Saspiuburg?"

"No." Jonathan smiled. "I'm looking for someone in Mortling Castle, so why would I go to Saspiuburg?"

"You're looking for someone? You sure you're not there to kill someone instead?" Ksana played with the fork in her hand and twirled the pasta with it. "I don't know what you do, but I've seen many people like you. You're either an assassin or an informant. Judging by the situation between Chanaea and

Remdik, even an idiot should be able to tell what you're doing here. However, I am curious about something. Mortling Castle is close to Saspiuburg, and it's located in the hinterland of Remdik, but it's not the administrative center. What are you trying to do over there?"

Jonathan chewed on his beef jerky while he looked at Ksana, and without any warning, he used his physical energy to lock Ksana in place.

"Ksana, we've gotten along well for the past two days, but there are some things that you shouldn't pry into even if you understand the situation. Or else, as your boyfriend, I may only be relieved after I've killed you."

"Don't worry. I'm just curious. I have no intention of reporting you," Ksana replied with a chuckle. "Too bad, though. You should be a God Realm cultivator based on the spiritual energy you used to suppress me. You'd be a huge support if you'd help me."

A glint of murderous intent flashed across Jonathan's eyes as he looked at Ksana.

He had been trying to ask Ksana about her identity these past two days, but he didn't get an honest answer as a reply. He wasn't even sure if Ksana was her real name.

For the past two days, they were people conducting searches, but they were all looking for a woman instead. As for Jonathan, he was still able to board the train safely even after killing Antoine, and all this seemed abnormal to him.

At that moment, Jonathan suspected that Ksana was like him, someone who was trying to escape, and maybe that was why she tried to get close to him.

Sensing Jonathan's killing intent, Ksana quickly put down her cutleries and said, "All right, I'll stop asking. We'll go our separate ways at Mortling Castle in five hours."

"Isn't it too soon to go your separate ways at Mortling Castle?"

As soon as Ksana finished her sentence, a childish voice rang out.

Ksana and Jonathan turned their heads and noticed a young spectacled boy sitting in front of them.

The boy had freckles on his face and was around one hundred and seventy centimeters tall. He looked skinny, and he was now looking at them in embarrassment.

“God Realm,” Jonathan said to Ksana.

The young boy had boarded the train and had been sitting quietly in front of them a day before, reading his comic book. He was like any other ordinary passenger on the train as he slept and took his meals.

The boy was tall, but that was because Remdikians were mostly on the taller side. He was actually only around twelve to thirteen years old.

No one would ever suspect a boy this age no matter where he was. After all, children like Donald were rare and hard to find.

However, the cultivation level that the boy exhibited was of a God Realm, and this truly shocked Jonathan.

The boy was already a God Realm cultivator at that age. If he was a Chanaean, he would be blacklisted and hidden away no matter which forces he belonged to.

Normally, one wouldn't give birth to the child if it wasn't from Divine Realm, but in Remdik, they could walk out freely like this.

Is it true that the cultivation conditions abroad are better than in Chanaea?

“Ksana, give me the item and I'll let you go,” the young boy said as he closed his book.

Jonathan was still sitting down with a strip of beef jerky in his mouth, and he could feel the physical energy surrounding the young boy.

The physical energy seemed dangerous, and if Jonathan were to attack him now, the entire train would be annihilated by their attacks.

Although they were in Remdik, as a cultivator, Jonathan didn't want to involve too many mortals in this.

Not only that, but he wanted to know what Ksana, who had been with him for the past few days, possessed that could even alert such a powerful force to intercept.

“It’s not with me,” Ksana said, then pointed at Jonathan while eating her pasta. “This is my bodyguard. I’ll give you what you want if you can kill him.”

Immediately after Ksana said that, a dagger appeared in Jonathan’s hand, and he held it against Ksana’s jaw.

“Sorry. I did say that I’ll protect you, but I won’t be your scapegoat. I have something important to do as well.”

The boy took off his spectacles and said to Jonathan, “Your background is suspicious, so you’ll need to come with me no matter what you need to do.”

After the boy said that, Jonathan could feel himself trapped in a cage made of spiritual energy.

“And if I refuse?” Jonathan’s right hand slightly moved, and a black spear appeared in his hand out of thin air. “Well, I want to see if a snobby brat like you can make me stay!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 876

The Legendary Man Chapter 876-“Now, let’s not be too hasty,” the young boy said to Jonathan with a smile. “Our target this time is Ksana, and as for you, Mr. Goldstein, we don’t have the time for you now.”

