

The Legendary Man Chapter 566 - 570

Chapter 566 A Pyrrhic Victory

As the young man held his sword, a determined gaze appeared on his face. "I didn't expect an expert like you to be present here. It seems that if I don't pull out all the stops, I'll have trouble leaving here alive, much less complete the mission."

"Glad you realized that." Jason's less than three centimeters long operating knife appeared even more chilling under the sunlight. There was a mix of excitement and frenzy in his eyes as he stared at the young man.

It was as though he had just seen a naked woman, which made his opponent uncomfortable. He lifted his right hand, his operating knife appearing as though it were alive as it danced on his fingertips.

"Do you know? My family originally ran a private hospital. But because my father failed to save a disciple from a branch family of a respectable family, everyone in the hospital was killed. I survived because I was overseas at the time. After I joined Asura's Office and interacted with a martial artist during a battle, my research into martial artists started. In fact, that still hasn't stopped yet. However, martial artists of the Superior Realm or Grandmaster Realm are simply too difficult to find, and Hades disallowed me to experiment with members of Asura's Office. Since you've delivered yourself to me today, don't blame me for operating on you! Take this!"

After he concluded his sentence, Jason moved his right hand, transforming the sharp operating knife into a beam of light that flew toward the young man.

"Spirit Armor, activate!" the young man shouted. The spiritual energy around him swiftly materialized into an invisible armor, protecting him.

"Scattering Spirit, unleash!" He wielded a sword with his right hand while activating the technique with his left. In an instant, his power grew, and his cultivation level was forcefully raised to the middle phase of the Grandmaster Realm.

Jason's fingers danced as three more operating knives slid out of his sleeves before they were shot toward his opponent's surroundings like light beams. "As a doctor, I feel compelled to tell you that forcefully raising your cultivation level will only do more harm than good to you."

"Shut your mouth and die!" the young man exclaimed as he launched himself toward Jason. The sword in his hand raised into the air before he attempted to split his opponent's skull in half.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

A series of metal clashing sounds were heard as four operating knives hit the same weak spot on the long sword.

Crack!

The weapon in the young man's hand broke following the cracking sound.

The broken piece of the blade came down and flew toward the back of Jason's shoulder. As for the part of the sword that was still in his opponent's hand, it landed directly on his left shoulder.

Blood gushed out of his wound as he allowed his chest to be slashed. There was only a calm expression on his face. "It's over."

As he spoke, the four operating knives turned around, flew in the direction they came from, and stabbed into the young man's neck and spine.

Resentment appeared in the young man's eyes as he stared at the wound that went from Jason's left shoulder to the right side of the abdomen.

Both of them knew that, despite the terrifying appearance of the injury, it was only a scratch because the blade was too short.

If the sword had been a few centimeters longer, Jason would have been bleeding out at that moment.

Concurrently, even though the young man was holding the hilt with both hands, a broken blade sprang out from the back of the hilt.

The sword was a trick weapon. If Jason had attempted to dodge the long sword by leaning to either side, the blade at the end of the hilt would have instantly cut off his neck.

However, it didn't work out because he was one step slower than Jason.

The four operating knives that stabbed into the young man's spine had accurately blocked his nerves and meridians.

His arms slumped down weakly, then he dropped to the ground with widened eyes. "You're a madman..."

Unable to feel anything below his neck, the young man understood he wasn't leaving alive.

"Precision is what surgeons are best at. I would've died if my attack had failed to break your sword. Thankfully, I made the right bet." Jason spoke as he sat on the ground with

a pale face and stared at the people walking out of the mansion. "Quickly... Give me a blood transfusion... I think I can still be rescued... Also, remove all the joints in this brat's body, including his jaw. It wasn't easy to procure such a prime test subject. He mustn't die..."

Outside of No. 1 Villa, Zachary was lying on the ground as blood rushed out of his nose and mouth.

Next to him was Hansel's corpse, with a sword lodged in the chest.

"Commander..." A military doctor rushed forward.

No one dared to move Zachary when they saw his condition.

