

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 851

### The Legendary Man Chapter 851-Chapter 851 I Killed Him

With a flick of his hand, Winston cut off a branch that was as thick as his arm.

At the elderly man's question, he hastily spun on his heel and trotted over.

"Of course not, Mr. Quintus. Have you gotten your wires crossed again? We, the Mallory, and Henderson families are all respectable families. Our ancestral locations can't be made known to outsiders. You were the one who agreed to the collaboration this time, deciding that we're only to collaborate when making a move. Otherwise, everyone is to keep to themselves. Do you not remember that?"

In response, the elderly man shook his head slightly.

"No, I don't. I said that?"

While saying that, the elderly man reached up and took the hat off his head.

Glowing white wisps of steam came into sight, and a gray braid a forearm's length tumbled down.

The elderly man lifted an age-weather hand and scratched his head.

"I forgot all about that. Winston, how about I step down from being the patriarch and appoint you instead?" he muttered, his gaze brimming with bafflement.

Standing at the side, Winston held the elderly man's hat with both hands.

"You've already passed the position of patriarch to Ashton twenty years ago, Mr. Quintus. You can't appoint me now even if you want to do so."

"I've already stepped down and appointed someone else?"

The elderly man was stunned at first before he reached out and slapped his forehead.

He then lamented, "Look at my forgetfulness! Yes, you're right. I did that. My memory is regressing every single day."

Winston stood at the side, not daring to comment on that. He merely stood there silently and kept the elderly man company.

As an elder of the Leeson family in Doveston and a cultivator in the middle phase of Divine Realm, he was exceedingly casual even when faced with the current patriarch of the Leeson family.

But when it came to the elderly man before him, he dared not show the slightest disrespect.

After all, the elderly man in front of him was none other than the previous patriarch of the Leeson family, Quintus Leeson.

Quintus was already a hundred and twenty years old, a true immortal who spanned two centuries.

His cultivation level had already reached the advanced phase of Divine Realm, and he alone could intimidate many respectable families and ancient sects within Chanaea. His capabilities were beyond one's imagination.

Verily, he was the true pillar backing up the Leeson family in Doveston.

Alas, he still could not escape the aftereffects of the passing of time despite his high cultivation level and astounding skills.

Thirty years ago, his brain started shrinking, and his memory gradually deteriorated.

Following that, the Leeson family sought out renowned doctors in the whole of Kingshinton. Regretfully, none could provide a cure in the face of such irreversible brain damage.

If an ordinary person were to contract such a disease, he would have probably lost all reason after about ten years and become an empty shell with no sanity.

Quintus, however, had managed to hold out for a whole thirty years, thanks to his high cultivation level.

Nonetheless, they all knew that the man had not much time left.

Right then, he might forget what he said a moment ago in the blink of an eye.

If they could not find an effective remedy, the Leeson family would lose a great backer entirely in the near future.

“Winston.”

Getting to his feet, Quintus turned to Winston beside him and called out to the latter.

“Yes, Mr. Quintus?”

Winston hastened forward with the hat in his hands.

Snagging the hat, Quintus placed it on his head. The look in his eyes was contemplative, and it seemed as though he had recalled something.

“I remember you previously told me that a member of the Whitley family fled from Yaleview? Was there news afterward?”

“No, Mr. Quintus. All eight respectable families have been looking for Joshua for over a month, but we only learned that he headed to Merania after leaving. Apart from that, there hadn’t been any other news.”

Upon hearing that, Quintus turned to Winston.

“Merania? Why would he go there? Those of the Whitley family like going to Delisgar Ridge. I used to go over to Remdik a lot when I was young, and I even bumped into them there.”

After saying that, he took the hatchet from the latter’s hands.

“Huh? Who cut this tree? It so happens that my great-grandson wants to build a new house. This is perfect for a beam!”

At the sight of Quintus fawning all over the ancient tree, everyone exchanged a glance and smiled helplessly.

Oh well, he has again forgotten everything that happened just a while ago.

Winston stared at the elderly man’s back, his brows creased deeply. Subsequently, something seemingly occurred to him, and he trotted forward.

“Mr. Quintus, you said you bumped into those from the Whitley family in Delisgar Ridge when you were young?”

“The Whitley family? What Whitley family? Is there anyone with the family name of Whitley in our village?” Quintus asked blankly, his eyes pinned on Winston.

“Never mind.”

Winston chuckled bitterly, not daring to ask further.

But when Quintus swung the hatchet once more, the man darted off and disappeared into the forest.

I’ve got to inform Ashton immediately that the Whitley family had been to Delisgar Ridge. This might be the central clue to finding Joshua!

...

It was the middle of the night then.

In the Eastern Army commander’s tent south of River Onxy in Horbah, Hayes sat by the stove with bandages around his body, reading a report.

Beside the stove was a few baked potatoes with wisps of fragrance wafting off them.

When he had flipped to the final page, he rubbed his eyes at long last. No sooner had he reached out to snag one of the baked potatoes before him than he flicked his wrist slightly. At once, a pistol slid down his cuff to fall into his hand.

Unfortunately, a dagger was already pressed against his throat by then.

“Your reaction was too slow, Tiger.”

The instant Hayes heard the calm voice behind him, he hurriedly put the pistol away.

“You know my cultivation level isn’t high, so don’t scare me like that anymore, Mr. Goldstein.”

Toying with the dagger in his hand, Jonathan sat down by the stove.

“Eastern Army is a modernized technological force, so its commander’s martial capabilities don’t need to be all that high. Just improve your cultivation

gradually. Don't be too hasty, or it'd be bad if you were to enter a frenzied state," he cautioned smilingly.

Then, he asked, "So, how are things? Do you have problems adapting from suddenly being the army commander of a cutting-edge force like Eastern Army when you were previously a member of tens of thousands of local troops in Lumonburg?"

Grinning widely, Hayes declared, "Everything is good in terms of the job. I'm still learning about those cutting-edge weapons, but using them is no longer a problem. The most substantial change, I suppose, is my mental state. Eastern Army is too unique, and the pressure is too intense."

By the time he said that, the smile on his face had turned bitter.

"There's Remdik in the north, Jetroina in the east, and Yaleview Army in the southwest. This is downright petrifying. It's only now that I realize the amount of pressure Karl had been under. If I had been stationed in Doveston for such a long time, I might have done something even more extreme than he did," he lamented.

As he spoke, he surreptitiously kept an eye on Jonathan's expression.

Jonathan regarded Hayes icily, his eyes blanketed with a layer of frost.

"Hmm, you want to help your predecessor out when you've just been given the title of Prince of Diyouli? You'd best not play with fire, Tiger. Some things can never be changed! Where is Karl?"

"I killed him!" Hayes shouted, placing his hands behind his back with his head held high and chest puffed forward.

A powerful surge of spiritual energy emanated from Jonathan. In a flash, Hayes fell to the ground on his knees, unable to withstand the pressure for even a second.

"Repeat that again!"

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 852**

The Legendary Man Chapter 852-In the commander's tent, Hayes was pinned to the ground by the terrifying burst of spiritual energy. No matter how hard he tried, he could not budge an inch.

Jonathan stalked over to the man before lifting his leg and stepping on the latter's back.

"In the battle at Northern Crimson Prison, almost a hundred thousand people died directly and undirectedly, Hayes. Do you know what that means? It means that a hundred thousand families' hope and future were ruined by Karl alone."

As he exerted force on his leg, Hayes spurted a mouthful of blood.

He continued, "At that time, Hayes, you were serving your sentence at Northern Crimson Prison. The battle left the entire place with dead bodies littered everywhere. It was a literal massacre. Yet, you now want to use yourself to save Karl? What gives? Why should the hundred thousand soldiers and prisoners die because of him? Are you trying to be a hero here because you think you're important enough, so much so that I don't dare kill you for the sake of the bigger picture?"

"No, that's not it..."

It was beyond difficult for Hayes to speak at that moment, and his face had already turned purplish.

Jonathan's leg appeared to be as heavy as lead, and it had only grown increasingly heavier since it rested on his back.

