

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 921

The Legendary Man Chapter 921-This time, Jonathan used brute force too, but with the spear tip.

Jonathan had obtained this black spear from the decapitated person while escaping the Divine Chessboard.

Despite having an ordinary spear shaft, the spear had a slender and elongated tip.

The length alone was more than two feet long, and it looked like two sharp butcher's knives leaning back to back.

With such a slender and sharp spear blade, Jonathan's spear was no different from a short knife.

However, Jokovich did not try to dodge the spear at all.

Facing the rapid speed of the spear, Jokovich stretched out his left hand and grabbed onto the shaft of the spear.

Crack!

With a crack, the entire spear shaft began shaking.

At the same time, an incomparably majestic force rushed toward Jonathan's hands along the length of the spear.

Jonathan's hands exploded into a bloody mist, but he persisted for a moment before he was sent flying backward.

Sensing the danger behind him, Jonathan summoned the bronze handbell to cover the top of his head. Immediately after, he directly hit a giant axe.

Clang!

Following a brilliant flash of golden light, Jonathan changed from retreating rapidly to flying forward.

As Jonathan spat out a mouthful of blood, a black arrow suddenly appeared without warning and shot straight toward the center of his forehead.

Jonathan felt a chill shiver down his spine when he saw the arrow approaching him.

The two consecutive blows from Jokovich and the other two with gigantic axes had already destroyed Jonathan's balance and physical energy.

The blow of the giant ax from behind him earlier had caused the most damage to him. The spiritual energy Jonathan had gathered was in turmoil, even though the damage done was minimized by the bronze handbell.

Now in mid-air, even if Jonathan wanted to utilize his spiritual energy to change his position, he couldn't do it.

As for the arrow, it could pierce through the protective shield of the bronze handbell.

This time, Jonathan knew he was done for.

In desperation, Jonathan subconsciously raised his hand to block the arrow, hoping to trade his arm for his life, no matter how slim the chance.

Even if he couldn't catch it, he hoped he could at least change the direction of the arrow slightly while blocking it with his arm, earning his chance to survive.

However, deep down, Jonathan knew it would be next to impossible to stop the arrow due to its speed, especially since it was no ordinary weapon. How could his hasty block possibly stop someone else's deliberate attack?

The arrow pierced through the golden spirit shield, and Jonathan could already feel the sharp sting of it even before it touched his skin. Even so, his hand was only raised to his chest at that moment.

Unfortunately, he was one step too late.

Even with Pryncyp, when facing the besiege of several God Realm cultivators of the same level, it was still difficult for Jonathan to defeat them.

Just as Jonathan gave up on fighting for his life, a long sword with a murderous aura rushed out from between the rocks under his feet.

Ding!

A crisp sound rang out. The next moment, the black arrow was sent flying backward.

Heaven Sword stopped firmly in mid-air before Jonathan, barely brushing his nose tip.

Feeling the icy touch of Heaven Sword, Jonathan gulped with relief.

Jonathan knew his life would be over if Heaven Sword had arrived a second later or if it had missed the arrow by an inch.

The reappearance of Heaven Sword caused Jokovich and the rest to become extremely vigilant. For a moment, they didn't dare to step forward. After all, this weapon had silently slaughtered two God Realm cultivators in a fight without anyone realizing it.

Although the two that got killed had the lowest cultivation level among the six cultivators, Jokovich and his group knew that even they couldn't take out two people with one blow.

Before finding out how Jonathan controlled the sword, nobody wanted a head-on encounter with it.

Landing on the cliff, Jonathan could feel his hands trembling uncontrollably.

Just a moment ago, he had been about to kill Jokovich with the black spear, but the latter snatched the weapon away.

Despite only traveling down the spear for a brief instant, the violent force had been enough to tear apart the flesh on Jonathan's arms.

Life force continued to pour into his hands, and his mutilated flesh began to recover at a rapid speed.

Gripping Heaven Sword, Jonathan looked coldly at the four people opposite him.

He could kill the two cultivators in a split second earlier because no one expected him to make a feint. Besides that, they had underestimated Heaven Sword's speed.

To put it bluntly, although Jonathan caused the death of the two God Realm cultivators, he had just been lucky.

The cooperation of the rest of the cultivators and Jokovich just now displayed the true strength of a God Realm cultivator.

Even with life force and Pryncyp of Slaughter, Jonathan's possibility of winning the battle was still not high.

On the opposite side of the battlefield, Jokovich sized up the spear in his hand.

Shortly after, he slipped it into his storage ring.

Then, he waved his hand lightly. Following that, the other three cultivators surrounded Jonathan.

"Excuse me? This is blatant daylight robbery!"

Jonathan snorted as he shot a disdainful glare at Jokovich.

Amidst his contemptuous laughter, the soil around Jonathan burst open abruptly.

The spiritual energy-filled gravel and debris scattered everywhere.

Their terrifying strength and speed made them no different from bullets.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Jokovich raised his fists and punched forward.

As a wave of air blasted past, Jokovich and his group looked toward the middle of the battlefield again, only to see that Jonathan had disappeared.

"After him!"

Spinning around, Jokovich jumped into the pool of water below, where Jonathan had leaped down earlier while taking advantage of the chaos. The mission today had been an order from the higher-ups, yet Jokovich had led two members of his team to their deaths instead.

How am I supposed to explain myself if I don't kill Jonathan?

Four figures instantly fell into the ravine.

Jokovich had barely steadied himself when Heaven Sword lunged out of the water, and without a sound, it sped straight toward his neck.

“How insolent!”

Jokovich hit Heaven Sword with one hand.

However, in the nearby water, a hand suddenly emerged and grabbed Jokovich’s ankle, pulling him toward the bottom of the ravine.

Plop!

Jokovich was dragged under the water, causing a large splash.

Beneath the icy surface, Jonathan made a seal with his hands to mobilize the water flow into forming a vortex, after which he used it to quickly pull Jokovich down.

Under the deep pool was an underground river.

Once someone was sucked into the current, it would be tough to escape.

If Jonathan used the wading method in Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, even if he couldn’t suffocate Jokovich, he could still trap the latter underwater for some time.

Without Jokovich, the three remaining God Realm cultivators alone posed no threat to Jonathan.

Water was the most merciful thing in the world. It brought benefits to all things and did not compete.

After falling into the water, Jokovich’s almost beastlike strength was weakened.

Seeing that he was about to get sucked into the underground river, Jokovich gathered his spiritual energy and expelled it through his feet. The action brought him rapidly toward the water’s surface.

However, above his head, he saw Jonathan smirking at him.

In the blink of an eye, Jonathan held a rocket launcher before his chest and pulled the trigger.

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 922

The Legendary Man Chapter 922-Bullets traveled fast. If fired into the water from close to the surface, the bullet would only travel a few meters at most.

A bazooka's missile wasn't as quick as a bullet, and its larger size suffered from greater resistance.

Thus, with a cloud of smoke and a huge splash, the missile couldn't even reach the five-meter mark before losing all traction.

Jokovich, who was struggling to surface, and Jonathan, who was keeping close to the surface, were stunned by the missile losing traction and could only watch as it slowly sank.

F\*ck!

Cussing internally, Jonathan manipulated a stream of water to push him to the surface before fleeing as fast as he could.

Meanwhile, Jokovich, who was in much deeper water, gave up on struggling toward the surface. He turned around and swam deeper toward the underground river instead.

Despite being underwater in pitch-black darkness, Jonathan could discern where he was heading from the golden glow of the bronze handbell. It was acting like a beacon, guiding him through the darkness.

Right before he broke through the surface of the water, he noticed the cold glint of something metallic swinging toward his head.

It was the huge axe that had struck his back earlier.

“You m\*therf—”

Before he could spit out all the syllables, the huge axe slammed into him, sending him deep beneath the water again.

Boom!

A massive explosion erupted within the river.

Half of the river's water shot toward the sky in a column.

Tink, tink, tink!

A string of clinking echoed. Numerous tiny missile fragments collided with Jonathan's shield.

Following the violent blast, Jonathan was tossed into midair along with the water column.

