

## The Legendary Man Chapter 667 - m.Informativestore

### Chapter 667 Clone

Jonathan could feel a change in the surrounding spiritual energy from the brief face-off they had.

The force field he previously expanded was based on the surroundings of his center, which included the front, back, left, right, and top.

This was a subconscious response. After all, once these five directions were blocked, he could surveil the actions of the surrounding people.

However, Zebedee's expanded force field also included a sixth direction, the bottom.

Those ribbons entirely made from mud had been supported by Zebedee's spiritual energy. The glow of the sword from Jonathan was able to return the dust to its natural state because he was able to cut the spiritual energy.

The mud around Jonathan emitted a muddy smell as they fell to the ground.

"Is this the unique evasive technique of Jetroina?" Jonathan's eyes glimmered as he laughed.

Zebedee made a gesture with his hand and continuously filled the ground with spiritual energy.

"Fifth move, Wooden Escape!"

Pure spiritual energy surged up.

Specks of green suddenly appeared on the ground beneath Jonathan's feet.

Then, the ground surrounding Jonathan seemed to have pressed an acceleration button as the grass started growing at a wild speed.

At that moment, it was already winter in Kransbay.

All flora had long wilted, yet the plants now surrounding Jonathan looked like a dense forest in summer.

As he looked at the dense forest that appeared around him within seconds, Jonathan suddenly felt a sense of danger.

The next moment, a tree vine protruded from the ground and wrapped itself around Jonathan's ankle.

"Forward!"

Jonathan jumped and the tree vine split in response.

However, it seemed like a switch had been flipped with that split. As they twisted toward Jonathan, numerous tree vines protruded from the ground like fresh shoots after the rain.

In mid-air, the Heaven Sword shot out ray after ray of cold glow.

Those numerous tree vines were sliced and fell to the ground. However, before Jonathan could breathe a sigh of relief, his spiritual sense sensed that those tree vines had quickly taken root and became thicker and stronger as they reached for him.

“One begets two and two begets four. This is Endless Growth, part of my Wooden Escape formation!” Zebedee said coldly.

The tree vines surrounding Jonathan were endless. Every time he wielded the Heaven Sword, more tree vines would come toward him.

Within a few breaths, numerous green tree vines had bound Jonathan in the middle.

From afar, Zebedee held out his left hand once more.

“Muddy Burial, give him a ruthless death!”

Outside of the greenery, countless soil particles flew from the ground and up to ten meters in the air.

From afar, the crowd had their mouths opened wide in shock.

They looked at the scene in front of them as if it was a miracle.

In the commoners’ eyes, this technique that caused the ground to stir and greenery to grow was considered a technique used by immortals and God.

In mid-air, the mud and soil that were gathered together formed an earthly waterfall as it struck Jonathan heavily, who was at the bottom.

The surrounding soil continuously churned toward the middle. The ground looked like a big mouth with an endless pit as it engulfed Jonathan.

Even though Zebedee was in the advanced phase of God Realm, he still felt breathless after doing all that.

“Is he dead?”

As he stared at the ground that had sealed perfectly, he tried hard to sense beyond the ground with his spiritual sense.

A person's spiritual sense was like water. It would enter and fill up any space until there was none left.

Usually, when a cultivator in the Grandmaster Realm used it, their spiritual sense would pass through houses by flowing through the connecting gaps of the rooms.

It was also possible for it to pass through walls and other solid items. However, it would be harder to do so, and greater energy must be used.

That was how Zebedee was looking beyond the ground at the moment.

His spiritual sense inched downward until it passed through the tree vines, and he could finally see Jonathan's figure.

And at the moment when the spiritual sense touched Jonathan, his eyes opened without warning, and a spiritual sense shot like a sharp arrow from the center of his eyebrows.

It flowed along Zebedee's spiritual sense and stabbed his consciousness.

It was a method of using the spiritual sense to harm a person by Vladimir from Phoebus Sect.

"Ah!"

Two angry screams could be heard from above and below ground.

Zebedee grabbed his head and fell backward.

