

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 941

The Legendary Man Chapter 941-The Mysterious Old Man

Jonathan was extremely confident in his plan.

The greatest advantage of taking a flight was that the Remdikians couldn't conduct a spot check even if they suspected he was onboard.

Logically speaking, as long as he could get himself up in the air, the Remdikians would be powerless to do anything unless they were prepared to take down the entire plane with all its passengers.

Once he was airborne, he could hijack a plane and fly it to Harfush.

Unfortunately, he didn't expect the Remdikians to be one step ahead of him by preemptively sealing the airport.

Standing outside the airport fence, Jonathan felt his heart beating furiously as he stared at the rows of planes that had been grounded.

Yet those were the least of his worries, as the airport was littered with surveillance cameras and alarms.

It felt as if they were already waiting for him.

Just as he alighted from his car and prepared to sneak into the airport, an alarm was triggered.

All of a sudden, Jonathan was surrounded by over thirty Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

By then, he was already numbed by the huge amount of cultivators Remdik had in reserve.

Even if Remdik sent a thousand cultivators after him, Jonathan would no longer be surprised.

He had, after all, seen the massive power Remdik possessed firsthand.

However, little did he know that what he saw wasn't real.

It was similar to a case of survivorship bias. If one were taking a train and inquired with the surrounding passengers whether they had bought tickets, most of them would answer in the affirmative other than the rare few who freeloaded.

Even though Remdik had loads of cultivators and the fact that they were well organized due to how centralized the country's authority was, their real numbers revolved around a much smaller amount.

After all, a cultivator's cultivation went against nature. If it wasn't for the mad scientist, Charleigh, Grandmaster Realm cultivators would still be a rare sight in the country.

Jonathan had the impression that there were Grandmaster Realm cultivators everywhere in Remdik due to the shockwave he caused on every visit.

Since cultivators below Grandmaster Realm were useless against Jonathan, the Remdikian authorities had no choice but to continuously send their best men against him.

"Does anyone here speak Chanaean?" Jonathan yelled in resignation at the thirty over men surrounding him.

"I do."

A hunched back old man walked out to the front.

He was an absolute phase Grandmaster that was handicapped, probably due to sustaining an injury to his Kore in battle when he was young.

Otherwise, he would have already achieved God Realm.

Despite the vigor the old man exuded, Jonathan greeted him politely on the account of his age.

"Sir, I have killed a few hundred Grandmasters throughout my journey. You lot are simply no match for me."

"Actually, we aren't here to kill you."

Just as the old man finished, he pulled out a syringe from his ring and stabbed it into his chest.

He then gradually injected the liquid inside the syringe into his heart.

Amidst the sound of cracking bones, the hunched-back old man straightened his back. He then took a deep yet satisfied breath.

“It feels great to be able to stand up straight.”

Bam!

In the blink of an eye, the old man launched a punch at Jonathan’s face.

Although Jonathan managed to dodge it, the sonic boom that resulted from its blistering speed screamed past his ear still.

This is no f*cking Grandmaster at all!

The sudden turn of events shocked Jonathan. Just from the speed and power alone, Jonathan could tell that the old man was just as strong as Jokovich.

If Jonathan hadn’t evaded in the nick of time, his brain would have been blown to smithereens.

Without a moment’s delay, Heaven Sword was thrust at the old man’s elixir field. Before it could even get close, the old man deflected it with a palm strike before grabbing Jonathan’s wrist tightly.

Crack!

Jonathan’s wrist was snapped with a loud crack.

As stinging pain shot through his body, Jonathan dropped Heaven Sword, which turned into an afterimage and disappeared before hitting the ground.

All of a sudden, the old man’s arm broke in two. When Heaven Sword flew at the old man again, it was slapped away a second time.

Despite having his arm chopped off, the old man maintained an emotionless expression.

“So, you have a magical weapon that can attack automatically by consuming Pryncyp. No wonder plenty of Remdikian cultivators have died in your hands.”

With Heaven Sword floating above his head, Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter flared furiously from his body.

His heart began to sink as he used the limited life force he had to heal the wound on his wrist.

This is such a cunning old man. Although he's only achieved absolute phase Grandmaster Realm, the power he displayed is greater than that of a God Realm cultivator. Also, the old man doesn't seem bothered that I have broken his arm. He behaves as if he isn't affected at all.

Ever since he started his cultivation, Jonathan had only seen two people capable of doing that.

One was the possessed Ryan, while the other was Kenado of West Region.

Even though one was of Grandmaster Realm and the other, Divine Realm, both shared the same characteristic—ruthlessness.

It wasn't that their methods were cruel, they just had an indifferent attitude to life.

In their minds, there was no right and wrong, and neither was there good and evil. All they could see was their goal, and they were willing to cast everything aside to achieve it. Even if their lives needed to be sacrificed, they would show no hesitation at all.

The old man standing before Jonathan was someone like that.

