

The Legendary Man Chapter 726 -

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After killing Zebedee, Jonathan claimed his opponent's ring as his own. The ring included one scroll with forbidden techniques on them and three clone talismans.

He had read the scroll briefly before. While the scroll was said to contain forbidden techniques, it only had a series of spells recorded on it.

Jetroinian's habits confounded him. For example, he initially didn't understand why Jetroinians recorded every spell they learned in a single scroll. Although, after giving it some thought, he realized it was done to pass down the spells to future generations.

The secret cloning technique didn't seem like something a mortal could perform.

However, after he actually read what it did, he realized it was a multi-tasking skill.

It was a special spiritual sense method to divide one's mind into multiple parts and make them completely independent.

The most difficult part of the technique was making the cloning talisman, which

seemed to be Zebedee's secret skill because there was a blank spot on the scroll which would've been where the process was recorded.

Jonathan believed Zebedee would've only written it down before death or when the latter found a disciple.

The formation plate and Heaven Sword were floating in front of Jonathan. He raised his right hand and cut his palm with the blade.

As he used his spiritual energy, a line of blood essence spilled onto the talisman from his wound.

"I sacrifice my blood to summon a clone!

Emerge!" Upon yelling that out loud, he saw the spiritual energy around him surge into the talisman.

When the spiritual energy flooded into the talisman, it swelled in size expeditiously and turned into a ball of flame.

"Kill him!" While Joselle wasn't sure what

Jonathan was doing, she knew she couldn't let him finish casting the spell.

In her eyes, he was still just a bug.

However, due to the formation's restriction, it was possible that the bug could threaten her safety.

Based on all the information she had gathered from Jonathan's visits to

Summerbank Abyss, she could tell he was a very crafty man with many tricks up his sleeve. I don't know what trouble he'll bring if he finishes his ritual, but I'm not going to find out!

Upon receiving Joselle's order, Ryan blitzed toward Jonathan as the rock underneath his feet exploded.

"Too late!" As Jonathan grinned, a figure emerged from the ball of fire, grabbed Heaven Sword, and charged toward Ryan.

“Spiritual body manifestation?” Joselle’s eyes widened in disbelief when she saw two identical Jonathans.

Concurrently, Jonathan was having an unfamiliar experience.

The second Jonathan was, truthfully, just a puppet he created by using spiritual energy and blood essence. His mind was still in control of that puppet.

While he could multitask, he never had the energy to divide his consciousness in the past.

At that moment, in his mind, two points of view were overlapping each other.

The first was from his original body. He could see Joselle’s shock, Ryan’s insanity, and a figure identical to him battling Ryan.

The second point of view came from his clone, which could only see Ryan, including his foe’s fangs, finger bones, and malevolent aura.

Initially, Jonathan experienced vertigo when two different points of view popped into his mind simultaneously. It was so severe that he almost wanted to puke.

That reaction was his body’s self-defense mechanism kicking in because the images he saw in his mind were overwhelming him so much that his body thought he was getting poisoned. After all, a powerful sense of dizziness could help someone puke.

However, after only taking a deep breath, Jonathan was able to separate the two points of view clearly, and the dizziness disappeared. I think I can summon one more clone based on how I’m feeling right now. Any more, and I’ll probably get backlash. After all, this sort of attention-splitting state isn’t as serene as reading a book or cultivating. In a fight to the death, if I make even a single mistake or react too slowly, I’ll die.

When his train of thought ended there, he couldn’t help but be impressed by Zebedee.

That guy was able to use six clones effortlessly. He would’ve killed me with his blade if I didn’t have the bronze handbell. Even if I cultivate for several years, it’s hard to say if I can achieve that level of mental energy.

Unbeknownst to him, if Zebedee learned Jonathan could fight against two enemies with a clone simultaneously right after using the technique for the first time, his jaw would definitely drop.

After all, he dared to use six clones because he only had one target.

While it strained his spiritual sense greatly

to look at the same target from seven points of view, Jonathan’s actions remained the same when perceived from different angles. Thus, it was easy for his spiritual sense to detect his opponent’s moves and for him to react appropriately.

However, if the person’s clone and the main body were attacking different targets, the strain on their mind would be doubled.

The way Jonathan was using the clone at the moment was something Zebedee, a veteran God Realm cultivator, would only dare to try after practicing the technique for a year.

“No, this isn’t spiritual body manifestation!”

