

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 731

The Legendary Man Chapter 731-Jonathan returned to the mountain resort in Edenic Heights with people surrounding him in protection.

When they reached the mansion, Jonathan saw Emmeline and the others waiting for him at the entrance.

Standing beside Emmeline were Josephine and the former's parents, Connor and Margaret.

Seeing Margaret, who needed other people's support to stand, Jonathan felt his heart skip a beat.

Before the car could even come to a complete stop, Margaret had struggled out of Emmeline's hold and rushed over.

"Jonathan, give me back my daughter!"

As Margaret was Jonathan's mother-in-law, the bodyguards did not dare to stop her.

Slap!

Following a crisp sound, everyone looked away in avoidance.

"Jonathan, I thought you're Asura, the almighty figure who can solve all problems? Why don't you bring my daughter and grandchild back to me? What does the Osborn family want? Why don't you just give it to them?" Margaret cried out while grasping Jonathan's collar.

Emmeline and Connor could only hold Margaret up from the side and did not dare to pull her back.

Since the time Jonathan married Josephine after being abandoned by the Goldstein family and coming to Jadeborough, Margaret often made things difficult for him.

In fact, Jonathan had left to join the army three years ago because he couldn't stand the Smith family treating him like an outcast.

Although Jonathan had never retaliated physically against Margaret even when she looked down on him and constantly picked on him, he would sometimes intimidate her by unleashing his powerful aura.

Yet now, Jonathan stood still and took in Margaret's slap.

Margaret may be snobby and utterly rude toward Jonathan, but this time, she was acting out of genuine concern for Josephine and the baby in the latter's womb.

It was also true that Jonathan failed to protect the two of them, allowing the Osborne family to have things their way.

Had Jonathan sent Josephine and the others to the headquarters of Asura's Office, the respectable families wouldn't have been able to capture them except for the core members of Asura's Office.

Jonathan had overestimated himself, causing the situation to come to this point.

Looking at Margaret, who continued to hit his arms and chest, Jonathan lowered his head and fell to his knees.

Upon seeing his action, Emmeline and Connor turned their faces to the side.

Since the day Jonathan married Josephine, it was the first time he had ever done this in front of Margaret.

"I'm sorry, Mom. This is my fault," Jonathan choked out.

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For a few seconds, Margaret froze. She then reached out and struck Jonathan's head weakly.

"What is the use of apologizing? I want my daughter back... I want her to come back!" she wailed.

The next moment, she staggered backward and collapsed.

"Mom!"

Jonathan waved his hand, and immediately, a soft cloud of spiritual energy wrapped around Margaret and set her down on the floor slowly.

“Jason!” yelled Jonathan toward the back.

Jason’s figure appeared in a flash. He crouched down and felt Margaret’s pulse before reporting, “Mr. Goldstein, there is nothing wrong with Mrs. Smith’s health. She’s just too stressed. This is the third time she has fainted this week.”

After Jason’s words fell, a few doctors in white coats ran over and swiftly moved Margaret onto a stretcher. As they brought her away, Connor looked at Jonathan with tearful eyes.

“Dad, I...”

In the entire Smith family, Connor was the only one who took care of Jonathan and comforted him in private.

At the sight of Connor’s exhausted countenance, Jonathan was at a loss for words.

Connor patted Jonathan’s shoulder and reassured him, “It’s okay. What matters is that you’re back. I’ll go check on Margaret. Go ahead and get back to your business.”

As usual, Connor treated Jonathan nicely and did not blame or scold the latter at all.

However, that made Jonathan feel even worse.

Emmeline merely glanced at Jonathan before turning to leave without a word. Unlike before, she did not look excited at all to see him.

With the family gone, Jonathan hung his head low, trying to hold back his tears and regain his composure.

From the moment he found out that Josephine had been abducted by the Osborne family, he had been thinking about how he should explain things to the Smith family.

Just then, Zachary approached him and murmured, “Mr. Goldstein...”

“I’m fine.” Jonathan lifted his head, his tears now dry. “Call Lauryn. I’m going to hold a meeting.”

The first floor of No. 8 Villa in Edenic Heights had been entirely cleared.

Currently, only a huge makeshift conference table stood in the middle of the place.

Jonathan sat at one end of the table, sweeping his gaze across the five people before him—Zachary, Jason, Yasmin, Lauryn, and Donald.

Among them, only Lauryn had yet to experience such a formal meeting.

When Jonathan looked at Lauryn, his sharp gaze glinted murderously.

“Lauryn, I know you’re here under the instruction of your family. Sirius had helped me while I was in Remdik, so your family couldn’t be doing this for no reason. Tell me. What is the Blackwood family’s real motive?”

“Motive?” Lauryn looked at Jonathan in bewilderment.

At that, Jonathan narrowed his eyes. “You’re unaware of it?”

“No. I’m just helping you so that the Blackwood family has a way out,” Lauryn hurriedly explained.

“I see. So you’re not part of the Blackwood family’s decision-makers,” remarked Jonathan with a frown.

He continued, “Contact the decision-maker of your family right now.”

“Okay.”

Without any hesitation, Lauryn whipped out her phone and dialed a number.

“Hello, Lauryn. Why did you suddenly call me?” a cold voice sounded from the other end of the line.

“I’m Jonathan, not Lauryn,” Jonathan interjected while taking the phone from Lauryn’s hand.

“With the ongoing turmoil, I want to know the Blackwood family’s plans.”

As Harvey stood on the Blackwood family's ancestral land, a smile crept across his face.

"Asura, you finally called."

"I don't have time to beat around the bush. If I'm not mistaken, the Blackwood family has probably formed an alliance with the Gray family and the Welsh family now," said Jonathan calmly. "Among the four forces stemming from the respectable families, only your group has no military support. Not only that, but you're also much weaker than the other three forces. I know you placed Lauryn here to establish a connection. Tell me what your true motive is."

Harvey grinned again upon hearing Jonathan.

"Indeed, you're very straightforward. If the Blackwood family continues to act secretive in this case, we'll look petty. Asura, have you ever realized that the respectable families are like capitalism? Even if you wipe out the eight families who are currently in power, new forces will replace them. They will never be gone. I think it's better to straighten things out instead of stopping them. Rather than obliterating the respectable families, why don't we make something new and associate ordinary humans with cultivators? This is what the Blackwood family wants. We want to be the founder of a new world!"

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 732](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 732-Right after Harvey was done talking, everyone was present, not only Jonathan, widened their eyes in bewilderment at Jonathan's phone screen.

For hundreds and thousands of years, cultivators had surpassed mortals in every single way possible, resulting in a clear distinction between the two.

When Jonathan started practicing cultivation, he ordered Asura's Office to find historical information on cultivation.

Other than the rise of evil cultivators that waged large-scale wars between the good and evil cultivators, cultivators and mortals actually lived in peace two thousand years ago.

It was the golden era of cultivation in Chanaea.

Back then, the background of a cultivator didn't matter. As long as one had potential and access to spiritual roots, one was free to enter any sect to practice Longevity Technique.

It was for this reason that the authorities back then did not really wield any actual power.

After all, if everyone was an excellent cultivator, who would fear the menial weapons and soldiers of an army?

Hence, the authorities took a series of initiatives to abolish the practice of cultivation, raging countless wars between sects and countries.

Furthermore, there were too many cultivators during the era, severely outpacing the growth of magical plants and spiritual roots. This wreaked havoc on the balance of nature.

The war between the good and evil factions cut off most of the cultural inheritance of Chanaea.

Ever since the war, though no faction's deliberate intervention, major forces in Chanaea started to collectively isolate mortals from cultivation on an unspoken understanding.

After all, the resources for cultivation were already scarce. If they were to return to the days when mortals could practice cultivation as they pleased, it would result in a lose-lose situation for all.

It was wiser to let only a small fraction of cultivators access the remaining pool of resources to ensure the sustainability of their growth.

Hence, the Blackwood family's decision to let mortals practice cultivation was posing a great threat to all cultivators.

