

The Legendary Man Chapter 612 -

Chapter 612 I Have Been Waiting For Long

The moment Jonathan wrapped his hand around Heaven Sword, loud roars began ringing in his ears.

The roars were so loud the clouds were nearly blown away, and Jonathan looked in the direction of the sound.

A humongous beast charged out from the mist.

“Run!”

At one point in time, fleeing cultivators had surrounded Jonathan.

“Don’t just stand there! You’re going to die!” one shouted when they ran past Jonathan.

As the beast neared him, Jonathan finally caught a clear glimpse of its appearance.

As it turned out, it was a gigantic six-armed ancient ape.

Jonathan froze upon lifting his head to look at the ancient ape that was over three hundred and thirty meters tall.

It had massive fangs and bloodshot eyes. Every time it breathed, the resulting fluctuating spiritual energy wave was akin to an ultimate attack of a cultivator in the Grandmaster Realm.

Right then, the ancient ape’s mountain-sized foot was plummeting toward the ground.

The wind rushed with the ape’s movement, but Jonathan remained in his spot, seemingly having no intention to dodge it.

How am I going to defend myself against something like this? Maybe death is my fate. Jonathan slowly closed his eyes as he watched the enormous foot descend. He had already given up on fighting back.

Right then, someone scoffed from behind him.

“Flawed!”

Hearing that, Jonathan turned to look behind him.

A figure—a youth—had leaped into the sky with a sword in his hands.

“Death is inevitable, so what’s the point of doing this...” Jonathan muttered in confusion.

However, before he was done with his sentence, something dripped onto Jonathan's face.

When he raised his hand to wipe his cheek, he found his hand stained red. It was blood.

Baffled, he looked back up at the sky, only to be greeted by a shower of blood. The mountain-sized foot of the ancient ape was already split into two.

The youth kept his sword and landed beside Jonathan. He then turned around and smiled at Jonathan, a strand of straw still between his lips.

"Hey, did that scare the living daylights out of you? It was just a monkey."

Just... a monkey?

Jonathan stared at the collapsing six-armed ancient ape with wide eyes.

He was still reeling in shock from the silent strike that the youth had dealt earlier.

The spiritual energy radiating from that sword had been faint. If one were to merely look at the radiated spiritual energy, one would have thought that the blow had been dealt by a cultivator in the Superior Realm.

However, that swing had split the six-armed ape's foot apart.

In other words, it had been a strike with highly condensed spiritual energy in it.

The spiritual energy did not seep outward at all, so the blow had not lost any of its power.

Who is this guy?

Jonathan used his spiritual energy to look at the youth, but all he could see was an indiscernible smudge.

He could not read the youth at all.

Jonathan gasped inwardly. This youth looks like he's only a teenager. How can he be at this cultivation level?

Boom!

After a thunderous cry, the six-armed ancient ape collapsed between the mountains.

The ground shook, and waves of maniacal spiritual energy rushed in all directions starting from where the ape had collapsed.

The spiritual energy snapped ancient trees, broke the astronomical rocks, and sent the pieces flying.

Jonathan shielded himself with the sword as a transparent spiritual energy barrier covered his head.

Meanwhile, the youth was hunching over and looking ahead.

“Demon beasts aren’t scary. If you see one of them, just kill it!”

The youth then burst into laughter.

A big rock flew toward him, and the youth pulled out his sword before dashing toward it.

“Hey!”

Jonathan rushed after him after a moment of hesitation. However, the youth waved his sword-wielding hand and split the colossal rock into two.

Meanwhile, Jonathan propelled himself into the air toward the huge rock.

The youth continued to wave his sword to slice the rocks.

Jonathan could only watch the youth speed away, completely taken aback.

This teenager’s swordsmanship is brilliant. I doubt anyone in this world can be a match for him!

The youth continued to step on the mountains and jumped into the air before aiming his sword at the six-armed ancient ape’s head.

Although the ancient ape had collapsed between the mountains, it was not at all fearful of the youth as it smacked its six paws toward him.

“Remorseless!”

The youth kept swinging his sword in midair, but he never once let any spiritual energy seep out of the sword at all.

