

The Legendary Man Chapter 649 -

Chapter 649 The Fall

Realizing Geoffrey had forced her to swallow a bunch of micro-explosives, Nina felt as if she was about to go mad.

Unlike her, Geoffrey was a sea of calm.

“Since I’m no match for you in combat, there’s no other way to make sure you follow orders.”

With that, he turned around and headed out.

“The same old rules apply. Move outside a ten-meter radius, you’ll explode. Just so you know, I have a heart-rate monitor on me. In the event my heart stops beating, the bombs will also go off.”

“I...”

The desire to kill Geoffrey burned within Nina.

However, on the account of the explosives, she resigned herself to leaving with Geoffrey while enduring the excruciating pain she felt.

Upon stepping out of the room, she glared at Jonathan before following her captor into the elevator.

Standing opposite her, Zebedee was gripped with shock underneath the indifferent expression on his face.

Jonathan is covering Nina’s retreat? The greatest spy that Jetroina has trained managed to embed herself by Jonathan’s side?

“I’ll hold Jonathan back. The rest of you, split up and escape.”

Zebedee changed his plan upon the realization.

In Jetroina, he was known as the holy master and revered by all.

As he possessed the cultivation level of advanced phase God Realm, the absence of any rivals allowed his ego to swell uncontrollably.

Naturally, he didn’t fear Jonathan and was confident in his ability to defeat the latter.

Nonetheless, it wasn’t lost upon him that with Nina by Jonathan’s side, he could strike at the latter at a time of his own choosing.

Killing Jonathan there and then would have resulted in Nina's efforts going to waste.

Upon the loss of Jonathan, a new military leader would be chosen to lead Asura's Office. As a consequence, additional time and effort would be required to find out his identity, more so if an assassination was needed.

Therefore, between an unknown enemy and one who could easily be tracked, even a fool could see the latter as the obvious choice.

Unfortunately, it never crossed Zebedee's mind that Nina wasn't with Jonathan by choice.

Instead, she was now a pawn in both Jonathan and Geoffrey's hands.

Given that her life was in grave danger, there was no way she could still act as a spy, let alone deliver information.

Those were the results of the strange coincidence that occurred.

Nevertheless, neither Jonathan nor Zebedee had a full picture of what was truly going on.

Amidst Zebedee's instructions for his subordinates to retreat, Jonathan pulled out a tortoise shell from his storage ring.

With a fling of his arm, the tortoise shell expanded rapidly in the air until it sealed off the entire corridor.

Knocking on the impregnable tortoise shell, Jonathan broke into a devious smile.

"What do you think? There's no escape for you. Now, die!"

Dissolving into an afterimage, Jonathan lunged at the Grandmasters with his sword.

Clang!

As the Heaven Sword and broken blade smashed into each other, Jonathan and Zebedee broke away upon the impact.

With a flick of his wrist, Jonathan whipped out two short blades and sent them flying at another two men.

In response, Zebedee let flew two darts to intercept Jonathan's blades.

At that moment, both Jonathan and Zebedee had a clear understanding of the situation.

If both of them were to engage each other, their battle would likely end in a stalemate.

However, if Jonathan were to target the Grandmasters first, he would be able to slaughter all of them within a few minutes.

Once Zebedee was the only one left, Jonathan planned to defeat the old man through a brutal battle of attrition.

Having seen through Jonathan's intent, Zebedee's main goal now was to hold the man off and protect his subordinates' retreat.

Even though they had been exposed and had compromised the mission to sever the Eastern Army's supply lines, these Grandmasters were still capable of wrecking enough chaos to overwhelm Asura's Office if they were allowed to infiltrate Doveston.

"Leave through the rooms' windows. Quick!" Zebedee instructed.

No sooner had Team Oracle heard the instructions than they swarmed into the rooms on both sides of the corridor.

The sturdy wooden door that stood in their way collapsed upon the weight of their sword.

As screams of horror and curses rang out, Jonathan sneered and threw a bronze handbell.

"Did you actually think that you can stop me?"

Zing...

