

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 901

The Legendary Man Chapter 901-Upon hearing the news from the Secret Agent, Jonathan's heart sank immediately.

To find Charleigh's whereabouts, Jonathan had painfully decided to utilize all of Karl's Secret Agents in Remdik, even though they had been lying dormant.

These Secret Agents had collected invaluable intelligence on Remdik over the years. Now that they had resumed duty, they would inevitably send their findings back to Dark Special Forces, bearing the risk of being exposed.

This was precisely why Jonathan ordered Karl to remove the Secret Agents' identities.

However, Jonathan never expected the situation to escalate to such a degree.

He frowned and asked, "Saspiuburg is the administrative center of Remdik and houses at least two hundred Secret Agents. You are all elites. How could so many of you be exposed at once?"

The first thought that crossed Jonathan's mind was the possibility of a mole.

Only the existence of a mole could lead to so many agents being exposed.

But upon further thought, he realized that this was nearly impossible.

These agents were hand-picked and trained by Karl himself, and their information had been known only to him before his feigned death.

The idea that the intelligence had been leaked to Asura's Office's Dark Special Forces was even more improbable.

Dark Special Forces had been established by Jonathan two years prior, and for the sake of security, he had intentionally recruited fanatical followers who were utterly devoted to him.

Thus, it was inconceivable that any of them would betray him.

"Asura, Remdik is preparing for a full-scale war, planning to engage in a two-front war with West Epea Alliance and other nations," the Secret Agent reported. "In order to hide their intention, a thorough purge has begun in

Saspiuburg. Besides our agents in Dartan, agents from Jetroina, West Epea Alliance, Anglandur, and Western Region have been exposed and arrested, as long as they were in contact with the outside world.”

The agent continued, “Due to my bloodline, I’ve been hiding in the strategic department for years. I saw the list of those arrested—over a hundred and sixty of our people in total. I tried to save them, but I fell into a trap and barely managed to escape with my life...”

Before the agent could finish, Jonathan’s right hand pressed against the agent’s abdomen.

Jonathan smiled while his spiritual energy and spiritual sense entered the agent’s body. “What’s your name?”

“Reporting to Asura, my name is Marc Daniels!”

“Marc, I’ll remember you,” Jonathan said with a smile, though his heart grew heavier.

Upon examining Marc, Jonathan discovered that he was originally a cultivator, but his elixir field had been completely destroyed due to overexertion.

It was easy to imagine the hardships Marc had been through while fleeing.

Jonathan wanted to reconstruct Marc’s elixir field, but the mysterious coffin inside him remained unresponsive.

He knew the coffin would not consume such a significant amount of life force to save someone relatively unimportant.

“Where are the others?” Jonathan asked.

“I don’t know,” Marc choked up. “When I tried to rescue them, they were at Saspiuburg’s train station. Over three hundred people, including Secret Agents from Jetroina, were all loaded onto a train.”

“Which direction did the train go?” Jonathan asked, clenching his teeth.

Marc shook his head again. “Saspiuburg is a strategic hub for Remdik with a vast railway network. While the train is labeled for Olmville, it’s not uncommon for special transports like this to have last-minute route changes and detours.”

The destination was unknown, and the direction was uncertain.

Even if Jonathan wanted to help, there was no way to do so.

He took out a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill and stuffed it into Marc's mouth.

"Asura, this is a waste on me..." Marc tried to refuse, but he couldn't resist Jonathan.

"There's no question in terms of worthiness. This pill may not restore your spiritual energy, but it can at least heal some of the damages in your internal organs."

After helping Marc absorb the pill's medicinal effects, Jonathan turned to Paisley. "Paisley, I'm taking him."

"Whatever you wish, Mr. Goldstein." Paisley forced a smile, revealing the corners of his mouth.

Although he didn't understand Chanaean, someone among his subordinates had translated for him.

From the conversation between Jonathan and Marc, Paisley realized that he had truly encountered a formidable opponent.

An organization capable of planting nearly two hundred Secret Agents in Saspiuburg was not something he, a mere local gang leader, could provoke.

At that moment, Paisley was already considering his escape route. However, just then, a figure with spiritual energy that resembled Superior Realm burst into the factory.

"Boss!" The breathless cultivator stood beside Paisley.

"Something happened at the bar."

"What happened now?" Paisley looked at his subordinate with a headache.

His bar had always been the most popular in Mortling Castle, and now it had been smashed by Jonathan and his group. Before he could take a breather, another incident occurred.

Am I a pushover in Mortling Castle?

“Boss, it’s Charleigh!” the subordinate whispered into Paisley’s ear.

The statement seemed insignificant, yet a figure materialized and stood by Paisley’s side, lifting the young henchman effortlessly.

“Say that again?” Jonathan may not understand Remdikian, but he recognized the pronunciation of “Charleigh.”

“Master, he said it was Charleigh,” Ksana added.

Jonathan grabbed Paisley and his subordinate with both hands.

“Ksana, have them take us there. Kite, you take Marc away first and wait for us in the house where you woke up.”

“Understood.”

Kite flashed to Marc’s side, picked him up, and ran outside without saying anything.

But as they reached the entrance, Kite stopped and carried Marc toward the back door.

“Mr. Goldstein, Charleigh is here. I’ll be retreating first. Be careful.”

Jonathan looked up toward the entrance just in time to see a man in a trench coat, holding a cane, slowly walking in.

It was Charleigh!

As Charleigh entered the room, he shook his coat, and the snowflakes on it were cleanly brushed away.

“Paisley? How did you end up in such a sorry state?”

Charleigh’s leather shoes tapped on the ground, feeling the powerful spiritual energy emanating from Jonathan and Ksana, but he showed no fear.

Like how he always did, Charleigh sat elegantly on the couch, his gaze sweeping over the scantily clad “pets”.

“Paisley, I believe I’ve told you not to touch my people. Their poor physical condition will affect the results of the experiments.”

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 902

The Legendary Man Chapter 902-Shoving Paisley aside, Jonathan walked toward Charleigh and sat opposite him.

“Do you still remember me, Charleigh?” Jonathan asked him in a cold voice.

Staring back at him, Charleigh shook his head.

“I’m sure that it’s my first time seeing you. However, your aura seems quite familiar. Are you Jonathan Goldstein?” Although Charleigh’s tone was testing him, his eyes glinted with certainty.

On the other hand, Jonathan merely chuckled. He pressed his face a couple of times before it resumed its initial appearance.

A glimmer of surprise flashed across Charleigh’s eyes when he gazed at Jonathan.

“Asura, you’ve infiltrated Remdik’s territory despite the tense relationship between Remdik and Chanaea now. How bold of you!”

Jonathan looked back at Charleigh.

He could sense an invisible shield that has been surrounding Charleigh all along.

The shield did not seem to be made of spiritual energy nor was it a shield meant to protect a spiritual treasure. Rather, it seemed to be imprisoning Charleigh.

Although spiritual energy could be found universally, Adrune had a completely different system from Aploth in terms of cultivation. Even though Jonathan had witnessed it more than once, he was still fascinated by it.

“There’s no one else here, Charleigh. I won’t beat around the bush anymore. I came here especially to look for you.”

“For me?”

Charleigh was stunned for a while before letting out a soft chuckle.

“Asura, I don’t think you’re here for me. Rather, you’re here for my research outcomes, right?”

Jonathan did not shy away from the truth. After a slight hesitation, he nodded and said, “Since you’ve already pointed it out, I can’t possibly deny it. You know about the situation between Chanaea and Remdik. Chanaea is completely unfazed by large-scale wars on both conventional and technological fronts. However, once the cultivators are roped into the war, they will become a formidable force to contend with. They’ll pose a huge threat to my strategic commanding. I have researchers who are as insistent on human experiments as you in my team. I’ve always opposed such research and prohibited it as much as I could. However, when preparing for the war that Remdik can trigger at any moment, I realized that genetic engineering is a shortcut for obtaining power. Hence, I’ve come here to specially invite you to Chanaea. I’d like you to experiment with our men and create the most powerful warriors.”

