

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 911

The Legendary Man Chapter 911-Being enlightened with Pryncyp?

The moment those words were out in the air, Charleigh's expression changed.

Only advanced-phase God Realm cultivators could come into contact with small traces of Heavenly Pryncyp.

And only those who had undergone Divine Tribulation were capable of fully comprehending Heavenly Pryncyp, which was the key to becoming a Divine Realm cultivator and surpassing others.

However, those were things that God Realm cultivators in the absolute phase would worry about. Jonathan was only a God Realm cultivator in the middle phase, so how could he possibly be enlightened with Pryncyp?

"Jonathan, you've lost your mind yearning to achieve Divine Realm, haven't you? You're just a middle-phase God Realm cultivator, but you're hoping to be enlightened with Pryncyp? Keep dreaming!"

Despite Charleigh's lighthearted tone, he was discreetly gesturing a spell, ready to channel the acceleration formation drawn on his suit to flee from the area.

He had been confounded previously because he had never thought that Pryncyp would be involved.

However, Jonathan's mention had reminded him of it, and that made him panic.

Geniuses existed in both Adrune and Aploth.

Furthermore, Charleigh was a member of Rodunst's royal family.

Rodunst was the most influential country in the West Epea Alliance, so most of the famed wizards in Western Epea had a connection with Rodunst's royal family.

When Charleigh was still a boy, his family had been invited to witness the process of an Archmage reaching hallow rank—the Western Epean

equivalent of Aplot's God Realm cultivators going through Divine Tribulation to become a Divine Realm cultivator.

Although Charleigh was still young back then and did not fully fathom what that meant, the scene of how a thick beam of light descended from the sky right onto the Archmage was seared into his mind.

Everything happened in a matter of seconds, yet the Archmage managed to ascend to a whole new level of power.

He became the invincible Hallow Archmage.

The Hallow Archmage of that time was still living, and the Pryncyp he had comprehended was the Pryncyp of Light.

For over three decades after that, the entire Western Epea was at peace.

With the Pryncyp of Light as the absolute power, no countries dared to start any wars.

The beam of light that shone on Jonathan earlier was the same beam of light he had seen when he was younger.

It was just not as bright as the Hallow Archmage's light.

Nevertheless, the Pryncyp the Hellow Archmege was enlightened with was different from Jonethen's.

Despite Cherleigh's reluctance, he had to face reality—it was highly likely that Jonethen had been enlightened with a complete Pryncyp.

He was no longer a match for Jonethen.

"Charge! We have to kill him at all costs!" Cherleigh bellowed, and the remaining Grendmester Realm werewolves rushed toward Jonethen.

Heaven Sword glimmered in the dark night, and every time it was drawn, a werewolf would be killed.

More and more bodies were piling up by Jonethen's feet.

Cherleigh steeled himself and said, "Self-destruct!"

Boom!

Upon hearing Cherleigh's order, the werewolves, without hesitation, began channeling their spiritual energy as they dived toward Jonethen.

When they leaped into the air, their bodies inflated like balloons before they exploded right in front of Jonethen.

Intense shockwaves rushed across the land. Despite having been enlightened with the Prynycp of Slaughter, Jonethen was still sent flying backward.

"Ksene, keep an eye on Cherleigh!"

That was all Jonethen could say before a series of explosions rang out around him.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The werewolves surrounding Jonethen appeared to have no regard for their own lives, self-destructing in rapid succession in an attempt to bring Jonethen down with them.

Alas, they had underestimated Jonethen.

The first time Jonethen was sent flying, he had already used the bronze handbell.

With the protection of the bronze handbell, the explosions of the werewolves were nothing but minor inconveniences for Jonethen.

To put it simply, their explosions were akin to punching Jonethen in the face.

It hurt, but it would not cause any major injuries to him.

Jonethen unleashed his spiritual sense and found Cherleigh zooming past the edge of his spiritual sense force field.

Right behind him was Ksene, who was holding onto the broken blade.

Jonethen's hesitation vanished as soon as he saw the two individuals leave. He tightened his grip on Heaven Sword and started channeling waves of Prynycp of Slaughter into the blade.

Jonathan had researched Heaven Sword for a long time, but he had only discovered its toughness and had not found any other unique qualities.

It was only when Jonathan unintentionally channeled Prynycp into the sword during the last battle did he finally unveil the true Heaven Sword.

Nevertheless, the Prynycp the Hallow Archmage was enlightened with was different from Jonathan's.

Despite Charleigh's reluctance, he had to face reality—it was highly likely that Jonathan had been enlightened with a complete Prynycp.

He was no longer a match for Jonathan.

“Charge! We have to kill him at all costs!” Charleigh bellowed, and the remaining Grandmaster Realm werewolves rushed toward Jonathan.

Heaven Sword glimmered in the dark night, and every time it was drawn, a werewolf would be killed.

More and more bodies were piling up by Jonathan's feet.

Charleigh steeled himself and said, “Self-destruct!”

Boom!

Upon hearing Charleigh's order, the werewolves, without hesitation, began channeling their spiritual energy as they darted toward Jonathan.

When they leaped into the air, their bodies inflated like balloons before they exploded right in front of Jonathan.

Intense shockwaves rushed across the land. Despite having been enlightened with the Prynycp of Slaughter, Jonathan was still sent flying backward.

“Ksana, keep an eye on Charleigh!”

That was all Jonathan could say before a series of explosions rang out around him.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

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It was only when Jonathan unintentionally channeled Pryncyp into the sword during the last battle did he finally unveil the true Heaven Sword.

Heaven Sword was a blade that feasted on Pryncyp.

It was truly a weapon designed for killing.

Sure enough, the second the power of Pryncyp rushed into the sword, the sword emanated murderous energy.

The bronze handbell above Jonathan's head began to shake vigorously, and even the golden glow around Jonathan threatened to dissipate.

After he kept the bronze handbell, the murderous energy surged out of control and spread in all directions.

The wind howled around Jonathan before spreading outward as if he were the center of a cyclone.

Jonathan gripped Heaven Sword and began scanning his surroundings.

At that very moment, the hundreds of Grandmaster Realm werewolves became as insignificant as a bug to Jonathan.

“Those who stop me shall die!” Jonathan uttered before taking a step that brought him dozens of meters away.

Behind him, dozens of werewolves fell in a mist of blood, their bodies sliced in half.

The chilling aura around him was beginning to take on a tangible form.

The Pryncyp of Slaughter was close to perfection. Although Jonathan had received enlightenment just as he was toeing the line between life and death, his realm had prevented him from undergoing Divine Tribulation. Therefore, he could not grasp the full essence of the Pryncyp.

Despite Jonathan’s limited mastery of Pryncyp, it was already powerful enough to spell certain death for the Grandmaster Realm werewolves.

Heaven Sword was trembling as if it was excited.

Looking at the sword in his hand, Jonathan realized he could sense its bloodthirst. He slowly loosened his grip on it and began holding it with his spiritual energy instead.

“I sense it,” Jonathan said with a smile at the sword. “I can feel everything within a-hundred-mile radius with my spiritual energy and spiritual sense. I shall provide you with unlimited energy. Slaughter everything. Let me see what kind of sharp blade you really are.”

Right as he said that, he reached out to flick the blade.

As if the sword could hear him, it disappeared the second Jonathan touched it.

Even though Jonathan was using his spiritual sense, he could only see the afterimage of the sword flashing around him.

Simultaneously, grunts of pain could be heard all around Jonathan.

When he raked his gaze across the area, he saw the werewolves near him falling to the ground

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 912**

The Legendary Man Chapter 912-Jonathan stood amid the werewolves, a dumbfounded look on his face as they continued to drop like flies. Such is the power of Limitless Flying Blade!

As the one providing spiritual energy and Prynycyp to the flying sword, Jonathan was connected with it and could accurately control its trajectory.

What shocked him, however, was that he could no longer see where the sword was.

It was flying around too fast!

