

## The Legendary Man Chapter 670 - m.Informativestore

Chapter 670 One Three Two One

"It's fine. They are two experts from the God Realm. Even if all of you were there, they are still unstoppable. What you guys did was right," Jonathan said calmly.

"What's the situation in Edenic Heights?"

"There are no fatalities. Most of them are just injured with fractures. They will recover soon."

As Jason spoke, he had stopped the bleeding and bandaged Josephine's hand efficiently.

"Madam, please lie down. The wound on your belly needs to be treated as well."

Looking at Jonathan through the screen, Josephine could not stop crying as tears continued streaming down her cheeks.

Although she did not say anything, Jonathan could sense the immense hatred in her reddened eyes.

Does she hate herself for not protecting the child well or does she hate the Osborne family?

Jonathan did not know which one was it.

Josephine lay down on the couch slowly as Jason efficiently cut apart her loose-fitting clothes with his scalpel.

Emmeline, who was sobbing at the side, came over to help.

A knife cut the size of a thumb nail could be seen on Josephine's belly. At that moment, blood oozed continuously from the wound.

Jay wasn't threatening me just now. That knife really did pierce through Josephine's belly.

"All right, that's long enough."

As Jay said those words, the camera was turned to his handsome face again.

"Jonathan, since you have agreed, then everything else can be easily settled. Asura's Office will be the Osborne family's most competent assistant in the future. We are on the same side now and I won't make your life difficult. However, please don't act against my instruction in the future. As an ally, I think the Osborne family has the obligation to

ensure the safety of your wife and child. Therefore, we'll bring them to the Osborne family's ancestral land this time."

Hearing Jay's words, Jonathan's face was a mask of fury. However, he understood that it would be meaningless even if he screamed against his phone at that moment.

"I'll repeat. If my wife and child suffer any injury, I, Jonathan Goldstein, will definitely destroy the Osborne family even if it costs me Asura's Office."

"Freeze!"

A cold command was heard from Jonathan's phone.

A fingernail-sized blade was floating in midair, targeting Jay's temple.

Jay's eyes flashed with a murderous glint instantly.

The next second, Jason was already pinned to the floor.

"Why can't your subordinate learn from his mistake?" Jay raised his hand and held on to the blade as he continued calmly, "You are trying to assassinate me when there are two Gold Realm cultivators with me. Should I compliment you for your loyalty or your stupidity?"

"Jay, he's just a doctor. Killing him doesn't benefit any of us," Jonathan said lightly.

Jay turned around to face the camera. He then threw the blade in his hand onto the floor.

"That's right. The reason I am here today is to express my sincerity. I hope you won't let me down."

The call was then hung up. Jonathan was so dejected that he lowered his arms weakly.

Even if I possessed the cultivation level of the God Realm and a mighty army, do I still not stand a chance against those respectable families?

Zebedee, on the opposite, looked at Jonathan as if he was an object of ridicule.

"Jonathan, you have led Eight Kings of War and won numerous battles to protect Chanaea. However, the Chanaean has harmed your family. Do you think what you did is worth it?"

Hearing Zebedee's words, Jonathan lifted his head in a daze.

That's right. Those from respectable families are able to cultivate since their birth. It's just like what happened to Chanaea in history. No matter how the government has changed, respectable families could rely on their influences to take control over the distribution of the topmost resources in Chanaea. Do they care who is in charge of Chanaea? They don't. All they care about is their own benefit. Are these the people I tried to protect wholeheartedly?

After sensing Jonathan's determination wavering, Zebedee asked again, "Jonathan, why don't we work together? As long as you are willing to work together with Jetroina, we can make you the real king in Chanaea."

"And then what?" Hearing Zebedee's words, Jonathan finally snapped back to his senses. "Then, I'll become your puppet to help you guys snatch the resources in Chanaea as you wish?"

"There's nothing bad about that." Zebedee continued coldly, "Why did you cultivate in the first place? Didn't you cultivate to be able to do anything as you wish and for the peace of this world? As long as we work together, none of these will be a problem. Besides, Chanaea is just a small part of our plan. We are also targeting other places until we conquer the entire world!"

"The entire world?" With a light wave on Jonathan's hand, Heaven Sword fell to his hand with a buzzing sound. "This is the good thing about people from Jetroina. You are so free that you can dream."