Not only would the mortals question the meaning of their mundane lives after knowing the existence of cultivation, but it would also shake the very paradigm of the science-backed society.

As the cultivators had deliberately gone under the radar of mortals, science had become the backbone for the development of society.

There was no turning back from it.

Jonathan slowly put down his phone and eyed the people around him.

He noticed a plethora of emotions pouring out of them.

Some were agitated and puzzled, while others appeared indifferent or had grim expressions on their faces.

“Mr. Blackwood, I’d like to know what the Blackwood family has to gain when the mortals know of the existence of the world of cultivation?”

“Mr. Blackwood, I’d like to know what the Blackwood family has to gain when the mortals know of the existence of the world of cultivation?”

“Nothing.”

“Do you think I’ll believe that?”

“No, you won’t.”

“Then we have nothing to talk about.” Jonathan waved his hand to summon his Heaven Sword and pointed it at Lauryn’s neck.

“Mr. Blackwood, let me ask you one last time. What is the Blackwood family planning? If you still fail to provide a satisfactory answer, I will kill Lauryn right now,” Jonathan warned.

Everyone who was present grew more anxious as Jonathan’s sword pressed closer to Lauryn’s neck, especially Yasmin.

She grabbed her thighs tightly in an attempt to stop herself from springing up from her seat.

Edenic Heights was full of Jonathan’s close aides. Only she and Lauryn were considered outsiders there.

Hence, the two of them were actually quite close to one another.

Yasmin was only able to regain her consciousness that rapidly because Lauryn helped her circulate her blood.

Now that Lauryn had a sword held to her neck, Yasmin wanted to dash forward to help her, but she didn’t know how to talk some sense into Jonathan.

When Heaven Sword's tip was about to touch Lauryn's neck, Harvey's voice rang through the phone.

"I presume Lauryn is right by your side," he said, almost with a weary sigh.

"Yes," Jonathan replied curtly.

"I am given to understand that she's here by my side because of your thoughtful arrangement. Now, I can choose to accept your goodwill, or I can send her right back to you," he added.

"I understand..." Harvey replied. "She won't be alive by the time she's back, right?"

The man let out a worn-out chuckle, and then a helpless sigh.

"Lauryn, I'm sorry. In fact, the whole Blackwood family is," Harvey suddenly muttered.

Jonathan furrowed his brows as he shot a look at Lauryn. However, he noticed the blank look on her face.

On the other end of the phone, Harvey's voice could be heard saying, "Our initial plan is to push for the mortals to get to know the world of cultivation with full force. That is the only way to drag the secluded sects down with us. However, that's not without a consequence. You're likely to die in the hands of Jonathan if we do so. Back then, we arranged for your engagement with Jay Osborne as we wanted to work with the Osbornes. Then, we sent you over to spy on Jonathan. You were so young... You've done so much, and yet moments ago, I had the notion of sacrificing you for the sake of the Blackwood family. I don't deserve to be your father..."

Harvey spoke slowly, his tone fraught with guilt.

Lauryn's face was tear-stricken as she listened to her father.

She dared not make a move, as the tip of Heaven Sword was right at her neck. Hence, she could only cry in silence.

Harvey paused for some time before letting out a sigh.

"Jonathan, I know Asura's Office is gathering information on the eight respectable families. However, the information is exclusively restricted to the

families only. Sects had only ceased to exist two years ago, giving way to the rise of respectable families in Chanaea. Fast forward to today, only eight respectable families remain. Few know that those truly in power are the secluded sects behind the eight respectable families. If you wish to eradicate the forces of the eight respectable families altogether, there is no other way around it. You will first have to introduce the world of cultivation to the mortals.”

Jonathan frowned and turned to eye Zachary who was standing by his side.

Ever since its establishment, Asura’s Office had always targeted to overthrow the influence of the eight respectable families. It was surprising to learn that there were other forces in play.

“Mr. Blackwood, you still haven’t said what the Blackwood family stands to gain from letting the mortals know the existence of the world of cultivation,” Jonathan reiterated.

“Gain what?” Harvey let out a chortle. “Chanaea is divided as ever, and the Blackwood family is at its worst. To salvage the situation, we can only make things worse for everyone. Besides, why do you think a powerful family like the Osbornes, who can even rival the Salladays, is contemplating having a marriage arrangement with us? You may ask Lauryn for the details. From now onward, the Blackwood family will let her handle all matters pertaining to the collaboration with Asura’s Office. If she so much as loses a single strand of hair, we will wage war against Asura’s Office.”

Beep! Beep! Beep!

Harvey made no further explanation and hung up the call.

Jonathan tilted his fingers and returned Heaven Sword to his ring.

“Lauryn, your father hasn’t finished explaining the situation. I need you to answer the remaining burning questions.”

Lauryn reached out to wipe away the blood stains on her neck. It was the third time she almost died at the hands of Jonathan.

Murderous aura burned in her eyes as she looked at the man.

However, at the thought of what her father just said, Lauryn could only suppress her boiling fury.

Wiping away the tears brimming her eyes, Lauryn took a deep breath.

“The Blackwood family controls over twenty percent of the spirit stone sources in the cultivation world. If mortals realize our existence, the Blackwood family will become indispensable.”

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 733](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 733-After listening to Lauryn’s explanation, Jonathan finally got an idea of a part of the Blackwood family’s plans.

The Blackwood family was a special case among the eight respectable families.

Although the other families were powerful, they had to keep fighting with each other over the resources needed for cultivation.

On the other hand, the ancestors of the Blackwood family had left them a massive spiritual ley line.

The twenty percent of spirit stone resources Lauryn was talking about was not the actual quantity they had. It was just a calculation based on their active source of spirit stones in the past few centuries.

“You also have spirit stones?” Jonathan asked Lauryn with widened eyes.

Spirit stones were formed from the spiritual energy of the heavens and earth, and they were produced from the deepest part of spiritual ley lines.

Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique mentioned this in passing, stating that spirit stones had extremely pure spiritual energy. Without even having to refine them, cultivators could absorb the energy simply by holding the stone. There wouldn’t be any negative side effects to it.

Ever since Jonathan read about that, he had been wanting to get his hands on some spirit stones.

After all, the technique he practiced required a huge amount of spiritual energy. If he could possess spirit stones, then he could cultivate more efficiently.

However, Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique only contained a brief and simple description of spirit stones.

Jonathan had assumed that it was because spirit stones were too common in ancient times, so no further explanation was provided. It was just like how most books nowadays wouldn't expound on things like air and water.

After reading about spirit stones, Jonathan collected countless storage rings and tried to look for spirit stones but to no avail.

Thus, he had always been under the impression that such pure spiritual energy was no longer in existence.

Yet now, he found out that the Blackwood family possessed twenty percent of the spirit stones in the world of cultivators.

This practically meant that the Blackwood family was the wealthiest family in Chanaea.

Seeing Jonathan's excited face, Lauryn shook her head helplessly.

"Jonathan, I didn't expect you'd know about spirit stones. Who in the world is your master?"

"I don't have a master. I just found a cultivation method book by chance and began cultivating for fun," said Jonathan with a chuckle. "Ms. Blackwood, let's talk about spirit stones."

The other people in the room shuddered in disgust when they saw Jonathan's obsequious expression.

Nevertheless, they came to a realization that the spirit stones must be utterly priceless for Jonathan to act like that.

Nevertheless, they came to a realization that the spirit stones must be utterly priceless for Jonathan to act like that.

With that, their gaze toward Lauryn grew more eager. When Lauryn saw Yasmin looking at her with eyes that shone with greed, she felt goosebumps rising all over her body.

“Even with the help of spirit stones, each of the eight respectable families only managed to train a few God Realm cultivators. Do you finally understand how terrifying it is for the respectable families to see Wilbur, Karl, and you achieving God Realm?” Lauryn said while rolling her eyes at Jonathan.

She then added, “The Blackwood family can provide you guys with some spirit stones, but you have to agree to involve the sects in the plan.”

At the city of Warblerich, Glybir, the home of Dyadgon Mountain, something else was going on in the Blackwood residence.

