

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 881

The Legendary Man Chapter 881-Jonathan decided that if the Remdik Emperor were still alive as he had thought, it would be the right choice to return to his home country immediately and flee with his friends and family.

However, just as he was ready to part ways with Ksana, her voice rang out again.

“The Remdik Emperor isn’t alive, but his body is in their hands. The vial of Holy Blood you’re holding is the diluent extracted from the Remdik Emperor’s purified blood. It can make the cultivators’ spiritual energy unusually active. If consumed on a short-term basis, it works similarly to the mortal world’s stimulant, having the same effects as the drugs used to boost one’s potential in the cultivator world.”

“Then what if it’s consumed on a long-term basis?” Jonathan doubtfully questioned as the thought of how he had wanted to gulp the liquid medicine crossed his mind.

Ksana took a bite of the ham she was holding onto. After a long while of rumination, she threw it aside, crossed her arms to grab the hem of her top, and pulled it upward to remove it.

In the cave, Jonathan, sitting near the fire, stared dazedly at her fair chest.

Ksana was only wearing a brassiere at that very moment. Yet, what attracted his attention was not her bosom but the black lines at the center of her chest that appeared and disappeared following her breathing.

With her head lowered and eyes fixed on her chest, Ksana sighed and revealed, “This is the side effect of consuming Holy Blood for a long-term period.”

“Have you seen enough?” she then asked.

“No.” Jonathan got up, walked over, and crouched in front of her. “Let me touch it.”

Verily, his eyes were clear, and his gaze never roamed elsewhere. As he extended his right index finger and lightly touched the black line on her chest,

a threadlike surge of life force penetrated her skin, and one of the intermittently visible black lines gradually faded.

Before Jonathan and Ksana could rejoice over it, that gradually fading black vein spread aggressively toward her neck.

“What’s this?” Ksana exclaimed in fear.

Seizing hold of her neck, Jonathan whipped out a dagger and pierced it straight into her flesh.

As he used spiritual energy to seal the blood vessel above the cut, black blood spurted out from Ksana’s wound and splashed right onto the rocks beside her.

That black blood had impressive agility, persistently spreading across the rocks as if it had tentacles. However, because it had left Ksana’s body, it eventually lost its sustenance and turned into a pool of black, gooey mess.

“Can’t you force all of it out?” Jonathan asked while eyeing the tainted blood with a frown.

Ksana forcefully pried open his arm, then promptly picked up the vodka and poured it on her wound.

“Using our words, we’ll say that this kind of blood has permeated my heart and lungs. But you Chanaeans will call this invasion of the circulatory system. Simply put, I won’t live for long,” she explained.

Ksana put on her top and continued munching on the ham.

“So, I’m not afraid of anything,” she added afterward.

Tears had brimmed in her eyes by the time she met Jonathan’s gaze again.

“That vial of Holy Blood you have can only let me live for a month longer. I still have two more vials; they are my last lifeline,” Ksana stated.

With a wave of her arm, she placed the remaining two vials of Holy Blood in front of Jonathan and continued, “I’ve seen many breathtaking sceneries online previously. I know there’s not only white snow and cold oceans in this world. There are also clear blue seas and vast, boundless meadows. I thought I would be able to make use of my last three months to go and take a look at

these places, but I didn't expect that they would find me so quickly. If you want, I can give you all three vials. If I must keep fleeing for my life, there's no difference between living for another three months or only one more day."

At the sight of the two vials of Holy Blood in front of him, Jonathan took out his and put it together.

He looked at Ksana and replied with a smile, "These are originally your belongings. Be it gambling or drugs, I've always avoided them. Frankly, I still don't know which organization you belong to after listening to your explanation. Since you're the Remdik Emperor's descendant and have such an impressive talent for cultivation, your status in Remdik shouldn't be too low, no? Why would you end up getting hunted down?"

A hint of gratitude flashed in Ksana's eyes as she gazed at the three vials of Holy Blood on the ground. Lifting her head to glance at Jonathan, she appeared less wary of the man before her at that point.

"The Remdik Emperor has already been dead for over a thousand and four hundred years. Even if I'm his descendant, who would bother themselves about that? Even I couldn't care less about it. Besides, do you think the Remdik Emperor only has a few descendants? Based on what I know, there are over two hundred of them. It's just that I have a bit more luck and a more profound cultivation level."

While she recalled everything she had experienced in the past, she slowly redirected her gaze toward Jonathan and remarked, "Jonathan, I never thought I'd meet you while running for my life. The past two days I spent with you were the happiest days of my life."

Ksana gulped down a large mouthful of vodka and quirked the corners of her lips into a smile as she looked at him. "Forget about the so-called nation or its people. I've never had a home anyway. I shall tell you everything I know today. If you ever make your way up to Mount Enly one day, I'll consider that as you avenging me."

"Sure. Go on. I'm listening." Jonathan cheerily took out two packets of peanuts, and with the help of vodka, a hard liquor, he sat through the entire story.

Nonetheless, neither Jonathan nor Ksana, who believed she would die for sure, could have imagined that their conversation that day would completely change Chanaea's and Remdik's situation.

In fact, from then on, the opportunities in Asura's Office all came from the words Ksana had said out of impulsiveness.

Munching on the peanuts, Ksana, under the influence of alcohol, began giving an account of the organization behind her—Sanctuary.

The inside of the mountain under the main peak of Mount Enly had long been secretly emptied by the members of Sanctuary.

Ksana and two hundred other children grew up on that mountain.

Starting from a young age, they learned about cultivation from a group of people known as God Agents. Throughout the years, to stimulate those children's potential, those God Agents fed them the so-called Holy Blood all year round.

During the initial years, those children, despite being imprisoned on the snow mountain, did not have to struggle with getting food and drinks. Other than mandatory cultivation, they led a rather free and easy life.

However, as those children grew up, they soon had varying cultivation speeds because of their different physiques.

Then, the God Agents began to split those children into two batches—the fast learners would continue with cultivation, while the slow ones had to do miscellaneous work, or in other words, assigned the role of a slave.

Ksana once witnessed her best friend being served a forceful slap that left her skull shattered, then afterward being thrown off the mountain just because she dozed off from getting too exhausted from work.

Just as those children with higher cultivation speed were relieved and rejoicing over their innate talent, something strange began to happen.

Ksana's companions slowly disappeared one after another. They seemingly vanished into thin air without any signs whatsoever.

Thereafter, those children never appeared again.

Finally, on one fine day about three years ago, Ksana was the one to disappear.

At that point, she finally understood the true goal behind Sanctuary, which was none other than creating God!

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 882

The Legendary Man Chapter 882-It was supposed to be the day they received their monthly portion of Holy Blood.

The remaining thirty youths were given their respective shares. Only Ksana was brought away through the backdoor when it was her turn to receive it.

The person who did so was none other than Paurius.

Paurius subsequently led her to a clinically white room filled with scientific equipment she could not name.

The moment she entered, Paurius and the others gestured for her to lie down on an examination table.

Previously, the children would undergo a checkup once every three months, but that was clearly not the case then.

Just as Ksana lay down, she was immediately restrained by alloy cuffs.

Realizing something was amiss, she wanted to resist, but the doctor had already injected her with a sedative.

Even Ksana herself was oblivious to how long she had been unconscious. By the time she regained consciousness, she was already inside a laboratory.

It was then that she heard about Sanctuary's plan to create God.

All the children, including Ksana, were descendants of the Remdik Emperor.

It was just that their genetic connection to him had been gradually diluted over time.

Nevertheless, nothing was ever set in stone. Even though Sanctuary could not tell whom among the children was genetically closest to the Remdik

Emperor's main bloodline, they had devised a way to trigger the atavism within one's bloodline.

