

## The Legendary Man Chapter 479

### Chapter 479 Assassin

West Moon was one of the most luxurious bars in Lumonburg.

There were office workers who visited the bar to release their work-related stress and thugs without proper jobs who lived aimlessly, hanging out at the bar. Under the dim lights, everyone removed the facade they had put on for the whole day, twisting their bodies to their hearts' content as they expressed their genuine emotions.

Aside from the casual, hedonistic atmosphere at the bar, a different environment could be observed in the underground basement of the bar.

Fighters with naked torsos gathered inside octagon rings fenced with barbed wires. The thrill of swinging punches on their opponents, the adrenaline rush from seeing the fighters bleed, and the craze of killing jumbled together in that chaotic, lawless place.

At that moment, inside the octagon ring, a fighter wearing a white mask was casually moving his body.

Meanwhile, the commentator, wearing a suit, was screaming in excitement outside the ring, "White Mask successfully defeated five opponents again tonight. He is the true Lumonburg underground fighting champion. Let us cheer for him..."

The underground basement crowd leaped to their feet and shrieked, following the commentator's shouts.

Inside the bloodstained octagon ring, White Mask raised his hands in the air, thoroughly indulging himself at that moment.

However, just then, a waiter jogged up to the commentator and whispered something in the latter's ear before scurrying away.

The commentator turned his head to gaze in the direction of the ceiling-to-floor window of Room 3 while wearing a conflicted expression. That window was a one-way mirror, so the interior was not visible from the outside.

Nevertheless, the commentator knew the person sitting in the private room was Kent Channing, who was the leader of Hillriver Gang, the largest gang in Lumonburg.

"Hey! If no one else is going to challenge me, hurry up and open the door. It's time for me to leave," White Mask shouted inside the octagon ring.

"This..." The commentator looked at White Mask with an ashen face. "White Mask, we know your principle of never taking off the mask, but we just received news from the guest inside Room 3. The guest is offering one million for you to take off your mask..."

“Open the door!” White Mask repeated coldly.

The commentator had worked there for a long time, so he was very familiar with White Mask’s capabilities. At that instant, he was at a loss, taking in White Mask’s demeanor. On the one hand, Kent was the leader of a gang. On the other, White Mask was a ferocious, genius fighter who had never lost a battle. The commentator knew he could not afford to offend any one of them.

Right then, a burly man walked out of Room 3.

“Brat, my boss Kent wants to see your face. This is a card containing one million. Don’t be an idiot.”

As the burly man spoke, he tossed a bank card to the edge of the octagon ring.

White Mask tugged at the iron chains binding the octagon ring’s door. He then exerted force on them, and the arm-thick iron chain broke into half like a piece of paper.

“Tell Kent not to mess with me if he doesn’t want to die.” White Mask kicked the bank card on the floor before turning around and walking toward the changing room.

“F\*ck! You had your chance!”

The burly man became enraged upon seeing White Mask’s impudence. He withdrew a dagger from his waist and swung it at White Mask’s back.

Pow!

A soft thud sounded.

The muscular man seemed stunned as he stood rooted to his spot.

Somehow, White Mask had become the dagger’s wielder, and the weapon’s pointy end was stuck in the muscular man’s heart.

“D\*mn it. This sensation is wonderful. I can’t stop myself now.”

White Mask forcefully pulled out the dagger, allowing the burly man’s blood to splatter on his mask. Then, under the crowd’s gaze, White Mask held the dagger in his hand and walked toward Room 3.

Horrified shrieks erupted inside the room. In less than one minute, pin-drop silence ensued.

Inside the private room, White Mask was sitting on Kent’s chest.

He shoved the dagger into Kent’s mouth and slowly pushed it deeper, plunging the weapon toward the latter’s brain.

Suddenly, White Mask’s phone rang inside his pocket.

Standing up, he took out the phone and was momentarily dazed.  
“Juliette, what’s up?”

In the northern suburbs of Lumonburg, Jonathan opened a bottle of white wine and gently poured it onto the stele in front of him.

That was the burial site of the warriors who had sacrificed their lives during the war to end the rebellion in Lumonburg back then.

“Shaun, back then, if you hadn’t shielded me when the bomb exploded, perhaps Asura would not exist today. Initially, I wanted to build a separate tomb for you, but I knew you would not agree to receive that special treatment. Please allow me to take this opportunity to pay tribute to all of you with this glass of wine.”

After saying that, Jonathan placed the wine glass in his hand beside the stele. He successively lit a few cigarettes before slowly turning around to look behind him.