From his perspective, all that mattered was Jonathan.

When the latter scanned the old man with his spiritual sense, the feedback he received gave him a shock.

The old man's body had begun to crack underneath his clothes.

If he hadn't used his spiritual energy to seal the wounds, he would have collapsed on the ground in a pile of mushy blood.

It was the result of the overwhelming pressure his physical body was put through.

Clearly, the old man couldn't sustain that condition for long.

“Sir, I’m curious about this secret technique of yours. How did you manage to elevate your cultivation level to such dizzying heights?”

“I wasn’t elevating anything. Instead, my cultivation level has deteriorated,” the old man replied with a chuckle.

“I was previously in absolute phase Divine Realm and just a step away from Ultimate Realm. Just when I was about to achieve it, someone found me despite how careful I had been hiding. From that moment on, my cultivation level began to slowly deteriorate to my current miserable condition.”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 942-Absolute phase Divine Realm?

Jonathan’s mind was blown as the words flashed across his mind.

All the hair on his head suddenly stood up.

In that instant, he stood frozen at his feet, as if someone had cast a spell on him.

Opposite him, the old man had disappeared. All he saw was someone’s hand appearing out of nowhere to pierce his throat.

The surprise attack caught Jonathan by surprise as he stood there cluelessly, his mind disorientated by the chaos.

Sensing the impending danger, Heaven Sword, hovering above his head, reacted unilaterally.

As the old man’s hand aimed for Jonathan’s throat, Heaven Sword flew straight at the old man’s heart.

At this rate, no one knew if Jonathan could survive with the little life force remaining in his body.

From the old man’s perspective, Heaven Sword would pierce him if he didn’t retract his attack.

As a vicious glint flashed across his eyes, the old man pondered for a split second before deciding to intercept Heaven Sword.

Slap!

Heaven Sword was subsequently deflected by his defensive strike.

By then, Jonathan had finally regained his senses. After he attacked the old man by unleashing a flood of spiritual energy, he somersaulted backward evasively.

Usually, a God Realm cultivator could cover tens of meters with a single step. However, when Jonathan did it, he crashed into an invisible spirit shield before he could land.

The impact shook the wits out of him. Before his feet touched the ground, he could sense Heaven Sword quietly bearing down on him.

Seizing upon Jonathan's hesitation, the old man swiftly reappeared right in front of the former.

It was then that Jonathan realized Heaven Sword had predicted the old man's location.

At that moment, the old man unleashed a palm strike that Jonathan intercepted with a double fists strike.

The impact turned the flesh covering his fists into mush, to the extent one could see the cracks in the exposed knuckle bones.

Nonetheless, they began to heal rapidly as Jonathan pumped his life force through them.

Heaven Sword subsequently fell into his hand.

It was brimming with murderous intent due to the frustration of missing its target three times.

The old man's blistering speed had left it in the dust.

Meanwhile, when Jonathan reached out his hand to feel the space behind him, he quickly came into physical contact with the invisible spirit shield.

The vigorous and desolate aura of the formation seemed to tell Jonathan that escape wasn't going to be a walk in the park.

Scanning his surroundings, he saw over thirty Grandmaster Realm cultivators forming a circle around him.

Every single one of them held a unique-looking shield. Closely coordinating with one another, they formed a giant trap formation, imprisoning Jonathan within.

“It’s useless trying to figure it out,” the old man said to Jonathan from afar.

“This trap formation is a powerful formation handed down through the generations. If these men were to be holding the genuine shields, even a Divine Realm cultivator won’t be able to escape. Nevertheless, the replicas they’re currently using are more than enough to stop a lowly cultivator like you.”

Jonathan finally understood what the old man had said earlier.

Instead of killing him, these cultivators were there to keep him in place. If they could just do so for half an hour, Remdikian jets would be able to bring huge numbers of God Realm cultivators over.

Under such a circumstance, there truly was no escape for Jonathan.

With that, Jonathan shifted all his spiritual energy into his legs, hoping to burrow his way out.

Unfortunately, his spiritual energy bounced back before dissipating into the surroundings.

The old man continued to watch him from afar. “It’s useless. We know that you have a strange ability to tunnel through the ground. That’s why this trap formation was customized for you. You are encapsulated within it from above and below. There’s no chance of escape.”

As Jonathan unleashed his spiritual energy again, he realized it was as the old man had said. The spirit shield had blocked his spiritual energy when it reached twenty meters above him.

“It looks like all my exits are sealed.”

Jonathan smiled wryly.

“I had never imagined that I would fall into such dire circumstances.”

“There’s no escape.” The old man chuckled as he spoke, “Jonathan, this formation has a special characteristic. No matter where you attack it, the impact will be equally distributed across the shields that are supported by the power of over thirty Grandmaster Realm cultivators. In fact, it’s rather easy to break through this formation. As long as you can kill over thirty Grandmaster Realm cultivators with a single blast, the formation will naturally crumble.”

