

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 891

The Legendary Man Chapter 891-“Everett! Run!”

It only took Winston a moment of pondering to guess what Joshua was intending to do despite the fact that the former was trapped in the blizzard and faced with the siege of more than a dozen Grandmaster Realm spirit warriors.

Unfortunately, he had underestimated Joshua’s Hailstorm Fan.

Even though Winston had used his spiritual energy to amplify his voice, it was still swallowed by the howling blizzard and couldn’t reach Everett, who wasn’t in the valley.

On the other side of the ridge, Everett, who had lost an arm, still managed to subdue Hayden, the rising star, with his remaining left arm. Though Everett wasn’t renowned, he was, after all, a God Realm elite who had accumulated extensive battle experience over the years.

Hayden, on the other hand, was exasperated.

The Zink family had initially been a subsidiary of the Osborne family, and the Zinks’ exceptional cultivation talent granted them access to special training.

Initially, the Zink family was grateful to the Osborne family and worked hard to become one of The Untouchables like the Osborne family.

However, as the saying went, the taller trees in the woods tended to get destroyed by the wind. Hence, the more outstanding one was, the more one would be subjected to attacks.

The Zink family gave their all to support the Osborne family diligently, especially during the families’ combined attack on the Whitley family ten years ago.

The God Realm cultivators of the Zink family had demonstrated impressive combat power, seeking to repay their gratitude toward the Osborne family.

Intimidated by the Zink family’s capability, the Osborne family began devising ways to suppress their development, fearing their exponential growth and exceptional prowess.

They even assigned perilous missions to the Zink family without regard for their safety.

The Zink family soon realized that collaborating with the Osborne family was tantamount to playing with fire.

From that point onward, the Zink family began holding back secretly, hiding their power. When Hayden achieved a breakthrough, they chose a secluded and unknown location, concealing the news deliberately.

Instead of feeling jubilated after his successful breakthrough, the Zink family grew increasingly wary.

Although Hayden had become a God Realm cultivator and attained formidable prowess, he never dared to release his spiritual energy or use his power as a God Realm cultivator in battle because he had to hide this trump card from the Osborne family. His abilities were constantly suppressed.

That was why he enjoyed using firearms although he was a God Realm cultivator.

His lack of combat experience resulted in his failing to gain an edge over Everett, who was missing an arm.

Meanwhile, Joshua soared through the air over the ridge and charged straight at Everett.

“Joshua?”

“Winston!”

Both Hayden and Everett shouted in surprise at the same time.

One was filled with delight, while the other was filled with sorrow.

The fact that Joshua appeared so nonchalantly meant that Winston’s situation was most probably dire.

“You’ll pay for Winston’s life!”

Everett’s aura remained as powerful as ever although he only had one arm left.

Upon seeing Joshua, he swung his axe directly at the former with a terrifying whoosh.

Joshua swiftly dodged the attack, and his Formation Crusher transformed into a streak of light, striking the back of Everett's neck.

Clang!

Following a loud metallic clash, Everett's body crashed into the slope below like a cannonball.

"Armor?" Joshua landed on a distant boulder, his gaze filled with solemnness.

Meanwhile, Hayden was crouching on the ridge above. Though reluctant, he was forced to acknowledge the gap between his strength and that of Joshua and the rest.

As a God Realm cultivator, he could undoubtedly defeat any Grandmaster Realm opponent.

However, he was likely at the bottom of the ladder compared to other God Realm cultivators.

After all, the people before his eyes were the ones who survived the great battle with the Whitley family ten years ago. They were true tough fighters!

However, doubts and suspicions arose unbidden within Hayden when his train of thought ended there.

Since Joshua could have killed me anytime, why did he let me follow him all the way to Doveston?

A vague, ominous feeling assailed Hayden at that moment.

His grandpa wanted him to save Joshua in hopes of finding a way for the Zink family to be freed from the Osborne family's control.

However, now it appeared that even if Hayden really helped Joshua find the so-called ancestral land, he still might not be able to escape the fate of being a pawn.

The only difference this time was that the controller of the pawn had changed from the Osborne family to Joshua!

Is there truly no way out for the Zink family?

As the snowy fog dissipated on the hill, the figure of Everett, who was holding an axe, gradually appeared before the two.

Everett's clothes had completely vanished at this point and were replaced by crimson close-fitting soft armor.

The soft armor was like a vest made from unknown metal. It shimmered brilliantly and exuded an overwhelming baleful aura even from a distance.

"You..." Joshua was alarmed by the intense fluctuations of spiritual energy that Everett was emitting.

The waves of air surrounding Everett were distorted as if scorching flames were burning.

The phenomenon wasn't due to high temperatures but rather the visualization of the dissipating spiritual energy.

That indicated that the spiritual energy within Everett was currently at its peak.

His spiritual energy was surging so fast that even his meridians couldn't bear it. To prevent his body from exploding, he had to release his spiritual energy through his flesh and blood.

Of course, such a method was tantamount to suicide.

The intense impact would severely damage the wielder's meridians, including his energy field.

Even if he stopped using that method right away, he would still have to spend at least a year and a half in bed recuperating.

In the worst-case scenario, Everett might even die on the spot due to the disintegration of his meridians.

It would appear that Everett was determined to fight to the death.

"Joshua, you won't get away today," Everett whispered.

As soon as he finished his sentence, Everett's axe had already appeared in front of Joshua without warning. It was swift and instantaneous.

Clang!

Both weapons collided with force.

Upon contact, the immense impact sent Joshua flying backward.

However, Everett wasn't intending on letting Joshua go just like that. He stomped his foot hard, causing the rocks in the vicinity to explode.

Joshua's expression changed drastically, and his spiritual energy rushed toward Formation Crusher. He then swung the ruler forcefully behind him.

"Within Reach!"

A black line was drawn out in the air, and Joshua spat out a mouthful of blood.

Everett's axe came chopping down on his forehead, aiming for the spot between his brows.

The black thin line resembled a rip in the darkness, effortlessly transforming into a thin black membrane before Joshua.

Everett's axe struck the membrane and was surprisingly engulfed by it.

The next moment, Everett's figure reappeared dozens of meters away.

The incredibly sharp axe, carrying unparalleled power, split a giant ancient tree into two.

"Is this... the power of Pryncyp?"

A distance away, Hayden stared at Joshua, overwhelmed by astonishment.

Even Everett, whose axe had missed its mark, was shocked.

If Joshua possessed the power of Pryncyp, there was no way Everett could win against him.

However, only Joshua knew that if the fight didn't end soon, he might collapse before Everett met his end.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 892-Troop Summoner could summon warriors using spiritual energy.

Hailstorm Fan could form clouds.

Formation Crusher could trespass against the various laws of nature.

These were the rumored capabilities of the Whitley family's three legendary spiritual treasures.

However, if that was all, the eight respectable families wouldn't have spent ten years sparing no effort to search for them.

The main reason that the eight respectable families were able to gain their foothold was their Divine Realm cultivators.

They would not covet the three spiritual treasures if that was all the treasures were capable of.

Take Formation Crusher, for example, defying the laws of nature and breaking through restrictions was merely its most basic capability and not its true effect. It was similar to how all the other magical items were extremely sturdy; it was merely a basic condition.

The thin black membrane that manifested just now was merely the tip of the iceberg of its immense power.

The membrane was an arcane array that was formed by borrowing the power of Heavenly Pryncyp which could instantly teleport people dozens of meters away.

However, even such borrowed power was absolutely beyond the reach of a middle phase God Realm cultivator like Joshua.

Back when the Whitley family's elder handed him the items, the former had warned him that he should never use the three items recklessly unless he mastered Pryncyp and had reached the advanced phase of God Realm.

