

The Legendary Man Chapter 576

Chapter 576 A Tough Girl

“Who are you?” Jonathan studied the girl from head to toe while chewing on the wolf meat.

Though the lighting was so awful that he couldn't see anything clearly, he knew that the girl was extraordinary in terms of appearance and physique through his spiritual sense.

However, she gave off a tough and powerful vibe with the way she dressed.

She looked at Jonathan and her lips curved into a sweet smile. “You're from outside too, aren't you?”

Outside?

Stunned, Jonathan glanced at the girl.

“What do you mean by outside? Have you been living here?”

Even with God Realm cultivation, Jonathan had to be on high alert at all times in Summerbank Abyss. So how was it possible that people lived here all year round?

The girl had no intentions to answer Jonathan's question.

Holding the primitive spear, she smiled. “Why don't you become my slave? That way, I won't be bored anymore.”

Huh?

Jonathan was taken aback, and he finally changed the way he perceived the girl.

She spoke matter-of-factly as if everything was completely reasonable and that was how the world should work. She even demanded Jonathan to be her slave in that tone.

The scene was extremely eerie. She was like a child talking about killing someone with a wide smile on her face, which made people feel rather uncomfortable.

“You will have to beat me first if you want me to be your slave.” Jonathan chuckled, holding the bronze handbell in his hand.

Hearing that, the girl swung her spear and started approaching Jonathan.

“Why do you all say the same thing? Well, let’s find out if you can take a beating better than the others.” Before she finished, she was already standing in front of Jonathan with a smile on her face.

She’s fast!

Jonathan could tell with his spiritual sense that the spear was being swung toward him at a speed he had never witnessed before.

He immediately bent backward to avoid the attack, but the spear came crashing down on him when it flew past the tip of his nose

The hit landed firmly on him, and all Jonathan could do was stare at the dark skies with his eyes widened.

What is her cultivation level? She’s way better than me no matter the speed, strength, or reaction! She’s someone I can’t defeat!

Jonathan felt as if his head was about to explode.

After all, the strongest individual he had met was only in the God Realm.

Besides, although he did not consider himself to be invincible in the God Realm, he did not fear anyone because of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Yet now, the girl before him had completely overwhelmed him when there was only a faint spiritual energy fluctuation on her.

Is it possible that she’s an expert above the God Realm? Is she perhaps the legendary expert from the Divine Realm?

Jonathan tried his best to gather the faded spiritual energy in his meridian.

However, before he could get back on his feet, he was pushed back onto the ground by a snowy white foot.

The girl stepped on Jonathan’s chest and smiled happily.

“Now, will you be my slave?”

“Immobilize!”

Jonathan made a couple of hand seals, then gathered his spiritual energy and formed a five-meter-wide Grandmaster force field.

He knew that this would not be much of a use, but he could break free from the girl if he could immobilize her for a moment.

He figured that he could escape even if he couldn't win against her.

Once the force field was up, rays of spiritual energy began converging, trapping the girl inside.

Using this chance, Jonathan raised his leg and kicked the girl's knee.

He did not hold back. If his attack landed as expected, he would have the girl's legs broken no matter how strong she was.

However, just as his leg was about to hit the girl's knee, a loud cracking sound could be heard in mid-air.

The Grandmaster force field is destroyed?

When this thought popped into his mind, his legs had already hit on the girl's knee.

However, because of the broken force field, the girl rendered his attack ineffective by bending her left knee, causing him to grit his teeth upon impact.

What the? Is she even a human?

Jonathan finally gave up after feeling the excruciating pain coming from his feet. He realized he could neither win against the girl nor escape.

In truth, the strength he had used in his attack could have split an incredibly thick refined steel into two, yet the girl had managed to counteract by bending her knee.

She is someone I can't win! Maybe the only thing that can be of use is this mysterious bronze handbell.

However, Jonathan gave up the thought of using the bronze handbell in the end. After all, Garrison had exploded into pieces, as he could not handle the aftermath after using the bronze handbell.

Aside from that, Jonathan detected no killing intent from the girl despite her pointing her spear at his neck.

Hence, he decided to gamble.

