

## The Legendary Man Chapter 571 – 575

### Chapter 571 Interlaced

Seeing that Leslie was spacing out while looking at her coffee cup, Jasper lit another cigarette. "Leslie, did you even listen to what I just said?"

"Huh?" After getting her thoughts interrupted, Leslie finally snapped back to her senses. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hoffman. There was something on my mind earlier. What did you say?"

Jasper flicked his cigarette over the ashtray. "It's nothing. I was just saying how it must be tiring for you to be running about to solve the missing person case."

"Don't mention it. It's my duty as a police officer," Leslie answered with a smile.

"No. Your job is to analyze and deduce. Now that the mastermind is known to be Ryan, it's time to carry out the search operation. What I'm trying to say is that your job is done, so I would like to give you a long break. You deserve to rest."

Although Jasper had spoken nonchalantly, Leslie noticed that something was off. As the person in charge of the criminal investigation division in Summerbank, Jasper had always cared for his subordinates.

Yet, Leslie showcased excellent deduction skills in the missing person case. It was for sure she could get an award for it for being able to pinpoint the true mastermind through bits and pieces of clues. Thus, it was weird that Jasper had ordered her to go on a holiday when they were so close to capturing the mastermind.

No matter how one looked at it, it seemed that Jasper was discarding Leslie once he had no use for her and trying to take credit for her hard work.

Back then, Jasper had even mentioned how he wished Leslie could work twenty-four hours to solve cases in the criminal investigation division.

However, Jasper was now taking the initiative to grant Leslie a leave. It was shocking how his attitude had changed over time. When Leslie saw the hint of a smile in Jasper's eyes, thousands of thoughts flashed across her mind.

She sighed and asked, "Mr. Hoffman, there are only two of us now, so I'll refer to you as Jasper instead. Did my father tell you to do this?"

"There's no need for you to know why. Now, hand over your police ID card and gun. This is an order."

After seeing the complicated expression in Jasper's eyes, Leslie nodded and placed her gun, handcuffs, and police ID card on the table. Then she stood up and left.

Mr. Hoffman, Father, and I... None of us are to be blamed in this situation. However, who says I can only investigate with a gun and a police ID card?

At the Jensen family's manor, Carmelo was resting in his room, facing the garden outside. Beside him, there was a dried corpse on the ground.

The corpse was the housekeeper whose blood essence had been sucked out. For the past two days, Carmelo could no longer control the decomposition of his body.

When he rolled up his sleeves and saw his blackened arm, Carmelo knew that the owner's spirit and body could not last long. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Carmelo rolled down his sleeves and looked over.

"Mr. Jensen, Mr. Leiter wants to see you," a housekeeper said respectfully in a low voice after the door was opened. "Bring him to the living room," Carmelo answered, slightly panting.

"Understood." When the housekeeper left, she glanced around the room subconsciously. She was taken aback upon noticing something.

One of her friends who had sent Carmelo food did not leave his room for many hours. The housekeeper had wanted to ask her friend about it, thinking Carmelo had slept with her.

However, when she spotted the corpse on the ground, she froze and felt as if she had been thrown into the darkest and coldest pit.

"Ah!" The scream was cut short as Carmelo zapped through thin air and emerged in front of her, choking her. "You're to be blamed for being too curious," Carmelo rasped, his eyes red. Lowering his head, Carmelo bit the housekeeper's lips.

Immediately, a wave of red spiritual energy was released from his body and penetrated the housekeeper's body. Then, the housekeeper's face instantly became redder and redder.

However, her hands and legs were becoming paler with each second. Waves of blood flooded into Carmelo's mouth. In just a few seconds, the initially curvy housekeeper became as dry and flat as a scarecrow as her life ebbed away.

Loosening his grip on the housekeeper's neck, Carmelo flung the corpse across the room as if she was a piece of rubbish. He licked the blood on his lips and had a satisfied look, a rosy tint emerging on his gaunt cheeks.

