

The Legendary Man Chapter 711 -

Chapter 711 Restrained

Winston's words made the atmosphere tense.

Stellario was quietly shifting his position beside Jonathan. Although he was wearing a smile on his face, bugs were already crawling on the tip of his fingers.

Jonathan then spread his spiritual sense a hundred meters radius wide.

At the same time, he tossed out something that glinted. The spiritual force field before Stellario rose and stopped the cold glinting item from reaching him.

That was his knife.

"Are you sure you want to fight me?" Jonathan asked, chuckling. "Karl will be here to pick up his son soon. Do you think you'll be able to kill me before Karl comes?"

"So what if Karl doesn't agree to this?" Kathleen let out a laugh. "We have his son, and Karl's a smart man. I'm sure he knows which side he should choose by then."

"But how are you planning to threaten the other two people into submission?" Jonathan asked.

"The other two people?"

A confused look crept onto Winston's face.

However, in the next second, he turned to his right.

There were strong fluctuations of spiritual energy coming from that direction, and not just one. Instead, there were three.

Winston was not the only one who sensed the spiritual energies rapidly closing in. Kathleen and Stellario sensed them too.

Then, three figures leaped above the mountain across from them, unleashing a shockwave that shook the surrounding trees.

In mere seconds, the three newcomers landed right before their eyes.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Karl and the other two had arrived.

The moment their feet touched the ground, they whipped out their weapons—a glinting spear, a long sword, and a bent saber.

The tables had once again turned after their appearance.

Kathleen, Stellario, and Winston had surrounded Jonathan, but Karl, Sirius, and Xavion who emerged a little later ended up encircling Kathleen and company.

"They're the ones I'm talking about," Jonathan told Winston as he continued smiling.

"You can use the child to force Karl to make the choice you want him to, but you have nothing to manipulate Sirius and Xavion with."

"You're going to use the boy to force him into taking your side?" Sirius pointed his spear at Kathleen. "I dare you to try it."

Sirius had promised Karl that he would help rescue Karl's son, and he was not going to go back on his words.

There was no way he was going to let anyone use the child as a bargaining chip; he was going to make sure that Killian would return to Chanaea safe and sound.

A murderous look emerged in Sirius' eyes. Even though he was not a man of many words, he was absolutely merciless when he made up his mind.

"Kathleen, hand Killian and Layla over to me," Karl said as he walked over to the woman, saber in hand. "I'll remember the favor you've done me."

"I don't want you to owe me any favors."

By then, Kathleen had already grabbed Killian and lifted him off the ground.

"I want your Eastern Army to work for the Henderson family!"

"The Henderson family?" Winston interrupted with a knit of his brows.

"Kathleen, our three families are in an alliance. Why must the Eastern Army only work for your family?"

"He's right," Stellario said, his expression dark as he played with his knife. "Didn't we say we're going to do this together? Either we share the Eastern Army, or none of us will get it at all."

As he spoke, Stellario had started gesturing a technique with his right hand. The murderous intent in the air was palpable by then.

As Jonathan had been using his spiritual sense to engulf his surroundings, he instantly noticed Stellario's technique activation and pointed Heaven Sword at him.

The second Stellario noticed Jonathan's sword pointing at him, he stopped moving his fingers. A cold look appeared in his eyes instead.

"What are you trying to do, Jonathan Goldstein?"

“Nothing, really,” Jonathan muttered. “Xavion said that you’ll surely do something to Killian since you’ve all reached an agreement. I didn’t believe it at the start because who would do anything to a kid that young? But that gesture you’re making... Why does it look like it’s a Meadyon gesture meant to trigger the action of a parasite? Move again, and I’ll incapacitate you.”

At that, Stellario glared at Killian and slowly separated his right index and middle fingers from his thumb.

Even though he was irked by how Kathleen wished to dispossess the entirety of Karl’s Eastern Army for her own family, killing Killian now would make Karl attack him like a rabid dog.

Furthermore, Karl had Jonathan and Sirius by his side. No matter how capable Stellario was, he would not be able to escape the place alive.

“What have you done to Killian?”

By then, Karl was already crouching before his wife and checking over her.

Kathleen and the others let him be, for Layla was not their main target. Killian was still the most key person to them.

At that moment, facing the threat posed by Jonathan and Sirius, Kathleen and her two comrades had once again aligned themselves with one another, prepared to fight.

“It’s nothing much,” Winston started in a low voice. “Stellario has planted a Reaper Parasite in him while Kathleen and I have both given him a blood curse each. It’s best if you stay in your spot and don’t do anything reckless, or else we’ll kill him before you can even get the chance to blink.”

Two blood curses and one Reaper Parasite. The mere mention of that would send chills running down anyone’s spine.

Even cultivators would be at risk of dying or becoming someone else’s puppet if either one of those things were planted in their bodies.

Yet, Killian, a seven-year-old boy, was currently carrying three of those things.