And at that moment, the ground in front of Zebedee shook uncontrollably. Zebedee wanted to use Earthly Escape to suppress and seal the ground once more. Yet, the pain in his conscience made him unable to gather his spiritual energy to form a formation effectively.

As a burst of fire erupted, the entire ground began to crack rapidly.

With a loud boom, flames shot into the sky.

Jonathan dropped to his feet on the ground with a long magical stick in the light of these flames.

His hair and eyebrows were burnt, and most of his clothes were ablaze. If it weren't for his spiritual energy protecting his body, he would have been burned to ashes by the spiritual fire.

All this while, Jonathan had thought of the long magical stick as a stick that could be used to start a fire and never thought highly of it.

However, now it seemed that this thing was definitely a treasure.

His spiritual energy trembled slightly, and the flames surrounding him were put out immediately.

Following the tremble, Jonathan's hair and eyebrows had completely turned into ashes, and his handsome face turned blank, making him look like an egg.

"Zebedee, those evasive techniques of Jetraina are quite powerful. They almost suffocated me to death," Jonathan said as he used the flaming stick in his hand to point at Zebedee.

"Do you have any other techniques? You can use them all together."  
At that moment, Jonathan had gone crazy from fighting.

This feeling of being in between life and death was the best to make a person evolve.

Jonathan had a greater insight and understanding of their battle when he was buried underground.

Hence, he desperately needed to fight to maintain his enlightened state.

He had a feeling that if he were to get through this battle, there was a possibility he could enter the advanced phase of the God Realm.

When faced with a Divine Realm ancestor from a respectable family, Jonathan must find a way to break through quickly.

Even though his Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was powerful, the Divine Realm and God Realm were two utterly different realms.

Jonathan regarded the Grandmaster Realm the same way he regarded ants.

On the ground, Zebedee had forcefully suppressed the chaos in his consciousness as he stood up.

"Jonathan, that was a good tactic." While saying that, he took out a yellow talisman.  
"Since I can't defeat you with the evasive technique, then I'll let you have a taste of the real thing!" As he said that, he put away the broken knife in his hand before making a seal with one hand.

"Clone, emerge!"

Zebedee let out a cold cry before biting his finger and pressing it onto the yellow talisman.

The yellow talisman was ignited mid-air, and a strange energy surged out. The blood on the yellow talisman had turned into thin lines of blood, wandering and intertwining with the energy of the talisman.

In the next moment, the space around it distorted, and the energy of the yellow talisman quickly solidified before finally becoming a whole other Zebedee.

“What the heck?”

With wide eyes, Jonathan stared at the exact same person in front of him in shock.

The technique of creating multiple clones, which was every boy’s dream, actually existed.

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### Chapter 668 Seven Zebedees

Amidst his shock, Jonathan hastily scanned the two Zebedees before him with his spiritual sense.

Both of them have similar physical bodies and the same cultivation level. This is not an illusion. They are two identical Zebedees! How is this possible? Even making a clone would need to take more time than this, right?

However, just as Jonathan widened his eyes and was about to investigate further, the two Zebedees took out a yellow talisman again in unison.

They produced the same yellow talisman and gestured matching hand seals.

“Clone, emerge!”

The strange fluctuations appeared again, and there were now four Zebedees.

“What the hell!” Jonathan couldn’t stay calm anymore.

Although he knew there was no way Zebedee could create another self from thin air and that skill that could bluff even his spiritual sense must be extremely taxing to the user, Jonathan didn’t dare to drag that fight any longer.

He’s in the advanced phase of God Realm. If I fight him one on one, perhaps we’ll be equally matched. However, if there are so many of them, I’m afraid I won’t last for over ten seconds, much less ten minutes. No matter what Zebedee is scheming, I’ll need to make a move before him. Worse comes to worst, I’ll skip this epiphany and achieve a breakthrough at a slower pace. If I continue allowing him to replicate, I may really die here.

“Charge!”

Jonathan dashed forward with the long sword in his hand.