A burst of spiritual energy erupted. Jonathan didn’t plan on hiding himself any longer when the boy addressed him as Mr. Goldstein as he unleashed the force field of his spiritual energy.

His cover had long been exposed since the boy could even state his name.

“Pryncyp of Slaughter!” The boy slowly stood up when he felt the Pryncyp emerging from Jonathan. “I really want to know the true powers of the Pryncyp of Slaughter, but too bad my master wants me to let you go.”

Looking at the boy, Jonathan aimed his spear directly at the center of the boy’s brows.

The both of them were a few meters apart, so Jonathan’s spear almost touched the boy when he raised it.

However, the boy didn’t even bother to look at Jonathan.

“Ksana, you should know that Jonathan can’t protect you.”

Jonathan turned his head to look at the woman, who was just sitting on her seat as she ate the pasta leisurely.

“I can’t play around if you’re like this, Paurius.”

After saying that, Ksana ate the final bite of her pasta, and with a flick of her wrist, the fork in her hand turned into a ray of light as it pierced into the boy’s abdomen.

“Give me the item!” Paurius roared as he slapped away Jonathan’s spear before he turned and lunged at Ksana.

An afterimage flashed past. Ksana turned and began to flee.

Just before she turned, two bloodied nails that were hidden in the back of her head flew out, aiming for Jonathan’s and Paurius’ arteries.

Jonathan couldn’t believe that he had made an error in judgment. He didn’t know that Ksana was a God Realm cultivator as well.

With a gloomy expression, he reached out and grabbed the flying nail.

This was the first time that an undercover master like Jonathan had been fooled for two days straight. Only God knew how long Ksana would continue to trick him if Paurius hadn’t appeared.

Both Paurius’ and Ksana’s figures flashed past the train compartment and onto the next.

Where the two passed, the doors and windows shattered. The two people standing in the aisle watching the show had even been crushed to pieces.

Jonathan frowned when he heard the screams from a distance.

He was now curious about the item they were fighting for.

The train continued moving forward, but little did the conductor know that the last three compartments of the train had become a living hell.

A battle between the cultivators would make ordinary humans suffer.

A normal human couldn't even withstand being attacked by weapons, let alone the power of spiritual energy.

Paurius and Ksana's fight had turned the second-last compartment into a living hell.

Watching as the people fled from the compartment out of fear, Jonathan walked to where the compartments were linked. He waved his spear gently and severed the link that was attached between the compartments.

After that, he leaped onto the top of the train and raised his spear high before slashing the compartment.

The last two compartments of the train immediately ran off the tracks and crashed into the forest.

The last compartments of the trains in Remdik carried essentials, especially if the train traveled a long distance.

As for the people in the second-last compartment now, they wouldn't be able to live or withstand the spiritual pressure released by the two God Realm cultivators.

Two figures dashed out of the ruined compartment, and just when their feet touched the ground, a purple light emerged underneath their feet and isolated the two of them from the rest of the world.

Jonathan had activated the Divine Chessboard.

He stood in the middle of the Divine Chessboard with a cold expression as he looked at Ksana while holding his spear.

At that moment, both Ksana and Paurius said anything, but they knew they had fallen into Jonathan's control.

"We had an agreement, Jonathan. I give you one million and you'll send me to Mortling Castle. You can't go back on your words."

"What I agree on sending is the Ksana who's a Grandmaster Realm cultivator, but you're a God Realm cultivator. You need to pay me more if that's the case," Jonathan scoffed as he looked at her. "Since you both already knew

my identity, then there's no point in me disguising myself anymore. I'm curious, though. How did both of you confirm my identity?"

"Because the real Irving Zeigler is still active in Chanaea now," Paurius replied with his hands down. "Just like how you have spies in Remdik, we also have our spies in Chanaea, and you are one of the most sought out person in our organization. Our people can recognize you the moment they see you even if you have put on a disguise."

"Your organization?" Jonathan looked at Paurius curiously.

Jonathan knew what was going on in Remdik as well because of the situation in Doveston.

Based on the information from Asura's Office, Remdik was controlled by a few forces, but the forces were not as open as the Eight Great Families in Chanaea.

In a way, Remdik was a highly centralized country, and the entire development and strategies of the country were controlled by the tsar.

