

The Legendary Man Chapter 696 -

Chapter 696 Entered A Frenzied State

Buzz!

The giant mace which was about two meters long flew toward Jonathan's head and slammed down on it with terrifying, destructive power.

"Die!" Morris bellowed.

Subsequently, waves of energy burst from his mouth and hurtled toward Jonathan.

It's a vocal attack!

A storm instantly brewed within Jonathan's consciousness.

However, the method of affecting a person's spiritual sense by sound was much weaker than Vladimir's, which directly attacked the opponent's spiritual sense.

Hence, not only was Jonathan not intimidated by the attack, but he also lost his remaining sense of rationality due to the anger within him.

Bang!

The flaming stick in his hand grew longer.

The moment the mace fell, the flaming stick had expanded into a giant pole that was about a meter thick and six meters long.

With a muffled sound, the mace slammed into the flaming stick with incredible power.

However, Jonathan had already disappeared.

"You traitor! Take this!"

Strangely, Jonathan's voice spread out in all four directions. Morris paled with shock, and he quickly threw a kick to the area beside him.

Suddenly, an afterimage flashed past. Jonathan had arrived behind Morris with his broken blade.

With that, he raised his hand and struck, followed by blood spurting out in every direction.

Seeing that, Morris fell to the ground, utterly mortified.

The moment Morris turned around, he saw Jonathan land on the ground on all fours while holding the broken blade in his mouth.

Saliva dripped from his mouth as he dug into the brick flooring with his bare, bloodied hands.

“W-What...”

The state Jonathan was in gave Morris a fright.

At that moment, Jonathan’s eyes had a gaze no human could possess.

It contained a myriad of negative emotions, including the look of being bloodthirsty and tyrannical.

Anyone would shudder with fear by just taking one look at him.

“H-Have you entered a frenzied state?”

Morris instinctively touched the back of his neck, and his hand was instantly covered in blood.

His neck would’ve been cut off if he were any slower.

And now, he could feel the terrifying spiritual energy exuding from Jonathan’s body. It was at that moment that Morris knew he had stirred up a hornet’s nest.

A person who entered a frenzied state was scary since they did not fear death, but they would also lose their sense of rationality, which created many flaws in their attacks. Technically, it gave Morris a chance to kill Jonathan.

Glaring at Jonathan, Morris tossed his mace and stomped his right foot on the ground while yelling, “Dragon Mastodon Technique!”

The brick flooring cracked upon impact, and an invisible shockwave tore through the air.

Amidst the shockwave, Morris’ burly figure started to expand.

His shirt tore into pieces as his body expanded until he was about three meters tall.

Meanwhile, Karl and the others, who were busy fighting, turned to look in their direction.

All they could see in that shockwave was Morris, who had turned into a massive rock giant.

His muscles bulged, and his skin was covered in cracks, which had a strange pattern to it.

That was the Welsh family's trump card. They painted their bodies with the blood of spiritual beasts, supplemented by secret techniques, to form the runes of the technique.

Apparently, one would be invincible by cultivating that technique to the highest level.

Even so, no one knew how true that rumor was.

Having utilized a secret technique to activate the runes on his body, Morris experienced tremendous growth in his aura.

Before that, the giant mace looked gigantic in his hands. Now that he had turned into a giant, the size of the mace looked just right.

"Watch out, Mr. Goldstein!" Karl shouted at Jonathan.

Karl initially wanted to warn Jonathan to be wary of Jonathan's secret technique. Unfortunately, his heart sank when he saw the latter sprawling on the ground in an unnatural manner.

This is bad.

Karl's face fell the second he saw Jonathan's state.

"Xavion, Sirius! Run!"

When Karl finished saying that, he pushed Aidan back with a swing of his saber and left without a hint of hesitation. It was as if he was not the one who wanted to fight Aidan to death earlier.

However, Karl's reaction confused Aidan and the others especially Xavion and Sirius.

Although they were fighting three against three, they had seized every opportunity to attack Antoine based on Karl's instructions earlier. Thanks to Aidan's and Vicador's apprehensiveness, the other party had gained an upper hand.

