

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 961

The Legendary Man Chapter 961-Meanwhile, in Kremalos Palace, Saspiuburg, the tsar stared blankly at the scene unfolding before him, his expression devoid of emotion.

Seated on either side of the tsar were Remdik's military advisor, Ivanov, and Savannah, the head of the intelligence department for the western region.

"What are Geraldo and his men doing? How could they lose when there are three of them against two?" Savannah stood up; her teeth clenched as she stared at the large screen, her tone full of disapproval.

Her family had always had a tense relationship with Ivanov's family, which was the main reason the tsar appointed her to work for him and oversee affairs in the western warzone.

The goal was to create a balance between the two families, but Savannah felt utterly humiliated as the troops of the western warzone suffered frequent defeats in front of the tsar and Ivanov.

She would have ended Geraldo's and his men's lives out of sheer vexation had they not been separated by thousands of miles.

Meanwhile, Ivanov, sitting on the left side of the tsar, was carefully gauging the tsar's reaction.

As Savannah reached for her communication device with the intention to issue new orders to Geraldo and his men, Ivanov, who thought that it was almost time, intervened.

"Forget it, Savannah. They're no match for them," he said, his tone measured.

"What do you mean, no match?" Savannah paused and sneered. "You're not here to enjoy my misfortune, are you, Ivanov? Don't forget that if Charleigh and Jonathan are taken away, and Asura's Office mass-produces cultivators of the Grandmaster Realm, the eastern warzone will be the first to be affected. Not even your four big regiments will be able to withstand the attack if war breaks out at River Onxy."

Ivanov glanced at the tsar, who had yet to state his standpoint, and immediately understood the latter's thoughts.

He got up from his seat and flashed a smile at Savannah.

“You’ve misunderstood me. What I meant was, no matter how hard you try to pressure Geraldo, given the current situation, he and his men are no match for those two cultivators from Chanaea.”

“That’s impossible.”

Savannah wanted to argue on behalf of her subordinates, but Ivanov’s next words silenced her completely.

“Savannah, do you know what that illusory spirit animal is? It’s called a soul weapon. It’s a technique that involves imprisoning demon beasts who have turned sentient or the souls of cultivators and refining them into spiritual weapons. This technique has been lost throughout the ages. Only The Untouchables possess such an ancient weapon now. All I can say is that The Untouchables from Chanaea have started to get involved, and they are very strong. Geraldo and his men might have had a chance if they were at their peak, but they’ve exhausted most of their mental energy after two rounds of battle. They’re no match now.”

Savannah stared at the wretched state of Geraldo and his men on the large screen.

“Untouchables my ass. They’re just cowards hiding in a corner...” she said through gritted teeth, seething with frustration.

As Savannah spoke, a hint of mockery flickered in Ivanov’s eyes.

“Savannah, your position in Remdik has been secure since your birth. Given your sheltered life, it’s understandable that you’re not aware of certain things. Do you know why Chanaea, despite being surrounded by the West Region, Remdik, and Jetroina, has managed to expand its territory so greatly? The military of Chanaea was a disorganized mess before Asura’s Office took control. If our nations were to go to war, do you not think that Remdik could have easily taken over Chanaea? Why do you think we, the Remdikians, have worked so hard to keep Merania as a buffer zone and avoid conflict with Chanaea at all costs?”

Savannah wanted to refute, but was at a loss for words.

“The hidden sects and The Untouchables of Chanaea should not be underestimated. How do you think they have managed to defend such a vast territory with just a few God Realm cultivators? You are still young and inexperienced, Savannah.”

“You...”

Savannah was livid when Ivanov sneered contemptuously, but before she could say anything in retort, the tsar rose from his seat.

“Have Geraldo and his team follow Charleigh, mark their location, and inform the Divine Wind Army to launch an attack,” ordered the tsar before leaving the room.

Savannah didn’t dare utter a word.

It was clear that the tsar intended to use Geraldo and his team as a target for heavy artillery, wiping out everyone within the target range.

As the tsar left the room, Ivanov grinned at Savannah.

“Issue the command, Savannah. If this drags on, those three might not even be able to provide their coordinates.”

With that, Ivanov left the room. At that moment, Charleigh’s fate rested in Savannah’s hands, and Ivanov wanted no part of it, regardless of the outcome.

Standing alone in the vast room, Savannah stared at the enormous screen in front of her, letting out a deep breath after a few seconds.

Then, she issued two orders.

The first was directed at Geraldo and his team, instructing them to engage the enemy, keep Charleigh in sight, and await backup.

The second order was for the Divine Wind Army, gathered in Merania, to launch a short-range missile attack at Geraldo’s coordinates, with the only requirement being to cause extensive damage and destruction.

For Remdik, it was imperative that Charleigh be eliminated at all costs.

Meanwhile, in the vast grasslands of Ibiville, two hundred miles north of Kushburn, a massive army of hundreds of thousands of soldiers had just gathered and was making its way down south.

When they received the order to stop, the young and inexperienced soldiers, armed to the teeth, looked out of the canvas of their military trucks in bewilderment.

Jonathan, who was lying in the trunk, breathed a long sigh of relief.

The fact that the army had halted meant that they had reached their destination.

Although Jonathan had no idea about Charleigh and didn't understand why Remdik had conducted such a massive mobilization of troops to Merania, he was relieved to know he was one step closer to Chanaea now.

He would be able to evade Remdik's pursuit as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

Moreover, it would be relatively easier for Asura's Office to come to his aid since they were currently in Merania. The situation was advantageous for him.

Just as Jonathan was planning his escape route, the soldiers on his military truck began to disembark as if they had received a mysterious order.

Peering through a crack in the trunk, he was stunned by what he saw.

A missile vehicle was slowly lowering its support structure to land on the ground about a hundred meters away.

"Remdik's short-range K11 missile..."

Jonathan stared in disbelief at the missile vehicle.

"What in the world are the Remdikians planning?"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 962

The Legendary Man Chapter 962-Although a missile vehicle sounded like nothing special, in truth, it was a heavy hitter among a country's weapons. Pairing short-range missiles with a damage radius of less than a thousand

kilometers, in particular, with such missile vehicles could significantly increase maneuverability and range.

Even if one had incredibly skilled special agents or an impressive intelligence network, there was no way to pinpoint the launch base's exact location, thus drastically reducing the possibility of the missiles getting intercepted.

There were less than fifty such mobile short-range missile launch systems in Chanaea, and weapons like that would usually be hidden in top-secret military bases. Hence, Jonathan had not expected to see one there.

As he calculated the time he had entered Merania, a trace of doubt flashed across his eyes. Something doesn't add up. Based on how fast this military vehicle was going, the convoy would've only traveled less than a thousand kilometers into Merania. To Merania, however, this distance is nothing as serious as someone infiltrating deep into their hinterland. It's impossible that Remdik would mobilize their army with such fanfare solely to attack Merania. More precisely, there's no way Remdik would want to do so. After all, forefathers of various countries mapped out the military strategy across the continents of Aploth and Epea with their blood, sweat, and tears. Merania is an indispensable buffer zone between Remdik and Chanaea. When you look at it that way, there's no need for Remdik to attack Merania. However, that only makes this situation even more puzzling. If one is to launch short-range missiles here, the missiles won't even get past Merania's borders. So, what are they hoping to achieve with this? Is there another threat within the country that only these short-range missiles can destroy?

He was watching the missile vehicle slowly being set up and hesitating about whether to seize the chance to escape when he heard two men in military uniforms walk over to the trunk. The pair lighted their cigarettes while chattering away.

