

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 741

The Legendary Man Chapter 741-Jonathan's shouts finally caught the figure's attention.

However, when the figure saw the rifle in Jonathan's hand, he turned and continued to flee without any hesitation.

"D\*mn it! I'm trying to save you!"

Raising his right hand, Jonathan kept his sniper rifle in his storage ring and pulled out a whip from thin air.

Crack!

As the noise of the sound barrier breaking rang out, the whip suddenly extended itself with a boost of spiritual energy.

It began to glow with a blistering white light in mid-air as it formed a lasso and flew forward.

The instant the figure was about to be lassoed by the whip, he lunged forward to escape capture, as if he didn't have any bones at all. Subsequently, he continued running down the sand dunes.

"D\*mn it..."

When his spiritual sense suddenly alerted him to artillery shells above his head, Jonathan formed a spell with his left hand.

"Five Elements of the Dragon Deity! Earth, arise!"

Underneath his feet, waves of pure spiritual energy flooded into the sand dunes.

At the same time, the fleeing figure in front suddenly froze.

In that instant, he felt as if a lake of boundless spiritual energy had formed, and he was smack dab in the middle of it.

Such powerful spiritual energy! Who in the world is this man?

Beneath his feet, a dark shadow gradually grew.

When he turned to look, he saw a sand dune crashing into him like a wave.

Right below the sand dune, a golden ray of light flashed by and struck him in his chest.

Pfft!

No sooner had he seen the knee sinking into his body than the young man spewed out a mouthful of blood.

Before he could react, he was already engulfed in the ensuing sandstorm.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Consecutive explosions were heard.

Within the darkness, Jonathan felt as if there were countless battle drums beating above his head.

As for his hand, it clasped the figure's neck tightly as he dragged the person along in a mad dash for escape.

The Five Elements of the Dragon Deity was a large-scale spell. Even though it was extremely powerful, it consumed vast amounts of spiritual energy.

Thus, Jonathan would never use it except for desperate circumstances.

Fortunately for him, they were in a desert where the sand was loose. Thus, Jonathan had no trouble traveling through the sand despite having someone in tow.

Conversely, if he was in a city or village where the ground was solid, he wouldn't have been able to flee so rapidly with Earthly Escape. In fact, he might end up being buried underground after running out of spiritual energy.

After tunneling through the sand for hundreds of meters, Jonathan finally dashed toward the surface.

After tunneling through the sand for hundreds of meters, Jonathan finally dashed toward the surface.

The moment he saw sunlight and knew that he had sufficient spiritual energy to support himself, Jonathan began to gasp for air.

Meanwhile, the man whose neck Jonathan was holding began to hit his arm as he murmured, "I'm going to die. I'm going to die..."

"Shut up!" Jonathan yelled while pointing at his nose before tearing his face scarf away.

Underneath the scarf was a foreign-looking man with a tan complexion and chiseled features.

"You're not Chanaean?"

"I'm Machian," the youth snapped back before grabbing his face scarf.

Lying on the sand dune, the youth rubbed his sore chest as he seethed at Jonathan.

"Are you trying to kill me or save me? If you had struck me a little harder just now, I would probably have been killed."

"Well, you're still alive, aren't you?"

Paying no heed to the youth, Jonathan waved his hands and conjured up a sand camouflage on his body. Thereafter, he crawled up the sand dune and looked out toward the area that was being bombarded.

Two jeeps belonging to the West Region Army had stopped there. They had brought along tens of highly-trained soldiers who began to search the bombarded area.

After staring intently at the West Region soldiers, Jonathan turned his attention to the youth beside him.

"Hey, what in the world did you do? These guys look like the elite from White Elephant Squad."

Pfft!

After crawling up the sand dune to Jonathan's side, the young man spat out the sand in his mouth.

“Elites, my \*ss. They have been chasing me from Newcove to this ungodly place and still haven’t caught me. If it wasn’t for you just now, I would have already entered Chanaea’s borders.”

Jonathan stretched out his left hand.

“Look at the map. You have already crossed the border by almost a thousand meters, so it appears your pursuers have no intention of letting you go. It makes me wonder if you blew Newcove to kingdom come.”

When the youth saw the electronic map on Jonathan’s arm, a curious expression descended on his face.

“That doesn’t sound right. My intel says that Chanaea is very strict with its borders. Once I crossed it, West Region wouldn’t dare pursue me for fear that Chanaea’s Mysonna Army would attack them.”

Just as the youth spoke, he turned to look around.

“Don’t tell me that you alone are keeping watch for the entire Mysonna Army?”

“Nonsense.” The annoyed Jonathan put his computer away as he spoke. “Do I look like a lowly border guard to you?”

“Not really.” Sprawled on the sand dune, the youth continued, “As someone who has achieved God Realm, you’re more than qualified to be a general. And yet, by appearing here alone, you really don’t look like an officer to me!”

No sooner had he spoken than an epiphany caused him to stare at Jonathan.

“Don’t tell me you also saw the bounty on the Dark Web and came here to execute the mission?”

“Dark Web? What mission?”

Jonathan was baffled by the youth’s comment.

As for the youth, he was slightly stunned upon hearing Jonathan’s words.

“So, you’re not after the bounty. That’s good... That’s good...”

Upon laying down on the sand dune, the youth whipped out a sniper rifle and deftly loaded a bullet into its chamber.

“You’re not my enemy as long as you’re not in the same line of work as I am. I definitely owe you a debt of gratitude for saving my life. I may just be in the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm currently but will definitely achieve God Realm in less than a year. When the time comes, I’ll certainly repay my debt.”

Right after he finished, the youth took a deep breath. By then, he had already aimed his sights on the SUV parked on the sand dune.

At the same time, Jonathan had sat up and was doing the same with his rifle on his shoulder.

“You take the one on the left while I deal with the one on the right. Aim for their fuel tanks.”

Bang! Bang!

Two shots rang out simultaneously.

The fuel tanks of both Jeeps ignited before exploding into a fireball.

“With the two vehicles as the reference point, leave everyone on the left to me!”

Jonathan put away his sniper rifle and dashed forward, brandishing his broken blade.

“How daring!” The youth burst into laughter before charging forward with a kukri in hand.

Due to the explosion, the soldiers of the West Region Army hid behind the sand dunes.

In less than three seconds, Jonathan had closed the distance of a hundred meters between them.

When the first of their enemies took a peek out, Jonathan’s broken blade flashed across his face, sending a mist of blood through the air.

It was then that the massacre officially began.

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 742

The Legendary Man Chapter 742-The two vehicles carried a total of eight soldiers from the West Region Army, all of who was now lying face down in a pool of blood.

Emerging unscathed, Jonathan had annihilated six while the Machian youth took out two.

As for the jets in the sky, they had gradually flown away.

“Why are they fleeing? I was just planning on taking them down!” the Machian youth remarked smugly while holding the blood-drenched kukri in his hand.

Jonathan let out a snort before frisking the dead soldiers’ bodies for any communication devices.

“Stop your bragging. The jets have taken a huge risk with their brief incursion of the border. Based on the international rules of engagement, their behavior is considered a form of provocation, giving Chanaea the right to deploy troops against them.”

As Jonathan tore the patch off one of the dead soldier’s chests, he could clearly see a white elephant on it.

“Just as I expected. They’re from the White Elephant Squad.”

Jonathan threw the patch to the youth.

“Hey, I saved your life. Shouldn’t you be telling me the truth? Such as your name and what you’re doing here in West Region? Also, why in the world are those guys chasing you all the way from Newcove?”

“My name is Hossom Hoffman,” the youth replied as he retrieved a pack of cigarettes from the body of a dead soldier.

Ignoring the blood on the pack, he pulled one out and stuffed it between his lips.

“Actually, I didn’t do much during my trip to West Region. All I did was steal a diamond from the head of the Seboxia statue from Bazar Temple in Newcove.”

While speaking, Hossom handed a cigarette to Jonathan.

However, Jonathan was gawking at him.