The huge paws plummeted to the ground. The youth shot through the crimson rain and stabbed his sword right into the ancient ape’s eye.

“Ow!”

Right as the ancient ape howled in pain, Jonathan, who was also in the air, was abruptly struck by a wave of spiritual energy.

He flew backward and into a deep pool of water.

The water rippled above him, and even the sun in the sky had turned into a blurry, glowing spot.

The water around him froze him to his bones, and in just a few seconds' time, Jonathan's body began to stiffen.

Am I dying?

The helpless sensation rose in his chest again, and he felt as if he was going to suffocate.

Just as his consciousness was about to plunge into the darkness, a hand shot into the water and grabbed his collar.

The moment he was out of the water, he took the largest breath he ever had in his life.

Yet, what he saw stunned him.

A young man clad in armor stood on a stage.

Although the young man no longer had the child-like features on his face, Jonathan still recognized him as the teenager who had killed the six-armed ancient ape.

It's been thirteen years since then.

Intricate information popped into Jonathan's head out of nowhere.

The young man on the stage nodded at Jonathan.

"Today, we shall conquer endless mountains and let the whole world know who is the one!"

"Charge!" Countless soldiers around Jonathan roared, their voices reverberating in the space.

The war began. Jonathan followed the young man in his slaughter, and numerous powerful demon beasts collapsed one after another.

In the continuous battles, Jonathan grew ruthless.

Every time he raised his sword, he would draw blood. Laws and restrictions no longer held him back.

He had already forgotten what was fear and what was pity.

Instead, he robotically slayed every demon beast that appeared in front of him and got in his way.

A roar that brought with it the stench of blood came from behind him.

Without thinking much about it, Jonathan spun around to stab the creature, but the moment his sword pierced the demon beast's body, the demon beast opened its mouth to bite down on Jonathan's head.

"No!" he screamed. Then, he stumbled back and fell on the floor of a hall.

In front of him sat a middle-aged man with solitude in his eyes.

With a quick wave of his hand, Heaven Sword by Jonathan's side flew over to him.

Jonathan tensed the moment the sword left his hands. The natural and peaceful space around him abruptly turned unfamiliar.

It was as if everything was leaving him behind.

The tiles in front of him could have been reached with one mere step, but it was as if he could never actually reach them.

"Consolidate!" the middle-aged man uttered.

The immediate space around Jonathan instantly returned to normal, but everything further away from him faded.

A small smile crept onto the man's face as he looked at Heaven Sword.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time."

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Chapter 613 Revenge

Everything around him had dissolved into chaos, but the immediate space around Jonathan and the middle-aged man a distance away was unaffected.

"You've been waiting for me?"

Jonathan looked at the man in confusion as he held onto a strange bronze handbell.

However, the man was not looking at Jonathan; he was looking at Heaven Sword and sighing.

"You don't belong here, but you've appeared with my sword. Is this what the heavens want?"

“What? I don’t understand what you’re trying to say,” Jonathan uttered. “Am I not supposed to be at home? Where is this place?”

The middle-aged man raised his head to stare at Jonathan and said with relief in his eyes, “This is the grave I’ve made for myself.”

As he spoke, he waved his hands, and the things beneath Jonathan’s feet changed. In the blink of an eye, they were standing on top of a tall mountain.

The man, who was now beside Jonathan, pointed at the distant sky.

“Look at the pattern of the mountains here. Concealed in them are the seven greatest formations. The technique of soul sealing has made this place into an abyss. Although there are still flaws to it, I’ve killed ten thousand beasts to get their crystal cores and fix the flaw. Once this place is activated, no life will be able to survive, not unless the world turns upside down and nature changes. So this place won’t appear in the normal world.”

Jonathan felt chills running to the extremities of his limbs as he listened to the middle-aged man’s words.

How can someone be so ruthless toward themselves? He made an abyss to suppress himself?

However, when Jonathan’s gaze landed on the valley below him, his eyes widened.

This mountain... This is the same mountain I saw in the hallucination back then! Did Heaven Sword guide me here?