Recollecting the scene of how Lauryn had assassinated Sofus, Jonathan swung his sword in a strange arc and launched himself at Zebedee.  
“Heaven Punishment!”

He had perfectly copied Lauryn’s sword technique.

In a split second, the long sword had reached Zebedee.

Clang!

A crisp sound rang out as Zebedee withdrew his broken blade.  
One of the Zebedees rushed over while wielding the broken blade from one side and parried Jonathan’s long sword.

Meanwhile, the other three Zebedees behind activated the yellow talismans in their hands once again.

The talismans disintegrated, and similar peculiar ripples in the air appeared again.  
Then, three more people emerged from thin air.

There were now seven Zebedees.

Jonathan’s scalp tingled as he sensed the genuine God Realm auras from the seven Zebedees around him.

All of them are in God Realm... This is crazy. How can a human split themselves? This doesn’t make any sense!

The few Zebedees exchanged glances before dashing toward Jonathan in the next second.

“Damn you!”

Jonathan turned around and ran.

Regardless of the method used by Zebedee, Jonathan knew he didn’t stand a chance against seven identically powerful Zebedees.

He had never cared about the heroic sayings of never backing down even if one would have to sacrifice themselves in a battle.

If that was a war and his escape would cause tens of thousands of citizens to be harmed, Jonathan would choose to stand his ground till his death.

However, he was alone at that moment, and if he didn’t flee, he would meet his end right then and there.

Only a fool will opt to die here.

Deft, quick, and without hesitation, Jonathan mustered all his abilities and took flight.

What was left of him was a mere afterimage as he swiftly bolted and disappeared around the corner of the intersection.

Commoners aside, even Zebedee was dumbfounded after sensing Jonathan's speedy decision and reaction.

How can a legendary figure like him, well-known in the entire Chanaea and revered even on an international level, not to mention being the most famous cultivator among the younger generation, do something as shameless as this?

Jonathan's behavior was incomprehensible for those who upheld the Jetroinian warrior's spirit.

Still, Zebedee didn't have to ponder further on that matter. Since I've used the forbidden technique, if I don't eliminate Jonathan, the banned technique's backlash will render me extremely weak. In that case, I'll be the one to die. Jonathan must meet his end today!

The seven Zebedees turned into seven afterimages as they went after Jonathan.

The side closer to New Renaissance in Kransbay Central Park had turned into a complete mess because of their fight.

Many people observing their fight from afar finally had the courage to approach and investigate after the two disappeared.

Nevertheless, no one could figure out how the scenes earlier had taken place. After all, the effects were too realistic, even for the purpose of filming a movie.

The weather at Kransbay was cold, especially at night. Although there were lesser people on the streets, the same could not be said for the cars on the road.

As Jonathan was running on the main street of Kransbay, the traffic there was particularly congested during the peak hour at night.

A few tables had just been set on the pedestrian walkway when Jonathan flashed across the lane like a hurricane, causing the tables and utensils to flip and scatter across the floor.

Behind him, the seven Zebedees were even more reckless as they stepped on the hoods of cars in the middle of the road while pursuing Jonathan.

With every step on a vehicle, the drivers of the cars would be forced to slam on their brakes.

When the Zebedees leaped, the forceful recoil would wreck the vehicles.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of the sound of car crashing reverberated in the air.

Jonathan glanced around and noticed the chaotic scene behind him.

He gathered his spiritual energy and sensed at least ten motor vehicle accidents in the few hundred meters radius areas around him.

This won't do.

He jumped high in the sky and kicked hard at a thick, ancient tree beside the road.

Crack!

The tree trunk exploded, and Jonathan relied on that propelling force to land on the ground.

All around him, the seven Zebedees descended as well.

"Why aren't you running away anymore?" one of them questioned Jonathan coldly. Jonathan had busted his shoes because of their previous battle. He removed the damaged shoes dangling around his ankles and tossed them aside.

"We shouldn't involve the civilians in a fight between cultivators like us. If there is a need to continue this match, let's do it elsewhere. What do you say?"

