

## The Legendary Man Chapter 701 -

### Chapter 701 Erect A Grave

Jonathan gave the three of them a stunned look.

When he looked out from the cave earlier and noticed that it was still dark, he had assumed that he had only been out for a short. He couldn't believe that an entire day had passed.

"Are you surprised that you survived?" Xavion asked with a smile.

Jonathan nodded candidly.

It was indeed a miracle for him to be alive based on the combined efforts of the three men before him.

Meanwhile, Karl had finally narrowed down the location.

"I found it. Killian's signal is coming from Mapleton. It's about nine hundred and sixty kilometers away from here."

"Less than a thousand," Jonathan murmured as he got to his feet.

"That doesn't make sense. Stellario should have traveled one thousand and five hundred kilometers in twenty-four hours even with Layla and the kid in tow."

"Why does it matter?" Xavion said with a grin. "The nearer to us, the better. Once we get the kid back, we can all go home and Karl would have to make his choice."

No sooner had Xavion spoken than everyone turned to look at Karl.

All the cultivators from the six respectable families had infiltrated Remdik after being attracted by the terms offered by Karl.

Even though they were no fools and knew that the entire situation was a setup, they didn't want to miss the opportunity to eradicate their peers.

Morris was the perfect example of that.

If Jonathan hadn't finished him, Xavion and Sirius would have also killed him when he was at his weakest after unleashing the Dragon Mastodon Technique.

At the end of the day, they were just actors in a great drama. The only thing that mattered to cultivators was self-interest, while those who valued loyalty and morality never survived beyond Superior Realm.

With that, the group walked out of the cave and extinguished their fire before leaving.

In the midst of the snowstorm, Jonathan's voice rang out.

"Why does my head hurt? Which of you hit me? Also, I don't remember being struck on my thigh."

"You remembered wrongly," Sirius replied matter-of-factly.

In the blink of an eye, the four of them disappeared into the night.

Beside a river in Mapleton, Stellario was carving a fawn that had been skinned.

"Kathleen, stop sitting there as if you're the boss and come help me!"

"You really have no shame in asking a woman to do work," Kathleen commented flatly with a cigarette between her lips.

She was hugging Killian and Layla with one arm on each side.

The three of them were relatively comfortable with Kathleen sharing the mink coat she wore with Layla. Killian's eyes were closed after he lost consciousness.

Subsequently, Winston held Killian's hand to take his pulse before finally shaking his head.

"The kid is weak from exhaustion. Despite maintaining a strong front, he has yet to mature emotionally. All the killing in recent days must have traumatized him."

"Traumatized?"

Stellario walked up with a tree branch in hand and skewered the venison with it.

"The kid has the guts to stab himself. Do you think he would be traumatized by us? When kids have a fever back in my village, they always recover after receiving bloodletting treatment. We should do the same to him."

"I dare you to do it!" Kathleen shielded Killian with her fan. "Is any member of the Mallory family normal? You treat your children as vessels for rearing spiritual parasites, but this is just an ordinary kid!"

"Shut up, all of you." Winston whipped out a red pill from his pocket and stuffed it into Killian's mouth. "This medication should do the trick."

“Winston, what in the world did you give him?” Kathleen snapped.

“A hawthorn pill. It’s good for the appetite too. Do you want one?” Winston replied without looking at her.

Even though the three of them had entered a temporary alliance, Kathleen and Winston were still awaiting confirmation from their own families.

Nonetheless, they understood that the blood curse and parasite venom would instantaneously kill Killian in the event any one of them detonated it.

There were only two possible conclusions to the matter.

The first one was where their three families would form an alliance and successfully return Killian to Karl, gaining the Eastern Army’s support.

As for the second scenario, someone would object to the alliance, resulting in Killian’s immediate death. The three allies would then become mortal enemies and turn on each other for the sake of their respective families.

While listening to their conversation, Layla, with Killian in her arms, stared blankly at the fire in front of her.

The thought of her dire circumstances brought her to the verge of tears.

Despite that, she was under no illusion that whatever she did was futile.

She was no different from a puppet whose strings were currently being pulled by others.

“Layla, take this.” Kathleen handed Layla a bowl of instant beef stew. “Eat something. In order to be strong enough to care for Killian, you’ll first have to take good care of yourself.”

