

The Legendary Man Chapter 546 - 550

Chapter 546 Destroy Your Clan

Desmond listened to what Leslie said, and the former's expression became worse and worse as time passed. There were only a handful of people in Summerbank that Desmond couldn't offend.

Unfortunately, Leslie was one of them. The reason behind that was that Leslie's father, Charlie Hart, was the governor of Summerbank.

The Jensen family might be extremely powerful, but at the end of the day, they were just businessmen, and they were no different from other regular citizens. Citizens could never win a battle against officials, and that fact would never change.

Naturally, those as powerful as the Jensen family had already built a rapport with most politicians. That was why, despite being a family of politicians, the Hart family would still have a hard time going up against the Jensen family.

Desmond grinned a little when he saw how calm Leslie was. "Well, if that is how you want to play it, Ms. Hart, then I will bid for ninety million."

As Desmond spoke, he waved his hand at two of his subordinates. Those two subordinates made their way to Jonathan. It seemed Desmond had no intention of leaving Jonathan alone.

At the time, however, no one was paying attention to Jonathan. Everyone had their eyes on the auction and wondered who would win the first spot. Leslie raised her hand once more.

"One hundred million. This will be my last bid. If you can go even higher, Mr. Jensen, then the victory will be yours. I will gracefully accept defeat."

Everyone turned their gazes to Desmond after they heard what Leslie said. The two of them represented the epitome of power and wealth in Summerbank. Their competition that day had caused the bid to reach the hundred-million threshold.

Since they had to spend at least a hundred million to win the bid and ask for a favor from Triplex Manifesta, it was evident that what was happening right then was not as simple as an ordinary competition between two parties who were at odds with each other.

The Hart family was a righteous family, and it was one of the most powerful families in Summerbank. Yet, Leslie had a problem that even someone as powerful as her couldn't solve, which left her no choice but to go to Triplex Manifesta to ask for help. That meant something horrible was going to transpire in Summerbank.

Leslie might've said that she would accept defeat gracefully, but her tone made it obvious that she was threatening Desmond with her power.

Unfortunately, it was obvious that Desmond wouldn't do her a favor and let her have her way.

"Leslie, under any other circumstances, I would let you win. It's not a big deal. Today, however, I will not back down. I will pay one hundred and ten million for this!"

Desmond shouted once more and raised the price by another ten million.

He kept a nonchalant expression on his face, but on the inside, he was cussing nonstop.

If it hadn't been for Leslie, he could've won the auction with just eighty million.

Even though Leslie had already promised not to raise the bid anymore, Desmond still couldn't win the bid by paying just a few extra thousand.

After all, the Jensen family was a prominent family in Summerbank, just like the Hart family.

If Desmond had only won the bid by offering a few more thousand, or even a few hundred thousand, the Hart family would assume that he was deliberately doing that to embarrass them.

That was why Desmond had to spend an extra ten million, even though it was really burning a hole in his pocket.

Pin-drop silence filled the temple after Desmond shouted his bid.

That was the highest bid in the temple's history. Up until that point, the record for the highest bid was only ninety-eight million.

Something had made the Jensen family so desperate that their representative would rather risk offending the Hart family just to win the bid. The spectators didn't even have the guts to wonder what that something could be.

Every powerful figure, regardless of their level of influence and power, was well aware of one thing.

They understood that sometimes, the less they knew, the better off they'd be.

Leslie held her cigarette between two fingers and brought it close to her lips. When she heard Desmond's bid, her hand holding the cigarette trembled a little.

A hint of hostility flashed past her eyes. Furious, she shoved her cigarette to the bodyguard standing beside her.

“The Jensen family’s wealth is truly impressive. This time, you win.”

The price had gone ridiculously high, but for families as powerful as the Jensen family and the Hart family, raising the bid by another ten million wouldn’t hurt them much.

However, Leslie understood that there was no point in keeping the competition going on because Desmond had outbid her even after she threatened him. That proved her effort in raising the bid would be futile.

Desmond stood up and bowed to Leslie when he saw her leaving.

“Thank you for doing me this favor, Ms. Hart.”

Leslie turned around to glance at Desmond. Her eyes glowed with immense distaste.

Just then, someone else shouted from the other end of the corner.

“One hundred and fifty million.”

Those few words from Jonathan made Desmond’s smile freeze right away.

Desmond wasn’t the only one who was surprised. Even Leslie, who had already reached the door, paused and turned around to look at Jonathan.

Everyone else, especially those who were sitting somewhat close to Jonathan, had moved aside to keep their distance from him. It looked as though they were worried about him dragging them down and getting them in trouble as well.

