

## The Legendary Man Chapter 664 -

### Chapter 664 Settle The Bill

“Prepare a military helicopter and some food supplies for me.”

Winston spoke first while looking at Karl smilingly.

In response, Karl found four phones from the overturned table at the side and distributed them.

“This is the internal satellite phone of the Eastern Army which can only be used to contact me. You can also use it to track the Blood Squad’s location. I’ll be counting on you to save my family.”

Without any further ado, the four men took the phones and headed outside.

In the next few hours, the Blackwood family and Osborne family each sent an elder over. They were David Blackwood and Xavion Osborne, who set out right away after getting the location tracker from Karl.

With that, six of the eight respectable families had dispatched their people. As for the Salladay family, it was likely that they wouldn’t show up since they had already entered a collaboration with Wilbur from the Yaleview Army.

There was also no news from the last remaining Gray family.

If they had the intention of working with Karl, they shouldn’t be sitting back at this time.

Seeing that it was getting dark, Karl finally gave up waiting.

“Dominick, tidy up this place.”

Following Karl’s order, Dominick entered the tent with a few soldiers and started cleaning up.

Soon, everything was neat and in order.

The other men then left, leaving Dominick with Karl.

“Commander, I have a question,” Dominick began.

Karl smiled at him and said, “Don’t worry. I will never allow those families to use the Eastern Army as a cat’s paw even if it costs my life. Any other questions?”

“No, Sir!” Dominick puffed up his chest.

Karl nodded.

“Go and pay attention to the situation on the northern side of River Onxy. We have fought with Medved Army before, so you should know their capabilities.”

Dominick immediately left to carry out the order.

Meanwhile, Karl sat before the fireplace with furrowed brows.

Now that he had dragged six respectable families into this, he knew they might end up dead if something went wrong.

He really couldn't afford to fail. After all, he was risking his own family to sow discord between the respectable families.

In Kransbay, Horbah, a helicopter landed in Central Park. When it was still around thirty meters above the ground, a man leaped out of the aircraft. It was none other than Jonathan.

Although it was only autumn in Harfush, the wind was chilly in Kransbay as the city was located at high latitudes.

Ignoring the apprehensive look of the people around him, Jonathan whizzed through the streets and came to a Jetroinian restaurant outside the park.

New Renaissance.

As Jonathan looked at the huge signage of the restaurant, he narrowed his eyes. The next moment, his spiritual sense poured out of his consciousness like floodwater and surrounded New Renaissance.

Eight Superior Realm cultivators and two Grandmaster Realm cultivators. While sensing the number of cultivators inside, Jonathan stepped into the restaurant.

“Wel—”

Jonathan raised his hand and stopped the receptionist just as she greeted him.

“I want you to give me the most expensive private room, the freshest ingredients, and the best chef. Money isn't an issue,” he said as he whipped out his black card.

The receptionist's eyes gleamed with respect right away.

“Sir, please follow me upstairs. We'll arrange everything for you right away.”

After a long day, Jonathan was exhausted.

According to his estimation, even if Zebedee and his company had left ahead of him,

their journey to Horbah would take longer since they had to hide their identities from the spies of Asura's Office.

There was no way they could be quicker than Jonathan, who had come here on a helicopter.

Having arrived at New Renaissance before them, Jonathan had the advantage to wait for them.

This also meant he had to settle down first to avoid alerting the enemy. Besides, he was craving food after starving for the whole day.

Inside the private room, Jonathan sat on the chair casually.

To match the theme of the restaurant, the owner had placed a Jetroinian-style divider in the room.

Just then, the door opened, and a man in a Jetroinian costume walked in.

He was in the advanced phase of Superior Realm.

"Dear sir, it is our honor to have you with us. To show our appreciation, here are two bottles of wine on the house. We hope you enjoy them."

"Thanks."

Jonathan nodded lightly.