It was none other than the blue-colored Holy Blood, which was retrieved from the corpse of the Remdik Emperor.

The Remdik Emperor died more than a thousand years ago. Although his body had long been devoid of life, and all that was left was a shriveled corpse, his heart continued to beat for some mysterious reason.

Moreover, the members of Sanctuary discovered that by extracting the live flesh from his heart, they were able to produce fresh blood continuously.

Despite the small volume available, the unending supply provided them with endless samples for research.

As for Holy Blood, it was the diluent extracted from the Remdik Emperor's purified blood.

Previously, Ksana and the others only thought of Holy Blood as a medication that could enhance their cultivation. Little did they realize its real purpose was to find out who could be genetically closest to the Remdik Emperor.

To a cultivator, Holy Blood was a double-edged sword.

Whereas, for the common man, it could elevate one's vitality but also act as a poison that would exhaust one's potential and innate talent.

For someone like Ksana, who had a high degree of compatibility, Holy Blood provided a significant boost to her cultivation despite being harmful to her.

For example, Ksana achieved God Realm effortlessly.

Although Holy Blood allowed her to break free from the shackles of nature, Ksana could not progress any further after reaching God Realm.

While listening to her story, Jonathan pressed his hand against her abdomen.

He then extended his spiritual sense into her elixir field with a burst of spiritual energy and observed her energy field from within.

At that moment, an image of Ksana appeared inside the energy field.

“What are you looking at?” she asked.

“I’m observing the flow of spiritual energy in your energy field.”

Just as Jonathan spoke, an image of him slowly emerged right beside Ksana.

Then, he continued, “Our bodies are just like a sophisticated machine churning away. From head to toe, our consciousness field, circulatory system, and energy field are the three most important components. Before achieving Divine Realm, one’s vita is contained in the consciousness field, a place brimming with our spiritual sense. Thus, every thought and action starts from the consciousness field.

“As for the circulatory system, it’s the bedrock of one’s physical body. The reason one cultivates spiritual energy and the body at the same time is to ensure that they feed each other in a virtuous cycle. For example, if you take a pail filled with water, you will need to strengthen the pail’s structural integrity as your cultivation turns the water into gold. The same applies to our bodies. One that is too weak will collapse under the weight of overwhelming spiritual energy, which will waste all of one’s efforts.”

Pausing briefly, Jonathan could not help but think of Aetomoye in the West Region.

That old man cultivated his spiritual energy but not his physical body. Consequently, despite having fully grasped Pryncyp of Blood, he exploded into mush the moment he achieved Divine Realm and was completely stuck in the absolute phase of God Realm. If he hadn’t run into the mysterious coffin inside my body, he wouldn’t have been able to make any more progress despite having an immortal body. While that would be nice at first, he would end up becoming a walking corpse from the sands of time wearing him down.

Every time those thoughts crossed his mind, he would feel a chill down his spine and remind himself to take it as a warning.

“I met a man in West Region who cultivated his spiritual energy but not his physical body. Since he met a miserable end, I hope the incident can serve as a lesson to you,” Jonathan said to Ksana in a solemn tone. “As for the third point, it is the elixir field, the center of the body’s spiritual energy. The elixir field is also the foundation of a cultivator, the place where all one’s energy intersects. If something were to go wrong with it, it would negatively affect one’s future cultivation path.”

Although Ksana spoke Chanaean well, her proficiency was limited to daily conversations.

Therefore, she was left in a daze when Jonathan explained the mechanics of cultivation.

“Jonathan, I don’t really understand what you’re saying, but I guess you’re telling me that this place is important?” she asked.

“Yes.”

As the image of Jonathan continued to travel through the elixir field to scrutinize it, Ksana followed closely by his side.

“However, there’s nothing wrong with my elixir field. I did not face any obstacles during my cultivation,” she remarked.

Staring at the chaotic border of Ksana’s energy field, Jonathan turned around to face her.

“Nothing wrong? If that was the case, why aren’t you making any progress? Why don’t you use your cultivation method now? I want to see how your energy field operates when you do so.”

If Jonathan had said those words to any other God Realm cultivator in Chanaea, they would have killed him for it.

After all, the core of everyone’s cultivation method was the flow of spiritual energy in their energy field.

In Jonathan’s case, his energy field was like a vortex where the energy spun around its axis, similar to the eye of a hurricane. Once spiritual energy entered from the outside, it would then be sucked into the center to be cultivated.

That method was a lot more efficient than those who used the spiritual pressure of their energy field to contain spiritual energy.

Ever since Jonathan achieved God Realm, the vortex would continue to spin even when he was not cultivating. By doing so, it could continuously absorb the spiritual energy in the surroundings.

Although the automated operation was slow, it had the advantage of never stopping, even when he was eating or sleeping.

That resulted in a significant compounding effect with the passage of time.

That aside, Jonathan's scrutiny of Ksana's spiritual energy flow was by itself considered taboo among cultivators.

Nevertheless, she simply responded to his request with a faint smile.

After she hummed in agreement, her image gradually faded away. The previously quiet energy field began to operate, complying with her will.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 883

The Legendary Man Chapter 883-Jonathan's image, too, gradually disappeared from Ksana's energy field.

Despite the lack of a physical presence within it, he could see every single detail of her energy field clearly.

As ripples began forming on top of the previously peaceful energy field, it felt as if a pebble had been dropped onto the middle of the quiet lake.

Thereafter, waves of spiritual energy visible to the naked eye began to rage within her elixir field.

They rolled, settled down, and crashed against one another.

Every time the process repeated itself, plenty of energy was expended unnecessarily.

The phenomenon was similar to how a giant wave crashed onto the shore. When it began to recede, it would create an opposite force that went against the waves coming behind it.

Although the force of the subsequent wave could not be entirely negated, it was enough for its momentum to be diminished.

However, that was where it did not make sense. The energy that was supposed to be counteracted did not disappear nor be reinvigorated.

Instead, it evolved, right before Jonathan's curious eyes, into turbulent spiritual energy that flooded toward the elixir field's exit.

That was when he found the reason behind the intensity of Paurius' spiritual energy.

Closing his eyes, he put his hand on Ksana's abdomen. Both of them subsequently formed a mysterious bond.

With his hand on her energy field, Jonathan could easily cripple her by sending a burst of spiritual energy to disrupt the rhythm of her spiritual energy flow.

Conversely, it was also easy for Ksana to do the same, as Jonathan had immersed himself entirely in her elixir field.

The situation was a testament to their mutual trust despite only knowing each other for less than three days.

One could not deny how mysteriously the world worked.

It was not until ten-odd minutes later that Jonathan finally retracted his hand.

Ksana dismissed all her spiritual energy before looking at him.

"What do you think? Is my elixir field still doing all right?" she asked.

Jonathan shook his head in response.

"No, it has reached its limit."

"Its limit?" Ksana did not understand what he was saying.

"Yes, its limit."

After pondering for a moment, Jonathan raised his gaze and asked, "Didn't you say that you had no progress ever since you achieved God Realm?"

Ksana nodded in acknowledgment.

Frowning, he took a deep breath and explained, "When I observed the flow of your spiritual energy, I found it to be chaotic, yet it seemed to be constrained by its own rules. Its unpredictability is what makes it unique. However, your elixir field isn't showing any elasticity in the face of your raging spiritual energy. Instead, it feels just like a wall made of metal, an indication that it has lost its vitality entirely."

Jonathan downed a mouthful of vodka and added, "Holy Blood has not only placed a limit on your physical body but also overstretched your elixir field in the name of strengthening it. You have hit the ceiling when it comes to your cultivation. If you insist on breaking through it by force, your elixir field will explode, causing your death."

By then, his thoughts were no longer focused on the condition of Ksana's elixir field.

Instead, he began to wonder if Holy Blood could be used on members of Asura's Office.