In the conference hall, Harvey sat on the chair while looking down at Zidane and Colton, who were both on their knees.

Sitting beside Harvey was Sirius, whose neck was wrapped in layers of bandage.

“Lauryn is fine. Get up,” Harvey said in a weary voice.

Colton and Zidane struggled to help each other up, their knees numb from kneeling.

“Go now. I need some time alone.”

Colton and Zidane immediately saluted and retreated. The moment they left the place and closed the door, Harvey slumped in his chair as if drained of all energy.

“Sirius, did I really make a mistake?”

Hearing that, Sirius put down the cup in his hand.

“Harvey, the best way to solve the problem right now is to use Lauryn’s death to lure Phantom Sect into taking action. That way, the sects will enter the radar of Asura’s Office and Yaleview Army, and we can push ahead with our plan of introducing the sects to the world. You did nothing wrong.”

Sirius paused for a while and added, “Weren’t you already setting up your plan when you allowed Lauryn to leave and go to Edenic Heights? Even

before that, when you sent her to cultivate in Phantom Sect, you and Uncle were already planning the integration of humans and cultivators, right?”

“Yes...” Harvey answered as he leaned against the chair and looked up at the light above him. “I gave up on Lauryn’s life twice for the sake of the family. If Colton and Zidane hadn’t happened to be here today, Lauryn might really have been sacrificed for the Blackwood family’s benefit.”

He turned to Sirius and went on, “They’re not as heartless as us, so they won’t give up on their relative’s life for the family’s sake. This may be their weakness, but it’s not something bad.”

“That’s just a stupid mindset the weak ones have to feel better about themselves,” Sirius uttered indifferently as he stood up. “You should focus on training Colton. Zidane is too competitive and overthinks too much. I don’t feel confident in letting him lead the family.”

With that, Sirius headed toward the door.

“Sirius, don’t you want to know what your uncle and I are scheming?” Harvey’s voice sounded behind him.

“I’m neither the decision-maker nor the leader of the family. That has nothing to do with me,” replied Sirius calmly.

When he stepped out of the door, he turned around.

“Right, I forgot to tell you something. Jonathan once entered a frenzied state when he was in Remdik, and he used Pryncyp to attack. When you’re scheming against him, you should consider the consequences more carefully.”

Sirius walked away after saying that, leaving a stunned Harvey behind in the conference hall.

“Pryncyp... Who exactly is this Jonathan?”

At the mountain resort in Edenic Heights, Jonathan and the others remained still in their seats with solemn faces.

According to Lauryn, involving the secluded sects in the plan was as difficult, and perhaps even more so, than eradicating the eight respectable families.

“So you mean the only way to enter the secluded sects is through a one-way portal formation?”

With a nod, Lauryn responded, “Yes, and only one person can be sent over at a time. After they arrive there, they will be stuck in a trap formation. If the sect members don’t unlock the trap formation, even a God Realm cultivator would have a hard time breaking out of it.”

Jonathan felt his head throb at Lauryn’s words.

They had finally managed to find the location of the secluded sects, but there seemed to be no point in knowing it.

With the trap formation waiting for them on the other side, they were basically walking into the lion’s den.

“Let’s do it this way. The Blackwood family shall deliver a batch of spirit stones here first. I need to level up the cultivation of the members of Asura’s Office so we can cooperate better in the future. As for the sects, let’s take our time in searching for an opportunity.”

Jonathan was clever enough to ask for the benefits first.

Lauryn did not agree or object to his suggestion. Instead, she smiled faintly.

Yasmin, who was seated on the lowest seat, raised her hand just then.

“Jonathan, we got news from Dark Web. The chief of Apocalypse, who is also the assassin that once ranked first on Dark Web, wants to talk to you.”

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 734](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 734-The assassin that ranked first on Dark Web?

Jonathan tried to recall the person before asking, “Are you talking about Blaze, who has never failed in his assassination attempts?”

“That’s right,” Yasmin affirmed while nodding.

“I logged in to the administration page of Dark Web after I woke up, then my computer got hacked. No ordinary person can possibly do this. There’s no

way the other party is pretending to be Blaze, considering the skills they possess. He asked me to inform you that he wants to come to Chanaea and meet you.”

“That cannot happen.”

Before Jonathan could even respond, Zachary stood up and raised his objection.

“Mr. Goldstein, you are the soul of Asura’s Office. You cannot take this risk. I will meet Blaze on behalf of you.”

Being the most mature one among the Eight Kings of War, Zachary had always obeyed every word of Jonathan. It was surprising that he would say something like that in front of Jonathan.

However, Jonathan did not get angry. He tugged at Zachary’s arm, signaling the latter to sit down.

Jonathan was well aware that Zachary was concerned about his safety.

Blaze was the most skilled assassin who had never missed his target. Whether it was because of their friendship or out of consideration for Asura’s Office, none of the people present would allow Jonathan to put himself in such danger.

“Mr. Goldstein, no matter what, you cannot go on your own this time,” insisted Zachary firmly as he sat back down.

He added, “Asura’s Office is no longer the newly-established organization that it was two years ago. Hades almost tore me to pieces because of the issue with Doveston and Remdik the last time. If I let you take this risk, I’m afraid I won’t be able to stay alive.”

Jonathan chuckled helplessly when he saw how adamant Zachary was.

“Okay, fine. I won’t meet him as long as you stop whining.”

In fact, Jonathan had only asked Yasmin that question out of curiosity. He did not think there was a need to meet Blaze.

Aside from the fact that there was a one-billion bounty placed on Jonathan on Dark Web, he also despised Punisher, the third most powerful figure in the newly-founded Apocalypse.

The two-faced Punisher had escaped from Jonathan before proceeding to humiliate the latter. He was the first one who ever dared to do that to Jonathan.

Besides, the situation in Chanaea had been very unstable recently, so Jonathan did not have the energy to bother about some random foreign assassination organization.

After dismissing everyone, Jonathan walked out of the mansion. In the courtyard, Sean sat on the swing, dangling his feet in the air.

“Sean, are you hungry?” asked Jonathan smilingly while sitting down beside Sean.

“Sean, are you hungry?” asked Jonathan smilingly while sitting down beside Sean.

Sean nodded lightly.

“Mr. Goldstein, are those people from earlier your subordinates? There are three Grandmasters among them, and they seem terrified of you.”

Chuckling, Jonathan said, “Only two of them are scared of me. If things progress smoothly, the middle-aged Grandmaster wearing a white coat will be responsible for guiding you in cultivation.”

Of course, he was referring to Jason.

Compared to Zachary and Lauryn, Jason was the better choice. Not only was he free from official duties, but he was extremely reliable.

Most importantly, Jason had the talent of brainwashing others unknowingly.

Jonathan was not an entirely good person. Although he truly pitied Sean, he was also doing this as part of the preparation for the future of Asura’s Office.

Asura’s Office was a big-scale military organization. In order to gain a foothold in the world, it needed to possess the power to deter the public.

However, there were currently no other God Realm cultivators in Asura's Office aside from Jonathan and Karl.

The pressing matter at hand was to think of a way to level up the cultivators from Asura's Office and train the potential successors.

If such a gifted child like Sean received proper training, he would definitely become a pillar of Asura's Office.

Having a cultivator like this was akin to being equipped with special ammunition in a battle.

The cultivator might not know how to scheme and run an organization, but their existence alone would be enough to intimidate other forces.

Thus, Jonathan thought they had to instill the idea in Sean as early as possible.

Meanwhile, Sean looked at Jonathan and asked curiously, "Mr. Goldstein, why don't you teach me instead? I think you're better than all of them."

"Me?" Jonathan sighed and went on, "If you can reach Grandmaster Realm, not only will I train you personally, but I will also give you all the cultivation resources you need. So work hard, be it for yourself or Phoebus Sect."

That is if you still remember Phoebus Sect when the time comes, continued Jonathan in his mind as he patted Sean's head.

After instructing the guard at the side to bring Sean some snacks, Jonathan turned around and headed toward No. 2 Villa.