"Haha... Jonathan, the one who is dreaming is you. We, the people from Jetroina, are pragmatic!"

As the blade glint flashed, Jonathan leaped.

Zebedee's figure could be seen rushing over, beneath Jonathan, with a sword in his hand.

Just as Jonathan was leaping, the remaining six Zebedee moved together as well.

The blades glinted and were pressed against Jonathan in every direction, rendering him unable to escape.

"Go!"

Following Jonathan's low growl, golden rays shone and chimes echoed in the air.

In a split second, Jonathan, who suffered the backlash, felt dizzy.

They were just testing each other's abilities. If they were to fight for real, Jonathan might really lose his life from the recoil.

Who invented this handbell? Its design is anti-human!

Seven Zebedee surrounded Jonathan, getting ready to launch their second wave of attack.

However, Jonathan had realized something from the first wave of attack.

Although the broken blades of the few Zebedee were quite powerful, their strength was still slightly different.

One was the strongest, three were intermediate, two were slightly weaker, and another one was the weakest.

In fact, the difference between the power during the attack by the seven Zebedee was not that big. However, Jonathan was standing under the protection of the handbell at that moment. It was as if he stood in an amplifier.

Jonathan could instantly differentiate which attack on the handbell hurt the attacker the most.

One, three, two, one... There must be some rule behind such a distribution.

Facing rounds of constant attacks from Zebedee, Jonathan could only endure them and kept on dodging.

Every backfire on the bronze handbell allowed Jonathan to tell the differences more clearly.

The pain on the tip of his tongue made him alert at all times, so he could continuously ponder on the logic behind that observation.

One becomes two, two become four. I suppose Zebedee's spiritual energy is depleting according to the number of times he duplicates.

In that case, when there are four Zebedee, there will be one real Zebedee, two clones created by him, and a level-two clone created by one of his clones.

If there are differences in the spiritual energy, then it should be one real Zebedee, two clones, and one level-two clone.

Since I stopped Zebedee's duplication just now, if the one I stopped is a clone, then the remaining three clones will duplicate again.

That should be how the seven Zebedee were formed. One real Zebedee, three clones, two level-two clones, and one level-three clone.

"I found you!"

With a roar, Jonathan flipped his hand around and retrieved the bronze handbell. The next second, he threw the handbell in Zebedee's direction.

"This is it!"

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### Chapter 671 Asura

Following Jonathan's shout, the bronze handbell transformed into a golden beam and shot toward Zebedee.

The glint of the blade flashed in the sky as Jonathan flipped and dodged while holding Heaven Sword.

However, the broken blades of the six other Zebedee still left a few bloody wounds on Jonathan's body.

While Jonathan's blood splattered in the air, the long sword in his hand disappeared. Then, it was replaced with a flaming stick that was over ten meters long.

Although the bronze handbell wasn't in Jonathan's hand, it still contained his spiritual energy.

When it was tossed out by Jonathan, the golden beam didn't disappear. Like a huge cover, it enclosed Zebedee, who was below the beam.

Clang!

Following a loud noise, Zebedee was trapped within the golden beam like a stranded beast.

The sudden golden glow shocked Zebedee. It wasn't until he saw it was Jonathan's magical item that he felt slightly relieved.

Yet, just when Zebedee wanted to send the bronze handbell away by hitting it, Jonathan flipped over mid-air and descended. Then, he pushed his palm toward the bronze handbell above Zebedee's head.

The runes surrounding Zebedee, which were slowly disappearing, suddenly glowed brightly after being injected with spiritual energy.

Zebedee, who wanted to escape the trap, bumped into the layer of golden light. Instantly, he couldn't think straight because of the impact.

In the surrounding area, six Zebedee—each wielding a broken blade—attacked Jonathan from every direction. Each blade was aimed at the latter's vital parts.

However, Jonathan didn't seem like he wanted to dodge the attacks at all.

"Die!"

Jonathan flipped and stomped furiously on the bronze handbell below him as if there were a thousand pounds on his legs.

Boom!

The bronze handbell sunk into the ground substantially.

Jonathan held his flaming stick up high and swung it downward with all his might.

Clang!