Right then, he could only breathe out, unable to take any oxygen in. Verily, he was on the verge of suffocating.

Both his hands clawed at the ground hard.

With his cheek plastered against the ground, he gritted out, "Asura's Office is currently in a precarious state, Mr. Goldstein. While Karl deserves to die, you really can't kill him."

"I've said that I'd kill anyone who protects Karl!"

Jonathan lifted his right leg before bringing it down forcefully, aiming right for Hayes' head.

"Mr. Goldstein!"

Following that low cry, a spirit shield made of spiritual energy formed above Hayes' head, blocking off Jonathan's right leg from landing on it.

At the tent entrance, Karl stepped in with a sled in his arms, dressed in the corresponding attire.

"I merely went sledding with my son, Mr. Goldstein. There's no need for you to kill Tiger."

While saying that, he causally placed the sled by the entrance and walked over to Hayes, supporting the injured man up.

"Are you kidding me, Karl?"

Hayes looked at Karl with a sigh.

"It's no big deal that Mr. Goldstein wants me dead. I'm merely an insignificant cultivator of Superior Realm. But if you die, Mr. Goldstein would be the only elite of God Realm in the whole of Asura's Office."

"That's not necessarily true."

Subsequently, Karl turned to Jonathan with a smile.

"I've never dueled with you for real before, Mr. Goldstein. No one knows which of us will win in a true fight. Who knows, you might not be able to kill me!"

As he said that, he gathered some spiritual energy in his hand and used it to gently push Hayes aside.

He continued, "Since I'm not the Prince of Diyouli anymore, Mr. Goldstein, I'm also no longer a member of Asura's Office. I'm truly curious about your combat capabilities as Asura. Pardon me!"

The corners of his mouth turned up a fraction, and he rammed the saber in his hand at Jonathan's throat.

"Karl!" Hayes roared.

He wanted to stop the man, but Jonathan's spiritual energy promptly pervaded the entire tent.

"Buzz off!"

With a wave of a hand from Jonathan, a ball of pure spiritual energy enveloped Hayes and sent him flying into the distance.

The commander's tent turned into a veritable battlefield. Golden light kept flickering around Jonathan while Karl, who attacked incessantly, turned into an afterimage.

Surprisingly, Karl's speed was comparable to Jonathan's.

Around them, searchlights lit up one after another, illuminating the commander's tent so brightly that it resembled daylight.

The soldiers who were oblivious to the situation swiftly gathered. In less than a minute, thousands of them had already surrounded the tent completely.

All their weapons were aimed right at the golden light in the middle. With a command from Hayes right then, Jonathan and Karl would be inundated by heavy firepower in the next second.

However, the identities of the two men fighting in the middle were simply too sensitive.

"Listen up! Lower your muzzles and unload your weapons. Everyone is to retreat three hundred meters, effective now!" Hayes thundered after gathering enough spiritual energy, standing atop an SUV.

At that, the soldiers present looked at each other. Although the handover of power to Hayes had just concluded, they knew that he was Eastern Army's new Prince of Diyouli after spending a month with him.

Thus, all soldiers of Eastern Army whirled around and sprinted backward without hesitation upon receiving that order, giving way to the battle in the middle.

When Karl saw that he could not break the protective shield around Jonathan, he again swung the saber in his hand. Flipping over, he landed on an open space at the side.



Sweat trickled down his chin to drip onto the ground, dyeing the snow pink.

He slashed an arc in the air with the saber in hand.

“I’m already drawing from my vitality, Mr. Goldstein. You can’t just tire me out like this until I die, can you? People say that there’s always someone better. Putting aside your ability to lead an army into battle, I don’t think you’re better if we only speak of cultivation. I know I’ll likely die today, and I indeed deserve it because of the incident at Northern Crimson Prison. All I ask is this, Mr. Goldstein—I hope you’ll fight me for real with your true capabilities. Even if it means dying at your hands, I want to know the exact gap between me and a true elite of God Realm.”

His body gave off wisps of white steam as though he had just been drenched in hot water.

As soon as Jonathan put the uncanny bronze handbell away, he could distinctly sense that vitality was surging within the man in front of him, and Karl was then no different from a sun.

Karl was draining his Kore, and that was his strongest state.

Sensing strange fluctuations from his elixir field, Jonathan whipped out Heaven Sword from his storage ring.

“You’re not allowed to take this person’s life force. Otherwise, I’ll have you know what regret means,” he murmured, his tone mild.

The mysterious coffin in his elixir field was merely stunned for a moment when it perceived his meaning before it went entirely silent.

Fixing his eyes on Karl, Jonathan slowly walked toward him.

“Karl, we were buddies once, so I’ll use my strongest move to battle you. After this strike, I’ll write off the incident at Northern Crimson Prison, regardless of whether you survive or otherwise.”

“Sure.”

Karl retreated half a step and raised the saber in his hand, bringing it to his front. The vitality within him surged, and his entire aura was boosted to its peak condition once more in the blink of an eye.

Meanwhile, a surge of peculiar energy radiated off Jonathan's hands.

It was not spiritual energy but carried a petrifying sense of devastation.

"This is the Pryncyp of Slaughter I grasped. Once you're injured by it, the murderous intent within it will destroy your energy and consciousness fields, wiping out all your vitality in an instant. This is also my strongest move. Brace yourself!"

Jonathan pointed his sword at Karl. In the next heartbeat, they had already streaked past each other.

Thereafter, Jonathan slowly put his sword away. Behind him, half of Karl's body had suffered a blow from his Heaven Sword.

With that, Karl, the Prince of Diyouli died.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 853**

The Legendary Man Chapter 853—"Dad!" The sorrowful cry of a boy reverberated in the night sky.

When Jonathan turned around, he saw Layla staring at him in the distance while pulling Killian.

Killian was only seven years old. In the past, he could only meet his father a few times a year.

After Jonathan rescued him and his mother from Remdik with the help of seven respectable families, he spent a month with Karl—the longest time they had spent together.

During that month, Karl basically agreed to every request Killian had.

It was also the first time Killian genuinely felt the warmth of having his father's company.

Yet, at that moment, Karl was lying lifelessly on the snow.

Killian flung Layla's hand away and bolted in Jonathan's direction.

Sobbing, the boy pounced toward Karl's body. "Wake up, Daddy!"

However, Jonathan restricted him with spiritual energy before he could touch his father.

“You’re a bad guy!” Killian continued to scream while suspended in midair. “I’m going to kill you and avenge Daddy! I’ll kill you!”

“Sure.” In response, Jonathan pulled out a dagger and tossed it into Killian’s hand with spiritual energy before laying the latter on the ground.

“Come and kill me!” Jonathan uttered calmly with his hands behind his back.

With the dagger in hand, the boy charged toward Jonathan and stabbed the latter’s leg.

Bam!

At the moment of his attack, he bumped into Jonathan’s spirit shield.

As a result, the dagger flew out of Killian’s hand, cutting his arm as he stumbled backward. Before he stood back up, his arm was already a bloody mess.

“Killian!” Layla scrambled toward her son, intending to carry him, but Jonathan restricted her movements with his spiritual energy.

“Mr. Goldstein!” Hayes rushed forward, wanting to stop Jonathan, but couldn’t even take a step forward when the latter shot him a cold glare.

“Do you think no one can support Eastern Army if you and Karl die, Tiger?” spat Jonathan.

“Mr. Goldstein...” Hayes grimaced as he was enveloped in a stinging murderous intent.

After hesitating for a moment, he stepped back.

Then, with gritted teeth and tightened fists, he stated, “Karl may have deserved death, but his wife and child are innocent, Mr. Goldstein.”

Ignoring Hayes, Jonathan picked up the dagger and tossed it toward Killian again. “Didn’t you say you want to kill me? What’s the matter? Is a minor injury all it takes to scare you?”

“I’m not afraid!” Swiftly, Killian stood and picked up the dagger next to his foot.

“I’m going to avenge Daddy!” As he shouted, he charged toward Jonathan once more.

However, Jonathan didn’t even use spiritual energy to protect himself. With his physical strength and toughness alone, he blocked the dagger.