"Summon Dr. Jason. Hurry!" the military doctor shouted.

Outside the mansion, a pubescent teenager was walking up with Jason.

"Jason fought with another martial artist. Because of a massive loss of blood, his ability to move is restricted. I'm the deputy head of the special medical team of Asura's Office, Donald Chambers. I'll be taking over and leading this medical operation. Everyone, please move the injured personnel to a single spot and build a temporary sterile operating room..."

In the military, no one cared about a person's age because a person's ability was the only thing that mattered. Their rank meant that they were skilled enough to hold the position.

Following Donald's order, the entire army moved quickly.

As for Donald himself, he lowered his head and began treating Zachary's injury.

"I'm moving your head and washing away the blood in your mouth. Otherwise, you'll suffocate." He proficiently used a scissor to cut open Zachary's shirt.

When he saw the patient's already-collapsed rib, he frowned. "Your wound is severe. I'll give you one minute to relay orders you have before I inject anesthesia into your body and immediately begin your operation."

Zachary turned to the adjutant at his side and uttered, "Put out the fire. Count the total number of injured and dead personnel. Contact Hades. Report everything that happened in the battle to Hades. In the time I remain unconscious, I'll let you take charge of the defense. Before Hades arrives, you mustn't allow anyone to approach No. 2 Villa."

"Roger!" the adjutant exclaimed with reddened eyes.

Zachary then turned to Donald, who was squatting next to him. "There's a woman in the courtyard called Yasmin Zielinski. She's the one Mr. Goldstein wants to use. Without her, we wouldn't have been able to protect Josephine. Don't let her die."

Donald glanced at the woman next to him. Upon receiving her order, she led a group of people into No. 1 Villa.

After the person next to him handed him a syringe, Donald stabbed it right onto Zachary's shoulder.

In the courtyard of No. 1 Villa, a short-haired woman was lying on the ground.

Black blood continued to flow out of the two bullet holes in her body.

Sitting across from her was Yasmin, who was hugging her knees on the ground. Black blood was dripping down from the muzzle of the gun in Yasmin's hand.

"Is this what you Grandmasters are capable of? You can restrict people's movements?" At this moment, her clothes were torn to pieces, and black blood was flowing out of the extremely fine wounds on her body.

The short-haired woman's eyes shimmered. "I'm usually pretty careful... I really can't figure out when you released the poison..."

"I didn't poison you. I poisoned myself. If your wound hadn't come in contact with my blood, you would've been fine," Yasmin uttered with a smile.

The short-haired woman did, too. "A poison capable of killing a Grandmaster is also capable of killing you. Why are you willing to go so far to kill me?"

"Why not?" Yasmin said, her face pale. "It was a gamble I wanted to take. Someone will give me a blood transfusion later."

As soon as she spoke, a tall, slender woman entered the courtyard. "I'm a member of Asura's Office's special medical team, Kelsey Parham. Please tell me your blood type, Ms. Yasmin. We'll make the arrangements for a blood transfusion right away."

The Legendary Man Chapter 567

Chapter 567 Strange And Desperate Situation

Jonathan was currently at the true Summerbank Abyss. Just as Sofus said, the further someone went into the Summerbank Abyss, the less thick the fog became. Currently, there wasn't any fog in sight at where he was standing. However, even though the fog was gone, the environment inside Summerbank Abyss was very different from the one outside.

The most obvious difference was the flora. Outside of Summerbank Abyss, pine trees were a common sight on Summerbank Mountain. Mountainous vegetation could also be seen everywhere.

However, after he entered Summerbank Abyss, all the plants Jonathan came across were ones he had never seen before. That roused his attention. In the many years he led Asura's Office to conquer Chanaea, he had stepped foot into every corner of the country.

Because of that, he was very knowledgeable about many things. Yet, none of the plants in Summerbank Abyss, whether in terms of their smell or shape, were familiar to him. Some plants even had an unnatural green on them.

Am I still in Chanaea? Jonathan was shocked by the surrounding flora. In front of him, a ping-pong ball-sized beetle was slowly climbing up a short tree that was slightly taller than a person.