Following a strange ripple, the bronze handbell floated above Jonathan's head and bathed him in a gentle golden hue.

Thereafter, Jonathan lowered his stance before dashing forward with the Heaven Sword pointed at Zebedee.

Correspondingly, Zebedee swung his broken blade at Jonathan's face.

Nonetheless, the latter didn't dodge and burst out through Zebedee's flank.

A jarring sound that resulted from friction rang out in both their ears.

Harnessing his spiritual sense, Jonathan resisted the reverberation of the bell. His attempts at blocking Zebedee's attacks rapidly drew upon the spiritual energy within his body.

As the tip of the broken blade flew past Jonathan's eyes, it was kept out by the glowing runes within the golden light.

I won the gamble!

Within a single move, Jonathan had gotten past Zebedee, which was enough to provide him with the opportunity to seize the advantage.

"Die!"

Roaring, Jonathan charged into a room on the left.

Lying on the bed inside was a naked couple. The man suffered a bloody cut on his neck that had yet to open up. At the same time, the broken window was evidence that someone had just escaped through it.

"Go!"

Using his spiritual energy, Jonathan weaved an invisible rope and connected it to the hilt of the Heaven Sword. Thereafter, he flung the sword forcefully in the direction below the window.

Just like cutting through butter, the Heaven Sword pierced through the floor and shot out of the building.

It wasn't until an agonized scream was heard that the sword flew back in.

Jonathan swiftly followed up by chopping his hand onto the ground.

Boom!

His strike opened up a ten-meter hole in the floorboards beneath his feet.

However, before he could do anything, Zebedee was already behind him, brandishing his broken blade.

Clang!

The bell rang out again.

Standing within the protection of the bell, Jonathan felt his vitality diminish slightly. It was quickly followed by the floor giving way underneath them.

Just like that, both Jonathan and Zebedee fell toward the twenty-ninth floor.

"Arise!"

In mid-air, a mischievous glint flashed across Jonathan's eyes as his magical staff extended rapidly in midair.

With one end pressing against the twenty-ninth-floor ground, the other end struck Zebedee on his chest, sending him flying back up to the thirtieth floor.

"You're not going to get me that easily!"

Upon landing on the ground, Jonathan kept his staff and barged into the room.

His spiritual sense told him that there were seven Grandmasters on the twenty-ninth floor.

As for the rest, they were spread across the twenty-sixth and twenty-fifth floors.

This must be due to the difference in cultivation levels. The stronger and braver ones are capable of falling five to six floors before escaping into the room. As for the seven of you, you only dared to fall one story, and this is where all of you will die!

The Legendary Man Chapter 650 -

Chapter 650 The Hunt

Jonathan gritted his teeth while going through the image in his head. The next instant, the floor beneath him shattered to pieces, and he crashed into the wall like a charging bull.

In the living room next door, a man in a bathrobe was going through some documents. Following a loud crash, the wall in his house exploded.

As Jonathan's figure dashed across the room before his eyes, all the furniture in the room was blown into smithereens.

The man turned around to check the enormous hole behind him while still holding the documents, only to see the elderly man showing up again and rushing toward him.

With three of his seven opponents gathered in one spot, there was no reason not to get rid of them in one go.

While still under the bell's protection, Jonathan crashed into another wall. He grabbed the bell in his hand with a wave and pierced Heaven Sword forward.

"I'll block him!" shouted one of the members of Team Oracle.

However, his long sword was broken by Heaven Sword the moment it was lifted.

His head also flew backward before stopping mid-air.

It was as if the entire room was frozen in time.

“Condense!”

Jonathan made a gesture with his left hand to set up a Grandmaster Realm force field.

Unlike the force fields that he had set up before, it only covered a distance of ten meters. However, the spiritual energy it contained was scarily compact.

Whoever had achieved Grandmaster Realm would be able to form a force field. Jonathan wouldn't be able to break other force fields with his own even if he had reached God Realm and had a stronger force field.

Nonetheless, the inability to break force fields didn't mean he couldn't utilize his force field to limit his opponents' movements.