He did not dare to return to No. 1 Villa. With Josephine still locked up in the Osborne residence and Margaret being all worked up, Jonathan did not know how to face the Smith family.

Although No. 2 Villa was only less than tens of meters away from No. 1 Villa, it was a suitable place for him to hide in the meantime.

Moreover, Jonathan's aunt, Sophia, lived in No. 2 Villa.

The last time Jonathan had seen her was before he left for Summerbank to ask for medicine.

Sophia had been heavily injured and unconscious back then. Just now, Jason had told Jonathan that she was awake and recovering quickly thanks to the life-saving pill.

While she still couldn't get out of bed, she could already eat and communicate with no issues.

Ever since Jonathan was estranged from the Goldstein family, he cut off all ties with his relatives except for Sophia. It was only natural that he would be worried about her.

Right when Jonathan entered No. 2 Villa, he paused in his tracks.

With his spiritual sense, he could see that there was an unfamiliar man sitting beside Sophia's bed, feeding her fruits.

When Jonathan saw the four-inch-long drill rod the man used to hold the piece of fruit, his face turned grim.

He was certain he had never seen this man before.

Walking up to the second floor, Jonathan could hear Sophia's giggles coming from the room.

"Where did you even hear these stories from? How could there be someone so foolish? You're just trying to make me laugh, aren't you?"

"Of course not. I witnessed it with my own eyes while I was on the Western Coast."

As soon as the man's words fell, Jonathan appeared by the door.

Sophia and the man turned to look at him at the same time.

"Jonathan, you're back! Come closer and let me take a look at you."

Having been through so many tribulations, Sophia was strong enough to act unbothered despite her near-death experience.

She had heard from Jason about what Jonathan had done to save her.

Nevertheless, she would only bear that in mind but not thank Jonathan verbally.

Jonathan walked over and crouched down beside Sophia.

“Aunt Sophia, you’re recovering quite well. I bet you’ll be able to get out of bed in a few days.”

“That’s all thanks to the medicine you got for me with much effort,” responded Sophia brightly.

“All right, let’s catch up later. Your friend has been waiting for you since earlier. Be polite and greet him.”

Hearing that, Jonathan turned around and looked at the handsome man with blond hair.

“Friend? I don’t think I know you.”

The man stood up and extended his hand toward Jonathan with a grin.

“Well, you’re about to. Nice to meet you. I’m Blaze!”

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 735](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 735-As soon as Blaze introduced himself, Jonathan tensed up, and spiritual energy surged out of his body, covering the entire No. 2 Villa.

Then, behind him, walls of spirit shields materialized and swiftly enveloped Sophia.

The bronze handbell was in Jonathan’s grasp with a quick hand motion while his other hand had already summoned Heaven Sword.

No matter what, he had to be extremely cautious since the man in front of him was Blaze, who was ranked first on Heaven List.

Being a mortal, Sophia could not sense the spirit shield surrounding her. Even so, she understood from Jonathan’s reaction that the other party had no good intentions, and her face instantly darkened.

“Jonathan, who on earth is he?”

“An assassin,” Jonathan replied flatly.

“Don’t worry, Aunt Sophia. As long as I’m here, he can’t hurt you.”

He aimed his Heaven Sword squarely at Blaze’s face.

“Yasmin said that you wished to meet me, but I never thought that you’d make it here so quickly. Impressive.”

Blaze flashed Jonathan a smile.

“Mr. Goldstein, this place is too sparse compared to the president of Anglandur’s residence, so it was a walk in the park for me.”

Despite having a typical Adrunian appearance, Blaze spoke Chanaean astonishingly well—one might even describe it as exceptionally fluent.

He gave Sophia a slight bow before continuing with a smile, “Ms. Goldstein, I came here to discuss something with your nephew. Sorry for disturbing your rest.”

“It’s fine.” Sophia nodded while suppressing her panic. “If that’s the case, please talk outside with Jonathan, Mr. Blaze. I’m tired.”

With that, she pulled up the quilt and slowly closed her eyes without giving them another glance.

Blaze’s eyes flashed with admiration at her actions.

He understood that she did so not out of lack of fear but rather to let them take their conflict outside and keep her from becoming Jonathan’s burden.

“A wise woman is always beautiful,” he praised with a smile. “Let’s go out as Ms. Goldstein wishes.”

As he spoke, he leaped up and vanished from the room in an instant.

That was quick!

Jonathan looked at the figure in the flower bed outside and followed suit, jumping out from the window on the second floor.

However, before his feet could touch the ground, Blaze turned around without warning and swung his arm at him.

The next second, a blinding flash of light appeared out of nowhere and headed straight for Jonathan's face.

"Break!"

Jonathan swung his Heaven Sword ferociously to meet the attack.

"Break!"

Jonathan swung his Heaven Sword ferociously to meet the attack.

The glint instantly dispersed into minuscule light specks and vanished in midair.

He had a grim expression on his face as he landed and felt the strength from his arm.

This person can unleash glints of light, which are as powerful as a full blow from a Grandmaster, at will. His strength is not inferior to mine!

"You sure live up to your reputation as the first on Heaven List," Jonathan remarked with a frown.

At the same time, several auras were rapidly approaching from his surroundings.

"What's going on, Mr. Goldstein?"

With a scalpel in hand, Jason landed facing Blaze, followed by Lauryn and Zachary.

Jonathan shook his head slightly at the three, signaling them not to move.

If I could take out every cultivator from Team Oracle at Terrandya in Doveston in front of Zebedee, Blaze could do the same right now. There's no point for God Realm cultivators to make any move unless there are too many Grandmaster Realm cultivators to ignore it.

"Blaze, the fact that you didn't hurt my family shows that you have no ill intentions. Let's have a chat."

Jason, Lauryn, and Zachary were taken aback by Jonathan's words.

Having just heard the name Blaze and that he was the first-ranked assassin on Dark Web that had never missed his mark, Zachary and the others knew they were about to confront a formidable enemy.

Blaze turned to give the three a slight nod, but his gaze drifted to No. 1 Villa.

Any cultivator above the Grandmaster Realm who concentrated hard would be able to see what was happening there plainly because the two villas were less than a hundred meters apart.

At that moment, a girl with short hair pulled back into a bun was sitting cross-legged on the roof of No. 1 Villa with a massive sniper rifle in her arms.

She aimed it in their direction, but as one would expect, its target was Blaze.

“Mr. Goldstein, the one over there is Yasmin, who defected from Xiara, right?”

“I wouldn’t consider it defection,” Jonathan stated impassively. “At best, she’s just switching sides.”

“All right. Let’s not dwell on that.” Blaze walked to the stone table in the garden and sat down. “I’m here this time to discuss a collaboration, Mr. Goldstein.”

A collaboration? Bullsh\*t!

Jonathan could see the murderous glint in the other man’s eyes.

From the moment he established Asura’s Office, Dark Web had been hunting him for more than two years.

Even while Jonathan was currently standing there completely unharmed, those assassins had come dangerously close to killing him numerous times, especially this time with Blaze going directly to No. 2 Villa and conversing happily with Sophia.

Clearly, he was telling Jonathan that he could kill the people around him at any time, whenever he liked.

This is clearly a threat!

Jonathan had always been the one to threaten all the respectable families, so the fact that someone else was employing the same tactic against him made him feel incredibly oppressed.

However, with the current situation, he had no choice but to compromise.

“Go ahead. What kind of collaboration do you wish to discuss with me?”

Jonathan put away his Heaven Sword and sat down opposite Blaze.

The latter smiled at him. “I want you to join Apocalypse and change the world with me!”

Blaze’s words left Jonathan and the others stupefied, especially Jason, whose expressions of exasperation and frustration were most apparent.

They had recently heard far too many such ridiculous proclamations.

The goal of the more than 1.6 million armed forces under the command of the entire Asura’s Office was merely to destroy the eight respectable families.

However, within the last few days, the Salladay family unexpectedly joined forces with Wilbur to alter the situation in Chanaea.

Then, the Blackwood family suddenly became interested in fully assimilating the cultivators into the mortal world.