Anyone who had read Chanaean legends before would undoubtedly be familiar with flying swords.

All it took was a single thought from the cultivator, and he'd be able to fly the sword into armies to take down the heads of enemies.

It was a power many people wished they possessed, but alas, only cultivators would know the truth behind it.

In reality, flying swords weren't as powerful as everyone had made them out to be.

Cultivators in Grandmaster Realm and above could release their spiritual sense and build a force field that expanded over tens of meters around themselves.

Once that was done, cultivators would then be able to manipulate the surrounding spiritual energy into any shape or form they desired.

Of course, that also meant they could control a flying sword within the force field instead of fighting with their bare fists.

Such a move might increase the attack range of the flying sword, but at the end of the day, control of it still depended on how skilled a cultivator was.

More importantly, expanding one's force field to tens of meters was a massive drain on spiritual energy.

It was undeniable that controlling a weapon remotely with spiritual energy increased its effective attack range. However, the cultivator would also have to take time to alter the energy formation around him.

Even though the entire process wasn't long, there would still be a delay, and a split-second hesitation during fights between elites could cost them their lives.

In short, using spiritual energy to control weapons was an utterly foolish move.

High-level cultivators would only deploy flying weapons when facing off against weaker counterparts or if they wanted to show off in front of mortals. Otherwise, there was just no practical advantage to it.

Jonathan's Heaven Sword, however, was a whole other case.

Although he could sense the trajectory of the sword, he realized he couldn't predict where it'd appear next.

In other words, Jonathan was merely providing Heaven Sword with spiritual energy; he wasn't the one making decisions.

Heaven Sword was on its own killing spree!

Seconds later, the sword returned to Jonathan and hovered around him silently.

A werewolf dashed and leaped toward Jonathan's head, but just as it brandished its claws, it was suddenly sliced in half by some peculiar force.

Having felt the murderous aura around him, Jonathan slowly took a few steps forward.

The werewolves pounced on him one after another, but alas, they all dropped dead before they could even get close to him.



Upon realizing that his Pryncyp of Slaughter was draining fast, Jonathan morphed into an afterimage and zipped through the crowd of werewolves. "Keep up with me, Heaven Sword!"

Without further ado, the sword turned invisible and circled Jonathan, leaving a pile of dead, bloodied werewolves in his wake.

As it turned out, the werewolves weren't ordinary cultivators; they were all elites who had reached Foundation Stage.

Despite that, no one was a match for Heaven Sword, and they fell to the ground like crumbled pieces of meat.

With Heaven Sword single-handedly taking down hundreds of werewolves, Jonathan dodged them without breaking a sweat.

At that point, the number of werewolves remaining in Charleigh's army couldn't have exceeded five hundred.

If word got out that such a battle had occurred, Chanaea, Remdik, and even the rest of the world would undoubtedly be livid.

After using his spiritual sense to gaze at the pack of wolves behind him, Jonathan couldn't help but grumble inwardly.

Oh, what a pity... I could easily wipe out this wolf pack if I had more time. Even just thirty minutes would suffice! Alas, time is not on my side. Ksana has gone after Charleigh, and I know she can fight him off for a while. However, I'm also sure he will eventually kill her if the situation drags on. Besides, these werewolves are, in a way, nothing more than lab-grown products or mass-produced items in factories. Charleigh, on the other hand, is the head of this production line! It'd be a shame if he escaped because I was too intent on killing these werewolves!

Jonathan continued sprinting through the forest, leaving the trees shaking violently behind him.

Meanwhile, at a large river in the distance, Ksana leaped into the air and swung her broken blade at the frozen water surface ahead of Charleigh.

Boom!

The layer of ice shattered almost immediately, and the blast rippled out hundreds of meters from the epicenter.

Upon seeing that, Charleigh hurriedly made a hand seal and summoned two gold arcane arrays under his feet.

Not only were the arcane arrays attached to his feet, but they'd also grow in size with every step he took, allowing him to stand firmly on the water.

With that, Charleigh jumped forward and dashed across the water without batting an eyelid.

Despite being a second slower, Ksana kept up with him by jumping across the larger pieces of ice.

At the same time, Charleigh gestured a spell with his magic staff before aiming it behind him. "Ice river!"

The tip of the magic staff touched the water's surface ever so slightly, yet that was all it took to generate a towering wave that crashed down toward Ksana.

Thankfully, the latter reacted fast enough by pushing herself off the ice and into the air. The next second, she gripped her sword tight and swung it at the wave. "Slash!"

As spiritual energy began pouring out, a pale streak of sword energy shot into the sky and smashed the ice wall that had yet to form.

"Stop right there, Charleigh!" Ksana yelled as she landed on the frozen river surface.

Just then, a beam of light suddenly flashed in front of her.

Ksana instinctively shut her eyes, but that was also when the light dissipated, and Charleigh burst forth with his staff aimed at her heart.

Previously, Charleigh had also used the bright light as a distraction to knock Jonathan flying.

As such, Ksana had already prepared herself by activating her spiritual sense to monitor the surroundings when the light first blinded her.

Upon seeing Charleigh rush toward her with his staff, she immediately counterattacked with her broken blade.

Unfortunately, she was still one second too slow.

Charleigh's staff knocked the sword aside and pierced right through the top of her left chest, causing her to spit out a mouthful of blood.

As the two of them fell and slid on the ice, Ksana gripped the base of the staff with her left hand while using the broken blade in her right hand to slash at Charleigh's neck.

To her surprise, Charleigh had donned a pair of golden gloves that allowed him to catch the blade unharmed.

Then, with his right hand firmly pressed on the magic staff, he began infusing spiritual energy into it.

As long as he had the magic staff as a medium, he could direct all the energy into Ksana's heart and implode it.

Haha! It won't be long before Ksana's blown to smithereens. No matter how powerful Jonathan is, he won't be able to revive her this time!

At the same time, however, a cold aura suddenly swooped down on both Charleigh and Ksana.

Of course, it was none other than Jonathan.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 913**

The Legendary Man Chapter 913-As soon as the cold aura appeared, Charleigh felt as if a venomous snake had locked its eyes on him.

He quickly hit his magic staff to speed up the flow of spiritual energy before bounding backward to safety.

Ha. In a split second, a wave of spiritual energy will surge into Ksana and explode. There's barely any time to stop it! No one can save her now!

However, the moment he retreated, a chilling aura suddenly flashed before him.

Boom!

A massive wave of spiritual energy exploded instantly, sending Ksana straight into the air.

Having summoned a shield to protect himself from the blast, Charleigh stared at Ksana in utter disbelief and shock.

There's no denying I unleashed the spiritual energy, but it didn't explode in Ksana's body as I had planned... In fact, it exploded when I struck my magic staff! The icy aura I felt had cut it in half, causing the spiritual energy to explode before it could even flow into Ksana. That's why there was such a powerful knockback! Oh, gosh... Whoever's responsible for that has such terrifying speed!

Stunned, Charleigh hastily stepped back to look up at Ksana.

Even though he had guessed it was the work of Jonathan, he still found it hard to believe.

Jonathan's cultivation level may have increased by leaps and bounds, but how has it risen by this much? Besides, given how swiftly he had pulled off that rescue, he'd have been able to kill me in the same instance too! There's no way I can escape when he's so insanely fast! Fine... Since I can't run, I'll stand my ground and see how this plays out.

Ksana began falling from the sky, but before she could hit the frozen surface, Jonathan mysteriously appeared behind her and slowed her down with a gentle ball of spiritual energy.

Upon seeing the state that she was in, he became even grimmer.

Whether it's because of the master and servant contract or not, Ksana has proved time and time again that she has undying loyalty. Even when she almost died, she never backed away from the hundreds of Grandmaster Realm werewolves. She fought bravely till the end, and now, her body is all battered, and she's close to breathing her last... I can't let a loyal friend like her die!

"Master..." an ashen-faced Ksana mumbled as she gently landed on the ice and gazed at Jonathan.

