

## The Legendary Man Chapter 721 -

721

After that, Jonathan left in a way more dramatic than his entrance. He jumped right out of the fifth-floor window and drove off in Leslie's car.

All of the officers outside the police station stared wide-eyed in shock at the broken glass scattered all over the ground.

Leslie came running out of the main lobby a few minutes later.

"Leslie, I know you're Governor Hart's daughter, but that doesn't mean you can-"

"We have a chance at cracking the 101 missing persons case, Mr. Hoffman! Hurry up and get in the car! Tell everyone at Summerbank Mountain to give Jonathan their full cooperation!" Leslie cut him off excitedly while getting into a police car.

"All members of the Serious Crime Unit, head over to Summerbank Mountain as soon as possible!" ordered Leslie.

Everyone turned to look at Jasper, only to see the grim look on his face.

"Remember what I told you about cultivators, Mr. Hoffman? According to ancient records, only a cultivator is able to defeat another!" Leslie yelled as she started the car, activated the sirens, and sped off into the distance.

What do we do, Mr. Hoffman?" asked the members of the Serious Crime Unit.

Having witnessed Jonathan's display of power earlier, they knew something big was happening even though they didn't understand a word Leslie said.

Jasper shook his head and let out a helpless sigh in response.

"What are you all looking at me for? You heard Captain Hart! Grab your firearms from the armory and rendezvous at Summerbank Mountain as soon as possible! You will each carry five rounds of ammunition with you! Also, contact the special police unit for backup! Hurry!"

What? We're arming ourselves and getting the special police involved? The last time such a large-scale operation was carried out in Summerbank was dozens of years ago! Looks like something mind-blowing is about to happen.

Although the police officers knew

something big was happening, they didn't expect it to be this serious.

Thanks to Leslie's orders, the empty field beneath Summerbank Mountain had been completely cleared out.

It wasn't long before a Mercedes-Benz came to a screeching halt on the empty field.

After stepping out of the car, Jonathan simply glanced at the armed police officers in the distance before sprinting toward the top of the mountain.

It wasn't until the police officers saw the afterimages Jonathan left in his wake that they realized why they were ordered to not offend him.

After all, there was no way they could hope to take down a person with such superhuman abilities.

They were snapped out of their dazed state when an SUV came speeding onto the

open field with its sirens blaring.

“I’m Leslie Hart, the head of the Serious Crime Unit! I’m in charge of the 101

missing people’s case!” Leslie shouted with her badge held high before stepping out of the vehicle.

Noticing that the police officers had lowered their guns, she walked up to them and asked, “Where’s that guy who arrived before me?”

One of the police officers replied hesitantly, “I think he went up the mountain. He disappeared in the blink of an eye.

“Other members of the Serious Crime Unit and numerous police officers will be arriving shortly. Be careful not to hurt them by mistake!” Leslie shouted before turning around and running up the mountain.

The terrain was uneven on the way up the mountain, but that didn’t seem to slow Jonathan down in the slightest.

While it would normally take hours for most people to reach Triplex Manifest, Jonathan had arrived outside the temple in just a little over ten minutes.

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All of the tourist hotspots on Summerbank Mountain have been closed off because of

Ryan, so the place was incredibly quiet and tranquil without the presence of tourists.

The young monk who hosted the auction back then was sweeping the floor in front of the temple.

Huh... This monk’s cultivation level was Precelestial Realm the last time I came here. I can’t believe he has already reached Postcelestial Realm! It has only been about a month! His cultivation progress is a little ridiculous! On top of that, he doesn’t seem to be using any special techniques to achieve this. That means he got this far through his elixir field alone! This young monk truly is a cultivation prodigy! It’s a shame Sofus and Vladimir have lost their lives in the Secret Realm, so he has no one to mentor his cultivation training. Now that Phoebus Sect’s formation plate is in my hands, Phoebus Sect will probably perish dozens of years later..

“I remember you... You’re Sean, aren’t you?” Jonathan asked.

The young monk nodded with a smile and placed the broom aside.

“Please come in, Sir! My master left with

you, right? He hasn’t returned even though it has been almost a month now. Do you happen to know why, Sir?” he asked with an expectant look in his eyes, his cheeks flushed red.

Jonathan looked him in the eye and shook his head.

“I have no idea, Sean. Tell me, have you seen this person before?” he asked while retrieving a photograph of Ryan from his storage ring.