Jonathan was exasperated when he heard them speak Remdikian. If I knew I'd be in this situation today, I would've made every effort to become proficient in Jetroinian, Remdikian, and the West Region's language when I was still living comfortably at the Goldstein residence back in Yaleview. If I had concentrated on my studies, I wouldn't be completely clueless about what they're saying now.

As he lay inside the trunk, he decided he would find an opportunity to sneak out from his hiding place as soon as the two military officers left, then use the extrication technique to get out of there.

While he waited, however, the conversation between the two military officers as they watched the crew setting up for the launch of the short-range missiles caught his attention and left him slightly stunned.

Although he could not hear them clearly, he could catch small snippets, and two names leaped out at him—Ksana and Charleigh!

A tradition in Remdik dictates that newborns can only be given names from a few dozen options. That's why if one calls out Ksana's name in Remdik, over a dozen girls would probably respond. However, Charleigh is a name from Rodunst. Although some people from Rodunst study abroad in Remdik, what are the chances that these military officers would mention those two names together? It has to be them!

In an instant, Jonathan pieced together everything he had gone through over the past few days and formed a conclusion that was not too far off from the truth. Charleigh and Ksana must've already arrived in Merania. If my guess is correct, that'd be a reasonable explanation for the large-scale mobilization of troops in Remdik's western war zone. As for these short-range missiles, they may very well be an attack on the pair! Does that mean the war has started?

As that thought crossed his mind, he could not contain himself anymore. His force field burgeoned in the blink of an eye, causing the trunk to split open. The surrounding military officers were so shocked that they scurried away.

The others gaped in horror at Jonathan, who looked emaciated like a mummy, and pointed the guns in their hands in his direction.

Meanwhile, the two military officers attempted to flee when they suddenly found themselves trapped inside what seemed to be a large, invisible palm and dragged over to Jonathan.

Wearing a stony expression, Jonathan demanded, "Speak! What's going on? Why did you mention Charleigh and Ksana?"

He tightened his spiritual energy around them and stared coldly at the two men who were on the verge of suffocating.

The two Remdikian military officers struggled while suspended in midair, but they were mere mortals and no match for Jonathan.

As for whatever they were babbling in Remdikian, Jonathan could not understand a word of it.

Suddenly, three dull thuds rang out. Looking up, Jonathan saw that three Grandmasters had leaped forward and landed before him.

“I’m Giovanni, chief of the hundred-and-ninth garrison in Remdik’s western army base. We’re carrying out an attack. We’ve previously communicated with Merania and obtained permission, so please release my men.”

At that moment, Jonathan looked worse for wear as he had used too much of his vitality to heal his internal injuries. Even Josephine, who shared a bed with him, would not necessarily have been able to recognize him in that state, let alone the Remdikian military officers who had never met him before.

As for Giovanni and the rest, they immediately assumed Jonathan was a cultivator from Merania. Thinking they were getting stopped because they had trespassed onto Merania territory, the men quickly explained who they were.

Seeing that Jonathan made no response, one of the other military officers repeated what Giovanni had said in Meranian.

Jonathan surveyed the trio. Then, he expanded his spiritual sense to envelop everything within a hundred-meter radius inside his mind.

In the distance, numerous waves of spiritual energy were approaching their direction after sensing the intense surge of spiritual energy in that area.

According to Jonathan’s observation, those men were Grandmaster Realm cultivators and posed a certain level of threat to him. Despite that, he knew that with his skills in Earthly Escape, they would not be able to stop him if he decided to run.

“Does anyone here know how to speak Chanaean?” he asked coldly.

Upon hearing his question, the trio’s expressions shifted drastically, and they drew out their weapons. Our army is in the war zone with Chanaea now. We’re only waiting to unleash an initial wave of attacks with the short-range missiles before moving in at full force. But now, a Chanaean cultivator has suddenly popped up in the rear!

All the Remdikian soldiers present felt very tense.

As more and more figures appeared, Giovanni briefly explained the situation to the newcomers. Soon, a dozen Grandmaster Realm military officers began moving into their positions with grim expressions, separating Jonathan from the missile vehicle not far away.

As Jonathan observed their movements, the ominous feeling in his heart intensified.

With a slight turn of his wrist, he was suddenly holding Asura's Office's communication device for individual combat in his hand.

As soon as he put on the earpiece, a series of shouts and calls rang out continuously.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 963

The Legendary Man Chapter 963-Jonathan's communication device had one of the highest authority settings in Asura's Office.

Although Hades had completely taken over the matters of Asura's Office, Jonathan could still see all the commands and updates sent out by Asura's Office.

The ear-piercing sirens meant that they were all strategic-level deployment information.

With a solemn expression on his face, Jonathan keyed in his password. There, he saw a string of commands and updates sent out by Asura's Office. In fact, it was as though his device had been infected by a virus because lines of commands and updates were popping up non-stop on the palm-sized device.

Some of the updates read: Eastern Army's medium-range missiles are ready.

Shusonna Army has assembled and entered Merania.

Zaidham Army's fighter jets are moving toward Merania.

Mysonna Army has deployed its elite military agents.

Dark Special Forces of Asura's Office are entering Merania.

Charleigh and Ksana are alive.

Lines of commands and reports kept popping up on the screen.

Jonathan felt as though he had been struck by lightning, and he froze on the spot. In order to get out of Remdik, I curled up into a ball inside the small trunk of the military vehicle for two days. Who would've known so many things could happen within two days? I didn't expect Remdik and Chanaea to have a war in Merania!

"They're still alive," Jonathan muttered to himself in relief. That was the report Sirius had sent just ten minutes prior. I don't know how Sirius ended up joining the battle formation of Asura's Office, but it looks like it's a good thing.

"I'm Jonathan. If you can hear me, Sirius, tell me your location and the current situation." Jonathan switched on his communication device fully. Everyone in Chanaea, who was on the public channel, was stunned when they heard Jonathan's hoarse voice.

"Mr. Goldstein is back!" Dorian's rough voice rang out, and he sounded extremely thrilled.

In fact, all the higher-ups of Asura's Office felt utterly relieved when they heard Jonathan's voice.

"Where are you now, Mr. Goldstein? All we need is one word from you and—"

Dorian wanted to say something, but his speech was interrupted by Jonathan.

"Get lost and go back to defending the northwest defense line. I'm not here for small talk!" Jonathan yelled into the communication device. "I'm now right behind the Remdik military forces, and I can see them getting ready to use their short-range missiles. Give me your location now!"

"It's me, Sirius," Sirius uttered in a deep voice. "I've already shared my location with everyone. Kane is on his way to get me. Ksana, Charleigh, and Number 1 are all heavily injured. If Ksana and Number 1 don't get treated soon, they'll most probably die. Now, we're dealing with three Remdik God Realm cultivators. One of them is in the middle phase, and the other two are in the beginner phase. For some reason, I think they're merely stalling. They aren't using their full strengths. Yet, we can't seem to shake them off. It looks like they're waiting for assistance."

Assistance? Jonathan looked at the dozen Grandmaster Realm military officers surrounding him and realized something. He then immediately turned toward the row of short-range missile vehicles that had been assembled.

“Run!” Jonathan’s voice trembled when he shouted into the communication device. “They aren’t waiting for support. They’re waiting for missiles! Short-range missiles!”

Sirius and the others were confused when they heard Jonathan’s words. Kings of War of Asura’s Office, on the other hand, gasped instantly.

“Mr. Goldstein, how many short-range missiles does the enemy have?” Hades asked anxiously.

Jonathan looked in front and answered, “Twenty!”

Bang!

No one knew if it was due to the lengthy confrontation or if Remdik had given the orders, but the moment Jonathan reported the situation to Asura’s Office, a gunshot from somewhere far away was heard.