Joselle shook her head at a distance. While I have no idea how Jonathan pulled this off, I can tell it’s a different thing based on how he manifested the clone. After all, the ancient spiritual body manifestation technique requires Pryncyp to work. Its power is exceptionally terrifying, and it’s a nearly insurmountable existence, even when compared to beings like myself. As magical as Jonathan’s technique is, the clone is just

a fake!

Following an ear-piercing buzz, she

attempted to thrust her spear into Jonathan's clone.

Clang!

A golden light appeared. Jonathan was holding the bronze handbell. Above his fist was the vague shape of a bell that repeatedly dimmed and brightened.

"I'm your brother, Joselle. I named you.

Why do you want to kill me?" he asked.

"I don't want to kill you." Staring at him playfully, she flipped the spear and gathered spiritual energy in her hand. "I would still like you to be my slave. How about... both of us sign a slave contract? If you do, I'll let you go."

"Sure." He chuckled. "As long as you're the slave, I'll bring you out of Summerbank Abyss.

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As he spoke, three partially visible pillars of light in the sky trembled constantly.

After lots of mist gathered continuously in the air, they saw lightning crackling within.

Joselle was rebelling against Four

Symbols Formation's suppression.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was gesturing a technique with his left hand. Moments later, the formation plate in front of him started spinning insanely fast.

"I may not be able to break the formation, but you won't be able to increase the distance between us with it!" After Joselle yelled, a bright bolt of lightning struck the top of her head.

Black cracks began to form in the sky.

The power of Pryncyp emerged once more.

A black light barrier then appeared around

Joselle.

When lightning struck the light barrier, pain could be seen on her face.

Concurrently, Jonathan could clearly feel Joselle's aura fading from his formation plate.

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The formation plate was a shrunken version of Summerbank Abyss.

All of the markings in the abyss were connected to each other.

That was why Jonathan could use the formation plate to see every corner of the Three Ultimate Formations the moment he stepped past the mist wall.

However, according to his senses, the space before Jonathan had disappeared.

Joselle was supposed to be less than ten meters ahead of him, but he could not sense her aura at all.

Jonathan's spiritual sense rushed forward, and the moment it touched the black barrier

around Joselle, his spiritual sense reappeared behind Joselle. Indeed, instead of going through Joselle, his spiritual sense had skipped right past her and reappeared a distance away from her. It was as if the spot she was at did not exist at all.

The words Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique flashed in Jonathan's mind.

Then several lines of words manifested: Ultimate Realm, Pryncyp force field! One can use the Pryncyp one has figured out by oneself to remove oneself from space itself. That is what a Half Immortal who's untouched by karma can achieve. As long as one uses one's Pryncyp to hold one's ground against the divine trials, one will be able to achieve immortality.

When Jonathan saw the simple line, he was stunned.

Do... Immortals really exist?

It was just a brief thought, but Jonathan instantly felt his chest tightening.

When he pulled his mind back to the present, he realized that his clone had been punched in the chest by Ryan while he was distracted.

Hence, Jonathan refocused on his spiritual sense and made his clone charge toward Ryan with Heaven Sword again.

In the meantime, Jonathan walked toward Joselle with the formation plate and the bronze handbell.

Even though the Four Symbols Formation was incomplete, it could still suppress Joselle's cultivation. Otherwise, she would not have needed to waste her breath with him.

If she had achieved the peak in the Ultimate Realm, she would have crushed him a long time ago.

"Regardless of whether you're in Ultimate Realm or have been enlightened by the way of immortality, Summerbank Abyss is now my territory. You'll have to abide by my rules if you're here!"

Bam!

After the muffled sound came Jonathan's right fist, which slammed against the black barrier in front of Joselle.

The moment his fist touched the Pryncyp force field, the bronze handbell turned extremely hot.

Lines and lines of runes appeared beside

Jonathan's right hand. He could even hear a voice mumbling mantras.

The Pryncyp force field shook, and Jonathan paled. He quickly shot out his spear to draw a long black line in front of him.

"Now!"

Due to the interference of the Pryncyp force field, Jonathan could not shift the space around Joselle; he could only use the formation plate on himself.

Soon, Jonathan could feel a sense of pulling.

Right as he started moving closer to Joselle, the pulling sensation dissipated, and the spear in front of Jonathan, which still had a layer of black mist around it, abruptly stabbed right at Jonathan's eye.

Clang!

Just as the sound of a bell rang, Jonathan dodged to the side.