Astonished, Killian stared at Jonathan as he kept stabbing the latter’s thigh with his bleeding right hand.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t harm Jonathan even a little.

“I’m going to kill you!” In response, Killian changed his attack and raised the dagger high.

As he was still too weak, when he stabbed Jonathan’s abdomen, the dagger bounced toward his cheek.

In a flash, Jonathan held the dagger in place with his fingers.

Meanwhile, Killian stumbled backward, frightened by the sharp blade, and fell on the snow.

Gazing coldly at the boy, Jonathan flicked his wrist and shot the dagger past Killian’s cheek, lobbing it into the tough, frozen ground. “I killed your father because he acted on his own with his army, which led to the deaths of one hundred thousand people. You may not know what this means for now, so let me tell you something you’ll understand, Killian. From today onward, I’ll provide you with the best resources and teach you the most powerful techniques. I shall grant you the chance to avenge your father.”

Then he turned to Hayes. “After tonight, send Killian and Layla to Edenic Heights. He shall cultivate with Jason and receive all available resources to maintain Karl’s standard.”

Finally, he faced the boy again. “Killian, I’ll only support you until you’re eighteen! Whether you’ll be able to become a mighty warrior over the next eleven years depends on how strongly you determine to take revenge.”

“Yes!” replied Hayes with tears. His arrangement may seem ruthless, but it’s the best outcome for Killian and Layla. While Karl was loved by many after

spending so much time in Doveston, he also made plenty of enemies. By doing this, Jonathan guarantees Layla and Killian will be well-taken care of, thus fulfilling Karl's dying wish.

As the soldiers stared at Jonathan, he exclaimed icily, "Let Karl's death serve as a warning to all of you. No matter what your status is or how accomplished you are, if you betray your comrades, only one ending awaits you!"

Through the use of spiritual energy, his words were clearly heard by every soldier in all directions.

No one replied as they stared at the corpse on the ground that was cut in half.

The former Prince of Diyouli used to be the moral support of Eastern Army. In a way, he was like a flag.

Even back during the battle at River Onxy, which shook the world, Karl remained composed before his men.

However, at that moment, the flag of Eastern Army had fallen, slain by the founder of Asura's Office.

Even though Karl was in the wrong, the crowd still couldn't bear to watch the guardian of Doveston for two decades lying in his blood.

By then, Layla had cried until her voice turned hoarse.

Ever since Karl started asking her what she wanted to have, she knew doom was approaching him, but she didn't expect it to come so soon.

"Please, let me bury Karl, Jonathan! He might've been in the wrong, but he has protected Doveston for decades! He shouldn't be left in the snow like this!" she pleaded.

"No!" Jonathan stomped on the ground, injecting spiritual energy into the earth and causing the surface to ripple like waves.

An immense whirlpool formed underneath Karl's corpse and swallowed him into the earth.

"Karl has always protected this place, so he shall become Eastern Army's guardian spirit. This is his last wish and the fate I've granted him." Upon ending his sentence, Jonathan leaped into the air, disappearing into the night.

Killian and Layla darted toward where Karl was swallowed before crying out in agony.

Sadly, Karl would never return again.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 854**

The Legendary Man Chapter 854-The news of Karl's death was all over Chanaea in less than an hour.

Back in Zedfield, Yaleview, Wilbur frowned as he read the newspaper in his hand.

“Changing generals on the verge of war is a major military taboo. Hayes may have been the King of Lumonburg, but he's only a minor army commander. In other words, he's utterly incomparable to Eight Kings of War. Right now, chaos roamed in and out of Chanaea. Whether it is from the cultivator's or Doveston's perspective, efforts should be focused on stabilizing the situation. While killing Karl quelled the opposing voices in Asura's Office after the Northern Crimson Prison incident, it was a loss in terms of Chanaea's stability.” The puzzlement in his eyes intensified as he stared at the picture in the newspaper. Karl's most definitely dead if this picture can be trusted. There's no way a Divine Realm cultivator can survive that slash on the chest, much less a God Realm cultivator.

He muttered, “What the heck is Jonathan trying to do?”

...

Meanwhile, the core members of the Osborne family had gathered at their ancestral land in Wasahurst Mountains, Quadfield, Drieso.

Mason was sitting upright with Everett on his right.

As for Jay, he had been thoroughly excluded. Thus, he could only sit at the end of the left side. In Everett's generation, the people in charge of the Osborne family began establishing new direct family branches.

“Speak,” said Mason while staring at the crowd below him. “Everyone here is a decision-maker in the Osborne family. I want to know your opinions on the death of Karl by Jonathan's hand.”

Everett sipped his coffee and turned to Xavion. "What do you think about this? After all, you've spent many days with Jonathan back in Remdik."

In response, Xavion stuffed almost all the cake in his hand into his mouth.

"Well, if you ask me, Karl's dead for real." As he recalled the events in Remdik, he sighed slightly. "Jonathan shouldn't have appeared in Remdik, but he did the minute he learned that Karl dragged the eight families into the matter. The only reason he traveled to River Onxy was to kill Karl. I remember clearly that, even after Karl saved Jonathan with us in Remdik, it didn't dissuade Jonathan from taking Karl's life. If you ask me, I'd say Karl's already dead to Jonathan after the Northern Crimson Prison incident. Hence, I think there's no point in talking about this because it's nothing out of the ordinary."

The crowd exchanged glances as they thought Asura's Office was a wild card.

From their perspective, Jonathan should've spared Karl for saving his life, which was why they didn't expect how stubborn Jonathan was in upholding his principle.

"In that case, that will save us a lot of trouble," muttered Mason before grinning at the crowd. "The Henderson family, the Leeson family, and the Mallory family each used a parasite curse to control Karl's son, which forced Eastern Army to ally with them. However, now that Karl's dead, Tiger's the new leader of Eastern Army, meaning we'll have a chance to make them our allies. I want someone to make contact with them. Also, considering Tiger is Jonathan's loyal subordinate, he had basically returned Eastern Army to Asura's Office. Then again, he's only human, and all humans have weaknesses. What do you all think? "

Once again, the crowd turned to Xavion.

Among the ten Divine Realm elders in the Osborne family, Xavion was the only one who frequently spent time outside.

He was practically the Osborne family's representative to outsiders, so the crowd focused on him.

"Is this a joke?" Xavion sneered. "I may be responsible for handling external family matters, but that doesn't mean I'll do everything related to that. I'm okay with contacting the eight families, major sects, Asura's Office, or Yaleview Army because they're on the same level as our family. However, Tiger had

only just been named a King of War. He doesn't have the right to speak to me."

In response, the crowd smiled faintly while shaking their heads.

Even Mason was shaking his hand and chuckling. "You're right. Karl was a God Realm cultivator, so when he was still alive, he and Eastern Army can be considered our peers. However, Tiger is but a kitten. It'll only be a waste of your time if we send you. How about this? You'll pick two amiable juniors and send them to Doveston to check out their situation."

As Mason spoke, Jay who was seated at the far end stood up and bowed in the middle of the hall. "Please send me to Doveston, Old Mr. Osborne."

...

Meanwhile, on Dyadgon Mountain at Warblerich in Glybir, Graeme was sneering at the picture of Karl's corpse on the wall. "Is he trying to gain pity and trick us? What the heck is Jonathan doing?"

Sirius, Harvey, and the others stood behind Graeme in a line.

"I think Karl's truly dead, Dad. I can't imagine he's still alive while looking like that," uttered Harvey.

"Dead?" Graeme chuckled. "Jason was revived after his heart artery was severed. I doubt Karl's dead from this minor injury. Don't worry. Jonathan has plenty of tricks up his sleeve."

Staring at Graeme coldly, Sirius inquired, "What do we do now?"

"We proceed as planned. I expect no mistakes with the delivery of five thousand kilograms of spirit stone. The success of our plan hinges on Asura's Office."

"Roger!" the members of the Blackwood family exclaimed in unison. Nearly all God Realm cultivators in the family were mobilized to deliver the spirit stones.