“Who are you?” Jonathan icily asked the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man turned back to Jonathan. Just as he was about to speak, a flash of amusement danced across his eyes.

“You don’t even know who I am? It seems like my name never spread.”

The middle-aged man then cast his eyes downward at his sword with a sigh again before throwing it to Jonathan.

“Go back. Go back to where you belong. We’ll meet again if our encounter is destined to be.”

As the middle-aged man spoke, he moved his fingers to activate a technique. The barrier around Jonathan disappeared, and everything returned to chaos.

By the time he opened his eyes again, he was greeted by the sight of a few anxious faces.

“Jason?” Jonathan hesitantly called out when he saw Jason’s face, which was as pale as a sheet of paper.

“Sh*t...” Jason softly cursed as he sat down on the bed at the side upon hearing Jonathan call him.

“Mr. Goldstein, what were you doing?” Jason questioned.

“You’ve been unconscious for a whole day. If you weren’t going to wake up any time soon, I would have cut you up to find out what’s wrong.”

I’ve been out for a whole day?

Jonathan’s heart skipped a beat when he saw the blood-soaked bandages that were wrapped around Jason’s chest.

The medical team members were all skillful doctors. On any other day, Donald and the others would have no issue taking over Jason’s role if Jason was hurt.

However, Jason was waiting by his side despite his own injuries. It was a sign of how bad his state was when he was unconscious.

Jonathan slowly turned his head to the side. The Heaven Sword in his hand was no longer flickering and was back to its normal state.

As he mulled over what he had dreamed about, he drew his brows together.

Everything had seemed logical while he was in that world—even if dozens of years had gone by in seconds, and even if he had moved a mile ahead with every step.

However, now that he thought about it, he realized there was something amiss about that world.

The three people he had met—the youth, the young man, and the middle-aged man—were all the same person.

The strangest thing was the sword in the youth and young man’s hand, for that was Heaven Sword that Jonathan wielded.

Therefore, Jonathan realized that he had met the true owner of Heaven Sword and witnessed the man’s whole life.

With those thoughts in mind, Jonathan fell into a daze staring at Heaven Sword.

In the meantime, Jason waved his hands and brought the rest of the medical team out of the room.

The look in Jonathan's eyes turned solemn as he thought about the middle-aged man.

He could not figure out if the scene he had encountered was a pre-recorded scene or if he truly went back in time to the early days of Heaven Sword.

Nevertheless, the middle-aged man's words kept ringing in Jonathan's ear.

He's killing thousands of beasts to fix the flaws of the formation to keep himself suppressed. What in the world has he experienced? And what does he mean when he said that we'll meet again if it's destined to be?

Jonathan had a feeling that the secrets of Heaven Sword were going to be shocking. Right then, Jonathan recalled the two techniques that the youth had used to kill the six-armed ancient ape. At that, he hastily walked out of the room.

"Bring me a pen and a paper, quick!"

On the endless grasslands of Merania, a fleet of cars were approaching in the night. Maximilian was tiredly staring at the map on his tablet in the command vehicle.

"Order them to turn toward the northeast. Once we're fifty kilometers within reach of the borders between Chanaea and Merania, we'll continue heading east."

"Yes, sir!"

After the signaler conveyed the message, he curiously turned to Maximilian and asked, "Maximilian, we're fifteen kilometers away from the border, and we're safe. Will Shusonna Army really cross the border just to attack us?"

Maximilian was holding onto a cigarette with his right hand, so he used his left to massage his temple.

"I don't know, but according to the documents, Kane has a fiery temper. This time, we've destroyed Northern Crimson Prison and made the Mysonna Army lose their supply. The West Region Army has been chasing us for over a hundred kilometers, and more than thirty thousand people are either dead or injured. Asura's Office will never let us go. Retreating like this will be too challenging. If we go with our plan, the remaining six hundred of us should toss our weapons and split up before returning to Doveston."

Despite Maximilian's words, the look in his eyes was a complicated one.

Is it still worth returning to Diyouli Army?

Horace, the commander-in-chief of the special operations unit had given up on retreating at the end of the war; he had chosen to relieve himself of the position by getting shot to death.