“Wow, I can’t believe what you did. How dare you steal something like that? They would probably be filled with shame if they didn’t kill you.”

In spite of his words, Jonathan still gave Hossom a look of admiration.

West Region was the world’s largest theocratic country, while Seboxia was the most prominent God they worshipped.

As for Bazar Temple, it was designated as holy ground by West Region. Therefore, stealing the diamond from Seboxia’s head was no different from asking to be killed.

“Hehe, it wasn’t that difficult.” Hossom chuckled in response.

“To repay you for saving my life, I’ll give you ownership of half the diamond I stole. By the way, what’s your name?”

“Me?” Jonathan looked at Hossom. “I’m Hensom Hoffman.”

“What? You’re a Hoffman too?” Hossom remarked in delight, “Hensom, with your strength, what are you doing in this ungodly place? Shouldn’t you be enjoying yourself somewhere?”

Jonathan turned to look toward the west upon hearing Hossom’s words.

Jonathan turned to look toward the west upon hearing Hossom’s words.

Even though I managed to save the kid after giving the West Region Army some trouble, the borders will definitely be strengthened after this. On top of that, it is extremely difficult to hide oneself in this endless desert.

“I was just traveling around in search of any profitable opportunities,” Jonathan replied with a laugh. “By the way, during your travels in West Region, have you heard of someone named Caspian?”

Hossom furrowed his brows in thought.

“Caspian... Are you talking about the commander of the West Region border guards? I have never seen him before. Actually, I’m curious. I was expecting

to be stopped by the border guards along the West Region and was surprised that I managed to cross it so easily.”

Jonathan didn't comment on the matter, for there was no way he could tell a foreigner that a brutal battle that cost a hundred and twenty thousand lives had just occurred a few days ago.

Currently, the Mysonna Army wasn't alone in rejuvenating its forces.

Even West Region, the country with the second largest population, was forced to allow its forces to recuperate after losing seventy thousand troops.

“Hossom, in order to reach Machia, all you have to do is head south. Even though they might be tracking you still, they won't cause you any trouble within the borders of Chanaea. When you arrive in Yorksland, you can probably leave Chanaea easily with your skill. Just remember not to cause any trouble in Chanaea, or I'll make sure that you regret it.”

Once Jonathan finished, he began walking toward the west.

Time was of the essence when it came to Dorian's injuries. The current circumstances didn't allow Jonathan to be away for a long time. Hence, he had to make his foray into West Region a quick one.

Watching Jonathan leave, Hossom felt a slight sense of hesitation. He subsequently chopped off an arm from a corpse before running after the former.

“Hensom, wait for me. Let's travel together. At the very least, we can rely on each other during our travels.”

“With me?” Jonathan gave Hossom a nonplussed look. “Aren't you worried about the West Region Army coming after you?”

“Would someone as smart as I am not think of that?” Hossom swiftly removed the tracker from the severed arm and put it on his own. “If you can assume that I would flee, so would they, which makes going back the way I came from the safest choice. Don't Chanaeans have this saying? The most dangerous place is usually the safest one?”

When he saw the smug look on Hossom's face, Jonathan shook his head in resignation.



“Fine. I don’t mind you coming with me, but I’m not going to rescue you if you get into any trouble.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t get in your way.”

With that, two figures began to speed through the vast desert.

It wasn’t until nightfall that a military base surrounded by barbed wires came into Jonathan’s view.

“Hey, Hensom, don’t tell me that you’re going to destroy the West Region border guards’ base?”

Sprawled on the ground beside Jonathan, Hossom suddenly realized what sort of person he had tagged along with.

“You had better not get me involved. There’s no way two cultivators like us can take on tens of thousands of heavily armed men, is there?”

“Ninety-eight thousand men, to be exact,” Jonathan whispered as he adjusted the pace of his breath. “All military bases are equipped with thermal imaging scanners outside.”

“All the more reason not to go out there,” Hossom replied through gritted teeth. “We have yet to be discovered, so there’s still time to leave. Hensom, what has gotten into you for you to... Oh, why did I have to follow you? I’m beginning to regret it.”

Right after he spoke, Hossom turned to leave. However, he soon realized that Jonathan was gripping his wrist tightly.

In response, he gave Jonathan an icy stare.

“What are you doing?”

“It’s not as dangerous as you think,” Jonathan whispered as he lay behind the sand dune. “You have seen how I can tunnel through the sand. As long as someone diverts the West Region Army’s attention, I can infiltrate the base undetected.”

“Cut the crap!”

Hossom gave Jonathan a seething look.

“Hey man, it’s just as you said. You need someone to act as a distraction. Where are we going to find—”

Hossom was stunned mid-sentence.

“You... What the f\*ck? Are you talking about me?”

“Bingo!”

With a gleeful smile, Jonathan stuffed a metal rod that was as big as his palm into Hossom’s hand.

The very next moment, there was a burst of spiritual energy.

The metal rod extended rapidly by about ten meters, becoming as tall as a flag pole.

“This is a top-grade magical item, one that money can’t buy, so don’t lose it.”

Just as he spoke, the magical item in Hossom’s hand began to vibrate.

As the red markings that covered the meters-long magical item began to glow, a fiery flame ignited at its tip and danced wildly in the air.

In the meantime, Jonathan formed a magic seal with his hand and began sinking into the sand.

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 743](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 743-“F\*ck!”

Hossom wielded the long club and stabbed it in the direction where Jonathan disappeared.

Despite his best effort, he failed to locate Jonathan as the latter had disappeared under the sand dune. He had stabbed his tool two to three meters deep into the sand, but it proved to be useless.

“You want me to divert their attention, huh? Dream on!”

Hossom cursed out loud as he heard the siren from the base and turned to flee the scene.

He had just taken a few strides when he clenched his jaw and decided to return to pick up the magical item.

Jonathan might've put a restriction on the magical item a while ago, but he didn't engrave his spiritual sense on it and only filled it with his spiritual energy.

Hossom couldn't bear to lose such a superior magical item. However, he had to finish utilizing Jonathan's spiritual energy within the magical item to control it completely.

As a result, Hossom became a torchbearer running across the desert.

The pole that was over ten meters tall became the best beacon for the West Region Army.

The sound of gunshots echoed as the soldiers aimed and fired their guns in the direction of the flames.

Hossom could only run with all his might as he cursed Jonathan under his breath.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was rushing ahead underneath the sand.

He unleashed his spiritual sense to cover the area above his head.

Upon detecting a group of men dressed in plain clothes, Jonathan raised the Heaven Sword and directed it upward with a powerful thrust.

Everyone in the West Region Army was paying attention to the siren and gunshots that sounded without warning outside.

Hence, no one had expected the ground beneath their feet to suddenly split open.

With two metallic flashes, three military officers were sliced in half.

The ground cracked open, and Jonathan shot up with the bronze handbell, his cheeks flushed red.

The West Region Army's base, while not as elaborate as the Northern Crimson Prison, was still heavily fortified. The base had several dozen meters of thick boulders and over three meters of concrete buried beneath it.

If he had taken any longer, Jonathan might have suffocated and died underground.

“Who is Caspian?” he declared icily, brandishing the Heaven Sword.

“A Chanaean cultivator?”

A middle-aged military officer standing in front of Jonathan pulled out a strange-looking staff and launched an attack without hesitation.

A middle phase Grandmaster!

Jonathan kept his bronze handbell and used his Heaven Sword to send the staff flying.

Jonathan kept his bronze handbell and used his Heaven Sword to send the staff flying.

A blood mist was formed when Jonathan’s Heaven Sword stabbed into the military officer’s shoulder.

“I’m glad you can understand Chanaean. I’m not here to wipe out your army. All I want is to talk to Caspian. Where is he?”

“Caspian is severely injured and has been sent back to Newcove to receive treatment.”

Hearing that, Jonathan chopped off the military officer’s head without hesitation.

He extended his spiritual sense to encompass the surrounding area, spanning hundreds of meters.

There are three Grandmasters!

It took Jonathan only an instant to pinpoint the three Grandmasters in the base.