Right then, two bodyguards dressed in black suits rushed up to him. "Mr. Jensen, we heard noises upstairs..."

"Don't be nosy. Get Ryan to wait for me in the living room."

"Of course."

In the living room, Ryan was sitting on the couch with his eyes closed. He was stepping on an injured and unconscious woman like a pedal.

The woman was none other than Lynn from Summerbank. A series of footsteps could be heard as Carmelo walked into the living room with his walking stick.

It took some time before Carmelo sat across from Ryan. "Ryan, how's the investigating going?" he asked after glancing at Lynn.

Immediately, Ryan stood up and replied respectfully, "Master, I've headed to Grafburg Village based on the information, but I didn't manage to find the so-called cultivator. The only person who knows about his whereabouts is this woman. However, she isn't willing to talk no matter what." Here, he kicked Lynn's body. "Plus, when I got back, I discovered Mirage Plaza had been closed down. Now that Blackey Carlson has seen me in action, I don't have much time left in Summerbank."

Upon hearing Ryan's words, Carmelo nodded. "I'll make her speak."

With a tap of Carmelo's walking stick, a wave of unlimited negative emotions pierced through Lynn's mind.

Lynn was initially unconscious, but her eyes suddenly snapped open when the spiritual energy entered her body.

"Ah!" Lynn screamed while gripping her hair. From her reaction, she seemed as though she wanted to rip her head apart.

"Disperse." Followed by Carmelo's command was the end of Lynn's struggle.

After that, Lynn lay on the floor and stared at the sky soullessly.

"I've dispersed all of her spiritual sense. You can start asking her questions when she still has some sense left in her," Carmelo told Ryan while panting.

Ryan nodded. "Who's the cultivator who appeared at your house?"

"Cultivator... I don't know..."

"What do you mean by you don't know?" Ryan furrowed his eyebrows. After that, he thought of something. "On the day of your father's funeral, who was the one who helped you?"

"Jonathan Goldstein."

Those two simple words left Ryan stunned. "Jonathan? Jonathan Goldstein? How could it be him? How could he be here?"

Carmelo asked the flustered Ryan, "Ryan, you know who this Jonathan Goldstein is?"

"Him? The Gomez family fell because of him! He murdered my grandfather and father."

## Chapter 572 Close Relationship

Ryan was so thrilled that he accidentally revealed his identity when he heard Jonathan's name. Once again, Carmelo believed he had made the right choice when he learned about Ryan's identity, as he needed a person whose identity was a secret.

Carmelo's eyes brimmed with greed when he fixed his eyes on Ryan. But too bad he has yet to reach the Superior Realm. In other words, Ryan's body was still not stable for him to possess.

Nonetheless, Carmelo was running out of time. He was still contemplating whether to make his voice. All of a sudden, Ryan started pulling Lynn's hair as if he had gone bonkers. "What is Jonathan doing here? Huh? And where did he go? Answer me!"

"Triplex... Manifesta..." Lynn muttered as her pupils constricted. She eventually stopped breathing and could no longer speak.

"Hey!" Ryan continued pulling Lynn's hair as he wanted to ask her more questions, but the woman had stopped giving him any response.

Carmelo looked at Ryan icily. "She has lost her spiritual sense and is now in a vegetative state."

He reached out and tapped Lynn's wrist. Suddenly, a red beam flashed across her arm. Lynn's face instantly shrunk, and a few seconds later, she turned into a dry corpse.

Right then, a security guard came in to look for Carmelo, but he started trembling upon noticing the dry corpse on the floor. Nevertheless, he resisted the urge to run away from the body.

Carmelo turned around and shot daggers at him. "What is it?"

The security guard continued to shiver, as he could not turn his eyes away from the dry corpse. "M-Mr. Jensen, the Summerbank cops have come up with an arrest warrant to nab Mr. Leiter..."

Ryan and Carmelo kept mum upon hearing that. The security guard stood by the door, not knowing what to do. Carmelo lifted his head to look at Ryan. "Who on earth is Jonathan Goldstein?"