“Stop talking,” the latter replied. “I need you to lock your circulatory system.”

With that, he raised a palm and swatted away the broken staff still embedded in Ksana.

Whoosh!

The staff shot toward Charleigh at lightning speed before colliding with his shield and exploding into pieces.

Jonathan placed his right hand on Ksana’s wound and transferred a stream of life force. In just a few seconds, her injuries were completely healed.

“Get some rest for now. I’ll avenge you,” Jonathan said flatly.

Then, he summoned Heaven Sword back into his hand and marched toward Charleigh.

Upon seeing the man approach him, Charleigh wasted no time conjuring a new magic staff.

“If you can unleash that earlier technique again, I’ll admit defeat to you, Jonathan. However, if that was a forbidden technique that can only be used once, I’ll have you know I’m not to be underestimated!” he said with a smirk.

As much as I hate to admit it, Jonathan’s technique sent chills down my spine. That said, I refuse to surrender without a fight... Besides, he must have drained plenty of his energy after fighting a way out of Wolver Army and rescuing Ksana. After all, the techniques he used have far exceeded the limits of God Realm!

Alas, there was a lot that Charleigh didn’t know. Jonathan had been enlightened with Pryncyp, and even though his Pryncyp of Strength wasn’t very strong, he had made sure to use every ounce of it to its fullest.

He wanted so badly to conserve power and capture Charleigh that he even gave up the opportunity to wipe out the entire Wolver Army.

Previously, Jonathan had wanted nothing more than to kill Charleigh. After all, the latter was uncooperative, and Jonathan couldn’t catch him, either. Therefore, the only way to protect Chanaea was to eliminate him.

Things, however, had since taken a one hundred and eighty degrees turn. Jonathan was no longer interested in killing Charleigh.

Thanks to Heaven Sword, I can kill Charleigh whenever I want. Whether he lives or dies isn't a problem anymore. The only thing I want to do is to subdue him with my own strength!

“Charleigh, you've hurt my subordinates more than once... If I remember correctly, you were also responsible for chasing Killian with your pack of beasts a few months ago. To make matters worse, you almost killed Ksana and me today! I must teach you a lesson and show you the power of Asura's Office!”

Charleigh had been scrutinizing Jonathan the whole time, worried that the latter might suddenly unleash a deadly strike.

To his surprise, Jonathan wanted to go head-to-head with him!

Oh, how perfect! This is the chance I've been waiting for! Jonathan wants to bring me back to Chanaea, and likewise, I'd love to strap him down on an operating table in Remdik. After all, he's a genius who has gone from a mortal to a God Realm cultivator in just three years! More importantly, he can heal wounds and regrow limbs in the blink of an eye. Learning his secret would be like unlocking a treasure trove of knowledge!

“You asked for it, Jonathan!”

With that, Charleigh swung his staff and tapped it lightly before him, sending ripples through the air.

A massive palm suddenly shot out amid the ripples, its thumb as tall as an average human.

Rumble!

As a low booming noise rang out, a purple demon beast that stood tens of meters in height stepped out from the ripples.

“Jonathan, meet my summoning beast—Hell's Violet Ghost!” Charleigh announced as he grinned at the beast.

The next second, he bit his tongue and spat out a mist of blood, only to have the Violet Ghost inhaling it all through its nose and mouth.

Without further ado, Charleigh stuck his staff out and aimed it at Jonathan.  
“Kill him!”

Interestingly enough, Violet Ghost’s expression was tinged with aloofness. Even though Charleigh had summoned it, it still looked at him with undisguised contempt.

After a moment’s hesitation, it turned to look at Jonathan and let out a guttural roar.

Then, with just one giant step, Violet Ghost closed in on the man.

The surface of the ice shattered, but the water under Violet Ghost’s feet refroze almost immediately.

A gigantic palm swung toward Jonathan, its speed and power so incredible that it even produced a sonic boom!

Slap!

Jonathan jumped up in the nick of time to dodge the strike, but to his shock and dismay, another hand came crashing down from above.

Having been caught entirely off guard, he was smacked down from the sky like a rubber ball and slammed through the ice into the frigid cold river.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 914**

The Legendary Man Chapter 914-Charleigh felt a sense of relief when he saw Hell’s Violet Ghost succeed. As I expected, Jonathan’s technique cannot be used limitlessly.

The capabilities of Hell’s Violet Ghost were actually greater than Charleigh’s.

Charleigh’s family was the largest Summoner wizard clan in Western Epea.

In ancient times, they had used their Pryncyp to establish summoning contracts with numerous demon beasts and devilish creatures.

Although their bloodline had become increasingly diluted over time, they still had a chance to summon powerful beasts, and Charleigh was one of the few with that ability.

Precisely because of that, his family had had high hopes for him since childhood.

However, Charleigh wasn't interested in cultivation. He believed that cultivation was merely a method to dominate others.

What he sought was true perfection.

He yearned to create a flawless human by relying on scientific means.

That was also why Charleigh's father was so angry about his biological son's interest.

Although Charleigh wasn't obsessed with cultivation, he was still able to summon Hell's Violet Ghost, a creature two levels higher than him, thanks to his talent.

However, he didn't dare summon Violet Ghost unless faced with a life-or-death situation.

After all, if Violet Ghost went berserk, his survival as the creature's Summoner would be questionable.

Nevertheless, Violet Ghost truly made a significant contribution in suppressing Jonathan right after it was summoned.

"Violet Ghost, kill that woman over there too!" Charleigh said while pointing at Ksana in the distance.

However, Violet Ghost remained unmoving at that instant. Charleigh looked up and saw Violet Ghost staring intently at the ice below.

"What are you looking at?"

A sense of foreboding surged within Charleigh's chest as he took in Violet Ghost's serious expression.

At that moment, Violet Ghost suddenly grabbed Charleigh and leaped high into the sky.



Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of muffled noises came from beneath Charleigh's feet.

The next second, razor-sharp ice spikes shot out from under the layer of ice, appearing exceptionally sinister under the moonlight.

The icy surface around Ksana shattered, and Jonathan slowly emerged from the water, standing on an ice pillar.

"Master, I knew you'd be fine!" Ksana shouted happily when she saw Jonathan.

Jonathan frowned as he watched Violet Ghost descend from mid-air. He felt as though he had seen the creature before.

Boom!

Violet Ghost landed on the ice surface a hundred meters away with a crash, tossed Charleigh aside, and charged in Jonathan's direction.

The ice spikes were smashed into smithereens as Violet Ghost dashed forward. And as Violet Ghost moved, a thought flashed through Jonathan's mind. What the hell? This isn't some damn Violet Ghost. Isn't this a member of the Devil race I met on the Divine Chessboard? How dare an advanced phase God Realm Devil stir a commotion here? I've even met the ancestors of your Devil race in the Western Region!

Jonathan brandished Divine Chessboard and infused it with his spiritual energy. He enlarged the chessboard to several dozen meters in size and held it in his hand to strike Violet Ghost's head.

"You're courting death!" A contemptuous smile spread across Charleigh's face when he noticed Jonathan's retaliation.

Violet Ghost was one of the strongest creatures Charleigh had seen. He would even go as far as stating Violet Ghost's contribution was essential in enabling him to travel from West Epea Alliance to Remdik.

Charleigh reckoned Jonathan's attacks would be futile no matter how much brute force he exerted to swing the chessboard at Violet Ghost, even if Jonathan were to exhaust himself to death.

To Charleigh's surprise, when he was ready to watch how Jonathan would be sent flying, Violet Ghost suddenly let out a shrill, agonizing shriek.

Charleigh's expression stiffened because he witnessed the unusually ferocious Violet Ghost turning around and fleeing after getting hit once.

"What the hell?" He rubbed his eyes and refocused his attention on Violet Ghost.

At that moment, Jonathan grabbed the nape of Violet Ghost's neck and brought down the chessboard again.

Thump!

Roar!