Desmond had a gloomy expression on as he glared at Jonathan.

“You punk. You’ve been such an eyesore. How dare you cause trouble now! Do you have a death wish or something?”

“Anyone, regardless of their age or gender, can bid, and the first spot belongs to the highest bidder. Those are the rules, right?” asked Jonathan as he grinned at the young monk standing on the stairs.

The young monk was steady and grounded, but at the end of the day, he was just a teen. Upon hearing Jonathan’s bid, the monk couldn’t help but get excited.

“That’s right. Anyone can bid, and the first spot belongs to the highest bidder,” replied the monk excitedly.

Desmond, who had been standing at the side, lost his temper at that moment.

“Oh, f*ck this. Are you kidding me? Do you really think a guy like him would have that much money? If he is so rich and powerful, why have I never heard of him before?”

Jonathan ignored Desmond. The former fished a black card out of his pocket and tossed it to the young monk right away.

“There is no limit to this card. The pin number is 888888, and you can transfer the money straight away.”

“Please wait for a moment. I will go check the validity of this card.”

The young monk bowed respectfully before he hopped out of the place. Within a few seconds, his figure had disappeared from sight.

Meanwhile, Desmond was so angry that his face twisted in anger.

“Punk, let me win this bid, and I will let you go,” offered Desmond as he waved at his bodyguards, who were right beside him.

Six bodyguards, all armed with a dagger, had Jonathan surrounded. They were ready to attack at any time.

“Get lost!”

That single command was followed by a powerful spiritual energy that flushed right out of Jonathan. The spiritual energy engulfed the entire temple soon after.

Every single pair of eyes in that place glowed with fear. It was as though the air in the temple had suddenly frozen. The bodyguards surrounding Jonathan felt as though an invisible and humongous hand had gripped them by their throats. Immense horror seeped out of their eyes as their faces turned red.

Desmond, who was standing some distance away, bulged his eyes in surprise when he saw how his men reacted.

“What is wrong with you? What are you waiting for? Why aren't you attacking? I didn't pay you to—”

Slap!

Before Desmond could finish his sentence, his body was sent flying to the side.

The bamboo chairs scattered. Desmond screamed in agony after he slammed into them. His nose bled, and he looked as though he was in immense pain.

Jonathan, a cultivator who had achieved the level above the Grandmaster Realm, could use the spiritual energy within his force field freely and flexibly.

Jonathan slapped Desmond to teach that spoiled brat a lesson.

The former needed Triplex Manifesta's help, so he didn't want to commit murder on its holy soil. Otherwise, he would have thrown that spoiled brat out and finished off the latter once and for all.

"I don't care how powerful the Jensen family is. If you keep bullsh*tting in front of me, I will destroy your entire clan!"

Chapter 547 The Head Of Triplex Manifesta

Desmond lay on the ground, mortified by Jonathan's attack. The bodyguards surrounding Jonathan felt the restraints on them had gone. After some hesitation, they ran out of the temple in horror.

Seeing this, the people from the prominent families who were around were all a little confused. They had felt some pressure just now, but they were not targeted by Jonathan, so they did not know what had taken place.

The spiritual energy force field of the Grandmaster Realm was an invincible existence for mortals who had never practiced cultivation before. Inside this force field, Jonathan was a real god.

Standing at the door, Leslie gazed at Jonathan in fascination and surprise. "You're a martial artist, aren't you? Are you a Grandmaster?" Leslie went up to Jonathan, and she could not help asking excitedly.

Jonathan turned to look at Leslie, and the spiritual energy in his eyes flowed slowly as he sized her up. Leslie blushed when she saw Jonathan looking at her with a gaze that seemed to be able to see through everything, but she did not shy away from his eyes.

She is not a cultivator. Looking at Leslie's pretty face, Jonathan frowned slightly. "Do you know a lot about martial artists?"

In response to Jonathan's question, Leslie shook her head slightly. "I haven't seen a real martial artist, but there are a lot of accounts in the internal local chronicles of Summerbank about cultivators, so I may know one thing or two about them. Although I don't understand what happened just now, I can tell that you should be one of the martial arts grandmasters as described in those ancient books."

Leslie sounded sincere, and she was apparently truthful. However, Jonathan was not keen on engaging any further with her, and so he turned around again after a slight nod of his head.

Leslie was a little taken aback to see Jonathan ignoring her. In Summerbank, the Hart family was considered one of the most prominent families.

Leslie was among the most beautiful of the girls in Summerbank. She had many suitors, be it for her beauty or for finding favor with her father.

