

The Legendary Man Chapter 1157 -

Chapter 1157 The Authority To Command

All eyes were drawn to the longbow. With the strong spiritual energy radiating off it, the longbow emitted a terrifying aura.

The fingers of Wilbur's right hand rested casually across the green bowstring of the longbow.

"Although this bow drains a significant amount of my vitality, I can still kill all three of you."

Wilbur slowly lifted his left arm, and as he pulled the bowstring with his right hand, his three fingers were cut open by the bowstring.

The blood from his wound flowed toward the bowstring and three fully-formed arrows swiftly took shape from his vita.

"Stop!" Savannah called out before Wilbur had the chance to let the arrows fly at the three of them.

The moment the arrows took shape, a look of pure terror filled her eyes.

Wilbur did not lie to her. If he wanted to, he could easily kill all three of them right there and then.

"What's wrong? Have you changed your mind?" Wilbur asked, looking at Savannah with interest.

Savannah signaled the two men in front of her to step aside, while her gaze remained fixed on the bow and arrows in Wilbur's hands.

"Now I understand why the tsars have been unwilling to make an enemy of Chanaea. You people are really something. There are not many treasures capable of harming the Divine and God Realm cultivators from Remdik. You are very fortunate." She stretched out her hand and pulled the old man's corpse closer to her. "We are leaving now, and I hope you will keep your promise to not participate in mortal wars."

After she finished speaking, she began to slowly retreat. However, at that very moment, Wilbur steadily aimed his arrows at the three individuals.

“Are you regretting this?”

Savannah stiffened.

Wilbur pointed his chin at the deceased old man beside Savannah.

“I killed him. His body belongs to me. Put him down, and you can leave.”

Savannah’s gaze turned icy as she glared at Wilbur.

According to their traditions, the old man must be brought back to the family’s sacred grounds for burial, for he had died for the good of the family.

Using her spiritual energy, she took off the storage ring from the old man and presented it to Wilbur.

“Wilbur, everything you want is inside this ring. Take this instead. His body means a lot to our family. Please let me—”

“I said, put down his body!” Wilbur repeated, drawing his bow threateningly.

“Who said I wanted to harvest the dead’s spiritual essence? What I want is simply to trample upon your honor and dignity. Savannah, my patience is running thin. You have two choices: put down the body or die.”

Upon hearing Wilbur’s words, the two men flanking Savannah tightened their grip on their weapons, ready to step forward.

“Stop. We can’t all die here,” Savannah said to them in a low, pained voice.

With an anguished cry, she placed the dead man’s body gently on the ground and then turned around to leave.

“Wilbur, remember the humiliation you made me suffer today. My family will definitely seek revenge in the future!”

Savannah and her companions departed. Wilbur slowly released his grip on the bowstring. The spiritual energy-infused longbow instantly dissipated into specks of light.

Karl walked up to Wilbur.

“Why didn’t you just kill them?”

Wilbur glanced at Karl’s blood-stained body and furrowed his brow slightly.

“I don’t need you to worry about my affairs. Think about how you can save those lives instead.”

The cultivation of Zachary and the others had been destroyed. Although they did not die instantly, it was impossible that the Remdikian cultivators had managed to control their powers well enough to leave them with the possibility of survival.

Everyone’s elixir and energy field had been destroyed with a single strike, including those of the twelve werewolf warriors.

Not only had their cultivation been destroyed, but their physical injuries and the continuous bleeding caused by the explosion of their energy fields were also draining them of their life force.

If medical attention were not given to them soon, it was likely that none of them, including Zachary, would survive.

“I can only keep two people alive for another half an hour at most,” said Ksana as she knelt down between Zachary and Kane and placed her hands on their lower stomachs.

Karl, too, hurried over to Andy’s side and helped to heal him with his spiritual energy.

Meanwhile, in the distance, dozens of werewolves stationed along the Beshya defense line had arrived with the Beta Warriors to help stabilize the injuries of the werewolves who had lost their spiritual energy.

Wilbur watched the chaotic scene with a look of contempt on his face.

“Haha! You people have so many types of warriors only to use them as a medical team. Asura’s Office sure has some interesting ideas.”

Karl, who was crouching on the ground among the injured, glared at Wilbur.