As Jonathan repeatedly struck Violet Ghost with the chessboard, the latter covered its head with both hands, its eyes filled with terror.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Jonathan continued swinging the chessboard until Violet Ghost ultimately lay on the ice surface on its stomach. It covered its head with both hands, not daring to move an inch.

"Get up, Violet Ghost!" Charleigh gaped at the scene before him in utter astonishment.

Violet Ghost was one of his trump cards. When he arrived in Remdik and negotiated terms with the tsar, the tsar had nearly killed him, but Charleigh didn't summon Violet Ghost even then.

Unexpectedly, he encountered such a situation after summoning Violet Ghost for the first time when facing Jonathan.

At that moment, Jonathan was panting heavily while standing on the back of Violet Ghost.

The Divine Chessboard had sealed God and Devil for thousands of years and was equipped with restrictions specifically designed to suppress God and Devil. Hence, the chessboard had a natural subjugating effect on Violet Ghost.

In addition, the lingering aura of the three-headed God and Devil wasn't a power a descendant of the Devil race like Violet Ghost could resist.

Jonathan figured he could turn dozens or hundreds of creatures like Violet Ghost against their Summoner in an instant while wielding the Divine Chessboard, not to mention one.

Setting aside the chessboard, Jonathan stretched lazily and looked at Charleigh. "Charleigh, the creature you summoned isn't putting up much of a fight. What's the matter? Do you have any other trump cards? You won't have another chance if you don't make a move now."

Standing in the distance, Charleigh sneered. Although he didn't know what happened to Violet Ghost, as a Summoner, he could clearly sense Violet Ghost's fear.

Not only did Charleigh expend a large amount of his spiritual energy when summoning Violet Ghost earlier, but he also sacrificed his blood essence.

Therefore, he wouldn't succeed even if he wanted to summon another beast.

At that thought, Charleigh thrust his staff forward again.

The mysterious ripple reappeared, and Jonathan curiously looked at the space, wanting to see what else Charleigh could summon.

However, at that moment, Ksana suddenly shouted from afar, "Master, that guy ran away!"

"Ran away?"

Jonathan gazed at Charleigh, who was still standing behind the ripple.

Then, he scanned that spot with his spiritual sense and noticed nothing there.

He turned around and quickly moved to one side, only to realize that what he observed was just an illusionary image of Charleigh.

The real Charleigh had already escaped and was running far away.

Jonathan grinned wryly and shook his head in amusement. "I was careless. I can't believe I didn't see through such a simple illusion."

He summoned Heaven Sword with a flick of his wrist and moved his hand slightly. "Go!"

After Jonathan gave his command, Heaven Sword disappeared instantly.

Hundreds of meters away, Charleigh, who was bolting ahead, let out a hysterical scream and fell heavily onto the ice surface.

Heaven Sword came to a steady halt before Jonathan. A final drop of blood dripped from the blade.

Jonathan turned to gaze at Ksana, who was standing at one side. "Charleigh's elixir field has been damaged. Go and bring him back."

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 915**

The Legendary Man Chapter 915-"Understood!"

Ksana leaped up and landed beside Charleigh after a few jumps.

An impassive expression was on her face as she looked at Charleigh, who was clutching his lower abdomen and groaning on the ground.

Despite how miserable he appeared now, she did not forget that he had almost killed her earlier.

Grabbing his hair, she violently dragged him back to Jonathan.

"Jonathan, you won't dare to kill me." Lying on the ice surface, a large amount of blood continuously gushed out of the wound on Charleigh's lower abdomen.

Jonathan's previous strike with his sword had completely pierced Charleigh's elixir field and destroyed all of the latter's cultivation foundation.

Without a miraculous healing ability like Jonathan's, Charleigh would never be able to gather any spiritual energy for the rest of his life.

Despite that, even with his cultivation foundation entirely ruined, Charleigh's eyes were still filled with mockery.

Struggling to prop himself up before leaning against a piece of broken ice, he gazed down at the bloody wound on his lower abdomen.

“Jonathan, although I was expelled from my family, and my father does not fancy my research, I am still Rodunst’s eldest prince! Chanaea is currently facing pressure from Remdik, the West Region, and Jetroina. If you kill me, I guarantee Rodunst will be added to Chanaea’s list of enemies! Chanaea will meet its downfall—”

Bam!

Before Charleigh could finish speaking, he was hit directly by a slender fist.

The surface of the ice shattered, and Charleigh’s cheek pressed against the ice, having become severely deformed.

Ksana slowly straightened her body, sneered, and spat on him. “Who do you think you are now that you’ve lost your spiritual energy?”

Jonathan was a little stunned as he looked at Ksana. He began regarding the matter of how women held grudges in their hearts with more importance.

He hastily stepped in to stop her when he noticed she was about to move forward again.

“Hey, hey! You can’t hit him anymore. He’s no different from an ordinary person with a slightly better physique since he lost his spiritual energy. You’re a God Realm cultivator, so he’ll undoubtedly die if you continue to beat him up.”

Jonathan crouched beside Charleigh and placed his hand on the latter’s lower abdomen.

It wasn’t as if Jonathan feared offending Rodunst’s royal family.

At that point, he had made countless enemies across both Aploth and Epea continents, so he wasn’t really concerned about making a few more in Western Epea.

However, he absolutely couldn’t let Charleigh die just like that.

The initial purpose of his trip to Remdik was, after all, to seize Charleigh.

Now that Charleigh was subdued, Jonathan had no reason to kill him.

Although Charleigh was mad as a hatter, the experimental data in his head and his ideas about modified humans were precisely what Asura's Office needed the most at that stage.

After healing Charleigh's injuries, Jonathan got to his feet.

That was the first time Charleigh had experienced the wonders of life force.

At that instant, he reached out to tear open his clothes and stared wide-eyed at his lower abdomen. "This... has it really healed so rapidly?" Charleigh stroked his lower abdomen continuously while uttering in excitement, "This feeling... I don't feel weak or tired. That means the healing process wasn't promoted at the expense of my own vitality but purely the effect of external energy!"

Charleigh looked at Jonathan and asked anxiously, "What kind of technique is this, Jonathan? Do you know? I genuinely wish to dissect you and observe the flow of your spiritual energy. I'm so curious..."

Beside them, Ksana raised her hand to strike Charleigh again upon hearing his nearly perverse words.

Jonathan stretched out his hand to stop her. Then, he sighed and slowly shook his head. "Don't stoop to his level. He's just a lunatic!"

Jonathan's assessment was heartfelt.

Having been acquainted with Jason for over three years, Jonathan wouldn't claim to understand people like Charleigh completely, but he had a general idea.

At that moment, Charleigh, whose cultivation had been crippled, was still determined to dissect Jonathan.

That almost pathological persistence and obsession was a form of fixity of purpose, driven by one's willingness to discard even their life in the pursuit of their passion.

Anyone capable of reaching that level was either a genius or a madman, and both Jason and Charleigh were undoubtedly the former.

Jonathan flashed a wry smile as he gazed at Charleigh, who was still groping his lower abdomen. Perhaps cultivating is indeed a waste of time for such a person, no matter how exceptionally talented they are in cultivation.

“Bind!” Jonathan lightly tapped on Charleigh.

A rope made entirely of spiritual energy bound Charleigh tightly.

“What are you doing?” Charleigh tried to break free, but there was no way he could do so now that he was devoid of spiritual energy.

Jonathan beckoned slightly with his hand, and Charleigh was lifted into the air, supported by spiritual energy.

“I’m bringing you back to Chanaea. Asura’s Office needs your research.”

“I won’t go—”

Charleigh started to protest, but Jonathan quickly summoned another strand of spiritual energy with a wave of his hand to seal Charleigh’s mouth shut.

“You don’t have a choice,” Jonathan said calmly, his eyes riveted on Charleigh. “Once you’re in Chanaea, you’ll understand that you’re not the only one dissecting others for the purpose of carrying out research.”

“Mm?” Charleigh gazed at Jonathan quizzically, despite having his mouth sealed.