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Concurrently, above the cold riverbank of River Onxy, Jonathan emerged from the underground with an unconscious man in his arms.



A calm expression was visible on Jonathan's countenance as he reached for the meager life force that remained in his body.

Promptly, he tossed the man in his arms on the ground and kicked the man's chest. "Wake up!"

Following Jonathan's kick, the man on the ground opened his eyes wide and panted.

"Mr. Goldstein..." Shock swirled in Karl's eyes as he pressed his hand on his chest and surveyed his surroundings. "Wasn't I dead, Mr. Goldstein?"

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 855**

The Legendary Man Chapter 855-Cold sweat dripped down to the ground from the tip of Jonathan's nose as he sat against the giant rock.

His hands were trembling slightly as he spoke. "Back in West Region, I obtained the life force capable of reviving someone. I used it all on you."

To cover his tracks, he traveled thirty kilometers underground with Karl.

Near the journey's end, even Spirit Rejuvenating Pill couldn't combat Jonathan's exhaustion, which would spell their doom if he kept pushing forward.

Karl briefly surveyed his surroundings before realizing they were somewhere south of River Onxy.

After protecting Horbah's border for nearly twenty years, he knew the region like the back of his hand.

Upon calculating their travel distance and thinking about what Jonathan had said, Karl instantly understood what Jonathan had done.

In response, he pulled out a glass bottle and gently crushed it before handing the pills inside to Jonathan. "Here, Mr. Goldstein. here are two Spirit Rejuvenating Pills for you."

Without even glancing at them, Jonathan grabbed the pills and tossed them into his mouth.

As the pills slipped down his throat, pure spiritual energy flooded into his energy field.

“Why did you save me, Mr. Goldstein?” While Karl wasn’t sure what the life force Jonathan mentioned was, he was sure it was extremely rare, considering it could bring him back to life.

He felt bad that something so precious was used on him—a man who deserved a death sentence.

“Why are you asking so many questions? Just appreciate the fact that you’re still alive.” As Jonathan regulated the spiritual energy in his body, he continued, “Anyway, it’s because you caused the death of one hundred thousand people. Even if you die a few hundred times, it won’t be enough to atone for your sins.”

“I know,” replied Karl hoarsely as he sat on the snow, his blank gaze aiming at the west. “The Northern Crimson Prison incident will forever haunt me. I’ll never be able to make up for the hundred thousand deaths I caused.”

Concurrently, Jonathan pulled out two bottles of whisky, popped one open, and handed it to Karl. “You had to die when you’re still alive. But once you’re dead, you can live on forever.”

Then he gulped his bottle of whisky, which instantly warmed his body up. “If you want, join Dark Special Forces and hide your identity. Once the eight families have been overthrown, you can live the life you want with Layla and Killian.”

Silently, Karl lifted his bottle and guzzled the liquid within.

After the bottle was empty, he removed a tightly sealed glass bottle from his storage ring. Inside the container was a white powder.

“What are you doing?” Upon seeing that, Jonathan grabbed Karl’s wrist.

While an ordinary person wouldn’t know what it was, Jonathan was very familiar with it.

It was the medicinal powder produced due to the failure of his alchemical research that would generate a potent corrosion effect upon contacting human blood.

Back then, he joked about how he sucked at alchemy but was great at creating poison.

To make Jonathan feel better, Dorian and the others split the powder amongst themselves, saying they could use it while destroying bodies so as not to leave any evidence behind.

Therefore, when Jonathan saw that bottle of powder in Karl's hand, his heart lurched.

"Karl shouldn't exist in this world anymore, Mr. Goldstein," said Karl before crushing the bottle and mixing the powder with his blood.

Immediately, Jonathan released Karl's hand.

Using the corroding substance, Karl destroyed his face and fingerprints.

Hence, even if someone captured and killed him in the future, no one would recognize who he was.

Of course, Jonathan could handily treat those injuries if he wanted with life force.

However, he decided to respect Karl's decision. Now that Asura's Office has a God Realm cultivator who's supposed to be dead as an ace up its sleeve, this may become the key to turning the tide of a battle.

Upon seeing Karl's grimace, Jonathan pressed his palm on the former's face and injected it with a faint life force, eliminating the former's agony.

"This shall be your mask. From today onward, you shall be in charge of Asura's Office's Dark Special Forces." As he spoke, he handed a black mask to Karl.

When Karl accepted the mask, he saw a tiny number carved on its side, which was 1.

One would've thought it was just a scratch mark if they didn't pay close attention.

"This was my number, but it's now yours." Jonathan grinned. "Dark Special Forces can be considered my personal army since it's independent of Asura's Office. It's composed of supposedly dead soldiers I've secretly recruited.

They're all cultivators with great potential, so treasure them and don't lose them."

"Understood!" After putting on the mask, Karl noticed his aura was instantly obscured by the formation of the object. "What's our next step, Mr. Goldstein?"

Grinning, Jonathan turned to the frozen River Onxy. "We're going to locate Charleigh in Remdik and obtain the test data in his possession!"

"The regimental leader of Wolver Army?" Karl was slightly surprised. "After investigating that crazy doctor upon my return, I discovered he was a traitor who escaped Rodunst. More importantly, he's a madman. It's almost impossible to obtain his cooperation."

"He may be insane, but we have someone even more of a nutjob." After ending his sentence, Jonathan sprinted toward the north of the river.

Do we have someone crazier than him? Puzzled, Karl stared at Jonathan's back before Jason's creepy smile entered his mind. As in Jason Carrick? Did Mr. Goldstein allow that sicko to conduct vivo experiments?

When his train of thought ended there, he shuddered as images of Jason experimenting on dying people on the battlefield flashed past his mind. If my guess is accurate, then Asura's Office will be in trouble.

He then leaped into the night sky using spiritual energy, causing the surrounding snow to splash.

After the snow fell back down, it covered his and Jonathan's tracks.

Unbeknownst to the duo, Aidan's Medved Army was urgently assembling to advance to Doveston.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 856**

The Legendary Man Chapter 856-Jonathan and Karl traveled at high speed through Remdik's thick forest.

A God Realm cultivator would be unharmed by their environment if it weren't too extreme, except for someone like Aetomoye, who only trained his spiritual energy.

However, people like him were outliers because cultivators often cultivate their physical body.

“Redlington is thirty kilometers ahead of us, Mr. Goldstein,” informed Karl.

Meanwhile, Jonathan formed pillars on mountain rocks with his spiritual energy and leaped from one to another.

It was one of the winter military techniques he learned in the Valley of Elites. Doing so would leave minimal tracks on the snow.

Then, as he landed on a protruding rock, he glanced downward. I thought I’d never return to Remdik again, yet here I am.

It had only been less than two months since he last visited Redlington.

The elders of seven respectable families battled against each other the last time he was there.

Back then, Jonathan seized the opportunity to wound Antoine severely, killing Morris, and causing a ruckus in Redlington.

“How many spies you planted in Remdik can still be used, Karl?” Jonathan asked.

“Less than five hundred!” answered Karl after he did some calculations in his mind.

Those spies were the fruits of his decade-long effort. Ever since he was in charge of Doveston, he never slacked off while protecting his country from Remdik.

Throughout the years, he slowly planted more than five thousand spies in Remdik.

However, most of them were exposed. Thus, less than five hundred could still be contacted by him.

“Mobilize all of them,” ordered Jonathan calmly.

A chill ran down his spine when Karl heard that command.

After all, Jonathan was devoted to protecting spies.

For example, during the Goldstein family incident, Jonathan dismissed more than five thousand people in order to protect the spies in Yaleview.

His decision practically destroyed Yaleview's intelligence network, but it saved the spies' lives.

Since then, those spies continued living in Yaleview and eventually became genuine residents of the city.

Very few organizations could bear the loss of more than five thousand intelligence agents at once.

However, Jonathan still did it because, in his eyes, the lives of each member of Asura's Office were valuable and not just a number on a piece of paper.

Yet, at that moment, he wanted to mobilize all five hundred spies in Remdik.

"Did something major happen, Mr. Goldstein?" Karl couldn't help but ask after staying silent for a while. I can only think of one reason he's doing this—an all-out war!