“Wilbur, are you actually here to help?”

“Yes,” Wilbur replied coolly. “But I’m not here to assist in saving lives. I’m here to help win this battle.”

“Now that the commanders of Asura’s Office have fallen, I’ll take charge of the upcoming battle,” Wilbur declared.

As Wilbur's words settled between them, Karl's expression shifted subtly.

Before Jonathan left, he had guessed that Wilbur's arrival as reinforcement must surely be driven by some ulterior motive.

According to his speculation, Wilbur's secret motive was likely related to a future war between the Yaleview Army and Asura's Office.

Wilbur was a gifted commander who understood psychological warfare. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for him to gain complete control over the entire Yaleview Army in just three years and turn it into an impenetrable fortress.

Before his departure, Jonathan had issued two important instructions regarding the Yaleview Army.

Firstly, since the Yaleview Army had come to support the River Onyx battle, there must be no hostility toward Wilbur and the Yaleview Army.

Secondly, the authority to command the Eastern Allied Army must never be entrusted to Wilbur.

Jonathan understood Wilbur well.

While Jonathan had full confidence in every soldier of Asura's Office, the life-and-death circumstances of a battlefield could weaken their resolve and cause the men to be easily misled.

If Wilbur were to be given command authority, there would be countless men in the Eastern Allied Army whose beliefs would be shaken.

A belief existed in only two forms: an impenetrable fortress or complete dissolution. There was no third option.

Even the slightest hint of wavering and doubt could, like a seed, eventually grow into a towering tree that filled the entirety of one's mind and heart.

It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to re-establish the original beliefs in the hearts of those soldiers who had been misled.

"You will never have the command authority of the Eastern Allied Army," Karl said with a sneer.

Wilbur looked back at Karl curiously.

“I understand your concern, but do you have any other choice? With the commanders all heavily injured, are you suggesting that we entrust our entire joint army of hundreds of thousands of men to a lesser commander? Any other commander would lack the necessary foresight. You would be essentially sending our men to their deaths”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1158 -

Chapter 1158 War Is War

Karl was reluctant to admit it, but he understood that Wilbur was speaking the truth. Hayes, Hades, Zachary, Kane, and Andy. Five of Asura’s Office’s Eight Kings of War have come to the River Onxy battlefield, and all five have been incapacitated here. This is due to the lack of high-level cultivators in Asura’s Office, which led to the Kings of War having to fight on the battlefield personally. Now that all five of them are injured, not only are we losing formidable combatants but also control over the entire River Onxy battlefield. As for the command post behind, the highest-ranking commander is my protégé, Yosef.

Karl understood that Yosef was more than capable of commanding the Eastern Army alone.

After all, Yosef had been in the military for almost ten years. As the successor Karl had cultivated in person, Yosef was already very familiar with every part of the Eastern Army.

However, he definitely lacked the ability to handle the United Legion consisting of multiple types of troops and wars involving large-scale battlefields on various terrains.

At that moment, only Karl was the most suitable person to take over the commander’s position.

Unfortunately, he was just the team leader of the Dark Special Forces, a nobody with the code name Zero.

Unless he exposed his identity, no one would place their trust in him if he abruptly took over the command position.

Just as he was still hesitating, a woman’s voice sounded in his earpiece. “Hello, I’m Leslie Hart, the new commander-in-chief of the River Onxy

battlefield appointed by Jonathan. I've entered the defense range of the Eastern Allied Army. Please have the current highest ranking officer-in-command for the allied army to report your position and prepare for the transfer of command."

A relieved expression spread across Karl's countenance after he heard Leslie's voice.

He turned to look at Wilbur who was standing next to him. "Wilbur, our commander-in-chief is here."

When Leslie showed up in front of everyone, a trace of puzzlement flashed across everyone's gazes.

Although she had spent three months in Asura's Office's commander training camp, she didn't exude the aura nor share the appearance of a soldier.

Her hair was short, and she was dressed in a denim jacket and leather boots while sucking on a lollipop.

Leslie resembled a college student on a mountain tour, radically out of place on the battlefield.

"You're Leslie?" Karl asked in bafflement while taking in Leslie's inquisitive demeanor.