Now, another ludicrous assassin emerged, clamoring to change the world.

“You guys carry on with your conversation. I still have experiments that need my attention.”

Given that he could not aid in a fight and that the topic of conversation was going nowhere, Jason decided to turn around and leave.

Zachary, on the other hand, seemed to want to blast Blaze into oblivion as he mobilized heavily armed forces from his communication device to surround them.

As for Lauryn, she put away her sword and turned around without any hesitation.

Even Jonathan found their reactions a little amusing.

“Please don’t mind them. We’ve heard too many proclamations to change the world over the past few days,” he said while resisting the urge to break into a smile. “I’ve been a little busy recently. Let’s do this, then. Please explain briefly how you wish to change the world!”

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 736

The Legendary Man Chapter 736-Although Blaze was a little dumbfounded by the reactions of Jonathan’s companions, someone of his rank would naturally not care about it, so he only smiled modestly.

“I wonder if you know the meaning of my codename, Mr. Goldstein.”

“Blaze?” Jonathan asked curiously. “If I remember correctly, Blaze should be an angel, right?”

“Exactly.” Blaze nodded with a smile. “Blaze is a six-winged angel who oversees the administration of justice by God’s side.”

A look of realization crossed Jonathan’s face after hearing his words. He then raised his head slightly to gaze at the assassin.

“The angel Blaze and the newly established Apocalypse. It’s all very graphic. Well? Do you guys intend to bring about an apocalyptic holocaust that is described in the religious texts?”

“It’s not a holocaust. It’s a purging of the sins of the world,” Blaze corrected with a smile.

“Mr. Goldstein, don’t you think that our current world is rife with evil, ugliness, and suffering? There are plutocrats everywhere, and the populace is pedantic. Everyone has been deceived. Our role as cultivators is to purge this world of sin.”

“By killing people like crazy?” Jonathan questioned the assassin with a chuckle.

“Despite my unsuccessful attempts to infiltrate the Dark Web’s assassins list, I still managed to acquire some news in the process. The Dark Web’s assassin list first surfaced thirty years ago. It initially only manifested in the regions of Anglandur and North Epea. However, in the following decade, the reach of Dark Web rewards expanded to include the entire world thanks to the

development of information technology. No one has ever seen the true appearance of the mastermind. You should be a member of this organization, right?”

A trace of surprise flashed across Blaze’s eyes when he heard Jonathan’s question.

“Mr. Goldstein, I must say that there aren’t many people who can link all these things together, but you are right. I’m the representative of the third generation of this organization. I wonder if you’ve ever heard of an organization called the Enlighteners?”

Hearing that, Jonathan froze.

The world’s conspiracy theorists had only ever claimed that there was a secret organization called the Enlighteners.

Although some had validated their existence through numerous sources, including the Anglandurn banknote, no concrete proof had ever surfaced.

The organization was said to be the real power behind the scenes controlling all of Anglandur and being jointly controlled by thirteen world-renowned wealthy families.

They could even shake the global financial structure and even had the means to destroy a small country at will.

Blaze’s mention of this organization came as a surprise to Jonathan as he had never anticipated it.

Blaze’s mention of this organization came as a surprise to Jonathan as he had never anticipated it.

“You’re a member of the Enlighteners?”

“I’m anti-Enlighteners!”

Blaze handed his business card to Jonathan with both hands.

“Our Dark Web has been investigating news of the Enlighteners for many years with little success, so we set up a Dark Web bounty list and started going after those plutocrats around the globe.”

Jonathan looked at the business card in his hand, which was blank except for a depiction of a knight riding a red horse and brandishing a long sword.

“The four knights of the apocalypse are plague, famine, war, and death. What you have in your hand is the knight card that represents war. We hope you will come and launch it in person.”

Blaze slowly stood up as he spoke.

“Mr. Goldstein, I came to Chanaea this time with utmost sincerity because I’m aware that you’ve also been resisting the monopoly of those respectable families after establishing Asura’s Office. Please consider my offer carefully, and we look forward to your joining.”

After ending his words with a smile, Blaze turned around and walked out of the small courtyard of the villa.

Jonathan sent the knight card hurtling straight at Blaze’s head with a tiny flick of his wrist.

However, the latter reached out and caught the card between his fingers.

“There’s no need to reject me right away, Mr. Goldstein. You can give it some careful thought as there’s still a while before the launching of Apocalypse’s plan. Of course, if you decide to decline, I will personally get rid of you and select Wilbur and Vicador as the next knights. Apocalypse is also considering them. I hope you know what you’re doing.”

The assassin had already disappeared down the pathway before he had finished speaking.

Zachary hurriedly ran up to Jonathan from the side.

“Mr. Goldstein, this person is simply a lunatic. Why don’t I search using my resources and eliminate him as soon as I locate him?” he suggested.

“He’s using a codename, and it’s possible that’s not even his true appearance. If he were truly so easy to find, he wouldn’t be first on the assassin list,” Jonathan said solemnly.

“Settle your own matters well. By the way, tell Lauryn that the Blackwood family’s spirit stones had better be delivered as soon as possible. The men of Asura’s Office can’t afford to wait.”

“Understood!”

Naturally, because the Blackwood family had secretly reached cooperation with Jonathan, they took action almost immediately.

Within three days, Colton showed up at the entrance of Edenic Heights bearing a storage ring containing ten top-grade spirit stones.

Meanwhile, Lauryn had long set up an isolation formation at No. 8 Villa.

She described spiritual energy as being similar to salt water. It would continually volatilize from high-density areas to low-density areas.

If not controlled in some way, the spiritual energy in the spirit stones would quickly dissipate.

Lauryn drew the simplest energy-locking formation in No. 8 Villa, and by the time it was completed, she was already sweating profusely.

“Colton, you can take out the spirit stones now.”

Colton flicked his wrist a little after she finished speaking, and a jade-like spirit stone the size of a walnut materialized in his hand.

Everyone in the room immediately felt a wave of unusually pure spiritual energy quickly flooding the space.

Five times... Ten times... Fifteen times...

The spiritual energy concentration in No. 8 Villa rose until it was roughly twenty times greater than that of the outer world, at which point it gradually stopped increasing.

This spiritual energy concentration is even higher than that at Summerbank Abyss. I can’t believe such a small piece of spirit stone can turn this place into an earthly paradise. This is incredible!

Jason’s and Zachary’s eyes shone with greed as they stared at the ring on Colton’s finger.

Even if the latter was bold, he could not help but get chills when he saw their expressions.

They were not like the children of respectable families like Lauryn and Colton, who could use resources like spirit stones to cultivate after displaying their talents since childhood.

All the members of Asura's Office slowly got to where they were by relying on the sparse spiritual energy present in the world.

At that moment, they were wild with excitement, as if they were desert dwellers who treasured water and had just discovered a vast river.

Colton shuddered and swiftly threw Jonathan the ring he was holding, fearing that if he took too long, the other two might sever his hand in their haste.

"There are ten pieces in all, all top-grade spirit stones, each valued more than ten billion," he stated.

"Just ten?" Jonathan asked as he scanned the nine spirit stones in the ring with his spiritual sense.

Beside him, Zachary was holding that single spirit stone as he said, "Exactly. Why did you only give ten? Doesn't your family have a spirit stone mine?"

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 737](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 737-"How is this still little?" Colton was stumped for words as he stared at Jonathan and the others. "Guys, do you actually know how difficult it is for spirit stones to be formed?"

Jonathan exchanged glances with his companions before shaking his head.

Jason then adjusted his spectacle before speaking.

"Does it also need the high pressure created by the earth's movements?"

"My man, that's for those useless diamonds!"

Colton, despite his serious demeanor, couldn't help but ridicule Jason.

Thereafter, Colton let out a sigh of resignation.

