

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 981

The Legendary Man Chapter 981-Jonathan looked at Charleigh on the ground, and the latter also gazed at him.

Although he wasn't a doctor, Charleigh had studied cultivators thoroughly for many years.

Just by taking in Jonathan's demeanor, Charleigh could sense something was wrong.

"Jonathan, has your Cor been shattered?"

Charleigh's question caused Jason, who stood nearby, to shudder slightly.

"Mr. Goldstein!"

Jason bent over and half-squatted in front of Jonathan before lifting his head to scrutinize him.

Seeing Jonathan's bloodshot eyes, Jason slumped to the ground on his bottom.

He leaned against the bedside and appeared as if his soul had left his body.

"The symptoms are just like the descriptions in the books. Mr. Goldstein, your Cor is really broken... What about Asura's Office, then?"

Jonathan sat up straight and took a deep breath.

"Jason, I don't know if my broken Cor was the result of someone's scheme or my own lack of determination, but I am certain that Asura's Office will still be Asura's Office even without me."

He reached out to place a hand on Charleigh's head as he spoke.

A surge of life force flowed into Charleigh's body. Following a gentle beckon with his left hand, Heaven Sword, on the bed, shook slightly.

Ever since Jonathan acquired Heaven Sword, it had always been as responsive as his own limbs, and he had never encountered any impediment when using it.

However, at that moment, when he tried to control the sword with his spiritual energy, a strange fluctuation emanated from the sword, severing the spiritual energy that was going to bind it.

Jonathan realized the trembling of the sword earlier wasn't a response to his summon but resistance.

He let out a wry chuckle. "Even you don't acknowledge me anymore?"

With a flip of his hand, Jonathan summoned a dagger from his storage ring. He controlled the dagger with his will, and it immediately flew up to cut off Charleigh's limbs.

Life force poured out of Jonathan's arm as Charleigh's blood spurted everywhere.

The reason Ksana had dared to slice off Charleigh's limbs back then was that she had had the utmost confidence in Jonathan's abilities.

Charleigh wouldn't die as long as she kept his life hanging by a thread.

As expected, showered by Jonathan's pure life force, Charleigh, who was suffering from massive blood loss, not only survived but even regained more and more vigor.

New flesh and bones began to grow where Charleigh's limbs had been severed.

Sensing parts of his body growing rapidly like a plant, Charleigh looked at Jonathan in astonishment.

His arms and ears had been wholly restored in just about ten minutes.

Sitting on the floor and feeling the sensation in his limbs, Charleigh, body quivering, riveted his eyes on Jonathan.

"Jonathan, what is the price you pay to activate this ability of yours? Is there any chance for me to study it?"

"This is a form of energy gathered using Pryncyp of Life. I obtained this ability by chance," Jonathan replied nonchalantly. "Only people who have comprehended the Pryncyp of Life can produce this energy. Others can't create it out of thin air."

“Pryncyp again,” Charleigh muttered gloomily.

Pryncyp was the fundamental principle of everything in the world. It can be comprehended but not cultivated, encountered but not sought.

It was a metaphysical concept completely separated from modern medicine, and its working mechanism was impossible to observe using scientific instruments.

Even if there were such instruments, who would dare to capture a Divine Realm cultivator for the purpose of carrying out research?

Doing that would be no different from courting death for no reason.

Jonathan looked at the two dispirited people on either side of him and stretched out his hand to pick up Heaven Sword.

“I didn’t restore your elixir field, Charleigh. Given your aptitude, if your elixir field were healed and your cultivation recovered, that might pose some danger to Asura’s Office. Not to forget, when I returned, Dorian informed me Ksana was injured too. I can use my remaining life energy to treat her.”

With that, he walked toward the exit. Seeing that, Charleigh hurriedly jogged after him.

“Don’t do that, Jonathan. I swear I will never harm Asura’s Office. Please help cure my elixir field. I feel so insecure like this.”

In the intensive care unit, Ksana’s body was connected to numerous tubes and monitoring equipment.

A tinge of guilt rose within Jonathan when he entered the room and saw Ksana, who was nearly naked.

He had forced her to sign the master and servant contract, then painted a rosy picture for her before asking her to lead Charleigh southward.

Although Jonathan didn’t know what they had experienced, he figured they must have endured plenty of hardships for her to end up in that sorry state.

“Jason, remove Ksana’s extracorporeal circulation machine. That device inserted into her artery will only hinder my ability to heal her.”

The purpose of the extracorporeal circulation machine was to replace the functions of the heart in pumping blood and the lungs in increasing blood oxygen content. However, Jason had nothing to worry about now that Jonathan was there.

Receiving the instruction, Jason forcefully yanked off the machine without hesitation.

The next second, a stream of bright red blood sprayed into the air. Jonathan turned to look at Jason in bewilderment, only to see the latter grinning at him.

“It doesn’t make any difference since you can heal her anyway.”

Watching the rapidly declining numbers on the vital sign monitor, Jonathan stretched out his right hand to grasp Ksana’s ankle.

The fluctuations of life force reappeared, and he didn’t hold back this time. He poured all the remaining life force in him into Ksana’s body.

In just a few moments, Ksana’s injuries improved dramatically. Shortly after, she let out a soft moan and slowly opened her eyes.

Seeing Jonathan, she greeted him hesitantly in a daze, “Mm... Master...”

However, when she noticed Charleigh, who was standing beside Jonathan, her expression changed drastically. She leaped off the bed, summoned her broken blade, and swung it at Charleigh.

“Ksana!” Jonathan stretched out his right hand, creating a solid barrier with his spiritual energy. “Charleigh is no longer a threat. We’re in Chanaea now.”

“Chanaea?” She scanned her surroundings in a state of stupefaction. “Are we safe now?”

“We are,” Jonathan said with a smile. “Do you mind putting on some clothes first?”

Ksana looked down at her body.

Due to the previous injuries on her chest, Jason had performed surgery on her and connected many tubes to her torso, so she couldn’t wear any clothes on her upper body.

She was only wearing tight underpants at that moment.

Nonetheless, Ksana didn't seem to mind. She tossed her broken blade on the bed, retrieved a large-sized sweater with a flip of her hand, and put on the garment. Then, she tore off the isolation curtain and walked up to the mansion window.

Eyes trained on the green plants outside, she slowly pushed the window open.

"You're right. This is not Remdik." Her voice quavered when she uttered those words. Isn't this greenery what I've yearned to see with my own eyes? She turned around to look at Jonathan. "Master, is there an ocean here?"

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The Legendary Man Chapter 982-Ocean?

Jonathan was slightly taken aback by the question.

Tayhaven was actually located in the central region of Chanaea.

While it was close to the rivers and streams, one would have to go south to see the sea.

"We have streams here," Jonathan said with a smile.

"Streams?" Ksana searched hard for the Chanaean words she had learned in her mind.

In Remdikian and many other languages, rivers, streams, and the like were not distinguished so clearly and were collectively referred to as "rivers."

It took Ksana more than ten seconds to recall the meaning of "streams," and then she looked at Jonathan with eager eyes.

"Master, I would like to go and take a look. May I?"

"Of course." Jonathan nodded. "But before that, you have one thing to do."

"What is it? I promise to complete it." Ksana straightened up herself respectfully, thinking that Jonathan was going to assign her a new task.

Jonathan did not speak but made a hand gesture. His face turned slightly red as he sprayed a mouthful of blood.

The mist of blood floated in the air, but before it could go too far, it was attracted by something and quickly gravitated back toward the center, gathering into a ball the size of a ping-pong ball.

The ball-sized drop of blood floated in the air, with a golden thread constantly swirling around it.

Jonathan looked at the golden thread and gave it a gentle tap, and the blood clump quickly changed. It turned into a complex pattern in mid-air.

“Is this... the contract?”

Ksana looked at the pattern in the sky, somewhat bewildered.

This pattern that was made up of blood was basically the same as the one when Jonathan had forced her to sign the master and servant contract that day. Looking at this pattern, Ksana couldn't help feeling surprised.

The appearance of the pattern also made the contract in her body show signs of restlessness.

Although she seemed to understand what it meant in her heart, she immediately suppressed this speculation.