Leslie was the so-called genius commander that Jonathan had appointed before his departure. Karl had assumed the newcomer would be a more competent-looking female officer.

Leslie's attire was too casual, and she didn't seem nervous about having stepped onto a battlefield.

Seeing Karl's broken left arm and the slightly coagulated dark-red blood on his wounded shoulder, Leslie retched and almost vomited on the spot.

"I'm sorry." She turned around and forcefully covered her mouth.

Even though she had simulated countless wars, when she truly entered the battlefield and witnessed the mangled bodies, she couldn't stop her body's reflex.

“This is your commander?” Wilbur chirped while staring at Leslie. “This is the first time in my life I’ve met a commander who has never seen blood.”

As he spoke, Leslie stretched out her left hand and held up five fingers at him.

Wilbur asked her curiously, “What do you mean by that? Are you asking me to shut up? I’m afraid you’re not capable of doing so.”

“What I mean is that based on the Yaleview Army’s current defense situation, I can wipe out the entire Yaleview Army in no more than five hours if I command Asura’s Office to attack Yaleview.” Leslie suppressed her urge to vomit and got to her feet.

Then, she added, “Zero, I need the distribution map of all the Eastern Allied Army’s troops and a precise military map of the River Onxy battlefield spanning two hundred miles horizontally and one hundred miles vertically. Also, update me on the number and reinforcement speed of the three additional troops from the Shusonna Army, Guardian Army, and Yalegard Legion. Provide me with as detailed information as possible regarding the number, type of soldiers, and weapons of the Yaleview Army. The subordinates I’ve brought will handle the logistical supplies, ammunition reserves, and cooperation with the medical teams. I need to establish contact with every army corp’s secondary commanders and set the channel to one-way communication. They must complete the shuffling of their remaining troops within half an hour. I will send those secondary commanders who failed this task within the given time frame to the military court regardless of their excuses.”

As Leslie continued to issue orders, the command group that followed her to the battlefield started building the command platform rapidly.

At that instant, Karl noticed Leslie’s temperament had undergone a drastic change.

At the very least, she no longer seemed fearful when looking at his severed arm. Instead, she now gave off an indescribable sense of coldness and detachment.

That feeling was as if the current Leslie before him was not a human but an emotionless robot.

“Zero, your duty is to cooperate with me. You have twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds left to execute my instructions. You’re wasting time and opportunity!” she uttered impassively while tapping her watch.

Only then did Karl pull himself together. “Freddie, Yosef, carry out the transfer of power. Relay all combat intelligence available to Leslie’s command group.”

“Understood!”

“We’ll carry out the orders at once!”

Freddie’s and Yosef’s voices rang out from the communication device.

Leslie put on the communication device and nodded at her comrades behind. “Organize and analyze all possible routes of the Remdikian army and establish contact with the secondary commanders of the nearby troops that haven’t been disbanded. Tell them to prepare themselves in ten minutes. Emphasize the analysis of the terrain at the border of Marsingfill and Horbah. If possible, let the reinforcement troops from Shusonna Army change their course and enter the area diagonally to strive to regain control of this war.”

“Understood.”

After listening to Leslie’s words, the few people from her command group got to work, relaying a series of orders to relevant parties.

Standing on one side, Karl uttered again, “Leslie, what are you doing?”

“Retaliate,” Leslie replied nonchalantly.

“Retaliate?” Karl gazed at her in stupefaction. “Are you planning to invade Remdik in return?”

“Not necessarily. It depends on how the battle situation evolves. Perhaps we’ll march into the Remdikian’s territory or go around to the back of the Remdikian army entering Chanaea,” she said expressionlessly.

Karl furrowed his brows. “But we’re adopting a defensive stance in this—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Leslie shifted her empty gaze on him. “Zero, war is war. There is no difference between defense and invasion. This is your first time questioning my decision and also the last. When Jonathan requested me to take charge here, he gave me his word that I would have full

authority in all matters related to personnel deployment on the battlefield and strategic arrangements, and that includes your Dark Special Forces. Your faction must also serve under my command even if I order you to sacrifice yourself!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1159 -

Chapter 1159 A Crimson Bird

Even Karl was slightly creeped out by Leslie’s present condition.