Because of his God Realm cultivation level, he had already achieved the ability to look at things in great detail. So, as he stared at the bug, he studied the intricacies in the creature's appearance.

Even though the beetle appeared clumsy, its climbing speed was extremely fast. On both sides of the beetle's jaws were two pincers. When it ate, the beetle only needed to bite forcefully with its pincers to cut off a palm-sized leaf before quickly nibbling on it.

The thing that intrigued Jonathan the most was the fact that he could sense faint spiritual energy pulsing from the beetle.

How is this possible? Curiously, Jonathan covered the fingers on his right hand with a layer of spiritual energy as armor before grabbing the beetle.

When he did that, the beetle struggled violently.

Suddenly, he felt a jolt of pain coming from his finger. The bug's leg had actually jabbed into his skin.

Then, the beetle used its sharp pincers to bite Jonathan's finger fiercely.

Shocked, he quickly pressed on the beetle and squashed it like an egg.

An extremely foul smell rapidly spread from his hand and disturbed his five senses.

He frowned as he lowered his head to stare at the bug's corpse. What the hell's going on with this bug? Sure, the layer of armor I made with spiritual energy was thin, but a bug shouldn't be able to pierce through it. Still, I saw the bug pierce its leg through my skin and go into my flesh, like a knife cutting into a pudding. It was like nothing was

obstructing the bug at all. My armor made of spiritual energy was as weak as a balloon that could easily be popped by a needle.

Just as Jonathan was still observing the bug, numerous rustling sounds could be heard around him.

He turned around and saw another bug that looked exactly like the one he had killed on the original tree. It lifted its pincers and waved them continuously, looking as though it were searching for something.

Then the beetle jumped straight toward him.

He dodged, but at once, dozens of the same black beetles began to rush toward him.

With no other choice, he activated a Grandmaster Realm force field.

Immediately, everything within a five-meter radius of him froze as though someone had pressed the pause button. Hundreds of beetles were rendered immobile in the air.

Jonathan swiftly expanded his spiritual sense by fifty meters in all directions, and he immediately detected countless amounts of beetles rushing toward him from the ground and the trees.

Even though he had only roughly examined his surrounding with his spiritual sense, he could sense at least a hundred thousand beetles converging toward his location. By that point, he could no longer see the original color of the ground because it was entirely covered by black beetles.

The worst part was that the beetles trapped in his force field had begun to move again.

Since the beetle could penetrate Jonathan's spirit armor easily, it meant the creature had some sort of ability to counter spiritual energy techniques.

The principle behind the Grandmaster force field was just to use one's pure spiritual energy to cover a specific range around the user's body. Then, they would condense the spiritual energy to force everything around the user to freeze.

However, there was no way that effect would last long against beetles with the ability to counter spiritual energy.

I've poked the hornet's nest! As Jonathan stared at the bugs flooding toward him, goosebumps crawled over his body. Without hesitation, he jumped far away and started running.

Behind him, beetles that were previously rendered immobile in the air broke free of the effects of the force field and began to fall.

Then, the most terrifying scene unfolded before his eyes.

The falling beetles start to spread its wings.

After the first beetle stretched its wings out, it was as though a switch had been turned on for the rest of the beetle wave. All of them stretched their wings too and flew straight toward him.

“What the f*ck!” Jonathan cursed as he stared at the cloud of beetles chasing after him. He then vanished into the fog like a madman.

He had no idea how far he had run, but according to his estimations, it had been more than ten minutes since he started sprinting. His escape plan worked as the beetles were no longer chasing after him.

A God Realm martial artist was capable of leaping more than ten meters at a time. So, after running full speed for more than ten minutes, he was at least more than ten kilometers away from his previous spot.

As he hid on an unnamed crimson tree, he panted slightly.

He grabbed the bronze shard Sofus had given him and injected it with a small amount of spiritual energy.

The shard instantly became smooth.

Soon, a message appeared on the surface: I thought you said it wasn't dangerous, Sofus! I almost died after being chased by a pack of wolves!

