

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 831

The Legendary Man Chapter 831-The young commander would probably never understand why he had to suffer a severe beating in his entire lifetime.

The young commander would probably never understand why he had to suffer a severe beating in his entire lifetime.

After all, Jonathan couldn't possibly explain that he almost got blasted into pieces by his own men.

Verily, he couldn't afford to bear such humiliation.

At Central Hospital in Zadiff, Jonathan's arrival immediately plunged the entire hospital into a frenzy.

Aiden walked out with a cigarette in his mouth, looking haggard beyond words.

"You're finally back, Mr. Goldstein!" He trotted all the way to the lobby and grabbed Jonathan's arm, asking frantically, "Where's the antidote? Did you get it?"

At the sight of the man all panicked, a sense of foreboding promptly flooded Jonathan.

"Did something happen to Dorian?"

Aiden nodded profusely.

"Let's not talk about this first. Quick, give me the antidote! He has tried to take his life thrice. Even now, he's still lying in the intensive care unit!"

"What?"

Jonathan shot a hand out and formed a massive palm with spiritual energy to propel Aiden along as he sprinted toward the fifth floor.

In less than three breaths, the two of them had already reached the door of the intensive care unit.

Jonathan's face was frightfully grim as he pinned his eyes on Dorian lying inside with tubes all over.

"What's going on here, Aiden? According to your assessment, wasn't Dorian supposed to be able to hang on for two weeks? I've only been gone for twelve days. Why did he end up in such a state?"

Right then, Aiden was still in shock from being carried forward at lightning speed. Straightening his glasses tremblingly, he heaved a sigh.

"I underestimated the agony he would endure. For the first seven days, he could still communicate normally. But later on, he grew increasingly irritable. He even gave up controlling his spiritual energy and allowed the wounds to bleed. When we stopped him from doing so, he started self-mutilating and attempting suicide. In desperation, we could only continuously pump anesthetic into him so he'd remain unconscious. That aside, the blood flow from his wounds was too great. The Thunder King of War of the Northern Army urgently mobilized twenty cultivators of Superior Realm to take turns sealing his wounds with spiritual energy around the clock."

Jonathan cast his gaze into the intensive care unit. Sure enough, a cultivator was sitting tall at the head of Dorian's bed while grasping the man's hand, perpetually infusing spiritual energy into him.

Pushing open the door to the ward, Jonathan reached out and placed a hand on Dorian's arm.

"Mr. Goldstein," the cultivator greeted cautiously.

Jonathan waved a hand, dismissing him.

"If there's no antidote, Dorian can't be healed at all, Mr. Goldstein."

Jonathan frowned slightly.

"I'm the medicine. Even if he lacks a heart today, I can still give him life once more!"

"Uh..."

As one of the top figures in the medical field in Chanaea, Aiden naturally didn't believe the man. However, he couldn't say anything contrary, considering Jonathan's status.

Furthermore, he was aware that the latter was a cultivator.

He couldn't help having a shred of anticipation after hearing such a confident statement.

Jonathan took out several short blades and daggers. With a mere thought, the spiritual energy around him swirled and slowly lifted Dorian up.

By then, blood had begun oozing out of Dorian's wounds since there was no longer any spiritual energy suppressing them.

Scanning his spiritual sense over the wounds littering Dorian's body, Jonathan flicked his fingers imperceptibly. At once, the short blades floating in mid-air turned into cold glints of light and slashed at the wounds.

"Ahh!"

Excruciating agony jolted Dorian awake from his sleep. Regretfully, the surging spiritual energy around him had been suppressed by Jonathan with a single hand.

"Kill!"

In his daze, he even thought that he had been ambushed. Exerting force on both hands, he struggled to break free from the latter's grasp to retaliate.

Alas, he was evidently not Jonathan's match when he was merely in the middle phase of Grandmaster Realm.

"Stay still!"

With a slap from Jonathan, blood spurted out of Dorian's mouth and nose.

That slap woke him up completely.

No sooner had he spotted Jonathan than he cried out in agony, "Mr. Goldstein... Ahh! Kill me, Mr. Goldstein! I beg you! I know you and Aiden want to save me out of the kindness of your hearts, but I really can't take it

anymore. Please! Even if only because I've been at your beck and call, end my suffering!"

"No way!" Jonathan retorted, throwing the man a cold look.

At that moment, the spinning short blade had already gouged out chunks of flesh from Dorian's wounds.

Crimson blood blanketed the bed and floor of the intensive care unit.

However, Jonathan wasn't the least bit worried then. In the next heartbeat, ropes of life force streamed into Dorian's body unceasingly.

"What's this, Mr. Goldstein?"

Dorian gaped at Jonathan. The bone-deep wound at his arm was actually regenerating rapidly, new layers of flesh overlapping interminably.

In just ten breaths, his wound had healed completely without a scar in sight.

Placing Dorian back onto the ground, Jonathan turned a blind eye to him gawking at his own body with a silly grin.

"Whoa! I'm no longer in pain! Mr. Goldstein, my wounds aren't reopening! They really don't hurt anymore!"

The corners of Jonathan's mouth curved upward a fraction.

In all honesty, he hadn't bothered looking for the antidote anymore after obtaining the mysterious coffin.

After all, that most primeval life force was sufficient to neutralize most poisons in the world.

Based on the situation currently, that was indeed true, for Dorian had been healed entirely.

Right then, Dorian was still oblivious to the fact that Jonathan had planned on severing his arm and regenerating a new one had his condition persisted. As for the other wounds on his body, the man had contemplated gouging holes around them with a blade.

“Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Goldstein! What was that? The energy you infused into me earlier didn’t feel like spiritual energy. What exactly was it that it could heal me in such a short time? It’s simply miraculous!”

Recalling Aetomoye’s words, Jonathan replied, “It’s known as life force. You can also call it vita. It’s one of the most primeval energies.”

“Regarding this life... vita... or something, Mr. Goldstein, do you have a lot of it?” Dorian ventured gingerly.

He knew that magical herbs that could regenerate human bone and flesh were undoubtedly priceless.

Mirth bubbled within Jonathan to see the man so hesitant.

“Hey, stop acting like a scaredy-cat! Just say whatever it is!”

“Mr. Goldstein, some of my brothers-in-arm were also injured in the battle previously and ended up disabled. Could you please help them as well? Don’t worry, Mr. Goldstein! I know how the world works. I certainly won’t be asking you to help for free. State your terms, and I’ll accomplish them for sure.”

“Cut the crap. It’s nothing.” Jonathan sighed. “They’re your soldiers, so they’re also mine. Where are they? Are they also in this hospital?”

While saying that, he made to head out.

Although he hadn’t much life force left within him at that moment, it was still enough to treat a few mortals.

“They’re at Mysonna Army Military Hospital, Mr. Goldstein,” Dorian hurriedly answered.

“Ah, that makes sense. Oh yes, how many are there?” Jonathan asked smilingly.

Dorian scratched his head.

“I think... below three hundred.”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 832-When Dorian finished his words, he felt a strong, murderous aura surrounding him.

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“Sir...” Dorian looked at Jonathan with an apologetic smile.

“I’ll pay for it... Ah! Sir, don’t hit my face!” Dorian’s screams rang out from the intensive care unit, causing several medical staff who were passing by to glance into the ward.

Aiden stood at the door and casually lit a cigarette.

“This is Dorian’s new treatment plan. Don’t learn it. Move along.”

After ten minutes, Jonathan walked out of the intensive care unit, looking refreshed.

Behind him stood Dorian, whose face was swollen from all the beating.

“Dorian, don’t you think that’s the case?” Jonathan asked Dorian with a laugh.

Dorian nodded earnestly behind him. “You’re right, Mr. Goldstein. I’ll settle things with them. I definitely won’t let my friends down.”

After their intimate conversation, Dorian finally understood that Jonathan’s life force was not endless. He did not dare to say anything else after that.

Jonathan had gone to Mysonna to give the spirit stone to Dorian. However, because of Dorian’s injury, Jonathan accidentally stayed in the West Region for almost two weeks.

Even if he wanted to give the spirit stone to Dorian, he had none left.