Although they were all aware of the latter’s existence, none of them had had any contact with her in real life other than Hades.

Right then, he finally understood why Jonathan had been reluctant to utilize such a talented commander as her.

It was because she was not a complete person in such a situation.

When she saw him earlier, she still possessed a human’s innate reaction, feeling nauseous upon laying eyes on his severed arm and the bloodstains all over him.

At that very moment, however, she was numb to it all. That aside, she exhibited no fear toward him, a God Realm warrior.

In other words, she no longer had any reverence for human life then.

A single death was a tragedy, but a million deaths were a statistic.

A person’s fear of death and everything else came from the reverence for life.

Undeniably, some murderers might be lost in the sense of thrill brought by the anxiety of taking lives after killing a person or two.

However, if they were given free rein to kill hundreds and thousands of people, they would be horror-stricken and averse by the end of the killing spree.

That was not a theory but Karl’s personal experience.

When Doveston was still in chaos, he led the Eastern Army to the states in the region to quell the rebellion.

Upon encountering heinous military armed forces, he once slaughtered them all.

By the end of it, every single swing of his sword carried a tremor from the depths of his soul.

Detesting the killing that he wrought, he even felt that he was the source of all filth in the end.

For a long time after that, he plunged into acute self-doubt.

Hence, the woman standing before him at that moment terrified him greatly.

In her current state of mind, she might not have the slightest reverence for life.

For instance, she advocated Shusonna Army's infiltration of the enemy's rear battle line a moment ago.

It would definitely be effective, but judging from Remdik's formation, the chances of the auxiliary team from the Shusonna Army making it out alive were slim.

All that was left in her eyes was victory.

She was a veritable war machine.

Besides Karl, Wilbur had likewise perceived Leslie's abnormal state.

But unlike the former, he did not regard her with fear and shock but elation.

Despite having Yaleview Army firmly in his command, he had been lamenting the lack of capable subordinates.

That went doubly for gifted commanders, and he had been searching for such talented people.

It so happened that Leslie fulfilled his criteria.

"You're Leslie Hart, yes? And you're from Summerbank?"

In truth, Wilbur paid close attention to Jonathan's whereabouts. While Summerbank was not a strategic area, the latter had visited the place twice in close succession.

For that reason, he scrutinized the intelligence report on Summerbank that recorded Jonathan's movements and the people he came into contact with in detail.

Among them was Leslie.

At that question, Leslie turned her gaze to Wilbur.

"Yes, I'm from Summerbank. What about it? You want to threaten me with my family?"

"Of course not."

Wilbur's interest was further piqued by her reaction.

He continued, "I'm merely curious about your arrangements for the three hundred thousand people in my Yaleview Army."

"They're to blend into Eastern Allied Army without any specific arrangements," Leslie answered indifferently.

Hearing that, Wilbur was somewhat stunned.

He had predicted that Yaleview Army's troops would likely be assigned to the most dangerous positions if someone from Asura's Office were to take command.

After all, that battle was the only way to weaken Yaleview Army's forces to the greatest extent.

Such an arrangement would be more sensible in consideration of the current relationship between Asura's Office and Yaleview Army. On top of that, it would pave the way in preparation for the war between the two military forces in the future.

Therefore, it had never crossed his mind that Leslie would actually decide to have Yaleview Army join Eastern Allied Army. Verily, that was beyond his expectations.

“I would like to know the reason for that,” he insisted with a frown.

Leslie did not bother to keep her thoughts to herself.

“I don’t trust your Yaleview Army. Although you’ve sent almost three hundred thousand people to join Doveston’s auxiliary team with the distinct goal of protecting the country, it’s possible that you made plans to target Eastern Army. Thus, your troops must be scattered to prevent the situation from getting out of hand on a large scale.”

The satisfied look in Wilbur’s eyes as he stared at her grew increasingly intense.

“Understood. Well, you’re frank indeed! It looks like Jonathan has really found a qualified commander. But I’m also very much curious about what things would be like if I were to hand you absolute command over my Yaleview Army of three hundred thousand soldiers.”

Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!

A series of shrill cries belonging to a bird rang out incessantly.

Jonathan slowly opened his eyes. Excruciating pain that debilitated him coursed through his entire body.