By condensing his spiritual energy within his force field so compactly that it became almost a solid object, cultivators who were trapped within it would only be able to form a spherical field of one meter in radius even if they tried and wouldn't be able to move around.

Jonathan dashed past the remaining two people before smashing the door and leaving.

Standing in the middle of the room, Zebedee was filled with rage.

Those people were elites within Team Oracle. Although they weren't his disciples, they had more or less been under his tutelage ever since they joined Team Oracle.

It could thus be said that Zebedee had witnessed their growth in becoming the elites that they were now.

For Zebedee, who was neither married nor had children, his students were his biggest pride and joy.

And yet, Jonathan had killed four of them by that point.

“Jonathan!”

Zebedee cast the blade in his hand in Jonathan's direction, aiming at the latter's back.

Clang!

The golden rune lit up once again.

Underneath the bell, Jonathan spat out blood as his figure faltered, but he still made it into the room beside him the next instant.

In that room, a member from Team Oracle was already holding a blade against a man's neck.

Although the team member didn't witness Jonathan in the act, he had perceived through his spiritual sense the latter's cold-blooded murder of his companions.

Acutely aware that he wouldn't be able to outrun Jonathan, he took a random person hostage.

He aimed to incapacitate Jonathan with a hostage. As long as he could delay Jonathan until Zebedee's arrival, Zebedee would be able to restrict Jonathan's movements, which would provide him with an opening for escape.

While it was a nice idea, Jonathan never took such threats well.

In a flash, Jonathan wielded his blade for an upward slash.

The hostage's arm was sliced off from the shoulder and below, while the Team Oracle member was chopped into two halves that ended up falling to the sides.

During times of war, especially during wars between cultivators, emphasis shouldn't be placed on moral considerations in situations where innocent people were taken as hostages.

When opponents noticed that the trick worked, there would be no end to hostage situations and similar dangers.

In fact, Hades had gone as far as to make a rather brutal claim during the previous war.

If Asura Office's opponents were to take a faction member hostage, they would kill the hostage alongside the opponent. After repeated incidents like that, their opponents would reach the consensus that hostages were of no use, and they would thus no longer use that trick to threaten Asura's Office.

When Hades first suggested such a method, Dorian and the others criticized him for being antisocial.

However, it had become an iron rule amongst cultivators during war times.

Jonathan reached out to tap on the hostage's shoulder as he brushed past the latter and then rushed into another room.

That tap was infused with spiritual energy, which would prevent major blood loss. As long as he received timely treatment, he should be able to survive. At the same time, Zebedee, who had been hot on Jonathan's heels, finally realized something.

He and Jonathan were similar in terms of cultivation level, and Jonathan was intent on fleeing while utilizing his bell. He could neither catch up with nor kill Jonathan on the spot, so stopping him would pose quite a challenge.

Nonetheless, Zebedee was able to figure out the function of the odd magical item in Jonathan's possession during their brief encounter.

As within, so without.

The eerie glow that the bell exuded wouldn't only block attacks from the outside, but it would also prevent Jonathan from attacking from the inside.

Zebedee had already had his suspicions during the initial moments when they traded blows. Given the prowess of Jonathan's magical item that managed to block a blow from his blade, Snowfall, it was odd that Jonathan didn't strike at that instant.

After all, killing Zebedee, an elite who had reached God Realm, would take precedence over killing the twelve others who were in Grandmaster Realm. Having observed Jonathan utilize the bell multiple times after that, Zebedee finally came to a conclusion.

It wasn't that Jonathan refused to attack. He actually couldn't do anything!

That golden glow's effect was two-sided.

Who would create a magical item like that?

Regardless, understanding the pattern made things easier for Zebedee.

Since he couldn't break Jonathan's protective barrier, he decided to meet up with his subordinate in advance. As long as he was ahead of Jonathan, the latter would have to deal with him if he tried to kill again.

With that thought in mind, Zebedee no longer hesitated as he rushed to the room of his two subordinates.

Meanwhile, the remaining three people on the twenty-ninth floor had already been decapitated by Jonathan.