It looks like I’ll have to find a chance to fleece the Blackwood family.

Fortunately, the trip to the West Region saved Dorian’s life. Jonathan could finally be relieved after knowing that the troops in Mysonna had received support and that Dorian had knowledge of the organizational structure of the military in Mysonna.

Jonathan took the military plane and rushed to Harfush overnight.

Although Jonathan was still the head of Asura's Office, he had already transferred control of the office to someone else.

The person he had chosen to transfer the control to was the current person in charge of the headquarters of Asura's Office, Hades.

Jonathan still did not choose to enter the headquarters of Asura's Office.

Instead, they met at the old building of Asura's Office.

They were in an empty conference room. Although Hades had ordered someone to clean the room before their meeting, it still looked depressing.

Jonathan stood by the window and looked at the greenery downstairs. It was already the end of November, and it was winter in Harfush despite it not snowing yet.

The branches of the trees swayed with the wind, and there were fallen leaves on the ground. The place looked somewhat desolate.

"I was the one who chose this place!" Jonathan smiled as he pointed toward a tree in the garden. "Hades, look at that banyan tree. I chose this place as the headquarters because I noticed the banyan tree could survive. I thought since that banyan tree could grow here, Asura's Office could do the same. We could even grow to be as strong as that tree! Unfortunately, Asura's Office is progressing further, and we must say goodbye to this old friend."

Hades handed a cup of coffee to Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein, as long as you want it, you can take control of everything in Asura's Office anytime. I know you are being constrained by the Osborne family right now, but you must remember that you were the one who built Asura's Office from scratch. If we follow you, we will never have any complaints even if we were to die in battle."

Jonathan smiled and shook his head. He took a sip of coffee and felt the warmth of it spread throughout his body and felt more energetic.

"This coffee tastes good. Where's it from?"

"This coffee is made from coffee beans produced by one of my subordinates in Superior Realm. He said his family has been planting coffee plants for

generations. He also mentioned that they produce less than five pounds a year of this type of bean. They're planted and produced at a place where vita gathers. It can help to refresh and clear your mind and also relieve fatigue. If you like it, I'll give the rest to you," Hades explained to Jonathan.

Jonathan nodded in response. "That's okay. I appreciate your kind offer, but this type of thing no longer works for me at my current cultivation level. Keep it for yourself."

As he said that, he placed the cup of coffee aside.

"We could transfer hundreds of thousands of people and numerous equipment and supplies in less than a month. Thank you for your hard work," Jonathan bowed slightly toward Hades as he said that. His action shocked Hades, causing the latter to back away.

"Mr. Goldstein, that is part of my duty. I can't afford to receive such a grand gesture of thanks from you."

Jonathan gave a faint smile and said nothing more.

"All right, let's not talk about that. The purpose of my coming here is to get a report on the current situation and discuss the future direction of Asura's Office with you face-to-face. Let's start with the report," Jonathan said, then turned around to sit at the head of the conference table.

Hades hurriedly asked the person next to him for the tablet.

"Mr. Goldstein, the domestic situation has been relatively stable recently. First of all, in Yaleview, Wilbur's Yaleview Army is expanding on a small scale, but there is no deployment or mobilization. After Wilbur teamed up with the Salladay family to assassinate Joshua, Wilbur has not done anything else. He also seems to have cut off any connections to the Salladay family. It looks like something went wrong with their collaboration."

Jonathan nodded slightly. "How many spies are left in Yaleview?"

"Previously, we have withdrawn those in the open from Yaleview according to your instructions. As for the spies hiding behind the scenes, they've been blacklisted. There are about three thousand of them left. Only three are left from the ones who were able to infiltrate Zedfield."

“Three?” Jonathan frowned and looked at Hades.

When he had heard about Joshua’s assassination, there had still been six of them left.

It’s only been a month. How did we end up with half left?

They were all elites that Jonathan had personally trained. Their identities had been wiped out entirely. Unless the Intelligence Bureau had come to investigate, it would be impossible for any mistakes to occur by just an ordinary investigation.

“Hades, did you use them to get information?”

“Only one. I used him to provide me with information about Wilbur,” Hades replied grimly. “As for the other two, I don’t know how they died, but they have indeed disappeared. Wilbur has most probably started to eradicate the suspicious people by his side.”

“Wilbur...” Jonathan scrunched his eyebrows, and a perplexed look appeared on his face.

Seeing that Jonathan was silent, Hades stood at the side and dared not say a word.

A few minutes later, Jonathan asked Hades, “Go on. How’s the situation in Doveston?”

“At the moment, Doveston has reestablished their relationship with the headquarters to exchange intel. Freddie Lopez, the one you previously recommended, is skilled. He’s already reconstructed the intelligence network for Terrandya, Horbah, and Baridoki and plans to do a complete integration. Mr. Goldstein, I plan to bring him to the headquarters if he can integrate the intelligence network of Eshistan.”

Hades’ words took Jonathan by surprise.

Although Hades was one of the Eight Kings of War, he had always been mainly in charge of everything at the headquarters of Asura’s Office.

He was cautious about transferring personnel to the headquarters. Everyone had to undergo multiple screenings.

That was the first time Hades had taken the initiative to demand Jonathan for someone.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 833-Jonathan lightly turned the coffee cup as he looked at Hades' determined eyes.

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"Freddie... He's skilled, indeed. When I was in Terrandya, he had the guts to install a listening device in the office. He also killed his direct superior in front of me. He's been in hiding for many years to avenge his family. Are you sure you want someone like him?"

"I'm sure," Hades said with a chuckle. "A person who does intelligence work must be cruel enough. He was able to set a Grandmaster Realm cultivator up for someone with no cultivation level. I must make sure this person stays. Plus, with his skills, it's a waste only to let him manage a small place like Eshistan. Now that Asura's Office has added the Dark Special Forces, the intelligence network is getting stronger and expanding non-stop. I'm in urgent need of such a talented person."

Jonathan nodded his head. "Then tell Freddie that he has to integrate the intelligence network of Doveston within three months. He'll be given a chance to join the headquarters if he can do it."

"Understood," Hades replied with a smile. "By the way, Mr. Goldstein, speaking of Freddie, I'm reminded of the other person you recommended."

"Who?"

"Leslie Hart from Summerbank," Hades said with a frown.

Jonathan sat up straight when he saw the frown on Hades' face.

"What's the matter? Is there a problem with Leslie?"

"No, that's not it..." Hades quickly waved his hand. "She has a problem, but it's not with her identity. It's her way of thinking that's the problem."

“I don’t understand.” Jonathan took a sip of coffee. “Get to the point. I’m in a hurry.”

“Okay. Leslie is considered an operation-type talent. She seems like a whole other person when she’s analyzing something. No matter what data we give, she’ll always be able to find a breakthrough point, so I sent her to study at a military school. They have a virtual battle platform for battle practice, and Leslie has participated in a total of hundred and five virtual battle practices.”

“Any victories?” Jonathan asked in curiosity.

Hades hesitated momentarily before replying, “She’s won seventy battles and lost thirty-five.”

Jonathan hesitated when he heard that. “The two-to-one win-to-loss ratio is indeed low. What are you trying to say? First of all, I recommended her so you could observe her. I didn’t say that she needed to stay. You can always send her back if you think she’s not up for it. Do you understand?”

“Mr. Goldstein, I understand what you mean, but Leslie’s win-to-loss ratio is weird,” Hades quickly explained.

“The thirty-five battles she lost were the first thirty-five battles she participated in. She’s never won because she was unfamiliar with the combat methods of each military unit...”

Right then, Jonathan stood up.

“Are you saying she’s never lost the last seventy virtual battles after familiarizing herself with the combat methods?”

Perhaps Jonathan did not know about it, but he was panting when he asked that question.

That kind of virtual battle platform was a large-scale military strategy game specially designed based on various military forces, maps, and tactics in the real world by Asura’s Office to strengthen their soldiers.

The average winning rate of the military academy officers who could enter Asura’s Office was around a ratio of three point five to one.

Leslie only had a winning rate of two-to-one, and she was a rookie unfamiliar with the combat methods of various units before.