Jonathan’s words were direct and extremely sincere.

However, Charleigh kept gazing at him with a strange and cold smirk.

“Jonathan, why do you think that I’ll be willing to help you?”

“Because you helped Remdik too,” replied Jonathan with a frown. “From my investigation of your background, you don’t care about power at all. All you want is to focus on your research.”

“Do you think that I can’t focus on my research in Remdik?” interrupted Charleigh with a cold scoff.

“You know what, Jonathan? It doesn’t matter if it’s you, the tsar, or my foolish father. You are nothing but war machines. You conjure all sorts of grand excuses to start wars, all for a single reason—your selfish desires. Regardless of how noble your reasons might sound, it’s all just for your own profits, isn’t it? You claim that you’re doing it for the people but do you think that they genuinely care about who emerges victorious? All of you are just a bunch of foolish mules acting all smart and mighty.”

Jonathan did not understand why Charleigh, who had always appeared to be so polite and dignified, was reacting in such an agitated manner.

However, he could see fury in Charleigh’s eyes.

Although it was just a hint of fury, he understood that Charleigh's situation was not as desirable as the rumors described it to be.

Perhaps, this would be his opportunity.

"Charleigh, as long as you work with me, I can double the price that Remdik offered you."

Charleigh shook his head upon hearing that.

"I'm a scholar and a gentleman. I will never go against the agreement that I've established with the tsar."

"You won't go against the agreement, but do you oppose it?"

Jonathan was sharp enough to detect a loophole in Charleigh's words.

When a relationship had to depend on a contractual obligation to be maintained, it was already reaching its breaking point.

Jonathan was now almost certain that there was a problem between Charleigh and the tsar.

"Charleigh, since there's already a problem, you should rethink your decision, right?"

A cold glint flashed across Charleigh's eyes upon hearing Jonathan's interrogation.

"Mr. Goldstein, I've said that I'm only a scholar. I don't want to be involved in any war. My technology should only benefit everyone in the world, not create more conflicts."

"But you've already created war!"

Seeing that Charleigh was about to leave, Jonathan stretched out his hand. An invisible wall formed by spiritual energy blocked Charleigh's path.

"Charleigh, although there are some tensions between Chanaea and Remdik, they are only localized wars. Neither of us dares to let a large-scale war break out. However, why is Remdik bold enough to concentrate its forces on River Onxy? Isn't it because of the Wolver Army under your command? The modified warriors that you've created will invade Chanaea in a matter of

months. If I cannot bring you back to Chanaea and develop an army of modified warriors who can stand up to Remdik, I will have no choice but to kill you. I have to eliminate any possibility of you creating even more modified warriors for Remdik. You must make your choices, Charleigh. If you befriend me, you'll leave with me. If you become an enemy, this very place will be your burial site.”

As Jonathan spoke, waves of spiritual energy surged out of his body and filled up the entire warehouse.

The outburst of energy was impactful enough to send members of Black Snake Gang flying out.

Meanwhile, Ksana had already blocked all possible paths of escape behind Charleigh.

Blue streams of light danced on the palms of Ksana's hands like flames, looking eerily beautiful.

Sensing the aura of the two God Realm warriors behind him, Charleigh tapped his staff on the floor gently.

Crack...

Streaks of complicated runes lit up behind Charleigh, interweaving with one another.

Within the blink of an eye, a six-pointed star was conjured. It revolved in the air and shielded Charleigh inside it.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Dull thuds resounded across the warehouse as figures wearing the Remdik military uniform suddenly landed on the floor.

Scanning his surroundings, Jonathan counted forty people in total.

“Jonathan, these are Beta Warriors that I've developed. They all have their own consciousness. Try them out.”

As Charleigh spoke, Hexagram Array immediately became much brighter.



Just when Jonathan closed his eyes subconsciously, Charleigh had already conjured a massive fireball that launched itself toward Ksana behind him.

When Jonathan fixed his spiritual sense onto Charleigh again, he had already appeared at the entrance of the warehouse in a flash.

Staring at all the Beta Warriors around him, Charleigh instructed calmly, "Kill everyone here. Spare not a single person!"

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 903**

The Legendary Man Chapter 903-Charleigh's orders were completely obeyed by the Beta Warriors.

Upon hearing Charleigh's command, dozens of beginner phase Grandmasters leaped up and morphed into werewolves in mid-air, charging toward the people in the factory.

Although there were also dozens of cultivators in Black Snake Gang, the cultivators with the highest cultivation level were only at Superior Realm, apart from Paisley.

Therefore, they were no match for these werewolves.

In an instant, they were all slaughtered.

Grandmaster Realm was a critical and transitional phase for cultivators. Once a cultivator entered this realm, their spiritual energy could leave their bodies and form a Grandmaster Realm force field.

With this force field, those cultivators below Superior Realm were as powerless as children and would not have any ability to fight back.

Eight pets and dozens of Black Snake Gang members had perished within a short amount of time.

Only Jonathan and Ksana were left in the factory. Paisley was still able to hold on for a while because of his strong cultivation level.

However, it was evident that he would not be able to last long with these attacks.

Charleigh stood at the entrance, and there was a hint of coldness in his eyes as he looked at Jonathan and Ksana.

“Jonathan, how are my subordinates?”

Jonathan did not reply. Instead, Ksana stepped forward and stood beside Jonathan.

“Master, you don’t need to deal with these small fries.”

With that, she reached out and tied her hair with a leather band swiftly.

“Master, leave these Grandmasters to me.”

With her words, the ground under Ksana’s feet exploded, and she dissolved into an afterimage as she lunged forward.

Jonathan had also moved in tandem with Ksana.

He dodged the long sword in front of him in a flash.

He grabbed one of the werewolves’ head and swung it as a weapon toward the front.

Boom!

The werewolf landed in front of Charleigh and turned into a mist of blood.

A shield shaped like a meat grinder instantly formed in front of Charleigh and flew toward Jonathan.

“Break!”

Jonathan summoned his Heaven Sword, imbuing it with Pryncyp of Slaughter, before swinging it forward.

No matter how unpredictable the spells were, it was ultimately just a different application of spiritual energy.

If one was able to break the formation and destroy the balance of spiritual energy, it was easy to break such a defensive arcane array.

With a thunderous blow, the arcane array exploded and turned into beams of light flying everywhere.

Meanwhile, Charleigh's hand started emitting light.

“Light of Destruction!”

There was no sound. Immediately, Jonathan could feel the terrifying spiritual energy emitting from Charleigh. He only had enough time to bring out the strange bronze handbell before a light beam as thick as a bucket struck him.

The impact of the light beam was extremely intense and strong.

The light beam pushed Jonathan straight into the sky as though it was tangible.

Jonathan started plummeting to the ground a hundred meters away from the factory.

When Jonathan fell to the snow-covered ground, he felt a surge of excruciating pain as if he was being burned by a raging fire.

“D\*mn it...”

Jonathan got up and looked at his arm.

His clothes were burnt to smithereens, and his skin was burned and oozing pus as though he suffered an actual burn.

Life force was escaping from his abdomen. However, it was only enough to protect his circulatory system and energy field. It was not able to treat his external injuries.

Although these external injuries brought him extreme pain, they were not fatal.

Therefore, Coffin would definitely not waste his valuable life force to treat them.

Jonathan took out a Spirit Rejuvenating Pill and crushed it in between his teeth before he darted toward the direction of the factory again.

These Adrune cultivators' techniques are rather peculiar, especially Charleigh, who is not only an Archmage but can create his own spells. If he can keep

attacking like before, not only will I find it difficult to win against him, but even Divine Realm cultivators will be troubled by it.