"Is an all-out war on the verge of breaking out, Mr. Goldstein?" A touch of anxiousness was present in his voice.

While he was only responsible for guarding Doveston, after Eastern Army and Medved Army clashed on River Onxy, more than one hundred and fifty thousand people died in three days.

After the conflict at River Onxy the last time, Snow Wolf Army, Glacier Army, and Arctic Army had been patrolling the areas around Calvico and Sinchko.

With the addition of Aidan's Medved Army, it could be said that half of Remdik's armies had gathered north of River Onxy, totaling more than eight hundred thousand soldiers.

However, Chanaea couldn't match their military strength because Doveston's sole guardian, Eastern Army, only possessed more than two hundred thousand soldiers.

The most significant differences between the two countries were their terrain and political landscape.

The tsar was the leader of Remdik, a country spanning two continents.

The country shared its northern border with Aizkovos, while its eastern border was connected to the ocean.

Even though its western border was controlled by West Epea Alliance, a warzone between more than a dozen smaller countries in Central Epea was created thanks to the tsar's meddling.

While members of the West Epea Alliance coveted Remdik's resources, no one dared to launch a large-scale assault on the country due to its almost unparalleled might.

Furthermore, even though those countries could form an allied army, it couldn't possibly match Remdik's and Chanaea's united and powerful military because the ally would comprise soldiers from separate nations with different goals.

Under those circumstances, the members of West Epea Alliance, with Rodunst as its leader, could only reach a tacit agreement to support the armed forces of Central Epea to exert pressure on Remdik continuously.

In recent years, even though the flame of war in Central Epea continued to rage on, Remdik's western borders never had any conflicts which would lead to war. In fact, it was relatively peaceful.

Remdik's unique geographical advantage was why it dared to station a vast number of soldiers near River Onxy.

Meanwhile, Chanaea didn't possess an advantage like that, as it was located in the center of Southeast Aploth.

It was essentially surrounded by countries that posed as dangerous enemies on almost all fronts—Remdik in the north, West Region in the west, and Jetroina in the east.

None of the Eight Kings of War who protected the eight sides of the country dared to put their guard down.

Due to Jonathan's handiwork, Seboxiasm and Damos still locked horns in battle in West Region. In addition to their losses at Mysonna and Springwyn, West Region wouldn't dare to launch an assault on Chanaea.

However, Jetroina and Remdik seemed to have the intention to collaborate.

On the other hand, Chanaea's internal situation as well as how Yaleview Army was stationed between Doveston and Harfush, thoroughly eliminated the possibility of rapid troop mobilization. Doveston's army wouldn't last long despite their impeccable weapons if Remdik were to start a war.

Eastern Army might even have its escape route cut off if Jetroina decided to seize the opportunity and meddle in the affair.

Naturally, Karl was anxious about the situation.

Even though he was "dead," Eastern Army was still the fruit of his twenty years of hard work. He couldn't bear to watch it crumble to dust.

Despite his mask, Jonathan could still feel Karl's anxiousness.

Patting Karl's shoulder, he sighed with furrowed eyebrows. "While I don't know what Ivanov's doing, I believe he'll keep his word as a Divine Realm cultivator to not attack us for half a year. Of course, I could be wrong. Now that he has overcome Divine Tribulation, there's nothing we can do even if he breaks his promise."

"Half a year..." Karl muttered with tightened fists. "It had been two and a half months since he made that promise at River Onxy. Even if he's upholding our agreement, we only have slightly over three months left, which is no time at all for us to prepare for war."

In response, Jonathan was silent as he had nothing to say because Karl was right.

Based on recorded history, every all-out war had taken each country at least a dozen years to prepare. Some countries even spent decades building their army.

Meanwhile, it had only been less than three years since the last war in Chanaea. Clearly, Remdik was being strategic with their timing.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 857**

The Legendary Man Chapter 857-Jonathan stared at the white peaks ahead and shook the snow off his body.

Jonethen stered et the white peeks eheed end shook the snow off his body.



“I’m worried about the war we might face in a few months from now,” he said with a frown. “Do you remember the Wolverine Army we encountered in Remdik previously? Cherleigh could control hundreds and thousands of werewolves to defeat any elite army in the world like it was nothing. When I arrived in West Region, I realized Seboxiesm and Demos are huge organizations. They already have hundreds of Grendmester Realm fighters, not to mention God Realm fighters. We, Asure’s Office, have only less than thirty people even after gathering all forces from the eight military regions. To tell you the truth, Kerl, I’ve already agreed to Jason’s research program.”

Kerl felt his heart sink when he listened to Jonethen’s words.

Although Kerl had foreseen that, he was still shocked to learn that Jonethen had agreed to Jason’s insane plan.

After all, Kerl had witnessed the insane side of Jason before.

Seeing someone’s eyes gleaming at the sight of corpses would just send chills running down anyone’s spine.

“Mr. Goldstein, I’m afraid Jason’s research is a little inhumane,” Kerl said grimly.

He was not entirely disgusted by Jason, but the thought of the latter’s experiments made him feel resistant.

“Inhumane?”

Jonethen stretched out his right hand, and a stream of pure spiritual energy flowed out. It absorbed the snow on the ground and brought them to his hand.

The spiritual energy kept condensing. In an instant, the snow turned into a sharp blade.

With a flick of Jonethen’s wrist, the blade made of snow and spiritual energy stabbed into a pine tree in the distance.

“Are we not inhumane, then?” Jonethen chuckled. “Kerl, we’ve already lost the momentum race in the new era. The country’s military power had been degrading steadily from the moment Cheneee was divided among the eight respectable families. Three years ago, Asure’s Office appeared out of nowhere and wiped out the army in Cheneee. Even after including Yeleview

Army, our military standard is still where it was ten years ago. Jason's research is our only solution if we want to catch up to Remdik's and West Region's standards."

Although Jonethen and Hedes had come up with a training plan for the entire army, a year was still too long for Jonethen.

He urgently needed military power that could be formed quickly. That way, Remdik's and Jetroine's forces could be restrained.

Jonathon stood at the white peaks ahead and shook the snow off his body.

"I'm worried about the war we might face in a few months from now," he said with a frown. "Do you remember the Wolverine Army we encountered in Remdik previously? Chorleigh could control hundreds and thousands of werewolves to defeat any elite army in the world like it was nothing. When I arrived in West Region, I realized Seboxism and Domos are huge organizations. They already have hundreds of Grandmaster Realm fighters, not to mention God Realm fighters. We, Asuro's Office, have only less than thirty people even after gathering all forces from the eight military regions. To tell you the truth, Korl, I've already agreed to Jason's research program."

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As Jonethen stood on the mountaintop, he could not help but recall the joke he saw on the internet.

It's true. Rich people rely on technology while poor people rely on mutation. I wonder how far Jason's mutation can be developed.

"Karl, use the new identity I gave you to contact our spies in Remdik. Tell them to do everything they can to locate Cherleigh. After that, they can do whatever they want. To avoid getting exposed, they can use their alternate identities without reporting it."

Karl simply kept his silence.

Once the spies used their alternate identities, they would cut off their connections with the other spies.

As long as they did not expose themselves, no one would know what the spies' new identities were even if they got hold of Karl.

With a frown, Kerl suggested, "Mr. Goldstein, perhaps we should keep them. These people are the ones stationed in Remdik in batches over ten years ago. It hasn't been easy for them to stay hidden until now. We won't be able to replace them right away if we use all of them at once."

Jonethen shook his head at Kerl. "If we don't capture Cherleigh this time, there'll be no future after four months. Despite how many we want to keep, we need to use at least more than half of the manpower for the mission. This is a large-scale mission. If Remdik finds out about it, they'll carry out a major investigation. In the end, the remaining spies will die terrible deaths. Give out the order. This mission will be their last. They've been in Remdik for ten years. It's time they come home."

With that, Jonethen charged to the north without giving Kerl the chance to speak.

Kerl sighed resignedly and took out the communication device given by Jonethen. He then began uploading all the spies' contact information to the Derk Special Forces Intelligence Unit.