"What's going on?" someone shouted in Remdikian. The meaning behind the words eluded Jonathan since he didn't speak the language.

Amid the gushing water, Jonathan made a few gestures with his fingers before yelling, "Sacred Dragon, Seal!"

As he stretched out both his arms, the water pillar hardened quickly.

The surrounding water began to fall to the ground like rain.

Meanwhile, the water pillar in the center started to freeze at a fast rate.

Crack!

Loud cracking sounds echoed along the towering column as the water swiftly condensed and expanded.

The three God Realm cultivators watching the scene hurriedly retreated.

Jonathan landed back on the ground and watched the entire pool freeze into solid ice. Even though he was relieved, he also knew it was only a temporary measure to trap Jokovich.

If he wanted to seal Jokovich for good, he would have to seal the entire underground river.

However, he wouldn't be wasting time with Jokovich if he had that capability. He would've crippled Jokovich at first sight.

Landing on the ice, Jonathan glanced coldly at the cultivator with the huge axe.

“You there! You’ve swung your axe at me twice!” Jonathan shouted at the cultivator as he unsheathed Heaven Sword. “I’ll make sure you pay with your life today!”

Jonathan’s silhouette flickered as he charged toward the cultivator with the axe.

Despite the extreme toughness, the light Heaven Sword still lacked some weight when going up against the swing of the heavy axe.

After exchanging one blow, the forceful impact from the axe sent tremors down Jonathan’s hand, causing Heaven Sword to slip from his grip and fly behind him.

The cultivator with the axe grinned with delight before he raised his axe and aimed it at Jonathan’s head.

Instead of retreating, Jonathan lunged forward, aiming to ram into the burly man as he faced the incoming attack from the two-ton axe.

For the massive axe to be lethal, it needed some distance from its target.

Noticing Jonathan’s intention to close their distance, the burly man wouldn’t allow that to happen.

He swiftly took a few steps back and lifted his knee. By doing so, he could protect his lower half and also use it to strike Jonathan’s chest.

Jonathan curled up his body and aimed a small knife in his left hand at the burly man’s midriff.

“Kill him!” Jonathan hissed as he slammed into the burly man’s midsection.

A distance away, Heaven Sword suddenly disappeared when it flew past the young man with the black arrow.

Squelch!

Even though the young man had raised his guard the moment Heaven Sword disappeared, he was still too late.

The sword plunged through the young man’s spirit shield and abdomen before shifting to stab into his chin and coming out the top of his head.

Everything happened within seconds. The young man's skull cracked, then exploded like a watermelon.

Blood and brain matter spurted into the air before splattering across the ice.

The others watching from the sidelines were rooted in place, stunned at the demise of one of their own.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was caught in a fierce battle with the burly man.

Despite the numerous restrictions from waving his axe in close combat, his attacks weren't entirely futile.

At the very least, it served as an exceptionally tough shield.

"What are you looking at?" the burly man barked at his remaining comrades as Jonathan forced him to fall back.

When it came to cultivation level, techniques, and strength, he wasn't afraid of Jonathan.

However, something was strange with Jonathan's every move.

Every time they clashed, the small knife in Jonathan's hand possessed an intensely aggressive energy.

It dispersed the spiritual energy he assembled, rendering him helpless to fight back.

The burly man was basically using his own strength to withstand Jonathan's barrage of attacks.

It showed he was truly powerful even without the aid of spiritual energy.

Jonathan would've assumed his opponent was a physical cultivator if he hadn't felt the man's overwhelming strength when boosted with spiritual energy earlier.

As spiritual energy surged, the cultivator with a sword standing behind Jonathan finally made his move.

Before he could approach, Heaven Sword quickly glided through the air and hovered in front of him.

The cultivator halted and tightened his grip on the hilt of his sword when he remembered how this strange weapon in front of him had slaughtered three of his comrades.

Noticing the movement behind him, Jonathan stabbed his small knife into the burly man's thigh and warned, "I can spare your life if you do not join the battle."

He completely disregarded whether the man could understand Chanaean.

Unable to draw out his spiritual energy, the burly man couldn't relieve his muscle injury and fatigue. A roar came out of his mouth at the stab in his thigh. Reflexively, he slammed the axe toward Jonathan's face.

Jonathan immediately backed away. Once the axe swung past, he swept up the black arrow on the ground with his spiritual energy and shot it at his opponent.

"Kill him!" Jonathan roared furiously.

With a beckoning of Jonathan's right hand, Heaven Sword ditched its target and turned to speed at the burly man.

Seeing the incoming Heaven Sword, urgency crossed the burly man's face. He hurriedly swung his axe to fend off the attack.

However, the second the weapons collided, a confused expression flitted across the burly man's face.

He couldn't sense any murderous aura from Heaven Sword. Instead, all he felt was calmness.

The sword has lost its added effect. It's merely acting as bait to draw my attention when it charged toward me! Sh\*t! It's a trap!

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 923**

The Legendary Man Chapter 923-Realization dawned upon the burly man, but it was too late.

Jonathan had already plunged the black arrow into his thigh.

“Ah!” the burly man let out an enraged bellow before striking Jonathan with his axe.

Jonathan pulled out the arrow from the man’s flesh, scattering droplets of blood into the air, then sidestepped to the side swiftly, leaving an afterimage behind.

“Open!”

At Jonathan’s command, an odd chessboard appeared beneath the burly man’s feet and split open in the middle.

Jonathan had already laid the chessboard beneath him during his last exchange with the burly man.

The moment the chessboard opened up, Jonathan triggered all the trap formations.

The burly man raised his axe and swung it down on Jonathan’s head.

This time, Jonathan didn’t dodge. Instead, he flashed a smile at the burly man.

Boom!

With a loud thud, the axe slammed into the ground after cutting through Jonathan.

At least, that was what the burly man thought at first. However, he realized he hadn’t felt even a tiny bit of resistance before the axe was embedded into the ground.

Behind him, Jonathan stood, holding an arrow.

The burly man staggered a few steps forward. Right as he was about to turn around, he felt a sudden pain in his chest.

When he looked down at his chest, he saw a portion of the arrow sticking out from it.

The pain only lasted for a moment before it quickly faded.

The burly man knew the rotting effect of the arrow had kicked in.

Every Sanctuary member was familiar with the arrow.

No bow could shoot it. Plus, there was no special way to manipulate it.

There were a few cases where some even accidentally hurt themselves and lost their lives from mishandling it.

A nick from the arrow would cause the wound to rot instantly. Then, the effect would spread quickly.

One might live if the wound was on their limb by swiftly amputating it. However, if the arrow struck the circulatory system, head, or energy field, the person was as good as dead.

Jonathan yanked the arrow from the man's chest and commanded Heaven Sword to slice off the burly man's right arm.

After tucking away the chessboard, he raced toward the top of the ravine.

His every move was quick and sure. As for the remaining God Realm cultivator on the side, Jonathan didn't even spare the man a glance.

The cultivator had never attacked Jonathan throughout the entire fight.

A few seconds after Jonathan left, the thick ice layer above the pool exploded abruptly.

Jokovich flew out from the water and landed on the ground. His breath was short and urgent as he tried to get oxygen into his lungs.

The explosion of the missile earlier had flung Jokovich into the underground river.

The current in the underground river was exceedingly fast. Jokovich didn't have Jonathan's technique of treading through water and couldn't smash mountains or crack rocks.

He could only depend on his spiritual energy to push him forward as he swam.

He might've gotten lost in the underground river and died from suffocation if it wasn't for the powerful mental energy of a God Realm cultivator. With that, he was able to accurately pinpoint where the underground river and the pool converged.

After panting for a few seconds, Jokovich's breathing finally calmed.

He slowly got to his feet and surveyed his surroundings. His expression turned grim when he caught sight of the two bodies on the ground.

There were two frozen headless bodies beneath the ice too.

With another two dead, their group of six dwindled to a group of two. Yet, both Ksana and Jonathan were still alive.

He couldn't return since he hadn't accomplished his mission.

Turning his attention to the last man standing, Jokovich contemplated briefly.

"Send news about what happened here. Tell them Jonathan has the cultivation level of Divine Realm, and we're not his match. Request for backup."

