

The Legendary Man Chapter 690 -

Chapter 690 Infiltration

Sirius was a member of the Blackwood family. After Lauryn started collaborating with Jonathan, she had been providing the Blackwood family with Edenic Heights' intelligence.

Lauryn was there when Jay went to Edenic Heights to take Josephine hostage. Therefore, the Blackwood family was aware of the cooperation between Jonathan and the Osborne family.

This time, Sirius received an order to break the Osborne family and Jonathan's partnership by all means.

He could even eliminate Jonathan or Xavion to sow discord between the two parties if necessary.

Although Xavion came from the last family to reach Doveston among the six respectable families, they were the most accomplished clan at that moment.

Mason made a backup plan when he sent Jay and Xavion to handle that matter. He only needed one of his plans to succeed in order to safeguard the Osborne family.

At present, one of the three most powerful military factions, Asura's Office, had shown their support to the Osborne family. On the contrary, Eastern Army's stance had become insignificant.

Xavion's current focus was to figure out a way to get rid of the fool, Morris.

To put it bluntly, Sirius and Xavion now regarded Morris as if the latter was a dimwit.

No one knew if Jonathan would die that day, but everyone was confident Morris would most likely not live past that night.

...

The wind howled as two peculiar silhouettes dashed through the woods.

They were none other than Jonathan and Karl, who were retracing their steps.

However, at that instant, their figures appeared highly bizarre.

Each of them carried a brown bear on their shoulders.

The brown bears were huge and strong, but Jonathan and Karl had bound the animals

with their spiritual energy, rendering the bears immobile and unable to struggle even if they wanted to.

Upon reaching the top of the mountain, Jonathan grasped the nape of the brown bear's neck and hurled it forward.

Bang!

The brown bear hit the ground, splattering snow everywhere. The frightened bear hurriedly fled ahead after it regained its freedom.

Boom!

A loud explosion reverberated in the valley as an anti-personnel mine was triggered.

The next second, bright lights illuminated the military camp at the foot of the mountain, and sirens echoed in the valley.

Four spiritual senses spread toward the mountaintop like a tidal wave.

The bronze handbell on Jonathan's head moved rapidly in the woods.

The bronze handbell had a strange ability. It could block out the transmission of energy targeting the body, such as spiritual energy and spiritual sense.

Jonathan was merely using the bronze handbell to obscure his presence so that he could infiltrate the enemy's army camp without raising any alarm.

Meanwhile, Karl tossed the brown bear he was carrying downward at the mountaintop.

The bear ran away swiftly, and another anti-personnel mine exploded in just a few seconds. This time, a chain reaction ensued, causing successive loud booms to resound in the air.

Four silhouettes leaped out of the military camp and bolted up the mountain.

At the same time, Karl darted off in the opposite direction as Jonathan.

Although the two brown bears merely bought around ten seconds for Jonathan and Karl, that was already more than sufficient.

At most, the maximum range of a Divine Realm cultivator's spiritual sense was around a hundred meters, similar to Jonathan's.

Within those ten seconds, they had enough time to escape Aidan and the others' spiritual senses' detection range.

As expected, the party of four, consisting of Aidan and led by Vicador, landed beside the site of detonation.

Vicador grimaced after reaching out and retrieving a brown bear's ruined skull from the bloody spot nearby.

"They're here. Aidan and Alexander, guard the military camp below. Antoine and I will capture the invaders."

"Yes!"

Four of them turned around and left to carry out their tasks without conversing further.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had arrived before the lookout post.

Security alarms blared in the entire area garrisoned by the army. Unexpectedly, the quietest place was the camp's entrance.

After all, anyone with the slightest common sense would know a military camp's entrance would be the most heavily guarded place.

Anyone who wished to attack or ambush the camp would never choose to force their way in through the main entrance.

Yet, Jonathan strode openly into the camp via the most dangerous route.

Standing guard at the camp's entrance, two sentries noticed the gleams of a pair of swords swinging in their direction before they could even sound the alarm.

The next second, the sentries covered their necks with their hands and struggled before gradually slumping to the ground.

Jonathan waved his hands and retrieved his broken blades. Then, he slipped into the chaotic military camp.