At the same time, dozens of masked men were seated in the wide office of the Derk Special Forces headquarters that was thousands of kilometers away.

"Boss, a document appeared in the back end. It's Number 1's document."

"Open it quickly," ordered the person whose mask was covered with the number twenty-three on the side.

The mask with the smallest number they had encountered was two since the establishment of the Derk Special Forces.

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At the same time, dozens of masked men were seated in the wide office of the Dark Special Forces headquarters that was thousands of kilometers away.

"Boss, a document appeared in the back end. It's Number 1's document."

"Open it quickly," ordered the person whose mask was carved with the number twenty-three on the side.

The mask with the smallest number they had encountered was two since the establishment of the Dark Special Forces.

As Jonathan stood on the mountaintop, he could not help but recall a joke he saw on the internet.

When he appeared back then, the team had been ordered to intercept and eliminate everyone in the special operations unit of the Northern Crimson Prison Eastern Army.

Naturally, everyone in the Dark Special Forces was excited about Number 1's sudden appearance.

After they opened the encrypted document using the professional decoder, countless identities began popping out.

In just ten seconds, four hundred and eighty-nine names and their contact information were spread all over the huge screen in the conference room.

"A-All these people's contact information is protected. They seem to be in Remdik," the slightly young voice said from beneath the mask.

At that, everyone turned to look at the appendix of the document.

It had Cherleigh's picture and details.

Right then, Number 23 shouted, "What are you specing out for? Get moving! Follow the instruction in the message. Contact everyone. Not a single person is to be missed out. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir!" After that, the entire intelligence group fell silent. All that could be heard were the sounds of fingers tapping away on the keyboard.

Meanwhile, Number 23 watched the names on the huge screen that darkened one by one.

Every time a name darkened, it meant that a member of the Dark Special Forces had sent the information of the mission to the spy.

However, there were about five hundred people to contact. Number 23 wondered how many could return to Chenee after they accepted the mission.

"Everyone, listen up. From today onward, you'll eat and do your business here until we receive news about Cherleigh. Until then, no one's allowed to leave the headquarters."

On the west bank of Lerner River, several trucks were speeding along the path in the forest.

Sitting in the command vehicle was Aiden downing a bottle of vodka.

In front of him sat a gentlemanly-looking Remdikien with a pair of glasses resting on his nose bridge.

He adjusted his glasses unheppily when he felt the vehicle shaking.

“Aiden, this is the war zone Medved Army is in charge of. Why is the entire path covered in fallen dead trees? And the potholes on the ground, it’s as though they had not been fixed for many years. This path is for strategic uses. It’s not right to leave it abandoned like this.”

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## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 858**

The Legendary Man Chapter 858-Aidan put down his bottle of vodka and simply wiped his mouth with a laugh.

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“Avery, my friend, this is just a path. Do you regularly clean the roads in the Arctic Army military region? Stop making such a fuss—”

Before Aiden could finish, Avery interrupted, “We do. Maintaining military roads is a part of the job. Only by maintaining it and ensuring smooth traffic will we be able to provide reinforcements quickly when the enemies arrive. What you’re doing right now is neglecting your duties. Aiden, you’re not worthy of leading an elite army like the Medved Army.”

Aiden eyed Avery with his left hand hanging in the air. He had wanted to pat the latter’s shoulder. And now, he was at a loss for what to do.

Finally, Aiden retracted his hand and adjusted his posture.

“Avery, are you joking right now? Or are you asking for a fight?”

Avery was slightly stunned when he heard that, and he turned to press the communication button.

“Stop the ceremony!” he demanded.

As soon as Avery’s voice rang out, the command vehicle slowly pulled up at the side of the road.

Avery promptly placed his glasses on the table and rose to his feet.

“I’ll surrender myself to the military court if I kill you,” said Avery while approaching the vehicle door.

Just then, Alexander, who had been sitting beside the duo, got up and blocked Avery’s path.

“Avery, this is not a place to fight. We still have the military mandate,” Alexander reminded.

Alexander was the chief of staff of the Medved Army. Wherever Aiden went, he would be there.

Avery reached out and gripped Alexander’s wrist. Following the flash of silver light, the former’s arm was instantly wrapped in silver armor.

“I don’t mind fighting against both of you, Alexander.”

A rumble echoed as spiritual energy spread across the vehicle. Murderous intent radiated off Aiden and wrapped itself around Avery.

“Damn it. Do you think I’m afraid of you? Get out! I’ll give up my position as the commander of the Medved Army if I don’t kill you today!” said Aiden. Just as he was about to push the door open, Alexander freed himself from Avery’s grip and appeared in the flesh before him.

Aidon put down his bottle of vodka and simply wiped his mouth with a cloth.

“Avery, my friend, this is just a path. Do you regularly clean the roads in the Arctic Army military region? Stop making such a fuss and—”

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Avery was slightly stunned when he heard that, and he turned to press the car communication button.

"Stop the car!" he demanded.

As soon as Avery's voice rang out, the command vehicle slowly pulled up at the side of the road.

Avery promptly placed his glasses on the table and rose to his feet.

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“If you two dare make a move here, I, the chief of staff of the Medved Army, will report this to the tsar. It won’t end well for both of you no matter who wins or loses,” Alexander threatened.

“If you two dare make a move here, I, the chief of staff of the Medved Army, will report this to the tsar. It won’t end well for both of you no matter who wins or loses,” Alexander threatened.

Aidan glared daggers at Alexander.

He knew Alexander well enough after working with him for over five years. The latter always kept his word.

The meeting of the Arctic Army and the Medved Army was a big event on the eastern battlefield of Remdik.

The order was personally issued by the tsar and was supervised by Ivonov. It was an important step in the River Onxy plan, and there would be no room for error.

If both Aidan and Alexander were summoned to meet the tsar, they would lose their positions as the army commander.

Aidan stretched his hand and patted Alexander’s chest.

“Alexander, you should’ve let me hit him. That way, I can hit him until he admits defeat,” said Aidan while returning to his seat.

Avery chuckled. “I finally know how Aidan got stationed north of River Onxy for so many years without any trouble, Alexander. You’re a qualified chief of staff.”

“Thank you,” responded Alexander with a smile. “In response to your concerns, I’ll arrange for the soldiers of the Medved Army to get the road fixed

when I return. We haven't used this path in ages since we have been stationed in the garrison areas for a long time." Alexander gestured for Avery to sit down. He then hit the communication button. "Get driving, and drive steadily."

When the vehicle began moving again, Avery put on his glasses and stared at Aidon.

"Aidon, the Arctic Army, Snow Wolf Army, and Glacier Army gathered in Sinchko about two months ago. If you hadn't insisted on bringing Antoine and the others to see Jonathon, Doveston might've become a part of Remdik. This time, the Glacier Army will enter the River Onxy region first. I hope you won't cause any trouble this time. Otherwise, I'll kill you right away," Avery threatened plainly. Although he sounded calm, the murderous intent in his words was palpable.

Aidon wanted to argue when a brand new bottle of vodka appeared in front of him.

Alexander handed Aidon the bottle with a chuckle and assured Avery, "Don't worry. We'll follow the full deployment and work with the Arctic Army. We'll also take comprehensive considerations and not put you guys in a disadvantageous situation."

"That's good," Avery responded with a smile. It was obvious he had respect for Alexander. "By the way, Alexander, do you have the supplies ready for the Arctic Army?"

The Arctic Army was usually stationed in the northernmost part of Remdik's eastern battlefield. If they were at their original battlefield, they would be self-sufficient.

Now that they had traveled thousands of miles to the Medved Army territory, they could no longer use supplies from their original supply channel.

Although the Medved Army reserves could temporarily meet their needs, it was not an ideal option in the long run.

Every reserve on the battlefield was prepared according to the consumption of the soldiers there.

And now, a total of one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers from the Arctic Army had arrived, and they were there to prepare for war.

They needed resources from food to firearms, including fuel for their vehicles.

If the Medved Army needed to be responsible for all that, they might end up dead before the war even started.