“How can you bring yourself to do that to him?” Karl snarled in a gruff voice as he gripped Layla’s wrist, continuously transferring pure spiritual energy into her body to revitalize her.

In the meantime, Jonathan was silently activating his Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

“Hand over the boy and remove the blood curses and parasite from him. Then, I’ll let the three of you go.”

Kathleen scoffed upon hearing that.

“Asura, do you think the three of us can leave if we do as you said?”

As Kathleen spoke, a thread from her fan’s tassel extended and wrapped around Killian’s neck.

“Karl, I’ll only ask you two questions. Will you stick to your promise? Will the Eastern Army be ours to use?”

Once Karl sensed Layla’s vital signs stabilizing, he slowly rose to his feet.

“If you remove the parasite and the blood curses, the Eastern Army will be yours to command.”

“No can do,” Stellario hissed. “I’ll be frank with you. Regardless of whether or not the blood curses can be undone, my parasite will never be removed. This is how I’m going to keep you under my control.”

Then, still fiddling with the knife in his hand, Stellario turned to Jonathan and said, “Come at me if you dare. I’ll kill him right away. We’re in a stalemate now, but you must know who’s going to be the victor.”

“Then die.”

With that, Sirius shot out his spear as he dashed toward Stellario.

At that, Stellario began gesturing a technique with his hand, his expression cold and devoid of fear.

Right as Sirius’ spear was about to reach Stellario, a figure suddenly streaked past.

Clink! came the sound of a saber and a blade meeting.

Karl was right in front of Sirius, blocking the blade of Sirius’ spear from striking down Stellario.

“Sirius, I’ll keep in mind the favor you’ve done for me,” Karl started with a wry smile. “But I can’t just watch as my son die here.”

“If you compromise, you’ll never be able to disengage yourself from this situation anymore,” Sirius remarked. “Are you sure this is what you want?”

“Yes.”

In response, Sirius retracted his spear and slowly retreated.

“I’ve agreed to help you find the boy, and that’s what we’ve done. Since you’ve made up your mind, note that I will not show any mercy when we meet again. Farewell.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 712 -

Chapter 712 Slaughter

Sirius left without any hesitation at all.

Standing behind him, Xavion scoffed, “What a pretentious *ss. He’s acting as if everyone owes him money.”

Being a man of integrity, Sirius was sincere in wanting to help Karl save the child, but the latter stopped him from doing it.

Jonathan couldn’t intervene at this time, so he could only direct his gaze at Karl.

“Mr. Goldstein…”

There was a hint of apology in Karl’s eyes as he looked back at Jonathan.

“This is your own issue, so make the choice on your own.”

Jonathan stepped back and stood beside Xavion.

Meanwhile, Karl turned to Stellario, Winston, and Kathleen.

“I, Karl Hamilton, swear on my cultivation that Eastern Army will be at your disposal as long as you ensure Killian’s safety. If I break my promise, I’ll die a horrible death.”

Right after Karl said that, his face flushed red. He spat out a mouthful of blood, which dissipated into the air.

Swearing on one’s cultivation was a kind of vow unique to cultivators.

Since cultivators absorbed energy from the heavens and earth, their vows were unlike that of ordinary people. If they broke their promises, they would actually get punished.

As such, cultivators with higher cultivation levels were normally more taciturn.

Some people may accuse them of being pretentious after rising in ranks, but they were actually keeping quiet to avoid getting themselves into trouble.

When the trio heard such a dangerous vow from Karl, they were stunned.

Although Karl bet his own life on it so resolutely, he did not specify what he meant by wanting them to ensure Killian's safety.

Even if the three of them did nothing about the parasite and the blood curses on Killian, it wouldn't be considered an act of hurting the boy.

Kathleen looked at Stellario and then at Winston. She let go of Killian, allowing him to be carried back to Karl by her spiritual energy.

"Remember what you said. Otherwise, we can take Killian's life anytime," Stellario warned Karl calmly.

Turning around, he leaped forward and landed in a spot twenty meters away.

Kathleen and Winston followed suit, and the three figures soon disappeared into the forest.

"They're probably going after Sirius," Xavion remarked with an amused chuckle.

Seeing Xavion's reaction, Jonathan sighed helplessly. "Does the Osborne family have no other God Realm cultivators? Why did they make a chatterbox like you come?"

Then, Jonathan walked over to Karl and felt Killian's forehead. It was burning hot.

"It's not a big deal. Just heal him with spiritual energy and let him rest for a few days, and he'll be fine."

Karl nodded tearfully. As he looked at Killian, guilt and regret were written all over his face.

With a soft wave of his hand, Jonathan used his spiritual energy to carry the unconscious Layla to his side.

"It's time we conclude our trip here. We've got to settle our scores once we return to Doveston."

Naturally, Jonathan was referring to the issue regarding Northern Crimson Prison.

