

The Legendary Man Chapter 543 - 545

Chapter 543 The First To Pray

It was early autumn, and one could still experience a cool breeze in the mountains at about seven in the morning. Jonathan, who was standing at the foothill of Mount Vista Cumulus, was taken aback by the large number of hikers.

The foothill's parking lot that could accommodate a few hundred cars was fully occupied. Though the parking lot was already jam-packed, more passenger vehicles were still coming in. Some gave up and eventually parked their cars by the road.

The road to the mountain was crammed with people, with traders and their stalls lining the path. Even Yaleview's most famous mountain, Mount Jarvick, had never been as busy as Mount Vista Cumulus.

Jonathan walked up to a trader that sold beverages and took out a one-hundred banknote. "Hi, could you tell me what's so special about Mount Vista Cumulus? Why are there so many people here?"

The trader accepted the banknote with a smile. "I suppose you're not local?"

Jonathan nodded. "I'm from Jadeborough—came here on a business trip."

"Planning to visit Triplex Manifesta?" the trader asked while pressing his hands on the table.

The man's response piqued Jonathan's interest. "How do you know I want to visit Triplex Manifesta?"

"Well, there's nothing else on Mount Vista Cumulus except Triplex Manifesta." The trader pointed at the crowd with a fan in his hand. "Look at these people. Some of them had arrived two days ago. You should have come earlier. Anyway, you can always come back again."

Jonathan chuckled. "I didn't come here for sightseeing. I came here for work."

"Oh, come on. Do you think these people came here for sightseeing?" The trader burst into laughter. "They're all here for Triplex Manifesta to pray for their wishes to come true. And stop acting as if you don't know what this place is famous for, young man. Now tell me what you want to buy so I can give you the correct change."

The trader decided to ask Jonathan to leave as he had lost interest in talking to him after listening to the inconsistent remarks he made.

At the sight of his reaction, Jonathan took a bottle of mineral water. "I'll take this. You can keep the change. Please allow me to ask a few more questions because I didn't understand what you said just now. Do people really come to Triplex Manifesta to pray for their wishes to come true? Is it that effective? I don't quite believe it."

The trader froze while putting on his glasses to look for smaller banknotes to return to Jonathan. "Have you not heard of anything about Triplex Manifesta?"

"I wouldn't have asked you so many questions if I was familiar with this temple." Jonathan chuckled. "I came here to look for someone, not to pray."

Upon hearing that, the trader folded the banknote Jonathan gave, put it into his wallet, and pulled out a plastic chair.

"You should have told me earlier. I thought you were just pretending to be ignorant. Fine. I'll explain to you what is so miraculous about Triplex Manifesta."

After listening to a detailed explanation, Jonathan finally understood why this place was so popular.

Triplex Manifesta used to be an ordinary temple on Summerbank Mountain.

Sitting on top of the mountain's main peak—Prima Majestica, it was the only mountaintop temple in Summerbank.

Though there were devotees who would come to pray, the temple was never as packed as this.

Coincidentally, Jonathan came at the right time.

He was surprised by the trader's explanation. "Do people compete to become the first person to pray at the temple? I've come across this news, but I always thought this would only happen on New Year's Eve."

"People think that's effective, but they're just doing that to make themselves feel good." The trader chuckled at Jonathan's remark. "But prayers do come true for the first person to pray in Triplex Manifesta!"

According to the trader, a thorough cleaning would be carried out in Triplex Manifesta once every three months. After the cleaning, the temple would open its door to welcome its devotees on the eighth day of the month.

Nevertheless, only devotees willing to spend money would earn the privilege to pray first in the temple.

It was not merely a gimmick to attract the crowd.

Devotees who obtained exclusive access to the temple would also get to meet the chief monk of the temple.

The chief monk would act as the intercessor on behalf of the devotees, and that was how their prayers would come true.

Jonathan's eyes instantly gleamed with hope.

He would not be surprised if the trader told him that the chief monk could answer devotees' doubts and offer them words of encouragement.