“D*mn it!” he could not help cursing lowly.

Reaching up, he rubbed his eyes.

As he gazed at the gentle sunlight in the sky, he gradually recalled the final scene before he passed out.

To help me escape from the valley, Wulfgar used the last vestiges of his strength to send me into the chaos portal, which means I’m already in a small world!

At that thought, he flipped over and jumped to his feet. Unexpectedly, he was greeted by empty air and plummeted down.

Crack!

Curving his fingers into claws, he grabbed onto a protruding rock, only then stopping his downward descent.

It was not until he was suspended in mid-air that he discerned his present location.

It turned out that he had been lying on a protruding slope on a cliff while he was unconscious.

Meanwhile, his Heaven Sword was wedged into the mountain wall above the slope.

There was a palm-sized crimson bird perched on the hilt of the sword, its body so rounded that it resembled a ball.

The chirps that woke him earlier were from the bird.

Glimpsing the drop of almost a hundred meters below his feet, Jonathan exerted strength and pulled himself back up to the compact slope.

He sat on the slope, panting heavily.

The spiritual energy there was overly rich. He sensed that all the meridians in his body were already filled with spiritual energy by then, so much so that normal circulation alone posed a challenge.

He only felt much better after sealing off his meridians and cutting off all connection with the spiritual energy from the outside world.

“This is a great place to cultivate,” he commented.

Casting his gaze at the rolling hills shrouded in mist in the distance, he stood up with his back against the rock wall.

He reached out to shoo the crimson bird away, planning to yank Heaven Sword out before leaving.

To his surprise, the bird raised its beak and pecked him.

“D*mn it!”

The stab of pain between his thumb and forefinger had him cursing aloud.

When he saw that the crimson bird was still perched on the hilt of the sword, he coated his hand with a layer of Spirit Armor before reaching out to grab it.

He moved at lightning speed, but his anticipated victory did not take place.

Turning into a red afterimage, the bird zipped aside. It fluttered its wings and eyeballed the man with its head tilted.

It was then that Jonathan realized something was amiss.

His spiritual sense appeared to only be able to spread out to a distance of less than ten meters at most.

Hmm, there's something strange about this small world...

The Legendary Man Chapter 1160 -

Chapter 1160 A Suppression Of All Aspects

Jonathan was a God Realm cultivator.

Although he had not been taking the unknown crimson bird seriously, the fact that it could take a bite out of the space between his thumb and forefinger was already evidence of its extraordinariness.

Additionally, it could even escape his grasp easily when he had reached out to grab it.

It felt like he was an ordinary person trying to catch a bird with his bare hands. Hence, he was inevitably astonished.

Subsequently, he wanted to use his spiritual sense to lock onto the bird's trajectory. Alas, he found that it could only fan out about ten meters.

When he tried to extend it further, he encountered great resistance.

Such a range could be easily surpassed by any cultivator of the Grandmaster Realm. Thus, he finally perceived the small world's uniqueness.

Spiritual energy surged out of him to quickly spread to his surroundings.

Sensing its maximum range, he frowned deeply.

Sure enough, his speculation was verified. His spiritual energy was also suppressed to a certain extent. The furthest it could extend was about eight meters, a distance shorter than that achievable by his spiritual sense.

Nonetheless, such a situation could be easily explained.

The diffusion of spiritual energy was the release of one's spiritual energy to form a force field in the first place.

The spiritual energy in the outside world was exceedingly sparse. As such, it was beyond easy to diffuse one's spiritual energy.

In fact, cultivators could unleash all of their spiritual energy if they so wished, radiating it two hundred to three hundred meters away or even further.

The downside was that once it exceeded one's range of spiritual sense, the spiritual energy would gradually spiral out of control.

If that happened, one would be a target for those with malicious intent. In that small world, however, the spiritual energy there was indescribably rich compared to the outside world.

If cultivators wanted to expand their spiritual energy's force field, they would need to battle the spiritual energy that existed in their surroundings and forcibly use their internal spiritual energy to push it away to form a force field.

It was incredibly laborious, and the scope of the force field would be compressed.

Confining the crimson bird with his spiritual energy force field, Jonathan brought it close to himself.

Imprisoned by something invisible, the plump bird promptly panicked. It spread its wings and squawked unceasingly.