Ding!

Almost instantaneously after the gunshot, a sound similar to a bell ringing rang out next to Jonathan.

The bullet bounced off the shield formed by the bronze handbell and hit the military vehicle next to it.

After that gunshot, the surrounding Remdik cultivators seemed to have received the signal to attack, and seven to eight cultivators were seen rushing toward Jonathan.

Jonathan gently tapped on his foot, and a short blade appeared. After that, his silhouette flashed, and he charged straight toward the missile launch base.

“I’m going to try to destroy the missile vehicles, Sirius! You must distance yourself from those Remdik cultivators!” Jonathan ordered.

“I can’t! They’re all over us—”

Before Sirius could finish his sentence, Hades was heard saying, “Sirius, you must distance yourself from them! The short-range missile’s explosion range can reach up to about five hundred meters! Although you’re a God Realm cultivator with the capability of forming a spirit shield with your spiritual energy, you’ll still get heavily injured if you’re within a hundred meters of the explosion. If you’re within fifty meters of the explosion, you’ll die! The current intelligence information shows that there’s only a thirty meters margin of error for these Remdik short-range missiles. Now that they have twenty missiles coming your way at once, they’ll rain down on you and the others! Run while you still can!”

Hades was direct with his words, and Sirius didn’t say anything in response. Instead, only the sounds of intense fighting could be heard from the communication device.

Sirius’ voice was only heard once again around ten seconds later. However, he wasn’t talking to Hades.

“Severus, please bring the injured out of here. Even if we die, you must keep moving forward!”

“Cyprus, I’m afraid I need you to fight alongside me.”

Everyone in Asura’s Office felt their hearts skip a beat when they heard those two sentences.

With the information Jonathan had provided, everyone knew very well what the forces of Remdik were about to do.

Therefore, Sirius was practically choosing death when he decided to stall those three Remdik cultivators.

At the same time, everyone knew that the Blackwood family could’ve just stayed out of it entirely.

“Sirius!” Jonathan reached out to catch the massive axe thrown at him by a cultivator before sending it flying away with a kick. “I owe the Blackwood family a huge favor!”

“There’s no use in saying that,” Sirius answered. “I’m not ready to die yet, so you better destroy those missile vehicles now!”

“I’ll try my best!” Jonathan bellowed through gritted teeth.

At the moment, Jonathan's vitality was low. Although he was filled with spiritual energy, his movements were still restricted.

In other words, he couldn't perform properly.

As he was countering the attacks thrown at him, Jonathan clearly knew how to counter every move, but his movements were slower than usual. What I need the most now is to replenish my vitality!

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 964

The Legendary Man Chapter 964-By then, the Remdikian military forces had already figured out a Chanaean cultivator was hiding within their rear.

Moreover, Remdikian military forces had also recorded Jonathan's conversation with Asura's Office.

Once the translation was completed, all the Grandmaster Realm military officers found out who Jonathan really was. Hence, they started going after him.

Those short-range missile vehicles were considered strategic weapons. If Jonathan were to destroy all twenty of them, those military officers would be kissing their military careers goodbye.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was in a gruesome battle.

Due to his lack of vitality, his movements were slower than usual.

Although he wouldn't be harming himself if the battle were to go on, he still couldn't break through the cultivators' line of defense.

As a matter of fact, there were times when he had his enemies restrained, but when he was about to deliver the fatal blow, another cultivator would show up to force Jonathan into retreating.

Seeing how things were going, Jonathan couldn't help but feel frustrated.

On the other hand, the opposing cultivators were getting more and more confident. Before this, we heard rumors saying how strong Jonathan was and how he had killed plenty of Remdikian cultivators on his own. Now, it seems like his cultivation level is only slightly above the Grandmaster Realm. As long

as we can stay in sync, there's no way Jonathan can break through our defense, let alone destroy the missile vehicles.

At that point, everyone knew Jonathan's weak physique suggested something bad had happened to him. However, that didn't stop anyone from giving it their all to kill him.

After all, there was still a bounty within the Western Army, and whoever it was who captured Jonathan was entitled to a wish from the tsar.

Initially, everyone thought such a glorious reward would only be given to a military officer in the God Realm. To their surprise, Jonathan was right in front of them.

Although they didn't tell each other what to do, everyone was going all out with their attacks, hoping to be the first person to take Jonathan down.

Facing those relentless attacks, Jonathan's expression was turning grimmer by the second. The missile vehicles are already in position! They'll only need to lock on to their targets before launching those missiles. I'm running out of time!

Bang!

Jonathan struck his Heaven Sword on a huge shield in front of him. Before he could make his next move, three blades were already right in front of him.

Although the bronze handbell could defend Jonathan at any time, Jonathan could still suffer internal injuries if he were to forcibly fend off the moves of three Grandmaster Realm cultivators in order to kill one Grandmaster Realm cultivator. With my current vitality, I might really be in danger if I were to suffer internal injuries.

Left with no other choice, Jonathan kicked the shield violently and leaped into the air before those three blades could reach him. He then landed in an open space ten meters away.

While panting lightly, Jonathan glanced at the enemies before him. I want to use Earthly Escape to jump over them and destroy those missile vehicles. However, I'm out of Spirit Rejuvenating Pills. Earthly Escape is an exhausting spell, and I could end up burying myself underground. Since the beginning, I've noticed that no matter how the Remdikian cultivators changed their

formation, a few of them remained in the same spots. At the same time, I know that the roots of the grass underneath my feet are as resilient as steel wires. That means one of the cultivators knows Wooden Escape, and that's very effective against my Earthly Escape.

Right then, those initially defensively-minded Remdikian cultivators had figured out what Jonathan was trying to do. Therefore, they approached him in a coordinated manner.

Just as Jonathan was contemplating using the move he had in mind, a burst of spiritual energy soared into the air right behind everyone.

A God Realm cultivator! Jonathan glanced in the direction of the incoming enemy and turned around to run in the opposite direction.

Jonathan had hoped that all the Remdikian God Realm cultivators had been sent out to carry out the assassination.

However, it would be foolish for the Remdikians not to leave a God Realm cultivator behind to lead such a large troop of soldiers.

Jonathan knew that he was in a bad shape to go up against a God Realm cultivator.

The only way he could live was to abandon his beliefs and replenish his vitality.

Since the Remdikian cultivators were all busy guarding the missile vehicles, the other military vehicles were left defenseless.

With that knowledge, Jonathan suddenly rushed into one of the vehicles and started killing everyone in it.

"What?" The Grandmaster Realm cultivators were all stunned when they saw that. Why is Jonathan killing all the mortals? Is he doing that because the Remdikian God Realm cultivators are here? Is he venting his frustration on those mortals because he knows he can't get close to the missile vehicles?

Little did they know that couldn't be further from the truth.

Upon sensing the life force in the vehicle decreasing rapidly, one of the Remdikian military officers swung his long sword to unleash a slash of sword energy toward the top part of the vehicle.

The roof of the vehicle suddenly exploded, and Jonathan was seen standing on the vehicle with Heaven Sword in his grip. Needless to say, he had countered the sword energy unleashed by the military officer.

At the same time, Jonathan was holding a dried corpse of a Remdikian soldier in his left hand.

A lot of cultivation methods were recorded in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

There were even records of Dark Art, like what Ryan cultivated, which used humans as a way of replenishing oneself.

Jonathan merely comprehended it when he came across that evil method, and he had never used it.

That kind of method of using others as a way to replenish oneself was against the rule of nature, and it belonged to the evils. Hence, such a method wasn't tolerated by the world.