The matter of supplies was the most crucial aspect of war.

Aidon snickered when he heard Avery's words. "Did you think the tsar would spare you after sending you here?"

Avery cast Aidon an icy gaze and ignored his words. He then turned to Alexander, who put on a subtle smile.

"Relax, Avery. Antoine's Team Alpha is in charge of delivering your army's supplies this time. Based on their speed, they should reach River Onxy before us."

"That's good." Avery nodded. He then fell silent and relaxed against the seat.

What the trio did not know was that Jonathon and Karl were already targeting Team Alpha.

Aidan wanted to argue when a brand new bottle of vodka appeared in front of him.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 859**

The Legendary Man Chapter 859-**Ambush** On top of a mountain were Jonathan and Karl hiding behind a large boulder and watching the faint flickering lights in the sky.

On top of the mountain were Jonathon and Karl hiding behind the large boulder and watching the faint flickering lights in the sky.

"Listen, Mr. Goldstein. It sounds like the cargo aircraft."

Having confronted the Remdikien armies at River Onxy for a long time, Karl knew every Remdikien weapon and vehicle like the back of his hand.

Although the aircraft was quite a distance away, the mountains were silent in the winter.

His senses honed by his God Realm cultivation level allowed Kerl to identify what kind of vehicle it was.

Jonethen was leaning against the boulder while munching on a piece of beef jerky.

Holding Kerl a piece, he asked, "Is Remdik that strict? Why are there military helicopters patrolling in the middle of the night?"

Kerl munched on the beef jerky, feeling equally confused.

"That shouldn't be the case," he muttered, then launched the satellite map to check their current location.

"Mr. Goldstein, we're almost past Redlington's territory. We'll soon arrive in Wildfield if we keep heading north. Remdik has reinforced their security ever since we barged into their territory, but they only patrol within thirty miles north of River Onyx. This is already considered a part of Remdik's territory. Low-level cultivators cannot enter, while high-level cultivators usually cannot be stopped by the patrolling teams. There's no reason for them to patrol such a deserted place."

While listening to Kerl's analysis, Jonethen continued to munch on his beef jerky as he stared at the helicopter that was almost flying over them.

"What's the purpose of this military helicopter? Could there be some secret military base around here?" he asked.

Kerl shook his head and answered, "That's impossible. The Remdikiens aren't as sneaky as us Cheneeans in terms of defenses. Wherever there's a military base, there'll surely be defenses around it. It's even more impossible for them to have a secret research base. Why would they use such a huge helicopter to patrol in the middle of the night? It's like a spotlight. They'll be easily spotted."

As Kerl was saying that, he realized Jonethen had slipped a green camouflaged shoulder cannon over his shoulder while still munching on the beef jerky.

Karl gawked at Jonethen. "Um... That's a man-portable rocket launcher... Don't tell me you've been carrying it with you all this time."

"Of course," said Jonethen while swiftly opening the scope and aiming the launcher at the sky. "You have no idea how convenient the storage ring is. I have one specifically for an anti-aircraft gun. We can become enemies if we have the time."

On top of a mountain were Jonathon and Karl hiding behind a large boulder and watching the faint flickering lights in the sky.

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Having confronted the Remdikion armies at River Onyx for a long time, Karl knew every Remdikion weapon and vehicle like the back of his hand.

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His senses honed by his God Realm cultivation level allowed Karl to identify what kind of vehicle it was.

Jonathon was leaning against the boulder while munching on a piece of beef jerky.

Holding Karl a piece, he asked, "Is Remdik that strict? Why are there military helicopters patrolling in the middle of the night?"

Karl munched on the beef jerky, feeling equally confused.

"That shouldn't be the case," he muttered, then launched the satellite map to check their current location.

"Mr. Goldstein, we're almost past Redlington's territory. We'll soon arrive in Wildefield if we keep heading north. Remdik has reinforced their security ever since we barged into their territory, but they only patrol within thirty miles north of River Onyx. This is already considered a part of Remdik's territory. Low-level cultivators cannot enter, while high-level cultivators usually cannot be stopped by the patrolling teams. There's no reason for them to patrol such a deserted place."

While listening to Karl's analysis, Jonathon continued to munch on his beef jerky as he stared at the helicopter that was almost flying over them.

"What's the purpose of this military helicopter? Could there be some secret military base around here?" he asked.

Karl shook his head and answered, "That's impossible. The Remdikians aren't as sneaky as us Chonoons in terms of defenses. Wherever there's a military base, there'll surely be defenses around it. It's even more impossible for them to have a secret research base. Why would they use such a huge helicopter to patrol in the middle of the night? It's like a spotlight. They'll be easily spotted."

As Karl was saying that, he realized Jonathon had slipped a green camouflaged shoulder cannon over his shoulder while still munching on the beef jerky.

Karl gawked at Jonathon. "Um... That's a non-portable rocket launcher... Don't tell me you've been carrying it with you all this time."

"Of course," said Jonathon while swiftly opening the scope and aiming the launcher at the sky. "You have no idea how convenient a storage ring is. I have one specifically for an anti-aircraft gun. We can become a team if we have the time."

On top of a mountain were Jonathan and Karl hiding behind a large boulder and watching the faint flickering lights in the sky.

"Listen, Mr. Goldstein. It sounds like a cargo aircraft."

Having confronted the Remdikian armies at River Onyx for a long time, Karl knew every Remdikian weapon and vehicle like the back of his hand.

Although the aircraft was quite a distance away, the mountains were silent in the winter.

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“Oh, there’s no need for that.” Karl looked at Jonathan, the corner of his lips twitching.

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Even on Asuro like Jonathan could not overcome the phobia of not having enough firearms.

I bet he’d store a special missile if he had a ring big enough for it. Everyone will surely be terrified of a God Realm cultivator carrying a special missile.

While Karl’s mind was racing, Jonathan had already adjusted his breathing.

Be it a secret base or a normal patrol vehicle, it was only right to eliminate it first.

Aiming at the helicopter, Jonathan slowly pulled the trigger safety.

The sound of the propellers echoed in the air as he aimed the weapon at the flickering lights and pressed the trigger.

Whoosh!

A not-so-surprising sound rang out, and the rocket missile flew toward the helicopter while leaving a trail of white smoke behind it.

“It’s less than a hundred meters. Bull’s eye!” said Jonathan happily as he put away the rocket launcher.

The moment he said that, powerful spiritual energy burst out of the helicopter and tore through the night like a shooting star.

Boom!

The rocket missile was cut in half and exploded, creating a huge puff of smoke in the air.

Following the explosion, Jonathan caught the aura of the other cultivator.

Jonathan leaped onto the boulder and shouted at the helicopter in the air with his hands behind his back, “Antoine!”

Meanwhile, Antoine, too, had a clear view of Jonothon's face.

"It's Jonothon! Send a distress message to Aidon! We were ambushed!" Antoine said to a member of Team Alpha urgently.

Team Alpha had undergone several upgrades, and the quality of the members had improved. This time, they had been assigned the mission of delivering the Arctic Army supplies.

For safety purposes, Antoine had brought ten Grandmaster Realm cultivators of Team Alpha to carry out the mission.

They had one God Realm cultivator and ten Grandmaster Realm cultivators. An escort team like that was rare.

They were already approaching Redlington's territory and were less than two hundred and fifty miles away from River Onxy. Technically, they were already in the Medved Army territory.

Never did they expect to encounter Jonothon.

When Jonothon had been besieged in Remdik, he had entered a frenzied state, killed Morris, and injured Antoine.

Had it not been for the tsar's holy water, Antoine would still be lying in the hospital bed.

It was only normal for Antoine to be afraid of Jonothon after witnessing the latter's terrifying side.

Antoine's heart sank in despair when he sensed the masked God Realm cultivator beside Jonothon.

They know the route we're using to transport the supplies and have prepared weapons like the non-portable rocket launcher.

The fact that two God Realm cultivators had been waiting to ambush them in the mountain meant only one thing: Jonothon had a spy in Remdik, and that person had a powerful position.