Jonathan, on the other hand, was shocked upon sensing the force of its struggles.

Judging from its strength and speed alone, it had already reached the advanced phase of the Superior Realm.

Most importantly, it was on par with some of those who attained the beginner phase of the Grandmaster Realm with the help of drugs.

Above all, it was just a bird.

Even if this small world is filled with spiritual energy that has been nourishing the bird since it was an egg, its strength now still doesn't make sense. If all the animals here are like it, what about a wolf, a tiger, or a snake? What kind of cultivation level would those wild beasts that are large in size have? If so, cultivators who enter this place would become their meal if the two were to bump into each other, huh?

With a strange expression on his face, Jonathan released the crimson bird.

When the spiritual energy constraining it disappeared, the bird instantly flapped its wings and shot into the sky. After flying a few circles, it returned and squawked dozens of meters away for a long time before taking off.

While Jonathan did not understand the language of birds, he could tell that it undoubtedly left cursing.

He reached out and pulled Heaven Sword from the cliff wall. Studying the blade, he nodded in gratification.

He had no idea about the relationship between Heaven Sword and the Whitley family's ancestor, but it was truly unparalleled in terms of toughness.

Despite having been used by Wulfgar to battle cultivators of the Divine Realm for an extended time, there was nary a chip on the blade.

It was uncertain whether it was due to the fact that they were currently in a small world, but the green glow on the blade had faded.

Right then, Heaven Sword had reverted to its usual inky-black self.

Jonathan tried to control it with his spiritual energy, but still, there was no reaction from the sword.

"So, it only accepts Pryncyp. What a picky eater!"

He then put it away. Taking out two similar-looking daggers from his storage ring, he leaped up and started climbing to the top of the cliff.

Although there were only less than forty meters to the top, he needed to boost himself ten times during the hike.

On average, he only managed to attain less than four meters with each jump. Such suppression was very much upsetting for him.

After all, a God Realm cultivator could traverse forty to fifty meters with a single step in the outside world. Even if he were to leap in place, he would definitely be able to exceed a distance of ten meters.

In that small world, however, his spiritual sense, spiritual energy, and strength were all suppressed.

It felt like an adult whose athletic ability had suddenly regressed to that of a four or five-year-old child.

The sense of being constrained in everything was truly discomfiting beyond words.

Standing on the top of the cliff, Jonathan held the bronze handbell in hand.

His eyes brimmed with solemnity as he swept his gaze over the dense forest and mountains around him.

This small world is doubtlessly not as peaceful as it seems. I've got to be more careful!

Keeping his eyes on the mountains, grass, and wildflowers before him, he unleashed the bronze handbell's protective shield and moved forward cautiously.

Unbeknownst to him, many of the cultivators from the eight respectable families and six ancient sects were currently being hunted by a myriad of demon beasts in the small world.

As he had surmised, that small world was different from the ones in the past that had treasures free for cultivators to take.

Instead, it was an abyss with danger everywhere.

All those who wanted to enter that place to obtain opportunities would soon pay the price.

After climbing up the cliff, Jonathan headed down the mountain.

He did not know where he should go either, so he could only forge ahead carefully in a random direction.

That small world was exceedingly strange. The sky was bright, and there was gentle light, but no signs of the sun could be found overhead. Consequently, he could not distinguish the four cardinal directions.

If he were a disciple of some major force or a cultivator familiar with small worlds, he would surely understand the characteristics of a small world.

To begin with, a small world was a force field forcibly torn off from the outside world with supreme means by divine beings of the past before being isolated. For that reason, it would never have a sun.

Unfortunately, the person who compiled Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique passed away before small worlds were developed.

Many years passed, and it was Jonathan's first encounter with a small world after obtaining the book. For that reason, he lacked general information regarding small worlds.

That was a knowledge gap. At the end of the day, even the ancient deity, Fehohr, had never imagined that future generations could develop something as remarkable as small worlds based on the spirit animal sphere he created. In spite of that, Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was not without its uses. For example, Jonathan found a place in the forest where no plants grew within a radius of three meters.

If the segment regarding medication in Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was accurate, there had to be an ancient medicine that nourished the blood and vitality under the ground—Golden Herb.