Right in the nick of time, Jonathan had expanded the bronze handbell's protective

range to the maximum to shield himself.

Nevertheless, despite successfully avoiding the blow from the spear, Jonathan's spiritual energy had dispersed.

His thoughts were disrupted, and his clone was cut in half by Ryan. It turned into dots of white orbs and faded away.

Just as Jonathan was twisting in the air to right himself, he spotted Joselle appearing in front of him.

"Die!"

When the spear swung downward, Jonathan's body, which was flying backward and in midair, plummeted.

"Space Activation!"

Jonathan suppressed the riot of his spiritual energy within him and activated the formation plate.

Right as he was about to hit the ground, he disappeared.

In the next second, above an old pool in the mountains, a body glowing gold light crashed into the water.

"Jonathan Goldstein, hand over the formation plate! You can't escape me!"

Joselle bellowed as a crazed smile grew on her lips.

However, there was no ripple in the water.

Staring at the pool below, Joselle furrowed her brows and shot out her spear. Like a sword, the twirling Pryncyp sliced the pool into two parts.

The rocky banks of the pool were destroyed, and water spilled out of it as if it was escaping a broken dam. Yet, Jonathan's figure was nowhere to be found.

"I'm here!" came a roar from behind

Joselle.

She turned, but she was greeted by the sight of a bloody Jonathan with Heaven Sword in his hand.

The next thing she noticed was Ryan's head in his other hand.

"Joselle, if I can teleport once, I can

teleport again and again. I can't kill you here, but you can't kill me either."

Joselle lifted her spear.

"Even if you mince him, I'll still be able to piece him back just fine."

As she said that, she stretched out her palm as a murderous aura began forming around her.

In no time, Ryan's soul reappeared in Joselle's hand.

At that, Jonathan kept Ryan's head and body in his storage ring. Even though life could not be kept in his storage space, Ryan's body was nothing but an item.

"But what if I do this?"

Jonathan asked as he took off his ring.

Then, he curled his fingers to make his hands resemble claws before channeling spiritual energy into his palms to crush the storage ring.

Joselle turned livid when the ring was

destroyed.

"You must have a death wish, Jonathan Goldstein!"

The murderous aura that consolidated in Joselle's palm dissipated, and she started charging toward Jonathan in a frenzied manner.

Jonathan quickly gestured a technique.

When he took a step forward, he reached a hundred meters away from his initial location.

Once the ring was destroyed, all the items in the storage ring would be gone, along with the dimension within the ring.

While Joselle could bring a dead man back to life, she needed a body for the summoned soul.

Since Jonathan had destroyed Ryan's body, it was impossible for her to revive Ryan anymore.

Ryan was a trained slave Joselle finally got after decades.

Yet, she had only had him for a few days

before he was killed for good by Jonathan.

How could she possibly accept the outcome in silence?

I'm going to kill Jonathan! I'm going to get that formation plate! Those were the only thoughts Joselle had at that moment.

In the meantime, blood was flowing out of Jonathan's mouth uncontrollably.

Even though the bronze handbell protected him earlier, the attack still wounded him terribly.

His internal organs were injured, and his spiritual energy had taken a hit.

Furthermore, he had been spending a great amount of spiritual energy activating the formation plate. By then, Jonathan was starting to succumb to his injuries.

Nevertheless, he knew well that the ancient beast behind him would come closer to him if he were a beat too slow. If that happened, the ancient beast would be able to use its Pryncyp to disrupt the formation plate's operation.

He also knew that taking on Joselle alone would be akin to seeking death.

Thus, Jonathan kept zig-zagging in the abyss.

Right then, the second bolt of lightning struck the top of Joselle's head.

“Get lost!” Joselle bellowed when she realized Jonathan was already at the edge of the abyss, her voice reverberating throughout the entire Summerbank Abyss.

In the next instant, Jonathan leaped into the mist to reverse the formation. The last sight he saw before entering the mist was a sea of electricity behind him.

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Chapter 728

A figure stumbled out of the thick fog that blanketed a stream on Summerbank Mountain.

Jonathan collapsed between the thorny bushes, coughing out blood.

Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that he would come so close to death in Summerbank Abyss this time.

Previously, he had suspected Joselle was at least a Divine Realm cultivator. Yet little did he expect that she was in the Ultimate Realm.

Jonathan’s eyes narrowed when he recalled the Pryncyp force field.