She was a God Realm cultivator. Even though the cultivation was created using Holy Blood by Sanctuary, she was still a God Realm cultivator, which meant that her existence was important in a war.

Who would let go of such a deadly weapon once they had it?

Just as she was deep in her thoughts, she suddenly heard what sounded like glass shattering in her mind.

Following that, Ksana felt as if something had slipped out of her body and returned to the world again.

Simultaneously, the sensation of being able to detect Jonathan's aura without any effort vanished from Ksana's mind.

She gazed at Jonathan as the intricate pattern of the contract, interwoven with fine blood lines, burned quickly in the crimson flames between them.

“Jonathan Goldstein...” Ksana called Jonathan by his name, but she did not suffer any backlash.

The master and servant contract had really disappeared!

Charleigh, who was standing next to them, looked at the arcane array of the contract burning to ashes. There was a hint of regret in his eyes.

“Jonathan, you were too impulsive. Asura’s Office needs people now. Although this girl’s cultivation is not that great, she is still one of your followers, and her loyalty is assured.”

As the last flame went out, there was no trace of the array left in the air.

Ksana looked at Jonathan with tears in her eyes. “Why?”

“There is no specific reason.” Jonathan smiled.

“It’s simply because you are a human, not a weapon or a beast. You escaped from Mount Enly to pursue freedom, no?”

These were the inspirational words that Jonathan had said to her when he saved her in Remdik.

However, Ksana didn’t expect that Jonathan would actually do this.

“I am a human...”

Ksana moved backward and bumped into the wall, then slid down and slowly sat on the ground.

She buried her head between her legs and burst into tears, seemingly releasing all the grievances she had accumulated over the years.

Ksana had been taken away by Sanctuary from a young age and had been treated as a killing machine, receiving the best education since she was young.

However, no one had told her how to live like a human being.

Although no one had used the master and servant contract to restrict her in Sanctuary, with the Holy Blood used as a control agent, it had the same effect as the master and servant contract.

Having been controlled by Jonathan later, Ksana had already resigned herself to fate.

After all, although it was all the same and she had to succumb to the control of others, Jonathan had promised to take her to see the ocean and the beach.

If it was the same anywhere she went, she thought it would be better to stay with Jonathan since she had planned to do all those things before she died anyway.

But now, Jonathan had dissolved their master and servant relationship and said that she was a human, not a machine.

Ksana had never shed tears before, not even when she was fighting against the Remdik cultivators. However, her tears were now unstoppable as they flowed continuously.

Jonathan walked up and put several blue vials next to Ksana.

“These are the Holy Blood I obtained after killing the cultivators from Sanctuary. Each one contains nearly a month’s worth. Change your appearance, then go and have fun out there for half a year. Everything should be fine.”

Ksana raised her head and looked at the eight vials of Holy Blood emitting a blue light beside her.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to climb to the top of Mount Enly?”

Jonathan squatted down and patted Ksana’s head with one hand.

“Mount Enly can wait. There’s no hurry.”

The main reason Jonathan wanted to go to Mount Enly before was because of Seboxia in the elixir field.

However, now that his Cor had broken, he did not attach as much importance to anything, including Seboxia.

In his mind, Seboxia's voice rang out faintly.

"Jonathan, if you don't go to Mount Enly—"

"What are you going to do? Kill me?" Jonathan shouted before Seboxia could finish.

He didn't have any reservations and simply shouted aloud instead of responding silently in his mind.

After Jonathan spoke, Jason summoned a scalpel to his hand in caution.

Jonathan signaled with his gaze to Jason that there was no need to panic, and then said lightly in his mind, "Seboxia, my Cor is broken now. I don't know if this is what you want, but I can tell you honestly that if you dare to threaten me again, I'll self-destruct my elixir field. Will you, who are in my elixir field, be blown up to death along with it, I wonder?"

Seboxia fell silent as if he had never appeared.

Jonathan looked at Ksana, who seemed stunned.

"These are all yours. Go wherever you want to go. Go and see the ocean, the beach, the desert... You can go anywhere you want to go. But there's just one thing—don't cause trouble in Chanaea. Otherwise, I won't let you off the hook."

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The Legendary Man Chapter 983- The Request Of The Blackwood Family

Ksana stood by the window, staring at Jonathan in a daze.

"Okay."

It was just one word, but Jonathan broke into a smile upon hearing it.

Then, he flipped his hand to reveal a black card.

"This black card has a limit of eighty million and can be used globally. It may not be much, but you're pursuing freedom and not luxury anyway. It's enough for you to spend."

Ksana stood up while leaning on the window for support and reached out to take the black card. With a light wave of her hand, she collected all the blue vials of Holy Blood on the ground.

She gave Jonathan a final glance and didn't say anything else. With a gentle backflip, she disappeared outside the window.

In the mountain resort, three spiritual pressures quickly rushed toward where Ksana had disappeared.

"Let her go," Jonathan said softly in the direction of the window. Under the stimulation of spiritual energy, his voice traveled into the distance.

Zachary, Hades, and Kane stopped moving and then they landed outside Jonathan's mansion.

"Mr. Goldstein, I said I wanted to challenge you because..."

Kane hesitated for a moment and looked up at Jonathan.

"I know."

Jonathan nodded slightly as he looked at the three outside the window.

"We've been fighting together for three years. How could I not know what you're thinking? Thank you. Let's go to the conference room and have a meeting."

When Jonathan arrived at the conference room, Hades and the others had already been waiting for a while.

Apart from the three of them, Rebecca, Donald, and Lauryn were also present in the room.

Edenic Heights was originally just a high-end residential area in Tayhaven, but now it had been transformed into a small military base.

Moreover, because Jonathan had been living here for a long time, to some extent, the entire Edenic Heights had become the second headquarters of Asura's Office.

On the wall in front of the table in the conference room, a row of monitors had all been turned on. In addition to the various Kings of War, there was also

Sirius from the Blackwood family, Number 1 from the Dark Special Forces, and Freddie from the Intelligence Unit.

Jonathan entered the room with Jason and Charleigh, and everyone stood up to look at him.

The news that Jonathan's Cor was broken had already been made public within Asura's Office, thanks to Hades' decision.

Although he was a follower of Jonathan, he was also the current person in charge of the entire Asura's Office.

He was loyal to Jonathan, but he also had to be responsible for the whole organization.

As everyone looked at Jonathan, their eyes were filled with worry and urgency.

Jonathan was like the symbol of Asura's Office, and it was because of him that everyone gathered together instead of fighting separately.

Now that Jonathan's Cor was broken, it was akin to losing the core of the soul.

If a symbol had lost its meaning, then it was only a matter of time before it vanished completely.

Jonathan looked at everyone and gave them a military salute. "You've all worked hard during my absence," he said to the few Kings of War.

The members of Asura's Office might have come from a background of violence, but they had never encountered a large-scale war like in Doveston that required the mobilization of all forces in Chanaea.

While the conflict with Merania was not a full-blown war, Jonathan was very satisfied with the coordinated efforts of Hades and the others.

Under Jonathan's lead, everyone took their seats.

Looking at everyone, Jonathan took a deep breath.

"I'm sure you all already know that my Cor is broken."

No one had expected that to be Jonathan's first words.

The Eight Kings of War and Karl all looked extremely solemn, while Freddie and Sirius looked shocked, but they didn't say much.

Seeing that everyone was silent, Jonathan smiled and spoke again.

"Whether you are a cultivator or a mortal, you may not understand what the destruction of Cor truly means. Simply put, Cor is a belief that one forms after birth, and everything else revolves around it. For example, studying and practicing seems to be built on the foundation of Cor. If Cor is broken, it is like removing the foundation of a tall building. Both the cultivation level and the mind will be severely affected. Although I have not lost myself at the moment, I have a feeling that this kind of destruction will be irreversible. So, from today onward, I will completely retire from Asura's Office."

Jonathan placed several sets of communication devices on the table as he spoke.

Although Jonathan had previously withdrawn from Asura's Office's direct management due to the departure of the Osborne family, he still had a significant influence on Asura's Office.

His communication devices were the most powerful in Asura's Office.

Through these devices, Jonathan's every move would affect many of Asura's Office's arrangements.

