

The Legendary Man Chapter 693 -

Chapter 693 What Plan Exactly

In the dark night, the whole of Redlington's military base was brightly lit.

Jonathan wandered around the place with seven broken blades slicing through the air around him, taking one life after another.

He wasn't an innate elite of God Realm, and he had several narrow brushes with death during the previous battles.

With Dragon Guards paving the way alongside Zachary, Dorian, Hayes, Hades, Sabino, and the others by his side, they had all helped him to fend off countless bullets.

But at present, Zachary was heavily injured while Dorian was in a coma. On top of that, he had even witnessed Sabino's agonizing death a while ago.

In the end, the final shred of sanity within him snapped.

Boom!

Upon realizing that bullets and conventional weapons couldn't injure Jonathan, the troops near Redlington finally began mobilizing the tanks and various heavy firepower.

But with the protection afforded by the bronze handbell, Jonathan didn't even have to dodge. Instead, he charged toward the gunfire madly.

An armor-piercing bullet hit the golden shield before Jonathan head-on.

Blood spurted into the air, and the man flew backward, crashing heavily into the barrack a distance away.

The Remdikian soldiers stared at the barrack warily.

In the next second, golden light illuminated the entire night sky. Blurring into an afterimage, Jonathan rushed out and leaped onto the tank.

"Charge!"

The long stick in his hand burst into flames, and he smashed it onto the tank's steel plate forcefully.

Like a child's toy, the unique steel plate that could withstand a cannonball shattered with a single blow.

At the same time, the seven broken blades that had fallen to the ground because Jonathan had been wounded flew up again and started a new round of massacre.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of explosions rang out from beside him.

However, he had long since left his initial spot, streaking away in a blur of motion.

“This is the war you wanted!”

He pitched the flaming stick in his hand, turning a dozen soldiers ahead who hadn't fled in time into a mess of flesh and blood.

“I'm giving you a war! I hereby declare war upon Remdik! I'm going to kill all of you! Every one of you has to die!”

Alongside a thunderous roar, Jonathan morphed into Grim Reaper himself. Zipping through the troops, he slaughtered Remdikian soldiers tirelessly.

In the face of someone of God Realm, ordinary people were no more than ants.

When the person was a cultivator of God Realm, he could only be stopped with a frontal hit by large-scale weapons or the presence of another cultivator complemented by advanced sniper equipment.

Otherwise, it was difficult to inflict a fatal injury on a cultivator of a high rank.

The same went for Jonathan then.

It was no longer a battle but a one-sided decimation.

By then, the man was already showing signs of entering a frenzied state.

Redlington's military base had also turned into a true hell on earth.

On the mountain at the side, Karl and the others were likewise craving blood.

As for Remdik, Aidan and the others launched a frenzied attack on Karl and the rest, led by Vicador.

In truth, other than Karl on Chanaea's side, Morris, Xavion, and Sirius hadn't planned on joining the battle between the two countries in the beginning.

Alas, no one believed that they had no malicious intentions when they set up an ambush near the military base.

At Aidan and the others' indiscriminate attacks, they hadn't any opportunity to explain, even if they wanted to do so.

Furthermore, anyone would be prideful after having attained such high cultivation as them.

Being part of society, they naturally wanted respect and dignity.

Thus, an attack had them disdainful to make any explanations.

Instead, they responded by doing the same.

In the blink of an eye, all eight men were entangled in battle. Brushing past each other, they even struck out at the person beside them every so often, enjoying themselves greatly.

Without warning, a series of explosions rang out from the military camp below the mountain.

Aidan swung his gaze over, only to see that the entire military camp was already blanketed in thick smoke.

Below the mountain, Jonathan, who was in a bloodlust, could no longer be bothered to conceal his spiritual energy. Moreover, his spiritual energy was explosive due to the blazing fury within him right then, blasting outward.

Even someone two or three kilometers away could sense it, much less those on the mountain.

“This aura... It’s Jonathan Goldstein!” Aidan exclaimed.

At that, the expressions of Antoine and Alexander, who had fought with Jonathan earlier, also changed drastically.