Kathleen casually waved her hand and flew Killian toward her in a gentle spiritual energy bubble.

As for the bowl she was holding, it gradually floated up to Layla.

“To be honest, Layla, I envy you for having your own family and child,” Kathleen said while holding Killian in her arms. “That is something we’ll never have. From birth, the talented ones are raised to become cultivators to protect the family and vanquish their enemies. Those who are less talented will go into administration and resource allocation, while the ones at the bottom of the barrel will be sent away to execute the family’s schemes. Even when we come of age, marriage is nothing but a tool to further the family’s interest. By the way, Layla, if our three families form an alliance, you should

let Killian become my godson. I like how ruthless that kid is. In fact, I can already see his potential as an adult.”

Layla buried her head in the beef stew, tears flowing down her cheeks.

“And what if you fail to form the alliance?”

“If we fail?” Kathleen smiled faintly at Killian. “I’ll erect a grave for both of you to make amends for letting you down.”

“Thank you,” Layla replied with a smile as she continued wolfing down her food.

Beside them, Stellario carved out a piece of half-cooked venison before sinking his teeth into the bloody piece of meat.

“How can our plan not succeed? You gotta have a little faith in it. United we stand, divided we fall. As long as the Leeson and Henderson families are not idiots, they’ll definitely agree to it.”

While Stellario was speaking, Winston, who was sitting opposite, suddenly brandished his billhook.

Stellario looked in Winston’s direction with the venison shank still in his hand.

“Winston, what the hell are you doing? Has your family rejected the collaboration?”

Winston said nothing. His eyes were trained on the hill across the river.

When Stellario trailed the trajectory of Winston’s gaze, he was greeted by the sight of a figure in a robe standing opposite them.

“Damn it. When is this going to end? I can’t even eat in peace. I’m going to kill you for this!” Stellario cursed while charging across the river.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 702 -

### Chapter 702 The Mysterious Man

Under the cover of the darkness of night, Stellario’s figure flashed across the snow-covered ground.

On the opposite side of the river bank, more figures appeared by the robed figure’s side.

“Awool!”

The next moment, a wolf's howl echoed through the air.  
The shape of the figures rapidly evolved into that of giant werewolves.

From afar, one could see werewolves lined up on top of the hill, their numbers running into hundreds.

Just the sight of them alone was enough to send a chill down anyone's spine.

Winston reached out for his rusty billhook as he continued to puff the cigarette between his lips.

"Damn it... Kathleen, go on ahead with both of them, and wait for us one hundred kilometers away."

"Got it."

After throwing a glance at the horde of werewolves across the river, Kathleen turned around and left.

Layla carried Killian in her arms while she was suspended in the air by Kathleen's spiritual energy. They weren't slowed down by the fact that Layla was just an ordinary person.

Carrying someone with spiritual energy for long distances would not have been possible if not for Kathleen's high cultivation level. A cultivator of Grandmaster Realm would have been exhausted before getting far.

"I'll leave a trail behind."

No sooner had Kathleen spoken than Winston spat the stub of his cigarette into the fire.

"I'll kill you if you don't."

Despite his frail appearance, Winston's movements were anything but that.

In the blink of an eye, he had crossed the river and was charging up the hill.

"Winston, you take care of that annoying b\*stard, while I deal with his lackeys."

At that moment, Stellario was already surrounded by werewolves. Nevertheless, his seemingly omnipresent parasites allowed him to stand toe to toe with more than ten enemies in battle.

When Winston looked in Stellario's direction, he could see a mist of black parasites covering an area with a radius of tens of meters. Every single werewolf within it was grimacing in excruciating pain.

At the same time, Winston could clearly sense that Stellario's spiritual energy was declining at a rapid pace.

Parasites formed the backbone of the Mallory family's secret technique. Stellario's deadly parasites, in particular, were reared within the flesh and blood of his body. Under normal circumstances, he needed to consume medication on a fixed schedule to suppress their growth, rendering them dormant.

However, in a battle, the Mallory family would use their spiritual energy to reinvigorate the parasites, causing them to grow at an uncontrollable rate to kill their enemies en masse.

The massive supply of spiritual energy needed to sustain the technique was why Stellario's reserves were being depleted at a furious pace.

With the flash of a blade, the head of the werewolf in front of him was severed in two.

Winston leaped over a group of werewolves and continued dashing up the hill.