He instantly recognized that the West Region had increased its forces at the border.

If I hadn’t shown up today, during our next battle, Dorian would have most probably gotten killed by the four Grandmasters. What a great plan!

Jonathan snorted icily and pushed the door open to head out.

As soon as the door opened, several dozen guns were immediately fired.

Jonathan didn't bother holding back when he scoured the area earlier, so the three Grandmasters could naturally sense his existence.

They immediately mobilized the troops to surround the area.

The bullets flew through the air as the shells clattered to the ground, creating a chilling soundtrack that seemed to herald the arrival of the Grim Reaper itself.

The gunfire was enough to destroy everything in sight, but Jonathan didn't bother avoiding it.

He held the bronze handbell and charged forward.

The blood mist faded away. At once, three soldiers spat out blood and died on the spot under the impact of the collision.

The moment the golden glow disappeared, Jonathan waved his Heaven Sword in the night air.

It was a simple action, but about ten heads shot up into the air before dropping to the ground.

“Go!”

Following Jonathan's roar, over ten magical items flew out of the storage ring. They circled in the air for a moment before spreading out.

Casualties were common in battle.

Jonathan didn't waver even though countless soldiers collapsed to the ground and died around him as the magical items weaved around in the air.

Two men and a woman landed beside him, making sure he had nowhere to escape.

Opposite Jonathan stood a woman with a crew cut. As she landed on the ground, she smacked a small drum in her hands.

Following that smack, Jonathan's spiritual energy that was coursing wildly in his body suddenly calmed down.

He wasn't the only one who felt the call of the drums. All around him, the soldiers who had been panicking ceased in their tracks, their faces now relieved. They ceased their retreat, allowing the magical items to fly by them as they stood transfixed by the sound of the drum.

Despite their imminent death, the soldiers wore smiles on their faces, creating a mystifying sight.

Thump, thump!

Following the thumps, Jonathan could feel his spiritual energy decreasing.

His mind was at peace, and he couldn't even summon any energy to fight.

It occurred to him that he was exhausted from going to war for so many years.

Jonathan's soul was filled with a sense of inner tranquility, and he wanted to prolong this peacefulness.

At the same time, the other two Grandmasters leaped into the air and aimed their long swords at Jonathan's ribs.

Clang!

Jonathan suffered a concussion in his organs due to the force of the Grandmasters' attack, but the bronze handbell was able to withstand it. However, the aftermath of the attack caused him to suffer from a severe internal injury.

Thanks to their attacks, Jonathan was able to regain his senses.

He quickly gestured a spell and used the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique to protect his spiritual sense. He dared not let his guard down anymore.

There was something strange about the drum.

Without the protection of the bronze handbell, Jonathan would have been vulnerable to the long swords and likely would have been stabbed to death.

The Grandmasters are capable, and I've underestimated them!

“Die!” Jonathan let out a low growl.

The magical items hovering in the sky came for the woman in all directions.

Jonathan disappeared in a flash. His target was the man on his left.

Thump, thump, thump...

The rapid drumbeat reverberated around Jonathan, making his spiritual energy surge and his meridians swell with pain. He tried to steel himself against the onslaught, but the intensity of the sound was too much for him to bear.

The two Grandmasters by his side seemed to have gone crazy.

Their bodies enlarged to almost twice their original size, making them appear like wild beasts as they charged toward Jonathan with unbridled ferocity.

Jonathan noticed that the cultivators' movements appeared differently in his spiritual sense compared to what he saw with his eyes.

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 744](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 744-In a battle between cultivators, low-ranked cultivators could win if they were fast enough.

Those who had not yet reached the Grandmaster Realm had to constantly train and refine their bodies in order to utilize them to their fullest potential during battles for both offense and defense.

Upon achieving the Grandmaster Realm, they could use their own spiritual energy to create force fields.

In their own force fields, they could sense everything in an instant.

However, there was a lag in the feedback of spiritual energy.

After all, spiritual energy was like a force of nature in the water. If someone was behind you and caused a ripple in the water, your body would need to sense the change in the water before you could react.

Thus, even Grandmasters saw spiritual energy as only a supporting tool during battle.

They would use this technique to detect if there were any enemies in their blind spots.

Those in the Grandmaster Realm had the ability to independently unleash their spiritual sense to scour an area. However, the area of coverage was limited as they could only use a limited amount of spiritual sense.

Additionally, if they sensed an enemy with their spiritual sense, they still might not be able to react in time as the enemy might be too near.

Novice cultivators who had just learned to release their spiritual sense could expand their perception as their spiritual sense was an extension of their body.

Every signal and action within the area covered by their spiritual sense would trigger their instinctive response.

For example, if one was eating, one's mind would be on one's food.

However, if someone's spiritual sense were to cover the entire house, their brain would have to process everything happening within the house. They would be able to pick up on sounds of cooking, sweeping, and talking, as well as any other activities happening in the house. This influx of information would be overwhelming for their mind to process.

Many people envied those who were capable of creating force fields, but they had no idea how hard it was to get used to it.

Some cultivators even destroyed their cultivation level voluntarily as they couldn't bear the suffering.

A cultivator in the God Realm like Jonathan could control the feedback of their spiritual sense. During a battle, they could release their spiritual sense to perceive what was happening within dozens of meters.

However, it was rare to see someone like Jonathan who could extend his spiritual sense to a radius of hundreds of meters.



It could be said that cultivators who had achieved the God Realm would grow increasingly addicted to creating force fields with their spiritual sense.

Using their spiritual sense, they could anticipate their enemy's actions even before they could see anything with their eyes.

Using their spiritual sense, they could anticipate their enemy's actions even before they could see anything with their eyes.

However, what Jonathan saw was different from what his spiritual sense had sensed.

“Stop!”

As he spoke, visible ripples started unfurling and spreading outward.

If his eyes and sense told him two different things, he would have to rely on third-party spiritual energy to learn the truth.

Instantly, Jonathan's force field expanded dozens of meters in all directions, allowing him to uncover the truth through the feedback of his spiritual energy.

One of them is fake, and the other is real!

Jonathan struck his Heaven Sword to his right, aiming for nothing. Suddenly, a sword materialized in midair, blocking the attack.

He suddenly spun around and gave a swift kick to the air. In an instant, a figure materialized and flew back from the force.

The other cultivator stabbed Jonathan's back, intending to pierce through his chest.

Above him, the bronze handbell glowed brilliantly. The long sword stabbed into the light, causing a loud chime.

Jonathan's face reddened after he withstood another attack from a Grandmaster. It was so intense that he felt his blood boiling as if it was about to surge up and explode out of his head.

“Die!” Jonathan roared.

He spun on his heels and removed the bronze handbell, reaching out to grab the cultivator's wrist.

With a jerk of his arm, he tugged the cultivator down and slammed his knee into the latter's neck, breaking it in an instant.

Thud!

Despite that, the West Region cultivator wasn't dead and struggled to escape.

"You won't die, huh?"

Jonathan delivered a forceful kick against the cultivator's head.

A crack was heard, and the head burst into pieces like a crushed watermelon. White and red bits filled the air.

Jonathan reached out to remove the spirit shield, and the blood in the air splattered to the ground beside the headless body.

Jonathan then turned to look at the female cultivator and sneered, "One cultivator is only visible to the naked eye, and the other detectable only by spiritual sense. Your drum is a great magical tool as it can disturb both the spiritual sense and eyesight. Let me have a go at it!"

The concrete ground exploded, and Jonathan's body appeared in front of the female cultivator.

The Heaven Sword cut across the woman's arm, but there wasn't any resistance.

This is a fake!

Jonathan narrowed his gaze and spread his spiritual sense in all directions.

Through his spiritual sense, he sensed two figures dashing out of the camp. They were currently dozens of meters away.

However, his spiritual energy told him they were in the opposite direction.

In fact, two main battle tanks were currently aiming at Jonathan right before his eyes.

However, everything was concealed by the woman's drumbeats.

Had Jonathan not extended his spiritual sense beyond the usual range, he would not have detected the danger even when the tanks fired their cannons at him.