The tsar of Remdik was not inherited by lineage. Once a tsar was throned, the tsar would need to train and nurture the next tsar to the throne, and when the power of the current tsar was at its strongest, they would need to support the next tsar in line so that the next in line could succeed them.

Remdik practiced the abdication system, and because of that, the tsar never lost their power in Remdik.

In this country, a tsar could annihilate any organization that was established.

It seems that the origin of this young boy is by no means simple...

However, Jonathan could basically confirm that the organization that Ksana and Paurius were in was not under the tsar, and both of them were not Ivanov's people either.

Otherwise, with the news that Jonathan had killed Antoine, the two factions would have already aimed for his head.

Just when Jonathan was looking for a chance to retreat from the site of the battle and leave, Ksana took out a small blue bottle.

“Jonathan, I’ll give you this bottle of Holy Blood if you kill him for me!”

“How dare you?” Paurius said coldly while looking at the blue blood in the bottle.

Looking at Jonathan, Ksana smiled. “I’ll die if I follow you back anyway, so what is there for me to be afraid of now? Jonathan, legends said that this Holy Blood was from an immortal’s corpse. Those who drink the Holy Blood can restore their youth, so I think you understand the value of this.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 877

The Legendary Man Chapter 877-“You asked for it!”

Paurius moved his feet slightly. In the next instant, he had traversed dozens of meters to deliver Ksana a punch.

Ksana remained completely still, her gaze locked on Jonathan as if she hadn’t even noticed the impending attack.

It was clear that she was waiting for Jonathan to make up his mind!

Finally, right before Paurius’ punch could land on Ksana’s face, Jonathan made a move.

The chessboard beneath Ksana’s feet glowed brilliantly, and instantly, she disappeared from Paurius’ sight.

Jonathan took the bottle of blue liquid from Ksana without hesitation.

It can restore one’s youth? Is it truly possible that such a miracle exists?

Jonathan was highly skeptical of Ksana’s claim that the mysterious blue liquid was a miraculous elixir capable of restoring youth.

As stated in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique manual, even in times when cultivation resources were abundant, no one had been able to concoct an elixir that could guarantee immortality.

In this current era, spiritual energy was scarce, so it was impossible to create a potion of such magnitude.

It was the coffin in Jonathan's elixir field that gave him the order to do so.

According to the coffin, he must get the blue liquid and ask about its origins.

Despite not knowing what that was, he knew that this was important as the coffin had spoken.

After all, inside the coffin was Seboxia himself who founded Seboxiasm over one thousand and six hundred years ago.

Jonathan had no idea how he kept his soul intact, but his life force could bring back the dead, a feat that filled Jonathan with admiration.

Judging from the coffin's attitude, he couldn't help but fear the unknown.

"Where did you get this?" Jonathan asked Ksana.

"Jonathan!" A black arrow of fire materialized in Paurius' hand. "Sometimes, it's wiser to remain ignorant. Give me the bottle and kill Ksana, and I can pretend that I never saw you. Our organization won't hold you accountable for any of the acts you committed in Remdik."

"What if I say no?" Jonathan kept the bottle of blue liquid in his storage ring and pointed his spear at Paurius. "Should I ask her? Or can you provide me with the answer? I just want to know who created the Holy Blood."

"Alexievich," Ksana revealed a strange name slowly.

Opposite her, Paurius' forehead was covered with bulging veins, and he nervously ran his hand through his hair before finally allowing himself to slump into a posture of complete relaxation.

"All I want is to get the Holy Blood back. I don't want to create trouble. Why must you force me to kill?"

Standing on the chessboard, Paurius let out a loud roar.

Following his cry, two figures landed on the chessboard and surrounded Jonathan.

Two God Realm cultivators!

Jonathan felt his heart sink when he discovered their ranks.

If the chessboard focused only on defense, it could effectively defend against any attack from a God Realm cultivator in a minimized state. If it were to incorporate elements of attack and change, it would be able to control up to two God Realm cultivators in the center of the board. However, with four of them present, Jonathan's ability to withstand the onslaught was severely limited.

Jonathan possessed only a small portion of Prynycp of Strength, yet it was a powerful weapon that granted him immense might.

However, Jonathan was now outnumbered.

"Ksana, where is that person you speak of?" Jonathan continued asking coldly.