However, everything in the world followed certain rules. The cost of releasing such a powerful spell must be enormous for Charleigh.

It was the same for Jonathan burning his vitality. If he used it for a long period, it would exhaust his Kore.

Also, Charleigh would need some buffer time in between uses of this spell. Thus, Jonathan would need to seize this opportunity to capture him.

Jonathan's Heaven Sword flashed with a cold light in the dark night and slashed through the wall of the factory.

When he landed in the factory, he saw a huge arcane array below Ksana's feet.

With his staff, Charleigh's figure flashed around Ksana. The staff was completing the arcane array below Ksana.

At this moment, there was only a small corner left to complete the arcane array.

"Ksana! Get out of there!" Jonathan bellowed as he dashed toward Charleigh from behind.

Although Jonathan didn't know what the arcane array was for, he instinctively knew it was dangerous.

Charleigh's goal was not to use a kill array to kill Ksana, but to capture her.

His research had reached a bottleneck, and he needed many test subjects for his experiments.

Moreover, Charleigh had always wanted to experiment on God Realm cultivators.

God Realm cultivators were always an important existence for these organizations, whether in Rodunst or Remdik.

Moreover, they were mostly concentrated in the hands of the military. If Aidan and the others were to be targeted, the Remdikians would definitely send Divine Realm cultivators such as Ivanov to kill Charleigh.

However, Ksana was not part of this group.

Although she looked like a typical Remdikian, she called Jonathan her master.

Therefore, Charleigh deduced that she was a Chanaean cultivator. If he was able to capture her, he would not get any objections from Remdik.

The formation on the ground was to capture Ksana.

It was extremely easy to kill cultivators of the same cultivation level as they only needed to use their secret techniques or find the weaknesses in the opponent's techniques.

In fact, after removing Jonathan from the battle, Charleigh would kill Ksana effortlessly if he wanted to.

However, he needed a living person, not a corpse. Therefore, it would require some effort from him to obtain a living person.

In the arcane array, Ksana already saw through Charleigh's intentions. However, those Grandmaster Realm werewolves prevented her from escaping the formation.

Although Ksana was a God Realm cultivator, she lacked the relevant perception for it.

She was able to kill ordinary Grandmaster Realm cultivators like Black Snake Gang members as they didn't have much combat experience.

These Black Snake Gang members usually relied on their reputation and auras to make a living.

Therefore, Ksana was slightly overwhelmed by those werewolves as they used to be soldiers before this transformation. The combat experience they had was not something ordinary cultivators could compare to!

**Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 904**

The Legendary Man Chapter 904-“Jonathan, you can’t save her!”

Charleigh retrieved two daggers, forming two serpents with his spiritual energy before sprinting toward Jonathan.

“Nonsense!”

Heaven Sword, with a loud buzz, emanated a powerful and vicious air that created a malevolent aura, slicing through the spiritual serpents with ease.

“Charleigh, I don’t want to hurt you. Don’t force me to do it the hard way,” Jonathan warned.

Jumping into the air with a powerful burst of energy, he used Heaven Sword as a springboard, thrusting his legs forward to deliver a fierce kick to Charleigh’s chest.

Charleigh put his hands together to form a hand seal and grabbed something beside him.

A blazing rope suddenly appeared in front of him, barring Jonathan’s path. When his feet came into contact with the rope, it immediately transformed into a complicated spiritual energy shield.

Crack!

The shield only managed to block Jonathan for a brief moment before shattering into pieces.

Charleigh was thrust backward from the impact, and in a graceful motion, he managed to land lightly on the metal railing of the second floor of the factory.

“Jonathan, you’re one step too late!” he remarked coolly.

When he lifted his right hand, the staff that wasn’t held by anyone began to move on its own accord, tracing patterns in the dirt beside him.

Following the finishing touch, the arcane array on the ground lit up.

The cultivators, who had been desperately attempting to prevent Ksana from departing, hastily scrambled out of the arcane array.

Clap, clap, clap...

Crisp sounds were heard.

Ksana found herself in the midst of a mysterious array of light, with countless glowing orbs of luminescence whirling and rushing toward her. As soon as the orbs touched her skin, they formed luminous threads which wound around her body, creating a dazzling, yet intimidating spectacle.

The threads might appear to be delicate and easily broken but were incredibly strong. Even a powerful God Realm cultivator such as Ksana would find it difficult to snap them.

There were too many orbs.

Ksana had just broken one when dozens to hundreds of threads appeared.

Within a few seconds, Ksana's body was completely bound. She collapsed to the ground, unable to move an inch.

When Jonathan saw that, his Heaven Sword trembled ever so slightly, and a surge of spiritual energy began to emanate from the back of his palms.

"Charleigh, are you saying that there is no room for discussion?"

"Why would I enter a discussion with you?" Charleigh asked with a smile.

He commanded Beta Warriors with a wave of his arm, signaling for them to take action. "Kill Jonathan."

Hearing his order, Beta Warriors slowly surrounded Jonathan.

Jonathan's gaze was as cold as blocks of ice.

"Charleigh, in Chanaea, we usually don't kill talented people. It looks like I'll have to make an exception today, though."

Once Jonathan spoke, an aura of heightened spiritual energy began to rise around him.

Instead of dissipating, the spiritual energy coalesced around him, forming a protective layer of half-transparent scales that covered his body.

The scales on Jonathan's body condensed and intertwined with one another at an incredible speed, creating a powerful aura that shot out from his body like a wild gale.

A sense of foreboding promptly flooded Charleigh as he ordered the Beta Warriors, "Hurry, kill him!"

Right then, Jonathan pushed his Heaven Sword into the ground.

"Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, Elemental Extrication Technique, Earthly Escape!" he roared.

With that, he channeled pure spiritual energy into the ground.

Boom!

The factory's ground suddenly detonated and the trap formation designed to ensnare Jonathan was only able to restrain him for a few fleeting moments before it crumbled into tiny fragments.

The ground beneath everyone else's feet had shifted, morphing from solid earth to a soft layer of quicksand except for the spot where Jonathan and Ksana were standing.

Huge hands shot up and seized those Beta Warriors, dragging them deep below the surface of the earth.

It was obvious Jonathan wanted them dead.

Charleigh didn't want to leave him, so he didn't bother sparing his life.

Jonathan was not a person who was known for his kindness and compassion. If a brilliant weapon inventor like Charleigh refused to work for him, he was well aware that it could potentially mean the death of many Chanaea soldiers if they ever faced off against Charleigh's modified and enhanced troops in battle.

He was unable to take Charleigh along with him, so he made the decision to terminate him, along with the modified soldiers who had the potential to be deployed to war in the future.

Killing a single genetically modified soldier could save the lives of countless Chanaean soldiers.



As the ground had turned to sand, the factory lost its foundation and collapsed.

However, Jonathan and the other two remained unscathed.

Charleigh leaped into the air, his coat flapping in the chill of the wind. Above him, magical symbols suddenly began to glow brightly.

With his thumbs pressed against each other, he chanted, "Oh water, the life-giving force that sustains us all, I implore you to fill up this gaping chasm before me and transform it into a solid block of ice!"

Following his chant, a burst of spiritual energy appeared on his coat and spiraled downward.

Jonathan used his mind control to propel himself into the sky, using the earth's surface as a launching pad.

When he reached Charleigh's side, he demanded, "What is it now? You've been muttering to yourself for a while now. Are you going to do it or not?"

Charleigh saw Heaven Sword coming for his head and was quick to react, swerving aside to avoid being decapitated.

After the attack failed, an earth dragon appeared beneath Jonathan's feet.

Whenever Jonathan ventured forward, an earth dragon would miraculously manifest, granting him the ability to soar through the sky with every stride he took.