He couldn't believe that the drum was able to conceal the sound of the tanks moving.

It sure is a rare treasure!

Without any audible warning, Jonathan dropped to the ground as he felt the main battle tanks' barrels begin to tremble. He then proceeded to crawl to the side.

The cannonballs whizzed past Jonathan's head.

However, in Jonathan's sight, he could only see the female cultivator from the West Region and nothing else.

His spiritual sense and force field kept giving him feedback.

His sight, spiritual sense, and spiritual energy gave him contrasting feedback of the three figures.

Clang!

Following the noise, Jonathan stabbed his Heaven Sword backward as a glint appeared in his eyes.

His Heaven Sword was blocked by a long sword.

It belonged to the West Region cultivator who had vanished some time ago. Despite Jonathan's efforts, he had been unable to locate him. Unknown to Jonathan, the cultivator had concealed his spiritual energy and had been masquerading as an ordinary West Region soldier, patiently biding his time for an opportune moment to strike.

"Skywards!" Jonathan growled.

He swung his sword upward and cut the West Region cultivator in half.

Turning around, he realized the West Region female cultivator was nowhere to be seen.

Jonathan's spiritual sense had a limited range and could only be extended up to approximately one hundred meters, rendering him powerless beyond that distance. Despite his formidable strength, he knew this was a weakness that he could not overcome.

He was currently surrounded by countless soldiers.

The sight of the firearms caused a chill to run down his spine.

Jonathan wasn't afraid if there were merely a thousand men or so, but he was currently surrounded by close to one hundred thousand men.

He couldn't finish chopping one hundred thousand cabbages, let alone kill one hundred thousand men.

There was a possibility he couldn't even withstand the attack of heavy artillery like a cannon.

If he were to stay, he would likely meet his doom right here.

It's time to leave!

With that thought in mind, Jonathan once again used a spell to slip into the cracked ground and flee the scene.

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 745](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 745-A figure was making a hasty getaway across the desert with two helicopters in hot pursuit. The helicopters trained their searchlights on the ground, attempting to track his movements.

Two firearms discharged and fired rounds into the night sky. The bullets struck the ground near Hossom's footsteps, leaving visible marks on the surface.

"F\*ck you! Don't let me run into you again, or the day we meet shall be the day you meet your doom!" Hossom hollered into the sky.

Clearly, he was hurling curses at Jonathan.

Hossom couldn't bring himself to toss the magical item away.

The spiritual energy Jonathan funneled into the staff only made it burn for dozens of seconds, but that was enough for the trained West Region Army to lock on to Hossom.

Hossom was in the Grandmaster Realm and could use the sand dunes to his advantage, concealing himself from sight. However, the West Region Army quickly reacted by sending two armed helicopters after him.

Their searchlights were trained on him, leaving Hossom with nowhere to hide. He was a moving target in the vast desert, making it nearly impossible to evade the helicopters.

Judging from the circumstances, he could either wait until the soldiers exhausted their bullets or the armed helicopters ran out of fuel. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to escape.

However, there was no telling how long that would take.

He knew he would most probably die of exhaustion before they were to run out of bullets.

Thus, he had no choice but to run ahead at full tilt.

Hossom was running with all his might when a gunshot sounded behind him.

Thud!

After the sound of the gunshot, one of the armed helicopters began to veer off course. Hossom looked back and noticed a dark silhouette tumbling out of the helicopter and crashing onto the sand.

Both helicopters swiftly parted ways, flying in opposite directions.

Now that the searchlights weren't trained on him, Hossom quickly darted behind a sand dune. He noticed a man sitting above a sand dune around three hundred meters away, holding a sniper rifle.

Crack!

Hossom heard another gunshot echo through the night, and he spun around just in time to see the searchlight shatter into pieces, plunging the desert into darkness once again.

“Nice shot!” Hossom yelled at Jonathan as he grabbed a fistful of sand.

He looked so excited, seemingly forgetting that Jonathan was the reason he had to run in the first place.

He looked so excited, seemingly forgetting that Jonathan was the reason he had to run in the first place.

Following his shout, three armed helicopters took flight from the West Region Army’s base, heading toward him.

That wasn’t all, for the gate to the base was wide open, allowing armored tanks to head to Hossom.

There were dozens of tanks, judging from the lights.

“Stop staring! Run!”

Jonathan flew past Hossom in a blur. The pole in Hossom’s hand also vanished along with him.

“Hey!” Hossom yelled, his cheeks flushing red in anger as he stared at his empty hands. “Hensom, you promised to give the magical item to me after what I’ve been through!”

Around fifty kilometers away from the West Region Army’s base, Jonathan and Hossom lay beneath a sand dune, panting heavily.

Fifty kilometers was neither close nor far.

Under normal circumstances, the journey would take around half an hour. However, if someone were to travel at full speed, they could cover fifty kilometers in just twenty minutes.

However, both of them ran for over an hour to escape from the West Region Army. In the end, Jonathan had to use his evasive technique to slip through the soldiers.

“Hensom, shouldn’t you give me that magical item?” Hossom asked weakly.

During their escape, Hossom was injured by the impact of a cannonball, sustaining multiple injuries on his left side. However, as a cultivator, he was able to use his spirit shield to protect himself, preventing any damage to his organs and minimizing his injuries to superficial wounds.

Jonathan retrieved two cans of beer from his storage ring and tossed one to Hossom.

“You want me to be reasonable, right? I’ll be reasonable. Back when I entered the West Army’s base, I did promise to give you that magical item. However, it was supposed to be a reward if you successfully diverted the West Army’s attention.”

“Didn’t I do that?” Hossom sat up, confused. “I was chased by two armed helicopters and hundreds of soldiers for over ten minutes. I nearly died there!”

Jonathan sat up and responded, “Yes, you did manage to catch their attention. However, let’s not forget that you nearly died, and I was the one who saved you. It’s only fair that I take this magical item as a reward for being your savior.”

Hossom was taken aback to hear that.

“Wait, what kind of logic is that? I was in danger as I helped you divert their attention! What about me? Won’t I get anything in return?”

“You got a can of beer, didn’t you?” Jonathan answered cheerfully as he opened the beer.

“We survived the ordeal together, so there’s no need to be petty,” he added.

He then clinked his beer can with Hossom’s.

An ugly scowl crept up Hossom’s face.

“I’ll die soon if I continue being partners with you,” he remarked unhappily.

Even so, Hossom raised the beer can and chugged it down.

It was already past four in the morning.

Jonathan sat on the sand dune, sipping on his beer while gazing toward the east where the sun was beginning to rise.

He was staring in Chanaea's direction.

"Are you thinking about how to trick me again?" Hossom asked with an icy snort.

Jonathan shook his head. "I was thinking about the West Region Army's unusual actions."

"The West Region Army? Did they act unusual?" Hossom was confused.

Jonathan turned to look at Hossom. He seemed to ponder briefly before explaining, "The most valuable aspect of the Saosa Desert lies in the minerals concealed beneath its surface. However, the only feasible means of acquiring these resources involves instigating a conflict between the northwest region of Chanaea and the West Region's Doveston. While petroleum represents a useful commodity, its extraction in a desert environment remains difficult, and the volume of available resources remains uncertain. Consequently, the West Region Army has been unwilling to initiate a war over such an uncertain prospect. For centuries, the West Region and Chanaea have contested the border between them, but this issue has not resulted in major confrontations when compared to other borders. Initially, each side had only deployed one Grandmaster and approximately one hundred thousand troops at their respective border regions. However, the West Region has since replenished its forces and stationed four Grandmasters among their one hundred thousand soldiers. If a war were to begin, they possess the capacity to destroy the entire Saosa Desert. Nevertheless, the question remains: why have they refrained from taking any action?"

"Why does war concern you?" Hossom sneered. "They have military power, so it is up to them whether they fight or not. That's none of your business!"

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 746](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 746-Hossom was still med et Jonethen for teking the megicel item beck.