"Since it's my first time here, I'm not sure what I should order. Take the liberty with the food and serve me your best dishes. Again, money isn't an issue."

"I understand."

The manager was elated when he heard Jonathan's generous words.

New Renaissance was the best Jetroinian restaurant in Kransbay and even the whole of Horbah. They had even boasted that they could offer every kind of delicacy that was available in the world.

To taste the dishes made with the best ingredients, one would have to spend at least a few hundred thousand here.

However, there were hardly any people who would actually splurge in their restaurant. The arrival of a black card holder like Jonathan was a once-in-a-blue-moon occurrence. Now that they finally got one, they would surely take the chance to earn a fortune.

"By the way, Sir, how many are you?"

"Four. The other three are on their way," said Jonathan calmly.

The manager's excitement grew.

"Sir, we also offer escort—"

"No need for that. Just hurry and serve the dishes," Jonathan interrupted a little unhappily.

Not daring to disturb him, the manager hurriedly turned around and left. Indeed, money was powerful. After Jonathan arrived and flashed his black card, the chefs of New Renaissance began bustling around the kitchen.

Exquisite dishes were served one after another. Although there were four servings of each dish, the serving size was quite small. Jonathan finished everything almost as soon as they were brought to the table.

Nevertheless, it wasn't totally his fault for having a big appetite.

The preparation process of Jetroinian dishes was quite cumbersome as they had to be served right away to ensure the best texture and temperature. Therefore, the dishes were brought out one by one with short intervals in between.

As a cultivator, Jonathan had a bigger demand for food than ordinary people since he needed to get his energy back. Moreover, he just couldn't hold himself back as he hadn't eaten the whole day.

If it weren't for the fact that the dishes were indeed delicious, he would have snapped over the speed of service.

One hour passed, and the manager of New Renaissance soon realized something off about Jonathan.

Despite his claim that there were four of them, no one else showed up until now.

The dishes they sent in, which were meant for four, were also finished by Jonathan alone. He didn't seem to have the intention of treating the other three.

After giving it a thought, the manager decided to walk in while the waiters brought in more food.

"Sir, are you enjoying the food?"

Jonathan was getting impatient. When the four waiters set down the plates on the table, he did not even bother to wait for them to introduce the food. Taking his fork, he swiftly gathered the slices of meat that were plated to look like flowers.

"Yes," he answered the manager as he lifted the plate and shoved the meat into his mouth. "The food is good, but the serving speed is too slow. Can you just bring the rest of the food now?"

The manager flashed him a smile and suggested, "Sir, we are almost done serving the dishes. Would it be possible for you to settle the bill at—"

"The bill?" Jonathan lifted his head and chuckled. "I can't."

## The Legendary Man Chapter 665 -

### Chapter 665 One Step Ahead

"You can't?" The manager was slightly taken aback. "What do you mean by you can't, Sir?"

As he spoke, he could not turn his eyes away from the black card on the table.

Gosh! Did I misinterpret this person? Could that be a fake black card and could he be a scammer? But from his calm demeanor, he doesn't look like one.

In actuality, the manager had encountered customers who dined and dashed. Those people either displayed cowardice or were full of excitement. To him, some of their glances even felt like a provocation.

However, none of them could remain calm like the person in front of him right then.

Jonathan raised his head to look at the manager. "I've told you. I'm waiting for the others. I'll pay when they're here."

"But you've been eating for more than one hour. How would I know if the people you spoke about existed or not?"

The manager was still smiling as he fixated his gaze on Jonathan. However, he started activating the spiritual energy in his body secretly.

"Sir, there wasn't any case of dining and dashing since the opening of our restaurant. I reckon you wouldn't want to be the first person doing that," the manager uttered.

At that moment, Jonathan was momentarily stunned as he could feel a wave of spiritual energy charging toward him.

Jonathan was a God Realm cultivator. He thought it was rather funny to be threatened by the spiritual energy of a Superior Realm cultivator.