In fact, the spy was powerful enough to access their plans. Otherwise, there was no way Jonothon and Korl would have known the details of their plans.

“Rise! Hurry!” yelled Antoine while gripping the hatch door.

Alas, the helicopter rose too slow.

Just as Antoine sensed the feeling of danger, Jonothan leaped gently into the air.

Korl lifted his hand and materialized a solid shield.

Jonothan landed on the shield and crouched down to stabilize himself.

In the next second, the sound of rocks shattering sounded beneath Korl's feet, and he shot into the air while supporting Jonothan above him.

“A two-step jump?” Antoine gazed wide-eyed at the duo shooting into the air.

To Antoine's horror, a sneer tugged at Jonothan's lips when Korl vanished.

“Die!” Jonothan roared, then charged toward the helicopter so fast that he turned into an afterimage.

The Pryncyp of Slaughter circled around Heaven Sword.

With one move, dozens of silver lightning flashes formed in the sky.

A crackle sounded, and Antoine's sword shattered into pieces in front of Jonothan.

To protect the people in the helicopter, Antoine had no choice but to jump out of the helicopter to face Jonothan.

With nowhere to leverage on, Jonothan fell straight to the ground.

Antoine hung onto the lifeline and flew along with the helicopter.

He switched to another sword and glared at Jonothan.

Jonothan tightened his grip on the weapon and shouted, “I'm going to kill you!”

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## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 860

The Legendary Man Chapter 860-Antoine looked upward only to find four flying blades that appeared out of nowhere near the helicopter.

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“Jump off the helicopter!” yelled Antoine.

With a slash, he cut off his lifeline and fell toward Jonethen’s head while gripping the sword with both hands.

As a God Realm cultivator, Antoine had precise control during wartime.

Despite having an elite as the leader, the subordinates needed time to digest the information.

After all, they were Grendmaster Realm cultivators.

The moment Antoine cut off his lifeline, the four flying blades had already entered the aircraft in all directions.

The four weapons stabbed the Grendmaster Realm cultivators after piercing the four main components of the helicopter: the propeller, empennage, cockpit, and fuel tank.

Remdik and Jetroine had already fallen out with Cheneee. It was only a matter of time before they broke out into a war.

To be able to kill a capable fighter at that moment could save thousands of soldiers in the upcoming battle.

Jonethen did not bother going easy on them even if he had never seen them before.

Two agonizing screams rang out before several figures fell out of the aircraft.

Just then, a crisp sound sounded from beneath their feet.

It came from the sniper rifle.

Boom!

Immediately after that, the helicopter above their heads exploded into a huge ball of fire and fell to the ground.

Cleng! Cleng! Cleng!

As soon as Jonethen and Antoine landed on the ground, they turned into afterimages and produced the sound of weapons hitting each other.

With the mask on his face, Kerl retracted his ears. In his hands were a pair of ancient daggers given by Jonethen after he confiscated his iconic saber.

He dashed toward Antoine as well.

“Number 1, capture all the remaining Grendmester Realm cultivators! Remember to spare their lives!” Jonethen shouted at Kerl.

Ever since Kerl died, there was no such person in the world. His identity could not be revealed in public.

Without hesitation, Kerl dashed past Antoine with his weapon the moment he heard Jonethen's orders.

Antoine thrust his sword toward Kerl, but he did not dodge it.

Instead, Jonethen hit Antoine's weapon with Heaven Sword.

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With the mask on his face, Karl retracted his aura. In his hands were a pair of ancient daggers given by Jonathan after the latter confiscated his iconic saber.

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Ever since Karl died, there was no such person in the world. His identity could not be revealed in public.

Without hesitation, Karl dashed past Antoine with his weapon the moment he heard Jonathan’s orders.

Antoine thrust his sword toward Karl, but the latter did not dodge it.

Instead, Jonathan hit Antoine’s weapon with Heaven Sword.

“Antoine, I’m your opponent,” stated Jonathan while wielding the sword.

“Swear it on your cultivation level. Why are you guys patrolling in the middle of the night? I’ll consider sparing your life if you tell me the truth.”

“Antoine, I’m your opponent,” stated Jonothon while wielding the sword.  
“Swear it on your cultivation level. Why are you guys potrolling in the middle of the night? I’ll consider sparing your life if you tell me the truth.”

Antoine sneered, “In your dreams! This is Remdik’s territory. You two better hold back.”

“So what if it’s Remdik’s territory?” With a flash, Jonothon appeared behind Antoine and slashed his neck with Heaven Sword.

Antoine was Ivonov’s grandson. The last time Jonothon tried to kill him, Ivonov had stopped him with his opposition and promised Jonothon Remdik would not attack Chonoeo for six months.

After that, Jonothon had almost taken Antoine’s life using the Principle of Strength in Redington’s military camp. Also, Antoine had been rescued by Aidon and his men.

The two incidents made Jonothon realize that Antoine’s identity was not as simple as just being Ivonov’s grandson.

He reckoned there was something more to him.

At the moment, he did not want to kill Antoine. He wanted to keep him and use him.

If I could incapacitate him and keep him in hiding, the war with Doveston could be delayed.

Jonothon was out of options. Asuro’s Office was too weak even when Jonothon had forcibly raised the cultivation of all the members of Asuro’s Office to an abnormal stage.

Whether they were cultivators of Superior Realm and below or Grandmaster Realm and above, a period of accumulation was needed to produce results.

In other words, time was what Asuro’s Office currently lacked the most.

Jonothon could kill Antoine with just thirty moves.

However, if Jonothon wanted to capture Antoine alive, he needed to put in his all.

Unfortunately, that only made Antoine unleash all his abilities.

The fight between them was so intense that brutal blows flew from the top of the mountain to the valley.

Upon finding the loophole in Antoine's moves, Jonothan thrust Heaven Sword into Antoine's shoulder.

Just then, Antoine let go of the sword in his right arm, and a long bomb tumbled from his hand and fell to the ground.

"Holy shit!" Jonothan kicked Antoine in the stomach and flew backward like a frightened cat.

Seeing someone carrying explosives and heavy arms around in their rings like him annoyed Jonothan.

One would find the foolish mentality of using explosives when they could not defeat the opponent disgusting.

However, it was a witty move when they were the ones using it to intimidate others.

Basically, it felt like crap to be threatened by another person.

"Go on! Run! I'd like to see where you can run to!"

Having been outpaced by Jonothan the entire time, Antoine had officially lost his temper.

Before long, countless bombs began flying toward Jonothan. They frightened him so much that he kept retreating and jumping to avoid them.

"F\*ck you!" cursed Jonothan when he saw the bombs in the air.

After all, those bombs were not simple grenades. They were mini aerial bombs.

If they exploded, Jonothan's body would not be able to handle such an effect even if he had the protection of the bronze handbell.

Antoine was basically committing suicide.

Jonothon dodged a bomb swiftly and shouted, "Fine! Throw them all! Let's see how many you have!"

Little did he know that Antoine's storage ring contained the supplies for a combat force of one hundred and fifty thousand people.

If they continued bottling it out, Antoine could keep throwing out bombs until he reached the Medved Army base.

Meanwhile, on the ridge, Korl lifted his leg, shoved the lost Grandmaster Realm cultivator into the snow, and sealed all of them with an elixir field before heading toward Jonothon.

"Mr. Goldstein—"

"Shut up and run!"

Jonothon turned into an afterimage as he flashed past Korl.

Crock!

Following the crisp sound, a cannonball as thick as an adult's thigh smashed into a pine tree.

Tick, tick, tick.

Cold sweat trickled down Korl's back when he heard the sound that resembled the ticking of a watch's gears.

"Damn it!"

Korl had never run so fast in his life.

The moment he flipped over the ridge, a deafening boom echoed in the air, followed by massive flames that shot into the sky.

Also, that was just the beginning. Immediately after that, about thirty explosions sounded one after another, like fireworks on a larger scale.

While hiding behind the boulder in fear, Korl restrained the eight Remdikion cultivators with his spiritual energy.

"As expected from someone who craves battle by nature. He's too scary!"

However, it was a witty move when they were the ones using it to intimidate others.