"Look, I entered Summerbank Abyss by mistake. I swear I'm a good guy. Besides, I haven't done anything wrong to you. There's no need to kill me on our first encounter, right?"

"Kill you?" The girl glanced at Jonathan in confusion. "I'm just playing with you. Since when I tried to kill you?"

“You call this playing with me?” Seeing how harmless she appeared, Jonathan felt speechless. “Come on. You could kill me already if you pushed this spear forward!”

“No, no, no.” The girl hurriedly kept the spear. “Who will become my slave if you die?”

Jonathan finally had a grasp on the situation. He realized that despite being absurdly strong, the girl was incredibly naïve. In fact, she was so naïve that it seemed that she was not in the right mind.

At that thought, Jonathan asked tentatively, “Hey, if you step on me like that, I can’t play with you. Why don’t you remove your leg from my chest?”

“Okay.”

Just as he thought, the girl immediately moved her leg away from his chest.

He quickly got up while rubbing his chest and asked, “Are you a native of Summerbank Abyss?”

“Native... What does that mean?” the girl asked curiously.

“I mean, did you grow up here?”

The girl shook her head in response. “I don’t know, but I’ve been here for as long as I can remember.”

Seeing that the girl was willing to answer his questions, Jonathan asked again, “Then are there many of you here?”

The answer to this question was crucial to Jonathan.

If there were plenty of natives in Summerbank Abyss, then there would be answers to the disappearance of Sofus’ mentor. Jonathan could also locate the life-saving pills and leave quickly.

Unlike the rest, who were not in a hurry, time was of the essence to Jonathan. After all, Sophia was still in a dangerous state, and she needed these pills to survive.

For this reason, compared to the life-saving pill, the abundant magical plants did not attract Jonathan’s attention even for the slightest bit.

In reply to Jonathan’s question, the girl shook her head, a flicker in her eyes. “Aside from outsiders like you, I’ve never seen anyone else. It’s always been me alone.”

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Chapter 577 Joselle Goldstein

Jonathan was taken aback when he heard what the girl said.

She might not have said a lot, but Jonathan gathered plenty of information.

First of all, the girl was not part of a tribe.

That made Jonathan feel much at ease.

The girl looked like she was in her twenties. Yet, her cultivation level was so powerful that she could crush Jonathan.

If there were indeed a village there, that would mean that hundreds of them were wearing clothes made of animal skins and holding spears.

The thought of it made the hair on Jonathan's body stand on ends.

Then again, it was very odd for the girl to be all by herself.

Everyone grew up with parents. However, the girl mentioned that she had lived alone all her life as far as she could remember. Perhaps, a female cultivator has come to Summerbank Abyss and died of childbirth?

That doesn't sound right either... If she died after giving birth, then who brought the girl up? There is no way this girl is born with her existing skills right from the start.

Looking into the girl's bright eyes, Jonathan eliminated the various scenarios and finally derived a possibility.

The girl might have been a cultivator of genius level. Perhaps, she had been injured, or something happened that resulted in her loss of memory. By the time she became conscious, she was already in Summerbank Abyss.

This must be it!

The other thing that surprised Jonathan was the fact that the girl had seen other cultivators.

He eyed her warily when he recalled Lauryn mentioning a man dressed in black.

"How many of them have you seen before?"

“How many? I can’t remember. Let me recall.” With that, the girl began counting. “I have met a total of twenty-three of them. If I include you, it will be twenty-four.”

What?

Jonathan was dumbstruck when he saw how serious she was.

Only six of them were there. Even if he included the man in black, it would only be seven. Where did the rest of them come from?

Just as Jonathan was trying to make sense of things, the girl leaped and reached the spot next to the fire.

She raised her spear and sliced the leg of the wolf off.

The girl then began gnawing away at the leg that was around a meter long. It seemed that she could not care less about her image.

Jonathan wanted to turn and leave when he saw her munching away. Although the girl seemed frightening, she did not seem to have any ulterior motives at all. Seeing that she appeared to be simple-minded, Jonathan thought she might be of some use to him.

With that thought in mind, Jonathan walked up to the fire.

“Pretty girl, how is the wolf meat that I have roasted?” asked Jonathan as he cut a piece for himself.