However, despite the fact that she had shown her captivating feminine side, this young man did not even give her a second look. Does he not find me attractive?

After straightening her attire, Leslie walked up to Jonathan and sat down beside him. "I'm Leslie Hart from the Hart family. Shouldn't you introduce yourself?"

Leslie spoke gently to Jonathan, and her speaking manner surprised the members of other prestigious families who were present at the scene.

Everyone knew that Leslie was well known in Summerbank for being aloof. Even Desmond who was now lying on the ground had tried to pursue her before.

However, Leslie had never shown any interest in those scions of affluent families. At that moment, it was obvious that the young man had no intention of interacting with Leslie, but Leslie tried to start a conversation with him.

Those who witnessed the scene wondered if Leslie liked people who played hard to get. The people present were pondering over the matter in silence, but no one dared to say a word.

At that moment, from outside the small courtyard, a confident voice rang out. "Triplex Manifesta is a sacred place. How can you start a fight here?"

Hearing the voice, everyone turned in the direction from where the voice came. The young monk had come back, and there was a well-built monk with a long beard walking before him.

Dressed in a robe, the monk walked into the small courtyard. "May I ask who has won the privilege of being the first to pray in Triplex Manifesta?"

"Master, it's him who has donated a huge sum of money." As the young monk spoke, he walked up to Jonathan, stretched out his hands, and respectfully handed a black card back to Jonathan.

"Sir, this way, please."

The monk nodded gently to Jonathan, then turned to look at the rest of the crowd. "Ladies and gentlemen, this man has won the first spot, and he will be the first to pray. You may leave."

With that simple phrase, the guests were dismissed. When the crowd heard the monk's words, they hurriedly stood up and took their leave.

It was an unlucky day for Desmond. He was still lying on the ground and unable to get up. The members of other prestigious families had long wanted to leave for fear of being implicated.

After taking a look at Desmond, who was lying on the ground, and the weapons scattered around Jonathan, the monk nodded gently.

"Sean, throw the injured man out. The temple grounds must not be tainted."

"Yes, Master."

When the young monk heard the instructions, he carried Desmond up and headed outside without any hesitation.

Meanwhile, Leslie handed a name card to Jonathan.

"If you face any problems in Summerbank, you may contact me."

After saying those words, Leslie turned around and walked toward the door, not overstaying her welcome.

Jonathan looked at the name card and cast a faint smile.

She is a rather interesting woman.

After the rest of the people left, the monk moved a bamboo chair and sat opposite Jonathan.

"Sir, you won the position of being the first to pray. So, may I ask what ails you that you wish Triplex Manifesta to help you solve?"

The monk's eyes sparkled as he stroked his beard, and Jonathan could feel the spiritual energy coming from the former's body. Finally, Jonathan spoke plainly.

"You're in the middle phase of the Superior Realm, and you have endless spiritual energy. At this rate, within ten years, you can achieve the Grandmaster Realm. Am I right?"

Hearing Jonathan's words, the monk was stunned at first, and then he nodded gently.

"Sir, I felt a majestic fluctuation of spiritual energy, even when I stood far away from you earlier. If I'm not mistaken, your cultivation level is definitely higher than that of the Grandmaster Realm. However, I really don't understand. At such a cultivation level, you

can go anywhere in the world. Except for those hidden, respectable families and sects, I really can't think of anything else in this world that can be a problem for you."

"I'm here to request for medicine from someone," Jonathan said simply.

"What medicine and from whom?" The monk frowned as he looked at Jonathan.

"I don't know what the medicine is. I just know that it can help save a person's life." Jonathan looked at the monk. "However, I know the name of the person whom I'm looking for. His nickname is 'Sofus.' Have you heard of this person?"

Jonathan had gotten to know about the name "Sofus" from Lynn right before he left.

Back then, when Jonathan was in a coma, Sofus had given him medicine to save his life, but Hades and the others did not trust Sofus.

Only the village doctor, Shane, had shown kindness to Sofus, seeing that Sofus was still a child.

Shane's kind gesture toward Sofus was the only reason why the latter had revealed his nickname and address. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for Jonathan to look for Sofus.

All Jonathan wanted was to ask if the monk knew Sofus.

Unexpectedly, the monk suddenly stood up with a wary expression on his face when he heard Sofus' name.

"Who are you? How do you know the name of the head of Triplex Manifesta?"

Jonathan was stunned when he heard the monk's words.

The head of Triplex Manifesta? The young monk who gifted me with the life-saving medicine two years ago seemed to be only thirteen or fourteen years of age. Even now, he could not have been an adult yet. How on earth did he become the head of Triple Manifesta?