"Cover me!" Winston roared. He held up his spirit shield, and the rust on his billhook gradually fell off the blade and was quickly replaced with waves of murderous aura.

Following closely behind him was a swarm of parasites. When one of the werewolves leaped into the air and aimed his claw at the back of Winston's head, he was pulled back the moment he extended his hand.

Bang!

There was an earth-shattering rumble, and the werewolf disintegrated into a blood mist as if he was a watermelon being smashed onto the ground. Other than a severed leg, blood and mush were all that remained.

With his right arm crawling with parasites, Stellario stared at the leg he was holding and scoffed, "You're no match for me, weakling."

Whoosh! Whoosh!

All of a sudden, two werewolf claws struck one after another. With a tilt of his body, the parasite swarm he unleashed engulfed the two attackers like a hurricane.

"Get out of my way!"

Stellario popped a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill into his mouth as he somersaulted forward to catch up with Winston.

The two wielded the power of Divine Realm cultivators. Winston's sharp blade cut down anyone in his path, while Stellario's parasites showed no mercy to the werewolves who approached.

In a very short time, both of them arrived in front of the man in a robe.  
“Damn it. I’m going to kill you for tailing me all the way!”

Stellario leaped into the air and shot out a black line from his hands. It turned out to be a small yet slick-looking black baby snake.

“Holy shit!”

Even though Winston was someone who had seen it all, he still cowered in fear when he saw the snake flying past him.

The snake was no ordinary venomous creature. Legend had it that it was one of the Mallory family’s trump cards that were handed down through the generations, where even a Divine Realm cultivator couldn’t survive its bite.

Ten years ago, when the eight respectable families attacked the Whitley family in concert, the patriarch of the Whitley family, who happened to be a Divine Realm cultivator, had been killed by the venom from such a snake.

Given the extreme toxicity of snake venom, he melted into a pool of blood within the span of a few breaths.

After dodging to the side, Winston gave Stellario a grim look.  
“This isn’t the Black Serpent God. Its venom is less deadly.” Stellario felt obliged to explain after seeing Winston’s evasive maneuver.

Winston used his spiritual sense on the snake, and his face clouded over.

So, Black Serpent God is the black snake that killed the patriarch of the Whitley family. Because of his age, he was already old enough to participate in that fateful battle ten years ago.

Although he didn’t engage the patriarch directly in battle, he did manage to catch a glimpse of the snake at the scene.

Both snakes were similar in appearance, but there was a meaningful difference in their size.

Even then, Winston was filled with caution. Wherever the snake crawled over, one could see the growing decay left in its trail. As for the werewolves that it passed swiftly by, their limbs had begun to change color.

This little snake is extremely venomous!  
Following closely behind it, Winston cut down the werewolf in front of him and arrived in front of the robed man.

As the man's robes fluttered in the wind, he reached out his hand, which was covered by a black glove. In one swift motion, he grabbed the approaching black snake.

"You're done for!"

Stellario obviously knew the venomous creatures he kept very well. The sight of the man grabbing the black snake brought an elated look to his face.

However, it was then that the robed man landed on the ground and finally revealed his true face.

An Adrunian man with blond hair and a high nose?

At the sight of the man dressed in a suit and holding a walking stick in his left hand, Stellario and Winston backed away by reflex upon sensing danger.

Right then, there was silence.

As the venomous black snake writhed violently in the man's grasp, he tightened his grip abruptly, squeezing blood out of the snake's mouth. Just like that, its life was ended by the man.

"Is that all your snake is capable of?" Winston asked with a snort as he crouched down before unleashing a kick at one of the werewolves.

Stellario responded with a deep frown.

"This doesn't make sense! I've been feeding Blackie poisonous creatures ever since it was young. Even I have to be careful raising it despite being its master. Why isn't he dead after coming into contact with Blackie's blood?"

Stellario unleashed his spiritual sense in the direction of the Adrunian man's arm.

Skin... Flesh... There are no blood vessels... Metal skeleton...

"He's using prosthetic implants!"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 703 -

### Chapter 703 Mass Producing Grandmasters

Under normal circumstances, a cultivator's body was protected by their spiritual energy and sense, so their opponent's spiritual sense couldn't penetrate through the layers of shield easily.