Moments after the message surfaced, more words showed up below: The thing I came across was a vine. It slithered like it was alive. Thankfully, I moved pretty fast and managed to escape its attack range.

Another message read: I found a fruit with spiritual energy inside, but I don't have the nerve to eat it.

If people saw how those messages appeared on the shard, they wouldn't think it was too different from using a messaging app on a phone.

Jonathan fell into deep thought as he read the messages. Sofus had given everyone a shard of the bronze mirror.

Torkild and Bertel had gone in together. Lauryn and Irving, on the other hand, had entered after Jonathan did, so he couldn't tell if they had gone in together.

However, after reading the messages, he felt that they were all moving on their own. At the very least, they weren't in contact with each other based on what they wrote.

Even though Summerbank Abyss is an extremely dangerous and unusual location, Sofus said it isn't. What is he trying to do? Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows.

The Legendary Man Chapter 568

Chapter 568 Welfare Of The General Public

There was a solemn look on Jonathan's face as he gazed at the broken bronze mirror in his hand. Although the message was being displayed, there was no sender's information or a unique code to identify the sender, so he could not tell who sent the message.

From the first few messages, Jonathan could still figure out it was a conversation between three parties. However, as he read on, he became confused and could not associate the messages with any particular party anymore.

The idea of creating the bronze mirror as a communication tool was good, but the design was bad, and thus, the end product was pretty useless. He took out his phone from his pocket and saw the battery was full, yet there was still no reception.

Summerbank Abyss is really a mystifying place. Jonathan turned around and looked toward the heavy fog on one side of the abyss.

Although the place was a little unusual, Jonathan thought it wasn't too bad, as it would not be difficult for him to find his way out. He knew all he needed to do was head into the heavy fog, and he would be on his way out.

Suddenly, he felt a faint disturbance of spiritual energy coming from a distance in front of him. There's a fight going on out there? Jonathan frowned slightly, then leaned forward and raced toward the direction of the spiritual energy disturbance.

In the valley, Lauryn was swirling her sword around and waves of powerful sword energy were radiating from her. There was a swift-moving silhouette circling around her and rapidly getting closer to her.

"Sword field, emerge!" Lauryn made a gesture with one of her hands as she chanted, and instantly, all the sword energy turned back and swirled around her body, forming a protective vortex around her.

Right then, a black palm appeared in front of her, and it was coming for her head. When it appeared, her protective pool of sword energy instantly gravitated toward it in an attempt to block it off.

Boom, boom... Following the sounds of explosions, a figure in black leaped up into the air and landed firmly on a boulder. Lauryn, looking solemn, had her sword pointed directly in the direction of the man in black.

“Who are you? Why did you sneak up on me?”

Her opponent’s face was fully hidden behind a black, full-face mask. The mask and his clothes appeared to be specially constructed, as they could block off her spiritual sense.

“I’m killing you for the welfare of the general public,” the man in black said in his hoarse voice. “If you know what is best for you, lay down your weapon and surrender. Otherwise, you’ll regret it.”

“Surrender? Me?” Lauryn smirked. “You think you can kill me? Let’s give it a try, then!”

“Well, since you asked for it...”

The man in black sniggered, and with a twist of his wrist, a worn-out long axe miraculously appeared in his hand.

Lauryn’s eyes narrowed as her gaze lingered on the black axe.

The axe was about two meters long and its handle was so worn out that it looked like it could disintegrate at any moment. The head of the axe was also full of rust.

Despite its shabby look, in the hand of the man in black, it gave out an imposing and daunting feeling.

“Kill!” the man roared and leaped into the air.

With the infusion of his immense spiritual energy, mysterious runes began to appear on the axe, and in no time, the whole axe was enveloped by those queer symbols.

A faint shadow appeared behind the man. It was the silhouette of a strange creature with two horns on its head holding a huge axe!

A glint of apprehension appeared in Lauryn’s eyes when she felt the forceful wave of energy coming from her opponent.

“Unum, skywards!”