It feels like seeing a three-year-old child swinging his fist toward me.

Noticing his expression, the manager thought Jonathan was frightened by his spiritual energy and cultivation level.

He put more effort into threatening Jonathan with his spiritual energy.

Usually, an ordinary person would feel a fluttering pulse and could hardly breathe in the face of the overwhelming pressure of spiritual energy.

In contrast, Jonathan felt pleased and satisfied in the face of the manager's spiritual energy.

Although a Superior Realm cultivator could only channel out limited spiritual energy, as a cultivator himself, he felt refreshed when the concentration of spiritual energy around him increased.

"I've already said that I'm waiting for the others. I'll pay the bills when they're here. As for your spiritual energy... I think it's best if you stop embarrassing yourself." Jonathan picked up the black card and kept it in his pocket. "Although it feels comfortable to have more spiritual energy, I'll kill you if you intend to test me again."

Jonathan unleashed the spiritual energy in his body when he finished his sentence.

Like a shock wave, his spiritual energy swept through the manager. The overwhelming pressure sent the manager flying backward, causing him to slam against the Jetroinian-style divider.

"A Grandmaster..."

Sensing Jonathan's spiritual energy, the manager clumsily crawled out of the place.

At the same time, Jonathan could sense that two people had just quickly scanned his body by using spiritual sense.

They are probably the two Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

Jonathan activated his force field to stop the two Grandmasters' spiritual sense from flowing.

"Continue to serve the food. I haven't had enough," instructed Jonathan.

The manager trembled slightly upon hearing Jonathan's words. He scrambled to his feet and fled the room.

Along the corridor, the manager kept turning around, worried that Jonathan would come after him.

Just when he reached a corner, he bumped into a tall and sturdy middle-aged man dressed in a martial art uniform.

The man seemed to be in his forties, and he wore a stern expression. Anyone would tremble upon meeting the man's gaze. A glance was enough to send a chill down one's spine as he looked like an evil spirit from hell.

His eyes were filled with tons of emotions—greed, violence, malice, and many more.

“What's all the fuss about?” the middle-aged man asked coldly while grabbing the manager by his collar.

“Mr. Murakami... There's a cultivator in there...”

“I know!” Letting out a cold snort, Kenkage Murakami casually shoved the manager aside. “Scram! Stop embarrassing yourself here!”

As he spoke, he straightened his martial art uniform. Then he reached out and knocked on Jonathan's door.

“Come in,” Jonathan said softly as he looked at the door.

Kenkage opened the door and entered the room.

Taking a cold glance at the divider that had collapsed, Kenkage asked, “Is our food not to your liking, Sir?”

“No. All the dishes are very appetizing,” Jonathan replied impassively.

Kenkage walked up to Jonathan and slowly sat down in front of him.

“I know you're a Grandmaster, Sir. However, if you have the intention of making a scene at New Renaissance, you won't be able to leave here.”

Looking at Kenkage, Jonathan questioned, “You're from Jetroina. Am I right?”

“Yes.”

“How long have you been here?”

“My mother is a Chanaean, while my father is a Jetroinian. I came to Chanaea when I was ten years old. It's been thirty years since then. Why? Do you have to investigate my background when you're having a meal here?”

“Of course not.” Jonathan smiled. “As the restaurant owner, you've been keeping a high profile, socializing with the upper classes of Kransbay for thirty years. I just wanted to know how much information about Doveston you have gathered throughout the years.”

Following that, Kenkage leaped to his feet almost immediately like a startled rabbit.

He activated a Grandmaster force field, and a dagger appeared in his hand.

“Who exactly are you?” Kenkage asked while pointing the dagger at Jonathan. “That’s impossible! I’ve been hiding it for thirty years. I’ve never made a mistake. There’s no way for you to find out about it.”

“A dagger is generally used to slash open one’s stomach. It’s impolite for you to point it at others.”