The coffin had ordered him to ask the question. Otherwise, he would've left without looking back.

The coffin's obvious eagerness indicated that he had gotten himself into a tremendous amount of trouble.

"Watch out!" Ksana barked as she rolled to her right.

However, she appeared on Jonathan's left.

Once again, Jonathan had come to the rescue by employing the chessboard's formation, which served to protect her from harm.

Paurius' fire arrow missed its target. In frustration, he spun around and delivered a powerful kick to Jonathan's abdomen.

At the same time, two spears were launched toward Jonathan, and the ever-successful Divine Chessboard was only able to withstand the force of the attack for a few short seconds before the spears pierced through it, destroying it completely.

"Retract!"

With a gentle tap of his foot, Jonathan sprang up and traveled dozens of meters in the blink of an eye. He grabbed Ksana and made his way down the mountain.

“Use the river! I have a spiritual treasure!” Ksana yelled as she pointed at the glacier beneath them while wrapping one arm around Jonathan’s waist.

“Go!” Jonathan shouted as he grabbed Ksana’s hand and tossed her down the mountain.

Before him, a figure appeared in a flash and surpassed him, heading for Ksana.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Jonathan hurled a thick rope from his grasp. The rope swiftly encircled the man’s ankle, and he dragged him backward with great force.

However, the figure merely stopped for a split second before chopping off the magical rope with his bare hand.

The momentarily lapse was enough.

An immense burst of spiritual energy penetrated the ground through Jonathan’s feet, and mud walls materialized from the mountains, blocking the figure’s path.

Jonathan leaped up and gave a forceful swing.

Paurius and the other two had been occupied with demolishing the mud walls when, suddenly, the walls transformed into a gigantic mouth and engulfed them all.

“Jonathan!”

Jonathan heard Ksana calling his name at the foot of the mountain. When he looked down, he saw that she had created a huge gap in the glacier that stretched at least several dozen meters in front of her.

Above the river was a strange magical item that resembled a huge bird egg.

Jonathan shot down the mountain while three figures leaped into the air, covered in mud.

“Let’s go!” Ksana yelled, stepping into the peculiar boat.

Jonathan took huge strides until he landed on Ksana’s boat.

Right then, he felt a tremendous force strike his back, causing him to lose his balance.

He soared through the air, passing over the boat below him. Soon, he regained his balance midair and eventually touched down on the icy surface of the glacier.

“Go!” he instructed Ksana loudly.

After saying that, he finally realized that the weapon that had attacked him earlier was Paurius’ fire arrow.

The three descended rapidly, and the fire arrow returned to Paurius.

Jonathan found it familiar as though he had seen it somewhere before this.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 878

The Legendary Man Chapter 878-“Ksana, you cannot escape. Come back with me to receive your punishment!” Paurius shouted.

He and the two other cultivators had surrounded Jonathan and Ksana in a triangular formation.

The arrow that was clutched in his hand, which had been on fire only moments before, suddenly became encased in a thin layer of ice. Ksana had only just managed to open up a gap in the ice, yet in the blink of an eye, the arrow had done its work and the space was completely encased in a layer of ice once again.

“Why are you not moving?” Jonathan shouted.

He pressed his palms on the glacier and directed his Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique to the water flowing underneath the ice.

“Sacred Dragon, go!”

Jonathan’s cheeks were flushed as he raised his arms high. A huge gush of water shot up and brought Ksana’s magical item up with it, seemingly carrying them away into the furthest reaches of the horizon.

Outside, Paurius and the other two summoned three strange-looking long sticks from their storage rings carved with complicated patterns and stuck them into the ground.

As their spiritual energy swirled around the area, Jonathan felt a peculiar ripple surrounding him.

It's a formation!

His expression grew grim when he realized their intention.

The formation was already in place. It would be easy for him to leave, but not for Ksana as she was still flying midair.

"Divine Chessboard!" Jonathan growled.

He leaped out of the formation and tossed the chessboard in Ksana's direction.

Before the formation could encircle them, the Divine Chessboard expanded, forming a huge chessboard hundreds of meters wide in the air.

"Move!"

Jonathan held his hands together to form a hand seal, causing Ksana and the strange magical item to be transported to the other end of the chessboard.

With that, Ksana was no longer trapped in Paurius and his helpers' trap formation.

"You're a f*cking cultivator! Can't you save yourself?" Jonathan chided as he delivered a kick to the weird magical item.

