

The Legendary Man Chapter 506

Chapter 506 Exile

In Mysonna, a black Jeep was speeding through a sandstorm.

“Tiger! Let go of me!” a woman shouted.

It was none other than Juliette, who had ordered Finley to assassinate Jonathan. She was tied up and bound in the backseat. However, no matter how much she struggled, the ropes around her showed no signs of budging.

Meanwhile, the man who was driving the car was Hayes, who had been ordered by Jonathan to head toward the Northern Crimson Prison.

“Tiger! Forget about helping me to exact revenge after someone bullied me. You even brought me to a place like this. Are you sure you are my brother?”

The SUV screeched to a halt on the sandy road. Hayes looked at the surprised Juliette in the backseat before opening his door.

“Tiger... what are you doing?”

The man opened the door. Then, he forcefully pulled the ropes on Juliette’s body before grabbing her by the collar and throwing her onto the sand.

“Hayes, are you f*cking crazy? I’m your sister!” In pain, Juliette shouted as she tried to get herself up from the ground.

Slap!

The crisp sound of someone being slapped faded into the vast background.

Juliette fell backward onto the sand slope behind her. Only after rolling on the ground for more than ten meters did she stop.

“Juliette, do you think you would still be alive if I didn’t treat you as my sister? I can help you fix the mess when you act arrogantly and snobbishly on usual days. After all, these rich kids are not good people too. But this time, you’ve made a big mistake!”

“What do you mean?” Juliette stood up and tried to climb up the dune. When she arrived before Hayes, she grabbed his collar with both hands. “When our family got caught in the military issues years ago, you told me you would protect me forever. Hayes, you told me you would always stand by me! I stayed alive because I trusted your words! But now, you are afraid. You’re scared because he is Jonathan Goldstein!”

“B*llshit!” Hayes used his right hand to grab Juliette’s neck and push her against the Jeep. “Juliette, Jonathan is not only my superior! Do you know he saved many families like us three years ago? As we drove here, you kept saying I was someone who curried favor with the wealthy and powerful. Let me show you how I gave you the carefree life you led until now!”

As he spoke, he ripped off his shirt and showed Juliette the scars on his body. Juliette widened her eyes and covered her mouth in shock after seeing the countless scars on Hayes’ body. “You are... You are the King of Lumonburg. How could you be so gravely wounded?”

“I’m not born the King of Lumonburg,” Hayes whispered. “Juliette, why do you think Mr. Goldstein let us off the hook? Do you think a man who leads an army to kill over eight hundred thousand rebel fighters is someone who is soft-hearted? I used my death before this in exchange for our lives now. Juliette, I can ignore it every time you act recklessly before this. But this time, I’m really disappointed in you!” Hayes took a backpack out of his trunk as he spoke. “There’s water and food in here. You can leave now if you truly think I’m Mr. Goldstein’s lackey. But if you want to start again, you can follow me to the Northern Crimson Prison.”

With that, he climbed into the car.

After more than a minute, the backseat door opened, and Juliette got into the car unwillingly.

“Since this is your choice, I don’t want to hear you ridiculing Mr. Goldstein along the way. Remember this: you can’t humiliate Mr. Goldstein even if you are my sister.”

Juliette snorted. “I remembered you told me that Northern Crimson Prison was a place that no one was willing to head to. I never thought you would be so loyal to him even though you had been stripped of your title as the King of Lumonburg and exiled to that horrible place.”

“Exiled?” Hayes chuckled, feeling the faint spiritual energy in his stomach. “You’re wrong. This is a new beginning.”

On the balcony of the third floor in No. 1 Villa, Jonathan was sitting cross-legged with his eyes closed. The spiritual energy ran through his veins like what was written in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. When he tried to feel his inner body, he felt as if streams were running through his body while thunder sounded in the background.

He used his spiritual sense to course through his elixir and energy fields. To him, everything was infinite yet reachable.

When he noticed the golden core that kept on condensing in him, he smiled.