Maximilian had to admit that he envied Horace.

There was no right nor wrong in war, but the trip to Mysonna had seemed like a wrong decision.

Eight horses galloped on the grasslands in the night.

Riding on those horses were eight masked people.

“Once you see the opponent’s fleet of cars, prepare for long-range attack. We’ll deal with the command vehicle first and cut off their communication.”

“Understood!”

The eight riders then split up.

A thousand meters away, two snipers had their guns trained on the moving car fleet.

“I’m on the first car, and you’ll be in charge of the command vehicle in the middle. We’ll fire at the same time,” said one of the men with a black mask.

“Roger that. I’m ready.”

“We’re in no rush. The cars will pass by the lake in front of us, and the shortest distance between us and them will be six hundred and fifty meters. We’ll wait for a little longer.”

Meanwhile, the eight riders split into four teams and quickly narrowed the gap between them and the cars.

A siren rang out in the command vehicle.

“Sir, the drone has detected heat signatures approaching us. There are eight men on horses.”

Bang!

After an ear-piercing explosive sound, the cars carrying the communication officers swayed to the side and rolled over.

Far away from them, on a hill, two masked snipers pulled the trigger again. This time, their target was the drone in the sky.

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Chapter 614 Do You Believe It

As the lead vehicle and command vehicle turned turtle one after another, the entire convoy quickly changed their formation.

The tens of vehicles that remained quickly surrounded the two overturned vehicles as flares were continuously shot into the sky.

“Everyone, put on your thermal imaging goggles!”

No sooner had Maddox spoken than a bayonet pierced through the car window and into his neck.

The next moment, amidst the illumination of consecutive exploding flashbangs, eight masked figures charged into the troop just like fearless executioners.

Against the masked men’s blades, the troops’ defensive weapons failed to make any difference.

Necks, waists, lower bodies, wrists...

Anywhere that wasn’t protected by body armor would naturally end up being a target of the masked men.

Moreover, the powerful guns that they wielded were completely useless against the unknown attackers.

With every flash of the blade, a soldier would be cut down.

In the end, the field was covered with the corpses of more than six hundred men in less than ten minutes.

“Take a video to show our work to the boss,” one of the masked men ordered.

At the Eastern Army’s barracks in Doveston, Karl, chomping on a cigar, was staring at the soldiers beside him with furrowed brows.

“What’s wrong? Are you still not able to contact Maddox?”

“Reporting in, Commander. We’re still unable to get in touch with the special forces.”

“Continue investigating!”

“Yes, Commander!”

As the signalman turned and left, another hand opened the door just when he was about to close it.

“Reporting in!”

“What is it?” Karl gave the adjutant a look of displeasure.

“Commander, we have received confirmation that our special forces have been totally annihilated within the borders of Merania!”

Crack!

The desk in front of Karl was smashed to smithereens with a punch from him.

The adjutant who was standing by the door instinctively recoiled with his face turning pale in fear.

After all, he was the one who dealt with the corpses of the four personal guards. After serving under Karl for such a long time, he knew the latter’s methods well and could tell Aidan wasn’t the man behind the killings.

When he saw the look on his subordinate’s face, Karl let out a long sigh with his eyes closed.

“Okay. You’re dismissed.”

“Yes, Commander!”

The office door had barely closed when Karl made a call on his satellite phone.

“Aidan, as per our agreement, once I destroy Northern Crimson Prison, Remdik must make its move.”

Over the phone, Karl could hear the noisy background. It sounded as if Aidan was in a club.

“Karl, why are you in such a rush? Considering the current situation in Chanaea, Asura’s Office is not a threat to you at all. Hence, you should be relaxing instead.”

“Aidan! F*ck you, stop playing games with me!” Karl bellowed through his gritted teeth.

“If you think I have no one to rely on after falling out with Asura’s Office, think again! The only way you can force me into yielding is if there’s a repeat of the battle of River Onxy. If you dare pressure me into a corner, I’ll have no qualms about destroying the Medved Army!”

On the other end of the line, Aidan fell silent for more than ten seconds before speaking.