He had no choice but to save Ksana to ask about the origins of the Holy Blood due to the mysterious coffin in his body.

Yet, the moment Jonathan made up his mind to protect Ksana, she behaved as if she weren't even a cultivator of Grandmaster Realm, much less a cultivator of God Realm.

Crack, crack...

As the ice cracked open, Jonathan thrust Ksana's magical item into the river.

Having done that, he finally saw Ksana's current condition.

The hatch door to the mysterious, enchanted item was still ajar, and when Jonathan peered inside, he could see Ksana's body stuck to the wall. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be in a deep slumber.

Her face and neck were covered in red lines that resembled spider webs.

"Ksana?"

Jonathan used his spiritual energy to encircle the magical item as he leaped into the icy river.

Despite being in the space of the bronze handbell, Jonathan could feel a chill down his spine as the icy cold water touched his skin.

Three vicious forces closed in on him from behind.

A whirlpool formed behind Jonathan, pushing him and Ksana along the current.

There were also countless needles stabbing into the water. If the bronze handbell hadn't blocked the attacks, Jonathan would've been impaled by the sharp objects.

"Wake up, Ksana!"

Jonathan reached into the hatch door and grabbed her hand. Mere moments after his spiritual energy flowed into her meridians, he quickly retracted it.

The spiritual energy in Ksana's meridians was too chaotic.

Her spiritual energy wasn't simply flowing in reverse. It seemed as if her meridians had been completely liberated from any sort of control or restriction based on his quick diagnosis earlier.

Her spiritual energy was wildly surging through her meridians without any direction.

As she wasn't trying to cultivate, she shouldn't be experiencing this.

The black veins and strange patterns on her face seemed to indicate that she had been poisoned, but he wasn't sure about that.

“Ksana, if you don’t wake up, I’ll have no choice but to leave you behind!” Jonathan warned as he controlled the whirlpool to increase its speed. It was then Ksana’s fingers moved slightly.

A spirit stone fell out of nowhere.

Jonathan grabbed the stone and turned to Ksana. She was pointing weakly at an opening within the compartment.

Without hesitation, Jonathan pushed the spirit stone into the opening.

Immediately, the magical item started emanating a white glow.

He glanced at the front of the magical item and saw a sharp structure that had been formed by spiritual energy. It resembled a bayonet.

“Place... your hand... on the spirit stone,” Ksana said weakly.

Sensing the three bursts of spiritual energy above him, Jonathan stepped on the whirlpool and entered the hatch door.

As soon as his hand made contact with the spirit stone, he immediately knew how to use the magical item.

Without delay, he harnessed his spiritual power and channeled it into the spirit stone, releasing and activating the spiritual energy that was contained within the spirit stone.

The magical item emitted a brilliant light as it flew across the river like a comet, leaving a magnificent trail in its wake.

Above the glacier, Paurius and the other two sensed a huge burst of spiritual energy moving away from them. They took on a serious, almost grave expression, and the air around them grew heavy with tension.

Paurius hollered, “Get our men to search for them along Gerrain River!”

Beside him, one of the God Realm cultivators nodded and left to relay his order to the organization.

Meanwhile, the magical item Jonathan and Ksana were taking was about to lose control.

The spirit stone had the remarkable power to enable the magical item to traverse distances of a few hundred miles with ease.

However, Jonathan had tapped into the full extent of its capabilities in order to escape from the scene.

They were traveling at remarkable speed, but the magical item could not withstand the intense spiritual energy. In less than sixty seconds, the protection markings on the magical item began to fracture.

Losing the protection of the markings, the magical item started buzzing. It shattered into pieces after traveling for thirty miles, causing Jonathan and Ksana to sink with its remains.

“Hang on. We won’t die!”

Jonathan held Ksana as they sank into the river. As the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was activated, a huge palm pulled Jonathan, Ksana, and the remains of the magical item to the riverbed.

Above them, Paurius and the others flashed past.

Several seconds later, Paurius returned and activated his spiritual sense, using it to explore the ground.

“How strange. I sense the fluctuation of spiritual energy. Did they leave those behind?”

Confused, he turned to continue his search downstream.

A few hundred meters beneath the riverbed, Jonathan was moving swiftly with an unconscious Ksana.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 879

The Legendary Man Chapter 879-Within Remdik, Mount Enly was a volcano that had lain dormant for thousands of years in the Darlita Range.