However, the mysterious Adrunian's right arm was entirely exposed when Winston and Stellario checked him out using their spiritual sense.

That's a fake arm!

"Damn it!"

Seeing how the Black Serpent God he had raised for over twenty years died because of a fake arm, Stellario couldn't help but feel the rage boiling within his chest.

Blackie is one of my trump cards. There's no cure once someone is bitten by Blackie, yet it's dead just like that.

Stellario felt as if all his effort of raising the serpent had gone down the drain.

"I'm going to kill you to avenge Blackie!"

He thrust his right arm, prompting a multitude of parasites to envelop his body and launching him toward the top of the hill rapidly.

"Burning flames, please light up this cold night sky!"

The Adrunian man stood atop the hill and sounded as though he was muttering or chanting. As he brandished the staff in his hand, red-lined patterns glowed on the stick like flowing lava.

The next moment, towering flames erupted.

The heatwave spread across the entire summit. Subsequently, Stellario's parasites fell onto the snowfield one after another after getting burned.

"Take this!" Winston yelled and forcefully swung the billhook in his hand.

A mighty sword energy dashed in the Adrunian man's direction, cutting the blazing flame into half and allowing Stellario to take a breather.

"You're the man, Winston!" Stellario shouted at Winston.

Nevertheless, Stellario's body, covered in black insects, was still an unbearable sight to take in.

Over a hundred werewolves surrounded them while a seemingly endless army of werewolves continued pouring in from the hill.

The insects on Stellario's body fell to the ground one after the other. Those parasites required a stringent environment to survive. Once their spiritual energy supply was cut off, they would die shortly.

Holding a knife, Stellario stood back to back with Winston.

"Winston, do you have any trump card left? Our enemies are outnumbering us by a large margin."

Winston ignored Stellario. Instead, he turned to stare at the Adrunian man.  
“Are you a wizard?”

“Wizard?” Stellario looked at Winston. “Is that a real thing? Are you sure you’re not talking about a magician?”

Winston uttered solemnly, “They’re real. We refer to the naturally-occurring energy as spiritual energy. In Adrune, this energy is called magic, while those from Jetroina termed this as vital energy. Since cultivators from different nations explored and utilized spiritual energy in different manners, multiple teachings were established. Wizards are the main spiritual energy users in Adrune.”

The Adrunian man nodded with a smile after listening to Winston’s description.

“The people from the mysterious country, Chanaea, are indeed experienced and knowledgeable. This is truly a little out of my expectation.” He approached Stellario and Winston as he spoke. “Let me introduce myself. I am an Archmage from Rodunst, which is a rank equivalent to God Realm in your cultivation system. My name is Charleigh.”

“Rodunst?” Winston frowned. “As far as I’m concerned, Rodunst and Remdik have always been hostile to one another, so why are you here?”

“It’s a long story.” Swarmed by the werewolves, Charleigh walked into the encirclement, seemingly taking a trip down memory lane. “The current society is no longer the same as the conservative imperial dynasty a few hundred years ago. We can’t withstand the bombardment of a cannonball even after cultivating for decades. We now live in a technological era, and I’ve always wondered why we can’t create a link between technology and cultivators. Therefore, I began carrying out a large number of experiments. However, these experiments seemed to have gone against the benefits of the aristocrats in Rodunst. Hence, I had no choice but to escape to Remdik.”  
Stellario was slightly dazed, listening to Charleigh.

“Experiment? What kind of experiment?”

“I dissected wizards to observe the changes in their bodies after they cultivated and compared the differences to a normal human being’s body.”

“Are you saying that you dissected living humans?” Stellario asked while staring at the gentle-looking man in bewilderment.

“What else could it be? How could I study the flow of magic if I dissected corpses?”  
Charleigh uttered righteously.

Stellario and Winston felt their scalps tingle.

They couldn’t help but tighten their grips around the weapons in their hands.

In their opinion, dissecting living humans was a purely insane activity, regardless of the circumstances.

Members of the Mallory family were brutal, as they fancied implanting insects in their bodies.

Still, no matter how cruel they might be, their acts were directed at themselves. In comparison, Charleigh was no different from a lunatic.

Although Charleigh didn't elaborate, it was apparent that he had kidnapped and experimented on numerous members of the aristocracy.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been hunted to the extent of having to flee to an enemy country to stay alive.