At that moment, he had handed over these communication devices that represented his complete break from Asura's Office.

"Mr. Goldstein, you established Asura's Office. You don't have to do this..." Hades said to Jonathan.

Jonathan looked at Hades and shook his head slightly.

"Hades, Asura's Office should not be influenced by someone who has lost their belief. I am satisfied with your arrangements for Asura's Office this time, both regarding the deployment in the Merania battlefield and the support in Doveston. Even if I were to do it myself, I could only achieve this much."

As he spoke, Jonathan summoned his spiritual energy and crushed all the communication devices in his hand, then threw the smoking debris in the corner.

“Jonathan, the Blackwood family lost a God Realm cultivator while helping Asura’s Office,” Sirius said coldly as he looked at Jonathan.

Jonathan stood up and bowed slightly to Sirius. “I am sorry for Cyprus’ death. I can agree to whatever requests the Blackwood family has.”

“I want—”

“Except for Charleigh. Sirius, Charleigh’s technology is a waste to be used on the Eight Great Families. The cultivators he can create are only at Grandmaster Realm, and they cannot play a decisive role in the battles among the respectable families.”

Sirius’ expression remained unchanged as he looked at Jonathan icily. “What if the Blackwood family needs you to make Charleigh’s research results public?”

“Sure,” Jonathan replied without hesitation.

Hades and the others in the room frowned.

Charleigh was a scientist, and there was no big difference between asking for the man and his research results.

It seemed that the Blackwood family had set their sights on the method of creating cultivators. However, could a strategic research report like this really be shared with a respectable family?

Right then, Jonathan piped up, “I promise you that after the matter in Doveston is resolved, I will share Charleigh’s research results with the Blackwood family. This is my bottom line.”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 984-“This is unfair,” Sirius coldly said. “To cooperate with Asura’s Office’s plan, our family has provided a thousand and five hundred tons of broken spirit stones. Those are essential and urgent cultivation resources for you. Moreover, my friends died in Merania to bring Charleigh back for you. Hence, our family should have some compensation for Charleigh’s matter.”

Of course, the Blackwood family was not helping Jonathan for free—they had their own goals to achieve.

That was something everyone knew, and Jonathan had been waiting for the Blackwood family to reveal their goals.

What Jonathan was not expecting was for Sirius to ask for Charleigh. It was not a term Jonathan could accept.

“Sirius, I know you’ve helped Asura’s Office quite a bit, but Charleigh isn’t negotiable.”

“Then I want you,” Sirius uttered.

This time, Jonathan was not the only one stunned; everyone in the area was equally bewildered.

In fact, even Lauryn was looking at Sirius in confusion.

Even though Jonathan knew it was impossible for Sirius to mean it in that way, he still weakly asked, “You want me? Sirius, don’t scare me. I have a wife. Please don’t say such things.”

Sirius scoffed. “What I meant is that I want you to treat someone for me.”

At that, everyone let out a sigh of relief.

Jonathan was the only one who was looking at Sirius somberly.

He was no doctor. If the other person was an ordinary mortal, Jonathan would still be able to reinvigorate them with spiritual energy.

However, Jonathan had close to no healing ability if his patient was a cultivator.

Even though there was a medical chapter in Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, it was not something anyone could comprehend with just one read.

Stories where the main character turned into a miracle doctor after reading a medical book were simply that—stories.

Jonathan had read all those medical books before and had tried treating others, but he had never achieved any satisfactory results.

Even now, the only thing Jonathan was satisfied with was his ability to use life force.

Jonathan was sure that was what Sirius wanted.

Life force could be used to revive a dead man and bring flesh back to bones. By giving up on Charleigh and asking for him instead, whoever Sirius wanted to save was certainly someone important.

As a matter of fact, it was highly likely that the person was the Blackwood family's Divine Realm elder.

"Jonathan, you can't say no to this, right?" Sirius uttered.

Jonathan quietly stared at Sirius as he began thinking about when the Blackwood family had initially approached him.

The arrangement for Lauryn to be the hostage at Edenic Heights, the gifting of quality spirit stone, and the first time Sirius helped him rescue Karl's wife in Remdik...

Each and every one of the events connected and corresponded with the time he headed to and returned from the West Region.

By then, an answer had formed in Jonathan's mind.

At the start, the Blackwoods should have been after Asura's Office's influence.

However, ever since Jonathan returned from West Region, everything they did was for his life force.

In other words, they had set their eyes on him a long time ago.

If that was the case, they were not going to take Jonathan's rejection well—they were definitely going to force him to accept it using other ways.

It would be difficult for Jonathan to phrase it into doing them a favor at that point.

"All right, but it won't be now," Jonathan slowly told them.

Sirius finally smiled.

“You’ve made a wise choice, Jonathan. I will wait for your response.”

With that, Sirius went offline, and the monitor turned black.

The Blackwoods did not care about Asura’s Office. All they needed was Jonathan’s agreement to help.

Jonathan stared at the dark monitor for a while longer before turning to Lauryn.

“Lauryn, since the Blackwood family isn’t interested in attending Asura’s Office’s meeting, I’ll need to trouble you to convey the details to them. You can choose to leave at any time after this meeting. You’re no longer a hostage here.”

It had been over two months since Lauryn came to Edenic Heights as a show of sincerity from the Blackwood family.

Lauryn was the only one who knew how challenging her time had been.

Now that Jonathan’s Cor was broken, she was finally free.

Ignoring Lauryn, Jonathan then turned to Hades and the others.

“I will be giving out one last order. Heed my command, Guardian Army.”

“Yes, sir!” Zachary loudly responded as he stood up.

“Guardian Army will be assisting Dark Special Forces to transfer Charleigh and Jason to a different location. The details of the location will be classified as a top secret of Asura’s Office.”

“Yes, sir!” Karl and Zachary answered.

At that, Jonathan smiled and turned to Hades.

“Edenic Heights is only an upscale residential area. We don’t need soldiers stationed here, so dismiss them. Take the Smiths and my aunt along.”

“Yes, sir,” Hades replied in a trembling voice.

He knew that Jonathan was not making strategic arrangements. Instead, he was making arrangements for his post-death matters.

“Mr. Goldstein, let me lead Keeper Army to raze Quadfield to the ground.”

Jonathan shook his head.

“Josephine is my wife, and her kidnapping is my family matter. It’s best that I’m the one to settle this once and for all. Doveston doesn’t have much time left. Your task is to create an environment for Charleigh, do you understand?”

“I... understand,” Hades gritted out.

Jonathan then stood up and turned to look at the people around him.

“We created Asura’s Office together, and it is definitely not mine alone. Regardless of whether I’m around in the future or not, I hope you’ll continue leading Asura’s Office to its bright future. Remember that we’re the few people in this chaotic world who still stick to our initial aim. Regardless of what happens to the eight respectable families, the reclusive sects, and Yaleview Army, we’ll remain as Asura’s Office. Now, heed my order and start working on it.”

The Kings of War rose to their feet and hit the left of their chest with their right hand as they roared, “We will comply with the Decree of Asura!”

Jonathan slowly raised his right hand to do the same and bowed at the few before heading to the door.

A gloomy look crossed Jonathan’s eyes as he looked at the changed sight of Edenic Heights.

The happiest days he had were when he was living with Josephine here at Edenic Heights.

Even though Margaret was constantly in their way, it was a rare moment of peace for him.

But those days were gone, just like the old Edenic Heights.

Asura’s Office still had a long way to go before it had the power to destroy the eight respectable families.

However, the threat from the eight respectable families was close to none once Jonathan made up his mind about leaving Asura's Office.

Perhaps others might not know about it, but the people at Asura's Office, who had been oppressed by God Realm cultivators for so long, would comprehend the fear in it.

Staring at the distance, Jonathan tightened his fists.

If that's the case, I'm going to let you see what a real Asura looks like.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 985-Jonathan picked up his phone and gave Karl a call.

"Get it done. This matter has nothing to do with Asura's Office, so make sure you don't leave any traces."

Dark Special Forces was a peripheral organization of Asura's Office that emerged to the forefront after Karl's betrayal.

Even now, the list of Dark Special Forces members was still kept secret. Other than the Intelligence Unit, no one else in Asura's Office liaised with them.