Jonathan had never expected that he would one day need to sacrifice others to replenish himself.

He then tossed that dried corpse aside, and it instantly broke into pieces upon dropping to the ground.

At that moment, there was a faint glow in Jonathan's gaze, but he didn't seem like he had recovered.

There were thirty-two Remdikian soldiers in that vehicle.

Yet, absorbing the vitality of those people wasn't even enough to make up one percent of the vitality Jonathan was lacking.

Jonathan felt as though he had just had a drop of water after days of walking in the desert without water.

Hence, he was feeling utterly restless after getting a taste of the vitality he absorbed from those soldiers.

“H-He’s absorbing our soldiers’ life forces!” a military officer shouted in fear upon seeing the dried corpse on the ground that seemed as though it had been left out in the open for centuries.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had already dashed toward the second vehicle. I need vitality to replenish myself! Although I’m going against my Cor, I don’t have any other choice! Charleigh must live for future battles. I can’t let those short-range missiles be launched!

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 965

The Legendary Man Chapter 965-“Stop him!”

A Remdikian cultivator finally realized what was going on. He bellowed and darted in Jonathan’s direction.

Although God Realm cultivators were rushing to the scene from afar, they couldn’t let Jonathan continue his rampage unchecked.

If they didn’t intervene, by the time the God Realm cultivators arrived, hundreds would have been killed by Jonathan.

“I’m on it!”

As the cries of agony echoed from the military truck, the withered grass around the vehicle began to turn green and grow wildly.

The wild grass emitted a faint glow, turning into soft yet resilient tendrils, and shot toward the truck.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The sound of countless swaying blades of grass cutting through the canvas of the vehicle reverberated in the air.

Then, the wailing ceased abruptly, and blood flowed down the blades of grass.

To kill Jonathan, the Remdikian cultivator resorted to using a large-scale spell, inadvertently slaughtering all the soldiers within the military truck.

Taking in the gruesome state of the vehicle, the surrounding Remdikian officers were briefly stunned.

“There’s still spiritual energy fluctuation coming from the truck!” a Remdikian cultivator shouted.

Whoosh!

A high-pitched sound resonated in the air as a blurred figure shot through the tattered canvas of the military truck and penetrated a Remdikian cultivator’s spirit shield.

Pfft!

Blood spewed as the cultivator’s body was lifted into the air by Heaven Sword.

Above the military vehicle, a golden light burst forth, capturing the Remdikian officer in mid-air.

Jonathan activated his spell, rapidly draining the life force from the Grandmaster Realm cultivator in his hand, who had yet to expire. Soon, only a withered husk of a dead man remained.

As the Remdikian officer’s dried corpse crumbled to the ground, a flicker of blood-red glint flashed through Jonathan’s eyes.

The vitality he acquired from a single Grandmaster Realm cultivator was equivalent to absorbing a dozen ordinary soldiers’ vitalities.

As his vitality was replenished, Jonathan’s complexion regained some of its radiance, and even the wrinkles on his face began to smooth out gradually.

Jonathan’s eyes gleamed with a hint of madness while he wielded Heaven Sword. “Since you insist on stopping me, I shall let all of you perish together!”

Following an odd hum, Heaven Sword flew out of his hand.

Jonathan’s insides churned as if his internal organs were struck by a heavy hammer, causing him to spit out a mouthful of blood. At the same time, three Grandmaster Realm cultivators screamed in anguish and fell to the ground in front of him.

Although Jonathan could now harness the power of Heavenly Prynycyp, he hadn't passed the Divine Tribulation and gained complete recognition of Heavenly Prynycyp.

As such, what he was doing could merely be considered as stealing Heavenly Prynycyp's power.

The user of such stolen power could never escape the backlash. Under normal circumstances, the recoil wouldn't be harmful.

After all, an advanced phase God Realm cultivator's body was nourished by spiritual energy all year round, enhancing their body to be several folds more robust than a mortal's.

Since Jonathan was currently bereft of vitality, the backlash could be fatal.

That was why he found himself caught up in the desperate situation even though his Prynycyp of Strength had already recovered.

Despite the weak vitalities provided by the soldiers, Jonathan managed to endure the backlash after killing dozens of them.

Gazing at the three severely injured Grandmaster Realm cultivators in mid-air, Jonathan expanded his spiritual force field, creating a few giant spiritual energy hands to capture those people and drain their vitalities.

Although adopting that method of recuperating while battling would cause him to suffer a constant backlash from Prynycyp of Strength, he could rapidly replenish his vitality.

Unexpectedly, just as the three cultivators flew toward Jonathan, a powerful blade's glint streaked across the sky from afar, closing in on Jonathan.

It was a God Realm expert!

Facing such an attack in his current state, Jonathan figured he couldn't withstand the hit even with the aid of the mysterious bronze handbell.

He gave up on seizing the three cultivators at the last minute and retreated to avoid the blade's glint.

The attack struck the ground, leaving a one-meter-wide and several-meter-long trench on the grassland.

A cultivator with a buzz cut and wielding a sword with both hands landed in front of Jonathan.

Propping herself up with her blade, the cultivator slowly looked up, revealing her delicate facial features. Unbelievably, the newcomer was a woman.

Jonathan regarded the female cultivator with a cold and wary gaze while she casually waved her arms.

“Jonathan Goldstein? You look different from your wanted poster,” she chirped, resting the long sword on her shoulder.

He sized her up. She was approximately one point seven meters tall, and although she wore a camouflage combat uniform, her outfit failed to conceal her voluptuous figure.

Shifting his eyes upward to her countenance, he noticed her exquisite facial features. She had a delicately arched nose, cherry lips, and slender brows. Despite her unconventional buzz cut, Jonathan thought she could’ve debuted as a celebrity on the spot.

The only setback was the expression in her large eyes. The intense murderous intent that filled her eyes overshadowed the charming smile on her face.

As gorgeous as she might be, no one would focus on the appearance of a girl like her.

Jonathan unleashed his spiritual sense to envelop her entirely.

She showed no signs of putting her guard up, allowing him to probe into her freely.

Her hands bore the calluses of a diligent cultivator, and her tense legs belied her seemingly lax stance, as she was, in fact, ready to strike at a moment’s notice.

Jonathan realized she was actually someone ruthless!

The female cultivator glanced down at her chest. “Jonathan, you’ve been using your spiritual sense to examine my body. Are you checking my

capabilities or my figure? Do you want me to take off my clothes so you can get a better look?"

Her lighthearted and teasing words prompted him to be slightly taken aback. Then, he asked with a smile, "Are you the person in charge of this army? I never thought it would be a woman."

"What's wrong with being a woman?" she retorted, flipping her long sword. "Our only duty is to kill, so why does our gender matter?"

Jonathan slowly backed away while shifting Heaven Sword to his front. "Is that so? Why do I have a feeling you can't kill me?"

"I think I can!" The woman smirked. She gripped the handle of her sword with both hands and crouched down. "Asura! Interesting!"

A cold glint flashed as she swung her razor-sharp weapon, a sword longer than an average person's height, at Jonathan.

"Go!" With a flick of his finger, Jonathan sent Heaven Sword charging toward the woman's face.

Clang!

The woman deflected Heaven Sword with her blade, but as the sword spun away, Jonathan slightly curved the corner of his mouth upward.

With a gentle stomp, a wall of earth rose before him like a barrier.

The woman waved the long sword in her hand, shattering the earth wall.

However, behind the wall, a massive chessboard expanded, buffeted by the wind.

"Divine Chessboard!"

Jonathan made some hand seals, willing the chessboard to slam downward, trapping the female cultivator.

He knew he was in no condition to confront her head-on. Even a single exchange of blows would be too much for him to handle.