At over five thousand four hundred meters high, it was the highest peak in Epea.

As a matter of fact, Mount Enly was the only volcano in the world with a height exceeding three thousand meters, which was why it was dubbed “the World’s Furnace.”

However, that massive furnace had been completely carpeted with snow due to its proximity to Aizkovos.

Notably, the volcano was a well-known restricted area in Remdik. Along with most of the Darlita Range, it was a very mysterious spot in Epea due to the many losses of lives there.

Every year, countless adventurers journeyed into the mountain range, hoping to conquer it. Alas, they all ended up missing and never walked out of it.

At that moment, a young man stood at the edge of an escarpment halfway up Mount Enly, silently watching the snowfall.

Before the snowflakes could fall on the young man’s head, however, they would be repelled to the sides as though an invisible shield was enveloping him.

It seemed like there was a hidden wind-like barrier around the young man, flurrying snow away from him. Undoubtedly, it would be a mysterious sight to anyone who witnessed it.

Right then, a burst of spiritual energy rapidly approached the young man from a two-meter-square cave behind the escarpment.

In a matter of seconds, an old man zoomed out of the cave and stopped behind the young man.

“Master, I’ve received word from Paurius.”

As the young man slowly turned around to face the old man, he dismissed the energy surrounding him, allowing the snowflakes to land on his body. The moment the snowflakes came into contact with his shoulders, they vaporized, emitting a sizzling sound of a water droplet on a hot pan.

“Did he manage to catch her?” he asked impassively while walking toward the old man.

With every step he took, the knee-high snow would swiftly melt beneath his foot.

Shockingly, those puddles of melted snow had long vaporized into steam before he lifted his feet.

“Paurius didn’t manage to catch Ksana, and she had already leaked the secret of Holy Blood to Jonathan—”

Boom!

Before the old man could finish his report, the young man arrived right in front of him.

Gusts of spiritual energy surged, radiating from the young man. Raging heat waves shrouded the entire area, plunging the escarpment into a furnace in the blink of an eye.

Under the blistering heat, the surrounding snow quickly melted. The resulting liquid vaporized, and those curtains of steam flowed up into the atmosphere, melting the falling snow.

The old man was forced to pull out all the stops— vehemently summoning spiritual energy—to resist the overwhelming heat. Despite being a cultivator in God Realm, he still had a tough time withstanding the scorching heat.

To prop himself up, he had his left knee and right hand on the ground. The droplets of sweat dripping from the tip of his nose vaporized immediately the second they hit the ground.

At the same time, a burnt smell started to waft from the old man’s right hand.

The searing heat emitted from the young man had burnt through the old man’s spirit shield and singed his palm.

“Master, Paurius already led his subordinates to pursue the duo. He said he was confident in bringing Jonathan’s and Ksana’s bodies back to the holy land in three days,” the old man reported humbly as he clenched his teeth to endure the agonizing pain.

The young man walked past the old man.

“Tell Paurius to end himself if Holy Blood is not within my sight in three days,” the former stated.

Once the young man had disappeared into the cave and the remaining energy pulses had dispersed, the old man slowly rose to his feet.

He dropped his gaze to his right palm and noted the burnt flesh.

“You’re on your own this time, Paurius!” he muttered to himself.

In an unknown mountain range twenty-five kilometers from Gerrain River, Jonathan was hiding in a naturally-formed limestone cave with Ksana in his arms.

At that time, Remdik had entered the dead of winter. The temperature there had stabilized at negative thirty to forty degrees all year long.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was not afraid of the freezing temperature. After all, as a cultivator at his cultivation level, he could handle even harsher environments with ease.

Ksana, who was lying in his arm, however, was still out cold. Her tumultuous spiritual energy could not protect her against the freezing temperature.

In fact, her body had started to lose heat, and her breathing had also turned shallow.

Jonathan took out the timber he collected along the way from the storage ring and started a fire in a spot sheltered from the wind. Once the fire was blazing, he carried Ksana closer to the fire and took a seat.

A pucker formed between his brows when he took her pulse.

He could suppress the turbulent spiritual energy in Ksana’s body but had no idea what to do with the black vein markings crawling up her face.

Deciding to deal with the solvable problem first, Jonathan forcibly pumped spiritual energy into Ksana’s meridians. His spiritual energy, cultivated using Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, possessed an incomparable level of purity. When his spiritual energy crossed paths with hers within her body, it stilled hers in an instant.