The sound of the bell echoed across the sky.

This was a move where Jonathan had to risk it all.

Zebedee's remaining six blades would dismember Jonathan's limbs if there were any miscalculations.

The golden beam glowed brightly and created a rippling effect on the surrounding air.

Buzz!

Following a soft trembling sound, Jonathan vomited a mouthful of blood.

Meanwhile, his entire body went upside down as he bounced backward in the sky.

The six broken blades around him flew away. The other six Zebedee, who were wielding the blades, became a series of spiritual energy before vanishing.

On the street, the cars flipped over and flew up, following the ripple of the golden beam.

Trees were broken in half, and the buildings' glasses on both sides of the street shattered.

Street lamps, the shops' signboards with bulbs, and everything within one's sight were all destroyed mercilessly.

Within ten meters, the people in the shops by the streets turned into a mist of blood, as they couldn't withstand the shockwave.

The people who were further away from the scene were severely injured as well.

The street that was once prospering had become a purgatory on earth.

While hovering mid-air, Jonathan felt his mind spiraling into turmoil as he widened his eyes and stared at the scene before him.

Obviously, I had a better solution.

If I can guide Zebedee to the wilderness, I can certainly exhaust his spiritual energy.

So what if he caused any casualties while he was chasing after me?

Even if the seven Zebedee started killing people, the most they could murder would be dozens or over a hundred people.

As for the cars that were stepped on, it wouldn't necessarily kill the people inside, even if such an accident happened.

However, the casualties now are inestimable because of a single blow from my flaming stick.

The affected area was at least a radius of a hundred meters.

Oh, god! This is all my fault!

Seeing the ground that was rapidly closing in on him, the flaming stick in Jonathan's hand extended insanely and poked through the buildings on both sides of the street.

Then, Jonathan retracted his magical item and landed on the ground safely, using the resistance force.

Meanwhile, Zebedee was lying on the ground, already covered in blood.

Before this, Jonathan battled Garrison from the Osborne family. During that battle, Jonathan annihilated the latter with just one full-forced attack.

Zebedee was in the advanced phase of the God Realm, which was a rank higher than Garrison's cultivation level. However, the shockwave pushed Zebedee's body to the verge of breaking down.

Countless drops of blood gushed out of Zebedee's skin. He collapsed into a pool of blood while bleeding from all his orifices. At that moment, he had lost all his ability to fight back.

Jonathan reached his hand out and gestured slightly. Soon, seven similar broken swords flew up and hovered in front of him.

“Zebedee, do you really wish to begin a war for your so-called empire?” asked Jonathan.

His spiritual sense spread around him like a tidal wave.

There were disembodied limbs scattered around the scene, and cries for help could be heard reverberating in the area...

There were at least three thousand ordinary people who experienced casualties because of the battle between the two cultivators.

It was true that a battle between the gods would make ordinary humans suffer. Zebedee lay on the ground and looked at Jonathan. He wanted to speak, but only the sounds of air bubbles came out of his mouth.

Jonathan’s finger twitched slightly. Then, two broken blades circled mid-air and flew through Zebedee’s pauldron and lifted him.

“Look. If I lead my people to attack Jetroina and do this in your country, will you still think that ordinary people are merely a bunch of lowly insects? If I kill all your friends, families, and relatives, will you remain adamant and insist on escalating matters into a war?”

At that moment, Zebedee was being lifted mid-air using Jonathan’s broken blade. The tip of Zebedee’s toes touched the ground, and thick blood dripped from his chin continuously.

“Hah...” Zebedee looked at the living hell before his eyes and laughed with difficulty. “It’s too late, Jonathan. It’s too late... My two subordinates who escaped had already contacted our Jetroinian spies. The backup supply of Karl’s Eastern Army will be severely damaged, and no one will be spared. Remdik’s Medved Army will cross River Onxy and enter Doveston. Jetroina’s army will also enter the border from Baridoki. Soon, there will be no peace in Doveston.”

Zebedee continued, “Just wait and see. Our national flower will bloom in every corner of Chanaea! Claudius’ light will shine on every inch of the skies and ground in Chanaea! Three generations of calm preparations were all done for this moment today! You can kill me, but I’m the one who won this battle!”

A cold glint flashed, and a blood fountain appeared on Zebedee’s stomach.