Sean frowned as he replied hesitantly,

“Yes, I have. I think it was about two weeks ago. He came looking for someone... Wait, I think he was looking for you, Sir!”

“Me?”

Jonathan let out a chuckle.

If he was looking for me, then I’m definitely on the right track! Ryan is, without a doubt, Quinton in disguise! I bet Leslie would explode with anger if she were here right now! We have been searching Triplex Manifesta for signs of Ryan throughout the past few days, but we never thought to ask this young monk about him. Who would’ve thought Sean had seen Ryan?

“Sean, do you know where he went?”

Sean shook his head. “No, I don’t. He asked me where you guys were headed, so I told him you guys left the mountain through the side. He then headed off in your direction.”

A murderous glint flashed across

Jonathan’s eyes when he heard that.

So, Ryan has been on my tail all this while!

The path we took to leave the mountain was not the little trail in front of Triplex Manifesta. We went with a dangerous route not known to regular people, so it’s highly possible that Ryan has entered Summerbank Abyss. Still, I only left Summerbank Abyss and sealed the formation after making sure that no one else was inside... Even though Ryan uses a secret technique to absorb a person’s life energy and is capable of making rapid progress with his cultivation, he couldn’t possibly exceed Divine Realm! That formation was able to keep Joselle, whose cultivation level is above Divine Realm, trapped inside for over two thousand years.

There’s no way someone could just break

through it so easily, unless... Ryan entered the formation at the same time that I, Lauryn, and Irving left. That way, he could easily get past me when the fog walls blocked out my spiritual sense! But if that’s the case, isn’t that too much of a coincidence, though?

With that in mind, Jonathan decided to head down the mountain to confirm his theory. He had just taken a few steps ahead when he turned around and asked, “Sean, you look like you have great potential. Would you be willing to continue your cultivation with me?”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 722 -

"Follow you?" Sean visibly panicked when he heard what Jonathan had said. "I-I don't know.

"How could you not know?" Jonathan smiled. "Your physique is very suitable for cultivation. If you follow me, I can bring you to the city to live there and teach you everything I know. What do you say?"

The reason he offered that proposal was that he couldn't bear letting someone as talented as Sean to languish in Phoebus Sect, which was about to be destroyed. Additionally, Sean was exceptionally sensible, which endeared him to Jonathan further. Sean shook his head somewhat cluelessly.

"I don't know... How about... I'll ask my master first before getting back to you. Master? Jonathan sighed

resignedly. Whether his mentor is Sofus or Vladimir, neither of them is coming back.

"Fine. I'll let you think about my offer, then. I have matters to attend to, so I'll be going now. Once I'm done, I'll return here and ask you about it again."

"Okay," Sean replied with a smile. "See you, Sir."

Jonathan nodded and leaped dozens of meters away before dropping past the misty cliff next to Triplex Manifesta.

When Jonathan's figure disappeared into the mist, the cuteness and bashfulness on Sean's countenance swiftly vanished. A look of murderous intent then swirled in his eyes.

"Seeing that Phoebus Sect's ring is on his finger, I bet he killed Vladimir already. Yet, he tried to take me in as his disciple." As he muttered to himself, he stared at his small hand. "I've only woken up recently, so I'm still too weak. I must remain patient for now!"

A deep voice abruptly rang out from behind him. "Why are you daydreaming instead of sweeping the floor, Sean?"

"Huh? Someone told me he wanted to take me away, Master.

Speedily, he put on his innocent and bashful facade again before turning to face the cultivator behind him.

Standing outside the formation's white, misty wall, Jonathan brought out a square formation plate.

"Open!" After he gestured a technique, a tunnel appeared on the wall

Using the formation plate as a bond, he instantly enveloped the entire formation in his consciousness the moment he stepped out of the white mist.

The first thing he saw was that the lush Flaming Tree had turned completely bald.

The life essence of the divine tree that had existed since ancient times was sucked dry, and it was dead.

Seeing that a quarter of the Four Symbols Formation had been annihilated, Jonathan enveloped his consciousness in the valley within the center of the mountain peak.

The rune had darkened, the formation's foundation was destroyed, and Joselle was free.

Every inch of the land in the middle of Summerbank Abyss flashed past

Jonathan's mind. Finally, he saw a man and a woman near a pond.