“You’ve been following me for the whole journey. It’s time to show yourselves.”

The grass swayed as breezes blew by, but still, no one was seen on the road behind Jonathan.

He frowned at a bush slightly far away.

“What’s the matter? Do I need to send an invitation for you to come out? I don’t want to repeat myself. Show yourselves!”

After Jonathan spoke, a rustling noise sounded from the bush as two soldiers stood up.

“Did Tiger instruct you to follow me?” Jonathan asked indifferently.

One of the soldiers replied, “Yes! Commander is worried about your safety, so he told us to protect you.”

“That’s the wrong answer.”

Jonathan snorted. He lightly launched himself upward and appeared beside the two soldiers instantaneously.

Crack!

One of the soldier’s pauldron shattered as a cracking sound reverberated in the air.

A black gun fell from the soldier’s slackening arm.

Again, these two are assassins!

Jonathan lifted his right hand and slapped the other soldier's chin. The next second, that soldier breathed his last.

The remaining assassin let out a grunt. Jonathan knitted his brows as he saw revolting and stinky fluid streaming down the assassin's mouth and nose. The killer had clearly ended his own life by consuming poison.

"They are not just assassins. They are killers who are ready to sacrifice themselves when necessary."

A voice rang out from far away.

Jonathan looked up in the direction of the sound. Then, he saw a man wearing a white mask sitting on a large boulder nearby. The latter was staring at him calmly.

"Are you Jonathan Goldstein?" White Mask asked curiously.

Judging by the sound of his voice, the person wearing the white mask seemed to be a young man.

Jonathan noticed the wet bloodstain on the white mask. With the mountain breeze blowing in his direction, he could even catch whiffs of the smell of blood.

"Aren't you a daredevil, having the courage to run around after you just killed someone?"

"Right back at you."

White Mask leaped forward and jumped down from the boulder.

"Previously, I did not understand why Father would offer such a high bounty to end your life. However, I think I'm beginning to see his point after watching your skills earlier."

Jonathan was slightly taken aback after listening to White Mask's speech.

"Offer a bounty to end my life? Does that mean you are Quinton Gomez?"

"You sure did a thorough investigation." Hearing his name, White Mask reached out to the back of his head and tugged gently, causing the white mask to fall to the ground.

With that, the handsome face underneath the mask was revealed. Jonathan furrowed his brows at the sight of Quinton's cold and bloodthirsty eyes.

I read about this from the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. His eyes are soulless, and he is profoundly murderous and savage. Those are the signs of someone turning into a devil.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 480

### Chapter 480 Insane

Jonathan's mind raced as he looked at Quinton's menacing and vicious gaze. After acquiring the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, Jonathan had been pondering whether there were beings similar to him in the world.

People like Zachary and the others who attained the title of King of War were certainly powerful and adept at fighting.

That being said, they were still undoubtedly mortals. Their training was merely to polish their external strengths instead of cultivation.

Jonathan's meeting with Quinton that day had finally verified his hypothesis.

However, Jonathan was unsure whether it was due to Quinton's cultivation method or because he was turning into a devil that the latter's aura disappeared from time to time, giving him an unusually malicious and bizarre vibe.

"Interesting. According to the reports from my investigation, you are supposed to be an outgoing and cheery heir to an affluent family. Unexpectedly, the real you is a madman," Jonathan uttered while looking at the bloodstains on Quinton's body.

At the same time, Quinton had already completely adopted his true personality.

Standing on the lane, Quinton yanked away his shirt, revealing numerous scars of various sizes on his chest.

"I had to put on the pretense," Quinton replied sinisterly while warming up his limbs.

"Ever since I was tested to have the qualification to cultivate, I was trapped in a secret underground basement for a year and a half cultivating. *Fck! I wanted to become an artist, but they forced me to cultivate. Those people would hang me up in midair whenever I stopped and beat me up. In a year and a half, I entered the Precelestial Realm and rose to the Postcelestial Realm, all for the sake of killing that bastard! He was just a lowly servant. How dare he order me around?*"

At that moment, Quinton appeared to have entirely lost his sanity. Half-arching his body, he seemed to be muttering to himself but was simultaneously recounting his past to Jonathan.

Quinton was indeed too lonely.

He had never mentioned those experiences to others. To put it more precisely, no one could understand the impact of the underground life he led in the one and a half years on him.

Right then, facing Jonathan, Quinton unleashed all his bottled-up feelings.

"Jonathan, since you do not hesitate to commit a murder, I suppose you understand the thrill of killing others?"