"Mr. Makino..."

Upon witnessing Jonathan decapitating their companions one by one through their spiritual sense, Zebedee's remaining subordinates who were hailed as Grandmasters were already on edge.

Zebedee huffed when he saw the two of them.

“Why are you panicking? I’ve come to protect you! Inform the people downstairs to rendezvous with us.”

“Understood!”

As the three of them stood in the room, Jonathan turned to look in Zebedee’s direction from a few rooms away.

Although there were a few walls between them, their spiritual sense ran into each other.

After Jonathan locked onto the remaining four people with his spiritual sense, he turned to crash through the window and allowed himself to free fall from the twenty-second floor.

“That idiot!”

Zebedee wielded his blade, imitating Jonathan’s previous move, and tried to fall to the lower levels by crashing through the ceiling.

Despite his high cultivation level, he couldn’t possibly crash through the floors faster than Jonathan fell.

When Zebedee just landed on the twenty-eight floor, Jonathan had pierced Heaven Sword into the wall of the building.

Following a huge resistant force, Jonathan rolled over and into a room on the twentieth floor before making a dash for the stairwell without thinking.

It would be unlikely to track down these people again if they left this building, and nobody can foresee the consequences that would follow. The only way to go is to give it my all to annihilate them regardless of the consequences!

The Legendary Man Chapter 651 -

Chapter 651 The Waterfall

The Grand Hotel was considered the most luxurious hotel in Sparaville. Usually, only distinguished guests frequented the place. Alas, the hotel was in chaos that day.

Screams echoed everywhere as everyone who was above the twentieth floor started escaping downstairs.

The four Jetroinian cultivators mingled among the crowd and headed downstairs, trying to cover their escape with the help of the crowd.

Unfortunately for them, their simple plan didn't escape Jonathan's spiritual sense.

"Freeze!" Jonathan growled.

With that, everyone within a thirty-meter radius froze in their tracks.

Jonathan's figure flashed through the corridor.

Time was of the essence, so he had to be fast if he wanted to slaughter more cultivators.

Jonathan sensed that Zebedee was currently above him.

Boom!

The ceiling was smashed into pieces, and Zebedee landed in the corridor of the twentieth floor with his weapon.

However, Jonathan had stopped a member of Team Oracle at the stairwell.

"Ah!" the member of Team Oracle gasped when he saw Jonathan.

Knowing he had no means of escape, he decided to go all out and charged toward Jonathan boldly.

Waving the Heaven Sword, Jonathan went down the stairs without even stopping.

The Grandmaster stared at his broken weapon as anguish flashed across his eyes.

Blood spurted out of his chest like a never-ending fountain. He seemed to have exerted all of his energy after breathing twice.

Hysterical cries reverberated in the air around him.

The panicked crowd shoved him frantically until he fell on the staircase before they stepped across his body and rushed downstairs.

Just then, a figure appeared in a flash along the corridor. It was Zebedee.

The screams promptly vanished in an instant.

Everyone in the stairwell who was running downstairs held their necks in pain and slumped to the ground.

Through his spiritual sense, Jonathan saw how Zebedee attacked innocent civilians.

However, he couldn't turn back to save them.

If he did that, he could stop Zebedee but not the other five Grandmasters.

As a result, more people would die.

All he could do now was to kill without considering the consequences.

Utilizing the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique at full force, Jonathan was able to gain an endless stream of energy as the pure spiritual energy traveled all over his body.

In the blink of an eye, he caught up to the three others who had arrived on the nineteenth floor.

Behind Jonathan, Zebedee's broken blade was about to stab into his back.

"F*ck you!"

Without turning back, Jonathan swung his left hand backward.

Countless weapons emerged out of thin air in the corridor. Zebedee could sense at least dozens of weapons using his spiritual sense.

Even Zebedee was surprised at the sheer amount of weapons.

After all, they weren't ordinary weapons; they were magical items.

One would be in grave danger if one got stabbed by a magical item.

Zebedee raised his sword to block the incoming attacks. Right that moment, Jonathan had stabbed his Heaven Sword into one of the Grandmasters' bodies.