"That is to say, you do know Sofus!" Jonathan said with a laugh.

Jonathan then requested, "Please do me a favor and inform him that the man whose life he saved three years ago would like to see him."

Chapter 548 Summerbank Abyss

In a private room on the top floor of Mirage Plaza in the city center of Summerbank, a meeting between two men was taking place.

A young man with a pale face was leaning against the couch. Sitting opposite him was a bald man who wore a thick gold chain on his neck, and the man was puffing a cigar and crossing his legs as he stared at the former.

“I’m just trying to survive in Summerbank, Hubert. As you can see, I’ve not crossed anyone ever since I took control of Mirage Plaza.”

The young man lifted a bottle of wine to respectfully pour the bald Hubert a glass, putting on a gleeful smile the whole time. “As for what happened here back then, I wasn’t aware of the rules at that time. I’ll gulp this down as a token of apology.”

Upon finishing that sentence, the young man picked the bottle of wine up and began swigging one mouthful after another. In a matter of seconds, that entire bottle of wine worth more than a hundred thousand went down the young man’s belly. Hubert let out a chuckle as he saw the young man’s demeanor.

“Are you trying to role-play for a film or something, Ryan? Rules are rules. They were never meant to be broken. Do you really think that you can shirk responsibility for bending the rules simply by knocking back a bottle of wine? Why wasn’t I ever learned of such a liberty?”

Hearing Hubert’s words, Ryan wiped the corner of his own lips and sat on top of the bar table, placing the red wine bottle on his knee. A cackle escaped from his mouth on the spot.

“I’ve traveled to all sorts of places, all the way from Lumonburg to Summerbank, Hubert. I truly come in peace and—”

Before Ryan could finish saying his piece, the door to the private room was pushed wide open with brute force. “Boss! Bad news...”

A burly man staggered into the room, following the opening of the door. Ryan raised his leg and hurled a hard kick right at that burly man’s chest. With that, the burly man who weighed more than two hundred pounds was sent flying backward, eventually crashing to the floor outside.

“How dare you be so rude! Didn’t you see I’m having a discussion with Hubert? Learn how to knock,” hollered Ryan as he fixed his gaze on the burly man in the corridor.

At that very juncture, Hubert’s visage became all the grimmer. What a load of crap! That Ryan isn’t even trying to lecture his subordinate. He’s clearly showing off before me.

Suffering a kick from Ryan that abruptly, the burly man was dumbfounded. Yet, he didn’t have the courage to allow even a hint of displeasure to creep up his face when facing his superior.

That would make sense, for prior to that, Ryan had slaughtered the previous owner of Mirage Plaza before his subordinate's very eyes, just so he could be in charge of Mirage Plaza instead.

His cruel and merciless means of handling things would instill fear into even the most ruthless man's heart. The burly man then scrambled back into the room, clenching an already deformed metal pole in his hand.

"Boss, I-I bumped into someone exactly like you..." came the burly man's utterance as his lips quivered. Concurrently, Hubert threw the cigar in his hand into the wineglass.

"I request that you spend some time to ponder, Ryan. I couldn't care less about what a legendary being you are, but if you intend to gain a foothold here in Summerbank, you'd have to play by our rules!"

Boom! With a deafening banging sound, Hubert was seen covering his head, wailing in excruciating pain on the floor. Outside the door, Hubert's men heard the noise and wasted no time hustling into the room.

Alas, they were too little, too late. All they could see was Ryan locking Hubert's body and stabbing consecutively the latter's neck with a broken piece of the wine bottle.

The carpet was awash with blood in seconds. Hubert was gone with the wind in no time at all, his hands still covering his own neck. Ryan rose to his feet before wiping ever so casually the bloodstain on both of his hands.

"You should've waited patiently but not intervened while other people are having an exchange. Is this how the leader of a pack ought to behave? Where the hell have all your manners gone to?"

Gazing at Hubert, whose eyes remained open when he breathed his last, Ryan was all smiles.

He then pointed at Hubert's lackeys in the room and commanded, "You there! Take this body away. Oh! By the way, inform all the other big shots in Summerbank that they're more than welcome to cut a deal with me."

Immediately afterward, Ryan averted his gaze altogether, paying the horde of minions no heed. Instead, he crouched down and sidled up to the burly man, who was still lying on the ground at that point in time.

Grabbing the metal pole, Ryan scrutinized the crystal clear palm print on it.

"Someone exactly like me, huh? How interesting..."

Behind Triplex Manifesta, there was a huge, flat boulder that was tens of square meters in size.