All three of them were well aware of the man’s cultivation level. After all, they almost perished from his secret technique at River Onxy.

Therefore, the ordinary soldiers at the military camp were undoubtedly in great peril.

“Hold them back!” Vicador roared.

The troops at Redlington were his personal army. As such, his reign as the general would draw to an end if Jonathan were to annihilate them all.

However, Karl and the others were long-established elites of God Realm.

In the ranks of cultivators in Chanaea, especially, none acted like Aidan and company, letting loose and making merry after breaking through God Realm. Contrarily, most embarked on the path of enlightenment and assiduous cultivation.

They all mastered a myriad of methods and had more than an ace up their sleeves.

When they were fighting one-on-one earlier, all four of them didn't go all out, but they could still deal with Aidan and the others.

Hence, it was a golden opportunity now that Vicador was all anxious about the military base below the mountain, abandoning Aidan and the others to deal with Karl and the rest.

"Guys, let's team up and kill all three of them! Then, the situation at Doveston will be resolved!"

A gleam glinted in Karl's eyes, and he charged at Aidan with his saber in hand.

They were old acquaintances who had been guarding opposing sides of River Onxy for seven years. Previously, the latter even orchestrated the Battle of River Onxy that shook the world.

It went without saying that such a deep grudge couldn't be contained in hand-to-hand combat.

Two afterimages collided before both attacked the other's Achilles heel frantically as though they had lost their minds.

At the side, Antoine and Alexander braced themselves for a simultaneous attack by the three remaining men. Unexpectedly, the danger they anticipated didn't come to pass.

Conversely, Morris, who stood on the outermost, stared down the mountain in the direction Vicador had left with his mace in hand.

In the next heartbeat, white snow scattered into the air as he blurred and streaked down the mountain.

"Don't go, Vicador! Battle me instead!"

His cry was thunderous, but Xavion and Sirius understood his underlying intentions.

Hah! He isn't chasing after Vicador but capitalizing on the chaos to finish Jonathan off and bring about Asura's Office's destruction! While he looks pretty simple and honest, he's capable of stabbing others in the back when he's up to his tricks!

Subsequently, Xavion asked Sirius placidly, "Sirius, Lauryn has probably sent news about Jonathan back to the Blackwood family, yes? What's your choice? To collaborate with the Osborne family or step up on your own?"

"Is that any of your business?"

Tapping a leg onto the ground lightly, Sirius sidestepped Alexander and Antoine in front of him and rushed down the mountain as well.

However, no one knew whether he intended to protect Jonathan or planned to eliminate the man, like Morris.

Seeing that, Xavion no longer hesitated either. He likewise charged toward the base at breakneck speed, drawing even with Sirius.

Meanwhile, Karl and Aidan were still in a life-and-death battle on the mountain. Antoine and Alexander, on the other hand, were wholly stumped.

“What plan exactly does this bunch of Chanaeans have?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 694 -

Chapter 694 A Strange Scene

Jonathan's sudden appearance caused a commotion in the base at the foot of the mountain.

With the departure of Vicador, it was three against four on the mountain. However, if Karl and his gang worked together, they could easily prevent their adversaries from making an escape.

However, the turn of events rendered Antoine and Alexander stunned.

What the f*ck is going on? We're neural cultivators, but they are acting as though we're not as valuable as the ordinary beings at the foot of the mountain. Why are they rushing toward the camp? Or does Chanaea calculate their contribution by the number of enemies they take out? Are they trying to kill as many people as they could?

Antoine and Alexander hesitated for barely one second before leaping into action.

Alexander hurriedly descended the mountain while Antoine wielded his dagger and charged at Karl.

Vicador and Alexander were no match for the four Chanaean cultivators at the foot of the mountain, but their lives wouldn't be in danger for the time being.

It was the perfect opportunity to take out Karl!

An icy glint emerged in Karl's spiritual sense.

He let out a cold chuckle as he plunged his long sword into the icy glint.

Instead of backing away, he chose to get hurt to survive the attack!

“Antoine, get out of my way!”