After hearing the old man’s explanation, Jonathan was about to say something but chose to cuss in the end.

What’s the difference between blasting one to death and killing one? It’s probably just like comparing a bullet with a bomb. A bullet can easily kill one man, but to kill someone with a powerful shockwave, one will need a bomb. Wait a minute...

At that moment, Jonathan flashed a sinister smile at the old man.

That’s it! A bomb!

As his spiritual sense rummaged through his storage ring, Jonathan’s eyes glistened when he sensed more than ten bombs being piled together.

Who says such things are useless in a battle of cultivators? As long I can detonate them, not only can I blow away over thirty men but also wipe out another thirty that they throw at me.

The sight of Jonathan’s cunning expression caused the old man to grow vigilant despite not knowing what the former had up his sleeve.

Raising his left hand, Jonathan lobbed a grenade forward.

Boom!

As the grenade exploded at a corner of the spirit shield, two nearby Grandmaster Realm cultivators were visibly shaken by the shockwave.

Thereafter, Jonathan retrieved tens of anti-aircraft guns and used his spiritual energy to bind them to his hand.

“Sir, I can never beat the trap formation with my cultivator abilities. That said, it might not be a problem for my toys.”

A cold glint flashed across the old man’s eyes as he stared at Jonathan.

“You’ll die in the blast too!”

Jonathan gently shook his head as he gestured with his hand. Thereafter, a bronze handbell the size of his thumb appeared spinning on top of his head.

As a golden hue gradually covered him, he broke into a mischievous smile.

“This isn’t a suicide attack. I just want to see who has the more vigorous defense!”

Just as he spoke, Heaven Sword flew out of Jonathan’s hand. Its hilt proceeded to smash into the fuse right in the center of the bombs.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 943-“Run!” the old man shouted before turning around and dashing backward.

He was the only one who was in a panic.

If the others did not take cover and opted instead to expend further spiritual energy to maintain the trap formation, nothing would happen to them.

Though the force of the explosion would be immense, they would only be thrown off their feet and sustain serious injuries at worst rather than losing their lives.

However, it was ruined by his call to flee.

Being in the trap formation, the old man would not have survived if the bomb had gone off.

His call to flee was not only in concern for the lives of over thirty men under him but also to have them disrupt the formation so he could escape unharmed.

With a deafening blast, the bomb went off.

The air compressed violently. A shockwave spread outward in an instant.

Except for the old man, the three dozen cultivators of Grandmaster Realm were struck by the shockwave.

Aside from several who stumbled backward, a majority maintained the spirit shield with all their strength even while running for their lives.

Upon receiving the order to retreat, most of them turned their backs toward the center of the explosion.

Those who were struck by the blast were sent flying into the air, howling in pain.

Steaks of golden light swirled at the center of the blast. It was the strange bronze handbell hanging above Jonathan's head.

Though the bronze handbell could deter most defenses, the shock of Jonathan's strike transmitted onto himself.

Crack!

Following the sound of shattering glass, he flew through the windows of the airport terminal and landed on the counter.

Jonathan was knocked senseless from the impact. Blood spilled from every orifice and made it impossible for him to breathe.

Jonathan was counting on the remnants of Pryncyp of Strength within him to survive the blast. Only then did he dare set off such a large bomb.

Despite being mentally prepared for the magnitude of the blast, he was ill-prepared for the sheer force that overtook him.

Aside from sending a steady stream of spiritual energy into the bronze handbell above his head to maintain the expansion of the spirit shield, he was unable to move.

Even his mind was blank at that moment—he was truly in the midst of chaos.

The employees of the airport were stunned and just looked at Jonathan. Just as they were about to step forward to examine the situation, a figure entered through the hole Jonathan had flown through and landed beside him.

The old man stomped down on Jonathan, causing him to spew a geyser of blood onto the flickering golden light.

Heaven Sword lay beside him. As Jonathan could not marshal his Pryncyp of Slaughter, his weapon remained motionless, unable to defend its master.

The old man gazed down at Jonathan. His eyes no longer contained the calm they had before.

Years ago, during the absolute phase of his Divine Realm, he was about to have a breakthrough but members of the Collins family located him and interrupted his training at its zenith, causing complete damage to his Kore.

Since that day, the old man's cultivation level had deteriorated steadily until he stagnated at the absolute phase of Grandmaster Realm.

Initially, he thought he would diminish over time until he died an unknown cripple. But the tsar of Remdik issued an order three days ago.

The person who captured Jonathan was entitled to a wish from the tsar that was within reason.

The old man knew what he was going to ask for—the medicine capable of reversing even death stored within the tsar's vaults.

Even though his Kore had been destroyed to such an extent that the effectiveness of the medicine was questionable, his body was beyond repair. Therefore, he had nothing to lose and was willing to try anything that might work.

That was the reason he mobilized his connections to keep a close eye on Jonathan's every move so he could arrive at Ballachov ahead of time to set things up.