Joshua forcibly activated the true power of Formation Crusher to dodge Everett's axe, resulting in serious internal injuries.

He calculated inwardly as he sensed the exhaustion that inundated him and concluded that his spiritual energy and vitality would be completely drained if he used it three more times.

Although he wouldn't necessarily die, he would be in such a weakened state that any Superior Realm cultivator could kill him with ease, not to mention Everett.

Looks like I have to take action first!

Bang!

Before Joshua could turn his thoughts into actions, a gunshot rang out above the ridge. Hayden had fired another shot.

Everett's figure shifted slightly, and the bullet hit his soft armor squarely.

The old man stumbled, but he wasn't injured at all. The defensive power of his armor was simply terrifying.

Stretching his back muscles, Everett fixed his icy gaze on Hayden as he shouted, "Just you wait, you jerk! After I kill Joshua, it's your turn!"

"What a show-off!" Hayden put away his sniper rifle and charged directly at Everett while brandishing a sword.

Joshua, on the other hand, seemed to have sensed something too. His expression changed, and he barreled toward Everett as he wielded Formation Crusher.

All three of them were God Realm cultivators. Even Hayden, who was relatively the weakest, was not to be underestimated. He was not inferior to anyone present in terms of spiritual energy or physical strength.

Three afterimages collided repeatedly on the hillside, and the dispersing spiritual energy destroyed the surrounding forest like the sharpest of blades.

"Cut off his legs!" Joshua shouted to Hayden.

Everett, having forcibly enhanced his cultivation level through secret techniques, had the upper hand in terms of power and reaction speed.

Besides, his soft armor made it difficult for their lethal attacks to take effect.

Instead, they were barely able to avoid being injured themselves.

Feeling the fluctuations from Troop Summoner, Joshua got eager and aimed for Everett's head.

Left without a way to dodge, Everett quickly defended himself with his axe.

He deftly kicked the hilt of Hayden's knife with his left leg before curling his body and charging forward, colliding with Hayden's chest.

After all, one should always pick on those who were weaker.

Since Everett knew he couldn't defeat Hayden and Joshua's combined attacks no matter how formidable he was, he aimed to eliminate Hayden first. That way, he would be unbeatable.

Following a muffled grunt, Hayden's body was sent flying.

Behind Everett, Formation Crusher came slashing at his neck with great force.

"Too slow!" Everett roared.

Retracting his axe, he quickly used it to parry Formation Crusher's incoming attack.

Joshua lost his balance and almost collided with the sharp edge of the axe.

At that moment, however, another black line emerged at the tip of Formation Crusher.

Joshua gritted his bloodstained teeth and whispered, "Imprisonment!"

Everett turned and tried to dodge but found himself crashing into an invisible barrier.

He reached out and felt the invisible walls surrounding him.

Realizing he had fallen into a trap, Everett raised his axe and smashed it against the barrier.

A black mist rose from Formation Crusher, pulsing with each strike of Everett's axe as if it were alive.

“Joshua, let me out if you dare!” Everett yelled.

“Let you out?” Joshua wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. “I went through all this trouble to trap you, and you want me to let you out? Have you lost your mind?”

Hayden reappeared at Joshua’s side, rubbing his injured chest.

From their lofty vantage point, they could see the full picture of the terrain around Everett.

At some point, the hillside had been covered with intricate patterns.

Looking at Formation Crusher in Joshua’s hand, Hayden remained silent.

Though he only realized it now, he could tell that Joshua had been setting up a trap using Formation Crusher amidst the battle. His moves weren’t simply aiming to kill.

In the battle that lasted less than a minute, Joshua managed to lay out a trap formation that spanned several meters.

He has such meticulous thinking that it’s scary.

“D*mn you, Joshua! Watch me break your f*cking trap!” Everett roared and continued chopping at the invisible walls.

Meanwhile, Joshua slowly approached the trap’s center, holding Formation Crusher.

“Everett, battles between cultivators aren’t just about brute force. You need to use your brain,” Joshua said with a slight smile as he stood before Everett. “I’ve won this round, so now you must die.”

“Nonsense!” Everett sneered. “You think I don’t understand trap formations? Sure, they can seal and trap people, but that’s it. If you come in and kill me, the trap will break.”

“Oh, Everett.” Joshua interrupted, raising his Formation Crusher. “Do you know why this thing is called Formation Crusher?”

Formation Crusher floated from Joshua’s hand, constantly emanating dark mist.

At that moment, a stone tablet flew over the ridge.

“Joshua, stop! I agree to all your conditions!” Following Winston’s roar, Formation Crusher transformed into a streak of light that pierced through Everett’s soft armor.

“I can break the formation on your armor too!” Joshua stepped back, and at the same time, the stone tablet crashed next to Everett, shattering the surrounding trap formation.

Holding his billhook, Winston hugged Everett, who was now coughing up blood. His eyes were bloodshot with rage.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 893-“Everett!” Winston screamed.

Ever since the battle with the Whitley family, the Eight Great Families had yet to participate in such a large-scale battle.

Despite their occasional disputes, they managed to keep it within the Grandmaster Realm. As for the God Realm cultivators, they stayed out of it on purpose.

Even if they decided to get involved, it was only to smooth things over and nothing more.

Ten years of peaceful life had created a false illusion for Winston and the others.

They had a misconception that their buddies, who had been with them for decades, would never die.

Yet, at present, Everett’s life was swiftly ebbing away from his body.

The arteries of his heart had been pierced through. Everett would surely meet his end without Jonathan’s medicine.

“Winston...”

Everett was kneeling on the ground, and his body was trembling badly. He wanted to grab hold of Winston, but he did not even have the strength to do so.

At that moment, Winston could not be bothered to attack Joshua. He pressed on Everett's wound with both hands before calling out, "Mr. Quintus! Hurry! Everett can't hold on any longer!"

Initially, Joshua intended to use the opportunity to get rid of Winston as well, but he was taken aback after hearing Winston's words.

Quintus was none other than the true patriarch of the Leeson family.

He was a Divine Realm cultivator, and there was no way Joshua could afford to offend him.

Although he was not sure if Winston was really summoning Quintus or not, he would not take the chance. By the time he could sense Quintus' spiritual energy, it would be too late for him.

"Let's go."

Without any further hesitation, Joshua kept his Formation Crusher, turned around, and ran down the hill.

After a moment of hesitation, Hayden also followed suit.

Around ten minutes after the two men left, a terrifying spiritual energy came from afar.

In a matter of seconds, that spiritual energy rushed forth to Winston from the sky.

A figure was seen descending from above, and it landed so lightly next to Winston that it did not even stir up the snow.

Quintus got down next to Winston and reached out to touch Everett.

"Mr. Quintus, please save Everett!" begged Winston with a shaky voice.

While waiting for Quintus to arrive, Winston had been using his spiritual energy to stop the bleeding for Everett. Even so, that did nothing, and he could only watch as Everett slowly slipped away.

There was a determined look in Quintus' eyes. He used the spiritual energy in his hands to envelop Everett's heart. Later on, the spiritual energy replaced his heart and formed a spherical spiritual energy ball.

The spiritual energy ball began to contract and expand under Quintus' control. Soon, the color returned to Everett's face.

"Mr. Quintus..." Everett called out weakly as he looked at Quintus.

Quintus smiled and patted Everett's shoulder.

"Everett, if you have any unfulfilled wishes, tell me, and I'll make sure to fulfill them for you!"

When Winston heard what Quintus said, the flames of hope that rekindled within him were once again extinguished.

Everett, who was kneeling on the ground, knew his own condition better than anyone. Grinning, he slowly parted his lips to leave his last words.

"Mr. Quintus, please tell my wife that I have left some money hidden on the beam... Also, my son isn't allowed to learn martial arts... He must... study hard..."