The objective of Jonathan's trip was for him to find Charleigh.

If he could convince Charleigh to return with him, that would be for the best. His second choice was to kidnap the latter if push came to shove. In the worst-case scenario in which Charleigh could not leave with him, he had to figure out how to obtain all of the latter's research so that Jason could work on them.

Jonathan was willing to sacrifice everything as long as he could elevate the cultivation level of Asura's Office's cultivators.

Otherwise, they would end up being massacred in the upcoming war.

As of then, Chanaea was incapable of defending itself against its foreign foes, be it the tsar of Remdik, the religious factions of West Region, or Apocalypse of Anglandur.

Nothing would be better than if the eight respectable families and various large sects were willing to combine their strengths to fight the enemy.

Unfortunately, uniting all of them was a task just as difficult as the current one Jonathan had on hand.

By combining the improvements he made in cultivation techniques with the spirit stones from the Blackwood family, he would be able to produce many Superior Realm cultivators.

As for Jason, he could use Charleigh's research results to mass-produce Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

Back then, Jonathan assumed they had reached the limit of what was possible. Little did he expect Holy Blood to open a whole new paradigm for them.

The two batches of cultivators that would be produced with the methods mentioned earlier were capable of further elevating their cultivation level, but their chances of doing so were close to zero.

Under such circumstances, it was inconceivable that any one of them would reject the temptation of leveling up to God Realm with the help of Holy Blood.

“As someone who’s dying soon, the condition of my elixir field barely matters to me,” Ksana replied with a smile after putting her clothes back on.

Even though she was still being hunted down, she was experiencing true freedom compared to when she was trapped at Mount Enly.

“Jonathan, do you still have any more of those peanuts? Chanaean food is really delicious,” she asked.

“Peanuts are delicious?”

Smiling wryly, Jonathan brought out a dozen vacuum-packed snacks with a wave of his hand.

“I have a variety of snacks here. You can have them all.”

He had bought them for himself as food reserves.

After being sick of having all sorts of opulent food due to his station, he felt that such snacks were the best accompaniments for alcohol.

Right then, Ksana smiled gleefully at the pile of snacks she had never tasted before, ripped one of them open, and popped some baked beans into her mouth.

Staring at the delighted woman, Jonathan put down the vodka bottle in his hand.

“Ksana, there are two things that I still don’t understand.”

“Go on,” Ksana replied while munching on the baked beans.

Staring into her eyes, he began to speak. “Firstly, based on what you said, you have seen Paurius before. However, when he sat across from us on the train for almost an entire day, why didn’t you recognize him? Instead, you only did so when he was about to strike. While I was fighting him, I seized the opportunity to ascertain if he was in disguise. The result was that he wasn’t, so you should’ve been able to recognize him.”

Throughout his utterances, he watched Ksana intently. If she were to show any signs of panic, he would break her neck without any hesitation.

In truth, he had deliberately exposed his vulnerable spots to Ksana when he helped her examine her elixir field.

He only dared to do so because the mysterious coffin was by his side. Regardless of how powerful Ksana was, he would definitely not die at her hands.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 884

The Legendary Man Chapter 884-Jonathan’s suspicious nature was something he himself could not change.

In fact, it was inevitable since he had experienced far too much throughout the years.

It was not that he was cruel, but the bloody reality forced him to doubt the motives of everyone who approached him.

Ksana had also sensed the man’s solemnity by then and slowly stopped eating.

“What’s the second thing, then?”

“Secondly, it’s the direction you were traveling,” Jonathan replied placidly.

Subsequently, he continued, “You said that Sanctuary is based at Mount Enly. But Mount Enly is at the borders of Remdik and Western Epea. Meanwhile, the train we took was westbound. If the truth is as you claimed, and you fled from Mount Enly, you would either head west toward Western Epea or east toward the barren area at Centum Mountain. On the whole, you should be moving away from Mount Enly. Why did you take the same train as me,

heading toward Saspiuburg, which is close to Mount Enly? This isn't an escape route. Instead, you're offering yourself up on a silver platter."

At his question, Ksana carefully put away the baked beans she had opened before downing a big gulp of vodka.

After pondering for a moment, she asked, "What would you do if I can't answer these two questions to your satisfaction, Jonathan?"

"Kill you," Jonathan answered unhesitatingly, taking out his Heaven Sword and plunging it into the ground beside him.

Sensing the murderous intent emanating from the man, Ksana was not at all angered. Instead, she chortled.

She took a large swig of vodka and burped before stating, "Let's start with your first question. Before Paurius came out this time, he'd probably been baptized with Holy Blood."

The instant Jonathan heard her response, a slight frown marred his countenance.

Isn't Holy Blood drunk? Why is it now used for baptism?

Right then, Ksana did not bother keeping him in suspense but recalled every little detail about Sanctuary.

"As I've said, the blue Holy Blood is a diluent of the purified blood extracted from the Remdik Emperor. However, that isn't the only thing extracted. There's another substance, and it's rumored to have the ability to reverse time and restore one's youth so long as the person can survive the baptism. The God Realm cultivators in Sanctuary are divided into two types—those who have successfully been baptized and those who have never been baptized. I've never been baptized and must depend on Holy Blood for survival until my body is completely eroded by the poisonous elements within Holy Blood, and I slowly die. On the other hand, there are others like Paurius. They survived the baptism of Holy Blood, and their bodies will soon generate new vitality. They don't need Holy Blood to sustain their lives. This applies to the three children you saw previously."

Her explanation at present boggled Jonathan's mind.

Even though I've accepted the fact that the Remdik Emperor's corpse still has vitality left, the usage of his blood is downright ridiculous. Not only can it improve one's cultivation level, but it can also restore one's youth, huh? In that case, It's no longer blood but a drug of immortality!

Ksana did not bother about whether the man believed her but proceeded to answer his second question.

"I took the westbound train to avoid those from Sanctuary. Previously, I'd also wanted to flee beyond Remdik's east borders and go to Centum Mountain. But I only have three months left to live. What's the point even if I took off to Centum Mountain and survived? I might as well die."

"Since you had already escaped to Redlington, why didn't you head south and cross River Onxy to enter into Chanaea? Then, you could've gone anywhere," Jonathan pressed.

Shaking her head, Ksana sighed and lamented, "There's no way I can survive in Doveston. Why do you think Remdik's soldiers suddenly gathered in Doveston? Do you really think it's because of the minerals there?"

"Is that not so?"

That abrupt question from her puzzled Jonathan.

As a relatively qualified strategist, he and those from Asura's Office had long since analyzed the reason behind Chanaea's and Remdik's mobilization of troops lately.

As both countries bordered each other on a vast stretch of land, there had been conflicts and frequent battles since ancient times.

In the past hundred years, however, the situation between Chanaea and Remdik had stabilized due to the rapid rise of Anglandur, which continuously supported the development of Central Epea and impeded that of Remdik.

Other than the intense battle between Medved Army and Eastern Army that terrified the entire world a decade ago, there had not been any large-scale exchange of fire.

Based on Jonathan's conjecture, Remdik's troops headed south that time around because they were aware of Chanaea's current state of affairs.

He surmised they wanted to seize advantage of the conflict between Yaleview Army and Asura's Office to occupy Doveston for the myriad of rich minerals there.

But as of then, it would seem from Ksana's tone that there was some other reason behind the matter.

"According to the information I gathered, Jonathan, you're one of the representatives of Chanaea's military forces. I really didn't expect your thinking to be so simple!" Ksana exclaimed in surprise.

She then continued, "The north of Remdik is close to Aizkovos. It has the largest territory in the world, but its population only stands at less than a hundred and fifty million. Verily, it's spacious but sparsely populated. Honestly speaking, we can't even survey our own land for mines. How would we have the time to bother about Chanaea's mines in Doveston?"

