

The Legendary Man Chapter 514

Chapter 514 Power Struggle

"It's only a military helicopter. Order the artilleryman to fire the anti-aircraft artillery at the helicopter once they enter Yaleview!" Wilbur ordered as he watched the helicopter in the sky.

Perhaps some might shake in their boots at the mention of Jonathan Goldstein the Asura, but Wilbur was not one of them.

The Yaleview Army had close to six hundred thousand soldiers, and although their numbers were not as plentiful as Asura's Office's, all of their soldiers were chosen for how skilled they were.

Furthermore, the Yaleview Army was initially established to resolve rising rebellions in the country.

Thus, the battles at the border and in Chanaea were originally not part of the Yaleview Army's jurisdiction. The entire army was focused on defending itself against the other factions in the country.

In fact, the only enemy the Yaleview Army assumed they had was Asura's Office. Wilbur, who had been thinking about how to defeat Asura's Office all the time, had no fear of Jonathan, who was defenseless in the sky.

Furthermore, Wilbur would like to see if someone in God Realm could stop anti-aircraft rounds.

Meanwhile, Andy was standing solemnly before the Yallegard Legion.

"Activate the surface-to-air missiles and lock onto those two fighter jets."

"Andy, are you really going to start a revolution?" Chase questioned, his expression dark.

"Me? A revolution?" Andy returned the question. "My Yallegard Legion is doing a drill in Lostaria, and that helicopter is an aircraft borrowed from the Northern Army for the drill, but the Yaleview Army is firing at it in Lostaria. Instead of accusing us of a rebellion, why don't you admit that you're taking the opportunity to start a civil war instead?" While the two were arguing, the helicopter Jonathan was in flew past the Yaleview border, its rotor blade whirring loudly.

Thump!

The thunderous sound of an anti-aircraft sound firing echoed in the air. In the next second, the helicopter exploded.

"Mr. Goldstein!" Andy roared in fury when he saw the helicopter explode in front of him. In mere seconds, his eyes reddened, and a murderous aura began exuding from him.

That was the accumulation of homicidal intent over the many years he had been on the battlefield.

“Attention, all artillery divisions of Yalegard Legion. The target is the Yaleview Army’s base...”

Right as Andy was about to declare the assault, a shout sounded out behind him.

“Look up in the sky!”

Everyone looked upward in confusion and saw two dark figures plummeting.

“It’s Mr. Goldstein!”

Andy took less than a minute to figure out that one of the figures was Jonathan.

However, the two figures were landing from a height of almost a hundred meters. Even if Jonathan was unscathed at the moment, the impact of the fall would certainly turn him into a pile of mushed meat.

Andy wanted to rescue him, but he did not know where to get anything to cushion their fall.

By the time Andy realized he had nothing to save them with, Jonathan and the other person were already thirty meters away from the ground.

“Solidify!”

Upon Jonathan’s shout, endless spiritual energy swiftly formed a transparent ramp right under him.

As if they had reached an invisible slide, Jonathan and the unconscious helicopter pilot glided past the heads of the people beneath them.

Once they went past a spot, Jonathan recycled the spiritual energy to form another new section of the clear slide.

After sliding for dozens of meters, Jonathan grabbed the unconscious pilot and leaped to land on one of the military vehicles.

Thump!

The impact of the landing crushed the top of the vehicle.

Jonathan was panting, and an unusual red veil had enveloped his body.

Although it had only been dozens of seconds since the helicopter exploded until the two landed safely, Jonathan had been taking in and unleashing the spiritual energy dozens of times to continuously build the spiritual energy “slide.”

The speed of the activation nearly drained Jonathan of all his stamina despite how powerful he was.

Andy rushed over and asked in concern, “Mr. Goldstein, are you okay?”

Jonathan then jumped down from the crushed vehicle and passed the unconscious pilot over to the medic who had just run over.

“I’m fine, but he’s unconscious from the shockwave of the explosion.”

Jonathan then reached up to wipe his face, and the red veil on his face turned into bloody water that coated his face.

That was a mist of blood that had exploded out of Jonathan when he channeled his spiritual energy too quickly earlier.

Any longer, and Jonathan’s body would have exploded from the stress.

“Mr. Goldstein, what happened in Yaleview?” Andy asked.

“I just received news about it too. Someone has held the Goldstein family hostage, and I can’t contact any of the Goldsteins.”

Jonathan quickly walked toward the East Yaleview toll station. When he saw the cannon trained in the direction of the Yallegard Legion, the look in his eyes turned grim.

“Mr. Goldstein, I’m certain that there’s a connection between how the Yaleview Army has sealed off the entrance to Yaleview and how someone has held the Goldstein family hostage.”