After leaving those last words, his body shuddered, and he breathed his last.

"Everett!" Winston cried out in sorrow.

Several figures flew over the ridge and landed in front of Winston. All eight of them were God Realm cultivators.

All eight of them clenched their fists upon seeing the deceased Everett.

"Uncle Winston, where is the attacker?" asked a young man in roguish attire.

Winston stood up and looked at his nephew.

"Kenneth, you are the youngest here. Carry Uncle Everett back and hold a decent funeral for him."

Kenneth Leeson spat out his chewing gum, got down, and carried Everett's body on his shoulders without uttering another word.

He then used his spiritual energy to form an invisible strap to secure his uncle's body.

Taking a deep breath, Kenneth yelled, "Uncle Everett, time to go home!"

Three other God Realm cultivators escorted Kenneth, and the four of them flew toward the southeast direction.

The remaining four cultivators and Winston gathered in front of Quintus.

"Mr. Quintus, please go back and rest. We'll exact revenge for Everett."

With a flick of his hand, Winston's billhook floated up into the air and into his hand. He was about to turn and chase after Joshua.

Before he could activate his spiritual energy, however, he felt a large, strong hand on his shoulder.

"Winston, inform the other seven families. Tell them to release Joshua's location. Also, tell them about the three spiritual treasures that Joshua has with him."

Winston and the others were confused when they heard Quintus' instructions.

"Mr. Quintus... If the other seven families get involved and capture Joshua, then Everett would have died in vain..."

Winston was puzzled.

Quintus glanced at the blood on his hands, and a look of helplessness flashed across his eyes.

"Winston, my memory is failing me. Sometimes, it takes me quite a while before I can remember who all of you are. That hasn't happened today. I have no idea if it has anything to do with Everett. I have lived for more than a hundred years. Now, I finally understand. Are those three spiritual treasures really so important to us?"

Winston and the rest were stumped by that question. Before they could respond, Quintus spoke again.

"I know all of you are upset about Everett's demise. Yet, your utmost concern is about getting the three spiritual treasures back. All of you are missing the

point.” Quintus sighed before he continued, “If all you care about are spirit stones and spiritual treasures, your mind will never be clear, and you will never attain the Divine Realm in this lifetime.”

Winston and the others exchanged glances.

We are, of course, saddened by Everett’s death. But killing Joshua and getting the spiritual treasures back will strengthen our family. It will make us more powerful. What’s wrong with that?

However, no one dared to refute Quintus’ words. The five of them could only clench their fists and agree begrudgingly.

Quintus could tell that they were not convinced, but he said nothing.

Instead, he leaped into the air and took the lead in going after Joshua.

Winston and the others could only follow suit. While trailing behind Quintus, they contacted the outside world and informed others about the news.

They had no idea that by doing so, they burned Joshua’s bridges and indirectly rescued the entire Doveston.

Meanwhile, Jonathan, who started the future battle in Eastern Epea, was currently sitting in a café in Mortling Castle, leisurely taking photographs during his travel.

Following a gust of cold wind, the door of the café was pushed open.

A young man wearing a woolen coat walked in.

“Jonathan!”

The moment the young man entered the café, he looked around before calling out Jonathan’s name joyfully. Everyone turned and looked in the direction of the voice.

Jonathan stood up and embraced his pretend cousin, Silas Quaint.

“I missed you so much. How’s everything? Do you miss home?” Jonathan greeted him warmly.

At the same time, he heard Silas whisper, “Kite salutes Asura!”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 894-“Thank you for your hard work.”

Jonathan embraced the young man, patting his back.

Silas, also known as Kite, was in the middle phase of the Superior Realm.

Three years ago, Silas entered the arts university of Mortling Castle as an international student.

During those years, he traveled throughout Remdik on the pretext of learning about the local culture as an art student and gathered lots of information for the Eastern Army.

As far as information regarding Remdik was concerned, Karl was far more familiar with it.

It had been three years since Asura’s Office was established. The intelligence department, in particular, was only established two years ago.

Instead of gathering intel, Jonathan’s intelligence department was actually set up to consolidate and unify the intelligence network worldwide.

Doveston was a good example. In order to quickly generate Asura’s Office’s own intelligence network in the early days, they were not fussy about the backgrounds of people who joined them.

That was precisely why the department consisted of people from all walks of life, making things get chaotic and complicated.

Karl had begun planning the infiltration into Remdik more than ten years ago. The Eastern Army had groomed those spies surreptitiously.

In terms of loyalty and capabilities, they were far more supreme than usual spies.

That manner of latent infiltration was far more secretive and safer as well.

According to Karl, the spies would surely somehow give themselves away if their identities were faked. Therefore, it would be better to send them there in the most legitimate way as students, businessmen, and workers.

That way, Remdik wouldn't have a reason to suspect them and investigate their background.

Karl had put so much effort into the operation, and that was also why he was so reluctant when Jonathan wanted to mobilize all of the spies he had planted in Remdik.

The number of spies mobilized didn't even amount to five hundred, and the operation might even be considered one of the most common and minor strategic mobilizations of Asura's Office.

However, in order to infiltrate the belligerent army of Remdik, Karl spent a total of thirteen years planting these spies.

Furthermore, Jonathan was unaware that Karl had sent out close to six thousand spies during that period of time.

Only less than five hundred men survived, and Kite was one of them.

"Jonathan, please take a seat."

Kite adjusted his clothes and eyed Ksana in confusion.

At that moment, Ksana had changed her appearance using her secret technique, but she still looked like a Remdikian.

It was normal for Kite to become alert upon seeing a Remdikian sitting with Jonathan.

"This is... Ksana," said Jonathan with a smile.

"Ksana?"

Kite smiled at Ksana before standing up and offering her a handshake.

"Nice to meet you, Ksana!" greeted Kite politely.

However, he did something that caught Jonathan's attention.

When Kite raised his hand, some fine powder fell into Ksana's coffee.

He was drugging Ksana.

After Ksana shook Kite's hand, she began chatting warmly with him in Remdikian.

Kite raised his cup and said, "Jonathan, this is the first time Ksana and I meet. Since there isn't any wine here, we will toast with our coffee. Let's drink up."

As he was talking, Kite gestured to Ksana.

Smiling, Ksana took a sip of her coffee without any hesitation.

The moment Kite saw Ksana drink the coffee, he put his cup down, and the smile disappeared from his face.

He was already holding a utility knife between his fingers under the table.

"What are you trying to do?"

Jonathan activated his spiritual energy to form an invisible rope, restraining Kite's arm.

"I want to kill her."

Kite's reply was straight to the point. There was no hesitation or fear.

Jonathan went on to restrain Kite's body, and a hint of frostiness flashed across his eyes.

"Kite, you need a reason to kill somebody."

"You are the reason," said Kite softly as he tried to use his spiritual energy to break free from Jonathan's restraints.

"Asura, according to the intel given by the Dark Special Forces, you will be coming to Remdik alone. There is no information about this Remdikian woman. That can only mean that you have met her on your way here. The current operation involves the life and death of hundreds of my buddies. I won't allow you to botch the mission just because you're captivated by a Remdikian woman."

Kite stared straight into Jonathan's eyes calmly and composedly as he spoke.

He had been groomed and sent to Remdik by Karl. After the Eastern Army joined Asura's Office, they were managed by two parties.

One was the Dark Special Forces of Asura's Office and the other was Karl himself.

Both were under Jonathan's command.

Yet, at that moment, Kite, an agent at the bottom of the intelligence department's hierarchy was boldly going against his boss.

Jonathan chuckled lightly.

"What makes you think you can kill the person I like? You're only a spy at the bottom of the ladder. Why should I explain my personal matters to you? How dare you speak to me like this? Do you really think I won't kill you?"