Standing in a triangle formation, the three of them were locked in a life-or-death battle. If Antoine's attack managed to hit its target, Karl's chest would be pierced, causing a serious injury. However, at the same time, Karl's saber would also chop off Antoine's head.

If that were to happen, Aidan could raise his weapon to avenge Antoine by taking Karl's life.

However, Aidan dared not risk Antoine's life.

It was clear Ivanov valued Antoine as he placed his clone on the latter.

He was so devoted to protecting Antoine that he was willing to go to great lengths to ensure his safety, even if that meant stopping the tsar from going south. Antoine was clearly very special to him.

If Antoine were to die here, Aidan and the rest wouldn't be able to appease Ivanov's wrath even if they managed to defeat Jonathan and the other four.

Bang!

A white glow appeared out of nowhere as Aidan smashed a crystal in between his palms, turning it into dust.

Following that, a shield that was half as tall as him appeared between him and Karl.

A resounding clang sounded as the saber collided with the shield.

The shield promptly cracked upon impact, but at least he had managed to survive Karl's attack.

At the same time, it also blocked Antoine's dagger.

Crack, crack, crack!

Aidan roared out loud and stomp his foot forcefully. An invisible shockwave spurted out and threw Karl and Antoine backward.

Karl flipped midair and, with a powerful kick, split an ancient thick trunk in two before he was able to land on the ground safely.

Panting heavily, he glared at his enemies in a menacing manner.

Aidan and the like weren't the only ones, for even Karl found Morris and his gang's actions strange.

If Morris and his group chose to engage in combat, they could easily defeat some of the cultivators from Aidan's group.

However, should they choose not to fight, they could depart immediately. Being God Realm cultivators, they could cross Chanaea's boundaries without any hindrance.

It was peculiar that they opted to sprint down the mountain to the military camp.

Opposite Karl, Antoine had already crawled out of the snow pile.

"Aidan, you should've killed him earlier!"

"Cut the crap!" Aidan roared. "Don't you know that if you were to die, we would all perish as well?"

Karl was fluent in Remdikian, so he understood their exchange without difficulty.

At once, a bold thought emerged in his heart.

Across from him, Aidan noticed his expression and realized what he had in mind.

"Karl, I'm right here, so you won't be able to take his life!"

"I'm willing to risk my life," Karl revealed as he pressed his saber to his sleeve. "As long as I can kill Antoine, Ivanov will unleash his wrath on you, and you will all have to pay the price with your lives. Remdik will then launch an attack on Doveston. I will no longer be able to lead the Eastern Army, and you will no longer be able to command the Medved Army, but they will still fight in battle. Then, Jonathan will take my place. When the battle begins, Asura's Office will convene once more! Yaleview Army's six hundred thousand troops will also be impacted, causing a rapid transformation in Chanaea and both continents! If my death can bring about such an outcome, it will not be in vain!"

Right after Karl said his piece, his saber started glowing and buzzing softly.

He injected too much spiritual energy into the magical item, causing it to reach its maximum capacity.

That also signaled that Karl wasn't about to hold back. He was ready to exhaust his spiritual energy to fight against them.

Once the battle was over, he would die if his spiritual energy was depleted regardless of the outcome.

It was pretty clear that he was burning his own bridges!

“You’re nuts! F*ck, all Chanaeans are crazy!” Aidan cursed angrily before turning to flee the scene.

Antoine also did the same.

All the while, Antoine was proud to be Ivanov’s descendant, for the identity brought him prestige and paved his future.

However, that same identity was going to be his death sentence right now.

If a highly-skilled cultivator had chosen to give it their all, they could employ a vast array of strategies.

Previously, there were attacks and defends with each side determined to take out the other while ensuring their own safety.

Now, Karl was going all out. He was prepared to risk his life to eliminate his enemy.

In short, none of them were his match.

Therefore, Aidan sought to minimize the risk of Antoine’s death.

To do that, he would have to head to the base camp at the foot of the mountain.

Their enemies now had one more same-ranked cultivator compared to them. However, that advantage would decrease if more cultivators were to join the fight.

A cultivator would most probably lose if he were to face two cultivators at once.