To stop and leave the fight at that moment would be an utter waste of opportunity.

Nonetheless, the duo still left the battlefield with Karl after hesitating for a moment.

It was their first collaboration, but they knew Karl was no coward.

If he was telling them to flee, that meant something terrifying was about to happen.

We won't make any mistakes if we flee with him.

"Karl, Jonathan is still there! What's going to happen to him if we leave?" Xavion yelled at Karl.

Hearing that, Karl subconsciously glanced at Jonathan before shifting his gaze to Xavion and Sirius with a gaze brimming with fear.

"Who do you think I'm running away from? Mr. Goldstein has entered a frenzied state. We'll die there if we don't escape!" explained Karl, while increasing his pace. In just a few moments, they were standing on top of a hill that was hundreds of meters away.

Meanwhile, Xavion and Sirius, who were beside him, landed softly.

With the gun in his hand, Sirius asked, "Karl, Jonathan has only entered a frenzied state, right? It can't be that scary. The spiritual sense of a person who enters a frenzied state is blinded, which creates flaws in their attacks. He'll die there if we don't help him."

"Can't be that scary?" Karl repeated, panting heavily while glancing at the duo. "A few years ago, before Asura's Office was established, we, the eight Kings of War, belonged to different regions. Each one of us survived by fighting our way out. In fact, I can tell you bluntly that I dare to fight you guys even if I fail to defeat the respectable families. Do you think we followed Mr. Goldstein willingly? Do you think it was because he promised us great things or because of his powerful charisma? Truth is, he entered the Grandmaster Realm earlier. In fact, he can defeat all eight of us."

Xavion refuted loudly, "That's impossible! Even a person who just entered Grandmaster Realm can't control the force field. Anyone can defeat a newbie as long as they were seniors in the Grandmaster Realm."

Chuckling, Karl commented, "That only applies to ordinary people like you. How long have you been cultivating? You've been cultivating since four years old, right? You've recently entered God Realm, haven't you? Do you know how long Mr. Goldstein has been cultivating? Surprise, surprise. It's less than three years."

The moment Karl finished his sentence, Sirius and Xavion furrowed their brows.

God Realm cultivators had always been the exclusive property of respectable families. In fact, subsidiary families could only produce God Realm cultivators after getting support from the respectable families.

In the mortal world, Grandmaster Realm was the highest level.

Recently, however, people like Jonathan, Wilbur, and Karl had been appearing one after another. Naturally, the unusual phenomenon had alerted the eight respectable families.

Of course, they secretly looked into the trio's history. Apart from Karl's history of cultivating since young, the respectable families found nothing about Jonathan's and Wilbur's history.

Although they once suspected Jonathan of achieving such results in just three years of cultivation, they were still surprised when they heard someone from Asura's Office confirm the fact.

Becoming a Grandmaster in just three years' time was totally unheard of and very unusual.

Who exactly is Jonathan? Is he a monster?

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Glancing at their expressions, Karl naturally understood what was going through their minds.

Nonetheless, he was not worried about it. After all, the entire situation in Chanaea was changing, and Jonathan was interacting more with the respectable families. That information had stopped being a secret long ago.

In fact, Karl was only confirming their suspicions by telling them those facts.

"Why is Jonathan still not moving?" asked Sirius while casting a frosty gaze at the foot of the mountain.

"Mr. Goldstein must've brainwashed himself to remain calm for some time before entering a frenzied state because he knows I'd definitely lead you two away when I notice the state he's in. We were once ambushed in a mission, and Mr. Goldstein entered that state out of panic. That incident caused the death of more than four thousand people. We, the eight Kings of War, could only watch him slaughter those people. There was nothing we could do to stop it from happening," Karl answered grimly.

"That's nothing. We can do the same if we enter a frenzied state, too," Xavion commented with a chuckle.

Hearing that, Karl slowly turned to look at Xavion. "That number only includes about five hundred men from the enemy's side. The remaining bodies, amounting to almost four thousand, were our comrades from Asura's Office. Mr. Goldstein cannot differentiate a friend from a foe once he enters that state."