In less than ten minutes, the previously-tempestuous spiritual energy within Ksana's body had calmed entirely.

Despite that, without Ksana's will, her spiritual energy was akin to a dead calm sea, silently lying in her meridians.

If it continues in this vein, she's only waiting for death to come knocking.

"Coffin! Do you want to know the origins of Holy Blood? Then help me out by giving me some life force."

At his wits' end, Jonathan negotiated with the coffin.

Due to the incredible healing nature of life force, he would often badger the coffin for it. Yet, the coffin never once entertained his whining, behaving just like an actual inanimate object.

That time around, Jonathan was simply trying his luck when he asked the question. He was not hoping for the coffin to agree.

Unexpectedly, the coffin spoke.

"It's the Pryncyp of Curse. My life force can't help her. Try that vial of Holy Blood."

It was the third time the coffin had spoken to Jonathan. The previous times were to warn him not to misuse life force.

It seems that Holy Blood must have a complicated origin since even this big shot is coveting it.

With those thoughts racing through his mind, Jonathan took out the vial containing the so-called Holy Blood and fed Ksana a sip.

At the same time, Jonathan wondered what benefits he could gain in exchange if the coffin were to force him to search for Holy Blood.

Holy Blood appeared light blue in color and had a faint coppery smell mixed with a flower fragrance. A whiff of it would cause one to be inexplicably excited.

Even the spiritual energy within one's meridians would flow faster.

The black markings on Ksana's face faded slightly after she had taken a sip of Holy Blood.

Noticing her improvement, Jonathan hurriedly helped her sit up and fed her another sip. After she swallowed the liquid, her breathing stabilized completely.

Plus, the deathlike pallor of her face had been replaced by the faintest flush of red.

"Although this thing can't revive the dead as the life force does, it has similar properties," Jonathan commented while carefully studying the blue vial in his hand.

He then continued, "I wonder what it will do to me if I drink it."

"If you drink it?" The coffin sneered. "Do it if you have a death wish!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 880

The Legendary Man Chapter 880-By then, Jonathan had brought the blue vial to his lips.

However, the coffin's words frightened him so much that he halted urgently. Realizing what he had almost done, he swiftly set the vial down.

Due to his body's desire for the blue Holy Blood, he nearly consumed it instinctively.

Looking down at the vial in his hand, Jonathan discovered that the fragrant scent wafting from the opening had gotten stronger.

It felt as though a woman was beckoning at him through a curtain of haze. Truth be told, it was a tough invitation to turn down.

Stamping out the overwhelming craving for the blue liquid, Jonathan stuck the cork into the opening.

At the same time, Ksana, who was on the ground, abruptly opened her eyes.

Ding!

A string of sparks ignited, casting bright golden scintillations in front of Jonathan.

Ksana gripped an extremely short dagger as she stood several meters away from him.

“Hey, I saved your life. Aren’t you being too cold-blooded for attacking me the second you wake up?” he complained with a frown.

It was then that Ksana recognized Jonathan and finally dropped her guard.

With a light leap, she landed near the fire and took a cigar from her storage ring before picking up a piece of burning wood and lighting her cigar with it.

The woman looked incredibly bold as she took long drags after long drags on her cigar, looking nothing like the patient who was on the verge of death a while ago.

“You’re an interesting character. You nearly died earlier, and now you’re smoking a cigar as though none of that happened. Are all Remdikian women like you?” Jonathan remarked.

Ksana tilted her head to look at him and inhaled a lungful of her cigar before passing it to him.

“Want one?” she asked.

“No thanks. I’m not interested.” Jonathan declined her offer with a wave of his hand.

Her attention then fell on Jonathan’s hand. Within his palm, the light blue Holy Blood appeared magical under the illumination of the dancing flames.

Noticing her gaze, Jonathan rotated his wrist and kept the vial of Holy Blood in his storage ring.

Ksana smiled at his actions.

“You’d better hold onto that vial of Holy Blood tightly. With that thing, my life is in your hands.”

As she spoke, she placed her left hand on the ground to prop up her body before inching closer to Jonathan.

“Only Holy Blood can suppress my curse. With it in your possession, you can make me do anything,” she added.