Due to the cold weather, the Remdikian army base was constructed in a relatively low and dense layout. Still, the structures were extremely sturdy. Jonathan unleashed his spiritual energy to search for Killian and Layla's whereabouts but to no avail.

He was walking forward when a Remdikian military officer suddenly shouted in Remdikian.

Although Jonathan had never learned Remdikian, he could grasp the meaning of some commonly used phrases.

Someone was telling him to stop moving.

He turned around to look at the Remdikian military officer and saw the latter sizing him up.

“Are you talking to me?” Jonathan asked while wearing a smile. It’ll be a lot of hard work for me to search the entire military camp using my spiritual sense. Perhaps the quickest way to acquire intelligence is to force someone here to divulge the information.

Taking in the sharp broken blades in Jonathan’s hands, the Remdikian military officer immediately aimed his gun at Jonathan while speaking in his native language.

However, as soon as he did that, the Remdikian officer felt as if an invisible hand had wrapped around his throat, rendering him unable to utter a single word.

His finger was placed on the trigger of his gun, yet he couldn’t pull it no matter how hard he tried. It was like the gun’s trigger suddenly weighed over ten thousand kilograms.

Jonathan turned and marched into the house at one side. Having lost control of his limbs, the military officer had no choice but to follow Jonathan inside.

Jonathan’s broken blades glinted. Subsequently, the Remdikian soldiers inside the house grabbed their throats and fell to the ground. Jonathan placed his blades against the Remdikian officer’s neck and said, “I’m here to look for an adult and a child. Are they here?”

The military officer gazed at Jonathan in fright, evidently scared out of his wits, and, at the same time, seemed utterly confused.

Jonathan willed his spiritual energy and relaxed the pressure around the Remdikian officer’s throat.

Instantly, the Remdikian military officer spouted a series of words that sounded like gibberish to Jonathan.

Jonathan was dumbfounded.

Elicitation was indeed the most effective way to obtain information during wartime. However, that was provided if one could understand the language spoken by the other party.

Jonathan gaped at the military officer. In the end, he had no choice but to slit the latter’s throat.

He could understand some simple Remdikian words, but when all the terms were connected to form a sentence, he couldn’t comprehend the message.

By the time Jonathan exited the room, he had already changed into a Remdikian military outfit. He placed the bronze handbell on his head and covered it with a cap. By doing that, Jonathan could entirely conceal his spiritual energy within the half-a-meter radius around him.

Outside of that range, even if Aidan strode past him, the latter wouldn't sense anything out of the ordinary.

Just as Jonathan infiltrated the Remdikian military camp, the atmosphere of the hill beside turned extremely lively, like the Christmas Day parade.

The Legendary Man Chapter 691 -

Chapter 691 Sacrificing Himself for Others

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of explosions rang out from above the mountain interminably.

Focusing hard, Jonathan swung his gaze at the forest. He vaguely glimpsed three afterimages battling ceaselessly on the snowscape.

Hmm, that looks like Karl!

At the sight of the blur of an image disappearing among the trees in the mountains, he felt somewhat touched.

Although this mission is meant to save his wife and son, it's still exceedingly dangerous to distract the enemy personally. Once embroiled in battle, he'd likely perish here. Well, he's a real man!

While his thoughts drifted, he hid in the dark and streaked forward at lightning speed.

He had to familiarize himself with the entire military camp before Karl could no longer hold out so as not to squander the risk the latter took.

Unbeknownst to him, Karl was inwardly cursing non-stop right then.

Argh! I initially planned on sneaking into the military camp on the heels of Jonathan after creating a distraction. But then, a Remdikian with a full beard appeared out of nowhere, chasing after me relentlessly as though he was able to track my position. Worse still, he has Antoine following behind him!

Confronted by two elites of God Realm at the same time, he didn't dare stop and battle them at all.

It wasn't that he wasn't their match, but once he was embroiled in battle, Aidan and Alexander might turn up anytime. If he were to battle four people alone, death would be an inevitable end for him.

Therefore, he wasn't actually sacrificing himself for others. Instead, he was really fleeing for his life desperately.

"Stop running, Karl. It won't do you any good. Brace yourself for death!" Antoine bellowed behind him.

However, Karl wouldn't possibly listen to such foolish advice. Responding with a curse in his native language, he continued sprinting forward.