The Flaming Tree, once a part of the Four Symbols Formation, had withered away, leaving the remaining three symbols formation struggling. They could only keep Joselle captive for only a few months.

The formation in Summerbank Abyss was incomplete, but it could still keep her captive. However, once the core Four Symbols Formation was crushed, no one could stop

Joselle, not even the mist surrounding the area, for she had the Pryncyp force field.

Jonathan couldn’t help but feel a chill run down his spine at the thought of an unrestrained Ultimate Realm warrior entering modern society.

With a deep breath, Jonathan forced himself to sit up and crossed his legs. He began to activate the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, focusing his energy on the ancient practice.

He didn’t notice the Heaven Sword glowing a bright emerald green beside him.

Back in Zedfield, Yaleview, Wilbur was sitting on the wicker chair in the garden.

He had replaced Joshua’s position.

Across from him was a young lady who looked like a delinquent, sporting dreadlocks and munching on fruit from a plate.

“This fruit isn’t as tasty as the ones in our family” Eva commented.

With a swift flick of her finger, she launched the toothpick in her hand,

propelling it twenty meters across the garden, where it embedded itself in the low wall.

“Wilbur, any progress regarding the matter

Tasked you to investigate?”

“The investigation’s not making much progress.” With his legs crossed, Wilbur sighed and revealed, “In all of Chanaea, except for those from the respected families, there are only a few God Realm cultivators in Chanaea. Jonathan and Karl were in Doveston at

the time, and I didn't fit the profile of a suspect. I believe the issue still lies with the eight respectable families.

"That's impossible," Eva replied with her brows furrowed. "Over ten years ago, the cultivators from the eight respectable families wiped out the Whitley family together. I saw everyone there, and no one was using a sniper rifle.

Wilbur chuckled. "The Salladay family has produced new God Realm cultivators in the past decade, so why can't other families produce talent as well?"

"I don't believe so," Eva said, remembering

the cultivator she encountered during her fight with Joshua.

"However, it's possible

he used a sniper rifle to interfere with my judgment." She paused slightly, remembering why she was here. "By the way, I came here on official business. The family has decided that you should launch an attack on the Eastern Army."

Wilbur stopped rocking in his wicker chair.

He whirled around to gaze at Eva and flashed a grin. "You must be joking. The Yaleview Army has over six hundred thousand soldiers, and the Eastern Army has one hundred and seventy thousand soldiers. Do you think it's funny? If we go to war with them, it will have a profound impact on all of Chanaea."

Eva's lips curled. "I'm serious. Under Karl's leadership, the Eastern Army formed an alliance with the Mallory family, the Leeson family, and the Henderson family.

The Gray family, the Blackwood family, and the Welsh family have now decided to partner up as well, creating an unfavorable situation for the Salladay family. The elders held a meeting before I arrived and came to a consensus: you will lead the Yaleview Army to Doveston and defeat the

Eastern Army. This will split military power between the east and west, turning the conflict between the eight respectable families into one between the Osborne and Salladay families. If the other three families refuse to take sides, I believe the Osborne family will make a strategic decision to eliminate them."

Through her casual comments, Eva acted as though the Salladay family had control over the situation in Chanaea.

However, a hint of disgust flashed across

Wilbur's eyes.

"Are you done talking?"

"Hmm?" Not expecting Wilbur's reply, Eva pursed her lips in disapproval.

Wilbur sat up and poured her a cup of tea.

"The tea's cold. You should leave.

"What do you mean by that, Wilbur?" Eva snapped. "Don't forget that you only achieved your current status because of the Salladay family's backing. We can take away what we have granted you if we so choose."

"Do you think that's possible?" The scar on Wilbur's face twitched as he shot her a murderous look. "Eva, I'm not sure what you remember, but it's been a joint effort

between me and the Salladays since the start. We are all equal partners. Are you trying to give me orders? I don't think you understand what is happening here."

His hands were gripping two daggers as he spoke.

Eva saw the icy glint of the daggers and quickly backed away, jumping onto the low wall. With The Hundred Beasts scroll slightly unveiled behind her, Eva was ready to unleash a demon beast at any moment.

"Wilbur, make yourself clear" Eva demanded, her hand resting on the scroll as she prepared for battle.

"Remdik has placed nine hundred thousand troops north of the River Onyx. I assume the Salladay family is unaware of this fact. If I were to launch an attack on the Eastern Army, the ensuing conflict could provide the perfect opportunity for the Remdik to make their move. You know

what I'm proposing. If a war breaks out, the Salladay family will be the first to suffer at my hands."