With another chant, followed by a change in the gesture of her hand, Lauryn’s spiritual energy immediately flowed back into her body. The sword in her hand began to vibrate violently, causing a faint roaring sound.

She made no fancy or frivolous moves. With just a simple but powerful upward flick of her sword, she went head-on to meet the huge axe that was hurtling toward her at great speed.

Both Lauryn and the man in black did their utmost to infuse all their spiritual energy into that decisive strike. When their weapons met, the two waves of intense spiritual energy clashed and exploded.

Lauryn threw up a big mouthful of blood as she was sent flying backward into the valley.

Boom!

The ground shook when she took a hard landing in the valley. Her sword had flown off her hand, and she was crouching on the ground in pain.

Her body went into shock after the forceful impact, and the spiritual energy in her meridian went haywire inside her body. Severely injured, she could not move and lay paralyzed on the ground.

The man in black approached her slowly with his axe in hand.

“So this is what the poster girl of the Phantom Sect is capable of! I’m not impressed at all!”

“Who are you?” Lauryn hissed through her clenched teeth.

Hidden in her hand was a yellow talisman that was given to her by her master before she left for the trip. When faced with danger, all she needed to do was to smear her own blood on that talisman to activate it, and she could summon a spiritual angel from the Grandmaster Realm.

However, as that talisman was only good for single use, Lauryn did not want to make use of it unless she was desperate and in grave danger.

She had not even found out who her opponent was, so she was unwilling to make use of her precious life-saving talisman.

“It doesn’t matter who I am. All you need to know is that you have to die.” The man in black had already come up to Lauryn as he spoke.

Just when he was about to lay his hand on her, he suddenly froze, then turned to look at the top of the valley. After a brief hesitation, he turned around and left.

With a few leaps and bounds, the man disappeared out of Lauryn’s spiritual sense range, and his presence could not be detected anymore.

Lauryn breathed a sigh of relief, but just as she successfully managed to struggle and sit up, another silhouette leaped down from above and landed a hundred meters from her.

It was Jonathan, and the two were stunned to see one another.

Earlier on, Jonathan had sensed some disturbing waves of spiritual energy, so he decided to investigate the cause of the unusual phenomenon. When he followed the disturbance in the air and reached the valley, he was shocked to see Lauryn seated on the ground, looking disheveled. It was apparent that a fierce battle had taken place there.

“Did you fight with someone just now?” Jonathan asked.

“A man tried to kill me.” Lauryn was still holding on to her sword and in a defensive mode when she spoke to Jonathan.

“Who was it?”

“I have no idea,” Lauryn replied as she wiped the blood off the corner of her mouth. Stealthily, she smeared a tiny drop of blood onto the talisman. “That man was in black attire, and his face was also covered with a black mask. His clothes and mask must be made of special materials. My spiritual sense could not penetrate them. But there’s one thing I can be pretty sure about. He’s definitely one of us because he knew I was from the Phantom Sect.”

Looking at the pathetic state she was in, Jonathan couldn’t help but ask, “Six of us came in together. Other than me, it would be either Irving, Bertel, Torkild, or Sofus. Have you offended any of them?”

Lauryn shook her head, then said, “Oh, that man also said he’s killing me for the welfare of the general public.”

After saying that, she suddenly paused, and then turned to eye Jonathan warily.

Her sudden change in attitude was puzzling for Jonathan.

“You’re not suspecting me, are you, Ms. Blackwood?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 569

Chapter 569 Suspicions

Lauryn did not answer him, but she moved away from him warily with her sword in her hand. When Jonathan set up Asura’s Office, his aim was to stabilize Chanaea. After he achieved that, he stopped the expansion of the organization.

By that time, all the respectable families had also recovered from the setback they had suffered ten years ago during the Whitley family incident. They were once again ready to fight for power.

However, the situation had changed. Instead of fighting with each other for territories as they did a decade ago, they were targeting Asura's Office in the latest round of their power grab games.

Other than Yaleview, the rest of Chanaea was under the control of Asura's Office. As such, whoever took over Asura's Office would gain control over the majority of Chanaea. That was the reason the Osborne family began to pick on Jonathan and became his arch-enemy.