However, if four cultivators were to fight against five cultivators, even if they were outnumbered, their enemies wouldn’t get an advantage over them.

The three of them ran down the mountain one after another. Before they could enter the camp, the sight that appeared in front of them caused them to halt in their tracks.

Before reaching their destination, the three of them guessed that Jonathan and the other three must have overwhelmed Vicador and Alexander with their sheer number.

Upon arrival, they discovered that the six cultivators at the foot of the mountain were in chaos.

Naturally, Vicador and Alexander were attacking Jonathan and his comrades. However, the four cultivators from Chanaea seemed to be lost.

Rampaging through the area, Jonathan indiscriminately attacked both cultivators and civilians alike. His strength as a high-ranked cultivator, combined with the protection of his bronze handbell, made him fearless.

However, Morris was strangely trying to defeat Jonathan. It seemed he had struck a pact with Vicador to achieve that feat.

Xavion attacked Vicador and Morris ferociously, as he was driven by his determination to save Jonathan and preserve the alliance between his family and Jonathan. He understood that if Jonathan were to die, the Osborne family would lose their advantage for Asura's Office would be disbanded.

Sirius and Alexander were attacking each other, yet neither of them seemed to be attacking with their full force. It was obvious to everyone watching that they were just going through the motions.

Those at the foot of the mountain retreated in shock when Aidan and the other two stormed into the fray. Scattering in all directions, they suspiciously kept an eye on one another.

Everyone wanted to straighten out the chaotic situation in order to emerge victorious.

It was an odd sight to behold, as nine cultivators from the Divine Realm stood in an unspoken stand-off, observing each other silently.

The Legendary Man Chapter 695 -

Chapter 695 Three People Protecting One Person

Agonizing screams never stopped ringing out in Redlington's military base.

As the raging fire burned, the group of nine people glanced at each other in confusion on the military drill ground in the center of the base.

"*Dmn it! Fck you, Morris! How dare you attack Mr. Goldstein instead of the Remdikians?*"

White mist rose from every part of Karl's body. It was his sweat that evaporated from his skin, which was caused by the rapid blood flow within his body after unleashing a secret technique.

Morris spun the mace in his hand while grinning.

"I'm not a soldier. Naturally, I don't have your traditional thinking of putting the country first. My family was a little too late to the reshuffling of respectable families this time. Since we couldn't get the Eastern Army, then we have no choice but to get a share

once Asura's Office splits up. Besides, deep down, everyone's no fool. Though we agreed to work together, it's all just b*llshit. Your Eastern Army has already split itself from Asura's Office, yet you're still on Jonathan's side. What you people are trying to do is destroy respectable families while Wilbur aims to unify all forces. Even if the respectable families are not destroyed, he'll never allow them to assert dominance. Now's not the time, since everyone's still using one another. However, there's already a battle between us."

As Morris was saying that, his figure flickered and reappeared behind Jonathan, sandwiching the latter between him and Vicador.

"Since we're all going to fight one another sooner or later, I might as well kill Jonathan here with the help of my four Remdikian friends."

While saying that, Aidan translated his words into Remdikian, which made Vicador and the others smile at Morris.

Right then, Aidan waved at Morris, saying, "My dear Chanaean friend, we have the same goal of killing Jonathan. Let's join forces. Remdik will welcome the Welsh family to start their business here."

Hearing that, Morris rested the mace on his shoulder and laughed out loud. "That's wonderful. My family has always been after profits. We'll always accept collaborations as long as we get to earn some money."

His eyes glinted with viciousness as he spoke.

Truth was, he did not mind helping Vicador and the others to get rid of a few more enemies as long as Jonathan was killed in the end.

Glancing at Xavion, Morris snorted. "Xavion, didn't we agree on killing Jonathan together? Why are you attacking me instead?"

"Since when did I promise you that? I only gave you a hum in response when you said you wanted to kill Jonathan. That only meant I'm aware of your plans rather than agreeing to work with you," Xavion responded with a smile.

Morris scoffed, "Pfft. Stop playing games with me. Tell me. What exactly are you trying to say?"