"I've no idea, but I know the respectable families are terrified of him," Ryan said. He was telling the truth. Ryan knew the Osbornes had ordered his family to hunt Jonathan down, but Jonathan ended up running after them in Lumonburg.

He had no idea about what happened beyond that, as he was injured and taken out of Lumonburg.

That was why Ryan instantly thought of wanting to take revenge on Jonathan when he heard his name.

Upon noticing how distracted Ryan was, Carmelo looked grim. "Now you're on the bounty list, and you can't stay in Summerbank anymore. What's your next plan?"

Carmelo's question caused Ryan to knit his brows. "I want to go to Summerbank Mountain to look for Jonathan and avenge my family."

"Avenge your family? What is his cultivation level?"

"He must have reached at least the Grandmaster Realm. Otherwise, the Gomez family wouldn't have been destroyed in his hands."

"I see." Disappointment flashed across Carmelo's eyes. "Ryan, whether you're trying to run away from the cops or go after Jonathan, I guess you'll still have to leave Summerbank."

Ryan bobbed his head in response. "Thank you for your guidance, Master. I wouldn't have made good progress on my cultivation journey without you."

"You've made good progress but could have done better to reach the Superior Realm," Carmelo said with a sigh. "Since all good things must come to an end, it's time for us to part ways. Feel free to do what you desire, but don't forget about me."

"I'll never forget you." Ryan bowed before Carmelo to express his gratitude. "It's time to say goodbye. Take care, Master!"

Clang!

All of a sudden, the sound of metal clanging rang out.

Ryan had blocked Carmelo's gold-gilded walking stick with his dagger.

A hard glint flashed across Ryan's eyes when he lifted his head. "Master, I'm leaving soon. Why are you doing this to me?"

Carmelo burst into laughter when he saw Ryan's cold face. "Looks like I was not wrong about you, Ryan Leiter. You put your guard up even when you're around your master. I'm impressed!"

He continued, "Not only are you cruel, but you're also a meticulous man. Had you appeared a few years ago, I would have taken you as my disciple and imparted to you all my skills. But too bad. Now that I'm severely injured and fighting for my survival, I have no choice but to sacrifice you."

Carmelo gradually stood up. The scarlet spiritual energy manifested in chaos waves that surged through his body. The waves then turned into countless runes that stuck to his skin.

"Though you haven't hit the Superior Realm, you can still save my life!" Carmelo said casually, but he no longer appeared frail and vulnerable.

Ryan, who had grown wary of the surroundings, also started looking psychotic. "If I'm not mistaken, you want to possess my body, right? I wonder if you knew I've been thinking of eating you?"

The deranged-looking Ryan twisted Carmelo's wrist, throwing the dagger in the latter's direction.

Ding!

After raising his walking stick to block the dagger hurled in his direction, Carmelo started fighting against Ryan.

"Charge!" Ryan roared before clawing at Carmelo's heart with his right hand.

"How dare you!" Carmelo tilted his body sideways to dodge his attack. He also seized the opportunity to knock Ryan's face with his elbow.

Boom!

That impact was so powerful that it sent Ryan flying. Ryan's back hit an aquarium, shattering the entire glass tank. He pulled himself together and got up from the ground, but his face was covered in blood.

Meanwhile, Ryan was holding a pair of rib bones that had turned black.

Staring at the foul-smelling flesh and bones, Ryan gave Carmelo a confused look.

Carmelo's left chest was ripped out, and the skin and flesh around it had vanished. A big part of his body had also turned hollow.

Ryan could see the contraction of Carmelo's lungs when he breathed, even though his thick and slimy black blood had enveloped the organ.

He also noticed the contraction of a scarlet energy wave circling the outer edges of the chest.

Ryan instantly knew what had happened just by glancing at Carmelo. Carmelo's dead. It must be the spiritual energy that held his body together.