The girl nodded and replied, “It’s delicious. You are a much better slave than the others.”

What?

Jonathan did not know how to respond to her comment.

What’s wrong with this girl? Why does she keep wanting others to be her slaves?

However, Jonathan did not pursue the matter as he looked at her.

“What did you say your name was?”

“I didn’t say anything.” The girl tore off a palm-sized piece of wolf meat and chewed it a few times before swallowing it. She then looked at Jonathan in confusion.

Jonathan massaged his temples before trying again. “I didn’t say you said anything. I’m asking you... I want to know what is your name?”

“My name?” The girl thought for a while and continued, “In the past, someone gave me a name. He named me Puppy. Later on, I found out that it wasn’t a good name, so I killed him. After that, I don’t have any name.”

Jonathan was slightly stunned when he heard that.

Someone named her Puppy...

That person must have seen how naïve the girl was and wanted to control her. That was why she was given such a disgusting name.

“So, are you telling me that you don’t have a name?” Jonathan put down the meat that he had been holding and asked with a frown, “Shall I give you a name then?”

Following Jonathan’s words, the girl pointed her spear right in his face.

“Do you wish to die?” the girl uttered in such a nonchalant manner.

She had a lovely voice, but at that moment, there was an air of murderous intent as well.

Jonathan stared into the girl’s eyes and shook his head.

“All humans must have their own names. I have no idea why the other person named you Puppy. But, I promise you that I will give a better name than that.”

The spear went closer and closer to Jonathan until it pierced through the space between his brows.

One drop of blood fell from his nose and landed on the back of his hand.

As for the bronze handbell in his hand, it was completely wet with his sweat.

Seeing that Jonathan did not try to escape, the girl retracted her spear.

“I don’t need a name. Just address me as your master.”

“I won’t agree to that even if you kill me,” Jonathan said without looking at the girl anymore. “My name is Jonathan Goldstein. I’m going to name you Joselle Goldstein. What do you think?”

The girl paused momentarily in her eating when she heard the name.

“I don’t need a name. I only require slaves.”

Jonathan smiled when he noticed that her tone was not as rigid as before.

“Joselle, this meat isn’t at its best yet. If we can sprinkle some flavorings on it, the taste will be out of the world.”

As Jonathan was talking, a wolf leg came flying toward him.

“Hold this for me.”

With that, the girl jumped and landed on an ancient-looking tree.

One punch from her was enough to break the tree that was over ten meters in height. After that, she began to hunt for something within the tree.

Jonathan looked at her in confusion. In the end, the girl found a few pieces of fruit from the lush branches of the fallen tree.

“What are you looking for?”

Jonathan reached out to catch a green-colored fruit that flew in his direction.

The girl smiled and nodded at him.

“It’s edible and quite spicy.”

Jonathan put the spiritual fruit into his mouth with hesitation. The moment he took one bite, the pungent and spicy juice filled his mouth.

In an instant, it sparked off the spiritual energy within Jonathan.

How can the spiritual energy in one bite of the fruit be equivalent to my cultivation of one rotation?

After the spiritual energy of the fruit dissipated, Jonathan quickly stuffed the rest of the fruit into his mouth despite the pungent taste.

There was a wave of heat surging through his elixir field. The spiritual energy of that green fruit was repairing Jonathan’s meridian and elixir field very swiftly at that moment.

That’s right. A place like this that has powerful demon beasts will surely have magical plants.

Jonathan had no idea what those spiritual fruits were even though he was seated a little over ten meters away from them.

However, the girl knew Summerbank Abyss like the back of her hand.

It looks like I did end up finding treasure after all!

With that thought in mind, Jonathan began to open up his force field and turned his spiritual energy into an invisible arm that searched among the crowns of the trees. After a short while, he managed to find dozens of fruits and placed them in front of him.

The spiritual energy of those fruits was more than enough to repair his elixir field. In fact, they could allow his cultivation level to go one level up.

Jonathan turned around and wanted to thank the girl. Instead, he saw her rubbing the fruit on the wolf meat with full concentration.

The Legendary Man Chapter 578

Chapter 578 Poisoning

“Oh my goodness!”