"Yes, sir!"

The man took out a communication device from his storage ring. However, before he could activate it, the sharp tip of a spear plunged through his chest.

"Jokovich..."

The man looked up at Jokovich in horror. He watched as Jokovich pulled out the spear and swung it over his head, slicing half of his head off.

Jokovich let out a breath of relief when the man exhaled his last breath.

God's will cannot be defied. He will never go back on his words. I brought five men with me on this mission, and God's will was for us to eliminate Jonathan and Ksana. Yet, it's not an easy feat to kill Jonathan with my abilities. I knew I wasn't Jonathan's match when I was sealed in the underground river. Even though I haven't given up on killing Jonathan, I have to keep a card up my sleeve. Otherwise, God will surely kill me as he did with Paurius once I return to Sanctuary with a failed mission. Fleeing is the only way I can live!

The difference between Jokovich and Ksana was his difference from the rest of Sanctuary's cultivators.

Jokovich attained his cultivation level through the hard work he put in. It had nothing to do with Holy Blood.

Thus, he didn't have any dependence on Holy Blood. He could live out the rest of his life safely as long as he hid securely.

That was his reason for killing his own man.

Despite being undecided on whether he should flee, he didn't see any disadvantage in tying up all the loose ends first.

"Jonathan Goldstein, show me what you're made of!"

Jonathan was clueless about the trouble he had caused Jokovich and Sanctuary.

He sprinted through the forest toward the south.

Sparing that cultivator's life hadn't been on a whim. After subsequent battles, his spiritual energy and Prynycyp of Strength had been completely depleted.

Heaven Sword's exhaustion of his Prynycyp of Strength was nothing to laugh at. It was equivalent to feeding a black hole.

Carefully sensing his surroundings, Jonathan still didn't catch even a smidge of Prynycyp of Slaughter.

Even though he already replenished his spiritual energy with a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill, his Prynycyp of Strength was still depleted.

There was an ancient saying, "There are three thousand Heavenly Ways. Choose one, and you'll become a sage."

The three thousand Heavenly Ways were what made up the world's law. They were everywhere and embedded in everything.

In truth, the three thousand Heavenly Ways were the same as spiritual energy. They had their own capacity.

An example would be when the Wolver Army had Jonathan hemmed in, and he comprehended the Prynycyp of Slaughter when on the verge of death.

When the heavens granted him the Prynycyp, he had sucked all the Prynycyp of Slaughter from hundreds of kilometers around him to empower himself.

It was similar to when a cultivator achieved a breakthrough and absorbed the surrounding's spiritual energy.

It would take some time before the surrounding spiritual energy could replenish the lost energy.

The same concept applied to the Pryncyp of Strength. A human couldn't create it. All they could do was borrow it.

Hence, rather than saying one obtained the Pryncyp, it was more accurate to say that the Pryncyp recognized and approved of the strength of the user, thereby allowing the caster to use it.

True Divine Realm cultivators would possess a broad sensory range due to the merging of spirit and vita, making it difficult to completely exhaust the Pryncyp of Strength.

Even if the Pryncyp of Strength was excessively depleted, draining all the Pryncyp of that land, with a powerful cultivation level, one could merely traverse to a different spot and recondense the Pryncyp.

However, an exception like Jonathan, a cultivator in God Realm who could borrow the Pryncyp before achieving Divine Realm, had no choice but to bear with the depletion after draining a field of Pryncyp.

Glancing at the GPS device in his hand, Jonathan adjusted his direction slightly.

"I hope they don't catch up. I can only test my luck on fate."

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 924**

The Legendary Man Chapter 924-When Jonathan handed Charleigh over to Ksana, he had already placed a tracking device on Charleigh's body in advance.

The device would update its location and send a signal to Jonathan every ten minutes. The interval was designed to disrupt Remdik's satellite interception signal and prevent them from performing real-time tracking on Charleigh.

While that approach was relatively safe, it also brought about some inconvenience at the same time.

If Jonathan wanted to find Charleigh and Ksana now, he could only head to the location where the signal was sent ten minutes ago and proceed with his search from there by following the traces.

Fortunately, the master and servant contract was still in place. Hence, once Jonathan and Ksana were a certain distance apart, the contract would enable him to determine Ksana's general location.

As his servant, Ksana had to carry out the mission assigned to her by Jonathan unconditionally.

Therefore, he did not have to think hard about where she could have gone. He was confident she must have continued south.

Nevertheless, with the speed of a God Realm cultivator, ten minutes was sufficient time for her to travel several dozen kilometers, so if the paths taken by the two of them deviated from one another by the slightest degree, the distance between them would still become immense.

Looking at the electronic map, Jonathan furrowed his brows.

After a scan, a red flashing point appeared on the map at a point about twenty kilometers away from him. The location information has been updated! They're moving southeastward!

Jonathan adjusted his direction, leaped out from the forest, and quickly rushed toward Ksana's location.

At the same time, high above the clouds, a military transport aircraft was flying northwest.

Printed on the fuselage of the transport plane was a single Remdikian word, which meant "sky" in their language.

That logo indicated that the aircraft belonged to the Sky Army, one of Remdik's eight main military units.

Remdik's military was divided primarily into two major war zones.

One was the infantry-dominated eastern battlefield, which covered two-thirds of the eastern part of Remdik.

The eastern war zone was divided into four major units, namely the Glacier Army and the Arctic Army in the north, and the Snow Wolf Army and the Medved Army in the south.

At present, soldiers from the four units in the eastern war zone, save for a very small part that maintained the usual defense of their garrisons, had all been deployed to the north of River Onxy to prepare for the battle that might commence at any time.

The western war zone, on the other hand, was more like an enormous independent legion composed of a mix of forces.

Due to its unique climate and location, the western part of Remdik was quite different from the vast, sparsely populated, and underdeveloped eastern region. Remdik's western region was extremely prosperous, with all the important cities established there.

After all, a country's development depended highly on a developed transportation system.

Remdik's western territories had numerous ports and were close to various Epean countries. As a result, the center of both administration and economy for the nation was located within a one-third area of the western region.

Such a strategic layout could effectively accelerate the development process of Remdik's western territories, but it also gave rise to significant security risks.

In the event of a large-scale war, Remdik could be entirely crippled by a single precise strike on the densely populated cities in the western region.

Under such circumstances, if the Western Army were to follow the same division of defense as its Eastern counterpart, it might leave security loopholes for enemies to exploit and break through the nation's defense network.

Therefore, the defense mechanism adopted by Remdik's western war zone was for the four military units there to communicate and collaborate closely in safeguarding the entire territory's security.

The four major legions at the Remdikian Western Army were Land Army, Sky Army, Deep Sea Army, and Divine Wind Army.

These four army corps were responsible for infantry defense, air strikes, naval battle groups, and the crackdown on internationally-regulated special forces in the entire western region of Remdik.

The aircraft that appeared in the sky at that moment was Sky Army's most advanced airborne command platform.

While the plane's exterior resembled a fighter jet, its interior was filled with various expensive military equipment and a group of the world's top technical personnel.

Inside the cabin, a very thin technician sat in a chair with a safety belt crossed over his chest, firmly securing him to the seat.

In fact, he wasn't the only one fastened to his seat. All the surrounding people and equipment were also secured in place.

That was to prevent objects from scattering randomly during turbulence or when the aircraft performed tactical evasion maneuvers.

A series of complex codes scrolled continuously across the screen. An ordinary person might experience dizziness and blurred vision if they read from the screen. Still, all the technicians there were focused intently on their computers, not daring to relax for even a moment.

Standing in front of the numerous technicians, a man dressed in pajamas and holding a piece of smoked meat in his hand said, "According to the coordinates provided by Mr. Ivanov, Jonathan should be nearby. Pay attention to all satellite signals. Once you discover..."

Although he was issuing orders, he still appeared half-asleep and even yawned in the middle of his sentence. His demeanor appeared quite out of place compared to how busy everyone else in the cabin seemed.

Just then, seemingly having discovered something, the thin technician placed his hands on the keyboard and quickly entered some commands.