After she familiarized herself with the combat methods, her ability to win seventy continuous battles could be described as incredible.

“Hades, is what you’re saying true? She won all seventy battles after?” Jonathan gripped the edge of the table tightly as he asked once more.

“That’s right. She won all seventy battles.” Hades nodded. “But... Mr. Goldstein, Leslie’s method of combat is not conventional.”

“It’s only natural for someone who can achieve a one hundred percent win rate to take the enemy by surprise, so it’s understandable if she uses an unusual combat method,” Jonathan said excitedly as he paced back and forth. “What method did she use? Is it tactical infiltration or suppressive fire? Perhaps it’s decapitation? Or maybe information warfare? Hurry up and tell me! We’ve struck gold this time!”

“Mr. Goldstein, Leslie is good at combination attacks and has many tactics.” Hades hesitated momentarily before continuing, “But in order to win, she has never considered the attrition of soldiers. The worst virtual battle showed her having eight hundred thousand soldiers but losing seventy hundred and eighty thousand soldiers with a remaining twenty thousand with severe injuries.”

Jonathan was taken aback.

He froze on the spot as he looked at Hades. He did not know what to say.

The virtual battle platform by Asura’s Office was designed for soldiers to become closer to the image and reality of war.

In other words, if there were such a battle between two armies, Leslie would win by killing nearly the entire army.

In conventional warfare, it could be considered a failure as long as the loss of manpower exceeded one-third of the total.

And Leslie lost all eight hundred thousand soldiers.

Jonathan calmed himself down by counting to ten in his mind before he asked, “What’s Leslie’s average battle damage?”

“If we disregard the first thirty-five battles, the average battle damage for the last seventy battles is forty percent.”

“That’s nearly half of the battle damage!” Jonathan frowned as he looked at Hades. “Does she like to use a tactic where she outnumbers her enemies?” “Not really.” Hades sighed. “Leslie’s battle damage comes from her disregarding the soldiers as humans. It doesn’t matter as long as she can get a win. She can even send two hundred thousand soldiers as bait if it means that the enemy will fall for it. As I said, Leslie doesn’t seem to be human. She seems more like an emotionless robot.”

Jonathan took a deep breath and let out a long sigh when he heard Hades’ words.

“Hades, have you talked to Leslie about this?”

“Of course. After all, such a solid winning ratio already shows no problems with her operations. The rest is a problem of human nature,” Hades replied grimly. “However, Leslie has her own understanding of war. For example, her losing eight hundred thousand soldiers to win. Leslie explained that we only have the arrangements and settings of soldiers in the virtual scenarios. However, the two armies would fall into a stalemate if it was a real war and the enemy could not be dealt with immediately.”

He continued, “By then, both parties will send more troops. If there is not enough, they’ll forcefully recruit more. That will negatively impact society in all aspects, which is far worse than the number of dead soldiers. Plus, her method is the best solution to end the war as quickly as possible and constrain the casualties only in the army. Although cruel and tragic, it’s short and fast and can bring long-term peace.”

Jonathan turned silent at Hades’ words.

Leslie’s explanation made sense, but they should never sacrifice a soldier’s life to ensure the victory of the war.

Jonathan could tolerate a commander’s misjudgment of the war situation, but he absolutely could not accept the method of deliberately using soldiers as bait.

“Hades, if Leslie doesn’t change her method of commanding, then let’s keep it hidden. We cannot allow her to enter the army with such a command style. I won’t allow it!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 834

The Legendary Man Chapter 834-Jonathan recommended two individuals to Hades—Freddie, who could be of great use, and Leslie, who was put on hold at Jonathan’s instruction.

Jonathan recommended two individuals to Hades—Freddie, who could be of great use, and Leslie, who was put on hold at Jonathan’s instruction.

Then, Hades reported the recent movements in Remdik, the West Region, and Jetroina to Jonathan.

Of course, Jonathan had already known what happened in the West Region. After all, he did contribute to the detonation of the special missile.

Remdik and Jetroina had completely settled down and retracted their forces after Jonathan worked together with the seven respectable families to invade Remdik.

Remdik's Medved Army and four other armies, which totaled about eight hundred thousand soldiers, were stationed about hundred fifty kilometers north of River Onxy.

Meanwhile, even though the Eastern Army was in the midst of a power transfer from Karl to Hayes, the army wasted no time in reinforcing their base in preparation to face Remdik's threats.

And in Jetroina, there was not a single piece of news about Zebedee's death.

Despite Freddie's intensified efforts to interrogate the intelligence personnel of Terrandya and Baridoki for any possible infiltration of Jetroinian spies, no new discoveries were made.

From Jetroina's lack of reaction, it seemed that the Saint Emperor was completely unaware of the matter, but the absence of any response was, itself, unusual.

As Jonathan tried to predict his opponent's next moves, there was something in his mind that was bothering him.

There was only a week left till the deadline he gave Karl, and the latter was in the last stages of his power transfer to Hayes.

Jonathan was contemplating whether to kill the man.

The virus warfare that had played out had inadvertently killed almost a hundred thousand people in Northern Crimson Prison and Mysonna Army combined, and it was all orchestrated by Karl.

Even though Karl had plotted the warfare to intensify the conflict within Chanaea and ultimately crush the eight respectable families, he still had to answer for the loss of almost a hundred thousand lives.

Then again, Jonathan couldn't bring himself to actually kill the man.

Karl had been Jonathan's trusted companion through thick and thin, and it pained him to see how things had turned out for him.

He heaved a long sigh and turned to look at Hades.

"Hades, you're the person in charge of Asura's Office now. If any emergency arises, you have the right to decide without approval. I hope you will make appropriate use of your power. Right now, we should focus on our armies in Eshistan. It's almost certain that we cannot pass through Yaleview now, so we must think of an alternative and prioritize our elite armies to lead the convoy. Make the arrangements on your own, including the transfer of manpower. Be sure to capitalize on their greatest strengths. Okay, now, I want to talk to you about the future development of Asura's Office."

Jonathan came to a brief pause, recalling what he had witnessed in the West Region.

"I've shared the detailed report on my experience in the West Region with you. I believe you already have a good understanding of Seboxiasm and Damos. If these two religion clans infiltrate Chanaea, over a hundred Grandmaster Realm cultivators will reduce three to five of our army headquarters in various districts to ashes overnight, and this is excluding the two leaders of the clan who are both Divine Realm cultivators."

As Hades listened to that, a hint of concern flickered across his eyes.

Hades had read through the report that Jonathan had given him. Despite the fact that he commanded an army of over four hundred thousand people, the number of cultivators in the West Region still shocked Hades.

Of course, there were cultivators in Asura's Office as well. However, Jonathan, the highest level cultivator among them, had only attained God Realm.

Meanwhile, other than Karl, his Kings of War were all Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

As for the newly-formed Dark Special Forces under Jonathan's leadership, the unit was composed entirely of cultivators, with less than ten of them in Grandmaster Realm. The rest were made up of Superior Realm cultivators.

There were over one point six million people in Asura's Office, and only less than thirty of them were Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

If it wasn't for the special cultivation environment of Chanaea, their cultivators would have been crushed by other higher-level cultivators overseas.

The special cultivation environment was caused by the dysfunctional distribution of resources in Chanaea.

Including the Whitley family, which had been eradicated over a decade ago, the nine respectable families had monopolized the cultivation resources, making it difficult for rogue cultivators to succeed.

With a powerhouse like the Whitley family as a deterrent, other nations hesitated to make rash moves against Chanaea.

However, with the complete annihilation of the Whitley family by the eight respectable families, Remdik, the West Region, and Jetroina were quick to take advantage of the power vacuum and began their invasion of Chanaea.

Jonathan couldn't help but wonder how long those small battles would last.

If the worshippers of Seboxiasm or Damos worked together with the West Region to launch a large-scale invasion of Chanaea, would the eight respectable families come together to stave off the enemy?

What if the three nations worked together?

Since the eight respectable families were fighting among themselves, it was not likely that they would be able to help.

Both Chanaea and Asura's Office might seem impenetrable right then, but in reality, they were walking on thin ice and could collapse at any moment.