“Everyone, as you can see for yourself, the spirit stone continuously emits spiritual energy the moment it is taken out from the storage ring. If Lauryn hadn’t cast a spell to constrain the spiritual energy within this building, the stones would shatter into pieces after running out of energy in a few days. As for how spiritual ley lines are formed in nature, three conditions need to be fulfilled. Firstly, there has to be a natural energy-gathering formation to collect the spiritual energy in the air. Once it has reached its maximum concentration, it would turn into liquid form, similar to the condensation of water from a mist.”

He continued, “After that, the energy-gathering formation has to be located within an energy-locking formation. Only then can the spiritual energy flow in without leaking out. A small spiritual ley line would subsequently be formed once the process of gas becoming liquid and liquid becoming solid is repeated for tens of thousands of years. And now, you’re saying that ten spirit stones are too little? Do you know how many spirit stones there are in the entire market? There are no more than—”

“Colton!” Lauryn yelled before Colton could finish.

Briefly stunned, Colton subsequently let out a sigh.

“Forget it. You wouldn’t understand what I’m talking about even if I told you. These ten high-grade spirit stones are the highest honor the Blackwood family can offer, so I hope you can reciprocate with the same amount of sincerity.”

“Tell Mr. Blackwood that I would not hesitate to destroy the sect at the very first opportunity,” Jonathan replied before giggling.

After leaving the spirit stones, Colton left just as quickly as he came.

Thereafter, Zachary and Jason began their cultivation in No. 8 Villa upon Jonathan’s instructions.

Due to what happened to Josephine, Jonathan didn’t return to No. 1 Villa, for he couldn’t bring himself to face the Smith family.

Instead, he took a flight directly to Mysonna. As for the spirit stones, he handed seven of them to the Dark Special Forces.

Based on his arrangement, the five Kings of War would get one each, while the Dark Special Forces would use two to elevate their cultivation level.

Based on his arrangement, the five Kings of War would get one each, while the Dark Special Forces would use two to elevate their cultivation level.

As for the last two, he planned to give Dorian and Hayes one each.

He decided to deliver them personally, considering how valuable the stones were.

Zadiff, in the state of Zandania, was a city located at Chanaea's north-westerly border.

West of the city was the endless Saosa Desert, and in the middle of it was Northern Crimson Prison.

Even though Zadiff was known as a small border city, its size was actually closer to that of a small county.

The population was no more than five hundred thousand and was sparsely distributed across the entire area. Due to its far-flung location and the belligerent culture of its people, it was essentially a lawless land despite being officially labeled as an autonomous region.

There, Dorian was currently recuperating in its main hospital.

Meanwhile, with helicopter blades whirring in the background, Jonathan lowered his head to alight from its cabin.

Standing at the hospital entrance, Dorian—with the support of a nurse—saluted Jonathan.

“Welcome, Mr. Goldstein, we're ready for your inspection!”

Upon Dorian's cue, hundreds of soldiers stood on attention and greeted Jonathan in unison.

While walking up to them, Jonathan used his spiritual sense to scan Dorian's entire body, where he detected slash wounds all over and injuries to many of the latter's organs.

Despite being aware of Dorian's grievous injuries before his arrival, Jonathan was still shocked that Dorian's condition was worse than he imagined.

In fact, it was a miracle that Dorian was still alive.

“What happened to you?”

With a wave of his hand, Jonathan helped Dorian back into the hospital by carrying the latter with his spiritual energy.

Although Dorian was someone boorish, just like Hayes, he didn't complain about floating right behind Jonathan.

“D\*mn it. If that Caspian guy hadn't laced his blade with poison, I would have long recovered from these minor wounds.”

“Minor wounds?” Jonathan quipped before snorting in laughter.

“Dorian, every single wound of yours is fatal. If your cultivation method hadn't happened to reinforce you physically, you would have been killed.”

While speaking, Jonathan threw his ring over to Dorian.

“Use your spiritual sense to reach into the ring and read up on the spells. After learning to carve energy-locking formations, you can then cultivate with the spirit stone. Also, the stone is really precious, so don't lose it. It is worth a lot more than your life.”

Given Jonathan's serious tone, Dorian nodded in acknowledgment even though he had no idea what a spirit stone was.

“I understand. I'll check it out once I have the time.”

Upon arriving at the ward, Jonathan waved his hand to settle Dorian down on his bed.

“You're currently in no condition to cultivate, so hold back on your training first. In the meantime, I'll try and get you some medicine.”

“It's no big deal.” Dorian subsequently removed his bandage to reveal a small wound the size of a thumb.

“The wounds just refuse to close and would usually have some blood oozing out of it at most. They won't get in the way.”

Jonathan stared calmly at the tender flesh that refused to bond.

“Cover it up, or you'll risk getting it infected.”

Jonathan proceeded to pour some alcohol on Dorian's wound before bandaging it meticulously.

"Stay here and learn the energy-locking formation. Also, don't forget what I just told you."

When he saw Jonathan leaving just as quickly as he came, Dorian assumed that the latter was upset over the defeat at the prison. Hence, he probed, "Mr. Goldstein, in that case—"

However, Jonathan used his spiritual energy to keep Dorian on his bed.

"As Asura, I bear the greatest responsibility for what happened at the Northern Crimson Prison. Anyway, you should focus on recuperating while I drop by the prison to take a look. Even though it has been destroyed, I still need to pay my respects to our fallen comrades."

While speaking, Jonathan was already on his way out of the ward. However, he quickly turned around within a span of a few seconds.

"By the way, Dorian, what did you say the name of the man who attacked you was?"

"Caspian..." Dorian replied with a clueless expression.

"Got it." Jonathan nodded slightly before scratching his nose. "When Jeremy and Kane attacked the prison together the last time, didn't they kill seventy thousand troops of the West Region Army? Was Caspian inside?"

"I don't think so." After a brief hesitation, Dorian inquired, "Mr. Goldstein, what are you planning to do?"

"Nothing. I was just asking," Jonathan replied with a chuckle.

"Anyway, get some rest. I'm going out for a stroll."

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 738](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 738-Outside the ward, Jonathan summoned Dorian's doctor, who was specially transferred over from the Special Medical Team of Asura's Office. He was the best doctor they had aside for Jason.

“Mr. Wallace, what’s wrong with Dorian’s wounds?” Jonathan asked the old man in his sixties while lighting up a cigarette for him.

Puffing out smoke, Aiden Wallace gave Jonathan’s shoulders a gentle pat.

“Mr. Goldstein, Dorian’s wounds are a handful,” Aiden replied as he threw Dorian a worried glance.

“When a poison prevents a wound from healing, we would usually treat it with grafting surgery. Unfortunately, the treatment failed when I attempted it on Dorian.”

Jonathan nodded as he listened to Aiden.

“How much flesh have you grafted?”

“For the eight wounds... a total of five pounds?” Sighing, Aiden added, “If he weren’t a cultivator, he would have died from blood loss alone.”

Aiden gave Jonathan a realistic assessment.

If the wound refused to close, Dorian would have to carry them permanently.

Hence, in order to survive, Dorian had to use his spiritual energy to stop the blood loss subconsciously, even in his sleep.

That was the reason why he looked exhausted.

Blood would gush out in the event he fell into a deep sleep, which was a condition no one could endure.

On top of that, Dorian’s survival was only possible due to his hardened body. Any ordinary person would have died from mental torture alone.

When Jonathan saw that Aiden had almost finished his cigarette, he whipped out his lighter and lit the latter another one.

“Mr. Wallace, how long can Dorian keep this up?”

“Hmm...” Aiden fell into deep thought. “If we’re only talking about spiritual energy, it doesn’t take much just to stop the blood loss. What I’m concerned about is his state of mind.”

While speaking, Aiden pulled out a few pieces of wrinkled paper from his lab coat pocket.

“Mr. Goldstein, read through the notes on them.”

After unfolding the papers, Jonathan saw that they contained the records of Dorian’s daily habits.

October 24, 3:18 AM: Dorian grabbed the wound on his abdomen in his sleep, causing blood to ooze out of it.

October 24, 8:00 AM: Dorian only ate two-thirds of his usual portion for breakfast. He insisted on drinking wine...

The papers had documented all of Dorian’s behavior that was out of the ordinary.