The three of them continued the cat-and-mouse game, with one taking flight ahead and two giving chase behind, going increasingly farther. When Karl leaped over a hill and landed on the ground, he froze for a moment.

Thud! Thud!

As two muffled thumps sounded, snowflakes scattered everywhere. Antoine and Vicador arrived right behind Karl.

"Continue running. Why aren't you doing so..."

Before Antoine had finished voicing that mocking remark of his, he swallowed the rest of the words on the tip of his tongue, for three other men with intriguing expressions were staring at him strangely, other than Karl.

They were none other than Morris, Xavion, and Sirius, who were there in an ambush to find an opportunity to kill Jonathan.

Under the leadership of Morris, the three of them reached a temporary alliance to finish Jonathan off.

Since they wanted to take the man off guard, they had to keep a tight leash on their spiritual sense and spiritual energy so that he wouldn't notice their presence.

After Jonathan and Karl had blown up the mountain, in particular, they remained still while lost in their respective thoughts, not daring to make a single peep.

Despite the ability of such a defense to prevent others from perceiving their presence, it also hindered them from surveying their surroundings.

Of course, they were all high-level cultivators, so they could likewise thwart others from drawing close with their hearing and sight alone.

Alas, Karl was going far too fast in his bid to escape pursuit.

Just when they sensed someone approaching at a rapid speed, the man had already landed on the open space between them in the next heartbeat.

Subsequently, Vicador and Antoine made their appearance.

Sirius glared at Morris with an icy expression on his face.

“So, this is your d*mn idea?”

Xavion, on the other hand, yawned and released the spiritual energy within him in exasperation.

“As I said, this surprise attack of yours wouldn’t work. Making a bold and open move is still the best in taking someone out.”

Among the trio, Morris was the only one who wore an utterly frustrated expression at that very moment.

“This isn’t right. Something must have gone wrong somewhere. Otherwise, how could I have been discovered?”

“Cut the crap! Do you want the support of the Eastern Army? Help me out here!”

With a roar, Karl raised his saber and charged at Vicador.

Following that, Sirius whipped out a spear and thrust it at Antoine.

Behind him, Morris similarly rushed forward with his mace in hand, letting out a blood-curdling cry. Conversely, Xavion was still unperturbed. In fact, he unhurriedly took out a cigarette from his pocket.

After all, the Osborne family already had a collaboration with Jonathan. He was there to fight for Karl, but the results didn’t mean much to the Osborne family.

Thus, he didn’t really care even if it was a trip made in vain.

The battle swiftly witnessed a turnabout. With expressions as black as thunder, Vicador and Antoine turned tail and made a hasty retreat.

Gah! Karl wasn’t making a run for it at all! Instead, he designed this trap, waiting for us to jump into it!

“Quick, get backup!”

The long sword in Vicador's hand collided with Karl's saber. As Vicador flew backward, he shouted at Antoine at the top of his lungs.

Their capabilities aside, things definitely wouldn't end well for them if they were to face off against four cultivators of the same rank simultaneously.

All of them were of God Realm, so numbers would be the deciding factor since they were more or less equally matched.

Whoosh!

As Morris' mace sliced through the air, Vicador was again forced to back away.

Bang!

The mace struck the ground, shattering the rocks instantly and setting off airwaves that had countless snowdrifts flying into the air.

"Kill them!"

With a shout from Sirius, a phantom image materialized at the tip of his spear, condensing into a kraken formed by pure spiritual energy.

A glint of light flickered before he propelled the spear forward forcefully.

Verily, the essence of the Blackwood family's spear was unleashed to its ultimate potential in his hands.

In the next instant, blood spurted into the air.

Vicador's left shoulder became a mess of flesh and blood.

Although it was the first time the three cultivators of Divine Realm were working together, they still managed to do so seamlessly, thanks to the help of spiritual sense. Consequently, their successive attacks wounded the man heavily.

By then, the commotion was no longer limited to Vicador and Antoine, who were on the run. Jonathan, Aidan, and the others below the mountain had also noticed the commotion.

Exchanging a glance, Aidan and Alexander took off and flew toward the side of the mountain.

Jonathan, who had no idea of the current situation, also started unleashing his capabilities without holding back.