"Do it then!"

Kite glared at Jonathan coldly, his eyes devoid of fear and panic.

"If I'm afraid to die, how can I be a spy? Asura... What bullsh*t! I believe Boss and the world he told me about. That's why I came to Remdik willingly. Although Boss is dead, I know what he has died for. I won't mind continuing to be Asura's Office's spy. But, there's no way I'll work for someone like you! If you want, you can kill me. Otherwise, let me kill her. Your choice."

Looking at those cold eyes of Kite's, Jonathan retracted his spiritual energy and released the restraints that bound the young man.

"Show some mercy. I still need this person," uttered Jonathan as he leaned back in his seat and chuckled, lifting his cup.

"She has to die," said Kite indifferently as he walked right up to Ksana.

Jonathan smiled at Kite before saying, "I wasn't talking to you."

Kite was slightly stunned, and before he could react, Ksana, who should have been unconscious by then, raised her arm, grabbed hold of Kite's collar, and slammed him on the table.

Thud!

Following a dull thud, Kite collapsed to the ground, bleeding from the nose.

Jonathan looked at Ksana with a frown.

“I told you to show some mercy.”

“It’s only a superficial wound. Don’t worry.”

Glancing at Kite, who was lying on the ground in a stupor, Ksana lifted him by grabbing his belt with one hand and walked out.

Jonathan then pulled out a few Remdikian notes from his pocket and stuffed them into a waiter’s hands.

“Nice coffee. Is this enough to pay for the damages to your table?”

By the time Kite regained consciousness, he was already in an abandoned house located in the suburbs of Mortling Castle.

“You’re awake?” said Jonathan with a smile as he sat on an old, tattered couch.

Kite looked at Jonathan in bewilderment.

“I’m not dead?”

“Of course not.” Jonathan chuckled before continuing, “Ksana works for me. She’s a cultivator who has signed a contract with me. If I’m such a shallow and lustful man, do you think Karl will work for me?”

Kite got up, rubbed his nose sheepishly, and looked at Ksana, who was standing aside.

“If that’s the case, I will do everything in my power to help you with your plan in Remdik.”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 895-As Kite was speaking, he ran through his clothes to search for something.

“Are you looking for this?” Ksana asked as she walked over to pass Kite a phone.

“Don’t you dare touch my things again, or I’ll—”

“What will you do, huh?” she inquired with a smile.

Stumped for words, Kite sighed and looked at her before changing the subject.

“By the way, this is what I found after comparing the photos from Dark Special Forces.”

As he spoke, he connected his phone to a portable projector to cast an image on the wall beside the fireplace.

It was a photo of Charleigh in a trench coat.

“That’s’ him!” Jonathan exclaimed, shooting to his feet.

“That’s impressive, Kite! I can’t believe it took you just a few days to find him. How did you do it?” he asked.

“Just data analysis.”

Then, Kite swiped his phone to project a route map to Mortling Castle.

“Remdik is sprawling. We cannot find Charleigh just by sending out some men to look for him. We can do two things as Secret Agents when we want to hunt down someone. The first way is infiltrating the enemy’s highest management and identifying the target’s location based on the top-secret information we gather. However, this is highly risky and not a long-term solution since they can always backtrack to check who has access to all their information to find the informer if anything happens to the target.”

Here, Kite paused before looking at Jonathan proudly and adding, “However, I always go for the second method: technology. I hacked Mortling Castle’s system and used facial recognition technology to find this photo. I even visited the bar he went to. Interestingly, the bar owner is also the leader of the Black Snake Gang—the largest gang in the area that specializes in trading on Dark Web. Based on the information about Charleigh you sent, his only possible connection with Black Snake Gang is the trade of organ harvesting and, perhaps, even human trafficking. I attempted to trace his whereabouts, but too bad, that bar was the only place he seemed to have appeared at. I couldn’t get hold of any other information, but from what I gathered from the surveillance camera footage, he headed south after leaving the bar.”

When Jonathan saw the location that Kite had marked on the wall, he turned and looked at Ksana, who shrugged at him in response. “Why are you looking at me? I’ve only been on Mount Enly, so I’m unfamiliar with this place.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about,” Jonathan replied, waving his hand. “I’m just wondering if the Sanctuary has any ways of locating Charleigh.”

Ksana shook her head at the question.

“We might have our own intelligence department, but once we deploy them, Sanctuary will be able to know my location immediately.”

“Well, I guess we can’t use it, then,” Jonathan answered right away, shaking his hand.

The last thing he wanted was another encounter with the organization. He could tell that they were aggressive and intractable from his experience of dealing with Paurius and the other two cultivators.

Most importantly, if Jonathan were to expose himself again, he would well have to face way more than just the three God Realm cultivators, considering how the organization could mass-produce cultivators of that level in a short time.

“Since that’s the case, we should first catch Black Snake Gang’s leader. There’s no way someone like Charleigh would visit a bar just because he’s bored. Since they are business partners, there’s a high chance it’s a long-term relationship. He’ll definitely revisit the bar, so let’s wait for him there. Lead the way, Kite,” Jonathan instructed.

Just like that, Jonathan headed for the bar with the rest in search of Charleigh. Meanwhile, Paurius had just arrived at Mount Enly, where he knelt on one knee beside a sharp cliff that dropped into a lake of blackish-red lava below it.

“God!” he called out on the mountain located in the middle of the continent of Epea.

Although Mount Enly was an active volcanic mountain, it was a lot more stable and experienced fewer tectonic shifts compared to the empire of Jetroina, which was located along the seismic belt.

Still, a smell of sulfur wafted in the air on the volcanic mountain. The odor was so strong that no one could endure it without proper gear and adequate equipment.

In fact, prolonged exposure to an unfavorable condition like that would destabilize a cultivator's body equilibrium and lead to toxicity, but the adversity of the environment did not seem to affect the young man standing before Paurius.

He looked calm as he gazed down at the lava.

"God..." Paurius called out again hesitantly when he saw that the young man had not responded to him after some time.

"I have news," he added carefully.

"I heard you."

The young man who looked rather boyish finally spoke as he turned around and walked toward Paurius.

"Paurius, didn't you say you would bring Ksana back?" he asked, squatting down slowly before Paurius.

"Jonathan saved her. He's a cunning man. I need to bring more men with me but with your permission. If I take four men with me, I'll be able to bring Jonathan and Ksana's heads," he replied with a shaking voice.

The young man sighed as he looked at the panicky Paurius.

"Paurius, do you think we have enough God Realm cultivators here at Sanctuary?"

"I..." Paurius stuttered as he swallowed hard, trying to calm his nerves, "I think we do have enough."

The young man nodded at the reply.

"Why, then, are you so nervous about a runaway God Realm martial artist like Ksana?"

Paurius' forehead broke out in a sweat at the interrogation.

“W-Well, that’s because we don’t tolerate betrayal.”

“It’s because of intel!” the young man fumed.

Before Paurius knew it, the young man lifted his right foot and stamped on Paurius’ skull, sending blood splattering under his feet.

“Please give me another chance! I’ll kill Ksana right now. She won’t even have the chance to leak any intel to anyone!” Paurius begged as he lay on the ground, but the young man shook his head.

“It’s too late. Jonathan saved Ksana when you went after her. Do you think he won’t send any message back to Chanaea if Ksana had told him anything about us? I have told you clearly to stay away from Jonathan before, but you failed to do so.”

“I’m sorry. It’s my fault! It’s—” Paurius implored desperately.

Still, before he could finish speaking, a surge of pure spiritual energy gushed from the ground into the air and hurled Paurius over the cliff into the lava.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 896

The Legendary Man Chapter 896-“You’ll pay for this!” Paurius’ angry roar could be heard from beyond the cliff.