Eva snorted and stood up straight. "You're quite bold to say that to my face, huh?"

Wilbur glanced at his weapon casually.

"Unlike Jonathan and Karl, I don't have a family for you to threaten. I'm also not like Joshua, who wants to take revenge for the Whitley family. I'm an orphan with no affiliation or connections to any group or faction. Even if the Yaleview Army were to be wiped out in war, I wouldn't bat an eyelid."

"Got it, Eva responded as she kept her scroll with her brows furrowed. "I'll relay your message to them. However, you need to remember one thing. If you ever raise your weapon against a Salladay again, I'll make sure you die a horrible death."

Eva jumped off the low wall and quickly disappeared from Wilbur's view.

After keeping his weapon, Wilbur turned to look in the direction of Xemrich.

"It's been two years since then. You never

knew things would turn out this way, right?

The timing is right, so what are you waiting for?"

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Leslie was sweating profusely as she trekked up the path leading up to Summerbank Mountain.

Her jacket was nowhere to be seen, and she was now only wearing a soaked black short-sleeved T-shirt.

Leslie gripped her gun as she glanced at the temple on the highest peak of the mountain. Taking a deep breath, she continued her ascent.

Right then, a figure leaped up from the foot of the mountain and landed right behind Leslie.

“Who is it?” Leslie whirled around and pointed her gun at the newcomer without hesitation.

Upon recognizing Jonathan, she crumpled onto the step, drained of all her strength.

“Mr. Goldstein...

Leslie stared at the bloody wound on Jonathan’s chest in a daze.

“Did you see Ryan?” she asked.

“I’ve killed him. You can close the case

now,” came Jonathan’s calm answer. “Ryan Leiter is his fake identity. His real name is Quinton Gomez, and he’s from Lumonburg.

You can check it out.”

Before he could walk away, Leslie called out, “Wait a minute.”

She reached out and tugged at the corner of his shirt.

Jonathan looked down at her. From his angle, he could see her cleavage through the gap in her collar.

“You said you’ve killed him, and I trust you.

In order to close the case, we need you to provide the body to us.

“The body is gone.”

Jonathan shook Leslie’s hand off and headed up the mountain. After taking two steps, he halted in his tracks and turned over his shoulder to look at Leslie.

“By the way, Leslie, do you want to get in touch with the real core of Chanaea?”

The real core of Chanaea?

Leslie was startled to hear that question.

After all, she was a unique figure in Summerbank, as her father was the mayor.

She had also gained a firm foothold in the Serious Crime Unit because of her work on the missing persons’ case.

As of now, she was aware of many core secrets including those of cultivators.

However, Jonathan’s question was pretty vague.

“What do you mean by that?” Leslie asked hesitantly.

Jonathan turned around to look at Leslie.

“My name is Jonathan Goldstein. In addition to being a cultivator, I am also known as Asura. I am currently the leader of Asura’s Office.”

Leslie’s eyes turned as wide as saucers.

Asura’s Office!

Everyone knew about the strong force that had only emerged in Chanaea less than three years ago.

Ordinary citizens knew that Chanaea had

an undefeatable god of war, but as the daughter of a government official, Leslie often listened to her father recount tales of Asura's victories.

Asura was known for restoring peace in Chanaea with his extreme means.

Despite her suspicions about Jonathan's influence, she was unaware of the extent of his power.

"Asura..

." Leslie rose to her feet

incredulously. "Uh, what do you need me to do?"

"I don't know what you can do for me either, Jonathan replied calmly with his brows furrowed.

Jonathan had actually taken notice of Leslie at the auction for the opportunity to be the first to offer prayers at Triplex Manifesta.

It was the first time he had seen someone using their own money to solve a case.

After discovering that Jonathan was a cultivator, Leslie informed him that even cultivators must abide by certain rules and

restrictions. This caused Jonathan to view her with a newfound level of respect.

"The overall situation might look peaceful, but it is actually the calm before the storm. As you're good at management and sensing changes, you'll be a valuable asset to Asura's Office if you choose to join us.

However, if you decline or do not meet our standards, Asura's Office will not hesitate to eliminate-"

"I'm willing to join Asura's Office!" Leslie hopped about excitedly before Jonathan could finish his words.