After all, the chief monk would be able to share his wisdom with the devotees, guiding them to the right path.

Nevertheless, the trader insisted that prayers would come true.

Jonathan could not help but think of Dark Web.

From saving lives to selling organs, killing people, and taking revenge, Dark Web seemed to be the only organization capable of doing all that.

There was something amiss about Triplex Manifesta.

Jonathan looked up, trying to peer through the fog and locate the peak. Excitement flashed in his eyes. "Thanks for your explanation. I must compete with the others to become the first to pray in the temple now."

Jonathan began his hike after bidding the trader farewell.

The trader looked at him and grinned. "You shouldn't waste your time and energy. Those influential figures in Summerbank would have..."

Before he could complete his sentence, Jonathan had vanished from his sight. Where did he go? He was just here seconds ago!

The trader placed the water bottle back into the refrigerator and looked at the crowd. "Get yourself a bottle of mineral water! I can give you advice and tell you more about Triplex Manifesta, but you'll have to pay..."

Meanwhile, more and more devotees got frustrated with the hiking trail.

The beginning of the hike at the foothill was a walk in the park as it was a gravel path. It was also wide enough for ten people to walk side by side.

Yet, the path became narrower as the altitude increased.

At some parts of the trail, the width was less than two feet wide. Devotees would even have to tilt their bodies sideways to pass through.

Anyone stopping at any point would cause a long jam for hikers behind them.

The excitement continued to build up for Jonathan as he took a sidelong glance at the people who took a break by the side and those who had given up on conquering the peak.

He also noticed most hikers were people belonging to the middle class, and they seemed to come from well-to-do families.

The fact that they were all gathered here proved that Triplex Manifesta was an unusual attraction.

Jonathan decided to visit the temple because he wanted to look for the pill he had taken three years ago.

He would not need to go through the hassles of finding the pill if Triplex Manifesta could fulfill his request.

People might be astonished by that baseless myth about the temple, but not Jonathan.

It was not difficult for a cultivator to make sense of the logic behind the myth.

Jonathan hopped up the trail effortlessly. With each hop he made, he could advance ten steps up the stairs. All the devotees widened their eyes in disbelief upon seeing how Jonathan passed them by in the blink of an eye.

Jonathan could have reached the peak in less than twenty minutes, but he had to stop for a while.

He had to make the stop not because he was exhausted but because two men in black suits and shades guarding two sides of the path stopped him from going to the top. "The peak is not open to the public. Please leave."

Chapter 544 Ask And You Shall Receive

At that moment, there were still a few guests with messy clothes in front of Jonathan. These guests had begun hiking before the sun even rose, but their paths were blocked just before they reached the summit.

"Seriously, are you barbarians?" A slightly plump woman had stepped forward to shout at the men in black suits.

“When did Summerbank Mountain become private property? We’ve been here dozens of times, and the rule is that the first three hundred highest bidders get to receive the blessings. Isn’t that right, guys?”

“Exactly! You have no right to block our paths like this.” “They’re right. Let’s not be afraid of these bullies. We’ll take them down together. There’s no way the two of them can take on so many of us.”

Only insanely powerful men like Jonathan could run all the way to that summit without breaking a sweat. Everyone else had to work extremely hard and hike for hours to reach that place at that hour.

After putting in all that hard work, anyone would be upset to hear some unauthorized personnel chase them away for no reason. A few dozen hikers, whose way had been blocked, forged ahead and tried to walk right past the two men in their way.

However, before they even got close, a crisp sound made it to their ears. Following a flash of light, the fringe of the woman leading the way was cut off.

Strands of her hair drifted as the wind carried them away. No one protested or murmured another word. The woman who suddenly lost her bangs had turned as pale as a sheet at that moment. She trembled, and her knees gave way, causing her to fall to the ground.

A pungent scent slowly spread out, prompting everyone to stumble backward. When the other hikers shifted their gaze downward, they noticed that the woman’s pants were drenched. It turned out that the woman had wet herself.

The two men in black suits each had a short dagger with a black handle with them, and they pointed their weapons at the crowd.