He then cesuelly ley down on the send dune end sterted chugging on his cen of beer.

Jonethen, on the other hend, was e little shocked efter heering thet.



“Weit e minute... Whet did you just sey, Hossom? Could you repeet that?” he asked anxiously while tugging et Hossom’s erm.

“Hey! Whet ere you doing? I don’t cere how high your cultivation level is, okey? At the end of the dey, you’re still just e cultivetor. They heve e whole army of one hundred thousand men! Whet mekes you think you heve e sey in whether or not they go to bettle?” Hossom excleimed with e displeesed frown.

“Exectly! Whet do you think is the purpose of en army? It’s to fight bettles! A wer broke out in Seose Desert e month ego. The cesuelty count wes fifty thousand for Cheneeee end seventy thousand for the West Region Army, so both sides needed some time to rest end recover. Now, West Region hes elreedy finished resupplying its soldiers end edded four Grendmester Reelm fighters to its forces. They could eesily crush the Cheneeen Mysonne Army, so why heven’t they ettecked yet? Well? It’s becuase they don’t feel like ettecking! The megicel item that the femele cultivetor hed is incredibly powerful. I’m e God Reelm cultivetor, end yet, even I neerly got killed by it! Judging by the reection time of the enemy soldiers, it’s obvious that they constently heve men in e combet-reedy stete. They must be working on some other mission if they’re only defending instead of ettecking. I’m guessing that mission is e lot more impoertent then Seose Desert es e whole.”

Jonethen hed finelly solved the mystery et the beck of his mind.

Hossom got e little confused when he heerd Jonethen’s incessent rembling.

“Hey... Just who exectly ere you, men? How do you know so much about the military between the two countries? You’re not e rogue cultivetor, ere you?”

“Did I ever sey I’m e rogue cultivetor?” Jonethen asked nonchelently es he pulled out e setellite phone end mede e cell.

With Asure’s Office being Cheneeee’s mein military orgenization egeinst foreign forces, he needed to report his hypothesis to Hedes es soon es possible. Thet wey, they would be eble to better hendle eny sudden chenges in the situation.

Jonethen couldn’t rest eesy until he hed releyed ell the informetion to Asure’s Office.

He also hed Jeremy end Kene get reedy for bettle es they might heve to reect quickly if e wer broke out et Mysonne.

Hossom was still mad at Jonathan for taking the magical item back.

He then casually lay down on the sand dune and started chugging on his can of beer.

Jonathan, on the other hand, was a little shocked after hearing that.

“Wait a minute... What did you just say, Hossom? Could you repeat that?” he asked anxiously while tugging at Hossom’s arm.

“Hey! What are you doing? I don’t care how high your cultivation level is, okay? At the end of the day, you’re still just a cultivator. They have a whole army of one hundred thousand men! What makes you think you have a say in whether or not they go to battle?” Hossom exclaimed with a displeased frown.

“Exactly! What do you think is the purpose of an army? It’s to fight battles! A war broke out in Saosa Desert a month ago. The casualty count was fifty thousand for Chanaea and seventy thousand for the West Region Army, so both sides needed some time to rest and recover. Now, West Region has already finished resupplying its soldiers and added four Grandmaster Realm fighters to its forces. They could easily crush the Chanaean Mysonna Army, so why haven’t they attacked yet? Well? It’s because they don’t feel like attacking! The magical item that the female cultivator had is incredibly powerful. I’m a God Realm cultivator, and yet, even I nearly got killed by it! Judging by the reaction time of the enemy soldiers, it’s obvious that they constantly have men in a combat-ready state. They must be working on some other mission if they’re only defending instead of attacking. I’m guessing that mission is a lot more important than Saosa Desert as a whole.”

Jonathan had finally solved the mystery at the back of his mind.

Hossom got a little confused when he heard Jonathan’s incessant rambling.

“Hey... Just who exactly are you, man? How do you know so much about the military between the two countries? You’re not a rogue cultivator, are you?”

“Did I ever say I’m a rogue cultivator?” Jonathan asked nonchalantly as he pulled out a satellite phone and made a call.

With Asura’s Office being Chanaea’s main military organization against foreign forces, he needed to report his hypothesis to Hades as soon as

possible. That way, they would be able to better handle any sudden changes in the situation.

Jonathan couldn't rest easy until he had relayed all the information to Asura's Office.

He also had Jeremy and Kane get ready for battle as they might have to react quickly if a war broke out at Mysonna.

Hossom was still mad at Jonathan for taking the magical item back.

Jonathan had just ended his phone call when Hossom leaned over to him and asked, "If I'm not mistaken, you're with the Chanaean military, right?"

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"How can you tell?" Jonathan asked with a chuckle.

Hossom leaned back against the sand dune as he replied, "The GPS device on your arm, the sniper rifle you're using, and the satellite phone you just put away... They are all Chanaean military equipment. Given your high cultivation level, I guess you hold a high position in the Chanaean military too. Mind telling me who you really are?"

Jonathan retrieved another can of beer from his storage ring and tossed it at Hossom as he said, "In Chanaea, we have a saying, 'do as you would be done by.' It means to treat and respect others as you hope to be respected and treated by them. If you won't reveal your identity, then you shouldn't expect others to reveal theirs either."

He then waved his beer at Hossom as he continued, "You said you stole the diamond from the statue of Seboxia. How can you prove it? Where is it?"

"It's right here!"

Without even hesitating, Hossom whipped out a purple diamond about the size of an adult's fist.

"This is the third eye of the statue of Seboxia. I promised to give you half of it."

Jonathan took the diamond over and examined it thoroughly. Then, without warning, he tightened his grip on the diamond and applied pressure to it.

Crack!

With a loud crack, the diamond broke into a few pieces and fell onto the sand dune.

“What the f\*ck, man! Have you lost your mind? Do you have any idea how much this is worth?” Hossom exclaimed in shock, only to look up and see Jonathan glaring coldly at him.

It felt as though Jonathan could see right through him.

Hossom’s voice was a little shaky from nervousness as he asked, “W-Why are you looking at me like that?”

Jonathan stared Hossom in the eye as he placed the remaining pieces of the diamond in the latter’s hand.

“I know this thing is worth a fortune in the mortal world, but it shouldn’t mean anything to a cultivator like yourself. There’s no way the White Elephant Squad hunted you down like that over a mere diamond. You must’ve done something else. I don’t know if it’s incredibly important to you or West Region, but it’s something that you can’t exactly tell people about. Isn’t that right?”

Without even waiting for Hossom to reply, he got up and started walking toward the west.

“I need to find someone in West Region’s capital city, Newcove. I don’t mind if you want to come with me, but I suggest you keep your mind on the right track. You could very well end up dead if you try any funny tricks on me.”

Hossom quickly tossed the highly valuable pieces of diamond aside and leaped to his feet.

“You know, you could’ve at least come up with a better alias! I mean, what kind of name is Hensom anyway? That sounds so cheesy!” he mumbled with a pout while running after Jonathan.

Although Hossom was afraid of Jonathan’s cultivation level, he knew that he needed Jonathan’s strength.

“I’ll go to Newcove with you. However, I will have to don a disguise before we enter the city. All of West Region is hunting for me as we speak.”

“You need me for my strength, but what would I need you for? You should at least be of some use to me as well,” Jonathan replied without looking back.

“I can tell you why the West Region Army is focused on defense instead of attacking. It’s because they’re guarding a top-secret treasure!”

“And what would that be? Come on, tell me!”

“They’re guarding a pyramid!”

“Aren’t those from Eskaria, though?”

“One has emerged in West Region lately.”

“Hossom, do you really think I’d believe that?”

“I will bring you there, and you can see for yourself.”

Much later, in a luxurious suite on the top floor of the Shandollo International Hotel in Musbane, Jonathan had changed into a traditional Ibican outfit.

Nothing screamed “tourist” more than a Chanaean walking around the city dressed in a traditional Ibican outfit.

Hossom, on the other hand, was a lot more professional with his disguises. He looked just like an actual priest after he shaved his head bald and put on some robes.