Following her remark, Jonathan's heart sank inexplicably.

Wars struck at a country's economic resources, and that was also ultimately the reason they were fought.

By then, Remdik had already sent four hundred thousand soldiers to the north of River Onxy.

That aside, there were still close to half a million troops ready to be mobilized anytime.

With such numbers, they could conquer eighty percent of the small countries in the world in a brief time.

Once war broke out, fatalities in Chanaea and Remdik would likely amount to hundreds of thousands.

If resources were not the reason behind such a tragic war, the true motivation behind it was bound to be even more shocking.

"What exactly are Remdik's troops doing, then?" Jonathan asked.

"I was considered a core member of Sanctuary back then, and I heard other God Agents speaking of the matter. They're purportedly looking for a tomb," Ksana replied.

“A tomb?”

“Yeah.”

She cast her mind back carefully before she clarified emphatically, “It’s a tomb, seemingly belonging to some general. I don’t know the details.”

A general’s tomb?

Jonathan looked at her in bewilderment.

The whole of Doveston only flourished after the great population migration in Chanaea three hundred years ago. While there have been several renowned generals from Doveston in the past three hundred years, their tombs aren’t that significant to start a war between the two countries. And even if there were treasures hidden in there, it’d be far better to secretly dispatch a few God Realm cultivators to find them than to have hundreds of thousands of people going over.

“Do you know the name of that general, Ksana?” he asked.

With a shrug, Ksana replied, “Sorry, but no. I’m not Chanaean. But I remember hearing a God Agent say that the general alone could intimidate all the countries in the world, for he was a veritable powerhouse.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 885

The Legendary Man Chapter 885-**Broken Bronze Handbell**

As Ksana recounted her tale, Jonathan’s face grew as cold as ice.

The dispensation of a million-strong Remdik army was not for territory or resources but for some sort of general’s tomb.

What is in this tomb that the tsar is willing to spend so much effort to acquire it?

Moreover, how is Ksana privy to this information, and what role does Sanctuary play in all this?

“Ksana, what else do you know? I want more detailed information,” Jonathan urged, his need for answers growing.

Knowledge of Sanctuary's and the tsar's latest movements was of vital importance to Jonathan.

He could foresee the entire Doveston becoming embroiled in a tricky situation, and he would not be able to find a way to break the deadlock.

Ksana understood the importance of this information.

In the past, she wouldn't have betrayed Remdik and shared the intelligence, even if it meant her life.

But now, with only three months left to live, why should she care about such matters?

The nation, the citizens, these were inconsequential.

She herself was an experiment, after all.

"Sanctuary is very mysterious. I was supposed to be dead during the experiments, but somehow I survived," she mused. "They kept me as a sample for future experiments, and my role in the Sanctuary was limited to routine patrols. Though I was considered a semi-core God Agent, I didn't have access to many secrets."

"The only certainty is that Sanctuary's establishment is closely related to the tsar. The God of Sanctuary can even change the tsar's decisions," Ksana continued. "Jonathan, you saved me, so let me give you some advice. You're being targeted by Sanctuary, so it's best to leave Remdik immediately. Otherwise, you'll face endless pursuit!"

Jonathan's brows furrowed as he listened to Ksana's words and the mysterious coffin's whispers deep within his elixir field.

That mysterious coffin had only one demand of Jonathan: the still-beating heart of the Remdik Emperor!

It wanted that heart, and nothing less.

Ksana's words were no longer important to Jonathan.

Instead, the enigmatic coffin's voice drowned out her pleas.

According to Hossom, the mysterious coffin could very well be Seboxia's incarnate.

So what does a being who's been dead for over a thousand years want with the remains of another legendary figure?

Ksana claimed the existence of many God Agents like her in the Sanctuary, with some even more powerful and terrifying in their abilities.

As for God, his cultivation level was even more terrifying – he was a true Divine Realm expert.

Although Jonathan considered his skills formidable, even among his peers, he was just one man.

He knew he couldn't stand against multiple God Realm cultivators, especially with the Divine Realm cultivators joining the fight.

Back at West Region, Jonathan had merely acquired the complete Bloodline Pryncyp momentarily.

Even so, he couldn't even withstand a single move from Damoyed and Kenado. Jonathan would probably have been killed there and then if it weren't for Blaze's spiritual treasure.

It would be easier to just kill him with a single strike rather than send him to steal a corpse on the summit of Mount Enly.

Jonathan muttered in a disgruntled tone, "I won't risk my life for this. There's no room for negotiation."

Ksana, on the other hand, was detailing everything she'd seen on Mount Enly.

She paused, momentarily taken aback. "What?"

"What what?" Jonathan looked at Ksana in confusion.

"Just now, you said there was no room for negotiation, and you wouldn't go to your death?"

Ksana stared at Jonathan with wide eyes.

At that moment, Jonathan realized that he had inadvertently spoken his mind due to his frustration.

Seeing Ksana's puzzled expression, Jonathan rubbed his temples and shook his head.

"Never mind. Anyway, how much do you know about that general's tomb?" Jonathan changed the subject.

Ksana shook her head slightly.

"I don't know much about it. The only thing I know is that they have been searching for the tomb for over three hundred years, but there has been little progress."

Three hundred years.

How complex can the situation actually be?

"Ksana..."

Jonathan wanted to ask more, but suddenly, a red light flashed on his watch.

Ksana's gaze shifted to Jonathan's wrist, and she saw him wave his right hand, extinguishing several nearby flames.

He then used his spiritual energy to gather the ashes and throw them into a nearby puddle.

"What's going on?" Ksana whispered to Jonathan in the darkness.

Jonathan stood up and walked toward the entrance of the cave.

"I placed three sensors on the only path leading here. The red light flashing means something is approaching us."

Jonathan's words startled Ksana.

She put away the three bottles of Holy Blood and took a wooden stick from her storage ring.

Holding the Heaven Sword, Jonathan looked at Ksana's wooden stick, somewhat puzzled.

“Is this your weapon?”

“Yes!”

Ksana shook the wooden stick in her hand and said to Jonathan, “I found it in a snow cave on Mount Enly. It’s very useful!”

Faced with such a simple-minded woman, Jonathan sympathized yet, at the same time, pitied her.

“If there are three of them, we have a chance of winning as long as you can take care of yourself.”

Whoosh!

The whistling of something cutting through the air sounded soon after Jonathan pulled Ksana against the cave wall.

It was that arrow!

With quick steps, Jonathan rushed out of the cave entrance, only to find two spears thrusting toward his abdomen and head.

Clang!

With a soft chime, Jonathan’s body was surrounded by a golden glow.

“Take this!” Jonathan roared and charged straight at Paurius while putting away the mysterious bronze handbell.

Previously, Jonathan had thought Paurius was a young genius, but through Ksana’s narration, he learned that Paurius was actually a middle-aged man in his fifties.

The stark contrast in age and appearance instinctively repulsed Jonathan, and his attacks were ruthless.

“Die!”

Jonathan’s Heaven Sword, infused with murderous intent, cut through the air toward Paurius.

Paurius, on the other hand, had a hint of mockery in his eyes. With a slight hook of his hand, Jonathan felt as if a venomous snake had targeted him.

The strange bronze handbell appeared, and a faint golden light surrounded Jonathan.

However, just as the golden light formed, Jonathan felt a sudden pain in his back.

His spiritual sense indicated that the strange arrow had pierced through the golden light and stabbed into his back.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 886

The Legendary Man Chapter 886-As Jonathan noticed the injury on his back, a thin layer of cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Since acquiring the mysterious bronze handbell from Garrison, Jonathan had relied on its seemingly absolute defensive abilities. Regardless of what attack he faced, the bronze handbell protected him thoroughly.