"Jonathan, as a fellow cultivator, you should understand that commoners are mere insignificant beings. If you care so much about them, you'll never become a king," Zebedee sneered.

Upon hearing that, Jonathan chuckled. "I was never suited to become a king. I can fight and kill, but I am not gifted to rule a country or nation. If I'm not mistaken, although your technique is unique, the adverse reaction should be pronounced. If I drag this fight longer, I'll be able to wear you out, am I right?"

"Why have you decided to turn around since you've grasped that concept?" An admired look flashed across Zebedee's face after he listened to Jonathan's words. "It seems that you fancy being a hero. But you should know most heroes do not enjoy a good ending."

"I think I'll give it a try!" Jonathan tightened his grip around the Heaven Sword.

He activated his force field and extended his spiritual sense to cover the few hundred meters of space around him to monitor all seven Zebedees' movements.

Just as the two were about to make their moves, someone's phone rang.

"Baby shark, doo-doo, doo-doo..."

“Hold on!”

Jonathan straightened his back and fished out his phone from his pocket. That was a ringtone Josephine had set for him.

In the past, she had never disturbed him whenever he was away. Hence, a bad feeling rose within him when he heard the ringtone.

“Hello, Josephine—”

He answered the call, but before he could finish his sentence, another man’s indifferent voice sounded from the speaker.

“Jonathan, I’m Jay Osborne. I’m currently visiting Edenic Heights as a guest. I think there’s a deal we should discuss in detail.”

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### Chapter 669 I Promise

“Jay!”

Malicious intent surged within Jonathan when he heard that name. Even Zebedee, opposite him, was frightened by his murderous aura.

He wasn’t even that ferocious when fighting me just now. Yet listening to that person’s name alone infuriates him to such an extent.

Sensing his depleting mental energy, Zebedee decided to conserve his strength by staying idle.

The Jetroinian warrior’s spirit he upheld and his pride as a cultivator prohibited him from sneaking an attack on Jonathan at that moment because he knew Jonathan could’ve opted to continue escaping, dragging their battle and wearing out his clones’ power to secure a win.

Although he couldn’t fathom Jonathan’s decision to turn back around to protect the commoners, Zebedee had already acknowledged the latter as an honorable and dignified man in his heart.

A fight between real men should be open and straightforward.

All seven Zebedees were either sitting or standing, holding their broken blades in front of them instead of seizing that opportunity to assault Jonathan.

Meanwhile, Jay’s voice sounded from the phone speaker once again.

“Jonathan, don’t worry. We came to Jadeborough with utmost sincerity this time. We wanted to discuss this matter with you face-to-face, but you weren’t here, so we could only talk things through with your wife first.”

“Jay! If you dare lay a finger on her, I swear I’ll murder every member of the Osborne family, including all of your relatives. I won’t spare any of them.”

Despite Jonathan’s nonchalant tone, the resentment flashing in his eyes had reached its peak.

If it weren’t because he was located too far away at that moment, Jonathan would’ve gone to meet up with Jay with his sword in his hand after knowing his wife was being held as a hostage.

Jay guffawed.

“Jonathan, I suggest you reconsider the position you’re in. I brought two God Realm fighters with me, so you should think wisely about your current status before speaking to me.”

Hearing that, Jonathan fell silent.

Although Zachary’s army was one of the Dragon Guards and was equipped with formidable firepower, they could, at most, fight against cultivators in the Grandmaster Realm.

Any God Realm fighter could do as they pleased against an army of over a few hundred thousand men if there weren’t any advanced-level cultivators present to restrain them.

The army’s only choice would be to resort to using fatal weapons with a high area of effect. A God Realm fighter was no different from a godlike being to a commoner, and there was no way for the latter to put up a resistance.

One God Realm fighter would be sufficient to lay waste to the entire Edenic Heights. With two God Realm fighters on Jay’s side, Jonathan knew anything he said would be mere empty threats.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to discuss a deal with me? Go on, then. I’m curious what kind of deal could possibly prompt the famous Osborn family to go to such lengths to negotiate terms with me,” Jonathan uttered calmly.