“Karl, don’t worry. Now that we’re allies, Remdik will try its best to help you. All you need to do is to tie down Asura’s Office and the Yaleview Army. As for the rest, you can leave it to us.”

“Us?”

Karl felt a sense of dread the moment he heard the word.

“Aidan, who is this ‘us’?”

“Karl, that’s something you don’t have to concern yourself with. Anyway, I gotta go, as I’m busy.”

When the call-end tone rang out, Karl stared at the satellite phone with his eyebrows tightly knitted.

Previously, his agreement with Aidan involved Aidan helping him complete his scheme for Chanaea, and in return, he would hand over Doveston.

Nonetheless, there was no way the ambitious Karl had any real intention of seceding such a large piece of territory to Remdik.

In his mind, he was just leveraging the strength of external factions to advance his own interest. Once his goal was achieved, he would turn on them by bringing the full might of Chanaea upon Remdik.

However, it was now clear to him that Aidan was aiming for more than just Doveston.

Now that he had betrayed Asura’s Office and made Yaleview the center of his power base, the balance of power within Chanaea had changed again.

Remdik still has allies. Can it be the West Region? Jetroina? What in the world are they planning?

Finally, Jonathan returned to No. 1 Villa again.

The Smith family—who were in the midst of having breakfast—got to their feet when they saw Jonathan enter.

“Jonathan...” Josephine walked up to him.

Just when she was about to say something, she swallowed her words at the last minute.

“What’s wrong? Go ahead and ask whatever you want to know. I’ll answer your questions honestly,” Jonathan reassured Josephine as he threw his arm around her shoulder affectionately.

All this while, he had wanted to hide his identity from her, hoping to give her a stable life.

However, now that Edenic Heights had become a military-restricted area, there was no way Josephine was clueless as to what was going on.

Much to his surprise, she simply shook her head in response to his question.

“Jonathan, I just wanted to ask you if you prefer having burgers or fries?”

“Hmm?”

After being led to the dining table by Josephine, Jonathan—for a fleeting moment—didn’t know how to react.

The sight of Josephine passing him a burger warmed his heart.

“Anything will do. As long as you’re the one who has prepared it.”

In response, Emmeline hugged herself and shuddered.

“My goodness. Can both of you stop being so cringy? Dad, Mom, let’s eat upstairs so that these two can have some privacy. I can’t stand them any longer.”

Ever since she learned of Jonathan’s real identity, Margaret didn’t dare make any more comments, especially after she insisted on going for a walk a few days ago at the mountain resort in spite of the restrictions.

When she slipped through the woods within No. 1 Villa’s surroundings to be greeted by the sight of a military camp, she finally understood the true extent of Asura’s authority.

Consequently, she no longer dared to look down upon Jonathan.

In fact, if it wasn’t for the current situation, Margaret would have announced to the world that she was Asura’s mother-in-law.

Therefore, she nodded repeatedly in agreement with Emmeline’s suggestion.

“You’re right. We’re tired too, and it’s time to take a quick nap.”

After Margaret had ushered Connor upstairs, a soldier in civilian clothing appeared in the yard outside.

Meanwhile, Josephine had just placed a deshelled boiled egg onto Jonathan’s plate.

“Why don’t you invite him in? There’s no need for him to behave in such a shadowy manner. Every time he comes by, he would have to change his clothes. How troublesome.”

Jonathan—cognizant of what Josephine had in mind—popped the egg into his mouth before waving at the soldier.

“Come in and tell me what’s going on.”

“Mr. Goldstein, there’s a woman by the name of Lauryn Blackwood who wants to see you.”

Cough!

Initially, Jonathan wanted to impress Josephine with his authority as Asura. Unfortunately, he didn’t expect to almost choke upon hearing the soldier’s words.

Josephine stared at Jonathan with a smile.

“Lauryn, what a nice-sounding name. Jonathan, do you always have to bring a girl back every time you go on a trip?”

After painstakingly swallowing the egg in his mouth, Jonathan gave Josephine a sheepish grin.

“Would you believe me if I told you these two people are extremely important?”