Jonathan was amused as he returned to the spot next to the fire.

“Joselle, there’s so much spiritual energy in these fruits, but you’re using them as seasoning? Are you a wastrel?”

“What’s a wastrel?”

Joselle looked at Jonathan curiously. She did not question him calling her Joselle.

Jonathan knew that she was only able to communicate the bare minimum. Once he used more complicated words, she would not understand him.

“It’s fine. It’s fine. You can eat whatever you want. I’ll eat all these fruits here first,” Jonathan replied helplessly as he sat at the side. Then, he took a piece of fruit and started eating it.

The night passed quickly without them conversing.

When dawn broke, Jonathan had finished eating the last fruit.

He felt his surging elixir field and wiped his lips in satisfaction.

After eating at least ten of those spicy fruits, Jonathan had lost his sense of taste.

However, his cultivation level had increased in return.

At this moment, if someone were to check Jonathan’s energy and elixir fields, they would notice his elixir field was plentiful, and the golden core was floating in the middle of his elixir field was glowing. There was no sign of decay.

He turned around to look at Joselle and noticed that she was sleeping on top of the alpha wolf's fur.

All that was left of the five-meter alpha wolf's corpse were bones.

She had eaten the whole wolf by herself. Indeed, one could not use common sense to judge extraordinary people.

Perhaps Joselle sensed that Jonathan had finished his cultivation as she slowly opened her eyes and yawned. She sat up and looked at Jonathan.

"Slave, are you done eating the fruits?"

Seeing her sleepy demeanor, Jonathan smiled.

"I'm done. I have some questions to ask you."

Joselle turned over to hug the alpha wolf's skull listlessly. Then, she inserted her hand into its bloody neck.

After fumbling around for a while, she took out her hand, bringing out a green crystal core.

Is that the demon beast's crystal core?

Upon seeing the green crystal core, information started emerging in his mind.

According to Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, when a demon beast reached a certain level in its cultivation, it would be able to attain a demon crystal in its body.

This demon crystal was similar to a human's golden core and was the source of spiritual energy for the demon beast.

It had the purest form of spiritual energy. If one used a special method to absorb the spiritual energy, it would benefit their cultivation greatly.

There was blood all over Joselle's hand as she turned her head to look at Jonathan. "Didn't you say you have questions? What is it?"

As she said that, she threw the demon crystal into her mouth and started chewing it like it was a peanut, producing a crunching sound.

Jonathan's mind went blank when he felt the tremendous spiritual energy emanating from the demon crystal.

You can eat it like this? Didn't the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique state that every demon crystal contains a huge amount of spiritual energy and therefore requires several formations in order for someone to absorb the demon crystal?

However, Joselle was treating the demon crystal like it was a peanut.

"Question..."

It took a long while before Jonathan returned to his senses.

"Yes, I have questions to ask you. You said that you saw an outsider just like me before. What does the outsider look like? Half a year ago, did you see an old monk called Vladimir?"

"Vladimir?"

Joselle shook her head.

"I've not heard of this name, but if you're talking about old monks, I've met two before. They accompanied me for quite a while! However, they wanted to kill me after, so I killed them."

"Two old monks?"

Jonathan thought about her words. However, he felt something was wrong.

"Joselle, are the two monks you are talking about the two who entered here thirty years ago?"

In Northern Crimson Prison, Malcolm was sitting in the control room reading the documents in his hands.

Hayes sat opposite him, looking at the tablet intently.

"Malcolm, I don't really understand this pathway."

He scratched his head helplessly as he passed the tablet to Malcolm.

The latter took the tablet and glanced at it briefly before throwing it back to Hayes.

"This is the most basic meridian pathway. If you want to understand it, you have to memorize the entire meridian diagram. No one can help you on this."

Upon hearing that, Hayes let out a long sigh and took a cigarette from the table to light it.

"I'm not smart enough to learn this. I rather go on the battlefield and kill people. Are you trying to kill me by asking me to memorize this?"

As the second-in-command of Northern Crimson Prison, Malcolm had the vision and intelligence for Dorian to trust him and put him in charge.

He shook his head and smiled bitterly upon hearing Hayes' sigh.