The woman had good looks and hair that reached her waist. On her curvy body were clothes made from beast skin. An odd spear made from a tree branch and a sharp stone was in her hand.

Of course, she was none other than Joselle.

In front of her was a bloody man fighting against a demon wolf.

Suddenly, Jonathan caught a faint trace of the man's aura.

He released a long breath when he sensed the man's numerous negative auras.

Violence, insanity, murderous intent... He must be Quinton!

With the help of the formation plate in his hand, he soared across more than a hundred meters in an instant.

Joselle, eating fruit while sitting on a rock watching the battle, abruptly snapped her sight in Jonathan's direction.

Then, she ordered, "Slave, kill it."

In response, Ryan grabbed the demon wolf's paws and bit the beast's neck.

His teeth grew wildly. A dozen short fangs instantly took shape, tearing his face apart.

As a result, his mouth became three times its original size.

Following the demon wolf's wailing, he severed the beast's arteries.

Before the creature passed away, it used all its remaining strength to chomp on his shoulder.

However, it was as though Ryan didn't notice the pain at all. He didn't dodge or show any signs of agony.

Moments later, the alpha wolf lay on Ryan's shoulder like a corpse, no longer possessing its former glory.

Ryan's injuries rapidly healed thanks to the blood essence he absorbed from the demon wolf. His face, which was still torn apart seconds ago, had also recovered.

"Master." Politely, he arrived and stood

next to Joselle as though he had no emotions.

Some time ago, he killed Carmelo so as not to get possessed. Then, to take his revenge on Jonathan, he came to Summerbank Mountain. However, he accidentally stumbled into the Four Symbol Formation.

Jonathan and the others were

Grandmaster Realm cultivators, yet they could only barely survive there. On the other hand, Ryan was merely a Superior Realm cultivator. He almost died multiple times before he came across Joselle.

At first, when she asked him to heal himself at the Flaming Tree, he already sensed she was planning to use him.

Naturally, he didn't want to interact with Joselle too much back then

However, after he had a taste of the Flaming Tree's powerful regenerative ability, he went crazy.

Every day, he would intentionally provoke powerful demon beasts in Summerbank Abyss and then fight them as if he couldn't care less about dying. After each victory, he would consume the demon beast's life essence to increase his cultivation level rapidly. If he were wounded, he would crawl back to the Flaming Tree to recuperate. In just a week, he slaughtered enough demon beasts to become a Grandmaster Realm cultivator. It was also then the Flaming Tree died.

Before, Ryan had studied the unique properties of the Flaming Tree. As a cultivator, he, of course, could tell the tree was one of the foundations of a large formation. He also noticed many of its leaves would fall every time he consumed its sap. However, he was completely addicted to the feeling of reaching higher cultivation levels at a meteoric rate. Whenever he looked at the leaves left on the tree, he would tell himself he would stop drinking the sap after one more time and only rely on himself to achieve higher cultivation levels. Sadly, it was something he only repeated in his mind instead of doing. Eventually, he killed the tree. Ryan didn't know the tree was a spiritual root that required balance and would suffer irrevocable damage once that balance had been broken. Even if one were to stop drinking its sap afterward, it would still die swiftly from its injury. Phoebus Sect sacrificed three Grandmaster Realm cultivators every three years because it was necessary to restore the Flaming Tree's diminished life essence and maintain that balance. Due to Ryan's greed, he ruined that balance permanently. The death of the Flaming Tree meant one part of the Four Symbols Formation that bounded Joselle was destroyed. Therefore, she was once again free. The first thing she did after that was to turn Ryan into her slave.

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 723 -**

723

Ryan, who had just achieved Grandmaster Realm, understandably wasn't going to agree to be a slave. However, in the two weeks that followed, that naked, beautiful woman taught him what true strength meant, as their battles always ended in his crushing defeat. Joselle had a miraculous technique that could heal someone's wounds completely. Thus, she could always pull him back from the brink of death and return him to tip-top shape. Of course, she didn't do that out of kindness. She just wanted to torture him. In the following days, he tried everything he could to kill her, such as ambushing her or

using explosions.

However, every time, she would take him down before resuming her effort to turn him into a slave.

Finally, three days ago, Ryan gave up and voluntarily offered up blood essence and recognized her as his master.

While he retained independent thoughts,

he wouldn't dare to disobey Joselle anymore because his life was in her hands.