Although the rest of the respectable families had not gotten involved in the battle for Asura's Office, it was an unspoken understanding among the families that controlling Asura's Office would be their ultimate aim.

The rest were merely waiting by the side, hoping others would go on to weaken Asura's Office first before they step in to take advantage of the chaos.

They all knew if they had Asura's Office under their control, their family would be more powerful than the exterminated Whitley family. They would rise above the other respectable families.

The family behind Asura's Office would be the de facto ruler of Chanaea and, without a doubt, the ultimate winner in the power game.

Jonathan, as the founder of Asura's Office, had no choice but to accept the reality that confrontations between Asura's Office and the respectable families were unavoidable.

Since the establishment of Asura's Office, they had been laying the foundation of a new Chanaea, one whereby there was no monopoly.

They didn't mean the monopoly of the market in a commercial sense. They were against the monopoly of power. Asura's Office wanted to build a Chanaea whereby the common Chanaean had a say in their country. Power should not rest in the hands of those respectable families.

Although Lauryn was a descendant of a respectable family, she had to admit that, in a way, the demise of respectable families would be for the good of the general public.

With that thought in mind, Lauryn instinctively bore with the pain from her injuries and backed off from Jonathan. "I don't know if it was you, but be forewarned that I will not hesitate to fight back if you come near me."

With the talisman in her hand, she slowly retreated backward until she was around the mountain. As soon as she was certain Jonathan could not see her, she immediately turned around and fled.

As Jonathan turned to inspect the huge craters in the valley, he began to analyze the situation.

Although he had not fought with Lauryn before, during their tedious journey there, she had proven to everyone that she was no weakling. However, judging by the damage on the site left by her battle with the mysterious man and the injuries he saw on her, Jonathan could tell her opponent had defeated her easily.

Irving and Sofus definitely possessed that capability to do so.

As for Bertel and Torkild, they had been mediocre. However, there was a chance they merely had not shown off their true skills, so Jonathan could not write them off completely as well.

Strange fauna, unique flora, and now the appearance of a killer! This trip is getting interesting!

Jonathan fished out the broken bronze mirror and saw a new message written in neat handwriting on it.

The message was: I'm Lauryn. A mysterious man tried to kill me. He's in black attire, wearing a black mask, and uses an axe as his weapon.

Someone replied: Where are you?

Another wrote: Any other special features about that man? How's his skill?

The last message read: Something fishy is going on in Summerbank Abyss. Be careful, everyone...

Messages popped up continuously, but as usual, no one knew who was sending those messages.

A new message came: Hey everyone, we can't tell who's behind which message, so can I suggest we prefix our initials to our messages?

L: Like this!

Two messages from Lauryn appeared in the mirror consecutively.

I: I'll light up a tree as a signal so you can find me. Although I don't really like you, we're both from the Phantom Sect. You can trust me and come to me.

That was obviously a message from Irving.

After that, another two messages came in.

B: Torkild, we should assemble as well.

T: I'm busy fighting off a group of monkeys. This place is...

Torkild's message was incomplete. It would most likely be because he was in the midst of a fierce battle.

Jonathan was following all the messages, and he was glad they had finally found a way to communicate properly. However, his eyes narrowed when he read the next message.

L: I'm the real Lauryn. I was being attacked earlier on and only managed to get to safety now. Who was impersonating me just now?

That message successfully stopped the flow of communication in the mirror.

That mirror enabled a user to write on it using his or her spiritual energy, and other users holding shards of the same mirror would be able to read the message.

Unfortunately, there were no in-built security features to vet the identity of the users, so even though they had come up with the idea of adding a prefix of their name as a means to identify one another, it was not a fool-proof method.

Just like the forged message, by adding an L in front of his message, Jonathan could easily make it look as though it was a message from Lauryn.

As for the handwriting, as Grandmasters with a good eye for details, it would be an easy feat for them to forge another person's handwriting.

The situation had become very confusing and complex.

Other than himself and Lauryn, any of the other four men could be that mysterious man in black.