"Looks like the man I rescued was not the head of the Jensen family. It was you, wasn't it?"

Carmelo looked at his hollow chest and nodded gently. "When I was about to lose my human form the day I escaped to Summerbank, I had no choice but to take over Carmelo's body. I thought I could only live for a couple more days, but you appeared."

He continued, "I did all I could to teach you what I knew and answered your doubts. Now, it's time for you to repay my kindness. All you need to do is give me your body. What do you think?"

## Chapter 573 Demon Wolves

"What you said makes sense, but since you want to help me, why don't you just pass me your skills? I can help you take revenge instead."

With a cold sneer, Ryan waved his hand and charged toward Carmelo like a cannonball. The two rib bones in his hand served as sharp weapons. He leaped up and pointed the bones downward, aiming to gouge Carmelo's eyes.

"You're too slow!" Carmelo raised his arm to defend himself. As the two crashed into each other, the two rib bones transformed into swords and pierced through Carmelo's arm.

At that moment, Carmelo's right hand was raised high. He faced his palm upward and slammed it against Ryan's chin. Instantly, Ryan's body was sent flying toward the sky.



Feeling his consciousness slipping away, Ryan used the remaining strength in him and raised his right knee.

Thud! His knee knocked against Carmelo's chin forcefully as he moved upward. Carmelo was already at his limits since he was physically dead. Following that blow, his head was detached from his neck and shot up high.

Beside them, the burly bodyguard looked down at his pants. He had wetted himself. As the bodyguard of a reputable family, he was a ruthless man. Yet not even he could bear to watch such a horrifying scene.

Ugh! He retched violently before turning around and bolting outside. On the ground, Carmelo's severed head rolled around, but the look in his eyes remained vicious.

"Possess!" Following the hoarse voice, the bloody mist above Carmelo's head started condensing. It transformed into a human figure the size of a palm and entered Ryan's head.

Because of the chaos they caused, the servants of the Jensen family were nowhere to be seen.

After some time, Ryan's finger moved.

The next moment, his blood-red eyes shot open.

"Ah!"

Ryan pulled his hair, feeling as though his head was about to split open.

He propped himself against the floor and made a few attempts before he finally managed to get on his feet.

Outside, the sound of police siren pierced through the air.

Ryan glanced at Carmelo's dried-up head on the ground. Raising his foot, he stepped on it and crushed it into pieces.

In Summerbank Abyss, Jonathan was heavily surrounded by a pack of wolves.

He had wanted to look for somewhere with rich spiritual energy for his recovery, but he forgot that beasts in this place had the ability to absorb spiritual energy.

Naturally, places with more spiritual energy would be occupied by stronger and more demon beasts.

And he had accidentally ended up in the demon wolves' territory.

Jumping up, he grabbed the neck of a demon wolf and slammed the beast against the floor.

Boom!

With that one move of his, three to four demon wolves were sent flying.

However, the next moment, more wolves appeared before him.

The pack consisted of a hundred or so demon wolves, each having reached the Superior Realm.

Jonathan was sure he could kill them all if they were cultivators.

However, these were demon wolves with thick skin. No matter how hard Jonathan struck, they would stand up again and come at him as if nothing had happened.

As they were beasts nurtured by spiritual energy, they simply had no weak spots, unlike ordinary wolves.

"D\*mn it. Am I really going to die here?"

Jonathan kicked away a demon wolf and looked around.

The creatures in Summerbank Abyss all possessed strange spiritual energies, so it would be useless to activate his force field here.

Because of his hesitation earlier, he was trapped by the wolves, unable to leave no matter how many times he tried.

Although these wolves were beasts, they were cleverly cooperative with each other as they attacked and dodged. Every time Jonathan was about to kill one, the others would rush forward in time and force him to give up and defend himself.

Jonathan figured that such a disciplined pack of wolves should have an alpha leading them. If he could get rid of their leader, he might be able to deter the rest.