Even the Intelligence Unit's contact with them simply revolved around providing information.

Ever since its establishment, Jonathan never meant to make it part of Asura's Office.

After all, Dark Special Forces was a unit meant to work behind the scenes.

As a military organization that covered the entire country, Asura's Office was supposed to be placed under Yaleview's command.

However, the influence wielded by the eight respectable families and other factions in Yaleview was just too huge. Even Zedfield couldn't escape from the clutches of those families.

That was the reason why Asura's Office adopted a non-violent yet uncooperative attitude toward Yaleview, choosing to act unilaterally most of the time.

In spite of that, as an official organization in the eyes of the public, Asura's Office had to make sure all its activities were above board.

Clandestine operations were naturally unacceptable.

Consequently, Jonathan established Dark Special Forces just to execute such missions.

In other words, Dark Special Forces acted as Asura's Office's arm in the shadow. Hidden behind the scenes, they were capable of doing anything to achieve their objective.

What Jonathan had just done was order an attack on the eight respectable families.

The eight respectable families each had their respective areas of coverage. For example, one could tell from the accent, outfit, and techniques of the Mallory family that their base was in Xandaschuttes of Centum Mountain.

As for the Leeson family, who had a belligerent demeanor, their ancestral land was based in Doveston.

The Osborne family covered Drieso; the Salladay family, Huxville; the Blackwood family, Yorksland; so on and so forth...

At that moment, the intelligence available only showed that the Osborne family was outside Quadfield due to the release of Josephine. As for the rest of the respectable families, all of them had gone into hiding.

In truth, Jonathan's inability to find them wasn't the reason why he didn't seek them out. He was actually afraid to do so.

For example, one could tell from the accent of the Leeson family cultivators that they were from Horbah, albeit there was no information to verify their exact location.

Nonetheless, it wouldn't be difficult to locate them. One could divide Horbah into tens of thousands of areas and send tens of thousands of intelligence officers on-site for investigations.

Once any of the intelligence officers didn't report back, one could quickly narrow down the location.

Even though such an investigation was massive and time-consuming, one could still locate the ancestral land of the respective ancestral families.

After all, regardless of how secretive their hideout was, they were still somewhere on the planet. As long as one could comb every inch of it, there was no reason for them not to be discovered.

That said, this was nothing but a hypothesis, for reality made such a plan impractical to execute.

Firstly, Asura's Office didn't have that many intelligence officers to begin with, and one couldn't just recruit an intelligence officer off the street.

Every single one of them needed a huge amount of time for training so that they could be proficient in espionage, firearms, equipment, and more.

If one were to only look at intelligence-gathering skills and set aside combat skills, these people were a cut above the professional military.

An intelligence officer was capable of blending in among social elites as well as the gangsters in the underworld and adapting their speech according to their audience.

On top of that, all of them were equipped with respective techniques that enabled them to gather and analyze information efficiently.

It was a skill that was honed through one's exposure to society and was hard to impart via training.

Consequently, it had to be someone who was extremely meticulous, considering the high risks of the job.

After all, any spy who was discovered would meet a cruel end, for no one would ever show someone like that any mercy.

The nature of an intelligence officer's job made it difficult to find anyone eligible. Although it was the lowest position within a powerful faction, it was also the role that was most hard-pressed for talent.

That was why Jonathan highly valued Freddie when he encountered the latter in Doveston.

The second reason was the fear everyone harbored toward the eighth respectable families.

The Leeson family of Doveston naturally had their own intelligence network that stretched across the entire nation.

In fact, the network was densest in Horbah, their ancestral land.

They needed to make sure they were informed of the tiniest occurrences there. Only then would they be able to react in time to any untoward events.

As for the families based in Xemrich, such as the Mallory family, they were located so far away from Doveston that their affairs had nothing to do with the Leeson family at all.

Therefore, the intelligence network of every respectable family was spread throughout the nation, with their home base as the center.

The current structure enabled any of the respectable families to instantly be alerted of an influx of intelligence officers from the outside.

Their approach to such a transgression was to execute all intruders.

Since they couldn't tell which faction had sent the cultivator to probe their position, they would just massacre all the intelligence officers belonging to all the factions.

Hence, the drastic consequences prevented anyone from sending a huge number of intelligence officers to the doorsteps of respectable families.

Even though Jonathan and Wilbur had agreed upon the course of action, the latter only dared to send less than a hundred intelligence officers to Drieso.

The number was perfect to show how important Drieso was to them while still not crossing the threshold of posing a threat to the other respectable families.

An intelligence war was usually the prelude to the actual one.

Taking action against the intelligence officers of other families was a way for respectable families to signal their readiness for conflict.

That was exactly what the eight respectable families did to the Whitley family more than ten years ago.

Even now, the two strongest families, the Salladay and Osborne families, weren't as powerful as the Whitley family back in the day. As for the other six families, they formed two new alliances amongst themselves.

In essence, the war between the eight respectable families was still far from reaching its climax yet.

Hence, the time wasn't right to wipe them out.

Even though it was difficult to openly annihilate the eight respectable families, sowing chaos among them was easy.

While Jonathan couldn't locate their ancestral land nor beat their elite cultivators, he still had something up his sleeve.

Since a direct confrontation would fail, Jonathan had to play smart by attacking their weaknesses with his strength.

The reason the eight respectable families could dominate Chanaea for more than two thousand years wasn't that they were holed up in their ancestral land. Instead, it was due to their reach in every corner of the nation.

As a result, Jonathan planned to sever this very reach one by one.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 986

The Legendary Man Chapter 986-When the Grandmaster Realm cultivators of Dark Special Forces went to Merania to bring back Charleigh, thirty-seven of them lost their lives there.

All of them were Grandmaster Realm cultivators who hadn't had a mission assigned at the time. And now, less than twenty of them were left.

Meanwhile, Karl had given them the order to abandon their current missions.

Instead, he issued all cultivators who were Superior Realm and above a new one—they were to kill everyone on a list he gave them.

There were more than five hundred names on the list, as it included peripheral members of the eight respectable families. In addition, the names of the core members of affiliated factions were also revealed in it.

As if that wasn't enough, Jonathan had gotten the Dark Special Forces to put up bounties on Dark Web.

A total of three thousand people had a price of one million placed on their heads. They were all ordinary people who were peripheral members of the eight respectable families.

All of them maintained a low profile due to the need to be vigilant against the cultivators of other respectable families.

Moreover, due to them not being qualified to return to the ancestral land, they were essentially seen as outsiders despite being official members of the families.

Having failed to achieve a distinguished position in their families, they turned their attention to chasing money and power instead.

As a result, some of them behaved like local warlords and acted with impunity.

Those were the ones Jonathan was targeting.

At that moment, Jonathan's Cor was broken, and it was only a matter of time before his cultivation level deteriorated. Thus, he hoped to use whatever time he had left to tear down the status quo in Chanaea.

He hoped to create as much chaos as possible within the eight respectable families. That was the last thing he was capable of doing for Asura's Office.

Within half an hour since his order was issued, bounties for three thousand men were posted on Dark Web.

It threw the entire world of assassins into an uproar.

The bounty of one million—although not a lot under normal circumstances—was considerable since the target was an ordinary human.

It meant that anyone could take the job, including people who weren't cultivators.

More importantly, there had never been so many bounties posted together in such a short time.

All this while, an assassin would have to travel to different places, get the appropriate firearms, survey the target city, and plan their escape route, all in preparation for the kill.

They had to go through all that trouble just for a single target.

But now, one could find at least two targets in any city within Chanaea.

In fact, there were more than dozens of targets available in some of the first-tier cities.

With a bounty of one million a person and a total that ran into tens of millions, it was like a windfall for the assassins.

Succumbing to the temptation of the reward, countless assassins flocked to Chanaea.

Little did Jonathan expect his plan would sink Chanaea into a state of fear, but that was a story for another time. As of then, the consequences were the last thing on his mind.

Instead, he was staring at the two meditating children on the lawn of No. 10 Villa in Edenic Heights.

One of them was Sean, the cultivation genius brought back from the Phoebus Sect of Summerbank.