Seeing the wound on his stomach, Zebedee burst into a maniacal laugh. “Let me commit seppuku, Jonathan. I am a Jetroinian warrior, so I deserve to die with honor.”

Jonathan slowly lowered Zebedee to the ground. However, seven broken blades overlapped in the next second, dividing Zebedee’s body into over ten pieces of meat.



On the ground, Zebedee's head rolled over, and his eyes remained wide open while staring at Jonathan.

Jonathan kept away the seven flying swords and the ring on Zebedee's broken finger.

Jonathan lowered his head and looked at Zebedee's head, then casually tossed the latter's broken finger to the side.

"According to Jetroina's rules, you should enjoy the most honorable ceremony. However, this is Chanaea, and you don't deserve it."

Jonathan's heart felt heavy after he glanced around and saw the people who were struggling in despair.

This wasn't the first time he had seen such a scene.

It was impossible to have no death or injuries when a war was used to stop another war.

All Jonathan could do was end the war as soon as possible. That was the only way he could restore peace in the world.

Karl, Wilbur, the eight respectable families, Jetroina, and Remdik...

It's not that I don't have the courage to kill them. I'm just not bloodthirsty.

Stepping on the ground drenched in a pool of blood, Jonathan slowly walked further away from the scene.

If this is hell, then I shall show you what the real Asura looks like!

## [The Legendary Man Chapter 672 - m.Informativestore](#)

### Chapter 672 Belief

Inside a tent at the military camp, Karl was staring at the dots of light on the screen in front of his eyes.

Those dots were tracking devices that God Realm experts of the respectable families possessed. At the same time, the device could also be used to pinpoint the user's own location.

Hence, the experts could use the tracking devices to trace Blood Squad's location, while simultaneously relaying their own location to Karl.

"Commander, I've made the necessary arrangements," Dominick announced loudly after entering the tent.

“Mmm.” Karl nodded slightly. In the next second, he raised his head and cast a glance at his lieutenant. “Our spies...”

Dominick shook his head upon hearing that.

“If we don’t mobilize the spies who are stationed in Remdik, they can live the rest of their lives in peace. If we mobilize them, however, I’m afraid they won’t even have a chance at escaping,” he explained.

Of course, Karl was well aware of the possible outcomes for the spies. Nonetheless, he couldn’t help letting out a long sigh and leaning back into his chair after listening to Dominick’s words.

“Remdik will definitely seek revenge on the spies for relaying information to us. Although they can’t escape, they won’t lose their lives for the time being.”

Recalling the pictures of the people in the classified documents and how their eyes were filled with hope, Karl only felt his heart clench.

Karl and the Medved Army of Remdik had remained in an impasse in Doveston for seven long years, and both parties were preparing for the forthcoming war.

As a result, bombs, firearms, supplies, soldiers, and intel were being continuously accumulated.

Out of Doveston’s three states, Horbah had been designated as the base of operations, where countless intelligence officers would come and go.

Karl had also put together a team of people who were tasked to infiltrate Remdik and relay information to him from within.

By choosing to mobilize the spies that had been living under the radar all this while, he was essentially exposing them and sealing their fates. All they could do was wait for their deaths, but Karl had no other choice.

After making up his mind, he gave an order to Dominick. “Give them a call. There’s no need to be secretive about it. Let them know they can contact their families and ask them if there’s anything they’re unable to fulfill themselves. I’ll try my best to help them.”  
“Understood!”

Dominick turned around and headed out, immediately beginning to make the arrangements.

Meanwhile, Karl cast a final glance at the folder in his hand before tossing it into the heater and performing a military salute.

Having made up his mind, he wore a resolute expression on his face and watched as the flames engulfed the classified documents, gradually turning them into ashes.

“I, Karl Hamilton, am truly sorry, everyone. Thank you for your hard work throughout all these years.”

Evidently, Karl had gone all out this time.

He and Jonathan shared the same goal—to destroy the monopoly of respectable families.

However, the two men had vastly different approaches to handling the situation.

It was precisely the clash in their beliefs that led Karl to betray Asura’s Office.

He had been commanding an army for years, so how could he possibly not know what would happen to the three Doveston states when he decided to leave Asura’s Office?