Whether in the open-minded Western Epea or the harsh Remdik, his research had always been regarded as an evil crime against humanity.

Although the tsar of Remdik supported his research, the acknowledgment could only be done secretly instead of in public.

Even within the military, the information was tightly guarded. The soldiers protecting Charleigh’s laboratory didn’t even know what they were safeguarding daily.

If that was the case in Remdik, one could easily figure out how people from the traditionally conservative Chanaea would react to Charleigh’s research.

Yet now, according to Jonathan, there were people in Chanaea who, like Charleigh, enjoyed conducting such twisted research.

Upon hearing that, Charleigh inexplicably felt as if he had encountered a kindred spirit.

Charleigh found himself vaguely looking forward to meeting the other person who was like him.

The trio hastened southward on the icy surface.

They were currently within Mortling Castle's territory, an area in the westernmost part of Remdik.

If they walked less than a thousand miles in the northwest direction, they would reach Remdik's center of administration—Saspiuburg.

If Jonathan wanted to leave that place with Charleigh, traveling by train or plane would be out of the question.

According to Jonathan's speculation, judging by Charleigh's important status, Remdik's authorities might've already noticed something was off the moment the latter met with a mishap.

It was very likely Kremalos Palace had sent out experts to rescue Charleigh by now.

Even if Jonathan were to take an international flight back to Chanaea, Remdik's authorities wouldn't hold back or be merciful for the sake of intercepting Charleigh.

They might directly deploy a military aircraft to shoot down the passenger plane to prevent the method of mass-producing cultivators capable of morphing into werewolves from leaking out to the public at all costs.

In that case, Jonathan was left with only two routes to choose from to traverse the thousands of miles.

He could either head south or go west.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 916**

The Legendary Man Chapter 916-Jonathan pulled up a map and assessed the situation of the entire western area of Remdik.



The tsar was located around a thousand kilometers to the northwest.

However, they could cross the western border of Remdik if they bypassed Saspiuburg's radiation area and walked another seven hundred kilometers. That would bring them to the chaotic Central Epea.

With the support of Anglandur and West Epea Alliance, Central Epea was constantly at war.

Asura's Office will be able to pick us up once we enter the war zone in Central Epea.

Even if they could not make it in time, Jonathan could easily leave from there. After all, even Remdik, which claimed to have the world's best military, would not be able to keep an eye on every location in the war zone.

Jonathan and the others would truly become invisible and would no longer have to worry about being tracked once in Central Epea.

However, there were certain risks involved with this approach, such as the possibility of facing increased pursuit.

Kremalos Palace's tsar, as well as cultivators from Rodunst and Sanctuary, might pursue Jonathan if they took the road to Western Epea.

Jonathan gave Ksana a thoughtful look.

I didn't expect to meet someone like her during my trip to Remdik.

Jonathan had come in search of Charleigh, who acted as a bug in the war. He was prepared to raise the cultivation levels of Asura's Office's members to Grandmaster Realm no matter the costs.

Unexpectedly, he discovered a way to forcibly improve one's cultivation level to God Realm with Ksana.

Jonathan then made an agreement with the coffin that he would head to Sanctuary and help to steal the heart of the Remdik Emperor.

Undoubtedly, Jonathan would head to Sanctuary, but it was not the right time now.

Charleigh, who was a crucial figure, needed to be sent back to Edenic Heights as soon as possible as the situation grew increasingly tense. That way, Jonathan would have the upper hand in the war that was going to happen several months later.

There was no time to waste.

Jonathan needed Ksana to guide the way to Sanctuary.

However, her supply of Holy Blood could only last up to three months, at most.

This meant that Jonathan had to reach Sanctuary within three months.

Back then, to secure Antoine's release, Ivanov had made a promise to Jonathan that Remdik would not attack Doveston for six months.

There were less than three months remaining before that time limit was up.

These two timeframes practically coincided.

According to Ksana, this war was not at all about obtaining resources, but rather, Sanctuary was trying to find the tomb of some general.

This meant that cultivators from Sanctuary would inevitably participate in the war once it began.

Jonathan had been debating whether or not to infiltrate Sanctuary and steal the Remdik Emperor's heart before the war even started. He would then detonate a special missile inside Mount Enly to send those people straight to the afterlife.

In any case, he would have to pay Sanctuary a visit within two months even if they did not come looking for him.

Their second route would be to proceed south from where they were now.

After a journey of five thousand and six hundred kilometers, they would enter Merania.

Merania was the biggest landlocked country sandwiched between Remdik and Chanaea. The country was unable to engage in marine trade due to its lack of ports.

Hence, Merania had a weak national strength, as it was relatively underdeveloped and primitive.

They could only grit their teeth and swallow the indignity from Remdik's and Chanaea's concurrent infiltration as they were powerless against the two big countries.

Nevertheless, Merania had issued a statement to the outside world that they would immediately join the opposing side if one side attacked them.

This was a simple but highly effective strategy that effectively kept Remdik and Chanaea in check.

As Merania was so vast, the transportation problems that had previously hampered development when it first claimed independence would no longer exist if it was integrated into either Remdik or Chanaea.

Thus, Merania became the only neutral region in the entire Aploth and Epea.

Remdik and Chanaea had been providing varying degrees of help to Merania to stabilize them.

However, they were also using their own means to impede Merania's development at the same time. The current situation was extremely complicated.

Remdik would undoubtedly try to intercept them once Jonathan brought Charleigh into Merania.

At the same time, Asura's Office would also focus on gathering its manpower in Merania.

Jonathan and Karl were the only God Realm cultivators in Asura's Office. There would be three people if Ksana was taken into account.

Jonathan, though, was certain that Wilbur would not sit on his hands at Yaleview as long as they explained the importance of Charleigh.

Jonathan was also fully confident that the Blackwood family and the Osborne family would send God Realm cultivators to support them.

After all, Charleigh's life or death was tied to the survival of the entire Chanaea. It was not the time for personal grudges or power struggles.

Whether it was Wilbur or the eight respectable families, all of them wanted a stable and governable world, not a ruined country.

Regardless, if they choose this path, it was likely that Merania would experience a small-scale yet fierce battle before the war in Doveston even began.

At that time, it was uncertain whether Jonathan could get out of Merania alive, let alone the cultivators from the respectable families and Wilbur.

While Jonathan was trying to contemplate which escape route to take, several figures were swiftly running toward him from the slope across the glacier.

Spotting the werewolves, Ksana muttered, "Master, it's the werewolves!"

Jonathan turned to look at Charleigh, who was beside him. However, the latter's face was full of fear.

"What are you afraid of? Didn't you create them to be completely obedient to you?"

Meanwhile, a puzzled Jonathan released the spiritual energy which restrained Charleigh's mouth.

However, Charleigh shook with fear as he shrieked frantically, "Run! Jonathan, hurry up and run! They obey me because I used contract magic to control them. However, since you destroyed my cultivation, all that is null and void. All of these werewolves were created forcibly. The first thing they'll want to do now that the contract is not in effect will be to kill me!"

A chill ran down Jonathan's spine when he heard Charleigh's words.

I previously thought those werewolves were warriors willing to undergo the transformation of their own accord. I didn't expect them to have been forcibly transformed against their will.

Thousands of lives had been involved in the project. Except for a few Beta Warriors who still maintained a smidgen of their rationale, the rest were practically mindless beasts with only killing instincts left.

This was not taking into account the people who had lost their lives due to failed transformations.

Scientist, my ass! Charleigh is nothing but a demon that emerged from hell!

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 917**

The Legendary Man Chapter 917-“Will restoring your spiritual energy work?” Jonathan pressed his Heaven Sword against Charleigh’s neck.

Staring at the cold blade, Charleigh hesitated before shaking his head slightly. As much as I want him to give me a chance to restore my energy field, I doubt it’ll be helpful. In fact, even if I’m at my peak condition, there’s no way I can escape him when he possesses that bizarre sword technique. Also, my instinct is telling me Jonathan isn’t a kind man despite his righteous facade, considering he can enter and leave Remdik whenever he pleases. The consequences of lying to someone like him will no doubt be agonizing.