My cultivation level increased tremendously after I found the other half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Even though there's a complete cultivation technique in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, it does not give me the insight I need. It's like practicing external martial arts. Without insights, one cannot fully unleash one's potential even if one has learned the skills.

Jonathan slowly opened his eyes after the spiritual energy around him faded.

The foundation period was equal to the Grandmaster Realm in martial arts, while Enlightenment was equal to the highest level in martial arts. Jonathan had never met anyone who was at that level until now.

"Jonathan, is this your cultivation method?" A curious voice rang out from the top of Jonathan's head. When he raised his head, he saw Xiara sitting on top of the roof.

"It's midnight already. Aren't you going to sleep?" Jonathan leaped lightly and landed next to Xiara.

Xiara shook her head gently. "My job requires me to understand the routes in a new place thoroughly before I can rest."

Jonathan pondered about her words as he stared at her innocent eyes. "You've been wanting to kill me, right?"

"Yes," Xiara replied without hesitation. "However, I can't find the chance to do so. Even though I have a few dozen ways to end you while you were cultivating just now, I still have the feeling that if I attack you, I will die. When you were cultivating just now, I felt something around you. Is that the energy that you people in Chanaea always talk about?"

"People in Chanaea? Are you not a Chanaean?"

Xiara smiled. "I don't know. When I was young, I was trained on an island. After I passed the test, I was given a new identity every time I was on a mission in a new country. We were trained to speak many languages when we were young. So, the only way I knew I was of Southeast Aploth's descent was from my appearance. But I never knew which country I'm from."

The wind was blowing gently, and there was not a single cloud in the sky during the early autumn night. Even though Xiara was speaking calmly, Jonathan's heart clenched when he heard her words.

"I'm curious, though. If you can't kill me, why—" Suddenly, Jonathan's face stiffened. He turned and jumped off.

In the house, there was a traditional long sword with a light-green glow.

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Chapter 507 Martial Law
It was the Heaven Sword.

Jonathan looked at the ancient sword on the table with a frown.

He had found the sword in the strange cave. In the cave, there were giant pythons, ancient bronze trees, a sarcophagus, and illusions, which were spooky.

He even nearly died there, and his biggest gain was this sharp ancient sword.

He had previously noticed that something was strange about the sword.

In addition to being sharp and hard, the ancient sword could actually feel his emotions.

When he held the ancient sword calmly, the aura emanating from the ancient sword was one of righteousness and calmness.

Yet, when he touched the sword while feeling angry, the sword exuded an indomitable killing intent.

The aura emanating from this sword could even feed on Jonathan's spirit and magnified his murderous intent.

Since then, Jonathan had rarely touched the strange ancient sword.

However, to his surprise, he sensed the presence of spiritual energy downstairs when he was upstairs earlier, and it was actually coming from the ancient sword.

"Jonathan, why is this sword glowing?"

Xiara squatted by the window like a kitten in the dark night. She was looking at the ancient sword in the room curiously.

Ignoring Xiara, Jonathan reached out to grab the hilt of Heaven Sword.

Boom!

In an instant, Jonathan felt as if his spirit had been hit by a giant hammer.

An image flashed before his eyes, while Heaven Sword returned to silence as if it had lost all its strength.

Jonathan slowly turned his head.

At this time, Xiara had already entered the room, and in her hand, she was holding a short dagger.

Just when Jonathan picked up Heaven Sword, Xiara had clearly sensed Jonathan's momentary absentmindedness.

However, as she was hesitating, Jonathan had returned to normal.

She had missed the chance to attack him.

Feeling the spiritual energy in his body decomposing the toxins quickly, Jonathan shook his head slightly.

"You know, since I became successful in my cultivation, the moment earlier was the closest I ever got to getting killed. But you hesitated..."

"Well, there's always a chance as long as I follow you."

Putting away her dagger, Xiara threw out a white medicine bottle.

"I used a little too much poison. If your family show signs of poisoning, just feed them one pill."

With that, Xiara pushed open the door and left without the slightest hesitation.