Charleigh had a remarkable ability to move through the air thanks to the arcane array that was inscribed on his coat. With it, he could defy gravity and walk through the air with ethereal grace.

Despite not having mastered any Pryncyps, the two God Realm cultivators were still able to fight in midair.

They employed spells and enchantments to fight against each other, producing a dazzling display of light and color resembling a brilliant array of fireworks in the sky.

"Master, there is water down below!" Ksana suddenly shouted beneath them.

Jonathan's Heaven Sword and Charleigh's staff clashed with a loud clang, sending him flying backward. He then glanced at the ground.

The quicksand that had once filled the area surrounding the factory had completely vanished, replaced instead by a vast lake.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Fountains began to appear in succession, each accompanied by a human figure.

It turned out that Charleigh used his water magic to save those who had been swallowed by the quicksand earlier.

Whoosh!

Zebedee's broken blade sliced a Grandmaster Realm cultivator in half before stabbing into the ground beside Ksana.

"Kill them with this blade. Spare no one!"

"Got it!" Ksana replied with a huge grin as she picked up the blade.

The next moment, she reappeared ten meters away to plunge the broken blade into a Grandmaster Realm cultivator's nape.

Previously, Ksana was overwhelmed by the frequency of the attacks and was unable to fight back.

Now they were no longer standing side by side, and the Grandmasters were completely bewildered as they were suddenly thrust up from the depths of the earth.

Many individuals were slowly losing consciousness as a result of being deprived of oxygen.

Thus, Ksana could easily wipe them out.

Jonathan disappeared in a flash as he went after Charleigh, who had fled the scene.

**Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 905**

The Legendary Man Chapter 905-Jonathan sprinted through the woods with all his strength, trying to catch up to Charleigh.

Behind Charleigh's back was a complicated Hexagram Array that shone with a mysterious luminescence.

Every time it shone, it would give a spurt of spiritual energy that propelled Charleigh forward.

The spurt of spiritual energy not only increased Charleigh's speed but also made him more agile.

That was why he was able to avoid Jonathan's attacks.

After another attack failed to hit its target, Jonathan finally got rid of his shield.

He was aware that if he kept going at this pace, he would be draining his spiritual energy too quickly.

Leaping into the air, Jonathan retrieved Divine Chessboard and tossed it at Charleigh, who was in front of him.

Assuming it was a dagger or some weapon, Charleigh didn't pay any attention to it. He dodged the chessboard and continued on his journey.

However, Jonathan wasn't about to spare him.

He waved his hands in a sweeping motion, and the small chessboard suddenly enlarged and transformed into an immense wall, standing firmly in Charleigh's way.

The wall was hundreds of meters tall. Jonathan couldn't even make it past the wall, let alone Charleigh.

Charleigh blanched in horror when he realized his path had been blocked. With a tap of his feet, he went to the left of the chessboard.

That was part of Jonathan's plan.

He proceeded in the same direction while the left side of the chessboard rapidly began to expand, causing the right side to abruptly vanish.

One of the characteristics of the chessboard was that it could move in any direction with Jonathan as its center.

As long as Jonathan moved along with Charleigh, the Divine Chessboard would always block the latter's path.

Charleigh could easily travel dozens of meters to make his escape, but with Jonathan's ploy, he discovered the chessboard was still blocking his path wherever he went.

He was shocked at the discovery.

Jonathan not only shifted from side to side, but he was also drawing nearer to Charleigh with each step he took.

A few seconds later, Jonathan was only dozens of meters away from Charleigh.

If Charleigh was still hovering in the same spot, he would definitely get caught by Jonathan soon.

"Clone!" he hollered.

With his right hand, Charleigh reached out and grabbed his coat, shining it on his face. The radiant glow was so intense that Jonathan had to close his eyes instinctively to protect himself from the brightness.

However, his spiritual sense told him that three figures were making their escapes in different directions.

"Again?" Jonathan muttered in frustration as he stared at the three figures.

He recalled Zebedee's clone talisman and felt an incoming headache.

All cultivators in God Realm were aware that the usual spells would have no effect on those of the same level as themselves. Therefore, there was no definitive way to determine which entity was a clone prior to launching an attack.

Without a choice, Jonathan picked one glowing figure and went after him.

With each step he took, the board changed, shifting and rearranging itself in response to his movements. After taking a step, Jonathan stabbed Heaven Sword into one orb with precision.

Boom!

The orb shattered into pieces, and the spiritual energy faded away. There was nothing inside.

Jonathan slowly reached out his right arm, and Divine Chessboard began to reduce in size until it shrunk to a miniature version that could fit comfortably in the palm of his hand.

Some distance away, Charleigh had finally escaped from the dense forest and entered a canyon.

Jonathan was surprised to see lights there.

He made his way to the edge of the canyon and looked down to discover military vehicles parked in the canyon.

At the entrance of the canyon, there was an army base that was illuminated by a series of bright lights. A searchlight was continually sweeping back and forth, scanning both sides of the canyon.

It looks like they are searching for me. Has he entered the army base?

Jonathan frowned.

Charleigh should understand that human soldiers cannot pose a threat to me unless they are equipped with a powerful weapon that can cause a large amount of destruction. By bringing me here, he will be putting the lives of Remdikian soldiers at risk, and I cannot comprehend why he would choose to do that. It almost feels as though he has intentionally led me to this location.

He was deep in thought when the dark sky above the canyon was suddenly illuminated by searchlights. Soon after, the canyon was filled with the sound of marching feet as countless Remdikian soldiers emerged from their camp.

“Awoo!”

The next moment, countless wolf howls echoed through the air.

The Remdikian soldiers let out loud, unearthly howls that echoed through the canyon before they began to transform. Their bodies contorted and grew until they were standing as tall werewolves.

Jonathan had seen spiritual energy fluctuations originating from Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

However, the sight of thousands of Grandmasters' energy fluctuating in an instant was truly horrifying.

It felt like a heatwave had emerged from the ground within the canyon.

As the intense spiritual energy coursed through the air, snowflakes were thrown into the sky, swirling around in a mesmerizing dance.

In the canyon, Charleigh stretched out a finger and pointed in Jonathan's direction.

A faint orb flew to Jonathan, but he avoided it easily.

When the orb flew past Jonathan, it disappeared in the air like a firework that was fading away.

However, that seemingly innocuous firework acted as a beacon of light, providing guidance to more than one thousand modified soldiers.

“Awoo!”

Following the first howl, the first werewolf leaped onto the cliff.

Behind him, the werewolf warriors erupted into a wild frenzy as they charged up the cliff with a recklessness that suggested they had gone mad.

Jonathan gritted his teeth as he glared at Charleigh down below.

“F\*ck it! This isn't how you utilize a human wave attack!” he cursed.

Without a second thought, he launched himself off the ground and soared through the air with remarkable agility.

“Skywards!”

Spiritual energy emerged from Heaven Sword to form a long beam.

With this one move, Jonathan had sliced off dozens of meters of the cliff.

He landed as his spiritual energy coursed into the ground. With a single stomp, he pulverized the crumbling cliff face, causing it to crumble and cascade down the steep sides of the canyon.

Boom, boom, boom...

Rumbles exploded forth with the force of a thunderbolt within the canyon.

The enormous rocks that came barreling down the precipitous slopes wreaked havoc on the werewolves, yet they were all exceedingly powerful Grandmasters. Despite not having the power to obliterate the boulders, they had the ability to evade them.

Grandmaster Realm cultivators may seem insignificant and powerless when compared to God Realm cultivators, but it was true that a vast army of ants was capable of taking down an elephant.

In typical scenarios, Jonathan would have been prompted to make a hasty retreat upon encountering an intimidating force of thousands of Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

Nevertheless, Remdik and Chanaea were going to war soon.