However, he did not expect Jonathan to be capable of creating such havoc.

Bloody h*ll! I almost got blown up by Jonathan before we entered into negotiations. Being pissed is an understatement.

He stomped twice again, and the golden light around Jonathan flickered frantically. It had turned into a shadow that could dissipate at any moment.

Before he stomped down one last time, a soft thud sounded behind the old man.

Turning around, he saw a man in a cape approaching slowly.

“Jokovich?” the old man asked, glaring at the man.

“You must be the venerable Mr. Vassily,” Jokovich said lightly as he undid his cape.

A glint flashed across Vassily’s eyes when he heard his name, which dimmed a moment later.

“I can’t believe somebody still remembers my name.”

“How could I forget?” Jokovich said as he gazed at Jonathan’s wretched figure on the ground. “Since Remdik Emperor’s reign, you are the only one capable of attaining the absolute phase of Divine Realm within fifty years. If it were not for Enlighteners, you might also have been the first cultivator in Remdik to break through to Ultimate Realm in three hundred years.”

Standing before Vassily, Jokovich gave a slight bow as a sign of respect to the legendary figure before him.

Vassily’s gaze fell on Jokovich’s left hand. Aside from his thumb, the other four fingers were severed.

“Did Jonathan do that?” Vassily asked quietly.

Jokovich did not reply. Instead, his eyes were fixed on the stump of Vassily’s left arm.

“You aren’t thinking of fighting with me over the bounty, are you, Mr. Vassily?”

Vassily glared at Jokovich. “Since you belong to Sanctuary, young man, you should yield. We are the ones who subdued Jonathan, and you had nothing to do with it.”

Jokovich’s Pryncyp flared.

“Let me make something clear, Sir. I am taking him with me to preserve my life. Since you are familiar with Sanctuary, you must know its rules well. I’m sure you will understand.”

As Jokovich spoke, he raised a fist and brought it down onto Jonathan.

Being on the brink of death, even Coffin could not save him if the fist found its mark.

However, Vassily was not going to stand by and watch Jokovich kill Jonathan.

From the reports of prior battles, the tsar knew that Jonathan was using himself as bait to draw Remdik's attention away from Ksana and Charleigh to protect them.

In the event that he failed to apprehend Charleigh, the tsar planned to subdue the speed with which Asura's Office developed cultivators by using Jonathan's life as leverage.

The tsar did not concern himself with the possibility of Charleigh refusing to cooperate with Asura's Office and guarding the secrets of cultivating divine figures.

After all, as he and Charleigh were only using each other, he would not place his life in the latter's hands.

Thus, Asura's Office could be suppressed only if Jonathan remained alive.

On the other hand, Vassily needed to secure Jonathan to ensure his own survival.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 944

The Legendary Man Chapter 944-Jokovich sent out a punch, and Pryncyp of Strength poured forth.

Following the sound of an explosion, a crater several meters deep appeared in the ground beside Jonathan.

The golden light on him continued flickering, unaffected in the slightest.

Even a child could not have missed the target, let alone a God Realm cultivator, from a distance of fewer than three meters.

Jokovich glared at Vassily, whose hand was placed firmly around the former's arm.

"You want Jonathan dead, but I need him alive!" Vassily said coldly. "The ripples conjured by your spiritual energy don't look like it's cultivation born by Holy Blood, Jokovich. Heed my advice: leave Sanctuary. It's different now. You will not break through to Divine Realm even if you bring them Jonathan's

head. What your boss needs is prey, not a hunter like him. Do you understand?”

Vassily's words caused Jokovich's hand to tremble.

The next moment, however, Jokovich sent his fist straight toward Vassily's elixir field.

Vassily moved, and Jokovich's fist missed its mark. Before the latter could react, Vassily's knee met his abdomen with a resounding thud.

Boom!

Jokovich was sent flying into a plane, leaving a large dent in its side.

Vassily was too quick. Though his cultivation level was only of Grandmaster Realm, he relied on superior combat experience and speed that was close to superhuman speed and could crush God Realm elites like Jonathan and Jokovich on technique alone.

Jokovich leaped down from the plane. Standing outside the airport terminal, he glared at Vassily coldly.

Having witnessed Jonathan bury the others, Jokovich abandoned the notion of tracking him down.

However, he was surprised to have found Jonathan in Ballachov with him.

Just when he was about to board his flight out of the city, Jokovich followed the ripples of spiritual energy and witnessed the battle between Jonathan and Vassily.

This is the perfect opportunity for me to rip his head!

Though Jokovich was not pleased with the political climate within Sanctuary at present, he remained anxious about the danger of losing his life for failing to complete his mission.

Now that Jonathan is right here in front of me, I can finally rest easy after exterminating him.

The reason why he chose to escape under the threat of death was that every elite cultivator in Remdik knew of the legendary Vassily.