"Mr. Goldstein, if we don't get rid of the eight respectable families, we will never be able to cultivate high-level cultivators on a large scale."

"We don't need high-level cultivators," Jonathan said in a low voice. "We can focus on cultivating Superior Realm cultivators. After all, they only need to

accumulate spiritual energy from nature to attain that level. Then, we will choose the elites from this bunch and cultivate them to reach Grandmaster Realm and train them to become part of our leading forces.”

Hades nodded slightly. However, his frown deepened.

“Mr. Goldstein, I understand where you’re coming from, but where do we find these people?”

“People?” Jonathan chuckled. “Do you think Asura’s Office lacks people? We have over one point six million people.”

“Mr. Goldstein, are you suggesting that all our soldiers practice cultivation?” Hades asked in an incredulous tone.

Jonathan’s idea was shocking.

As a cultivator himself, Hades knew the resources that poured into cultivating one.

At present, Asura’s Office was not short of funds, as its subordinates had multiple sources of income. The amount of money in their accounts had already reached astronomical figures.

However, if they were to spend all their money to train cultivators, training even only a fraction of them would jeopardize their finances.

Even if they were to combine the money of all eight respectable families, it would still not suffice to train all of them to reach Superior Realm.

Jonathan looked at Hades and threw him a storage ring.

“Hades, this storage ring contains all the cultivation methods, spiritual weapons, and the simplest methods to refine medicine I’ve collected over the years. I’ve organized them into three levels for you. The first level is Postcelestial Realm. You have to let all of them master this. Then, pick the fast learners and let them go to the second level. The second level is Precelestial Realm. This level is mainly screening the soldier’s background. Similarly, pick those who are fast to enter the third level. The final and third level is Superior Realm. You have to focus about ninety percent of your resources on them. Then keep an eye on those who have the potential to attain Grandmaster Realm. I will personally take them away for group training.

At the same time, pass down the simplest methods to refine medicine and weapons. Focus and train those who can understand them. Pass on the order to summon all core Superior Realm cultivators in all war zones back here to train these soldiers. Before these soldiers attain Superior Realm, speed is of the essence! Over ninety percent of them will be stuck in Superior Realm and will not be able to have a breakthrough. In that case, we will use quantitative change to bring about qualitative change. I want to cultivate about ten thousand Superior Realm cultivators in a year.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 835

The Legendary Man Chapter 835-Ten thousand Superior Realm cultivators? Hades was shocked by Jonathan’s plan. Now, Asura’s Office is training a bunch of cultivators discreetly. However, these cultivators are rogue cultivators from all over the world, and they all have their own heritage. Most of them are Precelestial Realm cultivators, and the vitality they possess is a few times more than an ordinary person. These cultivators have been grouped into a special warfare brigade for emergency operations. Including the members in our military department, we have less than three hundred Superior Realm cultivators. Furthermore, these cultivators have been cultivating for over a decade. According to Mr. Goldstein, he wants to train ten thousand Superior Realm cultivators in a year. That’s impossible.

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Feeling troubled, Hades said, “Mr. Goldstein, you’re a highly skilled cultivator, and you’re now able to defeat a God Realm cultivator. However, you know the fact that not everyone is like you. You managed to reach such a terrifying cultivation level within three years, but that doesn’t mean the others can as well. Mr. Goldstein, I don’t think we can even nurture one thousand Superior Realm cultivators in three to five years’ time, let alone one year.”

Jonathan patted Hades' shoulder and said, "Hades, you've been by my side the longest. Have you ever seen me doing something I don't have confidence in?"

Jonathan let out a chuckle and added, "What cultivation method do you think I've given out? That's the simplified version of my cultivation method!"

Hades was dumbfounded when he heard those words. He immediately opened his storage ring and whipped out the cultivation method that was categorized into three stages. Upon checking, he noticed that it was actually the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

After Jonathan got his hands on the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, he never kept it to himself. Instead, he shared the cultivation method with the Eight Kings of War.

Karl was one of the beneficiaries. Before the Eight Kings of War met Jonathan, they were all cultivators, so they all had their own cultivation methods.

Since they couldn't give up on their cultivation levels and start all over again, they could use the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique as a reference.

After receiving the cultivation method from Jonathan, they quickly understood how Jonathan got to where he was.

At the same time, they acknowledged the fact that Jonathan was the only person who could cultivate at such an incredible speed with that cultivation method.

According to the cultivation method in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, one would need a frightening amount of spiritual energy.

In fact, the amount of spiritual energy needed for every advancement was five times more than the usual cultivation methods.

That was only the case if one wished to achieve a minor realm. In achieving major realms, however, the amount needed was unimaginable.

Now, Jonathan had altered the method and combined it with other cultivation methods. In essence, he had used ordinary cultivation methods as a

foundation and the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique as a way to speed up the process.

As a Grandmaster Realm cultivator, Hades was well aware of such a cultivation method. He instantly spotted a problem after taking a glance at it. “Uh... Mr. Goldstein, something’s wrong with this cultivation method!”

Hades went through the cultivation method Jonathan had compiled and said, “All cultivation methods are made up of two elements, namely absorb and retain. When a cultivator absorbs spiritual energy, he’ll need to activate his technique rapidly to form rotations. After that, he needs to retain the spiritual energy he absorbed by using his energy field. A proper cultivation method needs a balance between absorbing and retaining so that the cultivator can look after and nourish his meridian and energy field. Meanwhile, your cultivation method focuses on absorption more than retainment. In the long run, this cultivation method will surely cause irreversible damage to the cultivator’s meridian!”

While talking, Hades looked up and saw Jonathan smiling back at him.

“Go on...” Jonathan uttered with a chuckle.

Hades was stunned for a few seconds. After that, he nodded and said, “I understand it now! You’re doing it on purpose!”

“That’s right.” Jonathan looked at Hades. “One can definitely absorb at an incredible rate by using the cultivation method of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. However, one could easily take a decade to achieve Superior Realm by using the retaining method in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. We don’t have that much time, so we have to combine it with other retaining methods. Obviously, one of the flaws of this method is causing injury to a cultivator’s meridian. Besides, the process of channeling might also get hindered. However, it allows cultivators to reach Superior Realm faster.”

“So... how about their cultivation in the future?” Hades asked hesitantly.

After all, Jonathan’s cultivation method wasn’t a proper way of cultivating. If someone were to use that cultivation method, it would be a death sentence to that person.

In other words, those cultivators’ cultivation journey would end there and then.

“Will they even be cultivating after that?” Jonathan asked Hades in a deep voice. “Hades, you were the one who told me there’s no such thing as mercy in the military! I know you feel bad for those cultivators who won’t achieve more in their future journey as a cultivator. However, don’t you know that without us, they wouldn’t even have the chance to cultivate?”

“I get what you mean, Mr. Goldstein...” Hades replied in a deep voice.

The people Jonathan was going to nurture would mostly only reach Superior Realm.

In the eyes of ordinary soldiers, Superior Realm cultivators were incredible beings.

In the eyes of adept cultivators, however, they were nothing but cannon fodder.

Hades knew that was their best option going forward.

Jonathan couldn’t help but let out a sigh when he saw Hades keeping mum. “Hades, not only do we need to focus on cultivation, but we also need to start finding talents for forging weapons and producing pills. Once we have an army of cultivators, we’ll need huge reserves of magical items and magical herbs. Now, we need to get ready for battle as soon as we can. I have a feeling that not only Chanaea, but the whole world is going to go through drastic changes. In order to have control over the new world, we need to stay ahead of everyone else!”

Upon leaving Harfush, Jonathan went straight to Edenic Heights.

Somehow, Jonathan had unknowingly regarded Edenic Heights as his home.

Nevertheless, he didn’t dare to return to No. 1 Villa because Josephine was still imprisoned by the Osborne family. Regardless of how Margaret had treated him back then, he couldn’t find the courage to face his parents-in-law because of his failure to protect Josephine.

In No. 8 Villa, Zachary and the others were seen sitting around Jonathan.

With blood splattered all over his clothes, Jason threw his disposable gloves onto the table and lit a cigarette. “Mr. Goldstein, what’s the matter? I still have two surgeries lined up for me.”