"Tiger, you should treasure this opportunity to be able to still learn about this."

As Malcolm said that, he turned and walked over to the window. He looked at the soldiers and prisoners below him and sighed.

"Previously, we always won through numbers and weapons on the battlefield. All enemies are mere weaklings in the face of powerful firepower. However, look below you. Our prison already has around ten prisoners with cultivation levels at Herald Stage. For some reason, more cultivators are appearing nowadays. Tiger, I have a hunch that everything will gradually be replaced by cultivators in future wars besides weapons of mass destruction that would still be useful."

Although Malcolm spoke in a mild voice, his words sounded shockingly hostile to Hayes.

Jonathan was headed to Lumonburg. Be it the fallen Gomez family, Broderick from the Grand Forest Mountain, or Allen, who replaced him and defeated around two hundred people with just three people, these people were not normal.

He came to Mysonna to sort the matter where Juliette had tried to assassinate Jonathan.

Also, Jonathan had given all the foundational cultivation techniques from the Gomez family to him when the former had left.

This was a sign that Jonathan had not given up on him. However, he was still too weak, and Jonathan had realized this. In future wars, although Hayes was a talented commander, a mere human like him would not be able to save himself when fighting against cultivators.

Especially when facing Xiara, a top-tier human assassin, Hayes still got hit and collapsed to the ground.

He needed to treasure this opportunity this time in Northern Crimson Prison. It seemed that the first group to be below Asura's Office would be eliminated.

It was acceptable to rely on favors, but once one was left behind by their peers, it would usually mark the end of the friendship.

Right then, someone knocked on the door urgently.

“Urgent news!”

The door was pushed open, and a young officer came running in.

“Commander, there is a massive food poisoning outbreak in the military base. From eight in the morning till now, there have been twenty-three confirmed cases in the fifth complex of the prison!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 579

Chapter 579 No Exit

“What?”

The cigarette Malcolm held dropped onto the floor after he heard the report from his subordinate. Even Hayes, who was beside him, stood up with a solemn look on his face.

There were around twenty-four thousand prisoners in all of Northern Crimson Prison.

Including logistic units, the fifteen thousand soldiers stationed there were constantly on high alert, ready for battle.

With a troop like that, the place ought to be highly secure.

The military hospital would be mobilized if there were a case of food poisoning of a hundred or two hundred people among the troops stationed at any other normal site.

On the contrary, large-scale food poisoning would never happen in Northern Crimson Prison.

Due to the prison’s unique strategic importance, the food provisions there were screened multiple times. Every step from planting, harvesting, shipping, and storage, was under strict surveillance.

After all, the prison was a supply terminal for the Mysonna Army. To put it bluntly, Northern Crimson Prison was like a small township and a logistical hub for the whole Mysonna Army.

For a place like that, even a case of food poisoning would be considered severe, let alone dozens of them.

“Start an investigation!”

Malcolm’s face was as pale as a sheet.

“Find out when these soldiers had their meals! If they’re all from the same batch, gather all others who’re on the same batch as them! Pause all outdoor activities and lock all the prisoners back into their cells. Whoever retaliates will be executed immediately. We have to send them all back as soon as possible!”

“Yes, Sir!”

His adjutant turned to leave.

While supporting himself on the table with both hands, Malcolm was sweating profusely from his forehead.

He took out a cigarette but failed consecutively to light it using a lighter.

“F*ck!”

He slammed the lighter down on the table, smashing it into pieces.

Hayes lit the cigarette Malcolm had in his mouth using another lighter.

“Calm down, Malcolm. It might just be a normal case of food poisoning.”

“That’s impossible.” Malcolm took a huge puff of his cigarette as he spoke to Hayes. “Unlike other places, failure in storing or cooking food properly in Northern Crimson Prison could have legal repercussions, and soldiers can be brought to the military court. So, the only explanation for when cases of food poisoning do occur is that someone must have purposely poisoned the food.”

“You mean...” Hayes stared at Malcolm, his eyes wide. “The special forces of Horace from the Eastern Army are behind this? Impossible...”

Malcolm burnt through half his cigarette in a few puffs.