Sensing the binding power of the Divine Chessboard, the woman shouted to the cultivators behind her, “Restrain him!”

Unfortunately, her command was a split second too late.

Heaven Sword had already pierced through the body of a cultivator—the one who was proficient in Wooden Escape techniques.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 966

The Legendary Man Chapter 966-Jonathan’s target had never been the female cultivator.

Sending Heaven Sword toward her was for the sake of making her let her guard down.

To Grandmaster Realm cultivators, attacking them with Heaven Sword imbued with the power of Pryncyp was a highly aggressive move.

If Jonathan could buy a few seconds’ time, he would be able to kill the Grandmaster Realm cultivator.

That meant that the cultivator who possessed the ability to manipulate plants was Jonathan’s primary target all along.

Jonathan dreaded encountering cultivators who could manipulate plants in a grassland like this, as it would significantly impede his Earthly Escape technique.

If a cultivator proficient in Wooden Escape used their spell while he was underground, the roots of the surrounding grass would quickly ensnare and crush him.

The cultivator had been standing too far away earlier, so even if Jonathan wanted to kill him, he could not.

However, the moment the female cultivator came out, the Remdikian cultivators visibly relaxed. They all came forward to help treat the three previously injured cultivators.

That was when the cultivator proficient in Wooden Escape stepped into Jonathan’s range of attack.

The very second Heaven Sword pierced his heart, the grass on the ground wilted and returned to its yellowing state.

As soon as Jonathan sensed the constraint beneath his feet disappear, he ceased hesitating and swiftly burrowed underground.

In seconds, he had completely disappeared under the ground.

Meanwhile, the God Realm female cultivator was still trapped underneath Divine Chessboard.

Her spiritual sense was far greater than the other Grandmaster Realm cultivators, so she could sense Jonathan's true intention when the others could not.

In other words, she realized Jonathan was trying to destroy the missile vehicles.

"Protect the missile vehicles!" the female cultivator shouted. "Why are you still standing around? Launch the missiles!"

The shouts of the female cultivator snapped the Grandmaster Realm cultivators back to their senses. Instantly, all of them started channeling their spiritual energy to rush toward the missile vehicles in a frenzied manner.

However, without the support of the God Realm cultivator and cultivator proficient in Wooden Escape, the Grandmaster Realm cultivators were no match for Jonathan.

Before they could even land, the ground near the missile vehicles began to shake violently.

Then, the ground around the first missile vehicle started sinking.

Crack! Crack!

The loss of balance made the hydraulics of the missile vehicle crack.

"Stop him now!" the female cultivator bellowed.

Yet, right as those words were out of her mouth, the ground around the missile vehicle sank. It was as if the ground had opened up and swallowed the vehicle whole.

The land was shaking, and the vehicle was sinking. The Remdikian cultivators had no idea how they were going to salvage the situation.

Despite being Grandmaster Realm cultivators, they were still only human, and the missile vehicle they were attempting to save was several dozen meters long. They would die from exhaustion before they could pull it back up.

Thus, the over twenty Grandmaster Realm cultivators could only watch as the ground swallowed up the missile vehicle.

While they were still reeling in from the shock, the second missile vehicle was already starting to shake and sink into the ground.

“Hold on to the missile vehicle!”

No one knew who shouted that, but dozens of Grandmaster Realm cultivators quickly transformed their spiritual energy into ropes to tie around the missile vehicle, hoping to hold it still.

Alas, Jonathan would never let them get their way.

Almost simultaneously, Jonathan’s spiritual energy intensified.

Two... Three... Then, four...

The ground beneath eight missile vehicles trembled.

“Are you idiots?”

The female cultivator screamed out when she realized that the Grandmaster Realm cultivators were trying to prevent the loss of missile vehicles with their power.

“Why aren’t you firing the missiles? The orders from Saspiuburg were given half an hour ago! You should’ve launched the missiles by now! Have you been bribed by our enemy? Is that why you’re stalling for them?”

The female cultivator seethed with anger and longed for the ability to launch the missiles herself.

Right then, an anxious voice came out of the speaker of her communication device.

“Ma’am, it’s not that we don’t want to launch the missiles, but that we can’t lock onto the targets. The headquarters gave us three targets that should have been in close proximity, but now they are all separated. We don’t know which target we should be launching the missiles at.”

Upon hearing the explanation, the female cultivator paled.

“They’re not together? But they shouldn’t be apart. Could it be...” the female cultivator trailed off momentarily.

Then, when a thought popped into her head, she shouted, “Launch them! Split the remaining missile vehicles into groups and launch the missiles at the three separate targets! They might already be dead!”

The voice on the other end of the line became audibly stunned and hesitant.

“Ma’am, we’re only temporarily assigned under you. Weapons like short-range missiles aren’t in your jurisdiction...”

“I will bear the responsibility for everything,” the female cultivator uttered. “If I don’t see any missiles firing in thirty seconds, I’m going to kill every one of the people in charge of this missile-firing task no matter how this battle ends.”

“Of course. I understand! We’ll launch the missiles right away!”

No longer hesitating, the person on the other end of the line made the order to launch the missiles.

With a roar, the female cultivator swung her sword downward at the barrier of the chessboard.

The barrier shattered with a crystalline sound, and the female cultivator fell onto the ground.

Jonathan was using most of his spiritual energy for Earthly Escape, so that was how the female cultivator could get out of the chessboard’s restraints.

Right then, deafening sounds of missile firing echoed in the air.

The remaining missile vehicles had launched the missiles.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The gigantic missiles launched into the air.

The afterimage of something rushed after the missiles in the air, but alas, it could do nothing about it.

The missiles were too swift and too high.

They were strategic weapons, after all.

Heaven Sword flew back down, but as it was too far from Jonathan, it lost contact with Jonathan and plummeted instead.

The ground rumbled, and Jonathan half-popped out of the ground, panting.

“Sirius, eleven short-range missiles have been launched! Move away from the Remdikians! Run! Quick, run!”

Due to the massive depletion of spiritual energy, Jonathan could only scream weakly like a dying man.

At that moment, a slash of sword energy was already closing in on him.

Just then, the bronze handbell appeared. When the sword energy slashed the bronze handbell’s shield, Jonathan was shoved out from the ground.

Like a carrot forcibly pulled out from the ground, Jonathan flew backward.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 967

The Legendary Man Chapter 967-Flying dozens of meters later, he crashed onto the ground.

Yet, before Jonathan could clamber to his feet, a pair of boots appeared before him.

The long sword swung at Jonathan’s neck.

As the bell chimed, the golden light flickered.

The bronze handbell’s golden shield around Jonathan was pounded into the ground.

Blood was gushing out from Jonathan’s mouth.

The only thing Jonathan could do was to continue to unleash his spiritual energy with difficulty.

The female cultivator icily looked at Jonathan before raising her foot to step on Jonathan's golden shield.

"How dare you destroy nine of our missile vehicles? Don't you know that I have to bear the responsibility for their destruction?"

Thump!

Her sword struck Jonathan's shield once more, causing it to flicker.

"And you call yourself Asura. You're more like a loser."

Thump!

When the sword landed again, Jonathan's spiritual energy transmission was cut off.

The bronze handbell above his head kept shaking, and Jonathan tried to grab it, but just as he lifted his arm, the female cultivator raised her sword again.

"Break!"

With the furious bellow, the female cultivator shattered the golden shield.

Jonathan's lips parted, but no sound came out of his mouth.

His aura shuddered. It was as if he was a flame of a candle in the storm, flickering and threatening to go out.