The papers had documented all of Dorian’s behavior that was out of the ordinary.

It included everything from him tossing and turning in the middle of the night to standing exceptionally long in a single place.

His actions were so immaculately recorded that it was no different from a surveillance feed.

After going through the papers, Jonathan gave Aiden a puzzled look.

“What is this?”

“This is my team’s round-the-clock medical observation of Dorian over the last few days,” the grim-looking Aiden explained amidst a puff of smoke.

“As we’re unable to produce an antidote for the time being, we are preparing to battle his condition for the long haul. Just a few days ago, I saw Dorian stubbing out his cigarette with his fingers. From that moment on, I began to observe every action of his. That was when I noticed that he had entered a state of rage despite his desperate attempts to keep his emotions in check.”

Aiden’s words stunned Jonathan.

“State of rage? But he looks normal to me, Mr. Wallace.”

“That’s your perspective,” Aiden answered with a sigh.

“Even though he looks fine to the layman, he is in deep trouble through the eyes of a psychologist. Due to the inability of his wounds to heal and the long-term use of his mental strength to stop the blood loss with his spiritual energy, he hasn’t gotten any proper sleep for an entire month.”

The doctor continued, “During the sixteenth century, a renowned psychologist designed an experiment where he studied the effects of lack of sleep on a group of volunteers. The one who was tested upon the most fell into a state of derangement on the tenth day when he attempted to kill himself just to get some sleep. Even after he was treated and went back to his usual routine, he still needed psychological intervention for almost a year and a half before he could fully go back to normal. As for Dorian, he has reached the threshold of his sanity. What awaits him currently is a state of self-mutilation,” Aiden elaborated while tapping the ash off his cigarette.

“Mr. Goldstein, just think about it. Have you ever been driven mad by the fact that you couldn’t hit a mosquito buzzing around you in your sleep?”

Jonathan nodded at Aiden’s question.

“Imagine that frustration, but amplify it a hundred times for a duration of an entire month. Basically, that’s the mental state Dorian is in now.”

Despite the casual tone Aiden was speaking in, it sent a tingle across Jonathan’s scalp.

Having hundreds of mosquitoes flying around my ear, and yet, I can’t even hit a single one... I think I would have gone mad in a few hours, let alone an entire month.

“In that case, Dorian...”

“Based on the psychological evaluation I have given him, he only has a few months left at most. He will definitely start to mutilate himself and lose his temper over the most trivial of things. In the end, suicide would be his only avenue for relief.”

After hearing Aiden’s assessment, Jonathan suddenly felt as if the papers he was holding were burning his palms.

Some people are capable of enduring excruciating pain for years and even decades, but that's under conditions where one can eat and sleep normally. Unfortunately, Dorian doesn't have this luxury.

"Is there any way we can save him?" Jonathan inquired in a grave voice.

"There is," Aiden responded in an equally grim tone. "We will either have to get our hands on the antidote or end his life when he can no longer endure it. That's the biggest mercy we can grant him."

"Is there no other way?"

Jonathan furrowed his brows, for there were only eight non-fatal wounds on Dorian's body. There was no way he could accept watching Dorian dying from them.

"Actually, we can hook him up to an extracorporeal circulation machine to keep him alive. However, Dorian would rather die than let us do it."

Aiden gently patted Jonathan on the shoulder.

"Mr. Goldstein, I'll be candid with you. The only way to save Dorian is to retrieve the antidote, as there is nothing anyone in Asura's Office can do to help him."

Jonathan nodded again.

"I understand. I'll be away for the next few days, so please take care of him while I'm gone."

Nodding in agreement, Aiden added, "If you have a plan in mind, you had better hurry. This isn't an ordinary wound, and there's a limit to what I can do."

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 739](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 739-Jonathan hummed in acknowledgment before walking back in the direction of Dorian's room.

The moment he passed by, Jonathan flatly remarked, "Dorian, I know you have been listening at the door. Just focus on recuperating and don't do anything stupid. I'll be back with the antidote in half a month at most."

As the ward's door gradually opened, the exhausted Dorian stared at Jonathan before breaking out a vibrant smile.

"Mr. Goldstein... Why don't I go with you?"

"You idiot!" Jonathan snapped without even looking back. "Other than getting in my way, what else can you do? It's better you stay put."

Thereafter, Jonathan's helicopter gradually descended upon Northern Crimson Prison, which had been reduced to a pile of ruins.

Standing on top of the building with Reaper beside him, Jonathan wore a grim expression on his face.

"Mr. Goldstein, are we really going to abandon this place?"

Jonathan nodded as he ran his fingers along the exposed bricks that were burning from the heat of the sun.

"Yes. Even though we can rebuild it, this location has lost its strategic value. Besides, Mysonna Army has more important things to do. Perhaps we can revisit the matter once the situation in Chanaea stabilizes."

"But—" Reaper gave Jonathan a hesitant look before stopping mid-sentence.

His response caused Jonathan to turn and look at him.

"What's wrong? It isn't like you to hold back. You even dared to question me during the upheaval in Mysonna, and now, you're mincing your words?"

"The opposite in fact," Reaper replied with a sigh.

"It's just that after spending three years here and watching the prison become one of the world's three biggest prisons, I feel saddened by the sight of its crumbling walls."

"Abandoning Northern Crimson Prison was part of Mysonna Army's strategy." Jonathan added with a smile, "After we massacred seventy thousand men of the West Region Army, they won't dare do anything for a while. By the way, Lieutenant Reaper, find me a solo locator and mark the West Region Army's location on it. There's something I need to do."

Reaper was briefly surprised by Jonathan's words before his face reddened with excitement.

"Mr. Goldstein, are you going to attack them? Why don't I come with you—"

"That's not necessary," Jonathan answered with a chuckle. "I'm just going to retrieve something, and it will only take a few days. Anyway, prepare a vehicle for me."

"Understood!"

Meanwhile, in Oak Tree Village, which was located in the city of Quakersville, Eva was speeding along the village streets on her skateboard.

"Understood!"

Meanwhile, in Oak Tree Village, which was located in the city of Quakersville, Eva was speeding along the village streets on her skateboard.

As for the villagers, they went about their business as if they were oblivious to her presence.

It wasn't until Eva slid into an alley that the space seemed to suddenly contort. After the surroundings turned back to normal, she vanished into thin air.

Subsequently, a magic seal lit up in a mysterious cave somewhere.

With her skateboard in her hand, Eva suddenly stumbled out of it.

"What kind of lousy portal formation is this? It makes me dizzy all the time," Eva grumbled as she made her way to the cave entrance with the help of the wall.

"Granduncle, dispel the formation. I'm back."

Eva's voice was followed by the light around her increasing in intensity. As the cave walls on both sides faded away, a plaza began to appear right before her eyes.

At the corner of the plaza sat two elderly men with white beards playing checkers.

After reaching out her hand to feel the air in front of her, Eva stepped forward once she was sure that the trap formation had been dispelled.

“Grandpa, Granduncle, both of you seem to be in a rather good mood. I’m surprised to see you playing checkers.”

The grumpy Eva walked up to both of them before throwing her skateboard down and sitting on it.

“Eva, you’re no longer a child. Why do you still behave like one?”

The relatively more distinguished-looking old man on the right asked with a chuckle as he placed a black piece on the board.

“It’s all Wilbur’s fault.” With a swipe of her hand, the teapot beside the two old men fell into her grasp. With that, she began gulping down from its spout.

“Grandpa, I must tell you how disobedient Wilbur is. I ordered him to attack the Eastern Army of Doveston, but he turned on me instead. Why don’t we teach him a lesson?”

While speaking, Eva made a gesture by slitting her finger across her neck.

However, the old man, Gregory Salladay, gently grabbed her wrist.

“Eva, you should tone down on that murderous intent of yours,” he advised with a smile.

“A grand scheme is just like chess. Some moves might look harmless in the beginning but turn out to be decisive later in the game.”

While speaking, Gregory put down another black piece.

The moment he did, more than twenty white pieces flew up into the air and fell into the bowl for them.