Despite the deterioration of his cultivation level, he was still able to beat Jonathan to a pulp and was on the verge of death. Besides, he deflected my assault with the greatest of ease. I have to be wary of someone capable of that.

With his gaze fixed on Jonathan, Jokovich's Pryncyp began to gather.

"Since you're so fond of meddling, Mr. Vassily, be prepared to face the consequences of your actions," Jokovich declared coldly. Then, he thrust both hands forward.

The air before him seemed to solidify, and waves of ripples poured forth.

At first, the ripples expanded slowly, barely noticeable. Nevertheless, they had grown to be dozens of meters wide within moments.

Mists of blood poured forth from both of Jokovich's arms. By the look of it, the pain was unbearable.

"Die!" Jokovich roared.

A cannon blast erupted through the ripples, filling the airport terminal with white smog through its tall windows.

Boom!

Everything within forty meters of the ripples was reduced to dust.

From above, the airport terminal looked as if it had been sliced down in the middle by a jagged knife.

Meanwhile, Vassily was panting for breath outside the airport terminal, trying to hoist Jonathan.

"Despite your legendary prestige, you are now only a cultivator of Grandmaster Realm, Vassily. You cannot protect him."

After seeing how his opponent avoided his strike, Jokovich no longer held back. Streaking through the sky, a series of ripples converged around him.

He was channeling his Pryncyp.

Jokovich's muscles bulged. Springing into action, he dashed toward Vassily, becoming invisible in his speed.

Grabbing Jonathan by the calf, Vassily flung the former back. With a twist, he disappeared from sight.

One after another, bangs and thuds sounded in midair.

The two figures' intermittent collisions happened too swiftly to be seen properly.

The destruction brought on by the battle was devastating.

The surrounding buildings, grounds, and planes bore the marks of the combatants' massive fists, leaving a radius of destruction in their wake.

Every instance of impact brought was so ferocious that it shattered everything it came in contact with.

Vassily was too quick. Each time Jokovich made a move, the former saw through his intent and intercepted it ahead of time.

Sometimes, Vassily's strike would arrive and dissipate Jokovich's Pryncyp before he could even channel it.

Even more impressively, Jokovich fought with both hands while Vassily was short of an arm.

Despite his handicap, Vassily made use of his speed and rendered Jokovich's strikes useless.

Despite the constant pursuit, Vassily was only slightly out of breath from expending too much spiritual energy—a testament to his abilities even compared to Jonathan.

One wanted to slay Jonathan to fulfill his mission and keep his life. On the contrary, the other wanted to capture Jonathan alive to bring him to the tsar in exchange for medicine for his recovery.

With their lives on the line, neither combatant held back, and their battle intensified. After some time, the fight seemed to reach a stalemate.

At the peak of the battle, the pair did not notice Jonathan coughing up a mouthful of blood and flesh before slowly opening his eyes.

Sensing the slow recovery of the injuries within him, Jonathan turned his spiritual sense inward.

His life force was dangerously low. Within his elixir field, Coffin remained unresponsive.

After contributing to his attainment of the Pryncyp of Slaughter, Coffin became so silent that it was as if it had disappeared altogether.

At that juncture, it would be insufficient to heal his injuries via his life force alone.

It has been over ten minutes since I was bound. The reinforcements from Remdik would be here if I don't get out of here soon.

Jonathan could only think of one way to escape with his life intact.

I have to give it all I have.

Mobilizing the last of his life force into his meridians, he accelerated the repair of his injuries.

Gesturing with both hands, Jonathan invoked Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique within him.

Though the flow of his energy was only slightly altered, this cultivation method caused a drastic change to his body.

Jonathan's burly frame began to shrivel at a rate visible to the naked eye.

In exchange, his damaged organs were rejuvenated via the nourishment of his endeavor.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 945

The Legendary Man Chapter 945-To heal himself in that way was no different from self-mutilation.

With his survival at stake, however, Jonathan was forced to choose the lesser of two evils.

Although his physical frailty weakened his strength, it was not fatal but his internal injuries might cost him his life during the battle.

Unless he escaped soon, he would not survive the arrival of the Remdik forces even with Vassily's protection.

"Jonathan!" Jokovich bellowed when he saw Jonathan getting to his feet in the distance. Raising his fist, he aimed it at him straight ahead.

With the stump of his arm, Vassily swatted Jokovich's fist aside. Then, he sent his spiritual sense behind him and locked in on Jonathan from over a hundred meters away.

Jonathan's shriveled face froze in surprise when he was locked in on.

Though Vassily had fallen from Divine Realm, it now appears that only his physical Kore is damaged. His spiritual sense remains unaffected.

Although cultivation methods differed between sects in Chanaea, the way they approached mental conditioning was surprisingly consistent.

Mental cultivation was given precedence so that one could control the spiritual energy one cultivated.

It was key to understanding one's spiritual sense.

Despite having his Kore broken, Vassily's mastery of his spiritual sense remained intact.