Just like what he had said before, there was no room for negotiation in the matter concerning Mysonna.

Although Jonathan personally knew Karl, the latter had to die for what he did to Asura's Office.

With a sigh, Xavion approached Jonathan.

"Jonathan, I suggest you leave Karl alone in the meantime."

"This is about Asura's Office. I don't think the Osborne family has a say in this," Jonathan retorted with a frown.

Currently, Karl was being used by the Henderson family, the Leeson family, and the Mallory family, who had formed an alliance.

If Jonathan killed Karl, he would be eliminating the useful aide of the three families.

This should be good news to the five respectable families including the Osborne family, so it wouldn't make sense for them to object to the idea.

However, Xavion was staring at Jonathan with furrowed brows at the moment.

The former uttered, "I know what you mean, but thanks to this Prince of Diyouli whom you crowned, things between the eight respectable families have become overly complicated. No one knows how strong the alliance between the Hendersons, the Leesons, and the Mallorys is, but there is no way the other five families will join hands with each other."

As Xavion spoke, he looked extremely worried.

"The Salladay family is the most powerful one among the eight respectable families, and they have already struck a deal with Wilbur. On the other hand, my family is tied to Asura's Office. Do you think the remaining three families will work with us? If my guess is correct, these five respectable families may act like they're one against the Hendersons, the Leeson, and the Mallorys, but I'm sure the Blackwoods, the Welshes, and the Grays will follow in the former three's footsteps and form an alliance. Only by doing that would they be able to suppress the Osborne family and the strongest Salladay family."

At that, Xavion turned to Jonathan and Karl before suddenly breaking into a grin.

"I've got to admit the four of you are impressive."

"The four of us?" Jonathan asked curiously.

"You, Karl, Wilbur, and Joshua," Xavion enumerated while raising four fingers.

"Chanaea was under the nine respectable families' control for centuries, yet the eight families used only thirty years to successfully bring down and divide the strongest

Whitley family. We all know that something like this will happen again, but we didn't expect to be lured into a trap set by four outsiders. Joshua's patience, Wilbur's ruthlessness, Karl's recklessness, and your deviousness—you guys never discussed it with each other, but you ultimately brought about this grand scheme. Even with their centuries' worth of legacy, the eight respectable families unknowingly came to this point under your influence. There's no need to rush. Just wait and see—because of the four of you, the conflict between the eight respectable families has come to a point of no return. The slaughter is about to begin.”

After a short pause, Xavion concluded, “Come on, let's return to Chanaea now and watch the show. Let us find out who will be the last man standing.”

At the military camp in Fort Valance, Remdik, Alexander was being treated in the emergency room.

Having entered a frenzied state, Jonathan had shattered Alexander's right shoulder with the flaming stick.

The degree of his injury was critical even for a Grandmaster Realm cultivator.

At the moment, the best doctor in Remdik was operating on Alexander.

Soon, the red light outside the emergency room turned green. When the door opened, Vicador and the two others hurried over.

“Doctor, how is he?”

“Alexander is terribly injured. His lungs are severely damaged, and as for his bones, I could only return the bigger pieces in place and leave the tiny remnants in his flesh. Both Alexander and Antoine require the tsar's holy water to recover. Other than that, there is nothing else we can do.”

While the doctor explained, the weak whirring noise of a propeller sounded outside. “Aidan, go and check out what's going on,” instructed Vicador solemnly.

However, before Aidan could move, the voice of an old man sounded in the hospital corridor.

“It's me.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 713 -

Chapter 713 Two Thousand Years

Even Vicador was slightly taken aback when he heard the voice.

Turning his head around, he saw an old man with a big, bushy beard in a suit slowly walking over from the end of the corridor.

“Grandpa!” shouted Antoine the moment he noticed the elderly man.

Vicador and Aidan, who dared not take the matter lightly, also trotted over to bow respectfully to the old man. “Greetings, Mr. Ivanov!”

Not only was the elderly man before them of high status, but he also had an aura so intense that people would be compelled to kneel before him.

Ivanov, who had saved Antoine at River Onxy with just an illusionary clone, was one of the four Divine Realm experts of Remdik.

If he wanted to, he could kill the people in front of him in just the blink of an eye.

The tsar would not bat an eye even if Vicador, the general of the Remdikian Southern Army, died, much less Aidan of the Medved Army.

Slap!

After sending Vicador violently into the wall, Ivanov slowly retracted his hand. There was nothing but indifference and stillness in his eyes. “Do you know why you were hit, Vicador?”

“I do, Sir,” replied Vicador tremblingly after getting up. “We ruined the tsar’s plan and hindered the Remdikian army from entering Doveston because we rushed to see Jonathan.”