Leslie seemed determined, so Jonathan had to swallow his remaining words.

It had just occurred to him to recruit Leslie a while ago.

About two hundred individuals were missing in the missing persons' cases.

Leslie had the most inside information, so she knew the culprit was a cultivator.

Despite this knowledge, she fearlessly ventured up the mountain alone, demonstrating her unwavering persistence.

Asura's Office needed someone like her.

To end the monopolistic reign of the respectable families, it was not enough to simply have a catchy slogan and enthusiasm. One had to have a strong conviction in their principles as well.

Jonathan had expected he would need to do some convincing to get Leslie to join them, so he was pleasantly surprised when she readily accepted his invitation.

"Have you thought it through? You might lose your life any time after joining Asura's Office," Jonathan warned. "Our enemies are found within and outside Chanaea, including but not limited to the eight respectable families, the Yaleview Army, the Eastern Army, Remdik, the West Region, and Jetroina. The more important you are to Asura's Office, the greater the risk of you and your family being killed."

Leslie took a deep breath before opening her eyes to gaze at Jonathan. "I have a question for you. If an adept cultivator in Asura's Office misuses their cultivation to kill someone innocent, how will you punish them?"

"Asura's Office won't recruit such a person.

If that happens, death will be the inevitable outcome, regardless of the culprit's cultivation level," came Jonathan's answer.

"I'll join Asura's Office!" Leslie declared with a smile. "I hope I won't be disappointed." Jonathan shook his head slightly. "I am only offering you the opportunity to join Asura's Office, so this is not an invitation.

At a later time, someone will approach you for evaluation."

"Evaluation?" Leslie stared at his back blankly. "You're lucky that I decided to join

Asura's Office! Why do I need to be evaluated? Hey, where are you going?"

"The first rule of Asura's Office is that a subordinate should never ask about their superior's business."

Jonathan leaped into the air and left.

Behind him, Leslie broke into a wide grin.

Because of her family, she had experienced enough of the fickleness of human nature and knew how miserable

and unfortunate life was for those at the bottom of the hierarchy in society.

That was why she had been giving her all when she started working at the police station.

However, her position restricted her from taking action on many matters.

Now, her chance had finally come.

She was determined to uphold justice in society as far as she could.
Upon arrival, Jonathan pushed the door open to Triplex Manifesta and walked in.

The courtyard was peaceful and serene, for there was no visitor around. It was a surreal sight.

Jonathan stepped into the temple to see Sean wiping an incense burner carefully.

The young boy was taken aback to see Jonathan. After regaining his senses, he ran to the back and yelled, "Master?"

Master! Mr. Goldstein is here again!"
Upon hearing his shouts, a cultivator wearing a robe came out to them.
He quickly gave Jonathan a bow. "Mr.

Goldstein.

"

"Hello." Jonathan inclined his head at the Superior Realm cultivator as a form of greeting. "I'm here to take Sean with me. I'd like to take him as my disciple."

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The monk was taken aback by Jonathan's request, while Sean bashfully hid behind him.

The monk was aware of Jonathan's frightening potential as he felt a subtle yet intimidating aura emanating from him.

He also knew that Sofus had led Jonathan and the rest into Summerbank Abyss a few days ago. Jonathan was a

Grandmaster Realm cultivator, so he dared not offend the former.

"Mr... Sir." Afraid of provoking Jonathan, the monk corrected his form of address and flashed an apologetic smile.

"Sean

was still a baby when he was abandoned at the foot of the mountain, and Mr. Windt brought him back. He then took Sean as his disciple. If you want to take him with you, you'll have to get Mr. Windt's approval."

Jonathan nodded and responded, "Your words make sense, but I must inform you that Sofus Windt has passed away in Summerbank Abyss and will not return. It's now time for you to select a new head."

"What?" the monk exclaimed in shock.

Sofus was already in the middle phase of Grandmaster Realm at the young age of seventeen. His cultivation speed was

horrifying.

Although Phoebus Sect had only a few members, because of Sofus' talent, the belief was widespread that the sect would prosper.

No one knew that Sofus would die in the abyss.

Phoebus Sect had existed for over one thousand and eight hundred years, but there were only less than twenty cultivators in Superior Realm now.

Is Phoebus Sect done for?

Jonathan felt no remorse for Sofus' passing as it was Sofus and Vladimir who first set a trap for him, Lauryn, and the others.

They deserved to get killed.