Despite being entirely ignorant of the events that had transpired on the mountain, he could roughly speculate.

Stellario and the other two men's location has long since overlapped with that of Killian and Layla, but the remaining three men haven't arrived even now. As such, this unfamiliar surge of spiritual energy is probably them.

Seizing advantage of the fierce battle on the mountain, he raced toward the military camp at top speed, leaving only an afterimage behind. He searched for signs of Killian and Layla tirelessly.

All of a sudden, he stopped short, his feet seemingly rooted to the ground.

Looking back over his shoulder at one of the barracks he had just darted past, he started in the direction of it.

"Stop right there!"

At the barrack's entrance, a few soldiers standing guard lifted the rifles in their hands and pointed them at Jonathan.

Unfortunately, all they received in return were a few glints of metal.

Four headless bodies that hadn't the time to fire a shot slowly tumbled to the ground. Then, Jonathan threw the broken blade in his hand into the barrack.

As the broken blade whirred around the enclosed space, shrieks of agony rang out endlessly.

Amidst the howls, Jonathan stepped into the barrack.

There were more than a dozen dead bodies littering the room. Sabino and the others were all restrained on seven interrogation chairs as though they were specimens to be experimented on.

His voice trembled as he stood before Sabino.

"Is it you, Sabino?"

The Legendary Man Chapter 692 -

Chapter 692 Kill Them All

Ever since its inception, Blood Squad had been one of the most elite special operations units in the whole of Chanaea.

Even in the international arena, it enjoyed great acclaim. It ranked among the strongest military units in the world, on par with Remdik's Team Alpha, Anglandur's Navy Corps, and Irethiel's Shiv Forces.

The four different military units were located in pan-Anglandur, Zaewora, North Epea, and South Aploth, respectively.

They had always been legendary, rumored to be invincible as long as they accepted a mission.

It was during the mission in Remdik this time that Blood Squad and Team Alpha went up against each other.

Under the utilization of technology, Blood Squad suffered devastating casualties. From the initial fifty people who made up the entire team, the only survivors were the seven men in the barrack then.

The captain of the squad, Sabino, had established an incredibly close relationship with Jonathan, Karl, and the others during battle a few years ago. Several times, they experienced life-and-death situations together.

Back when Asura's Office was established, Jonathan wanted to appoint him as core personnel to help train new recruits.

Regretfully, he demurred with the reason of being unsuited for a low-risk job. While Chanaea's general environment was peaceful at that time, there were still a ton of hidden dangers both internally and on the fringes, so someone needed to continue taking up the job.

Precisely because of that, Jonathan assigned him to Karl. From there, the strongest warfare team known as Blood Squad came into existence.

But right then, the man who had never been defeated on the battlefield was lying prone with his head, neck, wrist, chest, waist, thighs, and ankles restrained by steel bars.

Sabino and the others were covered in blood. That aside, fine wires littered their bodies, and their vitals were displayed on the computer at the side.

On a tray by the side were bottles of empty vials.

With just a single glance, Jonathan could tell what Sabino and the others had gone through.

Those vials contained a stimulant that could boost one's nervous system. When injected with such a drug, one's sensation toward external stimuli would be magnified several folds.

On top of that, it would keep the person very much conscious for a short time.

It was a basic drug used in extorting information by torture.

Needless to say, the events that followed after such a drug would be all sorts of inhuman torture.

Jonathan turned his gaze to Sabino's hands and legs, only to see that the man's nails were long since gone. Worse still, screws had been drilled into the pads of each digit.

Dozens of similar wounds adorned the bodies of Sabino and the others. But at the same time, they had been injected with adrenaline that kept them alive.

Reaching out, Jonathan touched the back of Sabino's neck. As his spiritual energy burst out, it severed the latter's nerves like an invisible scalpel.

He knew Sabino would undoubtedly die once adrenaline stopped pumping into him, considering his injuries.

Alas, the only thing he could do then was to relieve some of the man's agony.

"Sabino, it's me, Jonathan. Wake up..."

He stretched out a hand once more and placed it on Sabino's head, channeling spiritual energy into the latter incessantly.

"M-Mr. Goldstein..."

Sabino's voice was a mere whisper, but it had already exhausted the last vestiges of his strength.