Below that very boulder was an abyss as deep as a bottomless pit.

Jonathan was sitting on the boulder at that moment, and opposite him sat a handsome young man with tapered brows.

“Back then, Mr. Windt, it was all thanks to you reaching out to me with the miraculous pill when I was badly wounded. You saved my life. Please forgive my tardiness, as I’m two years late to finally paying you a visit.”

Jonathan had hardly ever been that courteous to anyone in Chanaea, for he was Asura, after all.

Be that as it might, he wouldn’t dare to portray a disrespectful mien to that young man sitting face to face with him. That was logical because the latter was his lifesaver who had offered him a life-saving pill two years ago, the one-and-only Sofus.

“You give me too much credit, Mr. Goldstein.”

Sofus was only sixteen, yet he appeared so mature for his age.

Even when he was informed of Jonathan’s true identity, he wasn’t even one bit in shock. He had a pair of bubbly eyes, seemingly sparkling and lively, but upon a closer look, one would find an overwhelming serenity lurking behind those eyes of his.

What astonished Jonathan the most was the spiritual energy emanating from Sofus’ body. The latter was giving off the air so strong that could hold a candle to that of an individual who had mastered the Grandmaster Realm.

A sixteen-year-old Grandmaster... What kind of terrifying existence is this?

“Mr. Goldstein, you’re already the top person of Chanaea, reigning over the provinces, so I believe you must have a reason to invest such a hefty sum of money just to be the first to pray. Even so, I failed to put my finger on what that could possibly be.”

“I’m ashamed to admit it.” A faint smile was etched on Jonathan’s countenance as he added, “Mr. Windt, the reason why I went all out just to be the first to pray is that I want to request a pill from you.”

Hearing Jonathan’s revelation, Sofus froze momentarily.

“Pill? You don’t mean the same life-saving pill that was provided to you the last time, do you?”

“It’s precisely that.” Jonathan bobbed his head slightly on that note. “I wonder if you’re still in possession of such pills, Mr. Windt. If you’re willing to grant my wish, I’m willing to do any of your biddings without hesitation, as long as it’s something within my power.”

As he spoke, his gaze was fixated on Sofus the whole time, wishing to catch a glimpse of the latter’s reaction.

The pill that had saved Jonathan’s life was extremely rare and precious. Not even Jason had the skills to replicate something like that. Because of that, Jonathan was all ready to be greeted by Sofus’ out-of-the-world, bold demand.

However, his earnest stare only found Sofus shaking his head.

“You must know that Lady Luck has always been smiling on you, Mr. Goldstein. Otherwise, my master wouldn’t have stumbled across your presence years ago with the pills in his hands.”

Sofus paused for a bit before going on, “Since you’ve journeyed here and successfully emerged as the first to pray, I’m supposed to oblige to your will no matter the subject, according to the rules set by us at Triplex Manifesta. Still, if it’s the pill you ask, unfortunately, there is nothing I can do for you.”

Then came Jonathan pleading in a deep tone, “But Mr. Windt, I’ve got to rescue my aunt. She’s critically injured. Without the pill, I don’t think she’ll be able to pull through. I sincerely hope that you can grant my only wish. If you ever deem me of any use in the future, I’ll only be one call away.”

If his words were to reach the ears of the public, without a doubt, there would be a parade of people willing to go to the ends of the earth for him.

Such was the compelling siren song of Asura’s invaluable favor.

Nevertheless, Sofus shook his head once more in response.

“You’ve misunderstood me, Mr. Goldstein. I wasn’t declining your plea, nor was I asking for an equivalent exchange. The truth is, I don’t actually have the pill anymore.”

“You don’t?” Startled, Jonathan gaped at Sofus in consternation. “What do you mean, Mr. Windt..”

Sofus gradually got up and approached the edge of the cliff, pointing toward the distant unknown beneath his feet.

“Those pills were formulated by my master. Back then, he managed to refine only three of them. Other than the one given to you the last time, my master gifted someone else one of the two remaining pills as well. As for the last pill, he had taken along with him

down there—Summerbank Abyss. He’s already been there for about half a year long. So, it’s not that I’m turning you down, but I really don’t have it.”

“Half a year?” Looking at the ethereal fog far beyond, Jonathan furrowed his brows to a tight knot. “Do you know when your master will be back?”

Sofus heaved a sigh the second he heard the query. “My master told me before he left that it could take him days or even months to make a return. I’ve been waiting for him ever since that day, not even knowing whether he’s still alive...”