The codes on the computer screen quickly rewound before stopping abruptly.

"Sir, I detected a special micro-signal feedback in sector B12V."

The man in pajamas was momentarily stunned after hearing that. Then, he glanced to one side in resignation. “D\*mn it. I thought this was just a formality. I can’t believe I really stumbled upon him.”

A map of Remdik’s western territory was displayed on the large screen atop everyone’s head. At that moment, an area on the spot was being zoomed in repeatedly.

Subsequently, a coordinate with an error margin of no more than three meters was highlighted.

The man in pajamas tossed aside the smoked meat in his hand, retrieved a parachute, and slung it on his back.

“Send the location to my watch and synchronize it with the tracking system. Based on current intel, I might not be able to defeat Jonathan, so notify the person in charge of the nearby Land Army and have them provide reinforcements as soon as possible.”

The man in pajamas strode toward the back of the cabin as he spoke.

The cabin floor beneath his feet began to sink slowly, creating a gap.

“Continue tracking this signal frequency. If you discover it again, be sure to sync it to my device immediately.”

After giving that final instruction, the young man took a deep breath and stepped back several paces before running forward to jump out of the aircraft.

Inside the cabin, an older man in military uniform took over the young man’s role as the commander.

“Activate the ground-to-air joint defense system to fully assist Colonel Oscar Knight in pursuing the target!”

“Yes, sir!”

In mid-air, Oscar placed his hands in front of him, condensing his spiritual energy into a barrier to form a streamlined spirit shield beneath him. He pierced through the layers of cloud and plummeted toward the ground below.

“A God Realm cultivator can travel at least thirty meters per second. Taking into consideration the three minutes that have passed since I received the

signal and how long it would take for me to land, I should adjust my landing position slightly. In addition, they must be fleeing southward...”

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 925**

The Legendary Man Chapter 925-On the ground, Jonathan sprinted and finally approached the new coordinate point.

Standing at the top of a hill, he tried to sense the spiritual energy around him.

At that moment, he regretted having taught Ksana how to run without being detected.

Bolstering one's running with spiritual energy would not leave any footprints or marks on the snow.

While Ksana could prevent the Remdikians from finding her, she had also made it impossible for Jonathan to locate her by following her tracks.

He did not even know what special technique Ksana had used, such that even the waves of spiritual energy in the air had disappeared.

She did not leave any marks or signals for Jonathan.

Left with no choice, he could only proceed forward.

Although the direction would be slightly off, he would be closer to Ksana the next time the signal updated.

Jonathan stared at the map and traced the direction in which Ksana was heading after leaving the mountain stream. With that, he tossed a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill into his mouth.

It was a special circumstance. Although the spiritual energy in Jonathan's body had already been replenished, he had to ensure that it was constantly full.

After all, Sanctuary was still after him. Besides that, he had also kidnapped Charleigh, so Remdik would definitely not let him off the hook.

Although he managed to kill four God Realm cultivators earlier, he could predict that things would only get harder from here.

With that thought, Jonathan whipped out his communicator and sent a message to Karl.

He relayed his situation, location, and the potential direction that he would be heading in so that Karl could prepare to receive him.

Just as he sent the message, he could feel a hint of spiritual energy pulsing above his head.

Quickly, he withdrew his spiritual energy and glanced upward into the forest.

Although the night was dark, Jonathan could still see a faint glow in the sky.

It was the glow of a spell!

There was a God Realm cultivator above his head.

Peering through the gaps between the leaves of the canopy, Jonathan gazed at the cultivator in the sky coldly.

Just when the cultivator was around a hundred meters away from the ground, he reached behind his back. A huge parachute immediately snapped open in the air.

“He’s an outsider, anyway!”

With a chuckle, Jonathan took out the rocket launcher again and rested it on his shoulder.

He loaded it, aimed it, and fired. Everything was done in a single, swift motion.

The missile whistled in the air as it shot toward Oscar, with white smoke trailing behind it.

“F\*ck!”

Initially, Oscar was enjoying the freedom of falling slowly with the parachute.

However, he soon saw a bright glow shooting in his direction from the forest below.

Although he did not know what it was, he knew that it was definitely something dangerous, judging from the trail of white smoking tailing it.

The acute sense of danger caused Oscar to immediately sever the ropes of the parachute. As a result, he was sent plummeting downward.

Boom!

The missile hit the parachute, causing it to explode into smithereens in the sky.

Staring at the fireball above his head, Oscar cursed out loud, "If I find out which b\*stard shot that missile at me, I'm going to kill him!"

When Oscar glanced in the direction from which the missile came, he could not see a single person in the forest.

He quickly whipped out a mattress and tossed it onto the ground so that there was a buffer to reduce the impact of his landing.

However, a mattress was evidently not enough to withstand the impact of free falling from a hundred meters above the ground.

With an explosion of snow, Oscar crashed into the forest beneath him directly.

The moment he landed on the ground, a figure rushed over with a sword.

I'm going to kill you while you're down.

He's a God Realm cultivator, but he seems more like a lunatic instead.

Why is he parachuting in the middle of the night? There must be something wrong with him.

With a cold gleam of the sword and a tiny spark, Jonathan and Oscar exchanged blows.

Oscar was holding a long rod. While blocking Jonathan's attack, he raised his left leg and aimed a kick at Jonathan's legs.

When Jonathan blocked the kick, he felt a sharp pain coming from the bottom of his foot.

Using his spiritual sense, Jonathan could see that his foot had been pierced by a short dagger that had popped out of Oscar's calf.

“What a dirty trick!” snarled Jonathan quietly before whipping out a long sword from the storage ring and slashing at Oscar’s neck.

Clang!

The spinning rod blocked the long sword. Oscar quickly retreated and quietly scrutinized Jonathan from ten meters away.

“Are you Jonathan Goldstein?” asked Oscar while holding the rod. The short dagger was flying up and down agilely like a snake in front of him.

Gripping Heaven Sword, Jonathan frowned. The injury on his foot had already healed, which indicated that Oscar had not applied any poison to the blade.

This told Jonathan that although the man’s technique was underhanded, he still had a bottom line.

Looking at the oily smudges beside Oscar’s mouth and the pajamas that he was wearing, Jonathan could not associate him with a God Realm cultivator.

Even though Jonathan had not encountered a lot of God Realm experts recently, he had met quite a few in a lot of regions.

He was already shocked by how much Winston from the Leasons in Doveston looked like a farmer and thought that Winston was the most disheveled an expert of that level could look like.

However, the man in front of him now completely renewed Jonathan’s understanding of what an expert was.

Jonathan had to admit that he was being too close-minded when it came to this matter.

All the cultivation resources in Chanaea had been monopolized by the eight respectable families, which consisted of true nobles at the top of the social ladder.

The family members were all taught proper manners and rules since young.

No matter what their cultivation level was in the future, even a mortal with no spiritual energy would still stand out among the common people.

Furthermore, since Chanaea followed ancient moral teachings, the higher one's cultivation level, the more important it was for one to also be spiritually transcendental.

In such a situation, people like Winston were already a minority. There was nowhere else to find such a disheveled yet highly-skilled cultivator.

However, in other countries, the cultivation world developed differently from Chanaea.

In a nation like Remdik, where most citizens were combatants, being a cultivator was more like having a profession.

People from all backgrounds could cultivate as long as they had the talent for it. Once they achieved Grandmaster Realm, the Remdik military would naturally reach out to them.

Some of them enjoyed money, while others preferred women or power.

They were insignificant figures who had managed to climb the social ladder. After reaching their aspirations, they would naturally choose to indulge themselves with their desires.

For Oscar, the purpose of his cultivation was just to be idle.

His three most favourite activities were eating, drinking, and sleeping.

However, he understood that if he wanted to do all those things that he loved, he had to first complete the military's missions.

Earlier, he had received a message from Ivanov.

If he could kill Jonathan and snatch Charleigh back, all his wishes would be granted.

Even if he did not want to do anything, Remdik would be willing to foot the bill for his idle lifestyle for the rest of his life.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 926**

The Legendary Man Chapter 926-Little did Jonathan know that the cultivator standing before him now in the freezing cold winds of Remdik—an advanced

phase God Realm cultivator—was only fighting him because he planned on not doing anything for the rest of his life.