Hearing that, Jonathan halted in his tracks.

“Andy, what are you trying to tell me?”

“Mr. Goldstein, the Yaleview Army opened fire at you earlier. Why don’t we... rebel?”

Andy stretched out his right arm before turning his arm to face his palm downward. His eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Jonathan had once saved Andy, so the only person in this world that Andy would respect was Asura.

He was not the only one. The Eight Kings of War were all willing followers of Jonathan.

As a matter of fact, the eight of them had even proposed to Jonathan to start a civil war when Asura’s Office was first established, but Jonathan had rejected the proposal back then.

In fact, he even declared military punishment for anyone who mentioned it again.

However, after witnessing the Yaleview Army's actions and listening to Andy's words, Jonathan began to waver.

A long while of contemplation later, Jonathan said, "Asura's Office was established to resolve the military issues in Chanaea and return peace to the country. If we counterattack, that means Asura's Office has officially started a revolution. At the very least, two million soldiers on each side will die on the battlefield, and the war will affect the entire Chanaea. This isn't Asura's Office's original aim."

"But the Yaleview Army has become like this!" Andy insisted in an upset tone. "Mr. Goldstein, the Goldstein family is being held hostage, and the Yaleview Army has blocked off the roads and opened fire at you. This whole thing was set up to trap you! My guess is that the Goldstein family was held hostage according to the orders of the governmental body. It's to force you to submit to them!"

Jonathan drew his brows together at that.

"I hope this is all just a coincidence. If the governmental body is behind this, I'm going to make Joshua Whitley regret everything he's doing!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 515

Chapter 515 No Entry

Jonathan walked out slowly and stopped in front of the two armies facing each other off. "Martial law has been enforced in Yaleview. Outsiders aren't allowed entry. Those who try to barge in will be punished by the military law," Chase announced when he saw Jonathan.

He was standing behind the railing of the toll station.

Following Chase's words, the soldiers behind him raised their guns and aimed at Jonathan.

Calmly, Jonathan swept his gaze across the soldiers. Those who met his gaze felt a chill go down their spines and immediately looked away. That was how intimidating Asura was.

Three years ago, he had started as an ordinary soldier and was now a Military God who had established Asura's Office to stop the rebellion army in Chanaea.

Even among the Yaleview Army, Jonathan was a legend.

Now, they were ordered to point their guns at him. When Jonathan looked at them, they dared not raise their heads.

Jonathan pinned Chase with a withering look and grabbed the railing of the toll station.

Crack, crack, crack...

The thick bar slowly cracked and became deformed in Jonathan's hand.

Crack!

With the final crack, it broke in half.

Jonathan tossed it aside and strode over to Chase.

Chase took two steps back. However, he had no choice but to halt in his tracks as everyone was staring at them.

"Jonathan, what are you doing? Do you know—"

Slap!

The sound of the slap echoed throughout the entire toll station.

Chase toppled to the ground from the force of the slap.

"I'm not part of Asura's Office, Jonathan. You don't have the right to—"

Thud!

Chase was kicked into the air following the sound, and he hit the tank behind him.

"Are you trying to start a civil war?" Jonathan asked calmly as he stepped on Chase's cheek.

Chase yelled, "Jonathan, you don't have the right to—"

Before he could finish, Jonathan stomped on his cheek.

Chase let out a blood-curdling scream as all his teeth fell to the ground. He could no longer speak a proper sentence.

The other soldiers stepped forward with their guns pointed at Jonathan when they saw him insulting their commander.

The moment Jonathan lifted his head, however, the soldiers couldn't stop themselves from retreating in fear.

Jonathan sat down on Chase's body and glanced at the soldiers around them.

“Chase has been beaten up badly, yet you dare not open fire. Likewise, when I entered Yaleview, Chase didn’t have the guts to order you to open fire. The only reason is that Wilbur is around. Get him to come here.”

The soldiers shared a look in silence, for Jonathan was right.

They dared not open fire.

Jonathan was sitting on Chase right now. Even if Chase were safe and sound, he wouldn’t dare to order them to shoot Jonathan either.

Yet, no one knew Jonathan would ask to meet Wilbur directly.

The soldiers exchanged glances, at a loss for what to do.

As no one moved, Jonathan fished out the gun from Chase’s waist.

“You can tell Wilbur that I’ll only wait for five minutes. If he’s late for even one second, I’ll kill him,” Jonathan announced as he pointed the gun at the back of Chase’s head.

“Hurry, do as he says!” Chase screamed incoherently from his spot on the ground, blood gushing out of his lips.

Hearing that, the soldiers immediately ran back to the Yaleview Army’s base behind them.

Time ticked by as Jonathan calmly pointed the gun at the back of Chase’s head.