Once he attained the medicine to repair his Kore, he would rise from the ashes and regain his power. His reason for keeping me alive must have something to do with that.

Though Vassily's cultivation was strong, his ability to empathize with human emotion was poor.

He was a cultivator of Divine Realm in the advanced phase, a half step away from Ultimate Realm.

A cultivator of this level would not only be a force to be reckoned with but there was also a high possibility of him subverting an entire nation under his rule.

Whether it was the tsar, Sanctuary, or even Enlighteners who destroyed his Kore, none of them would tolerate him regaining his full strength.

Even if he delivered Jonathan to the tsar, the medicine he asked for as a reward would be tampered with.

Perhaps the tsar would even go back on his word and give Vassily something else instead of the hope to even restore a modicum of his cultivation level.

To Vassily, only one person was sincere in helping him regain his cultivation level—Blaze.

Backed by Apocalypse, his ultimate goal was to overthrow Enlighteners.

As Enlighteners had damaged Vassily's Kore, he is the obvious choice to be recruited against them.

Jonathan entertained those possibilities, but he shuddered upon arriving at that thought.

When he heard Blaze's intention to overthrow Enlighteners' rule, he only had one thought—that it was not realistic.

However, it now appeared that Apocalypse did not need to seek out experts.

Though they were active on the Dark Web's hit list, they have yet to reveal themselves and instead remain posing as an organization of assassins.

However, once Apocalypse greeted the world with open arms, their declaration to overthrow Enlighteners would be inevitable.

By then, powerful cultivators like Vassily would flock to join Apocalypse.

Nobody knew how Vassily survived Enlighteners' attack, nor how many people like him there were. However, if Apocalypse managed to recruit powerful cultivators whose Kores had been damaged and spend large amounts of money to help them regain their Kores, they only needed to gather ten or so experts of Divine Realm, which would not be an overly challenging task.

Can Apocalypse do that?

Despite crossing both fists to block his chest, Jonathan took a punch from Vassily that sent him flying.

“Sword!”

Pryncyp of Slaughter began gathering swiftly around Jonathan in midair.

Casually, he beckoned with his backhand, and a cold glint flew from the rubble below. It was Heaven Sword.

“Take this!” Jonathan spat, turning into an afterimage as he dashed toward Vassily.

He could not keep up with Vassily’s movements, but Heaven Sword could.

Though the Pryncyp of Slaughter consumed vast amounts of energy, he was forced to give it his all when facing Jokovich and Vassily.

They were fighting each other when I was out cold. Now that I’ve woken up, they will join forces and fight me together. If I want to escape, I must first get rid of them.

Defending Jonathan from the front, Heaven Sword stabbed toward the right without warning.

Jonathan had completely given up defending Vassily’s assault. He snatched the black arrow and dashed toward Jokovich on the opposite end.

“Give me back my spear!” Jonathan shouted as he thrust the black arrow toward Jokovich’s chest.

The shield conjured from Pryncyp fell apart instantly when it was met with his Pryncyp of Slaughter.

The tip of the black arrow pricked Jokovich’s chest but could proceed no further.

A trace of shock flashed across Jonathan’s eyes before he was sent flying once more by Jokovich’s fist.

With a bang, he crashed into the cabin of a passenger plane. Grimacing in pain, Jonathan got to his feet.

Though the strike he received was forceful, Jonathan was lucky that his Pryncyp of Slaughter was better than Jokovich's Pryncyp. The latter shattered the moment they met.

Though it looked brutal, it only appeared that way because Jokovich's spiritual energy bolstered his strength.

Boom!

Jonathan leaped aside to safety, and a crater several meters wide appeared where he had stood moments before.

That was the force of Pryncyp. It came without warning.

Turning around, Jonathan ran toward the back of the plane. Amidst a cold, menacing glint, Heaven Sword flew into the cabin, almost brushed passed his scalp, to cut open a path.

When Heaven Sword flipped around, Jonathan raised the bronze handbell and drove it hard against where the blade had cut.

The cabin cracked open. Jonathan dashed out, and Vassily was already waiting for him.

"Die!" Jonathan thundered at Vassily, his voice echoing like thunder from reaching into the deepest recesses of his spiritual energy.

The sudden roar with the ferocity of a lion caused even a man with Vassily's combat experience to be taken aback.

Taking advantage of his opponent's lapse in vigilance, Jonathan raised the bronze handbell and swung it violently at Vassily.

"How dare you!" Vassily roared and sent a fist at Jonathan.

Receiving the brunt of the blow, Jonathan crashed once more onto the plane, but there was a new bit of flesh on the black arrow.

"You're finished!" Jonathan declared, wincing in pain.

It was all part of his plan—all for that moment.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 946

The Legendary Man Chapter 946-Both Vassily and Jokovich cornered Jonathan.

To survive, he had to choose which opponent he would face and which one to leave for Heaven Sword to deal with.