After stepping on Jonathan's face, the female cultivator slowly brought her sword closer to Jonathan's chest.

"If I kill you, I'm sure I'll be forgiven for the destruction of those nine missile vehicles," the female cultivator said with a sneer before bringing down her sword.

However, the expected sensation of the blade meeting flesh never came.

When she glanced downward at her feet, she was taken aback. Jonathan was no longer anywhere to be found!

Instead, she was now stepping on a huge coffin.

It seemed like the coffin was ancient, for parts of the coffin were already cracking. Despite that, a faint hint of life force was strangely coming from the coffin.

“Jonathan Goldstein!”

Although the female cultivator did not know where the coffin came from, she knew it had something to do with Jonathan.

Hesitating no longer, the female cultivator leaped and swung her sword at the coffin.

She exerted all her power in that attack, but right as the blade swung downward, she retreated as if she had seen a ghost.

At the same time, the Grandmaster Realm cultivators quickly gathered by her side.

“Ma’am, what is that?”

While not masters in the technique, Grandmaster Realm cultivators possessed the ability to scan their surroundings with their spiritual sense, allowing them to perceive the shifts and movements of battle.

No one dared to approach the coffin that had appeared out of nowhere.

After all, they had all witnessed the way Jonathan fought earlier, including the moves he used—the Earthly Escape to create quicksand pits, the restraints with the chessboard, and the flying sword with the power of Pryncyp.

No ordinary people could guess his moves, and no one could tell what the sudden appearance of the coffin meant.

Meanwhile, the bewilderment in the female cultivator’s eyes had turned into terror.

She had used all of her strength in the earlier attack.

Yet, it felt as if she had struck a cloud when her sword came into contact with the coffin—the second her blade touched the coffin, the power and spiritual energy of the blade were absorbed completely.

It was something impossible.

The female cultivator tightened her grip on her sword as beads of sweat rolled off the tip of her nose.

For a cultivator like her to reach God Realm, she must have witnessed and overcome numerous challenges, and even those in Divine Realm must have encountered diverse situations throughout their cultivation journeys.

There were quite a number of cultivators who could resist her attack, but none could instantly absorb all of the strength behind the attack, especially not a Divine Realm cultivator.

The female cultivator could only stare at the huge coffin in silence. Even though she knew that Jonathan was on the verge of death, she still did not dare to move any closer to it.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was lying on the rippling white ground in a blank space, waiting for death.

Then, a monk in white robes walked over to him, barefooted.

In his trance, Jonathan could vaguely sense a life force beside him.

He instinctively but weakly opened his eyes to look at the monk.

“Jonathan, we finally meet,” the monk said with a soft chuckle.

Jonathan could not find the right words to describe the monk’s voice. It sounded thunderous, but it also sounded like the chirps of birds. It sounded like dewdrops dripping into water, but it also sounded like the wind caressing the leaves.

The monk only spoke a few words, but Jonathan felt as if he had just heard the most pleasant sounds in the world. Somehow, it felt like he had gained another level of understanding of Pryncyp.

“Jonathan, you have been enlightened with the Pryncyp of Slaughter, but you do not crave bloodshed. Interesting. Have you thought about this? Your killing is an act to stop wars.”

Jonathan stared at the monk in a daze. He tried straining his eyes to get a better look at the monk, but it only served to make his vision blurrier.

Despite that, a voice in Jonathan's head was telling him that the man before him could save him.

Summoning all the strength he had left, Jonathan shakily raised his right hand to grab the monk's ankle.

"Save... Save me..."

Jonathan's voice was as quiet as the flutter of a bug's wings.

Life and death were trivial matters to Jonathan after three years of fighting on the battlefield. In fact, the grim reaper became his partner in the journey of his life when he started cultivating, an act that defied nature.

Yet, he was pleading for the monk to save him.

Jonathan simply could not die right there and then.

Charleigh was missing, and Remdik was ready to attack.

A war might break out in Doveston, and Josephine and the baby in her were still in the Osborne residence.

There were so many things Jonathan wanted to do.

The monk smiled and lowered his head to glance at his ankle.

Gazing at Jonathan's weak grip, he sighed.

"Jonathan, I've saved you many times, but what happened after that? You used my life force to save someone else. Do you think it's endless?"

Jonathan was doing everything he could to grab the monk, but he could not muster any strength anymore.

"Save me..." Jonathan repeated, but the monk continued to look at him in a tranquil manner.

"Yes, but you need to tell me who am I really saving—the indecisive Asura of Chanaea, or the Asura who crawled out of hell and is stopping wars with wars and deaths with deaths."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 968

The Legendary Man Chapter 968-“Save... me...” Jonathan again implored the monk with much difficulty.

Slowly bending at the waist, the monk unhurriedly stretched out his right hand and lightly tapped Jonathan between the eyes.

Buzz!

With a soft whirr, Jonathan felt as though he was tumbling rapidly into an infinite abyss.

“No!” he roared.

In the next instant, he was stunned for a moment, for he was already seated on a bamboo chair at some point.

Across from him sat the monk in white robes with hands locked in a hand seal.

“You’re awake, Mr. Goldstein,” the monk remarked placidly.

Jonathan shot to his feet. In the blink of an eye, he retreated dozens of meters.

He gaped at his hands in astonishment as they were then whole and intact, not a scratch remaining.

“I’ve actually healed?” he exclaimed, scrutinizing his hands in elation.

Carefully sensing the spiritual energy within him, he felt like he seemingly possessed never-ending strength.

It was none other than the sensation of life force.

“Is that so?”

Behind him, the monk’s voice rang out once more.

Whirling around, Jonathan backed away again, beyond wary of the monk in front of him.

However, no sooner had he come to a stop than he realized that he was still standing before the monk.

Meanwhile, the monk remained sitting across from him with hands locked in a hand seal in meditation.

He glanced back over his shoulder, only to see the bamboo chair swaying slightly.

It was as though he had not budged an inch.

“This place is my Mystic Dimension, Mr. Goldstein. There’s no rule or law, nor status or identity. You’ve got no other place to go other than this. Please have a seat.”

Mystic Dimension?

Jonathan eyed the monk in front of him warily.

There was a detailed explanation of the Divine Realm in the main writings of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Mystic Dimension was an ultimate technique that could only be comprehended by cultivators of the Divine Realm and above.

Generally, it could be understood as a unique realm formed entirely by spiritual sense.

That aside, it could also be considered a fantasy world.

The only difference was that it was not a wholly fictitious world from the imagination of mentally-ill patients. Instead, it was a spiritual world for cultivators to live spiritually, cultivate, and develop comprehension.

In there, cultivators could use Mystic Dimension to comprehend the laws of the world and gain enlightenment.

Besides that, they could pull other cultivators’ spiritual senses in and seal them within the dimension until their physical bodies died without them knowing it.

Since ancient times, there had been cultivators who often claimed to have experienced hundreds and thousands of eons. In truth, they were referring to the Mystic Dimension.

Otherwise, hundreds of thousands of eons in the real world would have far exceeded the existence of the universe at the beginning of time.

Despite its mention in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, no corresponding cultivation method was recorded.

Verily, the requirements for the cultivation of Mystic Dimension were too challenging.

Among the many prerequisites, attaining the advanced phase of the Divine Realm was the easiest to fulfill.

However, that alone disqualified most cultivators.

Therefore, all who could cultivate it were legendary figures. Even if they had died for millions of years, they were still very much respected whenever their names were brought up.

Right then, sitting cross-legged across from Jonathan was such a cultivator.

That was truly something terrifying.

Pinning his eyes on the monk, Jonathan inhaled deeply. Then, he slowly sat down on the bamboo chair.