Smiling, she swung her feet playfully.

"What a familiar aura.

Those who weren't aware of what she was would think she was just a harmless young girl if they witnessed that scene.

Upon leaping into the air, she hurled her spear in the direction of the void ahead.

Clang!

A long sword extended outward from the void and deflected the spear to the side.

Then, a figure dropped onto the ground along with the sword.

It was Jonathan!

Bam!

The mountain rock beneath his feet was crushed to pieces before he stood up slowly.

Then, he trained his icy gaze on Ryan and Joselle.

"Jonathan!" Ryan roared so loudly that his voice echoed throughout the central region of Summerbank Abyss the moment he saw Jonathan.

"Kill!" As blood rushed into his brain, he howled furiously and charged toward Jonathan with a dagger.

In response, Jonathan chanted his mantra.

"Bind!"

Promptly, the space around Ryan was visibly blurred and distorted, eventually forming an enclosed space that confined him within.

It wasn't a spiritual force field that Jonathan had used. It was the Summerbank Abyss formation.

His expression turned icy as he stared at the malevolent aura rising from Ryan's body. It had been less than three months since I headed to Lumonburg. When Quinton tried assassinating me back then, he was only in the advanced phase of Superior Realm cultivation level. Yet, in less than three months, he had reached the middle phase of the Grandmaster Realm cultivation level. In other words, his cultivation jumped four levels in a row. That is terrifyingly fast for someone's escalation of their cultivation level.

Then, he recalled something. It was recorded in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique that two thousand years ago, there were evil cultivators in Chanaea.

Based on what I read, the cultivation technique of those evil cultivators is extremely similar to the one he is using. This way of using human essence to aid one's cultivation appeared after the foundation of the natural order was shattered. Because the spiritual

energy in the world and cultivation resources were dwindling, a talented individual conceived a cultivation technique to steal other people's spiritual energy. A spell, by its nature, is neither benevolent nor malevolent, but people can be one or another. Once that spell was unleashed to the world, countless cultivators considered it a shortcut to great power. After all, one can raise their cultivation level exceedingly fast by stealing other people's cultivation foundations. At first, cultivators only killed and consumed the spiritual energy of those who deserved to die. However, as time passed, cultivators who had a taste of that rapid increase in strength started massacring people. Cultivators who lost their friends and families to the rampage also started using the same technique to increase their cultivation level speedily so they could seek revenge.

More information about that history resurfaced in his mind. In just ten short years, the number of cultivators in Chanaea was almost reduced by half. However, because of that, everyone became on guard against the technique. As a result, any attempt to kill and absorb a cultivator's spiritual energy grew incredibly difficult.

Thus, some people started changing their cultivation methods, opting to absorb ordinary people's blood essence to boost their cultivation instead. After all, ordinary people were but ants in cultivators' eyes.

While absorbing blood essence is a relatively ineffective method for a high-level cultivator to increase their cultivation level, there was an abundance of it. Things became so bad that corpses were seen strewn across thousands of kilometers. It was then the world of cultivation was split into two groups.

One group included those who absorbed other people's spiritual energy to raise their cultivation level quickly in a short time. The only thing they valued was their own life in their pursuit of power. Those individuals were later known as evil cultivators.

Cultivators on the side of good began fighting against the evil cultivators for shaking the foundation of the cultivation world. The flame of destruction that followed burned the lives of many. It was a war that lasted for nearly a hundred years.

After the great war ended, all cultivators who fought for the side of good were praised and sincerely worshipped by all countries worldwide. That was how the respectable families were born. I thought I would only see a cultivation technique like that in books, yet there it is, right in front of me, used by someone who should've died by my hands.

He furrowed his eyebrows as he watched Ryan's body transform.

At that moment, Ryan had turned into a red-eyed, ferocious-looking demon.

"Let me ask you something, Ryan. Did you kill Lynn?" Jonathan asked calmly.

"Kill! I'm going to kill you!" As Ryan roared with fury, his spiritual energy rose continuously. The clothes on his body were gradually ripped to shreds.

Then, drops of black blood began oozing out of his body. They were corroding his flesh as though they were sulfuric acid.

The marks of corrosion eventually gathered on a single spot, forming a giant claw symbol on his body.



When Jonathan sensed bouts of movements coming from the object on his left hand, he frowned and turned to the formation plate, which was seen shaking relentlessly.