“Are you also from Sanctuary?” Jonathan asked curiously, looking at Oscar.

Currently, he couldn’t rely on the Pryncyp of Slaughter, yet if he relied on spiritual energy to fight, he would only be wasting time and increasing the chances of his defeat.

After all, he was within Remdik’s territory, and if the enemy’s aerial support arrived just a little bit faster, he might be crushed alive just by the sheer number of enemies.

Therefore, he needed to time things just right. He needed to find a moment where he could restore his Pryncyp of Strength yet not be trapped by the Remdikians.

To restore the Pryncyp of Strength, there were only two ways.

The first was to wait for time to pass and let the surrounding Pryncyp of Strength gradually fill this space.

The second was to be far enough away from the area.

Although a large range of Pryncyp of Slaughter would definitely be drawn away when the Pryncyp was bestowed earlier, it would only be up to about one hundred kilometers in radius.

If he was given ten minutes, he could definitely gather the Pryncyp again.

Even now, because they were far enough away from where the Pryncyp was bestowed earlier, Jonathan could feel the surrounding Pryncyp of Slaughter.

He had tried to gather it before, but there was just too little, so he couldn’t successfully form an attack with it.

Therefore, what he was doing now was stalling for time!

When Oscar heard Jonathan’s question, he didn’t think much of it, just yawned and looked at Jonathan.

“Sanctuary? I didn’t expect you to know so much. That’s Remdik’s top-level confidential information,” Oscar replied with a smile and in fluent Chanaean.

“I didn’t expect your Chanaean to be so fluent,” Jonathan remarked curiously while holding Heaven Sword.

Oscar waved his hand. “It’s just average. My father is Chanaean, and he taught me the language since I was young.”

While speaking, Oscar reached out and took the floating dagger in front of him.

“This is the dagger I use to slice sausages. Now that I’ve pierced your foot with it, I won’t be able to use it anymore. It’s a bit of a pity.”

Pausing briefly, he continued, “Let’s not beat around the bush. My mission is to kill you and take back Charleigh. Where did you hide him?”

“I won’t give him to you.” Upon hearing Oscar’s words, Jonathan shook his head with a smile. “How about we make a deal? I can see that you don’t seem like a cultivator trained by the Remdik military but rather someone they hired, right? Asura’s Office will double whatever Remdik offers you. Come over to my side. How about that?”

“You can’t give me what I want.” Oscar laughed lightly. “The entire situation in Aploth and Epea is like a tightly stretched rope, and no one knows when the last strand will suddenly break. Chanaea is in the center of the storm, and joining you at this time is equivalent to seeking death. As for the conditions Remdik has offered me, it’s simple. I just want to live the rest of my life peacefully. Even if I live a hedonistic and unrestrained lifestyle, as long as I don’t break any laws, no one will come looking for trouble.”

A peaceful life, huh?

Jonathan observed the young man in front of him.

Oscar was not even thirty years old, just like him. With a cultivation level at the advanced phase of God Realm, he was at the peak of his life with a life force that was as hot and explosive as the sun. Yet, all he wished for was to retire and completely fade away into obscurity.

Such a desire should not appear in a God Realm cultivator, as someone with an irresolute Cor couldn’t possibly reach God Realm.

Besides, after becoming a God Realm cultivator, he's already at a higher level in the entire societal food chain.

At this point, such a cultivator should hope to climb even higher to seek true transcendence, so how could he choose to retire completely?

Could there be some hidden reason behind this?

Jonathan frowned and looked at Oscar. "Although I don't know what kind of agreement you've reached with the Remdik military, I can tell you honestly that as long as you continue to work for Remdik, you will never truly be at peace."

After careful consideration, Jonathan took a deep breath.

He added, "No, it's not that Remdik doesn't want you to be at peace, but the environment does not allow for it. In this world, if you're a Grandmaster Realm cultivator and you only rule over a small area, perhaps no one will care about you. But you're a God Realm cultivator. You can't escape this vortex."

Upon hearing this, Oscar slightly furrowed his brows and hesitated for a moment as he looked at the dagger in his hand.

"Even if I can't escape, Remdik is much safer than Chanaea, isn't it?"

Whoosh...

With a soft sound, the dagger appeared in front of Jonathan without any warning.

Heaven Sword rose up and easily blocked the short dagger.

Stepping back, Oscar thrust his long staff forward, the tip just barely brushing against Jonathan's chest.

With a slight flick of his hand, the long staff elongated before slamming directly into Jonathan's chest.

Golden light radiated out as Jonathan was thrown backward, the bronze handbell protecting him once more.

"Dang it! I knew it! I should never trust the length of any stick!"

Jonathan shot an exasperated glance at the long staff in Oscar's hand that had grown a dozen or so meters longer.

Oscar activated the spell on the staff to return it to its usual size.

"Jonathan, I only want Charleigh. Let's make a deal. You hand over Charleigh, and I'll let you go."

"No way!"

In a flash, Jonathan threw out a flexible rope that swung in the air and flew toward Oscar.

Since Oscar's staff could change in length, Jonathan decided to use another method to deal with his opponent.

Following behind the rope, Jonathan wielded his Heaven Sword and engaged in a fierce battle with Oscar.

As the two advanced phase God Realm cultivators fought to the death, the intense spiritual energy fluctuations caused everything in the surrounding area to be completely torn apart.

Several kilometers away, Jokovich felt the spiritual energy fluctuations and quickly changed direction to rush toward the two of them.

Although Sanctuary was a Remdikian organization, it was extremely mysterious and had a direct connection to the tsar.

Even so, Jokovich had just received a message from Sanctuary and knew that the Remdikian Western Army had dispatched a large number of cultivators to search for Charleigh.

Therefore, when he felt the spiritual energy fluctuating, Jokovich understood that Jonathan had encountered cultivators from Remdik.

For God Realm cultivators, several kilometers of distance was only a two or three-minute walk.

After crossing a mountain ridge, Jokovich finally saw the two men fighting.

On the slope under the mountain ridge, Jonathan and Oscar fought fiercely, and in just a short time, they had already leveled the entire hill.

Feeling a familiar spiritual energy, Jonathan lifted his hand to block the long staff before leaping dozens of meters away.

“Jokovich!”

When Jonathan spotted the figure on the mountaintop, his expression turned grave.

It was an overwhelming advantage to use Pryncyp to fight spiritual energy.

As such, after considering how Jokovich could still use Pryncyp of Strength and the difficult opponent that was Oscar, Jonathan realized that he might not win.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 927**

The Legendary Man Chapter 927-“Jonathan!”

Jokovich’s eyes turned red with hatred as he looked at Jonathan below. Although his expression was still cold, his desire to kill Jonathan was impossible to hide!

Putting aside the fact that Jonathan had almost trapped him in the underground river just now, the trouble the former had caused in Remdik was enough to put Jokovich’s life in danger.

The image of Paurius being burned alive by magma was still vivid in his mind.

As the person in charge of the pursuit, if Jokovich could kill both Jonathan and Ksana, that would be great.

However, if he failed, then he only had one option left—to escape.

Speaking of escape, although a God Realm expert could theoretically go anywhere in the world, since the establishment of Sanctuary, there had not been a single person who had truly been able to escape its shadow.

There had been cases of desertion before. Decades ago, a senior who guided Jokovich in his cultivation left Sanctuary.

That senior was at the absolute phase of God Realm and had almost finished learning all the Pryncyps successfully. He was only one step away from breaking through to Divine Realm.

However, he was killed by God himself, and not even a trace of flesh or blood was left!

Even if Jokovich wanted to escape, he could only survive for a few more days at most.

As such, killing Jonathan was Jokovich's only chance to survive.

Opposite Jonathan, Oscar stared up warily at Jokovich.

"Hey, which army are you from?"

"Army?" Jokovich looked coldly at Oscar. "I don't belong to the Western Army. I'm from Sanctuary. Haven't you heard of it?"