Jonathan turned toward Jason and asked, “Did you mean human experimentation?”

“Human?” Jason stood up awkwardly. “Zach, did you hear that? He’s slandering me! Mr. Goldstein is slandering me!”

Amused, Zachary massaged his temples and turned toward Jonathan. “Mr. Goldstein, Jason is doing experiments on the respectable families’ spies I caught in Edenic Heights. They’re worth nothing, and I can neither let them free nor provide for them.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 836

The Legendary Man Chapter 836- **Permission To Conduct An Experiment**

“Mr. Goldstein, two Superior Realm cultivators is all I need!”

“Mr. Goldstein, two Superior Realm cultivators is all I need!”

Jason’s determination was beginning to falter in the face of Zachary’s direct admission.

“I really need subjects for this experiment. I’ve already made so much progress in my studies on the vitality of cultivators. Actually, I’ve already discovered a plant hormone that can drastically improve the circulation speed of both vitality and spiritual energy!”

Jonathan whipped his head around to stare at Rebecca, who had been on her phone the whole time.

“You were involved in this too?”

After leaving Xiara, Rebecca had been frightfully loyal to Jonathan and hadn’t stepped foot outside of Edenic Heights since.

She had even willingly given up all of the poison and antidote recipes as well as electronic devices in her possession so that everyone else would trust her and be at ease.

From the looks of it, she was extremely close with Zachary. Word on the street was that it was only a matter of time before the two of them finally got together.

Furthermore, her sneaky poisoning skills, deadly talent in assassination, and breathtaking shooting abilities that trumped even a Grandmaster had cemented her popularity amongst the community.

As of recently, she had at least five hundred people joining her assassination training sessions every day and had truly evolved into a core member of Edenic Heights.

Before her arrival, Jason hadn't made much progress despite the countless experiments he had done in secret.

However, after Jonathan's short departure of about two or three weeks, Jason suddenly saw a massive leap in his findings. It didn't take a genius to figure out that it couldn't have been without Rebecca's help.

Rebecca sheepishly tucked her phone away at Jonathan's interrogative tone.

"I didn't have much to do with it, Mr. Goldstein. Jason was still the mastermind."

"What are you talking about?" Jason said excitedly. "Mr. Goldstein, if it wasn't for Rebecca's help, I would never have been able to find the correct dosages to create this steroid. Even if I were to dilute it to ten times less than its current potency, it would still easily crush all the other steroids on the market! If you ever fire me one day, this would still be able to make me a fortune—"

"Okay, you can continue with your experiments. You don't have to hide it anymore."

Jason hadn't finished his sentence when Jonathan's voice suddenly echoed in the room.

The others all stared at Jonathan in shock while Jason let out a heavy sigh and slumped into his seat.

"Okay, fine. I won't do any experiments anymore—"

He paused abruptly and looked up at Jonathan with a look of disbelief. Even his breathing was starting to become ragged from excitement.

"Wait. What did you just say, Mr. Goldstein?"

“I said, you can continue with your experiments. I won’t get in your way,” Jonathan said firmly.

“Not only will I not get in your way, but I’ll even lend you the help of the whole of Asura’s Office. However, I have some ground rules. First of all, you must only do experiments on enemy cultivators, and only on those who started a fight first and got captured by us. Secondly, I will help you gather all the information I can on genetic manipulation, including about human subjects. However, you must promise me that when you’re capable of mass-producing cultivators in the future, you’ll ensure that they have complete freedom and control over their own actions.”

The second ground rule was a line that Jonathan couldn’t allow Jason to cross.

Complete freedom and control over their own actions included two conditions.

The first was that those who signed up had voluntarily done so, of their own personal accord.

The second was that the cultivators who underwent modification would always act according to their beliefs and personal ambition, even when assigned to a fatal operation.

He didn’t want his soldiers to become complete beasts devoid of all emotion and empathy like Charleigh’s werewolves.

Remdik’s operations had really shocked Jonathan.

Charleigh, the crazy scientist, could actually mass-produce Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

If he were to station them on the battlefield, not even the hundreds of thousands of members of Asura’s Office could withstand such an attack.

When he returned last time, Jonathan had even held onto some hope that his weapon could keep this immense force at bay.

Sadly, after his visit to the West Region, he learned that that was just his wishful thinking.

In Jonathan's opinion, when it came to the world of cultivation, the cultivators in Chanaea were simply a bunch of rookies.

To countries like Remdik and Jetroina, a community that could be ruled by merely Grandmaster Realm cultivators was nothing more than a small fry.

At present, Jonathan was extremely paranoid over their lack of cultivators.

Now, his strongest desire was gathering and training cultivators, and he was willing to take all the risks needed.

Jason didn't know what Jonathan could have possibly gone through to change his mind so much, but such a change was definitely in his favor.

"Don't worry, Mr. Goldstein. I promise that all of my test subjects will be those who deserve to die, and that those who take part in the final experiment will only do so of their own will. I will never break my promise."

Jonathan nodded, relieved that Jason had agreed with his terms.

Unbeknownst to him, their pact would kick off a storm of lure-and-kill cases all across Chanaea.

The scouts of the eight respectable families and other outside forces were continuously baited to take action. As a result, they were all captured by well-prepared mysterious men and sent into Jason's lab to undergo torturous experiments.

Jason's near insanity even managed to discourage anyone who ever had the intention of infiltrating Asura's Office.

It was somehow more effective than any previous purging operations that were carried out.

Of course, since all of that happened in the future, it was impossible for anyone to predict it.

After getting Jonathan's official approval, Jason was just about to leave and organize his to-do lists for the experiments.

His previous experiments were all child's play compared to what he was truly about to do, and that meant he needed to upgrade his equipment.

Before he could even reach the door, however, Jonathan called out to him.

“Hold on, Jason.”

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein?”

Jason turned around, but as soon as he did that, a long sword instantly pierced through his chest.

Everyone stood up in shock while Jason looked at Jonathan with pure confusion in his eyes.

“Mr. Goldstein?”

Jason’s voice quivered as he could feel his energy being drained from his body when his heart was punctured.

“Why—”

“I want you to know what life force truly is.”

Jonathan retracted the sword and infused a huge gust of life force into Jason’s body while squeezing his shoulder with his right hand.

The huge gash on Jason’s chest began to heal rapidly. Before he could even take another breath, he was completely healed without even a trace of his previous injury.

“What just happened?”

Jason’s face was filled with sheer shock as he felt the remnants of Jonathan’s life force pulsing in his veins.

He quickly pulled out a scalpel and sliced his wrist open.

Fresh blood immediately started spurting out of the incision, but in the blink of an eye, the skin and flesh started to knit themselves back together as the others watched in shock.

“Jason, I know you think that cultivation isn’t important since you’re a doctor. However, remember what this feels like. If you can achieve the Divine Realm and gain the Pryncyp of Life, then you may become immortal,” Jonathan said, giving Jason’s shoulder a light pat.

“Do not waste the complete cultivation method passed down in your family. I’ll help you with the cultivation resources needed.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 837

The Legendary Man Chapter 837-Jason’s family had been heavily involved in medicine for many generations.

Jason’s family had been heavily involved in medicine for many generations.

In terms of modern society, he was equivalent to those heroic protagonists in novels who were skilled in both medicine and cultivation.

Sadly, that advantage was what caused the downfall of the entire Carrick family.

When Jonathan first met Jason, he was merely a crazy doctor and a Grandmaster who was in the beginner phase.

Back then, he had been robbed and fainted in a drunken state by the side of the road.

Jonathan only brought him back because he could sense the spiritual energy coming from him.

For a long time after that, Jason didn’t even thank Jonathan for possibly saving his life. All he did was drink his days away in Jonathan’s house.

Everyone, including Hades, had been incredibly angry and frustrated with him.

Only Jonathan, who had once been shunned and kicked out of the Smith family, knew exactly how lonely and hopeless Jason felt.

That was why he was able to empathize with Jason, and as a result, shared an unspoken bond with the latter.

More than a month after Jason was brought back, Hades had been heavily injured and was on the verge of dying by the time Jonathan carried him back to the military camp.