Although he looked like a teenager of only sixteen or seventeen, that was actually the result of the baptism in Holy Blood. In truth, he was already well over sixty years old. In his old age, he had served Sanctuary for decades conscientiously, devoting himself entirely to the organization. That was why he was able to get baptized in Holy Blood and have his youth restored. However, his subordinate, Ksana, deserted him, and he was thrown into the lava. How could he accept the situation sitting down?

Tossing a shield onto the lava, he landed on it on his feet before propelling himself straight into the air toward the cliff. The knife in his hand pierced into the side of the cliff. Then, he looked down, only to see the lava swallow the shield in seconds and turn it into a ball of fire.

God was serious about killing me! Letting out a growl of fury, he hoisted himself over the ledge.

“I worked for Sanctuary for decades, yet now you’re trying to kill me. Well, I refuse to admit defeat!” he yelled, standing on the cliff with the knife in his hand and burning rage flashing in his eyes.

Meanwhile, one after another, countless figures landed behind the young man. They were all God Realm elites.

An elderly male stood in front of the young man and called out to Paurius, “Don’t tell me you’re planning on rebelling!”

The man was more senior and experienced than Paurius. Whenever the latter bumped into him in the past, he would greet the man respectfully. Under the threat of death, however, Paurius lost his head completely.

“F*ck you! I don’t want to rebel, but I don’t want to die either!” he bellowed furiously before sprinting toward the exit on the side of the mountain.

The elderly man wanted to give chase, but he suddenly felt a rush of scorching air rise around him.

A second later, Paurius was thrown back and fell heavily to the ground.

The young man stood at the exit, the air around him rippling and shimmering due to the blistering heat. Chuckling, he said, “Since you won’t admit defeat, I’ll give you another chance. I won’t use Pryncyp of Strength but only stick to my skills from my God Realm cultivation level. If you manage to pass through this door, I’ll let you go and forget about everything.”

“Are you for real?” Paurius asked as he climbed to his feet and wiped the blood on the corner of his mouth.

“Of course,” the youth replied with a smile. He turned to look at the God Realm elites led by the older man. “All of you are to bear witness to that. Naturally, if someone wants to join Paurius and challenge me, be my guest.”

When the elderly man and the rest of the people heard that, they hastily dropped to one knee and replied, “We wouldn’t dare!”

Just as their voices rang out, a black arrow sped over more than a hundred meters through the air and struck the young man’s forehead.

Boom!

There was barely any reaction from the young man. All he did was stamp his foot hard onto the ground, causing a terrifying surge of spiritual energy to burst forth around him.

The spiritual energy was powerful and pure beyond compare, and a light flutter was enough to send the black arrow soaring back toward where it came from.

By then, Paurius was dashing past the youth. He was not even tens of meters from the massive stone door behind the latter, and a God Realm cultivator would have been able to cross that distance as though it were a walk in the park. However, Paurius was about to head in that direction when the young man appeared like a phantom.

“Where do you think you’re going?” He grabbed Paurius’ broken right arm, and as though throwing a shot put, he flung Paurius over the edge again.

“I won’t admit defeat!” While in midair, Paurius gestured with his good arm to summon the black arrow. It whistled through the air, aiming directly at the center of the young man’s back.

A crisp, clear sound resounded as the young man turned and grabbed the arrow firmly in his palm.

“This arrow is a divine weapon. Giving it to you is a waste, so I’ll take it back today,” he murmured, stretching out his left index finger and lightly flicking the arrow.

The connection between Paurius and the weapon vanished instantly. Paurius, who had just crawled back over the cliff, turned deathly pale immediately as that action also affected his spiritual sense.

Putting away the arrow, the young man remarked calmly, “You’re not leaving today, Paurius.”

“Not leaving? In that case, neither of us should live!” Paurius let out an ear-splitting howl, and the spiritual energy within the cave started rushing toward him like a maelstrom.

“He’s going to self-destruct!” the elderly man exclaimed.

Upon seeing that, the God Realm cultivators took out their protective spiritual treasures and raced over to the young man. As for the latter, he merely waved his hand to form a spirit shield over the others.

He gazed at Paurius' rapidly expanding body, then raised a finger and tapped it in the latter's direction. The spiritual energy swirling all over the area froze in place as though someone had pushed the pause button on them. After that, it dispersed wildly in all directions, showing no sign of flowing toward Paurius anymore.

"Oh, Paurius. Despite only using spiritual energy, my control over it is far superior to yours. There's no way you can absorb spiritual energy with me here. And even if you self-destruct, the destructive power you unleash won't be enough to inflict any harm."

"I beg to differ," Paurius hissed through clenched teeth as he glared at the youth. His gaze showed that he was clearly out for blood, and there was also a hint of desperate madness in his eyes.

"Since you're unwilling to let me go, let's perish together!" With a loud yell, Paurius leaped off the cliff.

That scene left everyone dumbfounded. However, they quickly realized Paurius' intention. He was thinking of self-destructing and using that explosion to set off a volcano eruption!

Stable volcanoes like Mount Enly were extremely rare. It was an occurrence that would only happen when various aspects came together to form a weird balance. Although such a balance was seemingly stable, it was actually very fragile. The volcano would almost certainly erupt if just one external force disrupted the delicate balance. And now, Paurius intended on being that external force!

The God Realm cultivators were about to take action and stop Paurius, but they were too late.

Boom!

A loud explosion split the air and made everyone's ears ring. Then, a pillar of molten lava gushed forth, rushing directly at the cliff.

"Hurry up and leave, God!"

“Protect him!”

“Retreat!”

Everyone was screaming as they dashed toward the cave. It was utter chaos.

At that moment, however, the young man took one step forward. On the ground under his feet, what appeared to be rippling waves formed and swiftly radiated outward. To everyone’s surprise, that temporarily stopped the rising lava in midair.

As the others turned to look toward him, they saw the exposed parts of his skin had turned red as though he had been steamed alive. Wisps of vapor rose around him into the air.

“Why are you panicking? Go back!” he roared. Stomping his foot again, the wave of lava disintegrated and fell back toward the depths of the abyss.

Following a series of dull thuds, silence fell over the cavern again. It was as though nothing had happened there.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 897

The Legendary Man Chapter 897-Paurius had perished. All the God Realm cultivators at Sanctuary feared for their own safety.

Those God Realm cultivators would be considered elites if they were situated in any other corner of the world.

However, at Sanctuary, they were a dime a dozen.

Losing two God Realm cultivators during a single mission would devastate any faction outside, but the loss barely left a scratch on Sanctuary.

Inside the cavern, the old man and others were on their feet. Only the teenager who returned with Paurius remained kneeling on the floor, never once lifting his head.

A young man fiddled with Paurius’ black arrow in his hand. With the gentle flick of a finger, the razor-sharp tip of the arrow crossed dozens of meters and halted before Paurius forehead.

Right when everyone thought God was about to kill Paurius, God curled the corner of his lips into a faint smile and uttered nonchalantly, “Forget it. Take this arrow and kill Jonathan.”

“Yes!”

The teenager raised his hands above his head, allowing the black arrow to descend onto his palm slowly.

The young man turned his attention to the elder beside him.

“Jokovich, lead a party and make a trip. Have the tsar cooperate with you. I can’t believe this Jonathan dared to harm members of Sanctuary. Find him. It’ll be great if he’s willing to join us. Otherwise, do away with him.”

“Yes!”

The elder and the others bowed their heads in agreement. When they looked up again, the young man had vanished.

Jokovich gazed at the teenager kneeling on the floor and pointed, “You, you, you, you, and you.”

He selected five people in total. The quintet bowed and awaited their orders.

“Follow me immediately. We’ll establish contact with the tsar and locate Jonathan at all costs.”