Oscar scoffed and replied, "So what if I've heard of it? What's the big deal about those from Sanctuary? You're all just like me, only at the advanced phase of God Realm!"

Jokovich did not bother arguing with him, instead saying, "You need Charleigh, and I need to kill Jonathan and the traitor from Sanctuary. Our goals don't clash."

"Understood!"

Oscar grinned at Jokovich, then turned and sprinted toward Jonathan with his long staff in hand.

Meanwhile, on the mountain ridge, Jokovich was even more violent. With a stomp of his foot, the ground beneath him shattered.

Following the arrival of a gust of wind, Jokovich's fist appeared in front of Jonathan.

Boom!

A thunderous explosion occurred, accompanied by a violent surge of spiritual energy spreading outward.

In just one blow, the flesh on Jonathan's right fist was completely stripped off, revealing the bone within.

As Jonathan was sent flying back, he keenly felt the intense pain spreading from his arm.

Jokovich must have learned the Prynycp of Strength!

With the amount of spiritual energy Jonathan had currently, even with the complete transformation of armor and the combustion of vitality, he was no match for Jokovich.

I have to run!

That was the only option for Jonathan at the moment.

Firm in his decision, he landed, the impact causing the rocks to shatter beneath his feet.

Before Oscar and Jokovich could react, Jonathan was already hurrying down the mountain as fast as he could, leaving the two of them in pursuit.

"Stop running!"

Oscar's dagger flew out of his hand and flashed through the air as it aimed at Jonathan's head from behind.

However, Jonathan didn't even bother to turn around to take a second look at the attack. With a flicker of the spirit shield from his bronze handbell, the dagger was deflected aside.

Meanwhile, Jonathan disappeared even faster into the woods.

Behind him, Oscar and Jokovich didn't exchange any words, but both turned into afterimages as they chased after him.

Jonathan rummaged through his storage ring, desperately searching for a way to delay the two behind him.

Nevertheless, even after turning his storage ring upside down, he found nothing useful.

The two were both God Realm cultivators and were just as powerful as he was. For this kind of fight, conventional weapons were ineffective against them.

As for large weapons such as the anti-aircraft gun in Jonathan's ring, although they could cause damage to the two, they required assembly time.

Now that the two were less than one hundred meters behind him, Jonathan couldn't afford to take even a moment to stop running, let alone assemble weapons.

Jonathan had disassembled those large weapons and put them in the ring for remote attacks, but now they turned out to be useless. He couldn't help feeling frustrated.

If I knew this earlier, I wouldn't have bothered bringing these cannonballs.

It would have been better to bring a few more boxes of high-explosive grenades.

As he was thinking this, he suddenly paused.

His mind turned to the corner of his storage ring, where two thick stacks of yellow talismans lay.

These were the lowest-level spiritual fire talismans.

They were Jonathan's defective items made during his time in the West Region. All of them had one missing line and were left unfinished.

Looking at the hundreds of incomplete spiritual fire talismans and the piles of anti-aircraft guns and cannonballs in the storage ring, Jonathan slowly smiled in a twisted manner.

Who said that only cannons can set off cannonballs?

Those spiritual fire talismans are the best detonators!

With that thought in mind, Jonathan took out a talisman and stuck it on a small-caliber cannonball with a flick of his hand.

He then cut his finger and lightly drew a line on the missing part of the talisman.

With a violent contraction of spiritual energy, Jonathan threw the cannonball behind him.

Although Oscar and Jokovich didn't know what Jonathan was up to, they wisely chose to dodge.

Three shadows flashed by on the mountain, followed by a loud explosion behind the two men.

In mid-air, Jonathan turned around and looked back at Oscar and Jokovich, revealing a creepy smile.

“There are two seconds of delay, which translates to about two hundred meters. You can keep coming after me!”

Jonathan chuckled, and as he turned around, he threw two more cannonballs.

But this time, he didn't throw them behind him. Instead, he threw them forward!

As the two cannonballs hit the ground, Jonathan leaped over them.

Feeling the abnormal spiritual energy fluctuations ahead, the two men quickly jumped to both sides.

Boom! Boom!

The two cannonballs exploded at almost the same time in front of the two, sending out shrapnel but no sky-high flames.

As white dots flickered in the air, a solid spiritual energy barrier materialized in front of Oscar, preventing any airborne debris from passing through.

On the contrary, Jokovich's approach was much more straightforward. He used his Pryncyp of Strength to swing his fist and strike the area where the cannonballs had exploded, resulting in a massive pit several meters deep.

Without a break in momentum, Jokovich leaped forward and rushed ahead once more, leaving Oscar behind to gaze at the fist imprint with slightly furrowed brows.

Sanctuary was the most mysterious organization in all of Remdik.

Previously, the tsar had ordered the Eastern and Western Armies to cooperate with Sanctuary in searching for young people with cultivation talent.

As a result, many God Realm experts had reservations about the organization.

That was also the reason why Oscar's tone was disdainful when he heard that Jokovich was from Sanctuary.

But now, Oscar's expression turned serious as he looked at the fist imprint left by Jokovich.

If even an average member of Sanctuary possesses such power, our plan might be in danger of failure...

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 928**

The Legendary Man Chapter 928-Oscar swiftly leaped forward, chasing after Jonathan once again.

However, he had only taken a few steps when he heard a beeping sound from his wrist.

As he checked his watch, he noticed that the previous tracking signal had been updated once more.

Jonathan was just in front of him, so Oscar initially wanted to ignore it, but the obvious deviation of the signal on his watch made him pause for a moment.

Currently, the trio was headed southeast, but the signal was showing in a westerly direction.

Although both directions were toward the south, they were practically two different directions. Pursuing Jonathan in this manner would only exhaust him without any possibility of finding Charleigh.

It dawned on Oscar that Jonathan wasn't meeting up with anyone but instead leading them further away!

Realizing this, Oscar immediately changed his direction.

His objective was Charleigh, and Ivanov had given absolute orders not to let Charleigh leave under any circumstances.

If Charleigh were to bring the technology of modified warriors to Chanaea, the entire war situation in Doveston would be thrown into unpredictable chaos.

Although Chanaea didn't have the same high amount of God Realm cultivators as Remdik, the major sects and respectable families in Chanaea wouldn't ignore a war breaking out.

When that time came, the level of combat power would be important, and the number of Grandmaster Realm cultivators would be the deciding factor in the outcome of the war.

As such, Charleigh alone was instrumental in determining the victory of the impending war in Doveston.

At this moment, not only did Oscar change his original route, but Jonathan also discovered the updated tracking location and began to move toward Ksana's direction.

Although the two were less than three hundred meters apart, with hills obstructing the view, Jonathan couldn't see Oscar. However, with his perception of spiritual energy fluctuations, Jonathan judged that Oscar's target was not him. With just a little thought, Jonathan's gaze suddenly became extremely solemn.

Oh no!

The tracker attached to Charleigh for the convenience of meeting up with him had been detected by the Remdik opponents.

The tracking report that was provided every ten minutes was enough to inform all the higher-ups in Remdik about Charleigh's real-time location.

Although only Jokovich and Oscar were pursuing Charleigh at the moment, on this dark night, countless people might have already started heading toward this area.

If Ksana couldn't remove the tracker in time, this whole situation could be really dangerous.

While Jonathan was thinking about this, he felt extreme danger coming from the side.

He quickly withdrew and leaped up, and in the direction where he had just come from, several ancient trees shattered into splinters under violent pressure.

Upon seeing Jonathan retreat, Jokovich leaped forward to block his way. "Jonathan, where do you think you're running to?" Jokovich coldly shouted at him.

Jonathan didn't pause at all. Since he couldn't understand Remdikian, he had no desire to communicate with Jokovich.

Golden scales appeared on Jonathan's hands as he grasped Heaven Sword and thrust it toward Jokovich's chest.

"You're asking for death!"

Jokovich's right hand extended out, and under the influence of Pryncyp, he gripped Heaven Sword.

Previously, when Jonathan used the black spear, the attack had been even more brutal than this one, but Jokovich had easily blocked it and even took the spear away.

This time, Jonathan didn't even gather any strength, so how could Jokovich take him seriously?