“If so, we’re both illusory right now. Is that it?”

“Yes and no.”

While saying that smilingly, the monk waved his hand lightly, upon which a tender sprout burgeoned steadily from the ground right before their eyes.

As the tender sprout grew, the ivory-white ground beneath Jonathan’s feet started changing colors endlessly.

Like dominoes, grasslands, mountains, skies, and many more manifested one after another around both men.

Shock brimmed in Jonathan’s eyes at the sight of everything around him.

In the past, he had once entered the illusionary realm in Heaven Sword.

Although everything was as equally real, there was no sensation of life force in that illusionary realm.

At that moment, however, there were various bugs and animals roaming around him.

With his spiritual sense unleashed, the flowers, plants, soil, and mountains all felt exceedingly real.

In fact, he would even have no qualms believing the monk if the latter were to say that they were in the real world.

Extending a hand, the monk waited for a butterfly to land on his palm in mid-air.

“Mr. Goldstein, a flower is a flower, and that’s the outward form we see. Considering your eyesight, all you see is just an object’s appearance. While your spiritual energy and spiritual sense can accurately discern the inside of an object, all your eyes perceive are, in actual fact, the elements that make up the object. But is everything we see truly real?”

As the monk spoke, he opened his clasped hands. Unexpectedly, the butterfly trapped in his palms had disappeared, replaced by a hummingbird.

Jonathan watched wide-eyed as the hummingbird flapped its wings and flew to a newly-bloomed flower.

In the next heartbeat, the flower turned into a cavernous mouth and swallowed the hummingbird.

The monk stretched out a hand and again waved lightly. The fresh flowers on the ground instantly withered, and everything around them faded away until all that was left was a vast expanse of white.

“This is Mystic Dimension, Mr. Goldstein. Everything here is absolutely real yet also entirely illusory. If you die here, your death will be bogus yet real.”

Despite Jonathan’s total oblivion to the monk’s meaning, he knew he was already at the latter’s mercy.

Surprisingly, that had him relaxing his guard further.

I'm not his match anyway. What's the point of resisting?

Letting out a long breath, he leaned back against the bamboo chair and fixed his eyes on the monk.

"Sir, you're Seboxia, aren't you?"

In the face of the monk, he gave voice to the conjecture he had been harboring all along.

Hearing that, the monk across from him was not the least bit surprised, merely nodding with a smile.

"Yes."

Although Jonathan had long since surmised it, he still found it somewhat unreal when Seboxia really admitted to it.

After all, the man was a cultivator who shook the world a thousand and six hundred years ago. Such a way of meeting with him was a mystery that could not be explained in just a few words.

He turned the matter over in his mind for some time with his eyes trained on Seboxia before asking, "Why me? After a thousand and six hundred years, there are many cultivators in Seboxiasm. Many are even of the Divine Realm, like Kenado. Why did you choose me, of all people? Don't tell me it was because you wanted me to absorb life force after killing others. If that's really the case, there are far too many among your believers who are more suitable than me."

His gaze on Seboxia was as intent as ever.

Looking at Jonathan smilingly, Seboxia parted his lips a fraction.

"Because of slaughter!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 969

The Legendary Man Chapter 969-Following the word "slaughter," a chilling surge of murderous intent that was seemingly concrete rushed at Jonathan.

The killing power within Jonathan appeared to have been provoked right then, for it spiraled out of his control and condensed automatically.

Crack!

With that crisp sound, the bamboo chair beneath his bottom shattered and turned into ashes.

Across from him, rays of white light swirled around Seboxia ceaselessly to protect the monk within their circle.

“Do you know, Mr. Goldstein, that Pryncyp of Slaughter was also known as Pryncyp of Death in ancient times? It was one of the supreme Pryncyps that ranked equal with the Pryncyps of Life, Light, and Darkness!”

Seboxia then waved a hand, upon which the vast expanse of whiteness turned into a chaotic scene.

Next to Jonathan, a great ape that resembled a massive mountain charged forward. When its foot landed on the ground, a mountain collapsed.

Letting out a roar, it dug its claws onto a cliff that seemingly went right up to the skies and began climbing frantically.

Subsequently, Seboxia stretched out a hand once more. The scenery beneath Jonathan’s feet abruptly changed, and they both ended up standing on Heaven Sword out of thin air.

Jonathan stared down in surprise. By then, the great ape was already at the top of the mountain. Amidst the clouds far away were a human, a huge dragon, and a humongous tree standing against the wind.

Throwing its head back, the great ape released a long howl before lunging forward.

Under its feet, sheets of light formed by thousands of indescribable characters manifested one after another, enabling it to forge ahead by walking on air.

The other three figures amidst the clouds likewise moved forward. In a trice, the four divine beings plunged into battle.

Jonathan could sense the surge of energies around him. Despite the immense distance between them, he could not help feeling intimidated.

With a light tap of Seboxia's finger, everything froze in place.

At the same time, he and Jonathan suddenly appeared at the site of the battle of the four divine beings.

“The scene you now see is the battle between four cultivators who mastered the supreme Pryncyps in ancient times. That battle shook the entire universe and caused destruction to all four corners of the world, destroying all spiritual roots everywhere. Ever since then, the world of cultivation on earth went downhill and never recovered.”

While speaking, he whizzed past the four divine beings with Jonathan.

Jonathan took in everything before him in shock, from the ancient tree reaching to the skies to the giant ape resembling a massive mountain and the green dragon with a scale armor reflecting green light.

When his gaze swept across the human, his eyes promptly constricted, for the human had an eye on his forehead.

“All of them... were cultivators who once existed on earth?”

Witnessing such a scene, he could not truly accept it though he had long since committed Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique to memory and knew that there were once beasts that cultivated.

He himself was human, so he naturally regarded the many divine beings as humans when he spoke of them.

From the look of things at present, it would seem that none of the four divine beings who comprehended the supreme Pryncyps in ancient times were human.

Seboxia turned to Jonathan with a smile.

“Seboxiasm advocates equality of all living beings. Did you think that I simply created that rule? It was because I happened to see the world as it was in the past. In ancient times, all beings could gain enlightenment. A tiny blade of grass or even a small butterfly could move mountains. Anything in the world can attain great freedom and liberation so long as it's enlightened. Alas, all spiritual foundation was ruined after the collapse of the four corners of the world, destroying the path of all creation to immortality. I think you must have

also gathered that I comprehended the Prynccyp of Life. The reason I chose you is to rebuild the four corners of the world and reconnect the broken path to immortality.”

Jonathan stared at the monk. For some inexplicable reason, interminable pride suffused him.

Sensing something amiss, he quickly activated his spiritual energy and suppressed the restlessness within him.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying, Seboxia. I’m merely an insignificant cultivator who hasn’t attained Divine Realm yet. Even if you’re telling me the truth, I don’t think I have such capability.”

“Naturally, it won’t be you alone.”

With a frown marring his countenance, Seboxia turned and eyed the towering ancient tree beside him.

He continued, “If one wants to continue on the path to immortality, he needs the energy of all creation in the world. A thousand and six hundred years ago, I once attempted to create a religion to unify the world. In my opinion, only the power of the people’s faith can transcend dynasties and unite everyone all across the globe. Unfortunately, I was wrong. I was the one who founded Seboxiasm. It originated from West Region and has now spread to every corner of the world. But as time passes and its area of influence expands, the teachings of Seboxiasm grow increasingly weaker. In fact, it had become a means and excuse of making money in many places.”

Throughout it all, Jonathan merely listened silently.

Right then, he finally understood why a cultivator like Seboxia created a religion.

After all, the higher one’s cultivation level, the more attention he paid to the law of cause and effect, his thinking crystal clear.