The other was Karl's son, Killian.

Although both of them were only seven, one's cultivation level was advanced phase Superior Realm, while the other had just achieved Postcelestial Realm.

Sitting by the stone table, Jonathan used his spiritual sense to observe the children's flow of spiritual energy and how fast they could absorb it.

It was then Jonathan noticed that the speed of Killian's cultivation was significantly faster than that of an ordinary person, albeit slower than Sean's.

The epiphany gave him a shock, causing him to feel frustrated over missing Killian's potential as a cultivator.

"Mr. Goldstein, have a drink."

While Jonathan was distracted by the sight of the two children cultivating, Layla served Jonathan a cup of coffee.

Upon regaining his senses, Jonathan stared at the drink with an apologetic look.

"Mrs. Hamilton... about Karl..."

"I understand."

Despite her words, the sorrow on Layla's face was unmistakable.

After all, Karl was chopped in two right in front of her and Killian.

A scene like that was impossible for anyone to accept.

"Karl brought this upon himself," Layla remarked as she watched Killian from afar.

"I'm just an ordinary woman. Before meeting Karl, all I did was teach and draw. From the books I've read, I've learned about the meaning of nationalism and shedding blood for the cause. At one time, I even passionately thought that in the event of war, I would have enough courage to march forward in the face of gunfire. However, it wasn't until I got together with Karl that I learned the true meaning of war—death. There are no happy endings in wars, regardless of their scale. As we lived together with the army, we witnessed with our own eyes how the soldiers charged into battle, never to return. I understand the pain. That's why I'm well aware of what the seventy thousand lives of Mysonna mean," Layla uttered. With a glass of water in hand, she sounded as if she was telling a story.

"Mr. Goldstein, I have only one thing to ask of you. Let Killian go, as he's still young. He might be a little worked up now, but it's understandable for someone who saw you cut his father down. Both of us know that his desire for revenge is no more than empty talk. There's no way he can ever be your match."

“Not necessarily.” Watching Killian training, Jonathan flashed a slight smile as he replied, “Killian is showing promise of becoming a powerful cultivator.”

“Cripple him then,” Layla suggested with a smile. “Karl told me before that the future belongs to the cultivators. Although I’m happy to learn of Killian’s talent, I’m afraid he will seek you out for revenge once he has the power to do so. I’m confident that you’ll let him go once or twice, but what about the tenth or hundredth time? Instead of letting the hope of killing you swell within him, wouldn’t it be better to snuff it out right now by crippling him? On top of that, it was Karl’s dying wish that Killian doesn’t take up martial arts, as it would not end well for him.”

“Layla...”

Karl’s trembling voice rang out in the earpiece, but Layla obviously couldn’t hear him.

Jonathan had not only put him on the line earlier but allowed Karl to see his wife and son through a miniature camera he was wearing.

That was the reason why Jonathan sat there for a long time.

Ignoring the emotional Karl, Jonathan smiled gently at Layla.

“Mrs. Hamilton, let him take it up. There’s a reason for him to do so, and it will be useful to him in the future. By the way, who started training Killian? Jason?”

Layla shook her head in response.

“Dr. Carrick is busy recently, so Ms. Blackwood is the one who has been training Sean. As for who started Killian’s training, that would be Sean!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 987

The Legendary Man Chapter 987-Jonathan was taken aback when he heard Layla’s words.

Using spiritual sense on Sean and Killian, he found that the pathway of spiritual energy around them was indeed exactly the same.

Apart from that, the cultivation method that the two were using didn't belong to the Blackwood or the Carrick family. Instead, it was a method used by Sofus and Vladimir of the Phoebus Sect.

Something's wrong!

Taking note of the pathway of spiritual energy within Killian's body, Jonathan got to his feet slowly.

Although he had never entered any sects to undergo cultivation, he had seen records of this matter in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Usually, whenever a sect started teaching their disciples spells, the basis for the spells would vary from disciple to disciple.

For newbie disciples, they would be taught the most basic of spells.

In fact, these spells were not even considered the sect's cultivation method and were only taught to test out the qualifications of these disciples.

It wasn't until they were officially accepted by the sect would they be taught the sect's founding techniques.

That being said, the disciples would only be able to learn a fraction of said spells at most, and as their cultivation level increased, the sect would continue to teach their cultivation method to help enhance the completeness of the spell.

The sect would only pass on the complete cultivation method once a disciple had reached the elite level.

This was done in order to prevent the sect's teachings from being stolen by others.

After all, if a sect passed on its complete spell from the get-go, this would give the other sects a chance to plant someone there to steal their spell.

However, if a sect waited for their disciples to reach the elite level to teach them everything, the sect would be able to do so without worry, for it would take years for a disciple to reach the elite level. By then, the disciple's loyalty to the sect would have already been tested and proven.

Thinking about the information he saw in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, Jonathan thought it was impossible for Sean to have a complete cultivation method. After all, the young monk was only seven years old, and he had told Jonathan before that he was picked up by Vladimir.

Besides, Sean's clean background and low cultivation level made it easy for those who had an ulterior motive to target him.

This further cemented Jonathan's assumption that the monk should not have a complete cultivation method.

That didn't seem to be the case, however, as not only did Sean have a complete cultivation method, but he was also able to pass it on to others as well.

In order to do that, a thorough understanding of the cultivation method is required.

For some reason, Donald's face flashed across Jonathan's mind when he thought of that.

"Seen?"

Jonethen was taken aback when he heard Leyle's words.

Using spiritual sense on Sean and Killien, he found that the pathway of spiritual energy around them was indeed exactly the same.

Apart from that, the cultivation method that the two were using didn't belong to the Blackwood or the Cerrick family. Instead, it was a method used by Sofus and Vladimir of the Phoebus Sect.

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Besides, Seen's clean background and low cultivation level made it easy for those who had an ulterior motive to target him.

This further cemented Jonethen's assumption that the monk should not have the complete cultivation method.

That didn't seem to be the case, however, as not only did Seen have the complete cultivation method, but he was also able to pass it on to others as well.

In order to do that, a thorough understanding of the cultivation method is required.

For some reason, Donald's face flashed across Jonathan's mind when he thought of that.

He recalled how the former had paid him a visit before he left for Remdik.

At the time, Donald had stated that something was wrong with Sean. Despite so, he couldn't pinpoint exactly what was off with the young monk.

Jonathan didn't pay his words any mind then and had even forgotten about it completely. It wasn't until he saw Sean's complete cultivation method now that Donald's words resurfaced in his mind.

It seems there's really something off about Sean.

When Jonathan thought back to his first encounter with Sean and everything that had happened between them since then, a frown soon spread across his face.

Logically speaking, Phoebus Sect shouldn't have any heirs left when both their masters died by my hand. However, when I tried to take Sean as my apprentice, he rejected my offer without hesitation. And now, when I look at Sean's cultivation method, I can tell that it's exactly the same as Sofus' and Vladimir's. This can only mean that Sean has known about the complete cultivation method of the Phoebus Sect since he was a child. My guess is that Vladimir must have passed the cultivation method to him early because he sees the boy as his own. But then, why would Sean—a boy who's unwilling to even change his master—commit Phoebus Sect's taboo without anyone's consent? To pass on the sect's cultivation method is to leak the sect's secret, and this is a sin that no sect would forgive. Despite so, Sean actually went and did something like that... Something's definitely off about the kid if he's not doing his duty of protecting his sect's secrets.

Placing his hands behind his back, Jonathan walked over to the two kids before coming to a stop in front of them. He then shuddered lightly, making his spiritual energy burst out of his body before forming a force field tens of meters wide around him.

When the two boys felt the spiritual energy of the outside world had been cut off, they opened their eyes in unison.

The moment Killian caught sight of Jonathan, he slammed his palms on the ground and propelled himself backward before landing two meters away, staring at Jonathan warily like a young leopard.

On the other hand, Sean was more relaxed when he saw Jonathan.

He got to his feet slowly before bowing politely to Jonathan, saying, "Master, you're back."

"Yes." Jonathan looked at Sean with satisfaction.

He then added, "I'm here to see if you were slacking on your cultivation."

"I wouldn't dare."

Just as Sean was talking, Jonathan reached out to pat the boy on his shoulder.