After kicking away two demon wolves, Jonathan finally spotted a white wolf standing tall and proud on a huge rock behind the pack.

Although they were more than ten meters apart, Jonathan saw the calm and cold look in the beast's eyes as they met each other's gaze.

It was a look only humans would have.

"It must be you!"

Jonathan sprang up. Immediately, around thirty demon wolves moved along with him.

As he hovered in the air, he spread his left palm open and concentrated his spiritual energy on his right index and middle fingers. Then, he directed the energy at the bronze handbell on his left palm.

Clang!

The sound of the bell rang in the air without warning.

Following that, a transparent sphere appeared and spread in all directions like waves.

It swept through the demon wolves that were leaping and struck them to the ground.

Jonathan, who was still floating mid-air, was also affected the moment the bell rang. To his surprise, the movement of his spiritual energy slowed down.

What in the world is this thing? No wonder Garrison combusted when he used this against me. This is such an odd bell! It seems to have a more severe effect on the person who uses it.

Jonathan channeled his spiritual energy with all his might and stepped on the head of a dazed demon wolf, using it as a springboard to send him leaping more than ten meters across and landing on the huge rock.

Below, dozens of lightheaded demon wolves wobbled toward him.

Opposite him, the snow-white alpha wolf started to howl.

Jonathan lowered his head and saw the demon wolves around the huge rock stopping in their tracks.

Right after that, they all raised their heads and yowled like the alpha wolf.

The atmosphere turned strange as the howls of more than a hundred demon wolves filled the air.

It was as if time had frozen. Even the chirps of the birds in the forest ceased at that moment.

Is this what they call a demon spirit?

The alpha wolf was two times bigger than the demon wolves below. As its white fur fluttered in the wind, it slowly crouched down.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Hearing the noise, Jonathan narrowed his eyes.

The alpha wolf had merely lowered its body, but its sharp claws had penetrated the huge rock.

Jonathan couldn't help but think that he had met a difficult opponent this time.

Without making any sound, the wolf turned into a blurry white shadow and zoomed toward Jonathan.

Just as Jonathan was about to raise his arms to shield himself, he felt a sticky sensation all around his body.

Upon seeing the bloody maw before him, Jonathan widened his eyes in shock.

What the h\*ll? This demon wolf knows how to control its force field?

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## Chapter 575 A Wild Beauty

White mist surrounded the entire Summerbank Abyss. In the day, though the sun was barely visible, the sunlight could still make its way through the mist and shine on the ground.

At night, however, it would be so dark that one could see nothing. Before night arrived, Jonathan forcefully smashed open a hole in the cave with his spiritual energy.



While it was done for self-comfort, it still gave Jonathan some sense of security when the other sides surrounding him were solid rocks.

I've been out for four days. There's no signal in Summerbank Abyss at all! I wonder how Aunt Sophia is doing. Is everything all right? Yasmin is probably being hunted down by Xiara after her betrayal, and then there's the Osborne family. Aside from that, there is also Wilbur from the Yaleview Army, Joshua from Zedfield, Punisher who joined Apocalypse, and Blaze, the undefeatable top one on Heaven List...

Recalling the names that gave him a migraine, Jonathan couldn't help but feel upset. He had joined the army because he had run out of options. His dream was merely to return home with honor and be acknowledged by Josephine.

Yet, everything changed when he received the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Jonathan couldn't help but heave a sigh, and at the same time, he started drooling.

As he sat on top of the soft wolf fur, he gulped greedily. Somewhere not far away from him was a massive wolf that was about five meters tall. It was completely skinned, and there was a thick branch that ran through its body.

Right underneath the wolf was a firepit. Whenever its fats dripped down from its body, the fire would burn stronger. It had been a day ever since Jonathan entered Summerbank Abyss.

In truth, when he achieved his current cultivation level, it wouldn't be a problem even if he didn't eat or drink. It was the habits that he had maintained all these years that made his stomach grumble.

Besides, he was very curious as to what these demon beasts would taste like.