“Understood!”

...

Meanwhile, at Mortling Castle, Jonathan, Ksana, and Kite pushed the door open and entered Hell Bar.

It was late at night, the most lively time for the bar.

“Mr. Goldstein, I think Remdikians are weird.

They don’t earn much, don’t save money, or have any long-term plans. In fact, they’ll spend all their earnings on alcohol. This season, obituaries of people freezing to death filled the local newspaper daily,” Kite chirped to Jonathan while they walked inward.

Jonathan merely grinned in silence. Ksana, on the other hand, piped up, "Why should they save their money?"

"To buy a house, of course," Kite replied without hesitation. Then, he fell into a momentary daze before flashing a sheepish smile. "Forget what I said."

Kite had remained dormant in Remdik for the past few years.

As he didn't receive any missions or instructions, he lived there assuming he was a real university student.

Over the years, he had traversed many of Remdik's major cities and learned new things about the nation's societal structure.

Aside from the minority of those holding authority and administrative powers, most Remdikians led simple lives.

They didn't face any pressure at work or in life.

Perhaps that was the reason their society had stagnated for many years, causing the entire country to arrive at a peculiar juncture despite being known as the world's strongest military nation.

According to the information received by Ksana, although the official reason for the upcoming war was because of a useless tomb of a general, it might, in fact, also serve to stimulate their economy.

The trio approached the bar, and Kite placed some Remdikian money on the countertop.

"Give me a bottle of rum and two bottles of vodka."

Ksana placed her palm on the back of Kite's hand and said, "Make it three bottles of vodka."

"Rum is not as enjoyable as vodka. Unless you ordered the bottle of rum for yourself," Ksana added cheerily while looking at Kite.

The bartender glanced at them before taking the money away. However, he secretly nodded at the person beside him.

Soon, their vodkas were served, but before they could receive their drinks, a muscular arm reached out from beside Ksana to grab one of the vodka bottles.

Ksana stretched out her hand to grasp that person's wrist. The trio turned and saw a bearded, burly Remdikian man wearing a bandana.

"It seems like he's a member of the local bikers gang judging by his outfit," Kite whispered beside Jonathan's ear.

Then, he raised his phone and snapped a photo of that man.

The bartender slammed the table and shouted, "Hey! You're not allowed to take a picture here. You'll be fined for doing that."

At that instant, Kite stared intently at his phone. Hearing the bartender's words, he tossed his wallet over without a second thought.

Even Jonathan was befuddled by Kite's gesture, not to mention the bartender.

"Kite, aren't you a cultivator? Do you always get robbed? Why do you react in this manner so swiftly?"

"That's all right. I can consider him to have stolen from me now that he has my wallet. In that case, my subsequent actions of beating him up will be self-defense. Remdik's law is fascinating. Even if he merely took a coin from me, I am allowed to retaliate without limit and execute him directly."

"Who would've thought that you're such an unscrupulous person." Jonathan gazed at Kite's polite-looking countenance.

"Now, pay attention to this program I developed."

Kite uttered in excitement while staring at the updating data appearing on the screen of his phone.

Program?

Jonathan turned to look at Kite's phone after hearing that.

The data stopped refreshing, and the picture Kite had just taken was slowly merging with a prisoner's mugshot.

“Flodimir Teach. He’s a criminal who has been convicted three times and is still on the police’s wanted list,” Kite exclaimed happily, his eyes riveted on his phone.

“What do you think, Mr. Goldstein? This is a program I developed. It can hack into the police and the country’s database to perform facial recognition functions. I know a program like this existed previously, but the most important feature is the calculation...”

Kite went on incessantly after the program successfully found a match in the database for the image he took.

However, at that moment, a dozen brawny men surrounded them.

Jonathan scanned his surroundings before shifting his eyes onto Kite in amusement.

“I heard Chanaean students who came to Remdik to pursue their education are often bullied. Is that true?”

Kite shook his head. “Actually, what you said is not entirely correct. Chanaeans are not their only target. These people bully all foreigners.”

Amidst their banter, a series of violent thumping noise sounded beside them.

Crack!

A loud crack rang out as the bar before Ksana broke in half.

The burly man, Flodimir, who had stolen her alcohol, knelt in front of the bar, and his head hung limply in the gap of the damaged countertop. Unbelievably, he died and was now a mere dead body kneeling on the floor.

The crowd was shocked by that sight. Pin-drop silence filled the air inside the bar instantly.

Holding a bottle of vodka in one hand, Ksana lifted Flodimir’s corpse by his hair with her other hand.

Illuminated by the lights, Flodimir’s face was now a mangled and bloody mess.

Ksana swept her eyes across the people around her and tossed the dead body toward the stage in the middle of the room. "Where's the leader of Black Snake Gang? Show yourself immediately!"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 898

The Legendary Man Chapter 898-The gruesome scene before their eyes prompted a brief moment of silence, followed by piercing screams.

When Ksana mentioned that she was looking for the leader of Black Snake Gang, the drunk patrons in the bar, particularly the locals from Remdik, immediately came to their senses and rushed outside out of fear.

What the hell! What kind of organization is Black Snake Gang?

Black Snake Gang was the most powerful underground force in Mortling Castle.

Even the local police did not want to have anything to do with this behemoth. That spoke volumes of its influence and power.

Yet, someone dared to come and seek the leader of Black Snake Gang with murderous intent. Obviously, one would not expect it to be a peaceful exchange.

Even the most foolish among the crowd understood that a fierce battle was about to break out.

As the patrons fled, the remaining bar occupants were all members of Black Snake Gang.

Although this bar was not the headquarters of Black Snake Gang, it was one of the properties owned by their leader, Paisley.

Consequently, it had become a default gathering place for Black Snake Gang members.

"Do you want to see our boss?" the bartender shouted at Ksana, pointing a hunting rifle at her head. "I think you're looking for death!"

Bang!

As the bartender pulled the trigger, Ksana dodged to the right and threw her bottle of vodka like a meteor toward his face.

She quickly grabbed the hunting rifle and jumped onto the bar counter, swinging the barrel at the bartender's face.

Although the people here were all members of the underworld, there was not a single one of the three—Jonathan, Kite, and Ksana—who could be considered a good person.

In just a few strikes, the bartender had lost his life.

As Ksana took a deep breath and fixed her hair, she looked outside and said with a smile, "What would you like to drink, everyone? This round is on me!"

Bang!

With a loud gunshot, chaos erupted in the bar.

Ksana and Kite darted through the crowd, taking lives with each step without a hint of hesitation.

Meanwhile, Jonathan sat beside the bar, summoning the bronze handbell to isolate himself from the outside world. Drinking his alcohol, he sighed.

The bullets bounced off the golden shield that surrounded Jonathan while Kite stabbed anyone who dared to fire at him in the heart. The victim then fell to the ground in a pool of blood.

The slaughter lasted less than three minutes. Except for a big man hiding in the corner, who was already scared out of his wits, all members of Black Snake Gang inside the bar were dead.

"You are all devils..." The big man turned around and ran toward the door after seeing Jonathan and his companions looking at him.

But after taking only two steps, he felt his feet leave the ground, and he was inexplicably lifted and thrown toward Jonathan.

"Call your boss and tell him that if I don't see him within an hour, I will wipe out all of his gang and make sure that Black Snake Gang completely vanished from Mortling Castle!"

There were many ways to find the leader of an organization, but Jonathan's method was undoubtedly the quickest and most straightforward.

A long line of cars formed outside the bar in less than thirty minutes.

Sensing the surge of spiritual energy outside the door, Jonathan grinned, realizing that Black Snake Gang was so bold because they had cultivators among them.

With five Grandmaster Realms and dozens of Superior Realms, this power level was sufficient to dominate a region.