However, the way he struggled with cutting a slice of beef ruined his disguise completely.

Seated across them was a girl from West Region dressed in fashionable modern clothing.

She looked incredibly elegant as she sipped on a glass of red wine, which formed a huge contrast with Hossom.

“Hey, Hensom! This is my business partner in West Region. She’s the one who helped me escape from Newcove the day before yesterday. Her name is Kaga. She will have all the information you could possibly want!”

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 747

The Legendary Man Chapter 747-Kege had her hair styled in dreadlocks and a tanned skin tone, which gave her a unique aesthetic.

While Jonethen couldn't sense any spiritual energy in her, he did notice a strange energy surging through her.

It became obvious that she was probably wearing some kind of magical item that blocked his senses.

Judging by her calm and collected demeanor, Jonethen figured her cultivation level was probably pretty high as well.

Jonethen placed his utensils down and stared at Kege as he asked, "Do you have the information that I'm looking for?"

"That depends on how much you can afford to pay. For the right price, I can even get you information on the current whereabouts of West Region's president," Kege replied in a somewhat distant tone.

Jonethen moved his wrist in a circular motion, causing the gold bar to materialize in his palm.

He then placed the gold bar on the table and gave it a gentle nudge, causing it to slide toward Kege in a smooth motion.

Hossom's eyes went wide with shock when he saw that. "Whoa! I knew you were some kind of big shot, but this is something else!"

Kege reached out and gently pressed her thumb on the gold bar, causing a clear thumbprint to appear on the surface.

"This isn't enough," she said with a smile.

He must be filthy rich if he can easily whip out a gold bar like it's nothing! I'm not about to let such a great opportunity go to waste! Besides, he's asking for a highly confidential piece of information in West Region, so a single gold bar isn't going to cut it!

Beng! Beng!

Two more gold bars appeared and fell onto the table. Jonathan then pushed them toward Kege and waited for her response.

Kege's lips curled into a smile as she stared at the three gold bars in front of her.

"I want one more!" she said while placing the three gold bars into a storage ring.

This time, however, Jonathan whipped out a dagger and stabbed it into the table.

"Ms. Kege, there is a Cheneven saying that goes 'a greedy person is like a snake trying to swallow an elephant.' Those three gold bars weigh about two hundred pounds in total. If you ask for more, then neither you nor your two assistants downstairs will be walking out of here alive," he said with a seductive look in his eyes.

Jonathan then unleashed his spiritual sense and sent it downstairs.

Despite the hotel being among the taller ones in Musbene, it had only thirty floors in total.

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Despite the hotel being among the taller ones in Musbane, it had only thirty floors in total.



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He had chosen this hotel because it would be easier for him to handle any issues that could arise if he ran into trouble in West Region.

Jonathan then locked his spiritual sense on the two local cultivators who were dining downstairs, causing their bodies to go rigid as they looked up in unison.

The look on Kaga's face was frozen in place.

Naturally, no ordinary person could possibly establish an intelligence organization that had connections all over West Region.

There was a powerful and mysterious organization backing Kaga up behind the scenes. Even when selling information, she would always have a few people on standby in the area, just in case.

However, due to their secretive nature, Hossom never knew the kind of people he had been dealing with thus far.

As such, Kaga was shocked that Jonathan was able to pinpoint her two allies waiting for her downstairs.

How did this guy find out? Did Hossom notice something? Was this trade a trap all along?

With that in mind, Kaga whipped out a bomb and got ready to pull the fuse.

"Who are you people?" she asked anxiously.

Hossom was so terrified when he realized the bomb could level the entire building that he yelled in Adrunian, "Hey! Hey! Hey! Let me explain! This has got to be a misunderstanding or something!"

Kaga slowly backed away with a cautious look in her eyes after hearing that.

Jonathan summoned his bronze handbell and had it levitate above his head. The next thing they knew, a golden light had enshrouded his entire body.

“Did you think you could just walk away after taking three gold bars from me? Go ahead and pull the fuse if you want. We’ll see who lives and who dies.”

Realizing that Kaga was actually going to do it, Hossom yelled with his face all pale, “Me, of course! You’re both very powerful people, but I’m just an ordinary man. We’re all seeking to make profits, right? There’s no need for violence, is there? Listen to me, Kaga. I, Hossom, guarantee that he is not from the West Region government. I witnessed him killing hundreds of people from the West Region Army. He even killed three of their generals! If you don’t believe me, then go ahead and verify everything I’ve just said!”

Those words had barely left Hossom’s mouth when Kaga’s phone started ringing in her pocket.

Using her spiritual energy, Kaga made her phone float in front of her. After glancing at the screen, she stared wide-eyed at Jonathan in shock and disbelief.

“Your mental energy is able to reach the lobby on the first floor?”

“In Chanaea, we call it spiritual sense,” Jonathan replied calmly.

Kaga let out a huge sigh and put the bomb away after hearing his answer.

“Why didn’t you say so sooner? I thought you were some kind of special agent sent by the West Region government!”

Jonathan, too, deactivated his spiritual energy, instantly reducing the tension in the building by half.

Hossom had to gulp down his red wine just to calm himself.

He didn’t know if Jonathan and Kaga would survive the explosion, but he knew for a fact that he wouldn’t.

Kaga then texted her allies waiting downstairs to not worry about her before shifting her gaze back toward Jonathan.

“Since this is a misunderstanding on my part, I’ll give you a discount and lower the price for a piece of information to three gold bars. Go ahead and ask away.”

Jonathan placed three more gold bars on the table as he said, “I need two pieces of information, so here’s three more gold bars. Number one, I need the exact location of a man named Caspian. He is a retired general who used to be stationed at the border between Chanaea and West Region. He should be recuperating from his injuries as we speak. Number two, I want to know in great detail why the West Region Army would suddenly reinforce their position at the border but not attack.”

“Deal.” Kaga walked up to Jonathan and put the three gold bars into her storage ring as she continued, “I can give you the answer to your second question right now. There is an area in Baxrich that has been placed on lockdown for mysterious reasons. Under normal circumstances, one would have to make a public announcement before placing an area under lockdown. This time, however, there are three layers to this lockdown. The core is the primary area of interest. The second layer covers the outskirts of Baxrich, and the third covers all of Kayton. According to our information from the inside, there is something in the area that’ll allow West Region to change the world.”

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 748](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 748-Hossom’s eyes glinted when he heard what Kege said. How did I miss the news that a mysterious treasure has emerged in the West Region even though I’m an international reider? There’s no way I’m letting this slip away from me!

Meanwhile, Jonathan’s expression turned grim.

He was paying close attention to Kege’s muscle when the latter was speaking. Kege isn’t lying, which means things have become more troublesome. What did the West Region find in Bexrich? I can’t believe things have gotten so severe that the administrative units on the city, state, and country levels initiated the lockdown. The West Region’s guarding the border at the moment. It seems that they’re mobilizing their entire military force to contain what’s happening in Bexrich. What the heck is it? Is it something capable of changing the world?

He raised his head and faced Kege. "I'll give you one more gold bar, Ms. Kege. I need to know more about Bexrich."

As he spoke, he tossed the gold bar in his hand to her.

Kege caught the gold bar with a smile. "I don't have any other intel on their situation, but I can reveal more inside information to you. When viewed from the outside, there seems to be nothing going on in Bexrich's sealed area. We suspect it's been veiled by an illusion. It's very likely a magic array has sealed the area. We have sent people into the sealed area to learn more about what was happening, but even now, no one has returned alive."

She then removed the phone from her storage ring and handed it to Jonethen. "We're aware of the major goings, but we still need to investigate Cespien. I'll send you his detailed address in at most two hours. You can contact me on this phone. Keep it safe because I have the feeling you may need to work with me for a long time."

As Kege spoke, she turned to Hossom. "Right, let me give you one piece of free advice. This man next to you is nothing but trouble. If you want to achieve great things, stay far away from him."

With that, she pushed the door open and left.

Hossom stared wide-eyed at the entrance. "Oh, f\*ck you! I introduced this client to you! You should've given me some commission!"