As anyone could impersonate any of the users on the mirror messaging system, the trust that everyone had for each other totally vanished. Once suspicion set in, it would be difficult to salvage the trust.

With the appearance of the forged message, the real Lauryn would be on high alert. She would wonder if the message from Irving was really from him. Even if she saw the lit-up signal sent by Irving, she would not dare to go over to meet him, for fear that she would find that mysterious killer there instead.

Similarly, Irving would not dare to light up the tree and announce his location for the world to know. He had to take precautions to protect himself so the killer would not go after him.

A simple message had successfully caused misgivings among the six.

The bronze mirror was a gift from Sofus with the intention of keeping them connected while they were in Summerbank Abyss.

However, it had become the cause of rising suspicion within the group.

No one knew if that was Sofus' original intention, or if someone else had made use of the loophole to stir up the mistrust.

Jonathan frowned when he recalled that youthful face of Sofus.

After some deliberation, he focused his spiritual energy on his finger and started writing a message.

I: Sofus, this mirror is a gift from you. If you don't come up with a good explanation for this mess, I'm going to take it that you are the man in black, and I'll come after you!

At that moment, Irving was taking shelter under a huge tree, and his face fell when he saw the latest message in the mirror.

"Darn it! I'm sure it's Jonathan trying to sow discord between Sofus and me!"

Although he was cursing and swearing over that forged message written in his name, he did not reply with a refute. The question asked in the forged message was valid, and he was anxious to hear from Sofus as well.

The usage of the bronze mirror was being abused, but its owner, Sofus, had not uttered a word about it. In fact, among the six, he was the only one who had not used the mirror to communicate with the group as yet.

Other than Irving, four other people also had their eyes fixed on their respective mirrors, waiting for Sofus' reply.

Chapter 570 Chance

As he stood on the mountaintop, Jonathan stared coolly at the bronze mirror in his hands. For some reason, it had stopped transmitting messages ever since he posed as Irving to question Sofus.

Ten minutes later, however, words finally appeared in the mirror again: None of my business. Despite the lack of a name, Jonathan knew with just one glance that it was Sofus replying.

J: Fine. But can you at least tell me what's going on in Summerbank Abyss? Before we came in, you clearly said there wouldn't be any dangers.

Upon seeing the words, Jonathan curled his lips into a half smile. Ah, somebody's pretending to be me to ask these questions. If I had to guess, I'd say it's most likely Irving. Then again, given the unique features of the mirror, who can know for sure?

Just then, lines of words showed up in the mirror again: I invited all of you to help track down my mentor, so why would I bring harm to anyone? In all honesty, Summerbank Abyss was originally a highly guarded secret of the Phoebus Sect. I'm sure you've all realized by now that even though the place is fraught with peril, it's also brimming with spiritual energy.

You've faced many attacks from the demon beasts lurking in the abyss, but as the saying goes, the higher the risk, the higher the reward. Trust me when I say Summerbank Abyss has its fair share of magical plants. I've only been training for four years, yet I've already gone from being a mere mortal to being a Grandmaster.

That was only possible because I found a unique spiritual herb here. Of course, everyone's free to search for the treasures hidden in this place. As for the man in black, I have no idea who he is, but rest assured that I'll take action accordingly if I see him. Similarly, if any of you see my mentor in Summerbank Abyss, please inform me. After all, I've already paid everyone, so I hope you'll put in the work and effort.

With that, the mirror fell silent. Jonathan's frown deepened as he stared at it. Judging by how earnest the messages sounded, he was sure that Sofus had been the one replying.

However, if the latter wasn't the man in black, then who could it be?

On the bright side, the message also revealed a lot of important information about Summerbank Abyss, including the fact that it contained some of the most magical plants in the world.

Who would've imagined that those plants could boost an ordinary person to the advanced phase of the Grandmaster Realm in a short span of four years? Not only would people like Lauryn want to get their hands on it, but even someone in the God Realm like Jonathan would also get tempted by it.