Even when confronted with a direct strike from Kenado, a master in the Divine Realm, Jonathan only suffered internal damage due to the energy waves transmitted within.

Jonathan initially thought that the strange bronze handbell's defensive ability was absolute.

However, Paurius' arrow was able to pierce through it.

That single shot would have penetrated Jonathan's heart and killed him without the Cursed Seal, which clung to the arrow.

The arrow embedded itself in his flesh, reaching as deep as his spine.

Enduring the excruciating pain, Jonathan thrust himself forward and grabbed hold of the arrow with the help of the bronze handbell.

"No wonder it feels familiar. This clearly carries the same aura as the longbow wielded by the shadowy figure in the illusionary realm," muttered Jonathan through gritted teeth.

The next moment, as if responding to a call, the arrow suddenly flew back without warning.

A chunk of flesh was torn away by the sharp projectile.

The golden light enveloping Jonathan receded, transforming into a bronze handbell in his hand.

Since the mysterious bronze handbell couldn't block the arrow's power, he abandoned its protection. Though the bell offered incredible defense, its energy consumption was equally terrifying.

"Paurius, I've thought it through. If we were to truly engage in battle, Ksana and I would have a forty percent chance of defeating the three of you," Jonathan said, brandishing his Heaven Sword with a grin.

"Forty percent for you, sixty percent for us," he added. "Initially, I didn't want to involve you, but now, you know too much."

Paurius glanced at the arrow in his hand and put it away. "Jonathan, I've known you were the Chanaea Asura for a long time. I thought you were some invincible force, but it turns out you're just like any other mortal. You can bleed and feel pain."

With a flick of his wrist, Paurius summoned several sharp beast claws.

Hovering above his palm, their mere presence exuded an oppressive aura.

"Jonathan, come back to Sanctuary with me. I'm sure God would be very interested in you."

As the two spoke, another God Realm cultivator wielding a spear had already positioned himself behind Jonathan.

Meanwhile, the last adversary was locked in fierce combat with Ksana.

Although Ksana was slightly disadvantaged, her charred wooden staff held her opponent at bay, preventing him from aiding the others.

Paurius moved his fingers slightly, and the claws swiftly encircled Jonathan, blocking his possible escape routes.

"Jonathan, what are your chances of victory now?" Paurius mocked.

Sensing the connection between the surrounding beast claws, Jonathan smirked at Paurius. "Paurius, the fact that you can stand before me and ask that question makes me believe I have at least an eighty percent chance of winning."

"I think you've lost your mind." Paurius laughed.

But at that moment, his right hand suddenly clenched without warning.

Silently, five sharp claws converged from all directions, effortlessly piercing through the body in the center.

However, Paurius' face turned pale when he realized it was not Jonathan but his fellow companion who had been torn apart.

On the ground, streaks of purple light shot into the sky, enveloping over a hundred meters.

This was the manifestation of the array patterns from Jonathan's Divine Chessboard. Unbeknownst to them, Jonathan had somehow managed to set up the chessboard beneath Paurius and his companions.

In midair, ripples of black energy appeared.

Jonathan gathered all his killing intent and tried to kill Paurius in one shot.

At that moment, Paurius knew he was in danger. Without hesitation, he pulled out an ancient shield and moved it in front of him, turning into an afterimage as he charged toward the edge of the Divine Chessboard.

In the center of the Divine Chessboard, the God Realm cultivator held his chest and tried to leave, but right as he lifted his foot, a black spear pierced his head from above.

Jonathan landed beside the cultivator, reached out, and grabbed the corpse by the neck.

The coffin swiftly absorbed the remaining life force.

Deftly cutting off the corpse's fingers, Jonathan took the storage ring and looked at the distant Paurius. "Now the odds of winning are ninety-nine percent!"

“How did you release the formation plate? I was watching your every move just now, so you shouldn’t have had the chance.”

Jonathan laughed at the sight of Paurius’ pale face.

“You Remdik people and those Western Epea guys are all the same, always talking about being chivalrous and only fighting head-on.”

Jonathan lifted his right foot and stomped hard, sending a massive wave of spiritual energy that scattered the surrounding snow and gravel.

Underneath the ground, the black Divine Chessboard was revealed.

“We are more than fifty miles away from the river channel. I left no footprints before reaching the foot of the mountain. If you can still find this place, it means we’ve already been exposed.”

Jonathan’s teasing words reached Paurius’ ears, making his face even paler.

“You mean, you already set up the chessboard before we arrived?”

“Yes,” Jonathan said with a smile.

“Wherever I set up the chessboard, that’s where you’ll find me. Wherever you find me, that’s where I’ll kill you!”

Ding...

With a soft chime, Jonathan’s figure crossed tens of meters instantly, his Heaven Sword aimed directly at Paurius’ throat.

On the Divine Chessboard, space meant nothing to Jonathan.

He and Paurius were less than a hundred meters apart. First, he used the formation on the chessboard to cross tens of meters.

The remaining distance of fewer than thirty meters was just a single step for Jonathan.

Paurius tried to block Jonathan’s attack with the ancient shield.

Yet, the next moment, the Heaven Sword cut through it and swung toward Paurius’ neck.

The two brushed past each other before Jonathan's figure stopped tens of meters away. He turned his head and saw Paurius, who was holding his right arm and looking at him with blood all over his face.

That last attack had severed Paurius' shield and arm and nearly scraped off his entire nose as he leaned back to avoid it.

"Retreat!" Paurius yelled and turned to leave.

When he had all four limbs, Paurius could still fight Jonathan, but now with one arm severed and hindered movement, he was no match for Jonathan.

The opponent entangled with Ksana also withdrew. Ksana wanted to chase after him but was stopped by Jonathan.

"Jonathan, now is the best time to kill them. If we let them go back, our whereabouts—"

Before Ksana could finish, she saw Jonathan had already removed his shirt and thrown it on the ground.

There was a dark red stain on the back of the shirt.

When Jonathan turned around, the injury on his back where the arrow had hit him had already rotted into a palm-sized patch, and the edges were still slowly spreading outward.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 887

The Legendary Man Chapter 887—"Jonathan!" Ksana cried out in alarm as she approached Jonathan. "You're hurt!"

As she spoke, Ksana took out some medicine from her storage ring, intending to help Jonathan tend to his injuries.

"Don't touch it!" Jonathan gritted his teeth and exclaimed, "This is a lethal poison. If you touch it with your hand, you'll have to cut off your entire arm to save your life."

Jonathan sat atop the chessboard and coldly warned her, instantly scaring Ksana from coming closer.

Jonathan controlled two daggers using his spiritual energy and enveloped his surroundings with his spiritual sense. Then, he projected the situation on his back into his mind.

He had only encountered this poison once since he began his cultivation. It happened during a chaotic time when he met a rogue cultivator in Mysonna.

Although the rogue cultivator's cultivation level was only that of Superior Realm, he managed to break through the encirclement of the Asura's Office army with a mysterious weapon in hand, carving a bloody path to escape.

By the time Jonathan and Dorian arrived, the rogue cultivator had injured nearly three hundred people.

Jonathan had managed to kill the rogue cultivator, but of the three hundred injured, less than fifty survived.

Those wounded back then suffered an injury similar to his current condition.

Their wounds quickly festered, spreading throughout their bodies until they became a pile of rotten flesh and died.

Aiden and Jason had managed to trace the origin of this poison.

It was called Deadly Poison, and it could only be formed slowly by a weapon soaked in blood and the resentment of the dead for a long time.

The poison only appeared in the era of cold weapons. After all, only during such a time would there be a situation where a sharp blade would reap the lives of thousands of people.

Modern firearms were disposable, and thus, would not lead to the formation of the poison.

It seemed that the arrows in Paurius' hands were indeed a peerless weapon!