Due to his extreme speed, Jokovich was the obvious choice to face Heaven Sword.

However, Heaven Sword was too slow. In its prior encounter against Vassily, it did not succeed after the first time it caught him off guard and severed his arm.

In other words, Heaven Sword could only serve as a diversion against Vassily at best due to the vast amounts of energy it had used up.

Everything Jonathan had planned was aimed at stirring up psychological warfare between his two opponents.

He wanted them to think Vassily was the one chosen to face Heaven Sword to prevent the latter from reaching him.

Only in this manner could a formidable fighter like Vassily be distracted by the blade to allow Jonathan the opportunity to gain the upper hand.

Though the arrow looked harmless, it had once harmed Jonathan.

If not for his timely handling of the poison imbued on its tip, he would not have survived it even with his Pryncyp of Strength replenishing his reserves.

With Vassily's Kore broken, how else will he fight this?

Vassily examined the wound on his chest. Despite being quick enough to dodge Jonathan's strike and avoiding a fatal stab to his heart, the poison from the arrow was swiftly spreading through his body.

The wound had turned into a bruise the color of mud.

Once the poison was in his system, it spread even quicker. It was beginning to take over his lungs.

Without hesitation, Vassily drew a dagger and cut out a chunk of flesh the size of his fist from the wounded area.

Vassily smiled bitterly when he saw the black blood oozing out of him.

“After laying low all these years, I can’t believe I’ll fall by your hand.”

Having once been a Divine Realm cultivator in the absolute phase, Vassily knew how dire his condition was.

It was a simple matter to survive such a poison. All he had to do was master a certain type of Pryncyp of Strength.

Employing the absolute phase Pryncyp of Strength as a sieve, he could purge even more potent poison than that out of him.

Where would I go to find a complete Pryncyp of Strength to treat myself right now?

“I never expected such a vicious and calculated maneuver from someone as young as you, Jonathan. Even in my death, you will know no peace.”

Vassily laughed coldly and, with a light step, bounded toward Jonathan.

A bell chimed. Jonathan took the strike, then burrowed underground.

“Stay where you are!”

Vassily let out a fierce roar and slammed his right hand onto the ground, causing his spiritual energy to flow into the earth, solidifying it.

This old man mastered Earthly Escape too?

Sensing the immense change taking place beneath his feet, Jonathan became astonished.

Then, he noticed something awry.

The soil structure over the entire plot would have changed if it was an escape technique. However, the earth beneath my feet did no more than harden. Did he use his spiritual energy to send out a force field to freeze the earth?

Upon considering that possibility, he mobilized his Pryncyp of Strength and stomped hard on the ground.

True enough, as his Pryncyp of Strength flooded downward, the spiritual energy force field beneath his feet shattered, and the earth regained its original state.

Executing the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, Jonathan swiftly sank into the earth.

Heaven Sword, which had been busy dueling Jokovich in the distance, dissolved into an afterimage and went through the ground, landing securely in Jonathan's grasp.

"Get out!"

Boom!

Feeling the violent tremors behind him, Jonathan hastened his descent.

Vassily was livid.

After decades of waiting for a chance at recovery, he had captured Jonathan only to let it slip through his fingers.

Naturally, he was beside himself with fury.

Locking his spiritual sense onto Jonathan, Vassily slammed the ground with his fist.

Clods of earth were sent flying in every direction as the ground shook. Like an excavator in human form, Vassily dug a crater several meters across and close to thirty meters deep in a matter of seconds.

For all his rage, he was still a man who eventually succumbed to the immensity of the earth.

Starting off with gaining several meters of depth from a single swipe, he ended up with less than half a meter.

Vassily dug slower the further down he got.

When he finally regained his senses, Jonathan's aura had long since disappeared from both their spiritual sense.

Once again, Jonathan had escaped under the noses of the Remdikians.

Jokovich stood at the edge of the crater, silently gazing down at Vassily.

As a member of Sanctuary, he knew all too well what would entail after being pierced by the arrow.

Vassily, the legendary cultivator of Remdik, is going to die today. This crater seems appropriate as a metaphor for the grave he had dug himself.

Huh!

He let out a sigh.

Due to the vigor with which he had dug, the spread of the poison within Vassily was exacerbated.

Following a light cough, Vassily's vision began to blur.

Gazing up at the opening of the hole, Vassily leaped out reluctantly.

His spiritual sense enveloped everything, yet he could no longer see Jokovich, who stood several meters away.

"Any last words, Sir?"

Jokovich was about to leave but decided to speak up instead when he saw Vassily's blackened eyes, ravaged by congested vessels.

Vassily was shivering. In response to Jokovich's words, he shook his head lightly.

"None."

Staggering and trembling, Vassily sat down at the edge of the crater.

His aura was weakening rapidly. Plunged into complete darkness, his vision was the first to go, with his hearing following suit.

The roars of the jets high above became faint crackles in his ears before fading away completely.