“So you’re well aware,” stated Ivanov calmly before swiftly pulling a gold bottle out of his storage ring. “This is the holy water I got from the tsar. You and Alexander should tend to your wounds first.” After handing the bottle to Antoine, Ivanov shifted his attention back to Vicador. “The Chanaean cultivators who entered Remdik got away, didn’t they?” “We only managed to kill one because they were too many of them. We would’ve died if we had taken them head-on. Jonathan was the worst among them; he was able to use Pryncyp to—”

Before Vicador could finish his explanation, Ivanov gestured for him to stop. “I don’t want to hear your nonsense. I’ll deal with Jonathan. The reason I’m here is to inform you of the tsar’s decision. From this day onward, you’ll be relieved of your position as the general of the Remdikian Southern Army and become an advisor to the Medved Army instead. You’ll take Alexander’s place until he recovers. In addition, Charleigh’s troop has suffered heavy losses after running into the Chanaean cultivators, so you’re to pick the Superior Realm cultivators from the Medved Army, Snow Wolf Army, and the other two troops and send them to Charleigh’s laboratory.”

“Are we sending people there again?” Aidan lifted his head to question Ivanov, who then attacked him with immense spiritual energy by just giving him a look.

Immediately, Aidan vomited a mouthful of blood and collapsed to the ground, feeling as if he was hit with a sledgehammer.

“Don’t question the tsar’s decision unless you wish to die.”

“Yes, Sir...” responded Aidan in pain while lying on the ground.

As for Vicador, who was next to Aidan, he dared not even look up.

“You’ve probably gotten too comfortable being in charge of the borders of Merania and Chanaea. If this happens again, I’ll save the tsar the trouble and kill you myself,” said Ivanov as he slowly walked past the two.

“Let us send you off, Mr. Ivanov.”

Meanwhile, in the depths of Delisgar Ridge, Joshua finally broke into a smile when he looked at the slightly glowing ring on his finger.

“This is it,” said Joshua standing on a large rock with Hayden looking the worse for wear next to him.

“I suggest you stop trying to fool me, Joshua. You have eight respectable families coming after you. Only we, the Zinks, are on your side, but you’ll have nobody if you keep stringing me along,” Hayden uttered in a deep voice, wrapped in bear skin. “Even though we’re not a respectable family yet, we know much about one. It’s basic that ancestral land has sufficient spiritual energy and is suitable for cultivation. Just look at this place. It’s completely devoid of spiritual energy. Are you sure this is your family’s ancestral land?”

“Positive,” replied Joshua with a burst of hearty laughter. “What you have in mind about ancestral land being filled with spiritual energy is nonsense! When we enter my family’s ancestral land, I’ll show you what a real paradise is like.”

When Hayden heard that, he moved closer to Joshua. “I know all ancestral lands are protected, but I’ve never seen someone locked out of their own family’s. When will we be able to enter? Is there a specific day?”

Joshua shook his head. “Nobody knows when that is. Not even my ancestors knew, much less me.”

“Damn it!” cursed Hayden while throwing the bear skin on him away before jumping three feet high in anger. “You’re toying with me, aren’t you, Joshua? I thought the method of entering the ancestral land was lost because your family got wiped out, but

now you're telling me that not even your ancestors knew about it? How does that make any sense? You're testing my patience here, Joshua, and it's about to run out!" He swiftly pulled out a mysterious-looking chain that was more than one meter long and had electricity flashing across it.

Joshua's pupils immediately constricted when he felt the pressure coming from the chain. "That's Pryncyp. Where did you get that?"

"That's none of your business," responded Hayden coldly. "I'm giving you one last chance, Joshua. Can you enter the Whitley family's ancestral land or not?"

"I can."

"How?"

"Wait," answered Joshua calmly. "We wait for the ancestral land to open by itself."

"Why you little..." Hayden got so upset that he was ready to bind Joshua with his chain, yet Joshua remained as calm as the sea.

"Hayden, you only have two options. Either you choose to believe me, or you kill me. However, even with your Pryncyp weapon, I doubt you have what it takes to do that."

"I can wait, but how long will it take?" questioned Hayden, holding his chain with murderous intent in his eyes.

"Maybe a day, maybe a year. There's no way to tell," replied Joshua coldly.

Hayden tightened his grip on the chain but eventually took a deep breath and sat cross-legged beside Joshua. "Joshua, my family will be wiped out should anybody discover that I've helped you escape. I'll kill you if that happens."

"Don't worry. After you enter the ancestral land with me, I'll ensure your family answers to one person only in Chanaea," promised Joshua with a smile as he gazed at the snow in the distance, filled with excitement. Two thousand years ago, my ancestors left our real ancestral land and entered Chanaea to build our family. After two thousand years, the ancestral land is finally about to open again!

The Legendary Man Chapter 714 -

Chapter 714

Twenty-five kilometers south of River Onxy, in the Eastern Army barracks, Killian and Layla had already settled down in the medical room.

"Karl, let Layla and Killian come with me.

I'll have Dark Special Forces ensure their safety, uttered Jonathan in the commander's tent while eating roast beef.