“One minute left. If I don’t see Wilbur, you’ll die,” Jonathan told Chase nonchalantly as he disengaged the safety.

The cocking sound of the gun drove Chase crazy.

“Jonathan, you can’t kill me. I’m a division commander. If you kill me, you’ll be charged in the military court!”

“No one can bring me to trial, not even Zedfield. Why am I afraid of a mere military court?” came Jonathan’s answer.

He lifted his arm to glance at his watch before placing his finger on the trigger. The countdown began.

“Five…”

“Four…”

“Three…”

“Two…”

“Please, spare my life! I’m willing to give everything up. You can have everything that belongs to me!”

“Jonathan Goldstein, it’s been a long time since we last met.”

At the last second, Chase’s plea and a hoarse voice rang out at the same time.

Jonathan lifted the gun and unloaded it. After tossing the bullets to the ground, he got to his feet and glanced at the man making his way to him.

“Wilbur, if I don’t account for the time when the Maxwell family got kicked out, we haven’t met for almost two years.”

Wilbur flashed a grin. “Two years and six months. I don’t remember how many days specifically.”

The scar on his face looked menacing as he curled his lips.

A murderous look flashed across his eyes.

Jonathan narrowed his eyes when he sensed the murderous aura exuding from Wilbur.

“Were you the one who ordered them to fire the anti-aircraft guns?”

Wilbur admitted to his actions at once. “Besides the anti-aircraft guns, I also order the fighter jets to open fire. Yaleview is under martial law, so I’d have failed in my duty if I were to allow you entry. You didn’t die anyway.”

“Yeah, I didn’t.”

Staring at his ex-comrade, Jonathan finally stopped thinking of him as a friend.

Back in the Valley of Elites, Jonathan had already realized Wilbur had nothing in common with him.

Back then, they had been slightly outstanding soldiers from their respective teams and had been crowned elite warriors.

When they talked about the future, Jonathan wanted the war to end quickly so that society would regain peace as soon as possible.

However, Wilbur merely laughed and called him a fool.

According to Wilbur, they trained day and night to become elite warriors to achieve one goal—to go to war and earn merits.

Wilbur wanted to be a soldier to rise through the ranks and reign above others.

Thus, he assumed Jonathan was joking when the latter’s wish was to restore peace to the world.

When Jonathan heard that, he thought Wilbur meant that he wanted to head to war and kill their enemies.

However, instead of heading to the border to protect their country together with Jonathan, Wilbur accepted Yaleview's offer to join the Yaleview Army.

It was then that Jonathan realized Wilbur wasn't joking.

All Wilbur cared about was climbing up the ranks. He didn't care who got killed or how he got his achievements as long as he achieved his goal.

Military power was the most important thing to him.

As of now, Wilbur had achieved the goal that he had set years ago.

In less than three years, he was at the top position of the Yaleview Army. He had enough power to go against Jonathan.

Back when they were drinking at the top of the mountain in the Valley of Elites, they never knew this day would come.

Three years later, both men holding over ninety-nine percent of Chanaea's military power were at odds.

Jonathan gazed at Wilbur and nodded slightly.

"Wilbur, I need to enter Yaleview. Even if you're in control of six hundred thousand soldiers, there's no way you can ask them to line up and surround Yaleview. I'll find a way to get in. I believe you know that well. This is the quickest way to get in. Are you going to allow me entry or not?"

Hearing his question, Wilbur chuckled. "Jonathan, I'm not refusing to allow you entry. I can't allow you entry."

The Legendary Man Chapter 516

Chapter 516 Simplicity

Hearing that, Jonathan stepped forward and unleashed his spiritual energy.

"What if I insist on getting in, Wilbur?"

A powerful surge of spiritual energy descended on everyone.

Jonathan stood in the middle while everyone else widened their eyes in shock and retreated fearfully.

This was the first time Jonathan had unleashed his spiritual energy without holding back after his golden core was stable.

According to legends, the ancient and powerful being who created the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique comprehended it by simulating Sacred Dragon's cultivation method.

In Chanaean mythology, dragons were the spirit of the people. It reigned above all and was born to be a leader.

That was what Jonathan looked like right now.

Everyone couldn't help but fear and admire him. All soldiers within a fifty-meter radius seemed to be struggling against something.

A few seconds later, they dropped their guns and collapsed to their knees weakly.

Meanwhile, Wilbur's lips curved into a smile as he remained standing across from Jonathan.

There was a glowing red energy shield surrounding Wilbur.

"Jonathan, I can't believe you've now entered the God Realm. It looks like you've encountered countless miraculous events over the years," he commented.

Jonathan couldn't hide his surprise when he realized Wilbur wasn't affected in his realm.