Jonathan looked at Kite beside him and said, "Kite, step back. These people are not something you can handle."

"I know." Without hesitation, Kite moved two meters back and continued rummaging through the pockets of the corpses on the corpses lying on the ground, leaving Jonathan speechless.

Despite appearing harmless, why does this child give off an increasingly negative impression the more one gets to know him?

The bar door was smashed from the outside, and the cold wind rushed in, bringing fifty people with it.

The five at the forefront were all in Grandmaster Realms. One was in the advanced phase, one in the middle phase, and three in the beginner phase.

Even though the one in the advanced phase was the strongest, he and the other three in the beginner phase were protecting the middle person who was in the middle phase between them.

Jonathan was certain that the one in the middle, wearing a shirt and casual pants, was the leader of Black Snake Gang.

"Kite, the one in the middle?" Jonathan asked.

Kite nodded slightly, "Yes, that one in the middle phase is Paisley."

Paisley had wanted to hide behind the advanced phase cultivator and observe, but he did not hide when his identity was revealed. He simply raised his hand and motioned for his men to stop.

Looking at Jonathan and Ksana, Paisley nodded slightly.

Then he walked to the bar, picked up a bottle of wine that had been left there, poured the remaining wine into a cup, and took a big sip.

“You all look unfamiliar. You’re not from Mortling Castle,” Ksana translated Paisley’s words to Jonathan verbatim.

Jonathan smiled and nodded, “That’s right. Today is our first time in Mortling Castle.”

“Your first time.” Paisley gritted his teeth and looked at Jonathan. “So, we should have nothing to do with each other!”

“If that’s the case, then why did you kill so many of my people?” Paisley’s glass shattered in his hand.

“You’d better give me a reason otherwise, you won’t leave this bar today!” As Paisley spoke, the four Grandmaster Realms behind him surrounded Jonathan and Ksana.

Ksana wanted to make a move, but Jonathan grabbed her wrist.

“We’re here to do business,” Jonathan said, flipping his hand and taking out a gold bar from his storage ring.

Boom!

A heavy thud reverberated through the bar as a gold bar landed on the counter, causing Paisley and his companions to startle.

This brick weighed sixty pounds and was worth tens of millions, even at a discounted price.

It was a transaction that only a behemoth like Black Snake Gang could afford, and it was not a small deal.

“Doing business?” Paisley frowned at the gold bar on the counter. “But why did you kill so many of my men if you came here to talk business? How am I supposed to settle this with you?”

Thud.

Another gold bar was thrown onto the counter.

This time, everyone was truly shaken!

There were only two main reasons one would carry around gold bars. First, that person was unafraid of being robbed. Second, that person would most likely be involved in shady dealings that couldn't bear the light of day.

Trading in gold was done to avoid leaving any traces behind.

That was the very definition of professionalism!

Paisley looked at the two gold bars on the table and used his spiritual sense to envelop Jonathan and the others.

Sensing the spiritual fluctuations of two Grandmaster Realms, Paisley smirked. "These two bars aren't enough. How about you give me your storage ring and we'll continue our discussion?"

"You're courting death!" Kite shook his head and sighed upon hearing Paisley's words as he rummaged through the dead bodies for money.

"Mr. Goldstein, that idiot is trying to rob you," she added.

Hearing that, Jonathan chuckled and looked at Paisley before turning to Ksana beside him. "Kill all of them except for Paisley."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 899

The Legendary Man Chapter 899-"Kill him!" Paisley shouted loudly.

But with his command, a huge spiritual pressure burst out of Ksana's body, causing the four subordinates who were about to move forward to hesitate momentarily.

Spurt...

Blood gushed out like a fountain.

The group looked toward the Grandmaster Realm cultivator in the advanced phase, only to find that his head had disappeared.

In Ksana's hand, there was a twisted face of a head.

Ksana's five fingers were inserted into the cultivator's head, holding it like a bowling ball, with an incredibly terrifying appearance.

"God Realm!" Paisley exclaimed.

However, he was knocked over by the head that came flying toward him.

Although Ksana was a God Realm cultivator catalyzed by drugs, she was still invincible for a Grandmaster Realm cultivator.

In just a few seconds, the other four cultivators had fallen under Ksana's hands except for Paisley.

Among the four people, one lost his head, two were pierced through their hearts, and one had his throat completely crushed, with his entire neck turning into a pile of flesh.

Such cruel methods even made someone like Jonathan frown.

Not to mention the members of Black Snake Gang, who were already scared out of their wits.

If it weren't for Paisley's powerful influence, and fear of revenge, these people would have already fled for their lives.

Paisley had a huge influence and ruled over his own territory. Even if there were disputes with other cultivators, they would often be resolved amicably because of their common interests.

They had never seen such a cruel person as Jonathan and his group.

"Boss, what do you want me to do? Just give the order and I will do it..." Paisley pleaded.

Paisley had lost all his arrogance, his hands clasped in front of his chest—like a devout follower of Seboxia from West Region—constantly rubbing his hands and begging for mercy from Jonathan.

Jonathan pushed two pieces of gold bars from the bar counter to Paisley. "I told you we're here to talk business."

“Please, don’t toy with me! I beg you...” Paisley wanted to say more, but he heard Ksana chuckle.

“Just take them. Otherwise, my master will be angry!” Ksana’s words made Paisley’s heart tremble.

If this woman’s cultivation level has already reached God Realm, how terrifying is her master’s cultivation level?

Can it be that he has reached Divine Realm...

As Paisley reached for the gold bars, he shuddered uncontrollably, and then with a trembling hand, he attempted to put them away.

In that split second, Ksana raised a broken wooden splinter and viciously pinned Paisley’s wrist to the bar counter.

“Well, we have quite the conundrum. If you don’t take the gold bars, my master will be displeased. But if you do take it, I’m devastated!” Ksana exclaimed, turning her head to smile slightly at Jonathan.

“Now his psychological defense should be completely broken. Ask him anything, and he will answer,” she added.

Jonathan sighed, gazing at Paisley, who had been a powerful gangster just a few minutes earlier, on his knees and sobbing.

Jonathan realized that Ksana had not used any special secret technique when she pinned the wooden splinter into Paisley’s wrist.

As a middle-phase Grandmaster Realm, Paisley could have easily pulled his hand out of the splinter and resisted, but he didn’t.

Instead, he bore the excruciating pain without any attempt to fight back.

As Ksana had predicted, this man was now completely useless.

Jonathan then turned to Kite beside him.

At that moment, Kite had a watch in his mouth, with a stack of thick banknotes in his hand.

Upon noticing Jonathan’s gaze, Kite hurriedly trotted over to Paisley.

“Is this person collaborating with you?”

“Charleigh?”

Paisley recognized the man in the photo at a glance and hastily nodded. “He’s a regular client of mine. He comes by every week to choose satisfactory ‘pets’ from my selection.”

“But we’re just business associates. I’m not close with him, I beg you, please spare me...”

Ksana, standing nearby, translated Paisley’s words, leaving Jonathan somewhat bewildered.

“Pets? What pets?”

Hearing Jonathan’s question, Paisley quickly corrected himself. “I mean people! I run a human trafficking business, and Charleigh buys several people from me every week.”

“Actually, we started this human trafficking business because of him...”

This time, Paisley wasn’t lying.

Previously, although Black Snake Gang had a wide range of operations, it didn’t include human trafficking.

It was only six months ago that Charleigh approached Black Snake Gang with a request to buy slaves.

At first, Paisley didn’t want to deal with Charleigh, but the money Charleigh offered was just too tempting.

In fact, Charleigh single-handedly helped Black Snake Gang expand into this highly lucrative business.

Jonathan frowned at Paisley.

“When is Charleigh coming to Black Snake Gang next?”