In response, Xavion chuckled and threw the question back at him. "What else do you think? It's simple, really. The Osborne family has formed an alliance with Asura's Office. So, I'll kill anyone who dares to kill Jonathan."

Morris' eyes widened in disbelief. "Jonathan has agreed to become allies with your family? That's impossible. Your family almost killed everyone in the Goldstein family. Why would Jonathan form an alliance with you people?"

Holding his spear, Sirius piped up, "It's true. This time, I'm on Jonathan's side. Not for the benefit of the respectable families, but for Chanaea's safety. Thus, Jonathan cannot die here today."

Karl cast an icy glare at the trio that was from respectable families. They were all Chanaeans and should back each other in Remdik.

Never did he expect Morris to turn his back on them.

"Mr. Goldstein, Lauryn, Xavion, these Remdikian's weakness is Antoine. As long as we kill him, the others won't be able to run away. They'll be buried alongside him," Karl said, pointing his saber at Antoine.

Just then, Aidan took one step forward and shielded Antoine behind him. "Take a closer look, Karl. It's five against four, and we have the upper hand."

Karl chuckled. "Really? How sure are you that we didn't purposely involve Morris to put on a show for you?"

"B*llshit!" Morris cursed.

Despite Karl's casual tone, his words could not be more accurate.

As long as Aidan, Vicador, and the others were wary of him, they would naturally be on guard against each other when they worked together. If that were the case, their effort would be wasted.

"I don't need to act to kill Jonathan. I can kill him now!" yelled Morris. However, he suddenly froze.

That was because Jonathan, who had been silent the entire time, finally looked up.

There was a smile on his face, and his bloodshot eyes were filled with killing intent.

There was madness in his gaze that was cast upon Aidan, Vicador, and the others.

"This is the battle you wanted, right, Remdikians? You want an intense battle that'll leave all the citizens homeless, sacrifice tons of soldiers, ruin the beautiful landscape, and have bodies scattered all over the ground, right? Fine. I, Jonathan Goldstein, will make your wish come true. If you want to fight so badly, then let's begin! Die!"

A long afterimage appeared out of thin air, and in the next second, Jonathan had already appeared in front of Vicador with Heaven Sword in his hand.

With a roar similar to a lion's, a giant axe appeared in Vicador's hand out of nowhere.

During that exchange, faint ripples that felt as if they could cut through anything that came in their way formed in the surrounding air and charged toward Jonathan's chest.

Clink!

Following a crisp tone, Heaven Sword flew out into the air.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had turned sideways to dodge the giant axe. At the same time, he lunged at Alexander, who was standing behind Vicador.

"Die!" Jonathan threw out a kick at Alexander's lower body.

Seeing that, Alexander leaped into the air. To his surprise, Jonathan vanished and a blazing fire rained down from the sky.

It was a flaming stick.

Clang!

The sound of a clock chimed.

Jonathan spat a mouthful of blood on the golden light barrier, but the stick in his hand had also struck Alexander heavily on the shoulders.

Bang!

Alexander collapsed to the ground, shattering the red bricks with a tremendous force like a cannonball. In the meantime, a long sword appeared before Jonathan—Aidan and Antoine had arrived.

The trio was Divine Realm cultivators. If all three of them attacked and struck the protective barrier of Jonathan's bronze handbell, Jonathan would instantly turn into ashes.

In order to prevent that from happening, Jonathan had no choice but to remove the protective barrier and find a way to survive while fighting against them.

Just as the golden glow around Jonathan had disappeared, a brief humming sound rang out beside him.

A silver spear tore through the air next to Jonathan's ear and flew toward Vicador's giant axe.

The attack left a few bloody cuts on Jonathan's face.

That was caused by the shockwave from the spear.

Concurrently, a saber and a sword each stuck out on the front and rear sides of Jonathan, pointing straight at Antoine and Aidan.

Jonathan had three people protecting him.

All of a sudden, Karl and the others waved their weapons to drive Aidan and his group away.

That saved Jonathan the trouble of taking out the trump cards he got from Zebedee.

Now that the danger was neutralized, Jonathan burst out laughing.

In the meantime, he locked his aura on Morris, who was rushing over.