Both Jonathan and Zebedee's spiritual senses overlapped as they observed each other's movements.

When Zebedee's sword came for Jonathan, the latter raised his left arm. At once, a golden glow enveloped his entire being.

Clang!

Jonathan's cheeks turned rosy pink as energy coursed through his body. He was on the brink of losing control of his spiritual energy.

The bronze handbell might be able to void physical attacks and spiritual sense attacks, but the backlash was much worse.

Behind him, Zebedee relaxed promptly when he realized Jonathan had unleashed the bronze handbell yet again.

Jonathan only resorted to using the bronze handbell as he couldn't take action personally, so the other two Grandmasters on the nineteenth floor should be safe for now.

I only need to hold him back so the remaining four can make their escape.

That was what Zebedee had planned in mind when a loud bang sounded.

Jonathan had stomped on the cement staircase and destroyed it completely. Immediately afterward, he crashed into the other two Grandmasters with the bronze handbell still above him.

Crack, crack!

The Grandmasters' spirit shields were crushed instantly. However, Jonathan didn't slow down and charged out through the hole in the corridor wall with them in tow.

Hanging midair, the three of them started to fall.

However, the two Grandmasters before Jonathan were horribly deformed.

It turned out that the previous crash wrecked their bones and internal organs. They were as dead as a doornail.

A vertical fall from the eighteenth floor, which was around sixty meters above the ground, was deadly. Even Jonathan would sustain severe injuries if he were to do that.

Midair, Jonathan summoned his magical item that could become different lengths and continuously injected his spiritual energy into it.

The magical item promptly grew longer and became around ten meters long.

Jonathan swung the staff and aimed it at a window beneath it.

He then threw the magical item in the direction of the window, and it pierced the ground on the thirteenth floor.

Right there and then, Jonathan used the staff as a lever.

As the magical item bent slightly, Jonathan was able to slow his fall.

Pain shot through his arms as he struggled to hold on to the staff.

His spiritual energy kept surging toward his arms to repair his wounded flesh.

Once the magical item was straightened again, Jonathan retracted his spiritual energy and crashed into the window on the fourteenth floor with the help of the staff.

Only two more Grandmasters left.

Jonathan stood on a huge office desk as the scene of the building appeared in his mind.

Zebedee had led the other two to the ninth floor through the emergency exit.

I'm running out of time.

Jonathan grew anxious.

The seventh floor was around thirty meters high, so if he were to catch up to them, they could jump to the ground and make their escape.

A vertical fall of thirty to forty meters was still quite dangerous for Grandmasters, but they would most probably survive if they were smart enough to use some tricks.

Jonathan wasn't the only one who was capable of using tools to slow his fall.

Just when Jonathan pulled out his Heaven Sword to go after them, the scene in front of him changed abruptly.

In a flash, he was standing at the edge of a waterfall, surrounded by a mountain range and forest. He was no longer in the city.

He quickly released his spiritual sense to check his surroundings within a hundred-meter radius.

Tall trees and plants swayed in the breeze, but there was nothing but silence within a hundred-meter radius.

Glancing at the waterfall beneath him, Jonathan instinctively stepped back.

Nevertheless, he instantly felt himself falling down the cliff.

As he fell, the waterfall appeared behind him in a flash.

It's the illusionary realm inside the Heaven Sword!

Everything seemed so real, so Jonathan belatedly realized that it was the Heaven Sword's sword only after his fall.

He gazed at his balled-up right fist and relaxed without hesitation.

In a split second, the city full of buildings appeared before him.

Jonathan was still plummeting to the ground quickly.

He barely had time to form a spirit shield behind him when a spread of green emerged before his eyes.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Jonathan flipped in the air as cracks sounded in the air.

Bang!

The alarm of a car blared noisily.

Jonathan had fallen onto a car with a few branches as thick as his arm beneath him. The car's roof was dented.

The Heaven Sword flipped as it fell. Jonathan turned his head slightly and allowed the tip of the sword to pierce the roof below him, grazing his ear as it did so.