“Triplex Manifesta will not receive any other guests today. That is Mr. Jensen’s order. If anyone here wants to go against the Jensen family, you are welcome to drop by the Jensen residence. We will surely welcome you warmly.”

After hearing those words, the crowd began murmuring among themselves.

“The Jensen family? As in the most respectable family in Summerbank?”

“Well, duh! It’s not like there are any other families in the city with that surname.”

“Guys, the Jensen family is very powerful and has connections with both the authorities and the underworld figures. I guess we can’t go to the summit today. We can’t afford to offend the Jensen family.”

“That’s true. We can’t outbid the Jensen family anyway, so I guess there is no point in going up against the Jensen family.”

When the first person turned around to leave, everybody else followed along, but their eyes glowed with frustration.

That was how the world worked.

Many would try to fight against inequality when they were on the receiving end of unjust treatment.

However, they would back down and accept defeat the second they learned just how powerful their foes were and how futile their efforts would be.

Of course, not everyone would choose to back down and tolerate such unfair treatment.

Looking at the two men in black suits, Jonathan remained calm and indifferent.

He had engaged in wars for three years. Moreover, not long ago, he had fought against Garrison from the Osborne family, and the powerful man almost had him killed.

Compared to all that, the two bodyguards armed with a dagger were nothing to Jonathan. They couldn’t rattle Jonathan or cause a single ripple of fear in his heart.

“Oy, punk! I will not show you any mercy if you take another step forward,” warned one of the bodyguards in a hostile tone.

Jonathan slowly turned his attention to the bodyguard and replied, “You better get out of my way, or you will get yourself killed.”

Jonathan walked right past the two bodyguards after saying those words. Despite being armed with daggers, those men stood there as though they had been petrified. Neither of them dared to move a muscle.

The man before them was simply too terrifying.

Both men turned to one another and saw the immense fear oozing out of their partner’s eyes.

Bodyguards who worked for powerful families always had little concern because their employers were influential and could back them up. Some of those bodyguards might even have blood on their hands.

They were also the kind of people who knew precisely who they could and couldn’t mess with.

When Jonathan moved past them, his presence and aura struck fear into the hearts of both bodyguards.

“Hey, stop!” shouted one of the bodyguards. The man gripped his dagger and steeled himself up before he could utter those words.

“You can’t go there. Leave now, and we won’t cause any trouble for you,” said the other bodyguard. He had pointed his dagger at Jonathan as well.

It was not that the bodyguards were being diligent and dutiful. However, their employer, Desmond Jensen, was too cruel.

If they were to let Jonathan head to the summit just like that, Desmond would definitely make their lives a living hell.

Jonathan turned around slowly. “You realize you can’t stop me, right?”

“Maybe. But we’ll be killed if we don’t stop you.”

One of the bodyguards roared. After that, he crouched down a little and flipped his dagger. The blade’s reflection made it look as though it were nothing but a ray of bright light that was moving incredibly fast toward Jonathan’s throat.

Swoosh!

The crowd felt as though something was wrong with their eyes because they didn’t see anything. All they heard was a soft click, and before they knew it, Jonathan had already stabbed the assaulting bodyguard with the dagger and pinned the latter to the wall of the mountain.

“What a pitiful soul. I will spare your life today. Break the end of the blade and go to the hospital now. You can live if you listen to me. But if you pull the blade out, you will die for sure.”

Those were the only words Jonathan left behind before he turned around.

The other spectators turned even paler when they saw the bodyguard bleeding from his chest. Frightened, they all immediately left the place and descended the mountain.

Triplex Manifesta was a temple, but it wasn’t grand at all.

It was only about thirty meter square. The main hall in the middle took up most of the space, leaving only a small section for the courtyard that covered about four hundred square meters.

At that moment, the small courtyard was filled with about one or two hundred chairs.

The main hall was built at the top of some stone staircases. A young monk who seemed to be about thirteen years old remained quiet as he stood there and stared at the crowd. He looked a bit puzzled.