Chapter 549 Thousands Of Years Of Inheritance

At Prima Majestica, Jonathan stood on a boulder overlooking the sight beneath him. The spiritual energy within his body flowed relentlessly into his eyes, glowing and spiraling inside his pupils. Yet, no matter how hard Jonathan tried, he could not see through the clouds and mist obscuring the valley beneath him.

His spiritual sense that had always worked was useless at that time. With his current cultivation level, his spiritual sense could cover a distance of up to a hundred meters.

If he shaped his spiritual sense into a thin line to conduct a rough search, the coverage would extend up to five hundred meters. Yet, Jonathan’s spiritual sense couldn’t reach more than fifty meters into the valley despite putting in all his might.

That feeling was like dropping a rope over a cliff. It unraveled when it reached a certain level, and every strand drifted in the wind.

Jonathan felt as though his spiritual sense was split into uncountable strands. His consciousness started blurring around the edges after a few breaths. Realizing his situation in time, he swiftly retracted his spiritual sense.

Sofus’ brows slightly furrowed as he watched from the side. “You should be able to sense the abnormality below,” Sofus said with concern. He then pointed at the other two peaks of Summerbank Mountain amidst the clouds and mist.

“Mr. Goldstein, look at the two peaks there. The three main peaks of Summerbank Mountain are Prima Majestica, where we’re standing now, Cloudview Pinnacle in the southeast, and Buxlow Summit in the northeast. The valleys between these three peaks with thick mists shrouded over them are the Summerbank Abyss that we, the Phoebus Sect, have protected for generations.”

“Phoebus Sect?” Jonathan turned to Sofus with curiosity. “I thought your sect is Triplex Manifesta?”

Sofus shook his head softly. "Triplex Manifesta is the name of the temple structure behind us. That temple was there three centuries ago. I'm part of the Phoebus Sect. The sect has over two thousand years of history, and I'm the fifty-seventh generation."

Jonathan was surprised by Sofus' words. Even though those prominent and respectable families may deem themselves The Untouchables, many of them only have hundreds of years of history. Only a handful of respectable families out there have a thousand-year-long history. Yet, the Phoebus Sect already has fifty-seven generations. It has over two thousand years of history. That's unexpected for an inconspicuous sect like this.

The glint in Jonathan's eyes continued to spiral until he dispersed the spiritual energy. "Not sure if I can ask this. The Phoebus Sect has been watching over the Summerbank Abyss for over two thousand years. There must be a reason behind it. Will you be willing to tell me, Mr. Windt?"

Hearing Jonathan's question, Sofus shook his head. "I don't know. Even though I'm the head of the sect, I'm clueless about the secret behind the Summerbank Abyss."

Sofus sighed as he looked at the foggy mountain beneath him.

"From the sect's ancient books and records handed down by our previous sages, I can assume the former heads of the sect earlier than five hundred years ago are aware of the Summerbank Abyss' secret. The secret was passed down through word of mouth from one leader to the next.

Unfortunately, one of the Phoebus Sect's leaders passed away in an accident five hundred years ago, breaking that trail. The only information we have on the Summerbank Abyss is it is an important place. We don't know about the rest."

Sofus turned to Jonathan as he spoke. "The Phoebus Sect should be the one to solve your problem, since you have won the bid, Mr. Goldstein. Alas, I can't be of help to you regarding the pill you're searching for, but it's not totally hopeless yet."

Jonathan was ready to leave empty-handed when he heard there was no pill, but Sofus' words gave him hope.

"Do you have any solution? Please do tell," Jonathan urged.

Without any intention to hide any facts, Sofus whirled around to face Jonathan and bowed with his hands clasped.

"I wish to enter the Summerbank Abyss with you to search for my master, Mr. Goldstein. If I can find him, regardless of whether he's alive or dead, the pill is yours."

Enter the Summerbank Abyss?

Sofus' words baffled Jonathan.

Jonathan looked over his shoulder at the clouds and mist below and frowned.

"What is your master's cultivation level, Mr. Windt?"

"He's a God Realm cultivator," Sofus answered proudly.

Sofus wasn't wrong to feel proud, since a God Realm cultivator was a respectable existence no matter where they were.

Within the current society, a cultivator of the Grandmaster Realm could be the entire family's pillar of support, while respectable families would usually treat God Realm cultivators as their trump cards.

Therefore, it was not unreasonable for Sofus to be so proud of his master.

Sofus might have stated the fact casually, but Jonathan couldn't help feeling the chill that engulfed his heart upon hearing Sofus' answer.

As a God Realm cultivator himself, Jonathan knew better than anyone about the terrifying aspects of a God Realm cultivator.