Upon receiving Charleigh’s reply, Jonathan took a deep breath and tossed him to Ksana. “Watch him closely!”

Then, he dashed toward the ice.

Both of them were God Realm cultivators. Therefore, if they fled at full speed, it would be impossible for the modified warriors, who were only in the middle phase of Grandmaster Realm, to catch up to them.

However, Jonathan wasn’t planning to escape without a fight because those modified soldiers would be sent to Chanaea by Remdik as killing machines in the future.

If he didn’t have to chase after Charleigh, he absolutely would’ve eliminated all the modified soldiers.

As the Pryncyp of Strength enveloped his body, he popped a few Spirit Rejuvenating Pills into his mouth. The sword’s immensely powerful, but the cost of unleashing it is equally great as it rapidly drains my spiritual energy and Pryncyp of Strength. Based on its consumption rate previously, I’m confident the Pryncyp of Slaughter will be exhausted in minutes. Besides that, I don’t have much life force left inside my body.

After he captured Charleigh, he had wanted to summon the coffin to ask it for more life force, as well as seek its help to establish a master and servant contract with Charleigh, much like the one he had with Ksana. That way, he

could restore Charleigh's cultivation level, and their journey back to Chanaea would be much smoother.

However, for some reason, the coffin didn't respond to him this time, so he had to give up on the idea for now. With all that considered, he couldn't afford to receive any more deadly injuries.

In no time at all, the Wolver Army and Jonathan met each other on the ice.

"Kill!" In a blink of an eye, Heaven Sword vanished from Jonathan's side.

Suddenly, hundreds of meters away from him, a werewolf attempting to leap toward Jonathan from the side had its head chopped off.

The headless body continued to sprint forward dozens of meters due to the powerful inertia before falling to the ground.

Meanwhile, Jonathan swung his black spear toward his enemies.

Bang! Bang!

Two werewolves spewed blood as they were sent flying away by his attack, which also crushed their internal organs.

Clearly, they didn't have much longer to live.

Out of nowhere, a werewolf grabbed Jonathan's head from behind.

A glint flashed through the air before the werewolf's sharp claws were sliced apart and turned into a cloud of bloody mist blown away by the wind.

As Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter continued to decrease, he darted forward, turning into an afterimage as he passed through the Wolver Army.

He wielded the black spear as a staff because he had no clue how to properly use the weapon.

However, his lack of skill didn't matter because his strength was so overwhelming that no werewolf could survive a hit from him.

Unfortunately for him, despite the incredible speed at which he was slaughtering his opponents, he only took out dozens of werewolves.

There were even more werewolves charging toward the opposite bank from two directions.

After kicking a werewolf away, Jonathan pressed the detonator in his hand.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A series of explosions were heard dozens of meters from the opposite bank.

Multiple pillars of water shot into the sky as cracks formed on the ice.

Jonathan stomped, injecting spiritual energy into the frigid river water.

“Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, Five Elements of the Dragon Deity, Water!” As he shouted, he gestured the technique with his hands.

A giant wave erupted beneath the ice and rushed toward the Wolver Army.

“Ice Seal!” After the wave crashed into the werewolves, Jonathan leaped into the air, formed a seal with his hands, and slapped it on the surging water.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A series of cracking sounds were heard as the river water was rapidly frozen by Jonathan.

Many werewolves failed to escape the river in time and were thus trapped in the ice.

The original sheet of ice formed on the river couldn't hold itself together after the water underneath it was sucked out and frozen above it.

Hence, no longer capable of bearing the weight, the ice sheet shattered.

The restricted Charleigh gulped as he stared at the frozen werewolves. “What kind of Pryncyp did Jonathan grasp? It seems a little too ridiculous he's able to freeze at least two hundred Grandmaster Realm werewolves in an instant by touching the water.”

Ksana was similarly bewildered by Jonathan's feat, albeit only slightly, as she gazed at him. Jonathan shouldn't be able to do that with his Pryncyp of Strength, considering it isn't an elemental Pryncyp. At least, I don't think so. What's going on?

A few seconds of silence later, she shook her head. “I don’t know either. However, I’m certain that Master is really strong.”

Meanwhile, Jonathan stood before the edge of the broken ice sheet as he peered at the terrified werewolves. For now, it seems like the range of my Five Elements of the Dragon Deity only extends to hundreds of meters. According to Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, the person who founded this technique was chasing after a water-type demon beast when he froze the entire ocean in a fit of rage. I don’t have much Prynycp of Strength left, so I must conserve some, just in case I find myself encountering an unexpected battle.

Unquestionably, those two hundred-plus werewolves are only temporarily sealed, seeing as they’re all Grandmaster Realm cultivators. Even if they’re stupid, they’ll inevitably succeed at breaking out of the ice, which means...

“Let’s go!” he exclaimed as he dashed past Ksana and grabbed Charleigh.

As the trio sprinted south at full speed, the werewolves could only chase after them by following their scents.

Unbeknownst to them, a faint light speedily approached the river from the northwest sky after they left.

In less than three minutes, loud whirring sounds were heard as more than a dozen parachutes swiftly descended from the sky.

Their landing generated dull thuds on the ground.

A group of six stepped toward the ice sheet under the lead of an old man. “A battle had just taken place here, as seen from the abundance of spiritual energy residuals here. Based on the tracks left on the ground, I doubt it has been long since they left. Let’s chase after them!”

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 918**

The Legendary Man Chapter 918-Although Jonathan and Ksana were unaware of the pursuers hot on their trail, they continued running at full speed.

Jonathan had expended his Prynycp of Strength too quickly, so even though he wished to wipe out the werewolves, he did not have the energy to do so.

As he dragged Charleigh across the mountain range at lightning speed, he looked at the latter and asked, “When we fought each other previously, why



did it seem as though you didn't care whether the werewolves survived or perished?"

"They're not me, so why should I care whether they live or die?" came Charleigh's matter-of-fact answer.

Shocked to hear that, Jonathan turned to Ksana. To his surprise, he saw her grinning back at him. She was actually accepting Charleigh's reply without batting an eyelid!

Jonathan could not help feeling a sense of absurdity at the pair's response. "You two are... Those are human lives we're talking about! How can you let them die just like that? Don't you think there's anything wrong with that?"

Glancing toward Ksana, Charleigh asked, "Do you think there's something wrong with that?"

As for Ksana, she looked at Jonathan quietly after hearing what he said and pondered the matter for a while. "Hmm... If Master thinks it isn't right, then that's what I think too."

Despite her answer, Jonathan could tell from the puzzled look in her eyes that she did not understand what he meant at all.

At that moment, Charleigh, tightly bound like a trussed chicken, floated next to Jonathan. "What's the big deal if they die? Weren't those werewolves created for the express purpose of killing others? They're like machines. Once placed on any battlefield, they'll cut down their opponents like a machine harvesting wheat until their enemies kill them. Their ultimate destiny is to die, and it's only a matter of sooner or later. What's there to feel sorry about now that you've killed them?"

Humans... are like machines? While there were no faults in Charleigh's argument, Jonathan could not help thinking otherwise. Although the werewolves are humans who've undergone modification and don't have feelings or emotions, they're still humans!

Turning his head and gazing at Ksana, he asked hesitantly, "Are those your sentiments as well? No need to care about what I think. You can speak your mind."

While sprinting at top speed, she furrowed her brows and fell into deep thought. “I don’t quite understand what you two mean about war machines. All I know is that humans seem to be like this—they keep taking on missions, carrying them out, and fighting until they die.”

Her reply was earnest, without any trace of being perfunctory, and Jonathan realized he had made a mistake indeed.