Jonathan stared at Ksana’s gorgeous face that was right before his eyes. He took a deep breath before slowly saying, “Ksana, the cigar smell on you is overpowering. Could you maybe sit further away?”

At first, Ksana was stunned by his request but soon grinned as she returned to her seat.

She took two more puffs of her cigar before gazing at the fire and sighing.

“A person on the brink of death all year round has neither pride nor humility. The woman that you’re seeing now is the real me.”

Ksana did not skirt around the truth as she told him about her past. Despite appearing unbothered, a hint of agony flashed across her eyes.

“Ask her the origins of Holy Blood.” Coffin’s voice sounded in Jonathan’s mind once again.

Jonathan dared not delay the matter, so he put forth the question after a brief contemplation. “Ksana, how did Holy Blood come about? What about the witch you mentioned earlier? What is that?”

“It’s not witch,” Ksana replied.

She then took out two bottles of vodka as well as a large piece of ham and set them down in front of Jonathan.

“This is made from human flesh. Do you want some?”

Jonathan eyed the bright red piece of ham and downed a mouthful of vodka.

“What is it then if it’s not witch?” he probed.

“It’s Alexievich, the founding emperor who united Remdik for the first time one thousand five hundred years ago. He’s my ancestor.”

Ksana’s tone was casual, yet Jonathan was shell-shocked.

He was sure that he had heard the name Alexievich somewhere before.

Thanks to Ksana's reminder, he finally recalled the renowned figure of Remdik.

Most people might be unfamiliar with the name Alexievich, but the Remdik Emperor was a prominent figure in the course of history.

Instead of a human, the Remdik Emperor was exalted as a God in history.

According to the records, the Remdik Emperor was merely a lord before he became emperor.

The number of servants he had was less than one hundred.

At that time, there were many kings in the vast lands of Remdik, each having states and governments of their own.

The Remdik Emperor lived in a small state under the reign of a tyrant.

One day, the tyrant king went hunting on a whim. As he passed the Remdik Emperor's land, he took a fancy to the latter's wife.

Despite being a minister of the tyrant king, the Remdik Emperor could not bear the humiliation.

Alas, his powers were far too weak against the king's army.

After a fierce battle, the Remdik Emperor's servants were either dead or heavily injured. Having witnessed the horrific scene, his wife slit her throat with a knife in front of him, which forced him to flee.

No one heard from him or saw him afterward.

A decade passed, and he returned. Upon his return, he first killed the lord governing the land he had owned before freeing the slaves. Leading a troop with less than two hundred men, he charged toward the capital.

It was recorded that the Remdik Emperor hovered in midair and destroyed the entire capital with a flip of his hand.

For fifty years after the incident, he slaughtered hundreds of kings throughout Eastern Epea and established a powerhouse that occupied Epea for nearly two thousand years—the current Remdik.

From a mortal's point of view, the Remdik Emperor's life might seem nothing more than a miracle tale later generations came up with.

The historical records might be inaccurate, but cultivators knew it was a simple story of a mortal becoming a cultivator to exact revenge.

However, soaring across the sky with a leap and crushing cities with a flip of a hand in merely a decade was an incredible feat in cultivation. The truth to that story still had to be verified.

Regardless of the legitimacy of the legend, it was undeniable that the Remdik Emperor was one of the unrivaled figures in the history of the cultivation world.

Yet, Ksana, sitting in front of him, had claimed to be a descendant of the Remdik Emperor.

Anyone in Jonathan's shoes would find it unreal.

"The Remdik Emperor's bloodline did not end?" Jonathan asked curiously.

"Wait, that's wrong. You mentioned earlier that Holy Blood came from the Remdik Emperor... Ksana... don't tell me... The Remdik Emperor is still alive..." He eyed Ksana with an odd expression on his face.

Others might not think of that possibility, but Jonathan was an exception.

It was because the person sealed in the coffin within his body might be Seboxia, the one who founded Seboxiasm.

The interval from the organization's founding date to the current year was around a thousand and six hundred years.

It was a century earlier than the day the Remdik Emperor rose to fame.

Even if Ksana told him the Remdik Emperor was still alive, Jonathan would not be surprised.

This bunch of ancient immortals sure have remarkable tricks up their sleeves. But if the Remdik Emperor is still alive, then the issue with Doveston is a moot point. A cultivator who lived for nearly two thousand years isn't someone I can afford to mess with, regardless of how untalented they are!