He had led the ceremony a few times, and the courtyard was always packed with people.

Yet, there were only about forty or fifty people present that day. It was something he had never encountered before.

He also noted that, among the people in the first row, the young man who was seated in the rightmost seat was the most eye-catching one.

The attendees of the ceremony were usually influential figures, and they would always behave gracefully, even when they were simply waiting for the commencement of the ceremony. That young man, however, had put his legs up and was playing games on his mobile. He even cussed every now and then.

His behavior made the other attendees frown, but they chose to keep their complaints to themselves because the young man had a few bodyguards with him.

That rude young man was none other than the son of the Jensen family, Desmond Jensen.

In a way, he was like the crown prince of Summerbank, and he was someone no one could afford to offend.

When he finished a round of his game, he cursed aloud and kicked the chair right in front of him.

After tossing his phone to the bodyguard standing beside him, Desmond stood up.

"Fck that guy. Look into the person with this player's ID. I am so going to fck him up."

"Understood," replied the bodyguard after catching the phone.

Given the way the bodyguard behaved, it was clear that it was not the first time he did something illegal for Desmond over petty reasons.

Desmond stood up and stretched a little.

"Kid, get on with it already. No one else will come here today."

The second Desmond uttered those words, the door to the temple opened. A young man in a casual outfit stepped inside. That young man was none other than Jonathan.

“Hi, is this the place where the ceremony will be performed?”

Chapter 545 Exorbitant Price

Following Jonathan’s words, everyone turned to look at him. None of the people who came here to fight for the opportunity to become the first to pray were fools. After waiting for so long, they knew that there was something wrong outside, since no one had come in yet.

Seeing Desmond looking as though he had absolute conviction, everyone realized it was the doing of that scion. Despite their tacit understanding, none of them pointed it out.

After all, the reputable families who wanted to seize the spot for the first prayer were all sitting here. As for the rest, even if they came in, they would lose to those reputable families during the bidding.

Besides, those people at the foot of the mountain said they were here to be the first to pray, but in reality, nearly all of them came to build bridges and get acquainted with those prominent families.

Those people couldn’t get themselves into business receptions, so the current ceremony became their golden opportunity to get to know those prominent families.

If those opportunistic people were allowed to enter, the people in the temple would get harassed. Thus, now that there were only a handful of people inside, they could enjoy the peaceful surroundings.

As a result, it made Jonathan, who came into the temple alone, particularly eye-catching. Many people turned to look in Desmond’s direction, intending to see how he was going to react, and Desmond didn’t hold back at all.

“Hey, you brat. How did you get in here?” Jonathan found a seat in the back. Just as he was about to sit down, he heard Desmond’s voice and immediately looked up.

“Me? I walked in.” Jonathan’s indifferent voice shocked everyone in the temple. In Summerbank, there were not many people who dared to speak to Desmond like that.

Sizing Jonathan up closely, everyone was wondering about his identity. Who’s this man? Since when do we have such a brazen man in Summerbank?

When Desmond saw how unfazed Jonathan was, the former’s expression turned grim. “I know you didn’t fly here. Where are my subordinates?”

“Your subordinates?” After a moment, Jonathan nodded. “I got it. You’re Desmond Jensen who asked those people to block the road, right? Your two subordinates

attacked me, so I crippled one of them, and the other one is probably busy saving that person.”

Right after he said that, the atmosphere in the temple suddenly became tense. The onlookers all shared the same thought. In spite of knowing Desmond’s identity, this man still dared to take action against his subordinates. Does this young man have a death wish?

Meanwhile, Desmond’s expression was as dark as coal. He reached out to the bodyguard next to him and forcefully pulled out a dagger before charging toward Jonathan.

Beside him, several bodyguards also set off and surrounded Jonathan. Just then, the young monk standing on the stairs spoke. “It’s time. The spot for the first prayer is up for grabs. The opening bid is five million!”

The moment the voice of the young monk sounded, the crowd was shocked.