Quinton stared at Jonathan in anticipation, desperately hoping the latter would give him an affirmative response as he could sense Jonathan's overwhelming power.

Jonathan's strength imposed an indescribable pressure on Quinton.

Therefore, Quinton wished Jonathan could agree with him on that matter.

In that way, he could at least acquire a sliver of comfort after all his slaughters.

Still, under Quinton's intent gaze, Jonathan slightly shook his head. "I do end others' lives, but I do not take the lives of innocent people. I only kill those who deserve to die. For example, I will have to eliminate you if you try to kill me."

"Me?" The corner of Quinton's mouth curled into a disappointed smile. "So, you want to stop me from killing others by killing me? I thought we were the same kind of people. I guess I was wrong. Do you know that the b\*stard trembled in fear and begged me for mercy when I wrapped my fist tightly around his throat? He was even willing to give everything up just to stay alive. From that moment onward, I understood that as long as I was sufficiently powerful, I could control everything. Jonathan, although I do not know why Father desires to get rid of you, I now give you the opportunity to yield to me. If you do so, I can allow you to survive."

Quinton clenched his fists and regarded Jonathan expressionlessly, waiting for the latter's answer.

Jonathan's reply was rather straightforward. He merely smiled faintly and said, "I'll give you a chance to pick your options too. You can kneel and beg for mercy. If you do that, I can pardon you from facing death."

"Looks like there is no room for discussion." Quinton chuckled. The next second, his body was in the air, charging in Jonathan's direction.

"Go to hell!" he bellowed, stiffening his right hand and jabbing directly at Jonathan's neck.

He is too slow.

Focusing his spiritual energy on his eyes, Jonathan thought Quinton seemed to be moving extremely slowly despite the latter's agility.

Jonathan leaned his body forward a little, lifted his right leg, and attempted to boot Quinton in his lower abdomen.

That was the elixir field as well as the foundation of one's cultivation. Once a person's elixir field was injured, they would have to recuperate for several months to recover if it

was a minor injury. A severe impairment would lead to the utter loss of cultivation progress. That martial artist would no longer be able to cultivate again in the future.

Even though Jonathan wanted to see Quinton's cultivation method, he reckoned there was no reason for him to do so if Quinton failed even to counter his few simple moves.

Bang!

Following a grunt, Quinton flew backward with his hands shaking.

Just a split second ago, Quinton had shifted both his hands downward and blocked Jonathan's right kick at the most crucial moment.

"An expert... You are the kind of expert I have been looking for this whole time!" Quinton looked down at his hands, which were convulsing in pain. A hysterical and ecstatic look spread across his face. "For countless times, I wanted to fight my grandfather to test my abilities, but I was genuinely afraid of accidentally killing him!"

After finishing that sentence, Quinton plunged his left hand into the ground, his fingers parting the hardened soil like a sharp knife cleaving a piece of tofu.

"It must feel fantastic killing you!" Quinton muttered to himself in an undertone. He raised his left hand, pelting a fistful of soil at Jonathan's face. Then, he stayed low and close to the floor like a leopard hunting its prey, dashing forward while targeting Jonathan's lower body.

That was a bona fide battle.

Quality of skills and mastery of techniques were non-existent.

The only thing that mattered was their life and death.

Jonathan closed his eyes at the sight of the incoming soil. Upon seeing that, Quinton swiftly withdrew a sharp blade using his right hand, which had been positioned behind his back all along and swung it at the area between Jonathan's legs.

Slap!

With a crisp sound, Jonathan grasped Quinton's right hand.

"Impossible!" Quinton thundered with his eyes widened.

Not even a second had passed from when Quinton tossed the soil at Jonathan until the former revealed his ultimate strike.

Besides, Quinton distinctly saw Jonathan shutting his eyes. As such, he could not fathom how Jonathan could accurately fend off his attack without the aid of vision.

Don't tell me he has attained the Superior Realm like my grandfather?

As that thought surfaced, the idea began growing wildly in his mind.

Jonathan is still so young. How could he possibly have achieved the Superior Realm already?

However, unbeknownst to Quinton, Jonathan's senses had sharpened to the microscopic level since he reached Enlightenment.

If Jonathan concentrated hard enough, he could even easily sense the drip of a water droplet or the sway of a leaf around him, let alone the movement of Quinton's fists.

Although activating and keeping up that ability was very mentally exhausting, it could truly render the user all-knowing.

After all, vision could only allow one to see ahead, while this form of microscopic sensing ability had no blind spots.

"Nothing is impossible." Jonathan gradually opened his eyes and uttered, "If that's the extent of your capabilities, then you may die now."