Jokovich reached out to grab the Heaven Sword's blade. With his other fist, he punched Jonathan's face without hesitation.

Jonathan had no way to avoid this punch and would need to repeat history where his black spear was taken away if he wanted to dodge it.

As expected, in order to avoid the punch coming toward him, Jonathan decisively gave up Heaven Sword.

He dodged to the side, causing Jokovich's heart to skip slightly.

Although Jonathan didn't look at him, Jonathan's curled lips made him feel a sense of danger.

Without any hesitation, the Pryncyp of Strength completely erupted.

At that moment, when the Pryncyp of Strength burst out, a cold killing intent flashed on Heaven Sword in Jokovich's hand.

Without a sound, four fingers on Jokovich's left hand were broken at once.

Although both of them had mastered Pryncyp, Jonathan's mastery of Pryncyp was closer to completion, making it more difficult to find his flaws and easier to defeat Jokovich's Pryncyp.

After cutting off Jokovich's fingers with Heaven Sword, Jonathan thrust it toward Jokovich's neck, but he had very little Pryncyp of Strength that he could gather.

Although this sudden attack was successful, Jokovich wasn't an ordinary opponent and wouldn't allow Jonathan to keep succeeding.

Heaven Sword was knocked away by Jokovich's Pryncyp and hovered before landing back in Jonathan's hand again.

The Pryncyp of Slaughter around this area hadn't recovered yet, and Jonathan knew he couldn't use Pryncyp of Slaughter again in a short period of time after failing to kill Jokovich just now.

Smashing the mountain rocks beneath his feet, Jonathan turned into an afterimage while rushing toward Oscar's direction.

Although Ksana was a God Realm cultivator, her cultivation was artificially produced through medicine, and since she grew up in the Sanctuary, she wasn't very familiar with fighting that involved life and death.

In Jonathan's eyes, her true strength was at best only within pseudo-God Realm.

If she encountered top-tier God Realm elites like Oscar, it was possible that she couldn't even last a few minutes.

He changed his stride and began to imitate the footwork Hossom had taught him.

Although it felt awkward and like his legs were tied with a rope, this strange way of running increased his speed by more than twenty percent.

Feeling Jonathan closing in on him, Oscar set off the spiritual energy from his body.

As the force field of the spiritual energy spread outward, he used the spiritual energy to control the short knife in his hand and stabbed it toward Jonathan's face.

"I'll kill Jonathan first!" Oscar shouted.

Stomping a tree trunk large enough to fit several people hugging together to smithereens, he pivoted and charged toward Jonathan's direction.

Even though his task was to intercept Charleigh, Jonathan would continue to obstruct them if he was still alive.

It would be more advantageous to temporarily ally with those from Sanctuary to eliminate Jonathan.

Meanwhile, behind Jonathan, Jokovich also revealed his murderous intent. Although he had lost his four limbs, he used the full force of his Pryncyp of Strength to create a phantom image in mid-air and threw a punch toward Jonathan.

Buzz...

A light hum sounded, and a ripple-like vibration spread in the air, completely locking Jonathan's surroundings.

This was a ranged attack, and there was nowhere for Jonathan to avoid.

However, at the same time, it also enveloped Oscar, who was in front of Jonathan.

There had already been many casualties this time. Jokovich didn't care about Oscar's life as long as he could kill Jonathan. In the sky, a golden light flashed, and both Jonathan and Oscar were thrown back, groaning in pain.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 929**

The Legendary Man Chapter 929-The Disappearance Of Ksana

Pryncyp of Strength was the highest energy in this world.

Even the bronze handbell couldn't completely block it, but fortunately, there was still the residual life force of Coffin in Jonathan's body.

Although he received this punch hard, his injured internal organs quickly regenerated under the treatment and influence of the life force.

Amidst the intense pain, Jonathan flipped in mid-air, searching for a place to land.

While he was doing so, his gaze caught Oscar, who was flying backward.

This guy was hit by Jokovich's Pryncyp in an attempt to kill Jonathan.

Now, his weapon had fallen, and his spiritual energy had dissipated. He had no way to put up any defense.

"Go!"

Jonathan's spiritual energy was still shaken by the force just now, and he couldn't gather enough of it to kill Oscar, so he had no choice but to throw his long sword in order to stab Oscar's head.

Heaven Sword pierced through Oscar's chest as Oscar screamed in pain.

Then, the two of them landed one after the other. Jonathan slammed into a boulder and then got up and left.

The stones behind him shattered, and Jokovich chased after him again.

Jonathan leaped onto Oscar's chest, picked up Heaven Sword, and forcefully leaped into the air.

Due to the force, Oscar's chest completely collapsed.

As the blood gushed out from Oscar, Jonathan's figure disappeared in a flash.

Behind him, Jokovich flew past Oscar's body, which then exploded with a loud sound.

Jokovich didn't need anyone else to know about this battle.

More importantly, there should not be any evidence as to the cause of Oscar's death.

In an instant, they covered a distance of ten kilometers. Jonathan entered a mountain valley and headed directly to a hollow while following the tracking signal.

At once, he noticed the smell of blood!

Jonathan's face changed slightly, as he was afraid that Ksana had been captured by Sanctuary or the Remdikian Western Army.

However, when he reached the center of the hollow, he was slightly stunned.

Behind a large rock in the hollow, a huge brown bear was sitting there.

At this moment, the brown bear was leaning against the rock, tearing a human arm with his teeth.

The snow on the ground had turned dark red, and if it were a human who was injured, this amount of bleeding alone would make it difficult for them to survive.

Moreover, the clothing hanging off the severed arm belonged to no one else but Charleigh. It was part of Charleigh's suit.

Is Charleigh dead?

With Heaven Sword in hand, Jonathan landed beside the bear and cut off its head before it could even react.

He activated his spiritual sense and enveloped his surroundings within the range of a hundred meters in his mind, taking in every detail.

There were bear tracks in the snow but no signs of human activity or fighting.

Other than the partially-eaten arm in his hand, there was also a severed thigh on the ground.

The thigh was cut off in a clean and precise manner, which was probably the work of a sharp blade. It indicated that Charleigh had not resisted.

What happened here?

Jonathan lifted the bear with his spiritual energy and sliced open its belly with his sword.

A pile of undigested meat spilled out, but Jonathan didn't care about the mess and sifted through it with Heaven Sword.

Soon, he found a black pill-shaped device, which was none other than the tracker.

Jonathan had attached it to Charleigh's sleeve when he had handed Charleigh over to Ksana.

Now that the bear had eaten it, Charleigh and Ksana were probably dead.

But what confused Jonathan was that if both of them were killed, why did the amount of meat on the ground not match up? Besides, there were no skulls to be found.

Most large predators wouldn't eat their prey's head whole, so if Charleigh had been killed, where was his corpse?

As Jonathan pondered this, he turned his head to look behind him.

He had felt a surge of spiritual energy approaching from behind from where he came from just now. It was Jokovich, relentless as ever. Feeling the weight of the kill around him, Jonathan furrowed his brow. He stomped his foot, causing a ripple in the ground that swallowed up the bear's body and the blood on the ground before disappearing into the forest.

As for Jonathan, he took the tracker and disappeared into the forest.

Oscar's reaction earlier had shown that those from Remdik had detected the tracker's signal.

Jonathan wasn't sure if Ksana and Charleigh were still alive, but confusing the Remdikians with the signal was a good start.

If Charleigh was alive and had only gotten involved in something with Ksana, then the more Jonathan confused the Remdikians, the safer Ksana and Charleigh would be.

At Kremalos Palace in Saspiuburg, Remdik, the tsar sat at the dining table, devouring a piece of steak.

Savannah stood beside him and slowly refilled his wine glass with red wine.

Meanwhile, Ivanov sat on the couch several meters away from the table.

“Your Majesty, Oscar’s vital signs have disappeared,” Ivanov said solemnly to the tsar.

Hearing that, the tsar didn’t react but continued to cut the steak on his plate.

“Death is normal in battles,” he responded casually.

“Land Army and Sky Army are collaborating to capture Jonathan and retrieve Charleigh within three hours. It shouldn’t be a problem, right?”