As Jonathan thought about this, he had already begun to control the two daggers, causing them to dance rapidly in the air.

Behind Jonathan, strips of rotten flesh were continuously cut away by the daggers.

Even the unfussy Ksana couldn't help but feel nauseous at the sight and turned her attention to searching the body of the slain God Realm cultivator nearby.

In just a few dozen seconds, Jonathan had managed to clean the festering area on his back.

He even used a sharp knife to shave away the surrounding flesh from the injured area on his hand.

However, after cleaning up the wound, Jonathan's brows furrowed slightly, and his expression turned solemn.

He could feel that the edges of the wound on his back were beginning to fester again...

"If you don't help me now, Coffin, I'll have no choice but to wait for death." Standing in his energy field, Jonathan called out to the coffin in an icy tone.

The coffin floated at the center of Jonathan's energy field as weak tendrils of spiritual energy seeped into it continuously. It was as though it had existed since the beginning of time.

"I need the heart of the Remdik Emperor." An ancient, hoarse voice emanated from the coffin.

"Go to hell!" Jonathan waved his hand dismissively and rejected the request without hesitation.

"Seboxia, have you gone mad after sleeping for more than a thousand years? Any three God Realm cultivators from Sanctuary could take my life. And now, you want me to get the heart of the Remdik Emperor?"

"Didn't you hear that God, the leader of Sanctuary, is a Divine Realm cultivator?" Seated across from the coffin, Jonathan spoke irritably. "It's true that you saved me, but I can't just throw my life away for you like that, can I?"

"I chose you as my host in order to absorb life force through your hands." From within the coffin, the hoarse voice slowly rang out. "But so far, the life force you've expended has far exceeded what I've gained. Since you're unwilling to help revive me, there's no point in keeping you alive. You may die now."

Bang...

With a muffled thud, the coffin lid that had been sealed for over a thousand years seemed to have been struck by something from the inside, and it slowly moved to the side, revealing a small gap.

With the existence of this gap, Jonathan felt his spiritual energy completely stagnate.

The vortex that had never stopped rotating since its formation was utterly frozen in his elixir field. In the entire energy field, only the coffin could move.

The gap on the coffin lid had now widened to nearly a finger's width.

Above the Divine Chessboard, streaks of purple light flickered continuously.

This was because Jonathan's spiritual energy to the Divine Chessboard had been cut off, causing the chessboard to lose its support.

And Ksana, standing on the chessboard, felt the change even more clearly.

Before this, Ksana had stood beside Jonathan and felt his vigorous vitality. It was like a leaping flame in the darkness, impossible to ignore.

However, as the spiritual energy on the Divine Chessboard fluctuated, Jonathan's vitality also rapidly weakened.

In just a few breaths, it became like a candle flickering in a violent wind, as though it would be extinguished at any moment.

Ksana quickly moved before Jonathan and grabbed his wrist, her consciousness sinking directly into his elixir field.

Manifesting in Jonathan's elixir field, Ksana stared at the ancient coffin before her, somewhat lost and bewildered.

Meanwhile, Jonathan, whose body had already become somewhat ethereal, could only smile bitterly.

"Oh dear, here's another one to be sacrificed."

Looking at the coffin, Jonathan could clearly feel his life force being rapidly stripped away.

“Against ancient creatures like you, we never had any bargaining power from the very beginning. So what if I’m Asura? In the end, I’m still nothing but your puppet. I agree to help you find the Remdik Emperor’s heart.”

Click...

With Jonathan’s words, the coffin lid closed gently, and a large amount of life force surged into his limbs before the lid closed completely.

With a thought, Jonathan’s consciousness returned to his Anima, and Ksana’s consciousness inside his body was also expelled.

“Jonathan—”

Ksana’s consciousness returned to her body, and she wanted to ask him what the coffin was all about. However, she noticed a sharp blade pressed against her forehead before she could say anything more.

Jonathan slowly got up, the wounds on his arm and back healing rapidly.

The life force given by the coffin was very limited, so only a little bit remained after Jonathan’s wounds had healed.

This somewhat made Jonathan feel that the coffin was stingy.

Regardless, what worried Jonathan more now was how to deal with Ksana.

Jonathan would never have allowed anyone to explore his energy field if he had been conscious.

The coffin was one of Jonathan’s hidden cards and could not be revealed.

This was not only about life force but also his own safety.

If those old geezers learned about the coffin, I can already predict that the eight respectable families would likely abandon Joshua and turn to hunt me down instead.

And that’s only the eight respectable families. If I include Seboxiasm’s Kenado and other forces...

He would probably be hunted down by countless God Realm and even Divine Realm powerhouses.

Escaping with a group of Divine Realm powerhouses chasing behind him—that scene would be thrilling, to say the least.

For my own safety, Ksana cannot be allowed to live...

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 888

The Legendary Man Chapter 888-Ksana felt a strong killing intent from the Heaven Sword that was suspended before her.

Prior to this, she had witnessed Jonathan's prowess before.

If Jonathan had not been injured, he would have defeated Paurius easily.

Thus, Jonathan's combat ability was not something Ksana could ever hope to fight against.

Ksana shook her head slightly as she stared into Jonathan's eyes. She raised both hands to show that she had no intention of attacking and slowly took several steps backward.

"Jonathan, I finally managed to escape after all this time. I've been imprisoned by Sanctuary ever since I was five years old. I'm not a threat to you. Please, I only have three months left to live. Please let me see the world. I'm begging you..." Ksana pleaded before turning around and sprinting away.

"Bind!" Jonathan spat out the command coldly.

Bolts of purple light shot out from the chessboard, instantly restraining Ksana's figure.

Jonathan's hand clamped down hard on Ksana's neck.

"Ksana, Coffin is one of my trump cards and is something that cannot be revealed to others. Do not blame me for this."

"I'm willing to sign a contract!" Ksana shouted.

Jonathan, who had been about to exert more pressure with his hands, paused briefly before giving Ksana a puzzled look.

"Contract? What are you talking about?"

“A soul contract!” Ksana squeezed out the words painfully. “It’s similar to Chanaea’s blood ritual. If I go against the condition of the contract, I will die a violent death.”

Ksana reached for the blade of Jonathan’s Heaven Sword and tugged at it. Immediately after touching the sword, a dark red stain coated her right palm.

Spiritual energy surged as the blood on Ksana’s hands turned into interwoven tendrils before they drifted toward the sky.

Soon after that, a complex oval-shaped arcane array was formed.

An odd fluctuation of energy descended from the sky, enveloping Ksana and the arcane array in front of her.

“Esteemed lord of all beings, I hereby bequeath you my blood and offer up my soul for the contract. If I reveal what I’ve seen or heard today, may you eradicate my soul, disintegrate my flesh, and turn me into a reviled creature that can no longer hear your gospel.”

Following the incantation, Ksana pressed her wounded right hand on the sigil.

A cold wind blew as the sigil that was suspended in mid-air trembled as if it had come to life and entered Ksana’s body.

Jonathan remained indifferent as he gazed at an exhausted-looking Ksana.

“Jonathan, I will be punished by the Pryncyp if the notion of revealing your secret even crosses my mind. Before I can utter a single word, the Heavenly Pryncyp will strike me down. Would this suffice?”

Jonathan nodded slightly in response to Ksana’s bitter look. “Truth be told, I have no idea what you’re talking about, nor have I ever seen such an arcane array. I find it hard to trust you.”

“What should I do then?” Ksana asked helplessly. Invoking the Heavenly Pryncyp took a heavy toll on the cultivator’s essence. Not only does he not believe me, but he also stood there and watched as I completed the ritual. Is he messing with me?

Jonathan was deep in thought as he pondered the dilemma.