Jonathan felt troubled, and he was in a tight spot. Sofus' master entered the Summerbank Abyss alone and even left his will. That shows how dangerous the place is. However, if I don't agree to Sofus' request, Aunt Sophia's life will be in danger.

Sofus noticed the troubled look on Jonathan's face and could guess Jonathan's struggle.

"Don't worry, Mr. Goldstein. I know about the risk of going into the Summerbank Abyss, so I've already contacted the other cultivators earlier and managed to reach out to four Grandmaster Realm cultivators at the moment. If you agree to my request, I'll have them rush over tonight."

Jonathan looked at Sofus with a surprised look.

Four Grandmasters? A cultivator of the Grandmaster Realm will commonly hide behind the backs of respectable families. One might not even get the chance to even meet a Grandmaster after living half of their life. Yet, the Phoebus Sect can get four of them to help. That influence alone is admirable.

Seeing that Jonathan was wavering, Sofus persuaded, "Moreover, we're only entering the fringe of the Summerbank Abyss. It'll only be about three to five miles from the threshold. I've gone in that much before with my master to gather some herbs. Even

though we did run into some troublesome situations, it was nothing the cultivators of the Grandmaster Realm couldn't handle."

Jonathan's struggle eased after he heard Sofus' explanation, and he nodded slightly.

"You and your master saved my life two years ago, and the reason I came to Summerbank this time around is to obtain the pill to save my aunt. Thus, it's only reasonable for me to agree to your request. All right, I'll do it. When are we leaving?"

"I'll contact the Grandmasters immediately. Let's make the necessary preparations tonight and depart the next morning."

Meanwhile, in the Jensen residence at Summerbank, Desmond was kneeling on the ground with an indignant look.

"Dad, I could have won the position to be the first to pray—"

Slap!

A loud slap echoed throughout the residence. Desmond lost his balance and dropped to the ground.

Carmelo Jensen's expression was pale as he pointed at Desmond with a trembling finger. His mouth opened and closed as he tried to gasp for air. He had a bloodthirsty, crazed look in his eyes that could send chills down others' spines.

"Why do I need you if you can't even deal with such a small matter?" Carmelo scolded.

He curved his fingers as though he was about to claw at something. Suddenly, dark, web-like fog enshrouded his fingernails.

When he was about to unleash his attack on Desmond, an abrupt knocking sound interrupted him.

"Who is it?" Carmelo asked in a cold voice.

A trembling woman came through the door.

"O-Old Mr. Jensen... Mr. Ryan Leiter is here."

Chapter 550 The Strange Master And Disciple

When Desmond, who was sprawled on the ground, heard the household staff mention Ryan Leiter, hatred filled his eyes.

On the other hand, Carmelo's right hand jerked as he sat on the couch. The black fog engulfing his fingernails dissipated, and he leaned back in his seat, looking a lot more benevolent than before.

"Get out of here. Next time, if you still fail to complete the task I assign to you, I won't forgive you easily."

"Yes, Father."

Desmond struggled to get up as he replied respectfully. When he finally stood up, he wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth before turning around to leave with his head lowered.

Ryan just happened to enter the moment the door was pushed open.

"Mr. Jensen," Ryan lowered his head and greeted while stepping back half a step to allow the other man through the door when they bumped into each other.

Seeing Ryan's humble demeanor, Desmond merely snorted as he turned away and left.

Only after the other man had disappeared from sight did Ryan straighten his back and enter the room.

Once the household staff had closed the door, he walked over to Carmelo's side and bowed slightly.

"Master, I had some matters at hand to deal with, so I came late."

Carmelo gave a dismissive wave as he panted.

"I already received the news just now. It's about Hubert, right?"

Ryan said flatly, "You're right. From today onward, there's no such person named Hubert in Summerbank."

"You killed him?" Carmelo looked at Ryan in surprise and continued, "Good. A man should have such courage. Unlike my son, who is indecisive when he's handling matters. He truly can't be trusted with important matters."

Although the man opposite him was praising him, Ryan was not even the slightest bit happy.

In the past few days, he had secretly investigated Carmelo after taking over Mirage Plaza.

Carmelo was considered the richest man in Summerbank. His wealth could not be compared to the Gomez family in Lumonburg before the latter's collapse. Still, to be able to get to where he was in less than thirty years was no easy feat, considering Summerbank was a relatively remote city.

However, through all of Ryan's investigations, he found that Carmelo was simply a businessman, without any traces of being a cultivator.

If that was the case, the matter of Carmelo healing him seemed a lot stranger.

Ryan Leiter was the new identity of Quinton Gomez.