Jonathan looked at the medicine bottle and casually put it aside.

Who exactly is Xiara? Where was she trained in her childhood?

Jonathan closed the door and took Heaven Sword in his hand again.

This time, Jonathan only felt that he was connected to the aura of Heaven Sword without the earlier vision.

After several attempts, he finally chose to give up. He sat on the bed and began to recall the scene just now.

Although the image was fleeting, it was extremely clear.

It should be an image of a verdant valley, with mountain fog drifting in the distance, and old trees and vines nearby.

However, the angle of the image was a little weird. He felt as if he was looking out through a gap of something, as it was extremely long and narrow.

Other than that, there was nothing special about it.

Is this a place that exists in reality? Or is it an illusion like I saw in the strange cave?

Thinking back on everything that had happened, Jonathan became even more convinced that the ancient sword must have a great background.

Meanwhile, Joshua, who was sleeping soundly in the mansion in Zedfield, Yaleview, opened his eyes without warning.

Raising his right hand, he fixed his gaze on the ring on his thumb.

With its green light fading, the ring returned to a milky white color.

“In order to find the secret treasures inherited in our family back then, you set us up to annihilate our family, but I, an illegitimate son who has been excluded since childhood, managed to survive. After that, you secretly made me the commander-in-chief, trying to make me your puppet. Yet, I bet you have never thought that I’ve been wearing this thing on my hand all this while.”

Reaching out and turning the ring on his thumb, he turned over and looked out the window.

“Dad, that legend is true. It’s going to open soon...”

At noon, Jonathan went for a walk in the garden with Josephine.

Due to Xiara’s appearance, Jonathan had spent the entire morning coaxing Josephine before he finally saw her smile again.

“Jonathan, who exactly is the girl you brought back? She’s not really a killer, is she?” Josephine asked in a low voice while holding Jonathan’s arm.

“You could say that. But killers have to take on tasks, and her current task is to protect us.”

“I see,” Josephine replied thoughtfully.

“Maybe I should apologize to her for treating her like that yesterday when she’s here to protect us. She’s a girl after all and—”

“She’s a girl only biologically, not in other areas,” Jonathan hurriedly cut Josephine off after seeing how sympathetic she became.

Many people would laugh at the fact that one showed sympathy for the killer who ranked ninth on Heaven List.

Xiara’s wealth was so much more than the available assets of the Smith family.

People like Xiara did not need sympathy.

In the distance, Xiara was sitting on the swing with a lollipop in her mouth, looking at the couple with a smile.

Obviously, she had heard their entire conversation.

Looking at Xiara's harmless face, Jonathan nodded slightly, but in the next instant, he sensed something and turned to look outside the mansion.

It was Zachary's aura.

"Josephine, how about you go back to the house to rest first? I still have some things to deal with."

Josephine followed Jonathan's gaze and looked into the distance, only to see Zachary rushing over with some people.

Even though Josephine was still kept in the dark after going through so many things, she knew that Zachary and Jonathan had an unusual relationship, so she nodded slightly.

"All right. I'll go back to rest, then."

Josephine turned and left while Jonathan walked over to meet Zachary.

"Mr. Goldstein," Zachary greeted respectfully from a distance.

Seeing that Zachary was about to bow, Jonathan hurriedly raised his hand to stop him.

"It's okay. Josephine can see us here. Just tell me what happened. You didn't come all the way here in the morning just to greet me, did you?"

"There are two things. First, Tiger broke into Northern Crimson Prison. I heard he fought his way in," Zachary reported.

"Fought his way in?" Jonathan chuckled. "How is he now?"

"Dorian broke his ribs. He definitely won't be able to stand up anytime soon."

"Okay." Jonathan nodded in satisfaction. "Tell Dorian to teach Tiger a lesson. If he wants to cultivate martial arts, provide him with all the resources he needs."

"Understood!"

"What about the second thing?" Jonathan asked, looking at Zachary.

“Mr. Goldstein, I heard from Andy that martial law has been enforced in Yaleview!”