The malevolent aura of an evil cultivator was one of the world's most negative, filthy things, capable of suppressing the power of all magical items and techniques. It could also be described as impossible to restrict.

As Jonathan recalled the content of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, a thought flashed past his mind. Ryan's malevolent aura can eradicate the constraint I put on him with my technique!

"Give me back my grandfather and father!"

Following Ryan's roar, he instantly smashed apart the restraining force field around him. As his malevolent aura expanded, he leaped toward Jonathan, intending to slice his opponent's throat with his dagger.

Composedly, Jonathan gathered spiritual energy in his right hand and slapped Ryan's arm. Too slow! While he managed to break free of my restraining formation, his cultivation level is still too low. There's no way he can injure me with this attack of his. Unbeknownst to him, as he dashed behind Ryan and was ready to kill his enemy,

Joselle's slender hand had silently arrived at his back.

Gazing at Jonathan menacingly, she swung her right hand toward his neck like a blade. At that moment, it was as though

Jonathan was completely unaware of her actions as he grabbed Ryan, thus allowing her hand to pass through his neck.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 724 -

724

When Joselle saw her fingers passing through Jonathan's neck, she grinned. However, in the next moment, her body went through his.

It's just an afterimage! Without delay, she turned back and saw Jonathan, whose neck had been slashed by her, slowly disappearing.

More than a dozen meters away, he was staring at his right hand with a frown.

Even he couldn't have left such a clear afterimage if he relied solely on speed.

However, he was able to pull it off because he was using his formation plate in Summerbank Abyss' formation.

While he was still furious about Lynn's death, he didn't forget Joselle's presence.

Back then, in order to seal that ancient beast, he had to work with Vladimir just to be able to stall her.

At that moment, though, he only had himself to count on. Even with the formation plate's help, without the Flaming

Tree, the three remaining foundations of the seal could only lower Joselle's cultivation level to God Realm.

He regretted for not being more well-prepared  
Although, his current focus was on his hand instead of Ryan and Joselle.  
Earlier, I only touched Ryan's shoulder, yet my spiritual energy was tainted with the malevolent aura. His expression turned grim as he carefully observed how the spiritual energy in his hand was changing. Even though I only came in contact with a tiny trace of his malevolent aura, it corrupted all the spiritual energy in my hand! It feels like a drop of ink slipping into a cup of water before rapidly spreading its corruption. In fact, it's even trying to drill into my hand! Slightly shocked, Jonathan cut off the spiritual energy in his hand.

Upon losing its medium, the malevolent aura dispersed  
Then he shifted his sharp look back to Ryan. "I don't care if you're the one who killed Lynn or not anymore, Ryan. You will die here purely because of your malevolent aura and the more than a hundred deaths

you caused outside."

"Jonathan." Joselle smiled while holding a spear in her hand. "This is my slave. Without my permission, no one is allowed to kill him."

The formation plate in Jonathan's hand levitated in the air and spun slowly. "You may be able to make that claim in the past, but right now, I have this formation plate!

You can't stop me!"

"Feel free to give it a try, she replied playfully as she pointed her spear toward Jonathan's eyebrows with boundless murderous intent.

"Kill!" Ryan growled and charged toward Jonathan like a scarlet shadow.

Upon wielding Heaven Sword, Jonathan stabbed the blade in the direction of Ryan's chest.

Ding!

Joselle, using only a small amount of force, blasted Heaven Sword away with her spear. The sword circled in the air before

Jonathan used his spiritual sense to put the weapon back into his storage ring.

Her might was so great that the formation could only suppress her spiritual energy and didn't include her physical strength. I suspect she has enough power to crack a mountain open. I can't defeat her by force, but Ryan must die!

Joselle swiped her spear in Jonathan's direction.

"Expand!" After Jonathan yelled, a ripple appeared on the formation plate.

Suddenly, the spear that was about to hit him was pulled backward.

It only seemed that way because he was expanding the space between him and her. However, the spear still managed to cut Jonathan's ear as it flashed past him with an eerie buzzing sound.

A drop of blood spilled from that wound of his.

As he changed the technique he was gesturing with his hand, he jumped toward Ryan's back.

“Die!” Upon cladding his right arm with spiritual energy armor, he punched his opponent. Pfft!