He knew of sacrificial methods that could restrict a person's movement. However, he did not know of any that could prevent a person from speaking, let alone the ritual that Ksana described.

A method that can kill a person a moment before they intend to reveal a secret? Honestly, I find it hard to trust her words.

"How about this? You and I will sign a master and servant contract, and you will follow me for the next three months. After you die, I will deal with your corpse."

After giving the matter some thought, this was the solution Jonathan finally came up with.

While the master and servant contract could not restrict Ksana's movement as the blood ritual did, it would give Jonathan complete control over her life and death.

After signing the master and servant contract, he would be able to cut off Ksana's energy field and circulatory system at will.

It was the most powerful method of controlling someone.

Ksana should have no reason to reject my suggestion.

However, Ksana shook her head slightly and sighed helplessly. "That's not going to work on a cultivator who comes in contact with Holy Blood regularly unless you've already achieved Divine Realm. A master and servant contract will not work otherwise."

"How is this possible?" Jonathan was doubtful.

Once again, Ksana shook her head. "You can try it if you don't believe me. The Holy Blood contains blood from the Remdik Emperor. Once it has assimilated into our bodies, it renders any forced sacrificial contracts useless."

"She's telling the truth." The coffin's voice sounded in Jonathan's mind. "The Remdik Emperor is powerful. As long as a drop of his blood essence remains, it is impossible to force them to submit to you unless you've already reached Divine Realm. If you possess a complete Pryncyp, you can eschew it when signing a contract. Otherwise, any method you use to bind her to the contract will be completely destroyed by the Remdik Emperor's blood essence."

Jonathan came to a realization after hearing the coffin's explanation. In his heart, he also felt a deep admiration for the Remdik Emperor who had been dead for over a thousand years.

The emperor has been dead for so long, and yet the blood essence he left behind is capable of affecting a master and servant contract bound by Pryncyp.

He must have been an unrestrained and formidable man when he was alive.

If even Pryncyps cannot restrain him, then he must have achieved the legendary Half Immortal Realm.

"Mr. Coffin, is there no way I can control Ksana? Is there perhaps a spell that can erase memories? You're more knowledgeable in this aspect. Surely you would know of a method to break through the Remdik Emperor's gimmick. Moreover, I agreed to get you to Sanctuary in order to find the Remdik Emperor's heart. We need a guide. If Ksana dies, I'm afraid I'll never find another."

Jonathan attempted to coax the coffin. Although he made it sound like he had the coffin's best interests in mind, he was actually trying to reap some benefits from the latter.

Ever since Jonathan had obtained Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, he had been focused on his own cultivation. Since he had an ancient relic stuck in him, he felt it a waste if he could not reap some benefits from it.

As for the coffin, it did not hesitate for long before speaking. "I can help you temporarily block out Heavenly Pryncyp so you can sign the master and servant contract with Ksana."

Jonathan deflated when he heard those words.

However, the coffin soon continued, "If you help me steal the emperor's heart, I will help you eradicate the Remdik Emperor's legacy from Holy Blood. You will be able to create more God Realm cultivators without any worry then!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 889

The Legendary Man Chapter 889-"Create more God Realm cultivators?" Jonathan practically bellowed.

At that moment, he did not care about keeping it a secret. To him, the ability to create more God Realm cultivators was of greater importance.

Currently, he was Asura's Office's sole God Realm cultivator, so he had to shoulder everything by himself.

However, he often wondered how long he could keep it up.

The eight respectable families and Wilbur from Yaleview had him in their sights. Besides that, he also had to worry about Jetroina, Remdik, and the West Region.

With the broadening of Jonathan's horizons, Apocalypse from Anglandur and the Enlighteners, too, began to enter his field of vision.

The current situation could erupt into an all-out war at any moment, and the lack of high-ranking cultivators was the Asura's Office's most pressing issue.

If the coffin could solve that problem for him, Jonathan would no longer have to fret over that matter.

It would seem his trip to Remdik this time would require him to head to Western Epea.

"Mr. Coffin, if you truly have a way to get my subordinates to God Realm without any negative effects, I'm all ears."

"It's not without negative effects." The coffin's voice rang out again. "I can only guarantee that your people will not be affected by the Remdik Emperor's blood. However, the effect it will have on their elixir field is permanent. People who achieve God Realm with this means will end up in a situation similar to Ksana. Their cultivation level will forever be stuck at the beginner phase of God Realm. They can never go any higher."

The smile on Jonathan's face froze after he heard those words.

He had seen Ksana's elixir field before. Although the coffin did not manifest directly, it should be aware of the problem with her elixir field since its abilities were vast.

If they truly ended up like Ksana, the people who entered God Realm with such a method would be stuck there for life.

Once they achieved God Realm, they would finally be at the threshold where they could finally see the Heavenly Prynccyp. However, they could only look at it but never touch it.

To a cultivator, that was an unbearably cruel thing.

“The harm to the elixir field...” Jonathan hesitated to voice the rest of his question. However, before he could finish, the coffin spoke up once again.

“Give up on thinking about how to circumvent the damage to the elixir field. There is no way to offset the damage. If a person’s cultivation level is forcibly raised to God Realm, it is already going against the Heavenly Way. If one does not work for their foundations and forcefully try to ascend, only a dead end awaits them.”

The voice fell silent after that.

Jonathan stood rooted to the spot as he stared at Ksana with a somewhat lost expression.

Dorian, Tiger, Hades, and Andy...

The faces of the Eight Kings of War flashed past Jonathan’s mind.

They did not have Karl’s innate talent, and even if Jonathan helped them with their cultivation, they would likely be unable to proceed past the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm.

They were going to be Jonathan’s first batch of God Realm cultivators after he got his hands on enough Holy Blood. While their realms would rise, Jonathan would be personally destroying their hopes for a higher cultivation level at the same time.

Jonathan was at loss as to what to do.

“Jonathan?” Ksana called out to Jonathan weakly.

Jonathan came back to his senses and smiled. “Ksana, let’s sign a master and servant contract.”

Pricking his fingertip, Jonathan drew lines that interwove and entangled in the air.

With Jonathan at its center, a strange pulse scattered in all directions, completely enveloping the chessboard.

Meanwhile, at Delisgar Ridge at Unnamed Mountain.

A figure flitted across the snow, followed by two figures in pursuit.

“D*mn the little sh*t from the Whitley family. How the hell is he so fast? He’s faster than a wild hare!” yelled a sturdy man clad in a fur coat. He held an axe in his hand.

Although he appeared to be bogged down by his clothes, his movements were extremely nimble.

The instant he touched the ground, he was already up and meters away before the snowflakes that had been stirred up by the airflow had even landed.

Winston was next to him with a billhook in his hand.

They had rushed here from the Leeson residence after obtaining Joshua’s location.

“Joshua managed to get himself to Doveston after escaping from the Salladay family’s and Wilbur’s clutches. He must be quite capable. Be careful not to fall for his tricks!”

Tapping the dry branch under his foot lightly, Winston turned into an afterimage and flitted across the mountain stream.

Just then, a gunshot rang from somewhere below them.

Winston dropped to the ground and instantly hid behind an ancient tree. He turned his head to look at the man who had fallen to the ground and hurtled a palm-sized stone toward the hill.

The bullet from a sniper rifle traveled faster than the sound did.

It was meaningless to duck once the sound of the rifle firing was heard.

The stout middle-aged man’s right arm—the one that had been holding the axe—had been shot off.

“Winston! F*ck, it hurts so bad!” the middle-aged man cursed.

“Joshua already ran past here. How can he possibly shoot us from below? He must have an ally!” Ignoring the middle-aged man’s pained cries, Winston fished out a long rope from his storage ring and used it as a tourniquet to bind the former’s bleeding arm.