Of the two people next to me, one can transform soldiers into an army of werewolves devoid of cognitive thinking and is a madman through and through. Meanwhile, the other is an elite fighter groomed by Sanctuary. To be more precise, she’s a killing machine. I may not have been to Sanctuary, but it’s clear from her mannerisms that she lived in a simple world. Even something ordinary like the difference between men and women, a concept that a child of three or four years old can grasp, seems to fly over her head. Perhaps no one taught her about such things ever since she was little. After all, who would care to explain morals and etiquette to a machine?

For some reason, he felt his chest tighten slightly as he gazed at her.

“Ksana.”

“Yes, Master?” she replied promptly, ready to carry out his instructions.

To her surprise, Jonathan was silent and merely smiled at her. After a pause, he said, “Ksana, I’ll show you there are still many other things to do on this earth. Just wait and see. Three months won’t be long enough to live because you’ll grow attached to this wonderful world. I’ll make you want to continue living and show you how beautiful this world is.”

Both Ksana and Charleigh were stunned to see Jonathan’s eyes light up. Neither of them had ever seen someone’s gaze so full of hope and enthusiasm.

The beauty of the world, eh? Is there truly such a thing? Charleigh fixed his gaze on Jonathan with furrowed brows as though examining a field of research he had never encountered beforehand.

Just then, Jonathan suddenly halted on a massive rock before turning and gazing toward the horizon behind him.

That nearly caused Ksana to fall into the pool below. She quickly turned and fell back beside Jonathan. "What do you see, Master?"

He frowned as he stared intently into the distance, and his ears twitched. A second later, he pressed his hand against Heaven Sword's hilt. "Someone's coming!"

Charleigh's expression shifted when he heard that. Struggling to break free, he called out to Jonathan, "Hurry up and untie me!"

Although he had not seen what Jonathan saw nor sensed any surge of aura, he was clever. He knew the latter would not joke about something like that. What's more, I know Kremalos Palace must've received news that I set all of the Grandmaster Realm werewolves free. The only people who'd dare to show up and capture me now must be those with God Realm cultivation level. In fact, it could even be Ivanov. Since I've mastered the art of modifying warriors, they won't allow Jonathan to leave with me. However, no matter who emerges victorious in this battle, they'll still target me. If the pursuers from Remdik win and Jonathan can't take me away with him, there's no way he'll let me go and create werewolf warriors for Remdik. With Jonathan's ruthless methods, he won't hesitate to kill me and solve the root of the issue.

Conversely, if Jonathan won and the Remdikians were sure they could not get their hands on Charleigh, they would choose to get rid of Charleigh to eliminate any possibility of him using his knowledge to serve Chanaea.

Hence, once both sides engaged in battle, the outcome did not matter. Either way, it still meant death for him!

Previously, Charleigh spent a long time developing a Beta Warrior equipped with self-awareness. He had been confident his success would help him gain a foothold wherever he went. However, I now understand that mindset was a terrible mistake. The results of my research brought me unparalleled fame, but it is also a double-edged sword. Only Chanaea and Remdik are trying to get their hands on me for now. Unfortunately, should word get out that I'm capable of creating Grandmaster Realm cultivators, I'm afraid organizations across the globe will want me on their side while also wishing to kill me at the same time. I created something powerful, yet it somehow turns out I've opened Pandora's box.

While Charleigh debated whether to continue pleading with Jonathan for mercy, the sound of rumbling engines from the horizon gradually grew louder.

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 919

The Legendary Man Chapter 919-“A fighter jet?”

Charleigh looked up in surprise at the pitch-black night sky upon hearing the distant sounds.

“Are they planning on just blowing us up? D\*mn it! At the very least, they could try to save me. Am I not worth the effort? Jonathan! Let go of me! If you restore my elixir field, I can fight alongside you guys and take them on!”

Charleigh was about to continue when a gust of spiritual energy sealed his lips.

Jonathan’s brows furrowed as he listened to the sounds in the sky.

“I would rather kill you than restore your spiritual energy. Don’t even think about it.”

“Master, why don’t we kill him after we find out how he transforms these soldiers?” Ksana asked Jonathan seriously.

“Mmph! Mm-hmm!”

Upon hearing Ksana’s words, Charleigh started twisting his body violently with a reddened face. No one knew what he was trying to say.

Jonathan shook his head slightly.

“I’ve considered it before, but crippling him and taking the experiment results for ourselves would be the worst-case scenario, given the number of variables that can influence these experiments. Everyone is aware of these drugs and molecular formulas, but only a few are capable of creating them correctly.”

“Mmph! Mmph!”

Charleigh nodded vigorously upon hearing Jonathan’s words.

He was no longer the prideful scientist in the face of danger as he knew that Jonathan had many considerations, but Ksana didn’t. Even though he lost his cultivation, he could still feel Ksana’s murderous intent toward him.

If Charleigh could apologize now, he would definitely offer Ksana the most sincere apology he could muster.

Women, no matter their identities or how powerful they were, were particularly adept at holding grudges.

Although Ksana disliked Charleigh, she obeyed Jonathan's orders.

Since Jonathan said he wasn't going to kill Charleigh, Ksana didn't ask any more questions.

Instead, she looked up at the night sky with concern and queried, "Master, should we try and hide?"

"It's useless," Jonathan replied as he shook his head. "Fighter jets have limited ranges. We are currently three hundred miles south of Mortling Castle, so we're still in Remdik. However, this fighter jet was flying from the south. If it was a routine mission, it should have been dispatched directly from the base south of Merania. There was no need to fly this jet from such a far direction. Therefore, the only reason this fighter jet is here is that our locations have been exposed!"

As Jonathan spoke, the fighter jet flew past their heads a hundred meters above them before ascending rapidly.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Several white signal flares were fired into the sky by the fighter jet, painting the entire sky white.

On the ground, the three people's shadows became longer due to these signal flares.

"Master, let's go!"

For some reason, Ksana felt uneasy when she saw those signal flares.

Jonathan turned to look at Ksana, and a glint of confusion flashed across his eyes.

This girl dared to face me head-on even after finding out about my identity. She even sat face-to-face with Paurius for a whole day without showing any signs of panic.

Hence, Jonathan found it hard to imagine what could scare her.

However, it wasn't the right time to ask questions, even though he was curious.

The signal flares launched by the fighter jet were obviously meant to mark their location.

If he guessed correctly, there should be God Realm cultivators or even cultivators with higher cultivation levels coming after them right now.

However, it was difficult to determine which direction they would be coming from.

Running blindly would only make it easier for them to get caught.

It was even more meaningless to bet on a random direction and run in that direction.

Although a God Realm cultivator could cover dozens of meters with a single step, they wouldn't be able to win against the fighter jet in the air.

The fighter jet could travel faster than the speed of sound. Was it even possible for someone to run more than three hundred and forty meters per second?

Upon engaging a highly-sensitive thermal imaging system, the fighter jet could circle their heads until it ran out of fuel.

Where could they run?

"But..." Ksana spoke up again.

Jonathan lowered his head and noticed Ksana's anxiousness.

She had even tightened her grip on her broken blade.

Upon seeing this, Jonathan placed his hands on Ksana's shoulders, comforting her, "Ksana, I'm here for you no matter what happens."

With that, a nearly undetectable stream of life force entered Ksana's body.

Instantly, Ksana felt warmth surging through her body. It was as if she was soaking in warm water, relieving her of all her tension.

At that moment, several figures leaped over the mountain ridge and landed twenty meters away from Jonathan.

It was a group of six God Realm cultivators. There was a bearded old man, four middle-aged men in their thirties, and a young man with a black arrow.

The old man was in the advanced phase of God Realm, while the other five were in the beginner phase of God Realm.

Upon spotting Jonathan, all of them immediately focused their attention on Ksana, who was beside him.

“They’re from Sanctuary?”

Noticing the young man with the black arrow, Jonathan immediately understood Ksana’s nervousness.

“Isn’t that Paurius’ arrow? Why isn’t he here?” Jonathan asked the young man with a smile.