Ryan spat out a mouthful of black blood as he stared at his chest with widened eyes. Jonathan punched his arm through Ryan’s chest and held his opponent’s heart, still beating and connected to the major arteries.

“Die!” Standing in front of both men, Joselle launched her spear toward Ryan’s chest. She intended to hit Ryan and Jonathan with that assault.

“Expand!” Jonathan’s left hand trembled slightly before the space in front of Ryan twisted with a ripple-like effect.

The instant the spear hit the distorted space, it reappeared next to the men’s bodies. Jonathan was confident he would remain undefeated as long as he was in Summerbank Abyss’ formation because he could use his formation plate to manipulate space and teleport stuff.

“You can’t stop me.” Peering at Joselle, who was dashing toward him, he tightened his right grip and crushed Ryan’s heart.

With widened eyes, Ryan collapsed to the ground.

Joselle roared as an unbelievably foul shockwave was launched toward Jonathan.

Jonathan retreated backward. Meanwhile, that powerful energy blast turned Ryan’s body into a red mist.

When Jonathan landed on top of a giant rock, he dispelled all spiritual energy on his right arm.

Ryan’s body was like a human-shaped container for sulfuric acid. Anything that came in contact with what remained of his body would start corroding endlessly.

I’ve killed Ryan and avenged Lynn. However,

right now, Joselle has become a real headache because she’s free. Despite that, she still can’t leave Summerbank Abyss as the Four Symbols Formation is still intact, even though it has lost one of its foundations. Although, this means

Summerbank Abyss is no longer safe. I’ll still be fine, but I won’t be able to bring the core members of Asura’s Office here to train them. If I do, I bet Joselle will just turn them all into slaves. How about I kill her? Hmm, no. While the ancient beast’s spiritual energy is suppressed, I’m still not powerful enough to take her life. Also, I doubt I can appease her. Even though I named her, she’s still trying to kill me. Just as Jonathan was wondering how to deal with Joselle, he saw something that caused his pupils to constrict.

She was standing on the tip of the spear, erected on the ground, with her toe.

At that angle, if Jonathan lifted his sight just slightly, he could see what was beneath her skirt.

However, he was wholly focused on the spinning, bloody bits of meat around her.

Do you know why members of Phoebus

Sect imprisoned me for nearly two thousand years, Jonathan?” Joselle sneered. “It’s because I’m one of the remaining ancient realm beasts! My existence is aligned with the natural order.

Therefore, I can keep anyone alive permanently if I want to! Slave!"  
Following her exclamation, the bits of meat floating in the air merged together.  
Slowly, Ryan's broken body was reassembled from head to toe.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 725 -

725

When Jonathan saw Ryan returning to life, he clutched the formation plate in his left hand tighter.

While Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique had a lot of stuff recorded on it, it had very few descriptions of realm beasts.

It only described them as beings favored by the world and that they possessed the might to destroy the world from the moment they were born.

There were no additional descriptions of what they were exactly or what sort of powers they had.

After all, not everyone could pull off

Phoebus Sect's insane stunt of turning the entire Summerbank Abyss into a gigantic formation and isolating it from the rest of the world.

Thanks to Joselle's explanation, Jonathan finally obtained an answer. I always wondered why Phoebus Sect's forbearers didn't just kill Joselle if they had the ability to imprison her. After all, it was much easier for a cultivator to kill something than seal it, especially an entity as outrageously powerful as Joselle. It wouldn't make sense

for them to do this without a beneficial reason. Now, I think I can understand why Joselle has been imprisoned here for two thousand years.

Bits of meat gradually stacked on top of each other until Ryan's lifeless body stood in front of Jonathan once more.

"Return!" yelled Joselle before traces of malevolent aura gathered in her hand.

As more malevolent auras concentrated in her palm, vestiges of bizarre fluctuations began emerging from within it.

That sensation made Jonathan feel as though she was holding a spinning eyeball.

He also felt as if someone was staring at him.

After Joselle pressed the ball of malevolent aura into Ryan's body, the entire Summerbank Abyss formation shook.

Upon raising his line of sight, he saw the white mist above his head, which resembled an upside-down bowl, begin to shift.

Waves of unnerving energy seeped into the center of the formation from outside, looking as though they were tentacles attempting to interrupt Joselle's ritual.

However, when those energies descended above her head, she trembled as she released the same type of energy to protect herself.