The smile on Xavion's face froze instantly. As he turned around to glance at the bottom of the mountain, he felt a wave of ferocious spiritual energy shooting into the sky from the base.

Jonathan's moving!

The red bricks on the ground shattered, while Jonathan had already appeared in front of Morris.

Buzz!

With the addition of the Dragon Mastodon Technique's effect, Morris looked like a titan as he lifted his mace and brought it down hard on his opponent.

Jonathan seemed to have no intention of avoiding the attacks.

Instead, he rushed toward Morris with the broken blade between his teeth.

Sparks flew as the broken blade collided with Morris' skin, creating the sound of metals clashing.

The Dragon Mastodon Technique could allow its user to morph into a walking, magical item. It was an incredible technique.

Even so, Jonathan clung tightly to Morris' waist like an octopus and flung the latter, who was around three meters tall, into the air.

Just then, Vicador, who was standing behind Morris, let out a beastly roar and charged toward Jonathan, aiming his long sword at the latter's neck.

Hearing Vicador's roar of provocation, Jonathan opened his mouth and let out an extremely high-pitched yell, like the cry of an eagle. Immediately, ripples visible to the naked eye could be seen spreading out from him.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A series of crisp sounds resounded as spiritual energy runes continuously emerged and broke on their own in Jonathan's hands.

It turned out that Jonathan had stopped Vicador's long sword in the air with his bloody hands.

"How is that possible..."

On top of the hill some distance away, Xavion's eyes bulged in surprise as he watched the scene unfold.

A spiritual energy shield was a technique anyone in the Grandmaster Realm and above could use.

However, its power of defense was extremely limited. After all, it was only a technique that compressed a user's spiritual energy in front of themselves.

Even ordinary people with guns that were slightly more powerful could destroy the spiritual energy shield, not to mention cultivators.

Once a cultivator had reached God Realm, any move they unleashed would be incredibly powerful. Otherwise, they would never treat Grandmaster Realm cultivators as mere insects.

The fact that Morris' Dragon Mastodon Technique could block off a magical item was already an eye-opening experience for everyone at the scene. Yet, Jonathan's actions at that moment exceeded everyone's expectations.

Clutching onto the blade with both hands, Jonathan let out a roar of rage as he flung it to the back forcefully.

The long sword slipped out of Vicador's hand, causing him to stagger forward.

At the same time, Jonathan opened his mouth and was about to bite into Vicador's neck when the latter realized it and threw a palm at Jonathan's chest.

The attack sent Jonathan's body tumbling backward as his teeth grazed Vicador's neck.

Bang!

Following that, Jonathan lifted his knee and slammed it into Vicador's abdomen, sending the latter flying backward and spurting blood into the air.

Jonathan squatted on the ground, his lips curling into a malicious smirk.

As a flash of light reflected off the edge of a blade, red runes shone around Jonathan's body, preventing Antoine's dagger from inflicting a single injury on the former.

Jonathan turned his head and flashed a smile at Antoine before speeding forward and appearing before the latter in the blink of an eye.

Antoine placed the dagger in front of him to block Jonathan, but the latter did not care about it. To Antoine's horror, Jonathan reached out and grabbed the dagger with his bare hands.

"Die!" Jonathan grabbed the edge of the dagger with his left hand and swung his right at Antoine's face.

The attack happened so quickly that black strings that looked like hairs appeared in the air.

If not for the runes' red glow on Jonathan's body, the spectators would not have been able to spot it.

"It's the mark of Pryncyp."

Aidan rushed to Antoine's back, grabbed the latter's hair, and pulled him backward.

Faced with the black strings, Aidan could not be bothered to care that much.

As Antoine fell on his back, he felt a chilly feeling brush past his nose, and blood gushed out of his chest.

Bang!

After crashing into the barrack behind him, Antoine peered at his chest with widened eyes.

On his chest were three slits that were gushing blood.