“In two days.”

“Alright, I’ll follow you these two days. If I don’t see Charleigh after two days, I’ll wipe out your gang. How about that?”

“Deal! I guarantee you’ll see him! I promise!” Paisley trembled as he knelt on the ground.

Jonathan nodded slightly at Paisley.

“Keep your subordinates in check. If anyone dares to leak even a bit of information, I’ll make their lives a living hell!”

...

A local military unit was stationed near Quilton on the east side of Mortling Castle.

A closed truck drove out of the unit’s main gate and skillfully arrived at a garbage incineration landfill. Several dazed-looking youths got off the truck and swiftly tossed the bloodstained bags into the roaring furnace.

Meanwhile, in the local military’s underground facility, Charleigh was examining various reports in his hands.

The phone beside him rang, and Charleigh sighed impatiently. In the end, he still answered it.

“Hello?”

“Charleigh, it’s Aidan. I need the support of your Wolver Army.”

“How many?” Charleigh asked without wasting time.

“It’s a stealth war this time. I need at least a hundred second-stage Wolverers.”

“No, there are too few second-stage Wolverers. I can only give you thirty at most.”

“Charleigh!” Aidan shouted through the phone. “I’m not negotiating with you. I’m giving you an order! This is His Majesty’s wish, so I suggest you be smart about this.”

“What can tsar do?” Charleigh slammed the table and stood up. “This isn’t what you promised me! When you asked for my help, His Majesty said he

could fulfill all the needs for my experiments. But now, I need live subjects, test subjects with cultivation levels! My experiments have come to a complete halt. Do you even understand!”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 900

The Legendary Man Chapter 900-At this point, Charleigh had become quite hysterical.

Having fled from Rodunst to Remdik Empire, he thought he had found someone who truly appreciated his talents.

But to his surprise, his research here also encountered a bottleneck.

At this point, his genetic engineering research had reached the third stage, but the Remdik military began to intentionally control the supply of experimental subjects they had promised him earlier.

It was precisely because of this that Charleigh had no choice but to collaborate with Paisley from Black Snake Gang.

However, the number of experimental subjects Black Snake Gang found alone was far too few.

The subjects were insufficient to support the massive consumption at his current stage in both quantity and quality.

And today, Charleigh had applied for experimental subjects for what felt like the umpteenth time, only to receive news from Aidan demanding second-stage experimental subjects.

How could he not be furious?

“Aidan, you must understand that I’m only cooperating with Remdik Empire for research purposes. I was personally invited by your tsar, so you’re not in a position to negotiate with me.

“It’s you who’s failing to see through the situation!” Aidan’s voice echoed through the phone. “Charleigh, I can tell you very clearly that your experiments have been banned by tsar. Over the years, you’ve indeed created a terrifying army, but do you know how many cultivators have died at your hands? There are nearly ten thousand Superior Realms alone!”

“Your various experiments require live subjects to do comparison. In order to accommodate your experiments, you have killed more than a hundred thousand Remdik soldiers. That’s almost the combat power of an entire army! All of them died under your genetic modifications! You bl*ody madman! Your Beta Warriors already meet our expectations. They can think, act independently, and are extremely loyal. That’s enough!”

“These words shouldn’t have come from me, but it doesn’t really matter. After all, in a few days, you’ll definitely receive a military order from Saspiuburg. Charleigh, your experiment has come to an end.”

Inside the office, Charleigh crushed the phone in his hand. Standing in front of his desk, his face was cold and emotionless. “Is history going to repeat itself? Why don’t you understand? Genetic modification can create the perfect species of humans.”

Pulling out his pocket watch, Charleigh glanced at it before turning and walking out. “Since you no longer intend to help me with my experiments, I’ll have to do things my way. Paisley and the others make excellent experimental materials...”

...

At an abandoned factory in the eastern suburb of Mortling Castle, Jonathan and his companions followed Paisley’s convoy into the dilapidated workshop.

“This is our trading location,” Paisley said with a smile.

“We’ll exchange our ‘pets’ here the day after tomorrow. Charleigh has always been punctual with our weekly meetings.”

Jonathan and the others looked around the empty workshop.

In the center of the workshop were two couches and a wide wooden table cut from a tree trunk.

The surrounding empty oil drums had been filled with wood and crackled as they burned.

“Where are the ‘pets’ you mentioned?” Jonathan, who sat on the couch, frowned.

Hearing the question, Paisley quickly apologized and beckoned his subordinates to lift the steel plate covering a hidden hole in the floor.

Immediately, a foul smell wafted out of the hole, causing Jonathan and the others to wrinkle their noses.

“Bring the people out for Mr. Goldstein!” Paisley shouted.

Soon, nine young men and women with their hands bound and feet tied just enough for them to walk emerged from the dungeon.

The nine individuals stood in a row, trembling as they looked at Jonathan and his companions.

It was winter season in Remdik, yet these people only wore thin layers of clothing, and two women were only dressed in underwear.

Moreover, judging by the injuries of the two women, they had clearly been subjected to inhuman torture.

“Paisley, you really don’t treat them as humans, do you?” Jonathan said with a chuckle.

Paisley bowed and quickly replied, “They won’t live long after being taken away by Charleigh, so there’s no need to be overly concerned about their fate.”

Listening to Paisley’s words, Jonathan nodded slightly.

Charleigh’s experiments involved genetic engineering on human subjects.

Even cultivators would struggle to survive if they fell into his hands, let alone these powerless ordinary people.

As Jonathan recalled Jason’s experiment, a shiver ran down his spine.

Yet, at this moment, one of the nine Remdik individuals took a few steps toward Jonathan.

“What are you doing? Get back!” Paisley’s subordinate yelled loudly.

However, Jonathan waved his hand and released a surge of spiritual energy, completely binding Paisley’s subordinate.

He could see the person's eyes flickering as if he recognized him. He obviously had something to say.

“Do you... know me?”

Ksana and Kite stood beside Jonathan, ready to face any possible danger.

Hearing Jonathan's words, they too, looked curiously at the Remdikian.

The Remdikian stared at Jonathan, swallowed hard, and knelt before him with a thud.

“Asura!”

With just one word, Jonathan suddenly stood up.

He swiftly moved to the man's side and expertly cut the handcuffs and shackles with his Heaven Sword.

Since Jonathan's arrival at Mortling Castle, his true identity as Asura was even unknown to Paisley, who was standing beside him.

But this person, who was merely a captured pet of Black Snake Gang, could call out his title.

There could only be one possibility—this person had known Jonathan for a long time!

With a mournful tone, he kneeled in a style familiar to Chanaeans and addressed Jonathan as Asura.

This person was very likely one of the five hundred Secret Agents that Karl had planted in Remdik!

“Do you know Karl?”

“Mr. Hamilton is my exclusive contact!” the Remdikian told Jonathan.

“Asura, it's really you... Hahaha...”

Hearing Karl's name, Kite finally realized what was happening, and he rushed to the man's side, removing his coat to drape it over him.

“Do you know each other?” Jonathan asked Kite.

Kite shook his head slightly. “To prevent any of us from being captured and exposing the entire intelligence network, we don’t know each other’s information in order to ensure the safety of other Secret Agents.”

Although there was no solid evidence, Jonathan was almost sure of the Remdikian man’s identity by now.

As for his appearance, there was a small town near River Onxy in Horbah where everyone had Remdikian blood but was actually Chanaeans.

Karl had trained many of these people to infiltrate Remdik to avoid arousing suspicion. It was entirely reasonable.

“How did they manage to capture you?” Jonathan asked softly, looking at the restrained figure before him.

But to his surprise, the captive choked up and looked back at him with tears in his eyes. “Asura, Saspiuburg’s intelligence network has been destroyed!”