Despite hearing Ksana mention that these people looked like teenagers because they had been baptized in Holy Blood, Jonathan couldn’t help but treat the young man like a child due to the latter’s youthful face.

The young man had fought against Jonathan before and had witnessed how the latter had crippled Paurius and his other companion. He knew how powerful Jonathan was, so he instinctively took a step back upon hearing Jonathan’s question. In the next instant, he invoked his spiritual energy and raised the black arrow.

Jonathan looked into the young man’s eyes and saw decisiveness and experience. He immediately knew that the young man was a ruthless person.

However, this young man was standing at the very edge of the group. This meant that he wasn’t the strongest among them.

The leader of the group was the bearded, slender old man.

Eyeing Jonathan, the old man chuckled.

“You must be Jonathan Goldstein. It’s hard to imagine that Asura’s Office, a big organization in Chanaea, only has a God Realm cultivator as its leader,” Ksana translated the old man’s words nervously.

Jonathan chuckled upon hearing that.

“I also didn’t expect Sanctuary to have an old coot like you. Why, are you in a hurry to go to the afterlife? Do you need me to help you?”

Jonathan looked at Ksana, clearly expecting her to translate his words to the old man.

However, the old man spoke again. This time, he was speaking to Ksana in a commanding tone.

Ksana trembled slightly. She gripped her broken blade tightly before shaking her head slightly.

Jonathan glanced at Charleigh and questioned, “Do you know what he’s saying?”

Charleigh rolled his eyes and pursed his lips. Jonathan immediately removed the spiritual energy on Charleigh’s lips.

Charleigh spat a few times before replying calmly, “He’s commanding Ksana to kill you!”

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 920**

The Legendary Man Chapter 920-“Kill me?”

Astounded, Jonathan looked at the old man in disbelief.

“You old geezer, just say whatever you want to! There’s no need to go to such extremes, is there? What did I do to offend you? Why are you coming after my life the first time we meet? Be reasonable!”

After Jonathan finished his sentence, he smacked Charleigh’s shoulder.

“Translate it, Charleigh.”

“No, I can’t,” Charleigh said as he glanced at Jonathan helplessly.



With no choice, he looked at the old man and started speaking in fluent Remdikian after a moment of thought.

“I’m a scientist specially appointed by the tsar and hold a crucial position in the conflict between Remdik and Chanaea. You can’t hurt me!”

With his brows knitted tightly, Jonathan listened intently to Charleigh.

“Are you done?”

“Yes,” Charleigh replied as he bobbed his head.

“Word for word?”

“I promise I’ve translated exactly what you said!”

Looking at Charleigh’s confident expression, Jonathan was uncertain.

Is the generalization ability of Remdikian so strong? I said so much earlier. How did all that become so few words when translated to Remdikian?

“I will not return with you people, no matter what. This is my new master, Jonathan Goldstein!”

At the side, Ksana suddenly bellowed at the crowd from Sanctuary, her broken blade in her hand.

Hearing that, Jonathan turned to look at Ksana.

Ksana had spoken in Chanaean. Clearly, she wanted Jonathan to hear her words.

Jonathan knew this was Ksana’s way of telling him her choice.

Putting one of his hands on Ksana’s shoulder, Jonathan looked at the old man as he held Heaven Sword in his other hand with a smile.

“What’s the name of that old geezer opposite us, Ksana? Also, ask him how many people from Sanctuary came this time.”

Albeit not knowing Jonathan’s intention, Ksana did as she was told.

“Master, six people from Sanctuary came this time, and they are all here. As for the elderly man in front of us, he used to be my instructor. His name is Jokovich.”

“Okay.”

Jonathan stretched out his arm and patted Ksana’s shoulder twice, then pulled Charleigh and placed him next to Ksana.

“Ksana, I’m sure you know how important this guy is to me. I have a mission for you now. Bring him with you and head south. Do not turn back.”

As Jonathan spoke, he took off a ring from his finger.

“This storage ring has everything you will ever need on your way, including a GPS tracker, supplies, and phone. Don’t worry. I’ll catch up with you two soon,” Jonathan said cheerily as he put the ring on Ksana’s finger.

Immediately after, he passed some life force into Ksana’s body.

“Remember this warmth. This is the warmth of the beach and ocean near the equator, something you have never felt before. Head south and stay alive.”

With that, a gentle wave of spiritual energy gushed out of Jonathan’s hands. It picked up Ksana and Charleigh before throwing them down the mountain.

“Master, I’ll be waiting for you up ahead!”

Realizing she would only be a burden to Jonathan if she stayed behind, Ksana did not resist and instead pulled Charleigh close to her and disappeared into the pitch-dark river below.

Whoosh!

A sharp piercing sound resonated in the air. Jonathan moved his right hand slightly, and Heaven Sword, which he was holding, instantly appeared twenty meters away.

Ding!

Following a crisp ringing sound, the black arrow was sent flying into the forest after being deflected.

Meanwhile, Heaven Sword flew back the way it came and returned to Jonathan's hand again.

As Jonathan stared at Jokovich, he slowly gathered his Prynycp of Slaughter.

"Jokovich, don't even think about going after them on my watch."

"Kill him!"

With Jokovich's order, the God Realm cultivators immediately turned into afterimages as they lunged in Jonathan's direction.

As for Jokovich, he leaped forward and went in the direction of Ksana.

A chilling whistle pierced the silence of the night as a black spear traversed the air and flew straight at Jokovich's chest.

Jokovich's fist and the spear collided, the impact sending him flying backward. He plowed through a few ancient trees before finally stopping.

Jonathan also flew backward due to the force and almost landed on the edge of the cliff before stabilizing himself.

"I don't care who you people are or what organization you are from, nor do I have any interest in who you want to capture, be it me, Ksana, or Charleigh. I only have one thing to say. You all can never go past here with me here today!"

Jokovich stood up, his expression becoming grim when he noticed his five companions standing on a chessboard.

After slamming his two fists together, a pair of vicious-looking gloves immediately appeared on his hands.

Without further ado, he stepped forward and appeared at the edge of the Divine Chessboard.

Then, he threw a punch without a single second of hesitation.

Crack, crack, crack!

On the spirit shield at the border of the Divine Chessboard, fine cracks formed one after another, and after persisting for a moment, they shattered into pieces.

The five people struggling in the Divine Chessboard immediately felt the pressure on their bodies ease up. Then, they jumped out of the Divine Chessboard.

Jonathan's eyes glinted as he stared at Jokovich.

He could sense Jokovich's powerful energy the moment the latter made his move.

It was Pryncyp of Strength.

It seems Jokovich has also attained a Pryncyp, though I wonder what Pryncyp he has achieved.

As Jokovich looked at Jonathan, he gathered his fists before him.

"Split up and go after Ksana. I'll deal with this guy here!"

"Understood!" the other five chorused in reply.

With that, the cultivators separated in an instant. They went around Jonathan and headed straight in the direction Ksana had fled.

"You asked for it!"

Following a deep roar, Jonathan stepped forward and threw his spear at one of the cultivators.

Just when Jokovich rushed forward to rescue the cultivator, a pained grunt came from the opposite direction of Jonathan.

Alarmed, Jokovich turned around, only to see the life force of two people vanish entirely.

It was the two God Realm cultivators who had gone after Ksana. Now, one had become a headless corpse, while the other had been severed from the waist down and was falling straight into the river below.

The vitality of a God Realm elite was like that of a blazing sun.

With two of them abruptly slaughtered, even the cultivators who had already passed the river turned back to look at the two bodies in shock, not to mention Jokovich, who had witnessed the scene.

“Die!”

Under the cover of the shadows in the ravine, Heaven Sword stabbed at Jokovich without warning.

Boom!

Jokovich threw a punch and caused the surrounding air to be compressed to the extreme, producing a booming sound.

Jonathan’s Heaven Sword was smashed aside by Jokovich’s punch, causing it to stab into the mountain.

At the same time, Jonathan’s spear had already hit Jokovich’s chest.

“Take this, Jokovich!”