Subsequently, a wave of spiritual energy invaded Sean's body like a wandering snake, flowing through his meridian and completing a rotation before settling in his elixir field.

There is a slight improvement in his spiritual energy, which should be the result of his diligent cultivation.

Jonathan began, "Sean, I have something to ask you."

Looking as obedient as ever, Sean replied with a flushed face, "Please go ahead, Master."

Jonathan squatted down and looked into the boy's eyes before continuing, "I'd like to know when you got the complete cultivation method of Phoebus Sect."

As he spoke, he kept his right hand on Sean's shoulder and made sure the wave of spiritual energy stayed in the latter's elixir field.

Should Sean try to lie to him or feign ignorance, Jonathan would blow up the boy's elixir field without hesitation.

After all, in the world of cultivators, there was no distinction between adults and children, much less any privilege for the elderly, the weak, the sick, or the disabled.

It was a well-known fact to cultivators that anything they met could end up killing them, including a mosquito or even a flower.

Since Seon was able to pass on his cultivation method to others, this meant that he had a very thorough understanding of Phoebus Sect's teachings.

Jonathon was of the opinion that if the boy told him he had no idea about it, it would mean that Seon was hiding it from him on purpose.

He had no use for someone like that.

When Seon heard Jonathon's question, he averted his gaze.

He then bit his lip and said, "This is the cultivation method my master taught me when I first started my cultivation."

To that, Jonathon probed, "Didn't your master teach you not to spread your sect's teachings lightly? Don't you think you've betrayed your master now that you've taught it to Killion?"

Seon hurriedly explained, "It's fine to teach Killion about this because I only taught him how to operate his spiritual energy and not the mental processes required to do so."

Jonathon let out a chuckle when he heard that. "Seems like you know a lot about this, huh?"

A successful cultivation is made up of two parts—the cultivation method and the mental processes of the cultivation. The cultivation method refers to the operation of one's spiritual energy. It is the embodiment of one's strength and focuses on enhancing one's brute force. As for the mental processes, it teaches one how to use these strengths and is the key part of the entire cultivation. Since Seon only taught Killion about the cultivation method, I guess it technically doesn't count as an act of betrayal.

Although Seon's explanation somewhat made sense, Jonathon still had his suspicions about the boy.

Standing up, he was about to go look for Donald to ask more about Seon when Seboxio's voice rang out from within his mind. "Jonathon, I can answer all your questions, but before I do that, you must promise me something."

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Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 988

The Legendary Man Chapter 988-Jonathan stopped in his tracks, and a hint of malevolence flashed across his eyes.

“You can answer all my questions? Could it be you’re able to read my mind right now?”

Though Seboxia had been residing within his body for quite a while now, Jonathan still had no idea what he looked like.

Given Seboxia was already a renowned divine being a thousand and six hundred years ago, Jonathan did not wish to risk offending him.

Although Seboxia mentioned earlier that the Pryncyp of Slaughter that Jonathan mastered was the same as Pryncyp of Death, his words were insufficient to explain his actions thus far.

Seboxia had saved Jonathan, but at the same time, he broke his Cor too.

If Seboxia truly wanted to use Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter to achieve immortality, he should be assisting Jonathan in advancing to the Divine Realm.

However, Seboxia was holding back Jonathan's progression into the next realm.

Ancient beings such as Seboxia might not possess any spells. It would be troublesome if he genuinely could read Jonathan's mind.

Jonathan swiftly activated the spiritual energy within his body. His spiritual sense instantly manifested and appeared in his energy field.

He stood before the coffin and grilled in a loud voice, "Seboxia, what exactly is your motive?"

The coffin shook slightly, and a hoarse voice emanated from it. "I've already explained my motive clearly to you. I wish to become an immortal. It's as simple as that."

"I'm not convinced." Jonathan said calmly, "My Cor is broken, so I'm warning you not to play any tricks with me. I'm prepared to perish together with you."

"Mr. Goldstein, since we're unable to reach a consensus on the Cor issue, why don't we talk about the matter on hand now," Seboxia chuckled with an air of nonchalance in his voice.

"Matter on hand? Are you referring to Sean?"

"That's right," Seboxia replied. "You need not worry. As far as I know, no technique enables people to read minds. I'm just mentioning it because I noticed your concern for this child. I can see he has some issues."

Jonathan's spiritual sense froze for a moment when he heard what Seboxia said.

"There's really a problem with Sean?"

"Of course, and a massive one too. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be able to decipher the situation even after exhausting all methods."

Jonathan stood there, watching the coffin on top of a vortex of air in the middle of his energy field.

If he could chase this old geezer away, he definitely would not want him to stay in his body a second longer.

Jonethen stopped in his tracks, and a hint of melevolence flashed across his eyes.

“You can answer all my questions? Could it be you’re able to read my mind right now?”

Though Seboxie had been residing within his body for quite a while now, Jonethen still had no idea what he looked like.

Given Seboxie was already a renowned divine being a thousand and six hundred years ago, Jonethen did not wish to risk offending him.

Although Seboxie mentioned earlier that the Pryncyp of Slaughter that Jonethen mastered was the same as Pryncyp of Death, his words were insufficient to explain his actions thus far.

Seboxie had saved Jonethen, but at the same time, he broke his Cor too.

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“Mr. Goldstein, since we’re unable to reach a consensus on the Cor issue, why don’t we talk about the matter on hand now,” Seboxie chuckled with an air of nonchalance in his voice.

“Matter on hand? Are you referring to Seen?”

“That’s right,” Seboxie replied. “You need not worry. As far as I know, no technique enables people to read minds. I’m just mentioning it because I noticed your concern for this child. I can see he has some issues.”

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“Of course, and a massive one too. If it weren’t for me, you wouldn’t be able to decipher the situation even after exhausting all methods.”

Jonathan stood there, watching the coffin on top of a vortex of air in the middle of his energy field.

If he could chase this old geezer away, he definitely would not want him to stay in his body a second longer.

“You said you had a condition, right?”

“Yes,” Seboxia answered without hesitation. “You should know what my condition is.”

I should know his condition? Jonathan looked at the coffin as he racked his brain. Soon after, he remembered he once promised Seboxia he would travel to Mount Enly and steal the Remdik Emperor’s heart.

“Are you referring to... the Remdik Emperor’s heart?”

“Ah, it’s so much easier talking to a smart person,” Seboxia said with a smile. “Previously, I just wanted you to understand the fundamental difference between slaughter and death, but I did not expect your Cor to be so weak that it broke so easily. Since you’re not the one we’re looking for, I’ll have to find a way to restore my strength. I naturally have a use for the Remdik Emperor’s heart. By letting go of Ksana, you’ve already decided not to help me steal the heart and even harbor thoughts of perishing with me. Am I right?”

Jonathan did not answer Seboxia's question because that was his exact plan.

Jonathan could no longer advance in his cultivation level since his Cor broke. Not only that, it might even deteriorate as time passed.

To make matters worse, he could no longer mobilize Pryncyp of Strength.

That was the worst situation for him.

Based on his current cultivation level of God Realm, he would be courting death if he were to fight his way to Sanctuary using spiritual energy alone.

Jonathan was stubborn, but he was not a fool.

Ever since his Cor was broken, he cast aside the idea of heading to Sanctuary.

Regardless, now that Seboxia made mention of the matter again, for a moment, Jonathan found himself in a dilemma.

According to his earlier plan, he thought of saving Josephine by himself. Afterward, he would ask Asura's Office to arrange for them to leave and settle in another place with new identities.

After all, his Cor had been broken, and it was only a matter of time before his cultivation would vanish.

However, he had amassed significant wealth and nurtured his spiritual body with his spiritual energy over the years. Even if he were to become a mortal, he could still live comfortably.

Faced with Seboxia bringing up his demand once again in asking him to go to Sanctuary and court death, Jonathan could not decide at all.

"Since you said there's a problem with Sean, I'll kill him right away then." As Jonathan spoke, he pulled out a dagger.

The coffin in his energy field laughed coldly in response.