After saying that, Jonathan raised his glass of wine and downed it all at once. “I was going to let you stay alive for a little longer. But now that the people I’ve been waiting for have arrived, I shall end your life.”

In a flash, the wine glass had been slashed into two.

At the same time, Jonathan had already leaped into the air with a smile. Clutching the hilt of the dagger with his left hand, Jonathan pressed the nape of Kenkage’s neck downward with his right hand and slammed the latter’s head against the table.

Crack!

Kenkage let out a blood-curdling scream following the crisp cracking sound of the table. Jonathan took the opportunity to snatch the dagger from Kenkage’s hand and stabbed him in the abdomen.

Their movements were as quick as a bolt of lightning.

It was not until the dagger was stabbed into Kenkage’s abdomen that the broken wine glass in mid-air fell onto the chair. Jonathan withdrew his Heaven Sword.

“Since you want to use the warrior’s way, I’ll offer my help to behead you. Rest in peace!”

Kenkage’s head fell right after Jonathan swung his sword.

Concurrently, a weapon akin to a silver needle pierced through the door, heading straight for the front of Jonathan’s head.

Clang!

Following the flash of a beam of golden light, the floor under Jonathan’s feet exploded and crashed through the door.

Clank! Clank!



As clanking sounds rang out incessantly, innumerable weapons were fired at Jonathan from all directions.

Nevertheless, none of the attacks could break through the defense of Jonathan's bronze handbell.

"Your death awaits!"

The woman standing before Jonathan was a Grandmaster in the beginner phase. With a wave, Jonathan retracted the bronze handbell on top of his head and allowed the Heaven Sword to pierce through the woman's throat, pinning her to the wall.

The scene at the hall of New Renaissance turned chaotic. All the customers started fleeing.

Outside the restaurant, Zebedee was standing across the road. He wore a gloomy expression while holding a sword in his hand.

It's Jonathan's aura! I know it too well. He's here!

## The Legendary Man Chapter 666 -

### Chapter 666 Fair Battle

The street was filled with screams and hysterical cries.

People who saw Jonathan nail the manager to the wall started running away frantically. Jonathan, who was at the entrance of New Renaissance, slowly walked out with his Heaven Sword.

"Zebedee, you're here later than I thought."

The two Grandmasters beside Zebedee took out their swords.

They had already lost their confidence in fighting against Jonathan, who was like a plague to them.

Instead of being chased by Jonathan again, they would rather give their all to fight against him now.

Just as they were about to charge toward him, Zebedee, who was between them, shouted at them.

They looked at him with determination.

"Mr. Makino, let us distract him and provide you with an opportunity to kill him."

"That's right. We're fighters from Jetroina. We won't back down."

Zebedee felt comforted upon hearing that, but he shook his head.

“We have already lost too many men this time. You guys are elites from Jetroina. We can’t lose you all in Doveston. Also, don’t forget, we’re on a mission. Now, as the person in charge of this operation, I order you guys to inform all the spies in Doveston to commence the mission in advance.”

They were taken aback by Zebedee’s words.

“But we are the most important ones in this mission. The others are here to support us...”

“The Eastern Army is in a battle with the Medved Army now. There can’t be too many high-ranking fighters,” Zebedee replied calmly. “Destroying the Eastern Army’s supplies is just us being thorough. Now that we’re down in numbers, we should let the spies do it. Even if their abilities are limited, they should be enough to make the situation in Doveston chaotic. Go!”

With that, the other two turned and ran off.

“Soul-sealing!” Jonathan bellowed and the two Grandmasters felt their spiritual energy thickening instantly.

Upon seeing that, Zebedee swung his broken blade.

“Break!”

With Zebedee in the center, the force field tens of meters wide exploded and blocked Jonathan’s spiritual energy.

“Jonathan, you were after us before. Now you have destroyed our way out. I have no other option but to kill you.”