If he ignored them and allowed the modified soldiers to go to battle, he knew his country would definitely lose the war at Doveston.

Jonathan took one step back and stood dozens of meters away from the cliff.

Raising Heaven Sword, he slowly humbled himself.

No matter what Charleigh's plan was, he had to do his very best to stop him.

"Mr. Coffin, wake up! Be prepared to suck the life force!"

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 906**

The Legendary Man Chapter 906- **Many Questions**

Jonathan shouted excitedly at the coffin in his elixir field.

Although those thousands of Grandmaster Realm cultivators could already be said to have reached an almost terrifying order of magnitude, he felt inexplicably excited at that moment.

Following the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, what Jonathan had grasped was the Prynycyp of Slaughter.

It was just that he had been restraining the influence of Prynycyp on him all this time.

The way of killing required the comprehension of the true meaning of the Prynycyp amid slaughter.

However, killing indiscriminately would contradict its original intention and obstruct Jonathan's thoughts, making it easy to form an inner demon to stop him from progressing.

Yet, at that moment, he had no reservations about facing the top one hundred Grandmasters at the bottom of the mountain.

With his right hand tightly gripping the hilt of Heaven Sword, Jonathan bowed slightly, like a preying cheetah, ready to deliver a fatal blow at any time.

Thump!

Following a dull thud, a drooling werewolf finally landed on the cliff.

“Die!”

The Divine Chessboard beneath Jonathan's feet unfolded in response. The moment the werewolf leaped forward and rushed onto the chessboard, he slashed its waist with Heaven Sword.

“Mr. Coffin, collect the vita!”

Jonathan could clearly feel an extremely thin life force sinking into his meridians as the werewolf's life force rapidly drifted away.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The dull thuds came continuously.



Jonathan looked around, and wherever he looked, dozens of werewolves had already rushed up toward him.

Spiritual sense force field, open!

Spiritual energy force field, open!

Following the activation of the two major force fields, everything within a hundred meters of his body, every flower, tree, grass, and even the trajectory of a single snowflake, all entered his mind.

Rays of light surged on the Divine Chessboard, streaks of purple shooting toward the sky one after another. Against the backdrop of snowflakes, they merged into chessboards in midair.

“Kill them all!”

The entire Divine Chessboard had completely become Jonathan’s omniscience force field.

Wherever Jonathan’s mind went was within a year on that chessboard.

At that moment, Heaven Sword was like the deadly scythe of the Grim Reaper, constantly weaving through the werewolves.

More than a dozen werewolf heads flew up almost at the same time.

Jonathan’s figure, on the other hand, vanished before the eyes of the many werewolves.

Streaks of life force flowed continuously into his body, healing the burns on his body while they were being collected into the mysterious coffin.

Although they were extremely thin streaks passing through his veins, they could help his wound heal quickly.

Jonathan could not help but marvel at the miraculous properties of the Pryncyp of Life as he felt the changes in his body.

No wonder Seboxia has the power to establish Seboxiasm on his own and completely transform the West Region from a princely state to a theocratic state. With the Pryncyp of Life, he can cure himself simply by killing people.

War is simply a tonic for him. As long as there are people to kill, Seboxia can achieve true longevity.

At that thought, Jonathan froze.

That's not right! There's another Pryncyp that treats killing as enjoyment, which is the Pryncyp of Slaughter! Both Seboxia and I can benefit from the killing, and the other party has been buried in an underground tomb for more than one thousand six hundred years. During this time, several old guys had shocked the world, not to mention Kenado, the Sage of Divine Realm. Can't these people kill? If they simply want to use killing to collect life force, why not directly possess the bodies of Divine Realm experts like Kenado and Damoyed? Kenado could slaughter a small country for Seboxia if he wanted to, so wouldn't there be a lot of life force?

He was confused. But why didn't Seboxia possess anyone despite having so many Divine Realm believers over more than a thousand years? He didn't even use the body of Prima when she was chosen by Kenado and called the reincarnated God's Body. Why did he choose to enter my elixir field instead? Is it because I dug his grave? Isn't that a little bit too vengeful?

Jonathan dodged a werewolf's sharp claws before swinging his sword and piercing its head.

There were many slaughtered bodies scattered across the Divine Chessboard at the time.

Jonathan casually wiped his Heaven Sword and let out a long breath seeing more and more werewolves around him.

With that sigh, he was lamenting not only the number of werewolves but also his situation.

He had been constantly sabotaged since he decided to break the monopoly of all the respectable families.

Asura's Office had just improved under the alliance, having the ability to secretly go against the eight respectable families, making Jonathan finally feel a little more at ease.

However, the Osborne family seized his old residence and kidnapped Josephine to threaten him.

Although I've gained a lot from this trip to the West Region, I've now fallen into the scheme of Seboxiasm again.

Jonathan felt a twinge of sadness for himself as he reflected on everything he had been through.

He had thought of himself as a chess player the entire time, but in the end, he was just a pawn in someone else's game.

At present, he could only hope that Seboxia in his elixir field had no ill intention toward him.

He simply did not have a way to restrain such an old monster.

As he slayed another werewolf with Heaven Sword, he reached the edge of the cliff.

Although he had been contemplating a lot earlier, those thoughts came and went quickly.

From the unfolding of the Divine Chessboard to the present, no more than a dozen seconds had passed.

Within this time, Jonathan had already slain dozens of Grandmaster Realm werewolves.

At this point, the scalded skin on his body had already scabbed over and fallen off, replaced by new skin.

Jonathan stretched his limbs before retrieving a piece of loose sportswear from his storage ring and nimbly putting it on.

Although I don't feel cold, it sure is improper to keep walking around naked.

While staring at the many werewolves kept out of the Divine Chessboard, he took out four Spirit Rejuvenating Pills and threw them into his mouth as though he was eating jelly beans.

This Divine Chessboard consumes too much spiritual energy. It seems that I must hurry up.

Jonathan grinned as he stepped forward while swinging Heaven Sword.

Although I'm not sure why Charleigh sent these werewolves to be killed one after the other, I must accept such a large gift.

“Die!”

With that, Jonathan leaped up. The Divine Chessboard beneath his feet followed his rapid movement and once again took dozens of werewolves into it.

Bodies flew, and blood spewed everywhere. Jonathan was like a peerless killing god as he completely let go of his inner restraint.

At that moment, there was no longer any concept of right or wrong nor good or evil within him.

All that was left was the desire to kill.

That whole time, Jonathan himself did not notice that above him, the spiritual energy in the night sky was slowly gathering toward his head.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 907**

The Legendary Man Chapter 907-“Attack! Kill him!” Charleigh barked from afar with his hands behind his back.

This group of werewolf warriors, created by Charleigh, didn't possess a mind of their own. They would obey Charleigh unconditionally.

Upon receiving his order, the werewolves on the ground turned into afterimages as they charged in Jonathan's direction.

Once the Divine Chessboard was activated, it could not only trap the cultivators within it but also prevent those outside from entering.

It was similar to when Jonathan battled Aetomoye. Hossom and Prima were unable to enter the chessboard regardless of how hard they tried.

Nevertheless, no matter how mysterious a magical item was, it was still an inanimate object that relied upon the spiritual energy of its user.

In other words, the manipulation of the Divine Chessboard's abilities was all down to Jonathan's capacity to sustain it.

The spirit shield formed outside it was naturally dependent on how much spiritual energy he had.

Unfortunately, all those outside were not ordinary men without spiritual energy. Instead, they were all true blue Grandmasters who had been genetically modified into mindless killing machines.

Having been attacked by hundreds of Grandmaster Realm cultivators, the spirit shield was instantaneously shattered.

Thereafter, hundreds of hysterical figures flooded onto the chessboard as if they had gone berserk.

“Master!”