"Jonothon, you don't know whether Seon's problem is good or bad. Aren't you afraid of destroying the future of a more talented cultivator with that single blade of yours? Moreover, I'm asking you to go to Sanctuary, but it doesn't mean I'm asking you to dig your own grave. Even though you can't use

Pryncyp of Slaughter, I still have Pryncyp of Life, which you can utilize. With me around, you're as good as invincible. What else do you have to fear?"

"I'm afraid that you'll betray me," Jonothon answered with a snort.

"Don't worry. I'm on the other side. It will do me no good if I betray you."

Meanwhile, in the garden, Loylo, Killion, and Seon were unaware of what was happening inside Jonothon's elixir field.

They only saw him suddenly pausing in his tracks before taking out a dagger afterwards.

The sight of the dagger shocked them, and nobody dared to approach him.

In Jonothon's energy field, Seboxio was talking to him about Seon's problem. "This child is a deity's reincarnation!"

A deity's reincarnation? Jonothon's face had a perplexed look when he heard that. As he owned the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, he had accumulated knowledge of a lot of secret techniques. Even if he did not know the technique, he would at least be able to name it.

However, that was a term he hadn't even heard of before.

Seeing Jonothon's confused expression, Seboxio contemplated for a moment. "You Chonoeons often refer to it as being reborn into the next life. Do you get it now?"

"Reborn into the next life?" Jonothon stared wide-eyed at the coffin. "Seboxio, don't try to fool me! All this folklore about spirits is derived from the imagination of people when they see a cultivator. There is no such thing as the underworld and reincarnation. Stop being ridiculous."

Hearing Jonothon's words, Seboxio, who was in the coffin, chuckled. "Yes, there is no proven theory of the underworld and reincarnation, but you should have heard of the term 'possess,' no?"

"Possess? Yes, I have," Jonothon replied with a frown. "However, the soul of the person doing the possession will not be able to match perfectly with the possessed body. The mobilization of his spiritual energy will also be delayed as well. But I have checked Seon thoroughly, and I didn't find any issues."

Seboxio sneered when he heard that. “What you’re talking about is mid-way possession. But what if the fetus was possessed when it was just formed?”

The coffin in his energy field laughed coldly in response.

“Jonathan, you don’t know whether Sean’s problem is good or bad. Aren’t you afraid of destroying the future of a rare talented cultivator with that single blade of yours? Moreover, I’m asking you to go to Sanctuary, but it doesn’t mean I’m asking you to dig your own grave. Even though you can’t use Pryncyp of Slaughter, I still have Pryncyp of Life, which you can utilize. With me around, you’re as good as invincible. What else do you have to fear?”

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“Don’t worry. I’m after the heart. It will do me no good if I betray you.”

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Seeing Jonathan’s confused expression, Seboxia contemplated for a moment. “You Chanaeans often refer to it as being reborn into the next life. Do you get it now?”

“Reborn into the next life?” Jonathan stared wide-eyed at the coffin. “Seboxia, don’t try to fool me! All this folklore about spirits is derived from the imagination of people when they see a cultivator. There is no such thing as the underworld and reincarnation. Stop being ridiculous.”

Hearing Jonathan's words, Seboxia, who was in the coffin, chuckled. "Yes, there is no proven theory of the underworld and reincarnation, but you should have heard of the term 'possess,' no?"

"Possess? Yes, I have," Jonathan replied with a frown. "However, the soul of the person doing the possession will not be able to match perfectly with the possessed body. The mobilization of his spiritual energy will also be delayed as well. But I have checked Sean thoroughly, and I didn't find any issues."

Seboxia sneered when he heard that. "What you're talking about is mid-way possession. But what if the fetus was possessed when it was just formed?"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 989

The Legendary Man Chapter 989-The fetus was possessed the moment it formed?

Jonathan's eyes widened in shock.

He knew little about the reincarnation of a deity, but he had heard about the theory for the Dark Art of Possession.

Possession was an insidious act, where high-level cultivators would strip away the lives of lower-level or even ordinary people. All cultivators despised it.

Previously in Summerbank, the old man Ryan had encountered was someone possessed by an evil cultivator. As a result, he was turned into a demonic figure that fed on humans.

That was how one could acquire the Dark Art of Possession through latent means.

Moreover, that could hardly be considered authentic, given that the old man had already died in a car accident before being possessed by an evil cultivator.

The evil cultivator merely hid within the corpse temporarily, controlling its movements with spiritual energy.

When the evil cultivator later tried to possess Ryan, that was the genuine method of possession.

Evil cultivators had existed for thousands of years. Although sinister, their methods were effective to escape death.

However, it had a downside. After possession, the spiritual sense could not fully merge with the body, leaving a gap.

This separation might not be a significant issue in ordinary circumstances. Still, it would become a severe problem when that person then engaged in combat, as they would be unable to smoothly utilize their spiritual energy.

Even the slightest delay could be fatal.

Most importantly, during a breakthrough, this separation was unacceptable to Heavenly Pryncyp.

It might be manageable for those below Superior Realm, but it would be a narrow escape from death for those aspiring to be in Grandmaster Realm or God Realm.

As for Divine Realm, it would be impossible. Heavenly Pryncyp would not acknowledge an imperfect person.

Moreover, Possession could only be used once in a lifetime.

Using it a second time was possible, but according to Chanaea's Darolism, karma would ensue due to the separation left behind from the first Possession.

During the second Possession, karma would hit harder.

By then, even if one were willing to live an ordinary life as a mortal, they would be frail and sickly, susceptible to external evils.

In more severe cases, one might be plagued by misfortune throughout his life, such as getting a toothache from drinking cold water.

This was the manifestation of Heavenly Pryncyp's rejection of that person.

The fetus was possessed the moment it formed?

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Of course, every technique, no matter its nature, wes created by humans.

The divine being who had researched the Dark Art of Possession had once proposed a theory.

It stated that when a fetus' brain had just formed, but its spirit had not yet gathered, one could directly take its place.

Since the fetus' spirit wes scattered before it could form, the first spirit inhabiting the body would belong to the one who possessed it.

This way, one could deceive Heevely Pryncyp and genuinely complete the possession.

Although this method seemed theoretically feasible, it wes practically as good as non-existent.

The reason wes that the timing wes incredibly delicate.

First, the person who wanted to possess the fetus had to be near a pregnant woman at the moment of their death, and the fetus inside her had to be at the precise stage where its brain had just formed, but its spirit had not yet developed.

Furthermore, the person had to possess the fetus' Anima and perfectly integrate with it.

The probability of the stars aligning in just such a manner was even less than being struck routinely by lightning every day.

The only way to meet these conditions was for a cultivator to wield a knife and gather dozens of pregnant women, each around twenty weeks pregnant, with nearly identical gestational periods.

Only in this way would there be a slim chance of seizing that fleeting opportunity to find the pregnant woman who would tick all the boxes. This had to be done among dozens of pregnant women and right after the cultivator committed suicide but before their spirit dissipated.

Such an evil method was truly sinister!

Jonathan, holding a dagger, turned to look at Sean. "Sean."

"Master," Sean respectfully replied to Jonathan.

Inside Jonathan's elixir field, his spiritual sense spoke to Seboxia again.

"Seboxia, are you sure Sean is the reincarnation of a deity?"

"I can't tell," Seboxia said indifferently. "How can I be certain of something that even Heavenly Pryncyp cannot discern? However, you should be aware that I practice Pryncyp of Life. I can only see one thing: the child before you has a corrupted Pryncyp of Life. It's more like two people entwined together."

Jonathan took a step toward Sean.

"Sean, how did you climb the mountain?"

"What mountain? Summerbank Mountain?" Sean looked at Jonathan with confusion. "I don't know. I was carried up the mountain by my mentor."

"Is that so?" Jonathan stood before Sean, the former's spiritual sense firmly locked on the latter. "You're seven years old this year, right?"

"Yes, Master. What's the matter? Why are you asking questions you already know the answers to?"

Jonothon remained silent and took out his long-unused phone. He then found Leslie's number and dialed it.

"Hello, Leslie. I know you haven't joined the police force for long, but you must have heard about some major cases," Jonothon said, his eyes filled with murderous intent as he looked at Seon. "Seven years ago, was there any case of the collective disappearance of pregnant women in Summerbank?"