Right as the military doctors were at a complete loss, Jason stepped forward while still stinking of alcohol.

Ever since then, Jason had become the chief of the special operations unit's medical team.

In fact, Jason had even helped Jonathan a great amount with his cultivation in the very beginning.

Moreover, after the incident of Jason saving Hades' life, Jason told Jonathan everything about his family's past as a way to show gratitude for all that Jonathan had done for him.

He told Jonathan about all the cultivation methods passed down in his family as well and didn't leave out even a single detail.

Within the following three years, Jason focused all his efforts on medicine.

That was because he knew that Asura's Office was the only force capable enough to defeat the eight respectable families and get revenge for his family.

He wanted to perfect his skills so that he could ensure that Jonathan and the other members would stay alive no matter what.

Within those three years, he never even cultivated. However, he still somehow rose to the middle phase of the Grandmaster Realm with help from his family's cultivation method alone.

In fact, since his cultivation level was slowly but steadily attained, it was incredibly solid and strong.

Jonathan had once roughly calculated that Jason's cultivation speed wouldn't be any slower than his own as long as Jason worked hard on cultivating.

The sudden sword attack just a few moments ago was Jonathan's way of using his life force to awaken Jason's desire to cultivate.

He wanted to show Jason that any form of medical skill paled in comparison to the Heavenly Prynycp.

As cultivation slowly began to become more and more commonplace, talented cultivators were beginning to saturate the community, getting involved with countless power struggles.

In order to get his revenge under such circumstances, Jason had to improve himself.

“You get what I’m trying to say, right?” Jonathan asked, pointing the blade of his blood-tainted sword at Jason.

“Yeah, yeah, I get it,” replied Jason, nodding profusely.

“Do you still have any of that life force to spare? I think I need to feel it again,” Jason said as he pulled out his scalpel again and aimed it right at his heart.

Being on the brink of death was something he had never experienced before. A crazy doctor like Jason could think of a thousand and one different ways to experience near death over and over again since he knew he wouldn’t die.

“Stop.”

Jonathan used spiritual energy to hold Jason’s arm back and stopped him from stabbing himself.

“Hold it. One whisper of life force that can revitalize a dying person is going to cost you three billion. If you have the money, I’d be happy to play along.”

“Um... Bye, Mr. Goldstein, I’ll be going back to my lab to list out the equipment I need.”

Jason didn’t even hesitate and quickly disappeared at the mention of money.

Zachary and Rebecca left as well since Jason was only the chief of the medical team and still needed them to actually acquire any equipment he needed.

After the three of them left, Lauryn was the only one left in the meeting room with Jonathan.

At that moment, she still appeared rather awkward and reserved around Jonathan.

Clearly, even though she was the communicator between the Blackwood family and Asura’s Office, she was still somewhat a hostage. It was only natural that she was wary of Jonathan.

“How is your stay in Edenic Heights so far? Have you gotten used to the place?” Jonathan asked with a rather exhausted tone as he sat down.

“It’s not too bad,” Lauryn replied, looking down.

“Since you already know I’m a spy from the Blackwood family, why aren’t you letting me go?”

“What good will that do?” Jonathan asked with a sigh.

“Even if I send you away, the Blackwood family will still keep sending undercover spies to infiltrate Asura’s Office now that they know about our plans. There will never be true peace and trust between the respected families and Asura’s Office. Rather than letting them send someone else in, I might as well keep you here. At least I can keep an eye on you so nothing big happens.”

Lauryn was rendered speechless by Jonathan’s explanation.

He’s clearly trying to say that I’m so bad at gathering intelligence that he doesn’t even feel threatened by me.

“You don’t have to humiliate me just because I suck at confronting prominent forces.”

“I’m not trying to humiliate you.” Jonathan shook his head.

“Do you really think you’d be able to make it in just because you want to?” he asked.

Lauryn said defiantly, “Isn’t that what happened? It took me a lot of effort in order to fulfill the promise I made to you back at Summerbank Abyss.”

“Think carefully. Is that really the case?” Jonathan asked as he knocked on the table lightly.

“The Blackwood family was capable of sending Colton to the entrance of Edenic Heights as soon as you arrived. Why couldn’t they stop you then?”

“I—” Lauryn stammered, stumped by Jonathan’s question.

Jonathan continued with a smile, “The Blackwood family needed a proper excuse to approach me. Colton merely used you as a reason to come and test the waters. They just want to build a connection with me, knowing that if they stationed a spy, I would have gotten rid of them immediately. But if they made it obvious, they wouldn’t even have the chance to approach me. As such, they might as well go with the flow and send you here. Your innocence is the best

form of insurance. If your intentions were as complicated as Colton's, then I would already have killed you."

Lauryn felt a chill run down her spine as Jonathan's eyes glinted murderously.

However, she still remained quiet, gritting her teeth.

Retracting the murderous aura he was exuding, Jonathan fixed his gaze on Lauryn and began speaking again. "I let you live as a signal to the Blackwood family that I was open for collaboration. Why else would Sirius have helped me without reservations back in Remdik? You may be just a pawn in this game, but you are still important nonetheless. The reason that the Blackwood family and Asura's Office could work together is all thanks to you, Lauryn."

Jonathan then tossed a highly-encrypted memory chip on the table.

"Send this document to Mr. Blackwood as well as the contents of today's meeting. I believe he'll know my intentions. Since the Blackwood family wants to expose the entire cultivation realm to mortals, then it should happen soon. There's only so much time we have left."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 838

The Legendary Man Chapter 838-Meanwhile, in Dyadgon Mountain of Warblerich, Glybir, Graeme was glaring at Lauryn's face on the big screen.

Meanwhile, in Dyadgon Mountain of Warblerich, Glybir, Graeme was glaring at Lauryn's face on the big screen.

As Jonathan had already made clear his relationship with the Blackwood family, Lauryn felt as though a huge load had been lifted off her shoulders while performing her duty as the messenger.

Back then, Lauryn had to find a secluded spot to secretly deliver information to the Blackwood family, but that was no longer the case.

She had Jonathan provide her with an office so she could contact them via video call instead.

Lauryn was probably the first in the world of intelligence gathering to enjoy such a privilege.

“Grandpa, is what Jonathan said true? Do you really think I’m stupid too?” Lauryn asked as she was still bothered by Jonathan’s words from before.

Graeme burst out laughing when he heard that. “Lauryn, I will always see you as the smartest person in the world.”

Lauryn pouted as she said, “I don’t believe you! Anyway, I have just given you all the information that Jonathan provided me. He said you would know what to do.”

Having recalled something, she added excitedly, “By the way, Grandpa, I witnessed something rather surreal earlier. Jonathan pierced Jason through the heart, but he healed it a few seconds later! Jonathan even told Jason that it was called ‘life force’ or something—”

“What? Say that again!”

Graeme, who was calm and composed in his chair, leaped to his feet the moment he heard the words “life force.”

“Lauryn, are you sure you heard Jonathan mention ‘life force’?”

Lauryn had never seen him get so worked up before, so she was shocked by his reaction despite the distance between them. “Huh? Yeah, I’m certain of it. Jonathan told Jason it was life force that saved him. He even encouraged Jason to work harder in his cultivation and master the Prynycp of Life. He told Jason it could allow him to achieve immortality,” she replied cautiously while recalling Jonathan’s words.

Graeme was so distracted after receiving her confirmation that he didn’t bother hearing the rest of her story.

“I can’t believe someone actually understood life force... How could it possibly be Jonathan?” Graeme muttered repeatedly under his breath as he paced back and forth in the conference room.

Harvey quickly waved Lauryn goodbye through the screen and ended the video call.

“Dad, is there some kind of secret behind life force?” he asked while helping Graeme onto his chair.

“No, not a secret. It just means we will be needing Jonathan’s help in the future. Harvey, we did the right thing by not making an enemy of Asura’s Office! Hahaha! The Osborne family is done for!” Graeme replied with his fists tightly clenched.