"It's me, Buddy."

Jonathan looked at the man with his eyes blazing scarlet, forcibly suppressing the wrath within him. He then curved his lips and flashed Sabino a stilted grin.

"You've been doing pretty well in the past few years. How did you get caught?"

At that very moment, Sabino's face was a bloodied mess, only one of his eyes opening. When he heard the man's words, the corners of his lips twitched. He wanted to force a smile, but it was beyond him.

"Mr. Goldstein... Killian is with Ste..."

"Stellario and two other cultivators of God Realm had taken Killian away, yes?" Jonathan queried with a smile.

"Yeah... With the location from Blood Squad, you'll be able to find him..."

Sabino then fixated his gaze on the man with great difficulty.

“Mr. Goldstein... Hand my jade pendant... to Lynn... I promised to marry her...”

Following that remark, Jonathan could no longer hold his tears back. They started streaming down his face like a faucet.

Back when he almost died in Summerbank, whereupon Hades brought Jason and the others to the small mountain village to treat him, Sabino was one of those who kept guard over him.

It was then that Sabino and Lynn made each other's acquaintance before developing feelings mutually.

After Jonathan had regained consciousness, Hades told him about it, and they all teased Sabino.

Jonathan even once said that he would personally hold a wedding for Sabino and Lynn when the war ended. Never had he imagined that the man wouldn't live to see that day.

“I'll bring you back, Sabino. I'll definitely bring you back...” Jonathan vowed in a choked voice.

Shouts rang out interminably outside the window, the bodies of the four dead guards outside having been discovered by Remdikian soldiers.

In the next instant, the window shattered, and a smoke bomb was hurled into the barrack. Jonathan's spiritual energy surged into the bronze handbell, upon which the golden protective shield swiftly expanded to envelop Jonathan and all seven members of Blood Squad.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A series of rapid gunshots followed, but not a single bullet managed to penetrate the golden shield.

“Mr. Goldstein... we both know... we're never going back anymore... Hand my jade pendant to her... and help find her a good man...”

At the side, the computer displaying Sabino's heart rate started blaring an alarm.

It read: 140... 180... 200... 230...

His heart rate kept soaring abnormally before flatlining.

Beep...

The alarm no longer changed but turned into a long beeping tone.

Alongside that, the line representing the man's heart rate lost all fluctuation.

"Sabino... I promise to convey your words to Lynn... I'll hand your pendant to her. My word is my bond..." Jonathan said to Sabino while kneeling on the ground, choking up.

He was accustomed to witnessing death, but still, the sight of a close friend dying in such a tragic manner felt as though tens of thousands of swords were piercing his heart continuously.

Boom!

The explosion of a grenade made Jonathan's blood boil.

Additionally, it also had him shake off his grief at long last.

He removed the jade pendant from around Sabino's neck before turning and casting his gaze at the other six men.

In the brief ten minutes, half the wall in the barrack had been riddled with bullets, close to collapse. Yet, not a single Remdikian soldier could take a step in.

Just when the Remdikians mobilized tanks to the front of the barrack, a figure walked out of the door with a long flaming stick.

Behind Jonathan, smoke billowed from the barrack. He stood within the golden shield, his face devoid of expression.

"You all want to battle? Fine, then. The number of casualties doesn't matter."

Whoosh! Whoosh!

In a flash, two broken blades flew out. While Zebedee's magical item couldn't compare to Heaven Sword, it was still exceedingly powerful.

Consequently, the tank splintered into three parts as though it was made of paper.

Jonathan raised his right hand, and two broken blades shot out once more.

Four broken blades spun in the sky, slashing down at the tank.

Not only was the entire tank promptly reduced to pieces, but the Remdikian soldiers weren't spared either.

"I hereby declare war, starting with the lot of you!"

Jonathan's tone was even, but he lifted his hand and hurled out another three broken blades.

At the sight of the seven blades twirling in the air above the man's head and the tank that had been hashed into scraps at the side, the Remdikian soldiers backed away with horror etched across their features.

Unfortunately, it was too late for them to escape.

Flames consumed the barrack at Jonathan's back. Standing in front of the inferno, he unhurriedly waved his right hand.
"Kill them all!"