Noticing that the demon wolf's meat had turned golden brown, Jonathan created a long sword with his spiritual energy and cut a piece of meat from the wolf.

With just a bite, a unique flavor filled his mouth. The bite had Jonathan's eyes glimmer with happiness.

Despite having no salt to season the meat, the roasted wolf meat itself was extremely delicious. Aside from that, there was even faint spiritual energy in the meat. With every chew, the spiritual energy would be released from the meat and absorbed into his body.

He had never expected the meat of the demon wolf that could cultivate spiritual energy to be so special!

Looking at the golden brown roasted meat in his hands, Jonathan felt nothing but joy and excitement.

He could tell that the faint spiritual energy in the roasted wolf meat was incredibly pure. When Jonathan absorbed the energy, instead of flowing into his meridian to enhance his strength, it flowed right into his flesh and blood.

This was a secret path to enhance one's body strength.

Hurriedly, Jonathan feasted on the wolf meat.

The next thing he discovered about the roasted meat was that it was unchewable.

Perhaps it was because of the spiritual energy. The roasted wolf meat was far harder than dried meat despite being extraordinarily delicious.

He had to chew more than a dozen times just to swallow the meat.

At this point, Jonathan couldn't help but have mixed feelings as he stared at the golden brown roasted wolf in front of him.

He wondered how long he would have to take to finish the roasted wolf and absorb the spiritual energy within it.

However, as he was thinking about how to finish the meat, a figure yielding a spear slowly landed on the mountain peak located a few hundred meters away from him.

Standing in the mountain breeze, the figure identified the directions and rapidly darted toward where Jonathan was.

At the same time, Jonathan turned his head and looked into the distance with a piece of meat in his mouth.

Jonathan was on high alert ever since he ran into the wolf pack. Besides, he had also noticed a spiritual energy fluctuation from the back a moment ago.

It was very faint, which meant someone was suppressing his spiritual energy.

Jonathan came to a decision in just a second and quickly vanished into the dark. When he was about a hundred meters away from the fire pit, he hid on top of a tree and withdrew all his spiritual energy.

While chewing the meat, Jonathan stared in the direction where the spiritual energy fluctuation came from without blinking.

He dared not believe anyone anymore ever since the man in black's appearance.

Lauryn, of course, was an exception. Although he did not witness the attack on Lauryn, he did not doubt her. After all, the scene back then was solid evidence that proved what Lauryn said was true.

The only thing that left Jonathan a little speechless was the fact that Lauryn did not believe him.

He had wanted to learn more about the ancient and hidden sects and their relationship with the respectable families through Lauryn.

After all, despite ascending as a powerful faction, Asura's Office was still relatively new in the game. There was plenty of information that they could not get their hands on.

Jonathan let out a long sigh as he recalled how Lauryn was very wary of him when she backed off.

The next second, he leaped into the air, and the branch he was standing on fell to the ground abruptly.

If he had been any slower, he would have been cut off at the waist.

When he was still in midair, Jonathan quickly channeled his spiritual energy and raised the bronze handbell without a thought.

A muffled thud rang out, and Jonathan swayed to the side as a jet black spear pierced through the air, missing his waist by less than an inch.

Putting his feet together, he stomped hard on the spear and made a smooth landing on the ground.

He unleashed his spiritual sense and realized that a long-haired girl was standing at the spot where he was just now.

She's not Lauryn!

Jonathan stared at the figure in puzzlement.

She appeared to be around nineteen years old. Her hair was untied, and she was wearing clothes made of animal skin.

The tight-fitting clothes couldn't cover one of her shoulders and they only managed to cover her body to her knees. In fact, the choice of her clothing was very odd, but it suited her strangely when she put them on.

She was barefooted, and she wore a vine around her waist. The strangest part of her was the spear she held in her hand.

That is not a spear! It's just a stick with a rock tied to it!

As Jonathan looked at the girl's delicate face, three words appeared in his mind: a wild beauty.