Everyone knew that spot was merely a gimmick of Triplex Manifesta to get money from people in the name of offerings. In exchange, Triplex Manifesta would grant them a favor. All of it was just a deal, and this kind of mean was what the reputable families needed.

As soon as that young monk announced the price, a pot-bellied man raised his hand and shouted, “Ten million!”

Everyone looked at the man, and they all recognized that the man was from the Ximenez family’s company in Summerbank. Recently, the company owned by the Field family, which was the Ximenez family’s long-time business rival, was facing some problems. The Ximenez family wanted to acquire the Field family’s company, but they had failed several times.

They probably came to grab the first spot for that acquisition matter. However, that spot was not something that could be bought with just ten million.

“Fifty million.” Sitting in the front row, a short-haired girl with a cigarette in her mouth raised her hand and shouted, “Everyone knows the rule. The bid for that spot in Triplex Manifesta has never been lower than fifty million, so just skip those unnecessary bids. Let me start, and we shall compete.”

“Fifty-five million.”

“Fifty-eight million.”

“Sixty million!”

After that short-haired girl spoke, although the people around her looked unhappy, they continued to bid one after another.

In that small courtyard, there were only about twenty to thirty people, but the price of the bids was increasing quickly. Even the atmosphere in those auction houses that could accommodate thousands of people was not as tense as that in the temple.

Seeing that the price was rising fast, Desmond hesitated for a while and finally gave up on dealing with Jonathan. He hurled the dagger in his hand toward the bamboo chair at the side, yelling, "D*mn it. My family will be the one who gets that spot this time! Eighty million!"

He added, "Everyone, how about giving this spot to the Jensen family? All of us are doing our best to thrive in Summerbank. Give it to me this time, and I'll help you out in the future."

Judging from the situation just now, if Desmond did not stand up to stop the bidding, the price might soar to ninety million.

The fund he could use this time was one hundred and twenty million at most, and that was all he could afford to pay.

If he could get that spot with less money, he naturally wanted to save some money for his family.

As expected, after Desmond said that, the bidders present hesitated and seemed as though they were about to back down.

Although those reputable families were here to grab that spot to solve their tough problems, it would be too great of a loss if they were to go against the Jensen family just to solve those problems.

After giving it a thought, they chose to give up.

Standing on the steps, the young monk furrowed his brows.

"Sir, you're breaking our rules at Triplex Manifesta. You can't coerce other people into giving up."

Although the young monk was only about thirteen to fourteen years old, he spoke to Desmond without the slightest fear as he looked at Desmond calmly.

Jonathan's pupils constricted slightly as a burst of spiritual energy instantly surged into his eyes.

This young monk is a cultivator!

The spiritual energy of the young monk moved slowly in his body and formed a cycle of its own, and the spiritual energy that was released from his body was extremely thin.

If it wasn't for the teen's extraordinary collectedness that caught Jonathan's attention, there was a chance Jonathan couldn't have discovered the young monk's secret now.

Triplex Manifesta is really something.

As Jonathan sat at the back, his lips curled into a smile.

Previously, he came here for the life-saving pill, but now Jonathan was truly interested in Triplex Manifesta.

A trace of displeasure appeared on Desmond's face when he heard the young monk's words.

However, Desmond eventually flashed a menacing smile after recalling the fact that his father had warned him not to offend the people from Triplex Manifesta.

"I checked the price of the bid for every auction held by your temple. Although eighty million is not much, it is about to catch up with the average price for that spot. Give it to me on the Jensen family's account. I will give more offerings in the future."

"Except for the first few times when this spot was sold for less than seventy million due to lack of popularity, the final bid for it is around ninety million in every subsequent auction." The short-haired girl sitting in the front row spoke again. "The Jensen family is not the only one who can get that information. Can I bid ninety-five million and not give that spot to you?"

Desmond shot a cold look at the short-haired girl.

"Leslie Hart, you're here to pick a fight, aren't you?"

Hearing his words, the short-haired girl finally turned around. "Desmond, your method may work on others, but it won't work on me. If you want that spot, you need to keep bidding!"