Seconds later, a golden light flashed past his eyes and a fist-sized chunk of gold flew into his hand.

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Jonathan turned to Hossom, only to see him hurriedly storing the gold chunk.

“I deserve this! I helped you out with your matter, after all,” Hossom argued.

Upon seeing Hossom’s greedy look, Jonathan sat at the side in resignation.

Moments later, Jonathan received a message with a map attached to it on the phone Kaga had given to him. On the map, the area under the West Region Army’s control was marked. It was a residential area in the east of Baxrich.

It was more than a thousand kilometers away from Musbane. While it wasn’t that far away, it was deep into the West Region’s territory.

Additionally, it was in the complete opposite direction of Newcove, where Caspian was at.

Jonathan stared at the phone with a frown and plotted his next move. Kaga probably somewhat exaggerated her intel to make me believe the information was worth the price of seven gold bars. However, even if I ignore the exaggeration, the fact that the West Region is treating the matter earnestly still holds true. This means I must pay close attention to this issue, too, regardless if the source of the matter is a vital mineral resource or an object that could shift the balance of the world. The problem right now is time. It’ll take me around three or four days to arrive and investigate what’s going on in Baxrich. If I then go to Caspian to obtain the antidote before returning to Chanaea, more than a dozen days will have passed. Will Dorian be able to hold on until then? Whenever I recall his feeble appearance, I feel I should push the matter of training Asura’s Office ahead of its original schedule. Aside from Karl and me, no one else can handle matters that require powerful combat abilities. Even now, I’m already feeling somewhat distracted. I wonder how Sean’s doing. If possible, I can teach him the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Even in ancient times, his self-forming spirit embryo was a terrifyingly mighty existence. I think I’ll be able to retire after cultivating this disciple of mine for more than a dozen years.

His train of thought was interrupted when the phone vibrated again.

He lowered his head and saw a text message stating: Santillana Hospital.

That’s probably where Caspian is now. Should I first head to the hospital and obtain the antidote or travel to Baxrich to check out what’s happening there? After a few moments of contemplation, Jonathan closed the text message and

made his decision. Dorian will have to wait a little longer. Since he already knows I came to the West Region to locate an antidote for him, I think he can endure the pain for another month. It'll be troublesome if the West Region secures something incredible while I'm getting the antidote.

Right then, Hossom approached Jonathan with a grin. "How about we go to Baxrich, Hensom?"

"You want to go there, too?" Jonathan was slightly surprised. I speculated he must've done something awful to have the White Elephant Squad on his tail. It was already extremely risky for him to return to the West Region with me after shaving his head. His safest option right now is to travel south as a monk and head straight to Machian after leaving the border. Yet, he wants to join me on my journey to Baxrich. What a troublemaker.

Hossom beamed. "You shouldn't sound so surprised, Hensom. Those in my line of work don't walk away empty-handed. You crushed my diamond, so I have to get something back as compensation. Besides, although whatever popped up in Baxrich is within the West Region's territory, it still belongs to all humanity. Those who're capable of seizing it deserve to have it. It's a fair game for everyone. While I can't do anything fancy, if you bring me with you, I can still cause a little chaos."

In response, Jonathan nodded. "You are indeed a capable lackey, Hossom. We've been traveling together for a while now, and I still haven't asked you what trouble you caused. Since we're visiting Baxrich soon, can you tell me your real name?"

"Are you trying to investigate my identity?" Hossom chuckled. "You just need to keep calling me Hossom, and I just need to keep calling you Hensom. Let's not overstep our boundaries, all right? Once we wrap up our business in Baxrich, we'll go our own separate ways. What do you think?"

Jonathan's eyes were full of smiles when he heard that. "Deal."

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 749](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 749-At that moment, the West Region Army had designated the entire Bexrich as a military zone. Technically, no one was allowed entry.

However, it was the city with more than seven million residents. If the entire place were completely locked down, the citizens' food supply would be cut off.

Usually, the people did not have to struggle with getting food and drink. They could just shop in the supermarkets if they ran out of supplies.

However, if the city were sealed shut, it would take less than three days for the entire place to run out of food.

Even though Bexrich was heavily guarded, it still needed people to ensure the supply of all kinds of food.

Right then, Jonethen and Hossom had sneaked into the group transporting fruits into the city.

Jonethen had applied makeup to himself, transforming his appearance from a young man to a gruff middle-aged man.

Hossom, on the other hand, had put on a brended suit. He was smoking a cigarette while going ahead.

"Can you believe yourself for a while, Hossom?" Jonethen couldn't help but request when he saw how restless Hossom was acting.

Hossom waved his hand nonchalantly.

"Relax, Hensom. I can tell you aren't as experienced as me when it comes to fooling people. The more you avoid looking at them out of guilt, the more they'll pay attention to you. What you should be doing is the opposite, like me. They won't pay that much attention to me because of how I'm acting. At most, they'll just scold me a bit." As he spoke, he saw a West Region Army soldier waving at them.

He waved back at the soldier before approaching him. When Jonethen saw that, he thought, He really does have the potential of becoming a leakey.

As he continued watching Hossom, he witnessed the latter sharing the cigarette with the soldier.

Then Hossom pointed at Jonethen before waving slightly at him.

Jonethen nodded in response.



Finally, Hossom put on a pleading expression and performed a begging gesture before thanking the soldier.

When he returned to the truck, he made an "OK" sign at Jonethen.

"We can enter now. Get in the truck, hurry." As he spoke, he leaped into the driver's seat while Jonethen climbed into the passenger's seat.

At that moment, the West Region Army had designated the entire Baxrich as a military zone. Technically, no one was allowed entry.

However, it was a city with more than seven million residents. If the entire place were completely locked down, the citizens' food supply would be cut off.

Usually, the people did not have to struggle with getting food and drink. They could just shop in the supermarkets if they ran out of supplies.

However, if the city were sealed shut, it would take less than three days for the entire place to run out of food.

Even though Baxrich was heavily guarded, it still needed people to ensure the supply of all kinds of food.

Right then, Jonathan and Hossom had sneaked into a group transporting fruits into the city.

Jonathan had applied makeup to himself, transforming his appearance from a young man to a gruff middle-aged man.

Hossom, on the other hand, had put on a branded suit. He was smoking a cigarette while gazing ahead.

"Can you behave yourself for a while, Hossom?" Jonathan couldn't help but request when he saw how restless Hossom was acting.

Hossom waved his hand nonchalantly.

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Due to the lockdown, it was mandatory for all transport vehicles to park in a resting zone next to the city entrance.

The West Region Army would inspect the vehicle before a soldier drove it into the city to unload the goods. Then, they would return the vehicle to the transporter.

Yet, Hossom was able to convince the guard to let the both of them in with just a few exchanges.

His performance shocked Jonathan.

“By bribing him, of course.” Hossom smirked. “The soldiers aren’t treated well by the army, and they don’t earn that much. The money I gave him earlier equaled one year of his salary.”

“One year of salary?” Jonathan glanced at Hossom, puzzled. “That doesn’t seem much.”

“It’s the perfect amount. He won’t accept my bribery if I offer more. Oh, also, I convinced him to let us in by telling him you’re gravely ill, and only a hospital in Baxrich can save your life. Remember to pretend to be in pain later.”

As they went through the checkpoint, that soldier reminded them of a few things before allowing them entry. However, there would be two vehicles, one in front and one behind, escorting them to the hospital.

It was obvious that, even though the soldier had received Hossom’s bribery, he was still very careful.

Although Jonathan and Hossom were powerful cultivators, the entire Baxrich was under martial law. Aside from military and food transport vehicles, there weren’t any other types of vehicles on the road.

While the soldiers escorting them wouldn’t be able to take them down if they tried to leave by force, all troops in Baxrich would open fire at them.

Naturally, they didn’t want to take that risk, so they followed the transport team to the city center.

Three hours passed and all the goods their truck had been carrying had been unloaded. The soldiers then accompanied them to a public hospital in Baxrich.