Ksana’s voice rang out in the background. Jonathan leaped into the air and cast a spell with his hand. Subsequently, a portal formation appeared above the chessboard, throwing all the werewolves out of it.

Within a few short minutes, Jonathan had massacred hundreds of Grandmaster Realm werewolves, a victory that was unparalleled in its glory.

However, as there were still eight to nine hundred of them, Jonathan’s physical ability to fight them fell short of his intent to do so.

Although taking them on was like fighting schoolchildren—where he could easily defeat two to three single-handedly—their massive numbers were a huge problem. A single punch from each of them or just piling their bodies on top of him was more than sufficient to kill him.

“Master, I’m coming to your aid!”

Ksana had signed the master and servant contract. She lunged forward and pulled out her broken blade when she saw that Jonathan was in trouble.

Unexpectedly, Jonathan swiftly grabbed her collar in mid-air and threw her back instead.

“Damn it! No! There are just too many of them. We have to put some distance between us and them first!”

Jonathan released his grip on Ksana to allow her to land. The moment both of them touched the ground, they sprang forward immediately, turning into afterimages as they sprinted downhill.

From a distance, Charleigh burst into laughter at the sight of Jonathan running away.

“Beta Warriors! Chase Jonathan down and don’t let him escape! He must be captured at all costs!”

“Understood!”

Upon grunting in unison, more than ten figures in military uniform leaped into the air.

They were the only Beta Warriors Charleigh had under his command. Due to their independent will, they were significantly superior to Alpha Warriors when it came to fighting battles and executing their missions.

It was the emergence of Beta Warriors that Remdik pulled its support for Charleigh’s research.

From the military point of view, Beta Warriors possessed the qualities of the perfect soldier—calm, powerful, and obedient.

To Remdik, such a soldier had more than satisfied its requirements. It saw no reason to invest further time and resources to develop a better version.

That was why Charleigh was eager for the soldiers to hunt Jonathan down in a suicidal manner.

Only by getting all of them killed, cutting off Remdik’s access to them, could he force them to supply him with more cultivators to be modified.

With the new batch of cultivators, he would be able to continue his unfinished research by conducting experiments on them.

If he had sent the Beta Warriors to the battlefield or cooked up an excuse to have them killed, he would have likely suffered the same fate as they did.

Jonathan’s appearance today presented him with the perfect opportunity to continue his research.

Asura's Office was, after all, the biggest impediment to Remdik's plan to conquer Doveston.

Given that Jonathan was the chief of Asura's Office, sacrificing Beta Warriors to kill him was entirely reasonable. Even if Ivanov was present, he would not have any objections.

Under the current circumstance, the Beta Warriors would either be wiped out by Jonathan or Jonathan would end up being killed by the human wave tactics.

Either conclusion would be a win from Charleigh's perspective.

With the Beta Warriors leading the way, the hundreds of Grandmaster Realm cultivators followed behind them like a giant swarm of insects.

Meanwhile, Jonathan and Ksana swiftly made their way through the forest.

By then, Ksana had managed to calm down. Despite her bold demeanor, the overwhelming spiritual energy approaching from behind had caused her to break into a cold sweat.

"Master, how did you end up offending so many cultivators? All of them are of Grandmaster Realm no less. Did you poke a hornet's nest?"

Jonathan gave Ksana a seething look. From the moment they began to flee, he had already consumed four Spirit Rejuvenating Pills.

The use of the Divine Chessboard earlier had drained him of a massive amount of spiritual energy.

"Ksana, is that your attempt at showing off your proficiency in Chanaean? Do I look like I'm in the mood for jokes now?"

While speaking, Jonathan retrieved more than ten grenades from his storage ring. After pulling out the safety pins, he hurled them toward the back.

"Tell me, Ksana, does Sanctuary have this many Grandmaster Realm cultivators too?"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Despite the series of explosions thundering behind them, it barely made a difference.

Even if a single grenade could kill a Grandmaster Realm werewolf, it was nothing but a drop in the ocean, for there were simply hundreds if not thousands of them in total.

At that moment, Jonathan's only regret was ordering Karl to send all the Remdikian weapons back to Doveston after Antoine's death.

Otherwise, he could have fired a barrage of missiles at his enemies, putting an end to the pursuit.

Ksana deliberated momentarily before answering, "Master, although Sanctuary has many cultivators, they have no more than three hundred who are of Grandmaster Realm."

"Damn it!"

Jonathan gave Ksana a bitter look.

Three hundred might only be a third of what was currently chasing them. It was still a number that wasn't to be trifled with.

The niggling feeling Jonathan felt began to intensify gradually.

Due to Chanaea's strange social structure, all talented cultivators would inadvertently gravitate toward the eight respectable families or hidden sects.

As for those who didn't, their progress would be indirectly hindered by the eight respectable families' monopoly of cultivation resources.

Until today, the only cultivators who managed to succeed independently were Jonathan, Karl, and Wilbur.

In Joshua's case, he relied on the resources left behind by the Whitley family.

As a result, the entire nation didn't have more than a hundred Grandmaster Realm cultivators in total.

Compared to the other countries, there was a huge gulf to bridge, one that gave Jonathan a surreal feeling.



Chanaea shouldn't be this weak!

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 908

The Legendary Man Chapter 908—"Master, Sanctuary only sounds more glamorous than it actually is."

Faced with Jonathan's silence, Ksana thought that he was upset over what she had reported.

She quickly added, "We have no more than three hundred Grandmaster Realm cultivators, fifty-four God Realm cultivators, six, Divine Realm cultivators, one God—"

"Stop!" Jonathan interrupted her elaboration with his hand raised.

Ksana's words filled Jonathan with exasperation.

Regardless of its size, Asura's Office was considered one of the world's most prominent organizations. Yet they only had three God Realm cultivators.

In comparison, Sanctuary had fifty-four of them.

How are we going to f\*cking compete? Asura's Office doesn't even have fifty-four Grandmaster Realm cultivators. There's no way we can defeat them in a war.

"Mr. Coffin, going against Sanctuary is suicide. I'm not going to do it anymore."

Just like how readily Jonathan had promised the coffin to travel to Sanctuary, he was now repudiating his promise with equal decisiveness.

"No way!"

All of a sudden, the coffin emitted a frosty aura, one that sent a chill down Jonathan's spine.

Jonathan used his mental energy to form an image of himself in his elixir field. With a grim look on his face, he stared at the coffin.

“Mr. Coffin, didn’t you just hear what Ksana said? When it comes to God Realm cultivators alone, Sanctuary has more than fifty of them. What makes you think I can steal the emperor’s circulatory system from under their noses? We haven’t even taken into consideration the God Realm cultivators and the supposed God. It’s just like walking into a death trap!”

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure that you’re safe,” the coffin replied, to which Jonathan snorted in response.

“Can you stop bragging already, Mr. Coffin? Even if we set the Grandmaster Realm and Divine Realm cultivators aside, we’ll still have to face three hundred Grandmaster Realm cultivators the moment we set foot on Mount Enly. I’ll have my hands full just dealing with them. How are you going to help me by lying in your coffin? Are you going to cheer me on from there?”

No sooner had Jonathan spoken than a burst of pure life force flooded out of the coffin.

“Jonathan, you’re about to break through to the next level. Don’t waste such a wonderful opportunity,” the coffin said coldly.

The next moment, Jonathan stopped in his tracks against his will.

Ksana, who was running by his side, leaped into the air and continued to dash forward. Just as she covered tens of meters, she detected something amiss and turned around. Much to her surprise, she saw Jonathan charging at the werewolves with Heaven Sword in his hand.

“Master!” Ksana cried out as she ran after him the moment she landed.

With the coffin’s help and to continue keeping his secret, Jonathan and Ksana signed a master and servant contract with the cruelest conditions.