Harvey frowned in confusion when he saw how happy Graeme was.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying, Dad. What does Jonathan’s ability to control life force have anything to do with us? Why would we need his help? Even if he could heal wounds with it, all of us respectable families have the best doctors in Chanaea at our service. I don’t think we’ll ever need Jonathan’s help at all.”

Harvey was about to say something further when Graeme cut him off, “Harvey, what you’re talking about are common injuries that cultivators face. What about injuries that God Realm cultivators and Divine Realm cultivators face? Do you really think our doctors can treat those?”

Harvey stared doubtfully at Graeme after hearing that. “Divine Realm...”

But all respectable families keep their Divine Realm cultivators hidden, so why would they get injured for no reason?

Noticing that Harvey was still confused, Graeme shook his head and asked, “Harvey, what do you personally think of Divine Realm cultivators?”

“Divine Realm cultivators are practically invincible!” Harvey replied without any hesitation whatsoever.

However, Graeme shook his head slightly in response.

“Divine Realm cultivators are human too, so they are not immune to injuries, illnesses, and death. You’ve been researching the major forces in Chanaea extensively, so you should know how the eight families teamed up to wipe out the Whitley family ten years ago. Tell me, how many Divine Realm cultivators participated in that battle?”

“The Whitley family was on high alert and had its descendants spread out, so the battle was fought over a very large area. If I recall correctly, it was about half the size of Chanaea. In order to ensure the total annihilation of the Whitley family, the eight families pretty much deployed all of their strongest cultivators. The eight families deployed one Divine Realm cultivator each, and

the Whitley family deployed three, so that makes a total of eleven. I don't have the exact number of the God Realm cultivators involved because the families split up afterward, but I do know for a fact that over two hundred of them participated in that battle. As for Grandmaster Realm cultivators... Well, there's no way to confirm that at all," Harvey said after a brief pause.

Graeme nodded after hearing his analysis.

"The figures that you mentioned are pretty close to the actual figures. Since you're a God Realm cultivator, I want you to answer this question as best you can. Imagine a scenario where you are attacked by multiple God Realm cultivators. Assuming that you go all out in that battle, how many do you think you can defeat before you are overwhelmed?"

That question caught Harvey completely off guard.

When cultivators of the same level fight each other, victory is often determined by their trump cards. Sometimes, it could even end up in a life-or-death situation. As such, I can't determine how many I can defeat in such a scenario. The best I can do is to simplify and standardize the conditions as much as possible and imagine how a typical battle between God Realm cultivators would turn out...

With that in mind, Harvey replied hesitantly, "I think I could defeat five of them at most, but that is only if I go all out and deplete my vitality in the fight."

Graeme nodded. "Hmm... I suppose that's fairly realistic. If that is what a God Realm cultivator like yourself can achieve, then what do you think Divine Realm cultivators are capable of? The eight families were also on guard against each other when they teamed up against the Whitley family. They didn't dare go all out as they didn't want to end up doing the work for someone else. The three Divine Realm cultivators from the Whitley family, however, put their lives on the line to defend it. What makes you think the Divine Realm cultivators from the eight families could kill all three of them without being wounded?"

Harvey fell silent after hearing that.

That incident from ten years ago was a dark moment in history, so most of its details were not recorded in writing. The battle was intense, but the ending was rather rushed. The entire battle and aftermath ended in less than ten days...

After giving it some thought, Harvey realized something was amiss.

“Dad, are you saying that—”

“Yes.” Graeme looked out the window and stared at the core of the ancestral land as he continued, “The Blackwood family isn’t the only one with a wounded Divine Realm cultivator. All Divine Realm cultivators from the eight families sustained severe injuries. No one can confirm how many of them are still alive today.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 839

The Legendary Man Chapter 839-Naturally, Harvey wasn’t a fool, so he understood what Graeme was trying to say.

Naturally, Harvey wasn’t a fool, so he understood what Graeme was trying to say.

Dad said we would need Jonathan’s help in the future. He probably means we’ll need him to heal our Divine Realm cultivator. A cultivator’s spiritual sense is no longer confined to his mind after reaching Divine Realm. His spiritual sense will turn into vita during Divine Tribulation, which is pretty much that “life force” thing that Dad was talking about. It’s just like with Aetomoye, who was able to remain in the mortal world for a brief period of time even after losing his physical body. To achieve divinity by becoming one with spiritual sense. That is the true meaning of Divine Realm. As such, injuries sustained by Divine Realm cultivators would affect both their physical bodies as well as their spiritual sense. That isn’t necessarily a con of reaching Divine Realm, though. Only those of a similar or higher cultivation level are capable of hurting Divine Realm cultivators, so their attacks must involve Pryncyp. Such attacks target the cultivator’s life force, so regular medical practitioners can’t possibly treat those injuries. The power of life force that Jonathan possesses stems from the Pryncyp of Life. By having enough of it, he could potentially reconstruct a person’s Kore even if it is destroyed.

That was when Harvey realized why Jonathan was so important to them.

However, he also knew that Jonathan could easily turn all eight families against each other if they were to ask him for help.

“Dad, we might be put in a disadvantageous position if Jonathan uses this against us. Our family has the greatest amount of cultivation resources in

Chanaea. Can't we have the powerful cultivators from those hidden sects heal our Divine Realm cultivator instead?"

Graeme shook his head in response. "Harvey, do you remember how the Carrick family was annihilated eight years ago?"

Harvey flashed him a confused look. "The Carrick family?"

"Yes, the Carrick family. It's the last family in all of Chanaea that practices both medicine and martial arts. The Osborne family and the Salladay family discovered them during the third year of fighting the Whitley family. However, even they were unable to treat the injuries inflicted by Pryncyp. The two families then slaughtered everyone in the Carrick family as they feared the Carrick family would help treat the other six families. Right now, all eight of the families are secretly keeping an eye out for the medical field. We may be the first to know about Jonathan's ability, but we're definitely not the only ones. We want to bring down the cultivators, and Jonathan wants to build an army of cultivators. In that case, we shall lend him a hand! Give the order to gather all the scrapped and broken spirit stones in our entire family. Since Jonathan wants them so badly, we'll let him have five thousand tons of it!" Graeme said with a gloomy frown on his face.

Five thousand tons?

Harvey nearly jumped in shock when he heard that.

Scrapped spirit stones were spirit stones that had been used but still had some spiritual energy left in them.

Broken spirit stones were those that shattered during the mining process. They were not used because they were too light in comparison to the normal ones.

Both of those were similar to batteries with a little bit of juice left in them. They were not good enough to serve their original purpose, but it would be a waste to just throw them out.

That was especially the case for the Blackwood family, which monopolized twenty percent of the spirit stones in Chanaea.

While those scrapped and broken spirit stones were nothing more than a child's toy to the Blackwood family, they were an extremely useful resource for rogue cultivators and the other respectable families.

Rogue cultivators could only derive faint spiritual energy from the air around them, so it wasn't exactly a lot.

The respectable families, on the other hand, needed spirit stones with faint spiritual energy so they could bury them underneath their ancestral grounds and place them inside the house.

Doing so would increase the spiritual energy of the ancestral grounds by a little and create a decent environment for the future generations of the family.

Since they didn't monopolize the spiritual ley line mines like the Blackwood family, this was all they could manage.

However, the Blackwood family refused to sell the scrapped and broken spirit stones to anyone, for fear that these seemingly useless defective goods would end up becoming the factor that caused people to surpass them. If that happened, it would be extremely devastating for the Blackwood family.

As a result, they had accumulated an insanely huge amount of scrapped and broken spirit stones over thousands of years. It was getting to a point where the Blackwood family was running out of storage rings to store them.

Harvey was shocked to hear that Graeme wanted to give Jonathan five thousand tons of it for free.

This is no different from presenting an enemy with a weapon that could be used against us!

"Please think twice about this, Dad. Jonathan has always been looking for an opportunity to wipe out the respectable families. You're basically helping him get strong enough to do so!" he exclaimed anxiously.

Graeme let out a chuckle as he replied, "Oh, Harvey... You may have been researching the eight respectable families for a long time, but you still lack the vision to observe the situation. Right now, we're like fishes in the ocean. If we are to drain the ocean and kill all the other fishes, we must first get ashore.