The tsar sounded calm and indifferent. In fact, he looked like he was dealing with this matter casually, but Ivanov knew that it was the tsar’s ultimatum.

Charleigh’s presence had rocked the entire Western Army to its core. If they failed to capture Jonathan within three hours, the tsar would not be so forgiving.

Ivanov understood that the tsar had been unhappy with him for a while due to his influence in the military, but because of his talent, the tsar couldn’t touch him as long as he didn’t do anything out of line.

However, if Jonathan really managed to take Charleigh to Chanaea, the tsar might use it as an excuse to get rid of him.

Both of them knew what was going on without either of them having to explain anything. They had an unspoken understanding between them.

This was the game of the upper echelon. It was a game that had no hidden schemes, and the rules were laid bare for all to see, but one had no way to escape from it.

Seeing that Ivanov remained silent for a while, the tsar lifted his head slightly.

“What’s wrong? Can’t the Western Army of nearly a million soldiers catch one Jonathan Goldstein?”

“We certainly can!” Ivanov replied with a smile. “But, there’s just one thing...”

“What’s that?” the tsar asked flatly.

Ivanov turned to look at the young man dressed in casual clothing sitting in the corner of the living room.

He was a divine messenger from Sanctuary.

The tsar put down his cutlery and raised his wine glass to take a sip.

“Ivanov, feel free to speak your mind. Don’t worry about anything. This is Kremalos Palace and I am the host,” he said.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 930**

The Legendary Man Chapter 930-After the tsar spoke, the tension in the room became so thick that one could cut the air with a knife.

Savannah placed the glass of wine near the tsar and stood watchfully next to him.

Although she had not used her physical energy to restrain the divine messenger, she had already secretly gathered her spiritual energy, ready to make a move when necessary.

As for Ivanov, he quietly cast a quick glance in the direction of the divine messenger, then walked over to the office table with his device in hand.

“Do have a look for yourself, Your Majesty,” he said as he connected his device to a projector.

After a couple of quick adjustments on the projector, an image appeared on the wall next to the tsar.

The footage seemed to be a bodycam video of someone who was running. Next, the person appeared to have turned around to hurl a knife toward something or someone behind him or her.

Following that was a series of chaotic visuals. First, an apparition of Jonathan appeared, followed by some yelling, and then the person was seen being hit by Jokovich’s Pryncyp.

Next, Heaven Sword could be seen going through the person’s body. And just before the video ended abruptly, the last image captured was that of Jokovich walking past.

After the video ended, Ivanov respectfully retreated to the side and started explaining, "Sky Army is a highly versatile team and takes on a wide range of missions. As such, when on duty, every member with the rank of Major and above has to wear a micro recording device to keep track of their activities for performance evaluation purposes. What we've just seen was the combat scene recorded by the bodycam worn by Oscar during the last few minutes of his life."

With that, Ivanov wisely said no more and chose not to further elaborate, as it was unnecessary.

Anyone, even a non-cultivator, could tell from the footage that Oscar was not killed by Jonathan.

It was obvious he was fatally hit by Jokovich's Pryncyp of Strength.

However, Ivanov knew it was a conflict between Sanctuary and the tsar. As such, even though he was already in Divine Realm, he was in no position to be involved in the matter.

The tsar turned his gaze from the blacked-out screen on the wall to the divine messenger and sullenly demanded, "Miltchev, I think you owe me an explanation."

The youthful-looking man frowned and turned toward the tsar upon hearing that.

"Explanation? For what?" he asked.

"For Oscar's death." The tsar stood up slowly as he spoke, his Pryncyp radiating from him, forming a protective cocoon that seemed to shield him from the outside elements.

Miltchev could sense his own physical energy being controlled, so he smirked and challenged, "Have you forgotten how you managed to get to where you are now, Your Majesty?"

Boom!

Suddenly, almost all the windows in the meeting room cracked and shattered.

Ivanov and Savannah instantly mobilized their spiritual energy to form a spiritual shield around themselves.

Despite that, they could clearly feel their spiritual energy draining rapidly from them.

That was the Pryncyp of the tsar. He had the ability to drain the spiritual energy from all those around him at will.

Being an elite who had achieved Divine Realm, Ivanov was able to make use of his own Pryncyp to cocoon himself and block off that seepage of his spiritual energy.

Savannah, who was only a God Realm cultivator, wasn't as fortunate. Helpless against that terrifying power, she could feel her body being torn apart, and every inch of her body was in great pain. Alas, that was merely the repercussion of being near the path of the tsar's Pryncyp.

Miltchev, on the other hand, was the target of the tsar's intense fury. At that moment, he could feel the skin of his face cracking. That was due to the pulling force caused by the rapid outflow of his spiritual energy.

He knew he would be torn apart by the tsar's formidable Pryncyp of Strength in no time.

Making use of whatever spiritual energy he had left, he fought hard against the disintegration of his flesh and shouted out a warning. "You'd better think twice, Your Majesty! Killing me would mean a declaration of war against Sanctuary. Do you really have the capacity to do that?"

The tsar stood still, but the menacing look in his eyes intensified, and the clothes on Miltchev started glowing red.

That was a sign of the imminent disintegration of the flesh! Miltchev had lost all ability to fight against the tsar's attack.

Feeling his spiritual energy gushing out from his elixir field, rapidly leaking through the torn wounds on his body, he clenched his teeth and blurted out one last desperate warning.

“You must have forgotten the power of God! If he can make you the tsar, he can easily groom another person to take your place! You’d better not push your luck, Your Majesty!” Miltchev yelled.

Plonk!

Just as he shouted out that desperate threat, Miltchev felt a tremendous blow on his chest, and he was sent flying into the air.

He crashed through a wall and landed on the bookshelf in the next room.

Ivanov quietly stood still and focused on controlling his own spiritual energy to maintain his protective spirit shield. His mind, however, was working fast, evaluating what he had just witnessed, and he realized the tsar’s prowess had improved greatly since their last encounter.

Although Miltchev might not be a top-class elite, he was definitely not a mediocrity either. The fact that he was given the honor of being baptized by the Holy Blood, which enabled him to restore his youth, proved that he was a valued talent.

Even if Miltchev had not achieved Divine Realm, Ivanov suspected he should at least have already awakened his Pryncyp of Strength.

Otherwise, he would not be appointed a divine messenger to negotiate with the tsar.

However, that low level of awakening of his Pryncyp of Strength was of no use when confronting someone like the tsar.

The tsar did not need to lift a finger. The disturbance of the energy field caused by his anger was sufficient to ruin Miltchev’s cultivation ability completely.

A serene look returned to the tsar’s face as he looked at the disheveled Miltchev lying in the pile of debris.

“Go back and tell your God that I’m grateful for what had happened in the past. However, one has to know his own place. If he wishes to work together as equal partners, I’ll welcome him with open arms. On the other hand, if he wants to order me around, then tell him I really can’t be bothered to entertain him. I’m prepared to suffer some losses in Remdik!” he calmly declared.

That was clearly a declaration of war against Sanctuary!

Miltchev stared at the tsar in disbelief, amazed by his guts to pit himself against Sanctuary, which had four Divine Realm elites under its command.

Gathering the little remaining spiritual energy in him, Miltchev stopped his own bleeding and stood up unsteadily.

As he stumbled and made his way out, he said, "I'll definitely convey your message, Your Majesty. I hope you will not regret your decision!"

The tsar turned to look at Ivanov and asked, "Ivanov, if Sanctuary is to confront us, who do you think will have the upper hand?"

After a slight hesitation, Ivanov placed his right hand on his left shoulder, took a step back, and went down on one knee.

"Your Majesty, my family has never encountered anyone from Sanctuary. As such, I'm in no position to judge just how powerful they might be. However, there's one thing I can be sure of. I'll always be on your side, and whoever wishes you harm will have to deal with me first. You can count on me to give my all to serve you and be there to defend you!" Ivanov pledged, his voice unwavering and his head respectfully bowed.

He placed himself in such a vulnerable position that the tsar could easily reach out and crush his head if he wished to.