The Gomez family of Lumonburg had been wiped out because of the fight between the Osborne family and Jonathan. After that, Ryan went to many places before finally arriving at the remote Summerbank.

He initially thought of recovering from his injuries first and cultivating in secret while finding an opportunity for revenge.

However, not long after arriving at Summerbank, he met Carmelo, who had happened to be involved in a car accident. It was after saving Carmelo did Ryan discover that the old man was, in fact, a martial artist.

Despite that, Carmelo's spiritual energy was very strange, as it came and went spontaneously. There were many times when Ryan even felt that the old man was no different from an ordinary person.

Even so, Carmelo had still managed to use strong spiritual energy to reattach Ryan's broken arm.

He had even passed on a strange secret technique known as the Soul-Devouring Technique to Ryan.

The secret technique was extremely bizarre, as Ryan needed to feed on other people's blood essence to cultivate it.

At first, Ryan had found such a technique repulsive, but after encountering a drunk hooligan stirring up trouble, he finally tasted the thrill of his cultivation skyrocketing.

From that day onward, Ryan Leiter managed to make a name for himself in the underground circles of Summerbank.

Ryan believed that some people who had done many evil things deserved to die, and it was their honor to become his nourishment.

At first, he also thought that it was because he had saved Carmelo that the latter accepted him as his disciple and passed down his cultivation method to him.

However, Ryan gradually realized that something was amiss, as there were far too many strange things about Carmelo.

For example, according to Ryan's investigation, Carmelo was supposed to be an extremely protective father and would oblige to all of his only son's requests.

Despite that, what Ryan witnessed was Carmelo treating Desmond harshly several times.

On the contrary, Carmelo cared a lot about his disciple, whom he accepted not long ago, and even asked about his disciple's cultivation progress every day. If Ryan slacked off in his cultivation, Carmelo would reprimand him sternly.

Earlier on, Ryan had even felt a strong murderous aura when he was standing outside the door.

Carmelo was going to kill his son! What the hell is going on with this old geezer?

Looking down at the ground, Ryan could only see Carmelo's wrinkled legs that reminded him of the bark of an old tree.

Something's wrong with Carmelo!

However, Ryan could not pinpoint what exactly was wrong with the old man.

Across from him, Carmelo coughed several times. "How was your cultivation going today, Ryan?"

"I didn't make much progress today, Master, as I only devoured Hubert's blood essence." Ryan looked up and replied respectfully.

After Carmelo heard Ryan's words, the former's expression grew cold.

"You need to be diligent in your cultivation all the way, Ryan. If you're so lax, when will you be able to achieve the Superior Realm?"

"You're right, Master. I'll remember your words." Ryan lowered his head upon hearing that before raising his head again. "Master, there's one thing I don't understand. I hope you'll enlighten me."

Carmelo's expression stiffened slightly after he heard Ryan's words.

After giving his disciple a once-over, he finally nodded his head.

“Go on. What is it?”

Ryan bowed before saying, “Master, although I’m stupid and the cultivation method I previously learned wasn’t as intense as the Soul-Devouring Technique, I’m aware that cultivation should be done step by step. However, you seem to want me to ascend to the Superior Realm in the shortest time possible. I’m wondering if there’s something you want me to do for you, and I’m wondering if that task can only be completed after I achieve the Superior Realm.”

After much contemplation, Ryan finally spoke his mind.

When Carmelo heard Ryan’s query, a murderous intent flashed across his eyes.

Carmelo uttered coldly, “What are you thinking? Is there any problem in Summerbank that my family can’t solve? What? Are you suspecting that I have ulterior motives for training you?”

“I wouldn’t dare!” Ryan exclaimed as he kneeled on the ground with a thud and bowed deeply.

Above Carmelo’s neck, a scarlet stream of light flashed before vanishing quickly.

After several labored breaths, Carmelo finally let out a long sigh.

“That’s enough. Get up.”

“Understood.” Ryan stood up before uttering, “By the way, Master. Didn’t you tell me to pay attention to news of rogue martial artists previously? I just received news today that there seem to be sightings of a rogue martial artist in Grafburg Village that is located in the north of Summerbank.”

“Really?” Carmelo sat up straight and said in a trembling tone, “Quick! Go and see for yourself. There’s only so much blood essence an ordinary human has. The blood essence of a martial artist is a great supplement to us. Go, go now!”

“Understood.”

Ryan turned and left upon receiving the order.

After bowing and closing the door of the room, he frowned.

What exactly is this old geezer trying to do? From the day he accepted me as his disciple, he has been talking about how he would help me to ascend to the Superior Realm in the shortest time possible. What is so great about this realm?