The single decisive move had allowed him to make a killing.

“If Wilbur were easy to be manipulated, he wouldn’t have plotted with us against Joshua. You must remember that Joshua hadn’t shown any signs of cultivation back then. Considering how wary Wilbur was in the matter, he would be even more careful working with us.”

“Grandpa, are you saying that he’s just using the Salladay family?” Eva asked with a frown.

“What else can it be?” Gregory threw the question back at her. “Aren’t we using him too?”

“But...”

Gregory’s words caused Eva to be stunned.

From her perspective, anyone being used by the Salladay family—the most powerful among the eight families—should be honored. Hence, she couldn’t accept the idea that the roles were reversed.

“Eva, killing is easy, but it doesn’t solve everything. Since you intend to ruin the alliance between Asura’s Office, the Eastern Army, and their allies within the other respectable families, can’t you think of another way if Wilbur isn’t cooperating?”

While Gregory was speaking, two checker pieces—one black and one white—flew off the board with a twitch of his fingers.

“All alliances are formed based on common interests, so there must be something that connects all parties together.”

Under the influence of spiritual energy, the two checker pieces began to swirl in the air.

“Wilbur is tied to us by cultivation methods and spirit stones. What about them?”

“They...” Eva stared blankly at the spinning pieces. “What brings them together is... Josephine and Killian!”

As the checker pieces he was controlling fell into his hand, Gregory turned them into dust with a gentle jolt.

“You have to gain a better understanding of how alliances are formed. Otherwise, you’re not ready to take over the Salladay family. Remember, you have to be flexible. Adapting to your circumstances is the only way to make progress.”

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 740

The Legendary Man Chapter 740-A military Jeep came to a halt beside a ten-meter-tall desert poplar on the west of Saosa Desert.

Jonathan then hopped out of the car and retrieved a canvas from the trunk. The canvas had a camouflage pattern that matched the sand around him.

After draping the canvas over the Jeep and securing its corners to all four wheels, Jonathan slung his sniper rifle on his back and ran toward the west.

Saosa Desert was huge and spanned Merania, West Region, and Chanaea.

Of course, Chanaea owned the largest part of the desert.

Despite the desert being barren and uninhabitable, it was an incredibly important part of Chanaea.

Furthermore, it was possible for Saosa Desert to contain huge amounts of unmined petroleum beneath it.

West Region had been trying to invade Chanaea since petroleum became a main resource over a hundred years ago.

Chanaea had natural borders, such as mountains and jungles, surrounding it, but Saosa Desert had nothing of the sort.

Its sand dunes would constantly shift around as a result of the sandstorms, so the border could only be defined through geographic coordinates.

Even so, West Region had, on multiple occasions, crossed the Chanaean border by claiming the geographic coordinates were unclear in hopes of coveting the oil resources.

That led to lots of minor conflicts between the two countries over the years.

That desert poplar was one of the very few visible landmarks near the Chanaean border, and Mysonna Army would always pass by it when patrolling the area.

For some reason, seeing a tree in the middle of the desert had a reassuring effect on them, even if it was no longer alive.

Jonathan wrapped himself up with a black camouflage canvas and continued running across the sand dunes.

He had to go on foot as there were no roads or paths that he could drive on.

On top of that, the Chanaean-West Region border was just ten kilometers away, so it would be easy to detect him if he drove there.

Most people would assume that they should wear less clothing when traveling through the hot desert.

However, the temperature in the desert during the afternoon could go up to seventy degrees. Walking through the desert was no different from being in an oven.

By exposing a lot of skin, one would not only get dehydrated even faster but also risk getting sunburnt.

As such, Jonathan's strategy of covering himself up from head to toe was actually the best approach.

Bang!

A loud gunshot echoed throughout the desert. Jonathan quickly ducked and took cover behind a sand dune.

After waiting for a bit, he sensed that there was no danger and determined the shot wasn't fired at him.

He then sat down in a shady spot, set up his sniper rifle, and looked straight ahead through the scope.

He then sat down in a shady spot, set up his sniper rifle, and looked straight ahead through the scope.

While cultivators did have superhuman eyesight, it was only a few times better than that of regular humans'. As such, Jonathan needed to rely on his scope to see beyond five hundred meters.

As he scanned the area in front of him, he saw a figure run past his field of view.

One thousand and five hundred meters away, huh...

Jonathan glanced at the screen of the device on his arm and saw that he was close to the border.

The border is about a thousand meters away from my current position, so that figure I saw was technically within West Region. Was he the one who opened fire just now? He looks like he's running from something, though.

With that in mind, Jonathan turned his gun slightly to the side and looked at the area behind the figure. Sure enough, a few cars were speeding in the direction of the border. Those were most likely military SUVs belonging to West Region Army.

As Jonathan adjusted the magnification level on his scope, he saw two black dots flying toward the figure.

What the... Are those fighter jets? What did that guy do to have West Region Army hunt him down with fighter jets?

Jonathan saw the figure flash past his scope again, but he couldn't quite pinpoint his location due to the sand dunes blocking his line of sight.

He then scooped his sniper rifle into his arms and ran straight ahead.

I don't care who he is or what he has done, but anyone who can get West Region Army riled up like this is definitely a friend of mine! I must save this person!

Both Jonathan and the mysterious figure were running toward each other at insane speeds.

Jonathan felt slightly relieved when they were eight hundred meters away from each other, as it meant he was in Chanaean territory.

However, the figure who was running in his direction stopped the moment he saw Jonathan. He then turned around without any hesitation and took off in the northeast direction.

"Huh? Hey! I'm not from West Region!" Jonathan shouted at the top of his lungs.

However, they were simply too far away from each other, so Jonathan had no choice but to give chase and run after the figure.

Suddenly, a loud crackling noise echoed through the sky.

Jonathan quickly raised his bronze handbell and jumped toward the sand dunes on the side.

Boom!

A deafening explosion soon followed, causing the sand to fly everywhere.

Jonathan tightened his grip on his sniper rifle as he watched the grains of sand fall onto the protective barrier of his bronze handbell.

What the... I would've been blown to bits if I didn't run fast enough! Wait a minute... That was a B-12R scud missile! A single one of those costs about three hundred thousand! Just what did this guy do to them? Why are they trying to kill him so desperately?

With that in mind, Jonathan activated his spiritual sense. While the sand was slowly flowing into the crater left by the blast, it would take a long time to fill up a huge hole that was about thirty meters deep.

"F\*ck! Did that guy blow up West Region's capital city or something?" Jonathan exclaimed as he unleashed his technique and ran after that figure.

However, he had just made it past the sand dune when a bullet flew right past the protective barrier of his bronze handbell.

"Oh, you want to pick a fight with me? I don't have time for this crap!"

Jonathan then channeled Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique and gave himself a huge boost in movement speed.

Four hundred meters... Two hundred meters... One hundred meters...

Jonathan had reached the advanced phase Grandmaster Realm and was only a step away from reaching God Realm.

As such, he was able to use his spiritual sense to communicate with that person, even with the sand dune in the way.

"Run toward the east! I'm Chanaean! I'm here to help you out!" Jonathan shouted in the direction of the sand dune ahead of him.

However, what he received was a very strange reply.

“You’re powerful, but I don’t believe! Stay away from me!”

As Jonathan jumped on top of the sand dune, the bronze handbell above his head lost its spiritual energy and fell.

Jonathan then went down on one knee and fired a shot at the SUV that was a thousand meters away.

Bang!

Instead of looking up to check if his shot hit its mark, he simply turned around and continued running toward the east.

Sure enough, the SUV that got hit by his bullet swerved around and went down the sand dune.

A few seconds later, an artillery shell landed on the sand dune that Jonathan was standing on earlier, reducing it to about two thirds of its initial size in an instant.

Fighter jets then soared through the sky and dropped countless bombs all over the area.

The look on Jonathan’s face changed the moment he saw the black dots in the sky.

After giving it some thought, he changed course and ran toward the figure as fast as his legs could carry him.

“You won’t make it out of the blast radius in time! Come with me if you want to live!”