Yes, it's true that we are providing Jonathan and his subordinates with five thousand tons of scrapped and broken spirit stones to help with their cultivation. However, that's not all we're doing. Do you think those people would be willing to go back to deriving spiritual energy from the air after that? Their cultivation speed will slow down significantly when they use up the spirit stones, and Jonathan will have to come beg us for more. You need to always keep in mind that our family's strongest weapon is the resources we have available. If depleting our resources will ensure our survival, then it is worth it."

Meanwhile, Jonathan was watching Sean practice the sword techniques that Jason had taught him.

Thanks to his self-forming spirit embryo, Sean's cultivation level has increased a lot in less than two weeks, which is considered terrifyingly fast progress. Maybe he will be the one to inherit Asura's Office in the future...

Jonathan was snapped out of his train of thought when a short figure dressed in a suit came up to him.

"Mr. Goldstein, there's something I need to talk to you about."

Jonathan turned around and saw that the person was none other than Donald of the Special Medical Team.

Donald was Jason's secret apprentice and had acquired all of his skills despite being under fourteen years old.

"Donald? What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be working on clinical trials with your master right now?" Jonathan asked.

"Master is dissecting a female cultivator's corpse right now. He told me to step outside because he didn't want me to get traumatized and end up losing interest in women," Donald replied as he sat down beside Jonathan and munched on a banana.

Jonathan frowned when he saw that Donald didn't even peel the banana before eating it.

Donald's gaze had been fixated on Sean the entire time, and he looked rather distracted as though he had something on his mind.

"What did you want to talk to me about, Donald?" Jonathan asked.

“Would you like some Grade A intelligence, Mr. Goldstein?”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 840-Donald slowly turned around, chewing a banana as he looked at Jonathan with cool indifference.

His tone was casual, and it almost felt like he was asking if the latter wanted a banana too.

Needless to say, there were only two options—take it or leave it.

Anyone could tell that Donald couldn't care less about Jonathan's answer, but the latter thought otherwise.

Grade A intelligence, huh? That's a code word only high-level personnel in Asura's Office will understand. Moreover, one has to be at least a lieutenant colonel to be privy to the information. Even though it may not be the most urgent, this information would still be classified as highly confidential. There's no way it'd be easily disclosed... Therefore, I'm sure Donald had intentionally asked the question to guard against someone. Since it's just him, Sean, and myself in the garden, it doesn't take a genius to figure out who he's wary of...

The next second, Jonathan moved his fingers and quietly conjured an invisible spirit shield with spiritual energy.

“He shouldn't be able to hear anything now. Go on. Tell me what this is about,” he said, a glint of curiosity in his eyes.

“Mr. Goldstein, there's something wrong with this kid,” Donald muttered as he continued to munch on his banana. “I advise you to kill him as soon as possible.”

Donald's words were nothing short of appalling. After all, he had suggested killing Sean without blinking an eye.

Despite being taken aback, Jonathan didn't let his emotions show and even made it a point to avoid glancing at Sean.

“Donald, you can't just suddenly tell me to kill someone. You have to give me a reason,” he said with a chuckle.

Even though Jonathan sounded nonchalant, he knew Donald wasn't one to make baseless accusations.

The latter, however, let out a heavy sigh and frowned.

"Sean gives off majorly strange vibes. His circadian rhythm, daily habits, and even the look in his eyes aren't what a kid his age should have. Most importantly, he isn't picky about food."

This time around, Jonathan couldn't hide his bewilderment. "Huh? How is not being picky weird?"

"It's not weird if we're talking about adults, but he's only seven," Donald insisted. "When I say he isn't a picky eater, I don't mean he doesn't have dietary restrictions. What I meant was he isn't fussy about food at all. How's that possible, though? As a kid, he should have preferences when it comes to flavors. Even if he's just being obedient and choosing not to be picky, he should at least show some hints of dislike when he eats food he doesn't fancy. I, for one, have never noticed such behavior from him. On top of that, he always seems to know how to savor his food... Mr. Goldstein, Jason has shown me a medical book before with recorded cases of people getting possessed. I highly suspect that a monster is residing in Sean's body."

With that, Donald grabbed a stainless steel cocktail pick from the table.

"Let me get rid of him, Mr. Goldstein. It's too dangerous to keep someone like that around."

"Sit down!" Jonathan ordered before bursts of spiritual energy morphed into a massive hand and pressed Donald into the chair.

"I was the one who brought him back, so I should do the deed myself," he added smilingly.

Although Donald was only a fourteen-year-old child, Jonathan still trusted him wholeheartedly.

Even if the boy's claim seemed utterly absurd, it wouldn't stop him from digging deeper and trying to uncover the truth behind it.

Sean had undoubtedly shown great aptitude, but if he proved to be a problem, there was no way Jonathan would go easy on him.

However, the latter also couldn't sentence a child to death based solely on Donald's words.

"I believe you, Donald, but there's a proper method of detecting whether a cultivator has been possessed," Jonathan replied. "I'll examine him now, and if the results back up your claim, I'll get rid of him immediately. If not, I'll still permit you to do whatever you like. Understood?"

"Okay."

Satisfied, Donald flicked his fingers and sent the cocktail pick flying into the fruit platter as he silently watched Jonathan walk away.

The latter stepped through several invisible spirit shields and slowly strode toward Sean.

At that moment, the boy was holding a long sword and practicing the final move of the sword technique.

When he noticed Jonathan approaching him, he dropped everything and bowed politely.

"Master, how's my technique coming along?"

"Good!"

Deep down, however, Jonathan had begun stirring up his spiritual energy.

In just a split second, his booming voice had rippled through the air and struck Sean in the face, causing the boy's eyes to lose focus.

The next second, Jonathan placed his left hand on Sean's head while holding a dagger behind his back in his right hand.

As it turned out, the dagger had been imbued with the power of Pryncyp, and Jonathan would use it to chop off Sean's head if something went awry during the examination.

Sean's consciousness began surging, yet Jonathan remained calm as he stood amidst the violent storm to feel the changes around him.

Ah. I can sense the turmoil, the emptiness, and the helplessness...

In an instant, various chaotic emotions started appearing.

Just as Sean's spiritual sense was about to regain clarity, Jonathan's figure morphed into beams of spiritual energy that seeped into every corner of the boy's body.

Surprisingly, his meridians were warm, and his inner world and energy field were calm and flawless. It was, by all accounts, a perfect body.

"Master?" Sean muttered as he rubbed his head, seemingly confused about why he had slipped into a momentary daze.

Jonathan immediately took a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill from his ring and handed it to the boy.

"Split the pill into fifty portions. Whenever you feel like you're down on spiritual energy, eating the pill will help restore it," he said, smiling as he patted Sean's shoulder. "Work hard on your cultivation. Once you've attained the Grandmaster Realm, I'll train you personally and teach you all the skills I know."

With that, Jonathan walked away, only to have Donald follow silently behind.

Despite being a hundred meters away, Jonathan's spiritual sense allowed him to see Sean sprawling on the table and carefully cutting the pill.

Well, there doesn't seem to be any problem with the boy.

"There are many ways of determining if a person has been possessed, Donald. The most basic method is to check for traces of the Soul-Transferring Technique or cracks in one's consciousness and meridians," Jonathan patiently explained. "If a person has forcibly taken over another, the impact will fracture the host's consciousness, causing it to exhibit tell-tale cracks. Secondly, only cultivators who are at least in the Grandmaster Realm can possess others. Even then, not many of them are familiar with the Soul-Transferring Technique. After possession, the cultivators must ditch the host's original cultivation path and replace it with their own. Such a move will undoubtedly leave scars on the meridians. Sean, however, has zero cracks in his consciousness and meridians. I'm almost certain that the boy is a naturally gifted cultivator. As for why he's behaving like a grown man for his age, there's a possibility his past experiences had shaped his personality."

Even though Jonathan's analysis was sensible and comprehensive, Donald still shook his head.

"Being almost certain is far from being fully confident, Mr. Goldstein. I remain suspicious of the boy. As such, I'll request the Dark Special Forces to conduct a twenty-four surveillance on him."