Not only could Jonathan decide the fate of Ksana’s life on a whim, but his death would also cause her to be annihilated by Pryncyp.

In other words, regardless of the odds Jonathan faced in battle, Ksana had no choice but to follow and protect him.

After all, she needed to keep him safe in order for her to continue living.

“How dare he come back! Kill him!” Charleigh bellowed from a few hundred meters away when he saw Jonathan turn around and charge at him.

“Awoo!”

The werewolves acknowledged the order by howling into the air before flashing their sharp claws at Jonathan.

“You handle the attacks, while I take care of the defense,” the coffin said in an indifferent tone. “Remember to gain insight on the Pryncyp of Slaughter you possess. A sliver of it can only be felt the moment you lose your life. On top of that, the higher the cultivation of its holder, the clearer the sensation will be. There are a thousand Grandmaster Realm cultivators here. If you fail to master the Pryncyp of Slaughter after killing all of them, there’s no point in your existence anymore.”

Upon listening to the coffin’s words, Jonathan could feel the life force within him rage, reinvigorating every inch of his flesh.

“This feeling...”

Boundless energy exuded from his body as he tightened his grip on Heaven Sword.

“This feels similar to when I was buried alive by Aetomoye back in the West Region. Life force is coursing through my veins,” Jonathan said ecstatically.

From the depths of Jonathan’s elixir field, the coffin replied flatly, “You will be invincible before the life force I have bestowed upon you dissipates. Even if you run into a Divine Realm cultivator, you’ll be able to put up a good fight.”

“Thank you, Mr. Coffin,” Jonathan shouted before bursting into hearty laughter.

The next moment, he vanished into thin air.

Agonized screams rang out all around him.

Flying through the air, he threw out several sharp magical items as he killed his enemies.

As sparks lit up around Jonathan, a Beta Warrior werewolf dropped down from above to strike at Jonathan’s head.

“Die!”

After enduring the blow head-on, Jonathan grabbed the Beta Warrior’s leg, whirled him around, and smashed him to the ground.

Bam!

Following an earth-shaking rumble, the two-meter-tall werewolf exploded into a mist of blood.

Jonathan then grabbed a werewolf who was charging at him. Letting out a deep roar, he engaged the Pryncyp of Slaughter in his arm. The resulting vibration instantly blew the werewolf’s circulatory system to pieces.

“Awoo!”

At that moment, six werewolves jumped on him from every direction, their sharp claws looking especially menacing in the chilly breeze.

As Jonathan leaped into the air, Heaven Sword transformed into a sledgehammer, and he smashed it down with all his might.

Boom!

The entire earth shook upon impact, while the ensuing shockwave blew the attacking werewolves away.

With one foot stepping on the pile of werewolf corpses, Jonathan threw the thousand-pound hammer onto his shoulder.

“Charleigh, I don’t know what you’re really up to, but thanks for the present you have given me.”

While speaking, Jonathan swept his gaze across the burly werewolves one by one.

Thereafter, he swung his right hand forward, throwing the magical sledgehammer in Charleigh’s direction.

At the same time, he summoned a black spear and stabbed it right between a Beta Warrior’s eyes.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Sounds of a brutal battle rang out in the air.

Around Jonathan, bodies of werewolves began to pile up with no end in sight.

Despite suffering a wound in his back and from a broken arm, he would heal instantly and be as good as new.

With his body enhanced by the life force provided by the coffin, Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter had been engaged to its maximum.

In this unending massacre and while werewolves were dropping like flies, the awareness Jonathan felt continued to change.

His understanding of Pryncyp of Slaughter became crystal clear. It felt as if the veil surrounding the mysterious and unfathomable Pryncyp had been gradually lifted.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 909**

The Legendary Man Chapter 909-At that moment, the heavens and earth contained within Jonathan's spiritual sense had lost their color.

Under normal circumstances, his spiritual sense had a range of about a hundred meters. But now, it continued to expand infinitely, unbound by any borders.

Closing his eyes, Jonathan felt himself grow exponentially, while the surrounding werewolves, trees, and flowers seemed to miniaturize in contrast.

Following that, the mountains, rivers, deserts, and oceans shrunk at his feet, turning the concept of size into nothing but a vague idea.

When he opened his palms, Jonathan could feel that entire planet revolving in his hands.

The sun and the moon were right by his side, while stars sparkled brightly in space.

In the blink of an eye, the galaxy turned on itself, causing the countless stars to flow through the gaps of his fingers as if they were sand blown away by the gentle breeze.

The state of mind he was in made him feel omnipotent as if he was the creator of the planet.

Immersed in the mysterious sensation, Jonathan left his mind blank as he allowed his physical body to merge with nature and absorb its will.

Suddenly, Jonathan, through his spiritual sense, detected gentle ripples in the infinite space around him.

The sensation was similar to someone bumping into a stretched membrane that had no boundaries.

As Jonathan thrust Heaven Sword forward, the ripple gradually faded away.

However, a sharp blade pierced through his heart next.

Lowering his head to look at his chest, he saw an empty hole.

His heart was hanging outside his body as if something was squeezing it.

Boom!

His heart subsequently exploded into a mist of blood right before his eyes.

Standing in the void, he looked around in confusion as strength and spiritual energy flowed out of him rapidly.

An icy sensation enveloped his body while the stars and sun around him began to fade away.

The next moment, Jonathan felt a massive force pulling him backward.

As the objects surrounding him regained their shape quickly, Jonathan returned to his body in that instant.

The sounds from before filled his senses again.

The ripples he had seen earlier morphed into hordes of werewolves charging at him, while his surroundings returned to the way they used to be.

“Awoo!”

Before he knew it, a werewolf had pounced on him and sunk its razor-sharp fangs into his shoulders.

Having been knocked over on the ground, Jonathan lay in the middle of the frosty snow and allowed the werewolves to rip his flesh apart.

One jumped on him, then followed by another.

In a single breath, Jonathan had been pinned down by a huge pile of werewolves.

“Master!” Ksana screamed when she sensed Jonathan’s aura fading away.

Without a moment’s hesitation, she brandished her broken blade and charged at the horde of werewolves.

Her blade subsequently sliced through the neck of one werewolf, severing its huge head from its body.

However, there were just too many werewolves around.

As a God Realm cultivator produced through an accelerated process, there was no way Ksana could hold back the werewolves’ hysterical rampage.

After Ksana unleashed a few attacks, a werewolf she had just cut down grabbed onto her arm.

It sunk its fangs into it and ripped off a huge amount of flesh just before it died.

The stench of blood that filled the air caused the werewolves to grow even more frantic.

While screaming in agony, Ksana raised her leg in an attempt to kick her attacker away. Unfortunately, another werewolf bit her leg before she could do so.

With no time to react, she felt another werewolf crash into her back. It then opened its jaws wide and sank its teeth into her windpipe.

As her blood spewed into the air, Ksana collapsed onto the ground with her eyes brimming with despair.

At the brink of death, Ksana used the last bit of her strength to drive the spiritual energy in her meridian into a backward flow. She then began to suck in all the spiritual energy from her surroundings.

Since she was going to die, she felt that detonating herself was the best option.

Not only could she avoid the pain of being torn apart for food, but she could also blow up the werewolves around her as a final act of vengeance.

From afar, Charleigh stood quietly on a huge boulder and watched as the werewolves drowned Jonathan and Ksana.

Half an hour had passed since the werewolves began their pursuit. Within the short duration, Jonathan and Ksana had killed close to three hundred Grandmaster Realm werewolf cultivators.

Such a huge loss could incapacitate any organization globally.

At that moment, Charleigh's brows were furrowed. He wasn't lamenting the loss of the three hundred warriors. Instead, he was perplexed that the number was far below his expectations.

He needed more than half of them to be killed, only then could he convince the leaders of Remdik to provide him with more research samples.