In the meantime, Jonathan had moved swiftly to Morris and slammed his foot into the latter's chest.

Morris instantly flew backward. Just as he was about to crash into the guard tower behind him, Jonathan appeared above him.

Rumble!

A crater that was more than ten meters wide formed on the ground. Jonathan's strike had sent Morris straight into the earth.

Standing several meters away, Aidan and the others watched Jonathan enter the crater, followed by a series of muffled sounds.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Agonizing screams filled the air as the ground shook.

"I'm going to kill him!" Antoine attempted to rush forward with his dagger but was stopped by Vicador.

"We must leave. Jonathan has cultivated Pryncyp and is close to entering Divine Realm. We'll die if we keep fighting!"

“But—”

“No buts!” Pausing briefly, Vicador turned around and glanced at Karl and the others in the distance. “We might not be able to escape if we continue fighting. We need to leave quickly.”

With that, he spun on his heels and fled.

Standing beside Antoine, Aidan helped the injured Alexander up and stated, “Mr. Antoine, Jonathan isn’t someone we can defeat.”

When Antoine saw Aidan and the others leaving, he could only grit his teeth to suppress his anger.

They failed to defeat Jonathan when they had four men on their team. Now that Antoine was alone, it was all the more impossible for him to defeat the former.

Most importantly, he could not stop the wound on his chest from bleeding even with spiritual energy.

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Now that Vicador and the others were injured, Karl naturally would not waste the opportunity to attack the enemies.

With no hesitation, the trio rushed down the hill.

At the same time, a person covered in blood crawled out of the crater.

It was Jonathan. He was covered in blood and dirt as he crouched on the ground with a broken leg in his right hand. And with his eyebrows and hair burned off from his battle with Zebedee, he looked far from a human.

Noting Karl and the others, Jonathan slowly walked over while carrying the bloody leg.

“What the h*ll?”

Xavion spun on his heels and fled. This time, he did not need to wait for Karl’s instructions, for Jonathan had locked his gaze on them with a bloodthirsty aura. Meanwhile, Sirius spread his arms out furiously as he sped into the distance. “Spread out! Whoever gets caught will be the unlucky one!”

With that, Sirius took a right turn and ran as fast as his legs could carry.

Karl, who was standing on the left side, took a turn and sped away as well. As the only person who was standing between the duo just now, Xavion had no choice but to run forward.

Logically, Jonathan should be running after Sirius or Karl. After all, they each took the left and right directions, which meant they were closer to Jonathan if he were to run in a straight line.

Unfortunately, Jonathan seemed to have locked on to Xavion. As soon as the trio began running, Jonathan sped past the hill to catch up with Xavion with the broken leg in hand.

Running frantically, Xavion cursed, "Fck! Dmn it, Karl! Are you sure this dude has lost his rationality? Why do I feel like he's getting revenge on me!"

"Nonsense! You're just unlucky if he catches up to you. Besides, it's your fault that your family kidnapped Mr. Goldstein's wife."

Though Karl said that, he still rushed back and got beside Jonathan.

Karl decided to put aside the matter regarding the respectable families for the time being. After all, he and Xavion had the same goal in Remdik. He could not just watch the latter get killed.

Apart from Karl, Sirius, too, rushed over. Just like that, three men could be seen running after one person, with Jonathan in the middle.

"Ah!"

Jonathan suddenly let out a shout and threw the broken leg at Karl. And, without warning, he changed his direction and charged toward Sirius.

"Take this!" Sirius yelled, shooting out his spear that turned into tiny glints of light that enveloped the space in front of him.

Even though Jonathan was faced with a dense attack, he still grinned widely and caught the tip of the spear with ease.

"Abandon the spear!"

Sirius immediately drew back.

Concurrently, Karl unsheathed his saber and brought the back of the weapon down on Jonathan's neck.

Clang!

The spear and the saber collided, sending Karl tumbling backward.

“Find a way to knock him out or he’ll die of exhaustion!”

Karl’s bellow echoed throughout the forest. However, hesitation crept into the hearts of Xavion and Sirius.