Jonathan fixed his gaze on the flustered monk and said, "I asked to take Sean as my disciple because of his exceptional cultivation abilities. When I visited Triplex

Manifesta last time, he was still in Postcelestial Realm, but within a month, he had advanced to Superior Realm. With proper guidance, he has the potential to reach Grandmaster Realm in just a few years. Unfortunately, Phoebus Sect lacks the ability to provide that guidance, thus hindering his progress. I aim to take him as my disciple and guide him until he reaches Grandmaster Realm. In the future, he will have the option to return to Phoebus Sect to be its head."

Jonathan's final statement prompted the monk to lift his head.

Even though he was only in Superior

Realm, he had watched Sean grow up and knew Jonathan was telling the truth.

Jonathan's promise to allow Sean to make the choice of returning to Phoebus Sect in the future gave him hope.

But without Phoebus Sect's skills, even if he does return in the future, can he still be considered a Phoebus Sect member?

Jonathan remained silent and stood in the courtyard, gazing at the monk.

Over ten minutes later, the monk finally let out a long sigh. "Sir, I know that his talent will go to waste if he stays here as there is no Grandmaster Realm cultivator around to guide him. Nonetheless, it is difficult for me to let him go with you since I have watched him grow up."

Jonathan frowned and glanced at him. "I don't like doing things by force. Why don't you let Sean choose for himself? If he agrees, he'll stay with me for three years. At the end of that period, I'll make sure he returns here no matter what his cultivation level is. If Sean objects, I will depart immediately. I promise to keep his exceptional cultivation abilities confidential, but you must be cautious to prevent others from seeking to exploit it." As Jonathan spoke, he squatted down to meet Sean's gaze.

"Sean, you may be young, but I believe you understand our conversation. You're free to make your own choice."

As both the monk and Jonathan fixed their gaze on him, Sean's cheeks reddened, and he gripped the edge of the monk's robe.

"Sean, is this your answer?" Jonathan asked calmly, then turned on his heels to leave.

"Wait!" Sean called out the moment he turned around.

Jonathan turned over his shoulder to see Sean kneeling on the ground. "Master, I think I roughly understand most of your conversation. I'll leave the sect for three years. After the period ends, I'll return to Triplex Manifesta to restore Phoebus Sect to its former glory, the young boy promised.

Thud, thud, thud!

After banging his head on the ground thrice, Sean got to his feet. Tears brimmed in his eyes as he stood beside Jonathan.

"Well.." The monk sighed helplessly at Sean's decision. "Go, then. Good luck!"

Jonathan inclined his head slightly and turned to leave.

Despite being just seven years old, Sean was already a cultivator in Superior Realm.

Upon seeing Jonathan depart, he quickly chased after him, taking several meters with each step.

On the mountain path, Jonathan spread his spiritual sense all over Sean as he increased his speed

He wanted to know the limits of his new disciple.

They both picked up speed until Sean reached the limit of his ability, which was dozens of meters with each stride.

“Follow me. This is a good way to train your breathing efficiency,” Jonathan said calmly. He then controlled his figure and traveled down the mountain at a horrifying speed. Alas, he could only sense objects through his spiritual energy, but not the way people were looking at him.

Behind him, Sean gazed at him icily as though he were a dead body.

As the matter in Summerbank had come to an end, Jonathan could finally return to Jadeborough.

This time, he had traveled from Doveston to Remdik and then back to Summerbank, experiencing numerous events along the

way.

Back in Jadeborough, Jonathan had to come up with a new plan according to the respectable families' actions.

Upon arriving at Jadeborough Airport, Jonathan and Sean found Zachary and the others waiting for them outside.

When the hatch door opened, Zachary, Jason, and the rest from Asura's Office got down on one knee.

Zachary was holding his weapon in his hand.

“Welcome, Mr. Goldstein!” everyone greeted in unison.

Sean promptly cowered back at the impressive scene.

Jonathan reached out to pat his head. “It's fine. They are my men, so you'll meet them often.” He strode over to Zachary and chuckled. “What are you doing? I've never seen you show me this much respect in the past.”

Zachary lifted his head and offered his

cleaver to Jonathan.

“I apologize, Mr. Goldstein. I failed to adequately protect your wife. Please penalize me as I have let you down.”

Jonathan reached out to hold Zachary's arm and pulled him up.

“Penalize? Nonsense. Your job is to manage your team well. Some time later, Asura's Office is planning something big..”