I have not even lost one-third of the troops. Jonathan has clearly not lived up to his reputation. The legend of Asura is nothing but a sham!

With that, Charleigh began to wield his magic by gesturing the signs for an arcane array.

He wanted to capture Jonathan alive together with the other werewolves so that he could explain himself to his superiors.

Claiming that he was forced to sacrifice the werewolves in his attempt to subdue Jonathan would be a convincing excuse.

As spiritual energy flooded out of Charleigh, a complex-looking arcane array emerged right in front of him.

However, just before he unleashed it, an explosion could be heard in the dark of the night.



Crack... Crack... Boom!

The sound seemed to reverberate right beside everyone's ears.

It jolted Charleigh so much that his arcane array shattered into glittering sparks.

The werewolves gathered on the hillside looked up at the sky in confusion.

At the same time, the werewolves who were devouring Jonathan and Ksana stopped what they are doing with blood still dripping out of their mouths.

Buzz...

Thereafter, a strange vibration echoed across the land.

Charleigh scanned his surroundings warily and could see that everything was shaking.

The trees, plants, and even the giant boulder underneath him were all affected by the tremors.

Charleigh raised both his hands, wanting to set up a defensive arcane array.

Unfortunately, he couldn't do so regardless of how hard he tried. He just couldn't gather the required spiritual energy.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Branches of the surrounding trees broke and rained down onto the ground.

As a gale swept across the surface of the land, it threw grasses and flowers up into the air.

Looking down at his feet, Charleigh tapped on the massive boulder he was standing on. It disintegrated into dust as if it had been weathered for tens of thousands of years.

He brought out a shield and covered his head with it. Even though he had no idea what was going on, he was certain it wasn't something good.

Just as he was maintaining his vigilance against his surroundings, an invisible shockwave struck down upon the werewolf horde.

When Charleigh looked in the direction of the impact, he realized that was where Jonathan was.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 910**

The Legendary Man Chapter 910-As the peculiar wave descended, a flurry of werewolves scattered from Jonathan's side in every direction.

In an instant, only Jonathan and Ksana remained at the center of the encirclement.

Ksana, now a tattered sight, had been savagely bitten and torn.

Her arms and legs were severed and lost, her wounds evidence of her limbs being brutally ripped apart.

The left side of her abdomen had been entirely exposed, and her intestines, which had spilled to the ground, had been trampled into segments by the werewolves.

Ksana's neck was broken, her blood vessels and trachea shredded, and even her face was left with less than a third of its skin.

The strange wave had scattered the spiritual energy around Ksana, interrupting her half-finished self-destruction.

Ksana's pupils gradually dilated and became distant as she lay on the ground.

Her fragmented trachea bubbled and gurgled due to the influx of blood.

There was no hope left for her.

Ksana, raised as a weapon since childhood, knew she wouldn't live long.

It was that recognition that drove her to escape Sanctuary, which was akin to a hellish realm.

Unexpectedly, she evaded the pursuit of Sanctuary only to meet her demise there.

What a pity. I've never seen the ocean, the beaches, or the prairies...

As her vision blurred, Ksana felt neither sadness nor joy. She even felt a hint of relief as she descended into darkness.

However, just as the last glimmer of light above her was about to be swallowed by the shadows, Ksana felt someone grasp her shoulder.

“I am your master! Without my permission, no one is allowed to kill you!”

Ksana intuitively sensed warmth coursing through her body as she listened to the delicate voice.

She felt contented and exhilarated at that instant as if she was soaking in soothing warm water.

Instinctively, she let out a moan.

As she opened her eyes, she saw Jonathan kneeling beside her. He was clutching her shoulder with his left hand.

“Master...” Ksana uttered while staring at him in a daze.

“Yes,” he replied gently.

At that moment, Ksana bore witness to a scene she would remember for all eternity.

Jonathan had used his life force to restructure her circulatory system and internal organs in order to save her earlier.

He only managed to attend to Ksana’s broken limbs now.

Lying on the ground, she watched in amazement as her arms and legs regenerated with astonishing speed, similar to a wounded gecko.

“This...”

She looked at her newly grown arms with skin as tender and pink as a newborn’s, clenched her fists, and struck them against one another.

A puff of blood mist erupted from her knuckles with a dull thud.

That intense pain assured her that everything before her eyes was real instead of an illusion.

Touching her cheeks, she found no trace of damage.

Her injuries had been completely healed!

Was that a miracle?

No, it was more than a miracle.

Even a God from Sanctuary couldn't achieve such a feat of bringing the dead back to life.

Jonathan retrieved a tracksuit and tossed it to Ksana.

"Although you have a great figure, it won't be appropriate for you to walk around without clothes, right?"

Only after hearing his reminder did Ksana look down at her body.

During the battle, the werewolves had torn not only her flesh but also her clothing.

Even though her wounds had been healed, she was now practically naked, save for half a bra hanging from her left shoulder.

Ksana, tall and strikingly beautiful, sat on the blood-soaked ground amidst the carnage, creating an impactful sight that was as erotic as it was violent.

Glancing at her body, even Ksana, who had been indoctrinated from a young age to disregard gender differences, couldn't help but blush.

However, since Jonathan had already seen her naked body, she decided not to be shy.

She took out a set of underwear from her storage ring, stood up, and dressed in front of him.

Meanwhile, Jonathan slowly extended his right hand and made a gesture of grabbing the air forcefully. The next second, Heaven Sword flew back into his hand from the werewolves.

"Charleigh, it's not too late for you to run now."

“Run?” Charleigh tidied his suit, his eyes gleaming with excitement. “Why would I run? Jonathan, I must say, you have given me far too many surprises. Despite having her heart shattered, she can still survive and return to her original state. You’re even capable of reviving someone who has been torn to pieces. What kind of power is hidden within your body? Initially, I just wanted to use you to wear down this horde of mindless trash, but now, I’ve changed my mind. I want to capture and dissect you to see what you’re made of.”

Jonathan glanced at Heaven Sword in his hand as a hint of murderous intent flitted across his eyes.

“You know, Charleigh, people who boast like you are really rare.” Then, he turned to Ksana and smiled faintly at her. “You have only one task, and that is to keep an eye on Charleigh to prevent him from fleeing. Leave the rest of these beasts to me!”

As his words fell, he vanished instantly.

His killing intent burst forth, sending a chilling sensation to travel down others’ spines while striking fear into others’ hearts.

As Jonathan’s figure darted past, the werewolves he attacked collapsed one after another.

This time, there was no resistance or struggle from the defeated werewolves.

All the werewolves fell to the ground and died after suffering the slightest cut from Jonathan’s sword.

In just a few moments, over twenty werewolves had fallen.

During this time, Charleigh could clearly see that Jonathan hadn’t used any special techniques.

He kept the surroundings werewolves at bay with just a sword.

Charleigh’s expression turned a few shades darker after he examined those slaughtered werewolves with his spiritual sense.

His spiritual sense and energy could enter the werewolves’ bodies without any obstruction, and he could clearly feel that they had only sustained superficial wounds.

Grandmaster Realm cultivators wouldn't immediately die from being pierced by a sword, let alone from such minor injuries.

Yet, those small wounds were sufficient to sever their physical energy and life force.

What did Jonathan do?

Charleigh's countenance changed slightly as he recalled everything that had happened.

"Jonathan, what was that strange fluctuation just now?"

Charleigh thought back to the entire battle, and the only thing he couldn't understand was the thunderous sound and the mysterious fluctuations that followed.

Jonathan's technique had merely undergone subtle changes, but it had become inexplicably more lethal. Charleigh reckoned what was different now must be the power of the technique.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had taken down several more werewolves. He stepped on their corpses and grinned. "Charleigh, doesn't the concept of being enlightened with Pryncyp exist in Adrune?"