Watching that scene unfold frightened Jonathan.

While many others wouldn't know what those energies were, he did.

That was the power of Pryncyp.

Even though the world itself wouldn't tolerate the ability to resurrect the dead, Joselle pulled it off anyway.

He felt as though an invisible, spiritual hand went into Ryan's chest and firmly grasped the latter's heart.

Ba-dump.

In a moment, Ryan opened his eyes and turned to Jonathan, no longer possessing the murderous intent he previously had.

"Master." Standing next to Joselle, he smiled at her politely.

Joselle chuckled. "Go and have your revenge. Let me witness your true strength!"

"Understood!" He was stark naked as he peered at Jonathan. At the corners of his mouth, fangs ripped his face apart as they formed.

Blood spilled out from the center of all his fingers before white finger bones pierced through his skin and started growing uncontrollably.

"That's not Ryan!" Jonathan frowned. While Ryan's outward appearance hasn't changed much, he's no longer staring at me with resentment.

Just as he was lamenting that, Ryan stepped forward.

Clang!

Following the sound of a bell chime,

Jonathan widened his eyes as he gazed at the terrifying scene in front of him. I can't believe it! Ryan's currently a middle-phase

God Realm cultivator! What secret technique did Joselle use to resurrect him and raise his cultivation level to such a frightening degree?

Without delay, he formed three layers of defense to guard against Ryan and Joselle using restraining formation, spiritual energy force field, and the bronze handbell.

However, two layers of his defense were shattered by Ryan instantly as if they were made of paper.

As Jonathan's defense failed to block his opponent's attack, he was sent flying away before he landed back on the ground and stared at his enemies.

"If you let me out, I promise we'll never cross paths again, Jonathan." Giggling, Joselle pointed her spear at him. "You and I know it's only a matter of time before I break out of here since a quarter of the Four Symbols Formation, the Flaming Tree, had been destroyed."

"How do you know I can't restore the formation to its full strength?" he remarked.

"Restore?" She snorted. "With what?"

Skyscrapers? Vehicles? Christmas trees?

Do you know what the Flaming Tree is?

Nothing else like it exists outside of this formation anymore due to the destruction of the natural order!"

In response, Jonathan sighed with resignation. Cultivators who previously met with Joselle spoke too much about the outside world. That's why she knows the general situation of the world outside. I won't be able to fool her easily anymore.

"You want me to let you leave? Sure. Kill Ryan first, and then we'll talk," he negotiated tentatively.

To his surprise, she leaped across around forty meters and landed behind him. "Ryan is

my slave! I rather kill you first than him!”  
Clang!

Ryan once again darted toward Jonathan.  
As the golden bell rang, the runes interlaced.  
Without delay, Jonathan sent a palm strike in Ryan’s direction.  
Then he heard a sonic boom behind him as Joselle thrust her spear toward the back of Jonathan’s head.

“Expand!” After he unleashed a technique with hand gestures, the formation plate moved, and the distance between the three of them widened.  
Ryan missed while the spear pierced into his chest.  
However, as though he couldn’t feel any pain at all, he growled and promptly chased after Jonathan again.

“Shrink!” Jonathan took one step toward his opponent as he put away the bronze handbell and pulled out Heaven Sword.

Even though there were still more than a dozen meters of distance between them, after the formation plate on his left hand vibrated, Jonathan appeared in front of Ryan.

During the moment they flashed past each other, Heaven Sword silently sliced Ryan’s neck. At the same time, Ryan’s punch was sent flying toward Jonathan.

“Expand!” Jonathan roared, extending the distance between him and his opponent again, causing the latter’s punch to miss and land on the ground instead.

Boom!

A ten-meter-square crater was formed on the ground.

If that attack had hit its intended target, Jonathan would’ve turned into meat paste.

“Whew.” Jonathan was panting on a slope dozens of meters away from the impact zone.

That series of attacks by the three of them only lasted for less than three breaths.  
When experts fought, they attacked to kill, not to impress.

Even if Jonathan had all the advantages he could get, he would still only be able to escape death narrowly while facing two God Realm cultivators simultaneously.

If only I had a helper- Just as that thought entered his mind, he was stunned for a moment before he expanded his spiritual

sense into the storage ring

Then he pulled out a palm-sized paper figure. If I don’t have any helpers, I’ll just have to make one myself!