“That’s more like it,” Jay chirped. “I know you’re smart and wouldn’t waste time talking nonsense. Jonathan, in the past, the Osborne family had never taken the Goldstein family seriously. In fact, to us, all of you from the prominent families were no different from insignificant insects unworthy of our attention. Unfortunately, things do not always go as we plan. The circumstances in Chanaea have changed. I suppose you’ve heard about the collaboration between Wilbur and the Salladay family, and the rest of the respectable families are planning to negotiate cooperation with Karl. However, in my opinion, working directly with Asura’s Office would be a better bet. We, from the

Osborne family, have come here with the intent of asking you to join our side. What do you say?"

Jay stopped his speech at that point and waited for Jonathan to react.

Holding the phone in his hand, Jonathan remained quiet for some time.

If I don't choose to cooperate with the Osborne family, I'm afraid everyone in Edenic Heights will die. But if I agree, drastic changes will happen to the situation in Chanaea as well as to my cultivation path in the future.

"Jay, when I left the army half a year ago, I'd already cut ties with Asura's Office," Jonathan replied indifferently.

Jay snorted coldly. "Jonathan, I figure there's no need for us to dwell on this trivial topic. You know better than I do about who is actually in control of Asura's Office. I only need an answer from you. Will you agree to this deal or not?"

Right after Jay was done talking, a shriek rang out.

"Josephine!" Jonathan shouted into the phone speaker because he recognized the voice.

Josephine had let out that hysterical yelp.

"Let me see Josephine. Otherwise, I'll never cooperate with you!" Jonathan yelled anxiously.

The call was hung up. The next second, Jonathan received a video call invitation.

He accepted the invitation with slightly trembling hands and was met with the scene of Josephine being pinned against the couch by an elderly woman in her sixties.

Standing beside Josephine was a handsome man. He was pressing a dagger against her abdomen.

That man was none other than Jay.

Staring at the face that resembled Broderick, Jonathan gritted his teeth.

"This is our first time seeing one another, Jay. I hope you'll survive and stay well until the day I hunt you down."

"I'll be at the Osborne residence. You can find me there at any time."

Jay flicked his wrist. Josephine immediately reached out to grab the dagger.

Fresh blood flowed along the blade and trickled down on Josephine's slightly bulging stomach.

She was drenched in sweat at that moment, evidently scared out of her wits. She wanted to protect her unborn child, but she was just a helpless, weak woman.

Even if she mustered her strength to grasp the dagger, there was no way she could win against a cultivator's brawn.

"Save our child, Jonathan!" she screamed at the camera lens in a hoarse voice.

Ever since Edenic Heights was ambushed twice and Josephine managed to guess Jonathan's identity, she had chosen to support him silently.

She had quit her job and stayed inside the heavily guarded and defended mansion to allow him to focus on his work without worry.

Back then, if those people had used her to threaten Jonathan to yield to their request, she could've opted to end her own life without hesitation.

However, things were different now, as she was pregnant.

As a mother, she couldn't bear to witness her child die in her womb.

"Jonathan, agree to his request. I beg you. Please accept his terms. Our child cannot die..."

At that instant, sacrificing for the greater good or differentiating between good and evil was no longer important to her.

Josephine was not unprincipled or inadequately resolute, but she was still a human and an ordinary mother. She simply couldn't allow her child to die before her eyes.

"I promise!" Jonathan uttered while looking at the bloody dagger. "I accept all the Osborne family's terms. Let my wife go, and I'll agree to your requests."

Jay gradually loosened his grip and allowed Josephine to hold the dagger tightly as she pleased.

He took out his handkerchief and casually wiped his hands. "Tend to her wound."

Following Jay's order, Jason moved into the picture.

"Mr. Goldstein, Mrs. Goldstein merely sustained a minor injury. I'll treat her. I'm sorry that I failed to stop them this time."

Looking at Jason, who was seemingly mumbling to himself while he bandaged Josephine's hands, Jonathan remained silent.

Judging by the bloodstain on him, Jonathan understood he had put forth his best effort.