“Focus some spiritual energy on the wound to stop the bleeding so you don’t die so fast,” Winston ordered coldly as he reached for the billhook by his side. “If you can no longer fight, go back and fetch someone. If you can, stand up! I can’t go against the two of them alone.”

Winston strode to the front of a tombstone as he spoke. Joshua and a masked figure with a sniper rifle stood on both hills overlooking the stream, surrounding Winston and the middle-aged man from both sides.

“Joshua Whitley, I finally found you,” Winston said coldly as he gripped his billhook.

Behind him, the stout middle-aged man walked over with gritted teeth.

With a beckon of his left hand, an axe came flying over from the forest below the hill, a dismembered arm still gripping it tightly.

The middle-aged man grabbed the handle of the axe with an icy expression as he glared at Hayden. “You’re going to pay for what you did to my arm!”

He bit down on the arm that was still holding onto the axe, ripped it off, and kept it in his storage ring.

Joshua stared down at Winston before flicking his hand, a yellowed ancient book appearing in it.

It was none other than Troop Summoner, a spiritual treasure from the Whitley family that the eight respectable families had been searching for over a decade.

“Winston, I can no longer stay in Yaleview now that the Whitley family has been destroyed. I only wish to hide out in the woods for the rest of my life. Having fame and power in Chanaea no longer matter to me. I only wish to stay here peacefully and live out the rest of my life. Won’t you show some mercy?”

Winston nodded in response when he felt the waves of spiritual energy from Troop Summoner. “In that case, you can pretend I was never here. We’re leaving,” Winston answered with a smile.

However, the next moment, he lifted the tombstone next to him with one hand and hurled it toward Joshua.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 890

The Legendary Man Chapter 890-“Do it!” Winston growled softly. He kept his body close to the stone tablet as it flew toward Joshua.

“Warrior spirits, come forth!” Joshua shouted as he jabbed his finger at Troop Summoner forcefully.

A wave rippled through the air and sucked in all the spiritual energy from the vicinity.

A half-transparent warrior made of spiritual energy materialized before Troop Summoner and immediately charged ahead.

“Leesons’ forbidden spell, subdue!” Winston roared. An enormous letter appeared on the stone tablet and turned into beams of light that shot toward the spirit warrior.

Roar!

The spirit warrior let out a ferocious roar as he waved his glowing fists at the beams of light.

However, the beams of light moved at a high speed. In the blink of an eye, they sealed off the spirit warrior’s surroundings.

Winston immediately leaped up and stomped on the stone tablet with his right leg. “Stop!”

Boom!

The stone tablet, which was roughly the height of a person, smashed into the mountainside.

The beams of light quickly dispersed and reformed into a large cage, sealing the spirit warrior in an area within five meters of the rock.

Winston's billhook glinted as it cut through the air and flew toward Joshua who stood opposite.

"Forward!" With a wave of Joshua's left hand, a black ruler flew toward Winston's face. In the meantime, he flapped the inky black paper fan in his right hand. A gust of gale howled, instantly turning into wind blades that sliced the air before him.

"Die!" Winston shouted as the spiritual energy in his body surged toward his right hand.

The billhook exuded immense sword energy that cut through the wind blades in the air and slashed down on Joshua's head.

"Wind and snow, come forth!" Joshua waved the half-folded paper fan in his hand. Following a thunderclap, dense snow began raining down above Joshua's head.

Winston's billhook aimed viciously at Joshua's head. Following the shattering of the rocks, Winston turned and leaped backward.

Joshua's figure in front of him was completely engulfed by the blizzard that swept through the entire valley.

Not only was Winston's vision obscured, but his spiritual sense was also dulled. It prevented him from pinpointing Joshua's actual location.

Winston defended himself using the billhook and observed his surroundings cautiously.

No wonder the eight respectable families did not give up on the search for the three spiritual treasures after over ten years.

The treasures were far too powerful. Currently, its performance was merely restricted by Joshua's limited spiritual energy.

Back in the day, the three spiritual treasures possessed overwhelming power when they were wielded by the three Divine Realm cultivators from the Whitley family.

“Everett, watch out for Joshua!” Winston shouted in the direction where he last recalled seeing Everett.

Behind Winston, a violent wave of spiritual energy hurtled toward his heart.

He hurriedly turned around to intercept it.

The billhook in Winston’s hand clashed against a black ruler and emitted a brittle shattering sound.

“Die!” Winston bellowed in a low voice as he stamped his right foot forward and stabbed the half-shattered billhook into the body of the spirit warrior.

The spiritual energy in his body gushed wildly and destroyed the energy equilibrium that formed the spirit warrior.

The black ruler flew back and once again concealed itself in the snowy fog.

Joshua caught Formation Crusher and pointed at Winston. “Are you sure you have the leisure to worry about others? You’d better think about how to save your own skin first!”

A path emerged amidst the flurry of wind and snow.

Winston followed the direction of the sound and saw Joshua’s figure.

“Your spirit warrior should have been trapped by my soul-sealing stone. How did it break free?” asked Winston, chuckling as he lowered his hands and looked at Joshua.

Joshua brandished the black ruler in his hand. “You’ve been looking for it for ten years. Were you unaware of the spiritual treasure’s ability to break through formations? Winston, I’m giving you one last chance. I have no wish to be embroiled in the eight families’ rivalry. I only wish to leave a sliver of the Whitley family’s lineage behind. If you can promise me that the Leeson family will leave me alone from now onward, I am willing to let the two of you leave. How’s that?”

After listening to Joshua’s words, Winston took out a rolled-up cigarette from his pocket, lit it up, and began puffing smoke. “Joshua, do you think I get to decide what happens?”

Winston stretched out his right hand. With a wave, the stone tablet flew through the blizzard and landed beside him.

Winston's palm pulsed with spiritual energy as he stared at the character inscribed on the tombstone.

It only took an instant for the fierce gale around Winston to calm down.

"Besides, you're standing right before me. Do you think you can believe my words if I promise to leave you alone right now?"

"Is there truly no room for discussion?" Joshua smiled.

"There is no way we can come to an agreement." Winston grinned in response. "I don't believe it when you say you only wish to live an ordinary life. You, too, won't believe me if I say I'm going to let you go. What more is there to talk about?"

"You're right." Joshua nodded. "I've dealt with countless people from the eight families, and Winston, you are the one I respect the most. I like how the Leasons of Doveston never lower themselves to scheming but instead do things in a straightforward way."

Joshua stared at Winston with Formation Crusher in his hand. "Winston, since it has come to this, how should we settle things?"

Continuing to puff his cigarette, Winston lifted his eyes to glance at Joshua.

"There are two options. One, you can come back with me. Since you expressed no interest in getting involved in the battle between the families, it's not necessary for you to keep the three spiritual treasures. If you hand them over, the Leeson family will let you go and as proof of allegiance, we will even find you a wife. While we don't wield much power in Doveston, we can at least ensure that you'd be able to carry on your ancestral line."

"Winston!" Joshua waved his hand to interrupt the other man. "Forget it. I choose the second option."

Upon hearing that, Winston fell silent for a moment before nodding slightly. "I understand. No one likes being subservient anyway. Let's go with the second option then."

He picked up the stone tablet as he spoke and strode toward Joshua. "If I kill you, there will be no dispute between us. I guess I'll just have to kill you!"

Joshua slowly backed away. Amidst the blizzard, more than ten Grandmaster Realm spirit warriors crowded in.

Roar!

Following a roar, the spirit warriors charged through the blizzard and went straight for Winston.

Joshua, who stood outside the vicinity of the blizzard, nimbly leaped away and rushed in the direction of Hayden, who was outside the valley.

It was impossible for the Grandmaster Realm spirit warriors to kill Winston, but they could hold him back and stall for time.

Joshua intended to use the opportunity to aid Hayden in finishing Everett off.