Sitting opposite the man was Karl, still enjoying his baked sweet potatoes.

Jonathan slowly lifted his head when he did not get a response from Karl and put down his fork and knife after seeing the potato in Karl's hand.

Since Jonathan first got to the Eastern Army barracks, Karl had been busy doing nothing but chowing down potatoes

Even after he had returned from Remdik, Karl was still eating.

Jonathan knew Karl was both regretting and pleading for mercy.

Back when they were on Mount Tigris in Doveston, Jonathan and the other core members of Asura's Office had been

surrounded by their enemies and had almost starved to death.

The only reason they had survived was that Karl had found sweet potatoes for the Asura's Office members.

After pushing his beef aside, Jonathan gazed at Karl and sighed. "I'm not heartless, Karl, but I can't appease those fifty thousand people with you still alive."

"I understand what you're saying, and I'm sorry, Mr. Goldstein. However, I can't surrender my life to you just yet."

"Is there something worrying you?" inquired Jonathan in a deep voice.

"A war is about to break out. As a soldier, I should die on the battlefield, not here." Karl stood up and placed the potato in his hand on the table. "Mr. Goldstein, you can't change generals just before a battle. The Eastern Army needs me."

"The Eastern Army can do without anyone!" With a slight wave of Jonathan's right hand, the silver fork on the table ended up plunged into the baked sweet potato in front of Karl. "If it weren't for

what happened in the past, do you think you'd still be breathing now, Karl? You don't care about the fifty thousand of Mysonna, but what about Sabino? Do you not care about him too? Because of your foolish decision, all fifty elites in the Blood Squad died in Remdik. Did you see how painful Sabino's death was? Do you have any idea how many families got torn apart because of you? Those are living, breathing human beings, not just casualties of war. I know you had something in mind when you made a vow to

Kathleen. The vow ensures that you, not the Eastern Army, obey the three-family alliance. Give up your military power now. Don't force my hand."

Boom!

Spiritual power began to fill the entire tent as Jonathan covered a five-meter radius with his force field, where everything inside would be under his control.

Jonathan was ready to take up arms and deal with Karl.

"Protect the commander!" shouted someone before the tent got pulled apart in four directions.

Shocked, Karl swept his gaze around and realized that four military Jeeps had attached traction ropes to the four corners of the tent.

The four vehicles drove away, each dragging a fragment of the large tent.

Dominick and his troop had their guns trained on Jonathan from thirty meters away.

"Sniper rifles, submachine guns, grenades, rocket launchers..

" Jonathan chuckled as

he counted the troop's weapons one by one. "Is this your plan, Karl?"

Boiling with anger, Karl dashed past

Dominick's gun to confront his lieutenant.

"What do you think you're doing,

Dominick? Who gave you the order to do this?"

Karl got so upset that his aura intensified to the point that Dominick had trouble breathing, even though the lieutenant's cultivation level had reached Superior Realm.

"Nobody ordered me to do so!" Dominick's eyes seemed calm despite the redness of his face. "We've been through so much together over the years, Boss. We won't allow anyone to kill you."

"That's right. We won't allow it!" A deafening roar immediately resounded throughout the surrounding.

Even though those in the troop knew that Jonathan was Asura, they still pointed their weapons at him. It was obvious that they were ready to die for Karl.

Jonathan's eyes were full of admiration as he looked at the surrounding soldiers with a smile.

"Very good! Apparently, a King of War under the banner of Asura's Office managed to convince his troop to abandon their identity as members of Asura's Office and raise their weapons at me. I've got to say, Karl. You really know how to lead an army.

"Mr. Goldstein.." Karl's eyes turned red, but the murderous intent hanging over him made him understand that Jonathan did not give up the idea of killing him.

"Forget it, Karl." With stillness in his eyes,

Jonathan swiftly pulled out the broken blade. "We all have our own way and beliefs that we must defend. Sometimes, they're even greater than life itself."

Jonathan moved forward, and with each step he took, his force field grew wider.

When he took the third step, his force field had expanded so much that it covered a fifty-meter radius, enveloping the troop surrounding him.

"If you won't hand your military power over,

I'll make you. It's time the Eastern Army returns to Asura's Office.

The second Jonathan finished his sentence, a cold glint flashed overhead.

Clang!

Karl raised the saber in his hand to parry the broken blade and sent Jonathan's weapon flying away.

However, Jonathan, who was supposed to be holding the blade, was already nowhere to be seen.

"Over here" said Jonathan calmly from behind Karl, who had no idea how he got there so quickly.

Not only that, but Jonathan was also holding Dominick by the head with one hand.

Karl's face was immediately filled with nothing but shock.

He had always known that Jonathan had the highest cultivation level in Asura's Office, but as an expert in the beginner phase of God Realm, he knew well the difference between the different phases of the realm.

Even if Karl were to take on someone as well-known as Winston, a God Realm middle phase cultivator, there was still a thirty percent chance that he could take the man down with him with his many years of experience in combat.