They were aware of how great a threat Jonathan was to them.

Although having someone like him by their side was the most powerful assurance, a fight between Asura’s Office and the respectable families would still break out in the end.

At the same time, Jonathan was the biggest threat to the respectable families.

Xavion and Sirius did not think it was a bad idea to drag the battle out and make Jonathan die of exhaustion now that he had entered a frenzied state.

Karl had a bad feeling when he saw the duo deflecting Jonathan’s attacks in the forest with no intention of following his instructions.

“Asura’s Office will fall apart if Jonathan dies! Once the members of Asura’s Office disperse, Yaleview Army will be able to annex all the soldiers. When that happens, neither the mundane world’s military power of two million soldiers nor the respectable families will be able to defeat them—not forgetting to mention the Salladay family that’s collaborating with the Yaleview Army. Without Jonathan, you won’t be able to fight against the Salladay family. His survival will only be a threat to you guys, but if he dies, you’ll suffer absolute defeat.”

Upon hearing that, Xavion snorted coldly and shot out three triangular banners from his hands before pinning them onto the hillside.

“Space altering formation! Activate!”

Soon, mist rose into the air, and Xavion retreated into it.

“Lure him in! Let’s restrain him first!” he yelled while standing in the middle of the formation.

Gritting his teeth, Karl shot forward and struck Jonathan’s chest with his saber.

Clink!

Jonathan lifted his hand and gripped the saber.

“Twilight Attack!”

Sirius' voice rang out clearly behind Jonathan.

Following that, three shadows in the form of spears descended from the night sky and rammed into Jonathan's Spirit Armor, one after the other.

Seeing that, Karl hurriedly stepped aside while Jonathan's body slammed into the formation banners like a cannonball.

The mist dispersed to reveal Xavion, who stood in the middle of the formation with his face drenched in sweat.

At the moment, Jonathan kept running around frantically in circles like a headless chicken.

"What the h*ll? The formation banners can't hold on any longer!" Xavion shrieked.

"Knock him out now while I can still restrain him, or else we're going to die—"

Before Xavion could even finish, Sirius had transformed into an afterimage and swung his spear against Jonathan's back.

Smack!

A crisp sound echoed throughout the forest as Jonathan flew out from among the formation banners, slamming into a hill over ten meters away.

Panting heavily, Xavion, Sirius, and Karl watched Jonathan rise to his feet with a grim look in his eyes.

With every step he took toward them, his aura weakened.

Finally, he collapsed to the ground about ten meters away from them, and everything fell silent.

"Is he dead?" Xavion turned to look at Karl.

"He can't be." Karl could not give a definite answer. After all, a person who entered a frenzied state was no different from a maniac. They were equally unpredictable.

While Karl and Xavion were watching Jonathan with caution, Sirius carefully made his way over to the latter with his spear.

When he was about three meters away from the body, he gingerly poked Jonathan's thigh with his spear.

The moment the trio saw two wounds appear with blood gushing out, they let out a sigh of relief.

"He passed out," Sirius commented calmly, looking as cold as ever.

His behavior annoyed Xavion so much that he could not help but sneer, "Stop it with that act. Don't pretend like you didn't run away like a scaredy-cat just now."

At the same time, a huge campfire was crackling and burning in the mountain ranges of Delisgar Ridge in Chanaea.

Joshua and Hayden were sitting beside the fire and munching on roasted rabbit meat.

"Joshua, are you sure this is the Whitley family's ancestral land? Are you sure you're not lost?"

"Uh..." Joshua took a bite of the meat and laughed awkwardly. "Well... My family's ancestral land opens every two thousand years. I've never been there before."

Hayden almost choked on his food when he heard Joshua's answer. "Two thousand years? Joshua, you've got to be honest with me. My family risked being wiped out in order to save you just so we could collaborate with you. Now that you're saying this, I'm getting the feeling that you're not reliable at all."

"Relax. I've never been there before, but I can promise you we're near it. I can feel it."

As Joshua was saying that, his gaze fell on his ring.

It should be time...