Although Leslie didn't know what Jonothon was talking about, she understood there must be a reason behind the question.

After carefully thinking it over, Leslie replied, "I'm certain there was not. After all, they are a special group, and if there were a mass disappearance, it would be big news not only in Summerbank but throughout Chonoo. However, I remember that there was indeed a case involving pregnant women seven years ago.

"Summerbank Moternity Hospital reported thirty-eight pregnant women who had miscarriages simultaneously. The incident was a big deal at the time, but investigations revealed that the incident was caused by a doctor at that hospital. He had mistakenly dispensed the wrong medication to the pregnant women because of negligence as he was exhausted from working the night shift..."

Before Leslie could finish speaking, Jonothon hung up the phone.

"Seon, you're on advanced phase Superior Realm cultivator, and we're less than three meters apart. You heard the voice on the phone clearly, right? I don't care what your motives are, whether good or bad, but I can't understand why you come to Asuro's Office. After all, if you had stayed on Summerbank Mountain and not left with me, you wouldn't ever be discovered in your lifetime."

Before Jonothon could finish speaking, two ear-piercing sounds were heard simultaneously.

Seon had thrown two daggers, aiming at Killion and Loylo.

"Damn it!" Jonothon flicked his left hand, and two silver flashes sped out of his storage ring, colliding with the two daggers.

As he neutralized the threat, a huge chessboard appeared under Jonathon's feet, instantly trapping Sean within it.

Sean looked at the spirit shield surrounding the chessboard.

"Jonathon, I have no intention of being your enemy. Let me go, and we can avoid hurting each other."

"Is that so?" Jonathan stood before Sean, the former's spiritual sense firmly locked on the latter. "You're seven years old this year, right?"

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"Jonathan, I have no intention of being your enemy. Let me go, and we can avoid hurting each other."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 990

The Legendary Man Chapter 990-Although Sean had the appearance of a young boy, his tone of voice and his eyes were completely different then.

Jonathan felt as if he was communicating with an old man who had experienced a lot of hardships.

There was no mistaking the feeling, so there was indeed something off with Sean.

Although Jonathan appeared calm, his back was already soaked with cold sweat.

He had come to watch Sean practice today with a purpose in mind—to see whether Sean was diligent in his cultivation.

Sean had spent quite some time at Edenic Heights, yet in all that time, Jonathan had purposely paid little attention to the boy as he wanted to observe his character.

If Sean passed the test, Jonathan was prepared to pass on his spells to Sean for cultivation, including Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Jonathan was ready to teach everything he knew.

This was a plan he hatched the moment he met Sean on Summerbank Mountain.

From a mere mortal, Jonathan achieved God Realm after cultivating Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique for a measly three years, which was a miracle.

As for Sean, he had an innate talent for cultivation, a scarce gift.

If Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique were passed on to him, even Jonathan would not be able to imagine how things would pan out. Sean's potential was limitless and terrifying at the same time.

A ten-year-old God Realm cultivator was extremely rare, and he would be capable of suppressing and trouncing all other cultivators.

Despite that, Jonathan also understood that the more talented a person was, the more important it was to cultivate his character.

Otherwise, it would be difficult to bring them back once they went down the wrong path.

However, who would have thought one glance would reveal such an important secret?

Sean was a deity reincarnated as a cultivator, yet he was feigning innocence. Such abnormality left Jonathan guessing as to his ulterior motives.

"Why did you come back with me?" Jonathan asked Sean coldly.

Sean stood with his hands behind his back, a murderous look flashing in his eyes. "Jonathan, you killed Phoebus Sect's two Masters and ruined our thousand-year plan. Do you really want to completely sever our inheritance?"

"Thousand-year plan?" Jonathan was slightly stunned.

Although Sean had the appearance of a young boy, his tone of voice and his eyes were completely different then.

Jonethen felt as if he was communicating with an old man who had experienced a lot of hardships.

There was no mistaking the feeling, so there was indeed something off with Seen.

Although Jonethen appeared calm, his back was already soaked with cold sweat.

He had come to watch Seen practice today with a purpose in mind—to see whether Seen was diligent in his cultivation.

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“Thousand-year plan?” Jonathan was slightly stunned.

At that moment, Sean no longer had any trace of youthfulness. Instead, an expression of madness colored his face.

“That’s right. This has been Phoebus Sect’s undergoing plan for a thousand and six hundred years. Unexpectedly, it was all ruined by you alone,” Sean said bitterly, his eyes filled with hatred. “One shouldn’t be so ruthless, you know!”

Jonathan stared at Sean’s hateful gaze, and a thought flashed in his mind. “A thousand-year plan...”

It seemed like he had recalled something.

Remdik Emperor, Seboxia, Halontism, Shatonism... These organizations all seemed to have emerged around a thousand and six hundred years ago.

Now, there is also Phoebus Sect.

What happened a thousand and six hundred years ago that spawned so many ancient monsters?

“The fact that Phoebus Sect’s inheritance line was severed is the fault of Vladimir and Sofus. They wanted to kill me; should I have just stood there and let them?” Jonathan stomped his foot lightly, and his figure instantly disappeared from the chessboard.

When he reappeared, he was already behind Sean.

Although Sean was only Superior Realm, Jonathan never underestimated him, especially when faced with an opponent who had lived for an unknown time.

Jonathan suspected that Sean might have some tricks up his sleeve.

Standing behind Sean, Jonathan used his right hand as a blade and chopped down at Sean's head.

Bang!

A muffled sound rang out, and Jonathan felt as though his palm was about to shatter.

At that moment, an illuminating halo appeared around Sean.

Sean stood in place, shaking as he shouted, "Jonathan, you're really going after my head! I can't believe what you have done!"

Sean slowly turned to face Jonathan, and as a talisman fell into his left hand, it instantly burned to ashes.

Suddenly, Sean's fist accelerated exponentially as he threw a punch directly at Jonathan's abdomen.

"Solidify!" Jonathan let out a roar, and the chessboard beneath his feet emitted an array of blinding light.

A spirit shield emerged out of thin air between Jonathan and Sean, blocking Sean's fist.

"Break!" Sean shouted coldly, turning his fist into a palm and striking the spirit shield.

When Sean's palm made contact with the spirit shield, it delivered a tremendous shockwave from the ring on his finger, shattering the spiritual shield. Sean's attack continued to advance, not losing any momentum.

"Within Reach!" Jonathan snorted coldly and stomped his foot lightly. The chessboard expanded again, and the distance between him and Sean instantly increased.

As Seon's attack missed, he somersaulted before lunging in Jonothon's direction once again.

"When on this chessboard, I am God!" Jonothon scoffed, appearing without warning behind Seon.

Raising his leg, Jonothon kicked Seon's back fiercely.

With a muffled grunt, Seon fell to the ground and rolled forward.

Although Jonothon's kick couldn't break his protective shield, the force was nothing to laugh at.

After suffering the impact, Seon rolled forward a few times before jumping up from the ground.

In the blink of an eye, he retrieved an item that looked like a mirror.

"Your ever-changing chessboard is only due to the engraved arcane array," Seon said. "My Eight Trigrams Plate can stabilize the eight directions underneath me. I will definitely win!"

Seon threw Eight Trigrams Plate above his head, took a slight step, and formed a hand seal as he charged at Jonothon again.

Jonothon kept a close watch on Seon's every move, and at that moment, he was shocked by Seon's strange posture.

The mirror above Seon's head unfolded, covering an area of several meters around him. The affected perimeter was delineated from the chessboard, its connection with Jonothon forcefully separated.

Moreover, the flow of spiritual energy in Seon's body became incredibly chaotic.

This subtle change was enough to prevent Jonothon from predicting his opponent's attack method.

"Die!" Jonothon shook his hand and conjured a golden sword.

Without hesitation, he slashed horizontally at Seon's waist.

“Sofus Unum, Heaven Opening!” Seon bellowed right before Jonothon’s sword made contact.

It was a Pryncyp!

Recognizing the situation, Jonothon instinctively withdrew his sword and retreated.

However, Seon followed Jonothon like a gentle breeze, and his entire body was enveloped in a white glow.

Seon chuckled. “Jonothon, prepare to die!”

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