At his worst, he would still be able to take a hundred or so hits and dish out some in return.

However, when facing Jonathan, Karl did not even have any idea how the man managed to circle behind him. Even though I didn't go all out because I just wanted to

block Jonathan's blade, this is still pretty unbelievable! If he really wanted to kill me, I would've been dead already!

"You're Dominick, right?" asked Jonathan as he continued to hold Dominick's head without a hint of emotion on his face.

"Since you want to stand out so much, you can die trying to uphold your beliefs!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 715 -

Chapter 715

"Ahh!"

An agonized howl tore through the air.

At the same time that Jonathan exerted his force, Karl's cry rang out.

"I'll die!" he yelled, unleashing his spiritual energy.

His voice surged toward the heavens, spreading around him like thunder rolling out in waves.

It was so powerful that among over a hundred thousand soldiers in the Eastern Army, more than half of them lifted their heads to look at the sky.

Blood was dripping steadily down Dominick's cheeks and neck. The moment

Jonathan loosened the grip of his right hand, the former instantly fell to the ground, twitching in pain.

“You shouted just in time. It looks like he’s still alive. You may get someone to save him.”

With that, Jonathan shook his hand, and the blood on his blood-stained fingers flew into the air, transforming into drops of blood before falling to the ground.

Karl immediately ordered the guards to carry Dominick away. After that, he stabbed his saber into the ground.

“Mr. Goldstein, I know I deserve to die. If you want, you may kill me with this saber right now. However, please listen to my last words.”

Jonathan lifted his right hand slightly, and the saber that was stuck in the ground flew straight into his hand.

“I will allow you five seconds to deliver your last words. For the sake of our previous comradeship, I will satisfy your requests as long as they are within my capabilities. You may start now!”

As Jonathan spoke, his spiritual energy instantly condensed, binding Karl to his spot.

At the same time, Karl withdrew his force field as well, allowing Jonathan to restrain him.

“Five..

“Mr. Goldstein, right now, the Hendersons, Mallorys, and Leasons have formed an alliance. It is only with the support of the Eastern Army, which is under my command, that their power is in balance with the other respectable families.

“

“Four...

“The Eastern Army is a high-tech, postmodern troop. Throughout the past years, I have deployed them all over

Doveston numerous times.

“

“Three.

“In various locations at Horbah, Terrandya, and Baridoki, I have deployed a large amount of hidden firepower that is enough to wipe out the entire eastern globe.

“Two.

“Even if I were to hand these over, there is no one at Asura’s Office who is able to take over these matters within a short period of time. No one is capable of coordinating all the leaders of the Eastern Army and keeping the respectable families in check.

“One

“If you kill me now, the entire Eastern Army will probably break out into mutiny, and Doveston will return to the warlord era of three years ago overnight. It will result in at least tens of thousands of victims.”

“Die!” Jonathan roared as he extended the saber in his hand.

“Assign someone to me and let me train him to be the next Prince of Diyouli. After that, I will end my own life in front of Northern Crimson Prison!”

As Karl finished yelling the last of his words, Jonathan’s hand finally halted.

At that moment, the tip of the blade had already pierced into Karl’s abdomen.

If it had gone even just a fraction deeper, Karl’s God Realm cultivation level would have been utterly destroyed.

Karl looked at Jonathan with bloodshot eyes.

“Mr. Goldstein, I can die, but the Eastern Army must not fall apart. We will need the firepower of the Eastern Army not only in the battle among the respectable families

but while facing external threats as well.

Just give me some time. In a few months, I will be able to complete my handover and help Asura’s Office get familiar with the equipment of the Eastern Army. I’m not afraid of death, but before I die, please let me do something for Asura’s Office.”

Clang!

The saber fell to the ground.

Jonathan turned and headed toward the exit.

“I will let Hayes come to Eastern Army to become your second-in-command. In three months, you will train him to be the next Prince of Diyouli. Once you’ve done that, you will go to Northern Crimson Prison and end your own life.

Karl raised his right fist to his left shoulder and answered in a deep voice, “I will comply with the Decree of Asura.”

After leaving the Eastern Army’s camp, Jonathan headed straight toward the nearest airport of Kransbay.

He had indeed experienced much more than he had expected on this trip to Doveston.

Initially, he merely wanted to reconstruct the intelligence network of Horbah, Terrandya, and Baridoki and claim Karl’s life.

Never had he imagined that he would unintentionally uncover the deal between Team Oracle and the Remdikian army as well

Ever since Asura’s Office was established and the Eight Kings of War were appointed to defend Chanaea, the movements of Remdik, the West Region, and Jetroina had reduced significantly.

Lately, however, these three regions had launched large-scale attacks against Chanaea one after another.

It was definitely not a good sign.

Further, because of Karl’s strategies, the tension among the eight respectable families, who had always been wary of each other, had heightened as well.