Aidan tried to persuade Karl to join hands with him under the guise of helping Karl unify the world, but it was all rhetoric.

In fact, Aidan was merely hoping to make Eastern Army a lone, helpless army.

Karl was well aware of the man’s intentions, yet he still chose to work with Medved Army.

That was because Karl had a goal he wished to achieve, and that was to get rid of Yaleview Army and unite all Chanaean military forces, from Doveston to Xemrich, to form a unified military.

Yaleview Army’s six hundred thousand soldiers were the heart of Chanaea.

Jonathan was afraid of getting Chanaea tangled up in the mess, so he continually ignored the objections from Asura’s Office.

On the other hand, Karl had long wanted to make a move, but he was a King of War. The moment he pulled the trigger, he would drag all of Asura’s Office down with him.

Although they had different beliefs, Karl didn’t want to conspire against Jonathan and force the latter to turn his back on Yaleview. Hence, Karl’s best option was to use the Medved Army of Remdik to his advantage.

Both Medved Army and Eastern Army were two of the world’s most advanced war units. They had a combined force of three hundred thousand soldiers. If they were to work together, it was entirely plausible for them to destroy Yaleview Army in a short amount of time.

Karl planned to defeat Yaleview Army before turning on Medved Army.

He hoped to stabilize the situation in Doveston and Huxville by abandoning Medved Army once he achieved his goal.

However, Aidan's shamelessness caught Karl by surprise. The former didn't even bother putting up an act when Karl cut ties with Asura's Office and instantly turned against him.

Wilbur from Yaleview joining forces with the Salladay family and Joshua's subsequent escape was also not within Karl's expectations.

Despite the unforeseen turn of events, Karl made new plans according to the visit of the God Realm cultivators from the six respectable families.

Now that Wilbur and the Salladay family were working together, the respectable families began seeing Eastern Army as a key player.

Karl simply set up a plan using his wife and son, who were still in Remdik, to have the respectable families fight in his stead.

Once they were in Chanaea, the respectable families would pull out all the stops for the opportunity to reunite Karl's wife and son with him.

However, one would be in the territory of the eight respectable families of Chanaea upon entering the country. It wouldn't be easy for anyone to make a move.

That was why Karl had secretly spread the word about the six respectable families' arrival in Remdik.

This was his brand new plan.

Regardless if the news was true or not, Remdik would have to play into Karl's plan and cut off the six respectable families' God Realm cultivators right then and there.

In Karl's opinion, the best-case scenario would be all six cultivators perishing in Remdik.

Not only would that reduce the powers of the respectable families, but it would also make those families have their guards up against one another.

Although it was impossible to cut their connection in one go, this opportunity would allow Karl to sow some doubt in their hearts. It would build a solid foundation for his later attempts to bring the respectable families down.

However, Eastern Army's Blood Squad and Karl's family would be in greater danger if he proceeded with the plan.

All of them could potentially lose their lives in Remdik.

Inside the heater, the classified documents had long been burned to dust.

Karl slowly dropped his hand as tears welled up in his eyes.

Many people had been sacrificed in these plans, but Karl didn't have a choice. The sacrifices were inevitable for the bigger picture—destroying the respectable families.

If his sacrifice could help change the situation in Chanaea, Karl had no qualms about giving his life.

That was a belief that he would uphold to his very last breath as a soldier.

“Commander!”

Outside, Dominick's voice came from afar, his tone laced with panic.

Karl walked to the door and looked at his lieutenant.

“What's wrong? Why are you so frantic?” he asked.

“Bad news, Commander!” said Dominick in between breaths. “The backup supply station in Horbah sustained extensive damage. It won't be able to resume provision for a week.”

A crease appeared between Karl's brows as he asked, “How long can we hold out with our reserved supplies?”

“Two and a half days.”

“Call the chief of Horbah's intelligence network.” Karl turned around and entered the tent as he gave the order. “This is a serious matter, yet no heads-up was given. I suppose we don't need him alive anymore,” he remarked.

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Meanwhile, in Harfush, Sirmoor, Hades had his eyes fixed on the screen in front of him. “Mr. Goldstein, there's news from Horbah. The Eastern Army's backup supply station has been damaged. Shall we proceed with the adjustments?”