However, unbeknownst to Stellario and Winston, although most people couldn't accept Charleigh's worldview, there was an exception. Living a few thousand kilometers away inside Edenic Heights of Tayhaven in Chanaea, Jason, whose chest was covered in bandages, was electrocuting the cultivators sent by the Osborne family previously.

If Jason were made aware of Charleigh's existence, he would be determined to collaborate with the latter in all kinds of experiments no matter the challenges he had to take on.

"Others hunted you for messing around in Rodunst. Isn't there anyone who cares what you do in Remdik?" Stellario asked Charleigh with his brows knitted. To him, Charleigh's doings were beyond inhumane.

The act of experimenting on a living person was as evil as the art of demonic cultivation as recorded in ancient books, which utilized the blood essence of living humans to cultivate.

"Not only do they not care about what I do, but I've also acquired enormous support," Charleigh chirped politely. "Take a look at your surroundings. These are all my creations. They are the perfect product after combining technology and cultivators. My medicine can allow cultivators in the Superior Realm to break through the restrictions of their limitations to become such formidable warriors."

Winston and Stellario glanced around as clarity washed over them. At that instant, they finally knew how Remdik acquired so many beast-like cultivators.

Although there were individuals capable of temporarily transforming themselves into beasts in Chanaea, the conditions to do so were usually highly severe.

Some might even require the additional support of having suitable bloodlines.

However, in Remdik, werewolves flooded every corner of the nation. And all of that was brought about by Charleigh.

Grandmaster Realm was a critical and transitional phase for cultivators. Once a cultivator attained that level, they could manipulate the spiritual energy around them and become entirely free from the constraints faced by mortals.

However, high-level cultivators like that were extremely rare.

Even the eight respectable families couldn't amass such a terrifying combat force with their solid foundation.

On the other hand, Superior Realm cultivators could be trained.

Any cultivators with sufficient high-quality cultivating resources could be promoted to Superior Realm regardless of their innate qualities.

If Charleigh's transformation technique was brought into play, Grandmasters could be mass-produced.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 704 -

### Chapter 704 Blood Ritual

Stellario began to process the thought. He drew his body away, creating a motion-blurring effect that extended for several meters.

Winston, too, did the same.

After exchanging glances, they noticed a murderous intent in their eyes.

They might have allied with Kathleen to protect Killian, but their main intention was to get their hands on Karl's Eastern Army.

In other words, they were merely doing this to destroy the five respectable families and seize all their resources.

Being in the same camp did not mean they would put the shared interest above all else.

After all, Stellario and Winston wished to rise to the top and become the most powerful entity in the country.

The tripartite alliance might be stable, but it was merely based on a mutual agreement.

No one would want to share their resources with others if they could become the supreme power of them all.

Charleigh's technology would be the game changer that could transform the entire situation in Chanaea.

All the respectable families might not be able to cultivate warriors of Grandmaster Realm, but they could do so with those of Superior Realm.

Since only Stellario and Winston knew about this, they would fight each other to the death to secure an exclusive partnership with Charleigh.

The winner would then take control over Chanaea.

Upon noticing the murderous look in their eyes, both men activated their spiritual energy in secret.

It was common for cultivators to team up if they shared the same goal. Even Jonathan and the Osborne family were willing to put the past behind them and work closely together.

Likewise, allies would also turn against each other to defend their personal interests.

At that point, Charleigh stepped in and said with a faint smile, "Gentlemen, my research on Grandmaster Realm is almost complete. I'm curious to find out how different the body condition of a God Realm cultivator is from those in Grandmaster Realm."

"Unfortunately, I can't run my experiment on the God Realm cultivators in Remdik as they are protected. That's why I need your help. But please don't fight too aggressively, okay? I don't want my test subject to be severely injured," Charleigh said in a gentlemanly fashion while bowing respectfully before them.

Yet, the Wolver Army standing behind Charleigh was not as amicable.

"Charge!" Winston roared and slashed a few werewolves in half.

Stellario was exceptionally quiet. After stomping on the ground, a gigantic centipede burst through the surface, crawled upward, and enveloped Stellario's body.

Howl!

While the wolf cries reverberated through the sky, more and more palm-sized centipedes broke through the soil.

The giant centipede that had wrapped itself around Stellario stung his body with its appendages.

“Blood ritual!” Stellario uttered calmly.