For that reason, cultivators generally try to avoid having overly much contact with the mortal world. That was also why various divine beings preferred to live in seclusion.

“So, why did you decide on me?”

Frowning, Jonathan looked at Seboxia.

“Because you’re the person who bears the burden of killing. Since faith can’t unite everyone in the world, combat has to be used to end the war and forcefully unite all beings,” Seboxia replied mildly.

At that, Jonathan glowered at the monk coldly.

“You mean, you want me to unite everyone in this world by killing?”

“Not to that extent. You only need to sort out Aploth and Epea. Light and Darkness will handle the rest,” Seboxia answered evenly.

“Light and Darkness?” Jonathan asked, regarding the monk in puzzlement.

Seboxia dipped his head a fraction. “I’m not the only person who wants to restore the path to immortality. Back then, all three of us shared the same vision. In total, we created three religions. I established Seboxiasm, Light founded Halontism, and Darkness started Shatonism.”

Upon hearing that, Jonathan felt as though his mind had overloaded.

Religions’ permeability was incredibly strong. There are countless religions in the world, but the three most renowned ones were none other than Seboxiasm, Halontism, and Shatonism.

Unbeknownst to the world, the establishment of those three religions was actually a plan concocted more than a thousand years ago.

Since Seboxia is still alive right now, the other two who comprehended the Pryncyps of Darkness and Light might also be among the living!

Following that thought, a chill ran down Jonathan’s spine.

“Sir Seboxia, The Three Teachings have billions of believers. Is even that not enough?”

Hearing that, Seboxia burst out laughing.

“Faith is nothing but spiritual sustenance. It’s of no help in the real world. No matter the depth of one’s belief in Seboxiasm, no one will feed him if he doesn’t go out and make money. In the same manner, faith can only gather

the people. It offers no direct help in restoring the path to immortality. Your Pryncyp of Slaughter, however, does!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 970

The Legendary Man Chapter 970-Jonathan felt as if his mind had exploded after he listened to what Seboxia said.

Seboxia’s explanation of The Three Teachings destroyed Jonathan’s worldview and made him think of many irrelevant things.

Halontism and Shatonism represented Light and Darkness, their creators.

As the followers of Shatonism were ruthless, they were regarded as the reincarnations of evil ever since centuries ago.

Under the opposition of many people, the followers of Shatonism slowly died out, and the teaching soon disappeared from history.

However, from Seboxia’s words, it seemed that the teachings of Shatonism did not disappear. In fact, it seemed to have been secretly passed down.

Jonathan might not be religious, but he had heard of several turning points in the history of the religions in Adrune.

Shatonism was very popular and could compete with Halontism during a certain period.

Their main teaching was to enjoy things while they lasted. However, it was considered unscrupulous teaching, and many were averse to it.

It was not until two hundred years ago that the Adrunites’ hatred toward Shatonism made them voice their opposition.

It was also at that time that Halontism, a religion that promoted love and peace, launched a crusade against Shatonism.

History called it the Holy War.

The worldwide crusade lasted for ten years and ended with Halontism winning.

From then on, Shatonism had been wiped out of history.

As for Halontism, which had started the Holy War, the religion was adored and supported by the nation and soon took over all of Adrune.

Even in the current era dominated by technology, each leader who took office in mega-powerful countries in Adrune, such as Anglandur, was still required to swear an oath according to the teachings of Halontism.

Before today, Jonathan had always thought the Holy War was a fight for justice.

However, it turned out that the war was nothing but a plan designed by the controllers of the Pryncyp of Light and Pryncyp of Darkness.

During the Holy War, they used Halontism and pretended to launch a crusade against Shatonism to hide the true teachings of Shatonism.

In other words, ever since Shatonism was created, the plan had been set.

The goal was to make Halontism eradicate Shatonism to restore the power of the world to Halontism, perfectly brainwashing the whole world.

It did not matter which possible situation was the truth. Jonathan could not be more surprised. The tactics of these sly foxes are terrifying.

As the founder of Asura's Office, Jonathan had to consider the country's affairs from the perspective of the entire Chanaea.

He could even create a plan for the strategic arrangements of Asura's Office that would last several years.

However, people like Seboxia could sacrifice nearly two thousand years and billions of people for such a plan.

These kinds of people... No. Perhaps they aren't human, but instead, they're the real monsters.

Jonathan felt his throat run dry as he stared at Seboxia.

He gulped several times before saying, "Sir Seboxia, there's something I want to know. Are Light and Darkness still alive?"

“With me, they won’t die,” Seboxia replied with a grin. “If you join us, you can also escape from the bitterness of reincarnation. You will receive great freedom and transcendence if you continue to walk on the path of immortality.”

Jonathan’s eyes darkened.

“I still don’t understand. Since you guys made a plan, you guys should’ve gained complete control over the beliefs of the people in Adrune. Seboxiasm uses the West Region as its center and spreads its teachings to the whole of Aploth. I’m sure you have billions of loyal followers. Is there anything else that you can’t do? Waging another Holy War shouldn’t be a problem for you guys.”

Seboxia shook his head.

“Aploth is different from Adrune. Chanaea respects Crofism and has Darolism as a religious backbone. It emphasizes the unity of man and nature and the teachings are based on the course of nature. On the other hand, Remdik has no beliefs whatsoever. They only believe in war and the weapons in their hands. These two biggest countries in Aploth exist outside of the teachings. You can only resort to war if you want to take these countries for yourself. That is your fate, Pryncyp of Slaughter.”

Jonathan finally understood what Seboxia meant.

A grin appeared on his lips as he said, “Sir Seboxia, if that’s so, then I’m afraid I’ll be nothing but a disappointment to you. Although I’ve comprehended the Pryncyp of Slaughter, I don’t enjoy killing others. Naturally, I won’t stand by and do anything as the Remdikians find a way to enter Doveston. However, no matter the result of the war, I will not bring my people to launch a crusade against Remdik...”

Here, Jonathan sighed. “Well... It’s not only Remdik. I don’t have any desire for the power of Chanaea either. If you want someone to represent religion to conquer Aploth, I’m afraid I’m not the person you’re looking for. When the situation in Chanaea stabilizes, I will let go of all my burdens, retire to the countryside, and never get involved with any fight for power.”

As he said that, he carefully looked at Seboxia, who was sitting opposite him.

He's a monster that has been alive for almost two thousand years... I've totally disobeyed his intentions, and I'm still in Seboxia's Mystic Dimension right now. What if he traps me in this dimension because he's unhappy?

However, Seboxia was a monster who had created a religion after all. Upon listening to Jonathan's words, he clasped his hands together and smiled instead of getting angry.

"Mr. Goldstein, do you wish to look for the Great Pryncyp?"

Upon hearing the words "Great Pryncyp," Jonathan felt his heart drop.

Since he accidentally walked on the road to cultivation, he had always been looking for the so-called Great Pryncyp.

For Jonathan to reach God Realm, it was proven that he had a determined Cor.

However, he could not understand why Seboxia would suddenly mention the Great Pryncyp.

Seboxia did not wait for Jonathan's answer. He had already guessed Jonathan's answer based on his response.

"Mr. Goldstein, if you want to grasp the Great Pryncyp, you must awaken your urge to kill. Go now. I'll look forward to the next time we meet!"

Seboxia held out his hand and lightly touched Jonathan's forehead.

Jonathan felt himself lose balance once more as Seboxia backed away rapidly.

In the next moment, a bright blue sky appeared before Jonathan's eyes.

He trembled as he felt the cold spread through his body. He slowly got up and noticed that he had returned to the meadow of Merania.