Although the alliance among the

Hendersons, Mallorys, and Leasons was a helpless act of self-preservation after the Salladays and Wilbur combined forces, Xavion’s analysis was not unjustified.

The alliance formed by the three respectable families was bound to promote a combination of forces among the Welshes, Blackwoods, and Grays.

Meanwhile, the two major forces, Asura’s Office and Yaleview Army, were under the control of the Salladays and the Osbornes respectively.

Aside from these obvious divisions of powers, there were countless other deals that were being carried out in the dark.

On the private plane that was arranged for him by Geoffrey, Jonathan massaged his temples ceaselessly.

Asura's Office overthrowing the respectable families should just be a matter of the warlords fighting the rich people. How did it somehow turn into this mess?

Turning to the attendant beside him, Jonathan ordered, "Please help me to contact the Mysonna Army's command

center. The password is QUI6H67."

With a nod, the female attendant began typing rapidly on the computer in the seat beside his.

"Mr. Goldstein, the password is wrong," uttered the woman softly as she turned to look at Jonathan.

"It's wrong?" Jonathan gazed at the woman, slightly taken aback. "Give me the computer."

Taking over the computer, Jonathan typed in the familiar command password swiftly, but a huge red cross appeared on the screen.

He tried the command passwords of

Mysonna Army, Zaidham Army, Northern Army, and Yalegard Legion, one after another, but the same red cross appeared on the computer screen every time.

Seeing that all the passwords failed, Jonathan took in a deep breath and switched to the operator mode of Asura's Office's webpage.

He keyed in the command password

again, and three large digits-502-appeared on the screen.

Seeing that, Jonathan breathed out in relief and leaned back in his seat.

Looks like Hades has executed my command.

Previously, he had been threatened by the Osborne family and had agreed to work with them.

However, at the same time, he had also instructed Hades to take over the crucial elements of Asura's Office and remove his access to the backend.

Now, Jonathan was deprived of his backend privileges

If his guess was correct, Asura's Office's headquarters had already been moved, including the most important archives and the intelligence network's base.

That was nothing less than a major operation that involved over a hundred thousand people.

Good work!

Gazing at the white clouds outside the plane's window, Jonathan curved his lips into a faint smile.

Since Asura's Office was capable of removing his backend privileges, it showed that they were indeed beginning to resemble a fully operating machine.

They were no longer a makeshift organization that could not manage themselves during his absence and required his orders before making every move.

"Do I continue contacting them, Mr.

Goldstein?" the female attendant beside him asked.

"No need." Jonathan chuckled lightly. "By the way, please have Geoffrey deliver a message to Asura's Office for me. The message is this-Dorian, how much f*king longer are you going to feign incompetence on the hospital bed? Get up quickly and have Tiger go and look for Karl at the Eastern Army at once."

"All right. Mr. Goldstein, do you want me to include the curse word as well?" asked the female attendant mildly.

"Yes, please forward the message verbatim

"Sure, Mr. Goldstein," the female attendant answered with a smile. "If there's nothing else, please get some rest. We will arrive at Summerbank Airport in two hours time."

The Legendary Man Chapter 716 -

716

Outside Summerbank Airport, Jonathan hailed a taxi and headed straight for Xenhall.

An hour and a half later, he arrived at Xenhall and hopped off the taxi.

Jonathan hesitated as he gazed upon the familiar path and the old trees, memories flooding his mind.

Back when he nearly died, Shane and Lynn saved him.

Of course, the main reason he survived was Vladimir's life-saving pill, but he still had to repay their favor.

The last time I came here, there was a commotion at Mr. Chancer's funeral. Seeing that, I helped Lynn chase away those loan sharks before he could get buried. I promised to get her a job in the city but entered Summerbank Abyss to fight against Sofus, Vladimir, and the rest. After that, I got the life-saving pill and hurried back to Tayhaven to save Aunt Sophia. As a result, I forgot all about finding a job for Lynn. I'm back now, but I have to deliver the news of Sabino's death to her. They promised to spend the rest of their lives with each other,

so Lynn had been waiting for Sabino's return. How do I break the sad news to her?

It was only a three-hundred-meter trek to the village, but Jonathan was still making his way there slowly ten minutes later.

I'll arrive at Lynn's house after turning this corner, but how should I deliver the news to her?

Jonathan stared at the bloodstained jade pendant in his palm and gritted his teeth silently.

Sabino, if I don't tell Lynn the truth about your death, she won't be aware of it and won't be heartbroken. But I know she'll keep on hoping for you to come back. What should I do? Should I deceive her by saying you're married with a child, or should I be honest and tell her that you have passed away so she can accept your death?

Gripping the jade pendant, he took a deep breath.

After using his spiritual energy to evaporate his tears, Jonathan made his way to the Chancer residence.

From afar, Jonathan noticed there were wreaths and flower arrangements outside the Chancer residence. Funeral music was playing as a group of people dressed in black apparel engaged in a heated discussion at the entrance.