“D*mn, they moved our supplies yesterday, and my men are poisoned today. Could there be a spy in Northern Crimson Prison if he isn’t behind this? I had figured since yesterday that it was odd for Horace to come. Why did I allow him passage when Eastern Army had to cross such a huge distance for operations in Mysonna?”

“But what good would he get by doing that?” Hayes questioned solemnly. “While we might belong to different troops, we’re all under Asura’s Office. If they were the ones who poisoned the food, it would mean that the Eastern Army had been planning a coup—”

Hayes had always been the brazen type, so he always said whatever came to mind.

His mention of a coup was just by coincidence, as per his usual self. However, both he and Malcolm were startled as soon as the word rolled off his tongue.

Malcolm stared at Hayes with wide eyes.

“Tiger, say that again!”

“Hold on... I was joking just now, Malcolm...”

By then, Hayes had realized the graveness of the situation. Including himself, all the Eight Kings of War in Asura’s Office had charged into war alongside Jonathan, making a bloodied trail through mountains of corpses.

These people were the youngest and most righteous leaders in their respective areas before the emergence of Asura’s Office. Although they weren’t too acquainted with each other, all of them had forged incredible bonds with Jonathan. Yet, Malcolm couldn’t help but wonder how long such bonds would last.

“This is impossible... This can’t be...” Hayes mumbled while shaking his head. “Asura’s Office is a brotherhood that we’re all part of, so he can’t possibly—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Malcolm had retrieved a map of Chanaea from the bookshelf next to him.

“The Eastern Army is stationed at the northeastern border of Chanaea, so the entire northeastern region is their base camp. If they want to send a small team of their special forces across Chanaea to ambush us, their only option would be to pass through Moranta next to us. If they did manage to break through the defenses in Northern Crimson Prison by poisoning our troops, not only will the escape of twenty thousand prisoners on death row cause a huge ruckus, but this attack on the logistical hub will also cut off the whole Mysonna Army from supplies. By immobilizing the Mysonna Army, pressure from the Ibica Army will force Asura’s Office to put all of its attention on Mysonna.”

Malcolm listed out a possible list of scenarios on paper using a black marker.

If Mysonna were in trouble, Asura’s Office would definitely send troops from Yalegard Legion, Kingshinton Army, and Zaidham Army to provide support at Mysonna.

“With this, it means the military configuration in Chanaea will be redistributed! This is an opportunity for Prince of Diyouli from the Eastern Army to take the northeastern region for himself!”

“This can’t be!”

Despite claims of it being impossible, Hayes was, after all, a military leader. Although Malcolm’s scrawls were hardly discernible on the paper, he could see that those scenarios were very likely to happen.

“Well... If he were to betray Asura’s Office, the other kings should defeat him by sending their troops at him...”

By that point, Hayes was fixated on the middle of the map.

He was staring at where Yaleview was located.

Wilbur at Yaleview commanded an army of six hundred thousand and had military prowess that was on par with Asura’s Office.

If Asura’s Office were stable and secure, Wilbur would never act recklessly.

However, if Karl, Prince of Diyouli, intended to betray Asura’s Office, Wilbur would definitely occupy Yaleview, given its strategic location, to stop all forces from marching into the northeastern region.

After all, the situation would be most beneficial to him only if forces within Asura’s Office split up.

“In the worst-case scenario, Karl might already have conspired with Remdik!”

Sweat dripped from Malcolm’s nose as he stared at the black arrows he drew on the map.

“This is a coup planned with the entire political climate of Chanaea in mind! Mr. Goldstein, Asura’s Office, Ibica, Remdik, and Yaleview... All of us are part of his conspiracy! Even if his plan was discovered by the different factions, we can do nothing but be led on. Remdik would still work with him, and Wilbur will still stop Asura’s Office from marching their troops to the north. Even though all of them understood what Karl was up to, they would still help set the stage for their own benefits! No... There’s still one keystone to the plan!”

Malcolm’s hand was shivering when he stuffed the cigarette he held into his mouth and puffed hard on it, failing to notice even as a choking burnt smell arose from the filter being burned.

Hayes was also sweating profusely while standing beside him.

“Malcolm, just f*cking spit whatever thoughts you have in mind when we’re in a crisis!”