As Zebedee said that, he slowly walked toward Jonathan with the broken blade in his hand.

Two daggers flew out from behind Jonathan and toward the two Grandmasters.

Clang! Clang!

Zebedee used two shurikens to intercept his daggers.

“Jonathan, we both know it’s only a waste of energy to use such tactics. We are both God Realm cultivators, so these tricks are meaningless. I can’t kill you because of your protective magical item, and it’s the same for you. You can’t kill me. Let’s have a fair battle today. To be honest, everything I have done since I became famous was to attack Chanaea one day. However, I have not been able to fight with any top cultivators from Chanaea yet.”

Upon hearing Zebedee's words, Jonathan looked at the handbell in his hands and kept it in his storage ring.

"Okay. I, too, wish to know how strong a God Realm cultivator is."

Jonathan meant it when he said those words.

After all, he had only fought against three God Realm fighters.

The first was Garrison from the Osborne family. However, the man had shrunk himself into the handbell and been reduced to minced meat.

Jonathan presumed that Garrison had only obtained the bronze handbell for a short time or did not battle against anyone since obtaining it.

Therefore, he did not know how strong the recoil of the bronze handbell was.

The second person was Vladimir from Phoebus Sect.

They had gone against each other at Summerbank Abyss.

Vladimir had the formation plate and could control it well, so he had an advantage.

Therefore, it was an unfair battle.

The third person was Joselle, an existence from ancient times.

Her cultivation level had once been suppressed to God Realm when Vladimir's sealing formation was almost completed.

However, Jonathan had still been crushed by her since she had already surpassed the Divine Realm.

These three battles did not allow Jonathan to understand the power and strength of a Divine Realm accurately.

Fighting Zebedee would be his first real battle with a God Realm fighter.

"Zebedee, if you tell me everything about your plan, I can arrange for you and your spies to return to Jetroina safely."

"Do you think I'll believe you?" Zebedee replied with a smile. The next moment, he swung his broken blade and aimed below Jonathan's abdomen.

There were around ten meters between them, but Zebedee's broken blade sent a strong pressure flying toward Jonathan.

Jonathan ducked to the right and let the pressure cut a corner of his clothes. He crouched on the ground as if he was a cheetah.

While he was on all fours, he applied strength and the ground exploded.

Then, he appeared in front of Zebedee with his Heaven Sword.

“Rise!”

Zebedee stomped on the ground.

Just when Jonathan’s sword was ten centimeters away from him, a mud pillar rose before him.

Jonathan’s Heaven Sword pierced through the pillar and was brought up by the mud pillar as though he had met a humongous wave.

This massive strength caused Jonathan’s entire body to rise upward.

Zebedee appeared above the mud pillar which was in front of Jonathan.

His blade was pointing at Jonathan’s neck.

“Forward!”

Jonathan slammed his right hand on the Heaven Sword.

Immediately, a hole as big as a fist appeared in the mud pillar.

The Heaven Sword flew out, and Jonathan did a backflip to avoid the blow from Zebedee.

“Bury!”

Zebedee extended his hand toward Jonathan.

At that moment, the ground around Jonathan seemed to be boiling. The rocks exploded and rose up in the air to form a ribbon made of soil particles. Then it flew toward Jonathan.

Jonathan shook his wrist slightly, and the Heaven Sword came flying back.

If one looked closely, one would be able to see there was a thin thread around the hilt of the Heaven Sword.

The other end of the thin thread was on Jonathan’s bracelet. In other words, the thin thread was part of the bracelet.

This bracelet was the Wandering Dragon. Jonathan had found it in Vladimir's storage ring and thought it was only a bracelet.

After that, when he realized that the bracelet was made of an extremely long thin thread, he decided to tie it to the Heaven Sword.

Holding his Heaven Sword, Jonathan bellowed coldly, "Slash!"

Many rays of sword light dispersed in all directions.  
The ribbon made of soil particles dissipated under the sword light.