Jonathan recognized these people as they ate together with him at the Chancer residence previously.

He couldn't forget how greedy they were.

Back then, he offered Lynn a bank card, but she declined. However, her relatives caused a commotion, fighting over it and asking to hold onto it for safekeeping.

If that hadn't happened, Jonathan wouldn't have offered to help Lynn get a job in a city.

Funeral music and wreaths...

Jonathan frowned at the sight before him.

Didn't Mr. Chancer get buried over a month ago? Why are there still people dressed in black today? Is this a unique tradition in Xenhall?

"What are you all doing? You usually come here only to get free medicine from Uncle Shane. You've never shown any concern for Uncle Shane and Lynn, so how dare you come here to demand a share of the house? Your behavior is truly reprehensible!" a tall young man in the crowd shouted indignantly.

He had barely finished his words when one woman standing beside him placed a hand on her hips and sneered, "Pfft! I can't believe you have the audacity to say that about us. You're calling them 'Uncle Shane' and 'Lynn' now, huh? What did you do back then?"

"That's right! You are a good-for-nothing who pried open your Uncle Shane's money box. How dare you claim the house belongs to you? Your behavior is deplorable. I'm Lynn's cousin, so I get the biggest share of this house!"

"F*ck off! You don't even share the same surname as Lynn!"

As the three of them fought, Jonathan came to them.

"What the h*ll is going on?" he demanded

icily.

Jonathan's voice penetrated everyone's ears like a loud electric drill, leading to their sudden silence.

They covered their ears and scattered away to find a place to hide.

On the other hand, Lynn's tall cousin spun on his heels and cursed loudly, "D*mn it.

Who the fck shouted so loudly? Don't you fcking.

His words were cut short at the sight of Jonathan. He flashed an ingratiating smile and exclaimed, "Ah, it's you, Mr. Goldstein.

As a respected guest, why didn't you let me know of your arrival so I could give you a proper welcome?"

Hearing that, the rest cut in unhappily,

"Ernest, who is this loud man? Did you hire him to help you out?"

"Of course not!" Ernest Chancer waved his hands hastily. "Mr. Goldstein can spend one million without batting an eyelid. He has far too much money to be interested in three houses and two acres of land.

He's here to visit Lynn, so get out of his way!"

Hearing Ernest's words, the people dressed in black turned to look at Jonathan in surprise.

"Oh, I remember him! He showed up during

Uncle Shane's funeral and helped Lynn chase away those loan sharks. I heard that he offered a bank card to Lynn."

"Yes, that's him!" Ernest declared.

He shot Jonathan a flattering smile and said, "Mr. Goldstein, since you're here, it's only right that you pay your last respects to Lynn. Don't worry, for we're currently discussing how to make her funeral the grand event she deserves--"

Ernest was cut short as Jonathan held his throat and lifted him into the air.

"Who? Say it again. Who am I going to pay my last respects to?"

Ernest was over one hundred and ninety centimeters tall, but he was no match for Jonathan's strength. With ease, Jonathan lifted him off the ground, leaving the other onlookers shocked and pale with fear at

his display of might.

"L-Lynn. Aren't you here to see her off?"

Ernest choked out, his face flushed crimson red as Jonathan was strangling his neck.

Jonathan glanced around and noticed that all the eyes were trained on him in confusion.

His gaze landed on the wreath not far away, and he noticed Lynn's name on it.

Tossing Ernest aside, Jonathan leaped into the courtyard.

In the middle of the courtyard stood a red coffin. Behind it was a mourning hall, displaying a black and white photo of Lynn.

In an instant, Jonathan felt a searing heat in his chest that could blow him apart any minute.

Lynn's portrait looked calm. Her gentle smile appeared to hint at a reluctance to depart from the world.

Jonathan's spiritual sense flowed into the coffin like a tidal wave.

In his spiritual mind, he saw a withered female corpse emerging before him.

"L-Lynn.

Even though Jonathan's spiritual sense showed him the body clearly, he refused to acknowledge the truth.

He raised a leg and kicked the lid of the coffin away.

"What are you doing?" someone screamed outside. Jonathan pressed a palm on the corpse's chest and channeled his spiritual energy into the body endlessly.

"Water!"

Following his shout, the water from the well in the courtyard shot into the air and turned into mist.

"Sacred Dragon, draw your water. Let all be restored and renewed!"

Countless red runes began to appear on Jonathan's body subtly. As he inhaled the mist, his spiritual energy mixed with it and flowed into Lynn's body through his meridians.

Everyone else gaped in disbelief at the sight.

The withered corpse in the coffin absorbed the spiritual energy channeled by Jonathan and slowly puffed up like a sponge.

Jonathan trembled as he stared at the familiar face. It's Lynn!

He reached out to grab Ernest again. "Be honest with me. Who did this to her?"