Unsurprisingly, that irresistible temptation had given Lauryn and the others a change of heart. Ever since the man in black showed up, they had more or less decided to beat a hasty retreat.

After all, even though they had taken Sofus' money and promised to find his mentor, there was no way they'd risk their lives for it.

However, things were different now. If there were a secret plant that could help produce a Grandmaster in just four years, taking it out of Summerbank Abyss would undoubtedly shock the entire martial arts world.

Even if they ate the plant at their current Grandmaster cultivation level, they might very well be able to achieve a breakthrough into the God Realm!

Cultivation had always been an act that defied the laws of nature, so any breakthrough, regardless of its magnitude, would never fail to excite the cultivators.

Now that there was an advancement opportunity within their reach, why would anyone in their right mind give up on it?

Jonathan, too, was no exception as he broke into a smile.

Previously, when he was battling Garrison of the Osborne family, the recoil of the bell had wounded his meridians and energy field. Therefore, what he needed most was spiritual energy to replenish and restore.

Now that he had somehow found his way into Summerbank Abyss, he felt as though it was fate that had led him there. After putting the bronze mirror away, Jonathan looked around for a while and finally decided to go in the opposite direction that Lauryn had taken.

The further he ventured into the dense forest, the more he could feel the spiritual energy changing in the air.

Although Sofus did say that there are magical plants that can boost one's cultivation, the problem is I can't identify more than half of the vegetation here! If I were to try them one by one, there's a high chance I'd die from poisoning before I can even find the right plant. Instead of taking that risk, I might as well find a spot with high spiritual energy to restore and cultivate my golden core.

Having felt the ripples of spiritual energy in the air, Jonathan went full speed ahead. However, not even he had realized that the place he was going to was the core region of spiritual energy.

Meanwhile, back in the Serious Crime Unit in Summerbank, Leslie was holding a cup of coffee as twenty tired-looking police officers gathered around her.

At that moment, all eyes were on the big screen in front of them, where the video of Maverick's hospital interrogation had been played four times.

Despite that, everyone still found the latter's testimony incredibly baffling. As soon as the video ended, a gray-haired, middle-aged man stood up with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Hey, Bryce, you're the expert at reading micro-expressions. Do you think this guy is telling the truth?" he asked. Upon hearing that, the man named Bryce let out a deep sigh before placing his stack of notes on the table.

"Although the suspect's description of Ryan Leiter is wildly fantastical, based on my experience, I can confidently say that Maverick Carlson's testimony is true."

The next second, a heavy silence befell the office.

Jasper stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray, his expression cold and indifferent.

"We've handled countless criminals and suspects, some of whom were martial artists too. Thankfully, they were only physically fitter and faster than the average person and were never much of a problem for us. Ryan Leiter, however, has far exceeded our expectations," he said. "If everything that Maverick said is true, it's highly possible that the two hundred missing people have become Ryan's victims.

Who knows what else might happen if we don't quickly bring someone like him to justice? I'll report to the higher-ups immediately and apply for an arrest warrant. As for you guys, I want you to tap into your informants and track down Ryan's whereabouts as soon as possible!"

"Yes, Sir!" the police officers replied in unison. Soon, everyone filed out of the room, leaving Leslie to stare blankly at the paused interrogation video on the screen.

The past few days had felt like an incredible fantasy to her. She had first learned about martial artists in the records before witnessing the scene at Triplex Manifesta on Summerbank Mountain. Later, she met Jonathan by chance and only managed to arrest Maverick with his help.

Even now, she still couldn't forget how powerful Jonathan's leaps were and how he had captured Maverick with just a few flicks of his finger. Everything was so bizarre!

If Ryan Leiter is as powerful as Jonathan Goldstein, it'll be difficult for us regular police to capture him. But if we can't effectively control him, we can only claim the moral high ground by admonishing him. What good would that be?

Right there and then, Leslie suddenly recalled the incident at Mirage Plaza and felt a shift in her beliefs.

Jonathan's solution back then was violent, but it also proved to be the most direct and effective. Perhaps that's the only way to tackle martial artists like Ryan Leiter.