“Deadly Venom!” he exclaimed.

At that time, the hill had turned into a battlefield.

Hundreds and thousands of Wolver Army dashed to the epicenter of the combat zone.

Centipedes were seen crawling all over the werewolves that had made it to the center of the battleground.

Even Winston could only defend himself against the arthropod’s attack using his spiritual energy. “Stellario, remove all the centipedes from my body, or I won’t show you any mercy anymore!”

“It’s beyond my control!” Stellario said while gritting his teeth. “Run now if you don’t want to die. You’ll be severely injured if I take the blood ritual to the next level. And if that happens, don’t blame me for killing you!”

Winston tilted his head to look at Stellario. He noticed Stellario’s face had turned pale, whereas the centipede on his body began coming to life.

His face turned grim when he saw the wriggly claws on the centipede. He instantly turned around and ran down the hill without hesitation.

“The invincible three as one. Charge!” While running, Winston took out three sandalwood sticks, crushed them into a powder, and sprinkled it in the sky.

After activating his spiritual energy and spewing some blood essence into the sandalwood powder, a semi-transparent headless giant appeared in the air.

Summoning The Celestial Beings was the Leeson’s family most powerful martial arts technique. It was also one of the techniques Winston used to escape life-threatening situations. I can’t believe I had to resort to this to escape the attack.

Nonetheless, he had no regrets, as he could tell a destructive disaster was brewing. “Charge!”

The headless warrior stood before an army of werewolves like a giant tank and flung them away.

All of a sudden, Stellario let out a miserable roar.

The centipede that crawled all over the werewolf in front of Winston turned into blood vapor.

After a loud howl, the werewolf realized half of his face had rotted.

Feeling miserable, he ripped the other side of his face off with its claws, revealing his skull that had turned black. After struggling to gasp for air for a few seconds, the creature collapsed and died before Winston's eyes.

The same happened to all the werewolves that surrounded Stellario.

Winston bellowed with all his might as he continued expanding his spirit shield.

The moment the centipede that had latched itself to the spirit shield exploded, the headless giant immediately grabbed Winston's leg and tossed him down the hill.

The wind whistled past Winston's ears. At that point, he had lost his connection to his spiritual energy.

Meanwhile, a blanket of blood-red mist overshadowed the entire hilltop.

Winston knocked against an old tree some ten meters away and fell to the ground.

Suddenly, a gigantic centipede was seen crawling out of the mist and down the hill rapidly.

Its movement was so fast that the forest started rumbling. Clearly, the red centipede that had injected its appendages into Stellario's body was fleeing the combat zone.

Upon noticing that, Winston hopped up and followed the creature. Seeing Stellario in such a vulnerable state ignited his killer instinct.

Had Stellario not used his secret martial art technique to deal with the hundreds of Wolver Army earlier, they would have died in the wild.

Even if they had survived the attack, Charleigh would still use them as his lab rats when they had exhausted their spiritual energy.

Nonetheless, the fact that Stellario had saved his life did not deter Winston from wanting to kill him. Determined to take Stellario down, Winston tightened his grip on his cleaver.

That was because Stellario would become a threat to the Leeson family, not forgetting what he could do with Charleigh's technology should he get his hands on it.

The blood ritual Stellario performed on the hill had wiped out at least three hundred werewolves, and that was quite a feat.

Moreover, Stellario was thirty years younger than Winston, even though they were both God Realm cultivators. I must end Stellario's life before he continues to develop his potential and skills. He will become a threat if I let him off now. Why should I care about him since we're no longer on the same page? He's of no use to me anymore, anyway. Once I win Kathleen and Killian over and take control of the Eastern Army, I'll figure out a way to get in touch with Charleigh.

Meanwhile, an explosion occurred on the hill.

Charleigh walked out of the scene as sparks continued flickering around him.

Crack!

Suddenly, the emerald ring on his finger cracked, disarming the defense formation.

“I have to hand it to these Chanaean cultivators. Their ever-changing skills are just fascinating.” Charleigh waved his hand while watching Stellario and Winston leave.

“Now, all the poisoned werewolves, please hop into the fire. The rest, come with me.”

Upon hearing Charleigh’s instruction, over a hundred werewolves leaped into the fire.

Over the other side of the hill, more werewolves had quietly gathered around Charleigh, occupying the entire slope.