During the commotion that had happened in Yaleview previously, Jonathan and Wilbur had exchanged a look from afar.

Back then, Jonathan had sensed that his ex-comrade was no longer an elite warrior; he was now a strong martial artist.

Despite coming prepared, Jonathan was still surprised to learn that Wilbur's strength was on par with him.

Jonathan wouldn't be where he was today if it wasn't for the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

He had been constantly involved in deadly battles over the past few years.

Jonathan dared not slack off to restore peace in Chanaea and escape from his enemies who wanted to assassinate him.

Aside from that, he also received enlightenment through his countless battles and made several breakthroughs quickly.

His brows furrowed as he stared at Wilbur.

"God Realm, huh? Looks like I've underestimated you," he responded.

“Right back at you.” Wilbur stretched out his right hand and balled up his fist. “To be honest, I never knew you’d achieve the God Realm in just three years. Go back, Jonathan. I can pretend that this never happened since we used to be comrades.” Slowly, Wilbur lifted his head and gave Jonathan a stern look. “We used to be acquaintances. Don’t put me in a tight spot.”

“Put you in a tight spot?” The spiritual energy surrounding Jonathan faded away like flowing water. “Wilbur, we’re not fools. Stop putting on an act. You came here to stop me, no?”

Wilbur shot him a curt nod. “You’re right. So are we going to fight against each other to determine the winner just like how we did three years ago?”

“Sure. Let’s fight to determine the winner,” Jonathan responded evenly.

“Come on!” Wilbur chuckled.

“Bring it on.”

Right after Jonathan said that, Wilbur charged toward him, intending to punch him in the chest.

His punch was so swift that no one saw how he did it.

Smack!

A loud sound reverberated in the air.

Energy ripples originating from both men spread across the area.

Poof!

The soldiers who were closest to them promptly coughed out blood when the energy ripple permeated their bodies.

The impact of their strike had injured the soldiers’ internal organs.

A battle between the gods would make ordinary humans suffer.

Jonathan and Wilbur weren’t gods, but they were beyond the Superior Realm. One couldn’t compare them to ordinary human beings.

“Everyone, retreat now! Stay at least one hundred meters away!” Wilbur shouted when he realized his soldiers were injured.

Jonathan turned to look at Andy, who was standing beside him, and gave his order.

“Retreat!”

As both commanders gave the order to retreat, their armies immediately turned around and fled the scene.

Jonathan and Wilbur released their spiritual sense. When the last soldier stepped out of the hundred meters radius, they shut their eyes at almost the same time.

Boom, boom, boom!
A series of booms were heard.

Andy stood on the top of a tank and observed their fight with a pair of binoculars, wearing a grim expression on his face.
Through the binoculars, he noticed that Jonathan and Wilbur didn't move an inch.

However, their hands were a blur of shadows, and their palms would collide with each other again and again.

If Jonathan and Wilbur weren't this horrendously swift, they would look like old men exercising in the garden.
However, the longer their fight lasted, the more worried Andy became.

His brain began racing at the sight of the visible but transparent energy ripples.

Andy remembered trying to connect several moves while learning to box in the army base two years ago.

He had flipped and jumped, trying his best to perfect the moves.

One day, Jonathan smiled and told him that only weaklings would waste time on useless moves.

A real elite knew how important simplicity was.

In a real battle, one should take the other party's life using the simplest and quickest way.

That was what they were doing right now.
Every move Jonathan and Wilbur launched was simple. There was no fancy trick.
They didn't waste time as they tried their best to kill the other party.

In less than one minute, they exchanged hundreds of moves without opening their eyes or moving from their spots.

The energy fluctuation from their moves had left visible marks on the tanks surrounding them.
With his eyes closed, Jonathan was the omniscient god of his realm.

After activating the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, he could see Wilbur's every move clearly in his mind.

In fact, Jonathan could even see Wilbur contracting and relaxing his muscles or launching the spiritual energy from his veins.

Uppercut, palm push, downward kick...

Jonathan avoided every move of his opponent easily. Fifty moves later, he abruptly opened his eyes, delivering a swift punch that was accompanied by crackling sounds. The crackling sounds were caused by the speedy delivery of his punch.

Wilbur's eyes snapped open as he reached out to block the punch. Alas, he was one step too late.

Thud!

The punch landed on Wilbur's body, sending him flying, and his body hit a van behind him.

Slowly, Jonathan kept away his spiritual energy.

Glancing at Wilbur, whose face was wet with blood, he asked indifferently, "Can I pass now?"

Wilbur grabbed the car door beside him and exerted force to pull the car door away from its hinges easily. It seemed as though he was tearing a paper in half.
"You win. I can't stop you. But you're the only one who's allowed entry."