After the handover, Jonathan pulled some tricks and successfully entered the hospital.

Hossom had chosen the public hospital because the cordoned-off residential area of Springwyn was five kilometers southeast of the hospital.

Now that they were in the city, they could enter the restricted area whenever they liked to investigate what happened.

Standing in front of a hospital bed, Jonathan gently wiped his face with his hand.

With the help of spiritual energy, he removed his makeup, revealing his true appearance, and let out a long sigh.

He stared at the powder that had fallen on the ground and looked dazed. How do women who usually wear heavy makeup do it?

Hossom was studying the map. "Hensom, from our location, we can travel along the rooftops of the buildings at the side to reach the edge of Springwyn."

Jonathan approached Hossom, glanced at the latter's tablet, and enlarged the image on the screen.

"We'll be shot full of holes if we go that way." He pointed at a straight road in the middle of the tablet. "Look here. We're in the city area right now, and there are a lot of tall buildings here. Meanwhile, on the other side of this road is a large civilian area with low-rise buildings. The easiest way for the army to keep an eye on the residential area is by planting snipers on the tall buildings on this side of the road. It has a good field of view and a wide range for the snipers to shoot. This is the best way to monitor Springwyn with the least amount of soldiers. You'll definitely die if you want to travel through the roofs."

Hossom tightly knitted his eyebrows. "If you ask me, I think we should just blast our way in instead of planning meticulously."

"We can, but what do you plan to do when it's time to leave? Are you going to fly out?" asked Jonathan coldly. "This is one of the top three cities in the West Region. Do you think they stationed several hundred thousand soldiers here for fun?"

"What do you think we should do, then?" Hossom tossed the tablet onto the bed, sat on a chair, and looked out the window with a sigh.

It was then he saw something that stunned him slightly.

Rapidly, he approached the window and gestured for Jonathan to come closer. "Look, Hensom! I think something's happening there!"

## [Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 750](#)

The Legendary Man Chapter 750-Upon welking towerd the window, Jonethen looked down end sew e fleet of embulences rushing towerd the hospitel in the distence.

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“They’re coming from over there. It’s possible they’re transporting people out of Springwyn.”

The duo exchanged a glance before running out of the ward in near unison.

Since there were dozens of ambulances on the road, there must’ve been a mess casualty.

And if the vehicles were coming out of Springwyn, it would present an opportunity for the duo to seize information regarding the situation.

Just as they darted through the corridor and exited the staircase leading down to the first floor, they were met with a few gun barrels.

“Don’t move!” several West Region Army soldiers exclaimed in their language.

Jonethen swiftly noticed the soldiers were all wearing gas masks.

Hossom flexed his bracelet. “We’re patients, and we want to go home!”

Thanks to his thin face, bald head, and the patient’s outfit he had changed into right after entering the hospital, he genuinely looked like a patient suffering from a disease.

The soldiers glanced at the bracelet on his wrist, exchanged a few words with each other, and motioned for them to return.

“They say the military has taken over the hospital, and they’re asking us to return to our ward,” Hossom whispered to Jonethen.

As Jonethen stepped back to the staircase, he expended his spiritual sense in all directions.

However, he didn’t dare to go overboard because the feedback the spiritual energy and spiritual sense provided went both ways.

If he exerted his spiritual sense a little too much, and if there were a high-level cultivator among the people in the building, he would alert them.

Of course, that caution would only work on Grendmester Realm cultivators. If they were a God Realm cultivator instead, unless Jonethen used a special technique, they would be able to lock on to his position immediately regardless of how careful he was.

That said, the possibility of the God Realm cultivator hiding in the ambulance team was small.

Upon walking toward the window, Jonathan looked down and saw a fleet of ambulances rushing toward the hospital in the distance.

Because of the lockdown, there weren't any cars on the street, so it was pretty hard to ignore the ambulances.

"They're coming from over there. It's possible they're transporting people out of Springwyn."

The duo exchanged a glance before running out of the ward in near unison.

Since there were dozens of ambulances on the road, there must've been a mass casualty.

And if the vehicles were coming out of Springwyn, it would present an opportunity for the duo to seize information regarding the situation.

Just as they darted through the corridor and exited the staircase leading down to the first floor, they were met with a few gun barrels.

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Of course, that caution would only work on Grandmaster Realm cultivators. If they were a God Realm cultivator instead, unless Jonathan used a special technique, they would be able to lock on to his position immediately regardless of how careful he was.

That said, the possibility of a God Realm cultivator hiding in the ambulance team was small.

Upon walking toward the window, Jonathan looked down and saw a fleet of ambulances rushing toward the hospital in the distance.

Jonathan expanded his spiritual sense to the hospital entrance and saw the situation inside the ambulance.

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Each ambulance was carrying two badly injured soldiers.

Some had broken limbs, some had their chest punctured, and some had rotten flesh.

Their wounds were varied, but all were severe. Based on Jonathan's experience, he speculated only less than a third of the soldiers would survive.

When he turned to Hossom, he saw a look of shock in the latter's eyes. It seems that he has noticed something's wrong, too.

"These soldiers weren't attacked by humans," Hossom whispered.

His voice was imperceptible to the masked soldiers escorting them, but it was clear to Jonathan.

Jonathan replied similarly, "Based on the gaping wounds, the teeth marks on their bodies, and their mangled limbs, I'd say large beasts attacked them. And those beasts are capable of secreting corrosive liquid. It seems that the

location the army locked down wasn't a mine but a place with something related to cultivators."

As he spoke, he frowned intensely. In the past, I thought Summerbank Abyss was the only place left in the world that retained an ancient environment. However, I realized I was wrong after interacting with the eight respectable families. It's possible there are other places similar to Summerbank Abyss. However, those hidden sects still require a portal formation to travel into the inner part of a Secret Realm. At one point, I even suspected the sects themselves were an existence that survived from ancient times. When I heard Springwyn had been sealed, my first thought was that West Region had detected a special mineral in the area. However, now I'm almost certain that a Secret Realm like Summerbank Abyss has appeared in Springwyn. Otherwise, with enough firepower, the military would've been able to kill any ancient beasts that showed up. There wouldn't be a need for them to make such a big fuss. Yet, I still have no idea how this Secret Realm is hidden in a densely populated residential area.

"No matter what it is, I've no doubt it's something awesome," said Hossom excitedly. "We need to find a way to sneak in."

The moment the soldiers escorted them to the staircase, Jonathan punched the soldier's chests, forcibly halting their heartbeats.

Hossom had just pulled out a dagger when Jonathan tossed one of the corpses toward him. "You mustn't use weapons when stealing clothes. Otherwise, it'll get bloodied, and you won't be able to wear it."

Handily, he removed the corpse's outfit.

Hossom couldn't help but feel uneasy when he saw how fluid Jonathan's motions were. Am I playing with fire here? I can tell from his moves that he's way better than me at killing people.

Upon changing into their new outfit, they stored the corpses in their storage ring and left the staircase.

The lobby was in chaos as injured soldiers were being pushed into emergency rooms by medical staff.

Just as the duo stepped into the lobby, they saw someone waving at them.



Because they were wearing gas masks, no one could get a good look at them. Even when someone was speaking to them, Hossom got them covered, and they successfully hitchhiked on a return trip to Springwyn.

As they sat in the military vehicle, Jonathan caught a glimpse of the rooftops of the tall buildings opposite Springwyn.

Soldiers were hiding there, just as he speculated, but they weren't snipers.

Instead, they were countless amount of West Region Army soldiers standing on the rooftop.

On the roads, hundreds of tanks had sealed Springwyn off from all sides, their cannon barrels aimed in the direction of that area.

In the sky, two military planes kept circling around the area, observing everything happening below.

Hossom turned his sight to Jonathan and thought, Thank god Jonathan rejected my plan earlier. With this much firepower, I doubt we can escape even if we have dozens of Grandmaster Realm cultivators on our side. The military force present here is plenty enough to start a territorial war between two countries, yet it's all used to guard an area of several square kilometers. What happened inside?