Out of the clear sky, three figures came rapidly into view. Their parachutes opened when they were a hundred meters out, slowing their descent. Once they were forty meters away, they cut the cords of their parachutes and landed at the airport.

A military helicopter came behind them, hovering at a low altitude from the outskirts of the airport.

Three figures leaped off the carrier. They were the ones who had heeded Jokovich and went to rescue Oscar, who Jonathan had buried alive.

Given that there were fewer than ten God Realm cultivators in the Western Army of Remdik, six had gathered there. It was evident how much the tsar valued Jonathan.

Surrounding Jokovich, the newly-arrived cultivators gazed down at Vassily. They knew he was not going to make it.

“Did Jonathan do this?” one of them asked Jokovich.

Jokovich did not answer. Instead, he walked toward Vassily.

“I have witnessed the effects of such an arrow on a victim, Sir. His whole body rotted, and he suffered extreme pain. Let me put an end to your misery.”

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 947

The Legendary Man Chapter 947-“That won’t be necessary,” Vassily said, shaking his head with a smile. “I don’t have much time left.”

Though he could not hear Jokovich, he was aware of what the latter said through his spiritual sense.

“I can no longer see nor hear. Leave me. Let me die here.”

Vassily sat quietly on the mound of soil he had excavated. Extending the reach of his spiritual sense, he savored one final look at the world.

He had never looked at a chip of gravel or a blade of grass so acutely before.

In the mud beneath the ground were motionless insects that did not appear to have survived the winter, but Vassily could feel the frailty of their pulse.

The great cultivator, famed throughout Epea, suddenly felt remorse. He regretted never taking the time to appreciate anything in the world.

Though all he could see at that moment was clearer than his eyes ever could, it no longer had any color.

“If I were a farmer like my father instead of a cultivator, I might be happier than I am now.”

Following the murmur, Vassily’s aura severed abruptly.

Seven beams of spiritual sense fell onto Vassily, searching for signs of life within him.

He no longer had a pulse. In the face of impending death, he did not struggle or lose control.

Instead, he had ended his life, choosing to leave on his own terms to preserve the final shred of dignity befitting a legend.

Jokovich turned to the cultivator who spoke beside him.

“Mr. Vassily has lived under the surveillance of Western Army, has he not? Does he have any kin?”

“No,” the one-eyed cultivator answered with a frown. “According to our records, Mr. Vassily never married, but he did have a brother who passed away a decade ago, leaving behind two nephews at Karaja Castle.”

Jokovich waved lightly, and Vassily’s right arm rose.

The spiritual energy bound at the storage ring on his index finger slipped away, then floated toward the one-eyed cultivator.

“This is Vassily’s final possession. Feel free to look at the treasures within, but please hand this ring over to his nephews. This belongs to them.”

The one-eyed man clenched Vassily’s ring in his fist.

“You have our word. Western Army upholds honor, and we will make sure this gets to them intact.”

Jokovich did not say much else. He lifted Vassily slowly and placed him in the hole he had dug before he died.

The six cultivators looked solemn. All of them placed their right hands on their left shoulders.

Renowned for being a nation of warriors, Remdik’s people held a legendary figure like Vassily in high esteem, even if they did not agree with him.

Vassily’s body continued to disintegrate. On its journey down the pit, his skin began to excrete black poison liquid.

Jokovich and the others raised the soil above and filled the crater so the old man could finally rest.

After they were done, Jokovich turned to regard the six behind him.

“Jonathan has escaped with an extrication technique that is beyond the range of my spiritual sense. We have no means of determining the direction he is headed in. Judging by his tracks, however, he most likely headed south. His purpose in coming to Ballachov was to leave by sneaking into an aircraft. Since he is now aware of the Western Army’s restraining order, he will not hold on to any hope but will instead return to Chanaea. The quickest way is to head south.”

After Jokovich spoke, he turned to leave.

Behind him, the one-eyed cultivator spoke up again.

“What is the meaning of this, Jokovich? Does Sanctuary not intend to pursue Jonathan anymore?”

Jokovich turned slowly around to regard the one-eyed cultivator.

“Have you rescued the fatty named Nicholas?”

The cultivators glared at Jokovich. Having intended to rescue Nicholas, they learned with their spiritual sense that he had been crushed to death beneath the earth only after digging seventy meters deep.

Jokovich clearly intends to seek trouble by bringing it up.

“Kindly explain yourself, Jokovich,” said the one-eyed cultivator, taking a step toward Jokovich. “Are you happy about the casualties Western Army suffered?”

“I mean to ask you,” Jokovich replied with a chuckle. “Did you three not notice Nicholas’ cause of death?”

As Jokovich spoke, he pointed at the ground beneath his feet.

“Mr. Vassily met his end by Jonathan’s scheme, just like Nicholas did. There was no way Jonathan would have survived when I joined forces with him. Now Vassily is dead. Do you think our cultivation level is low, or is Jonathan lucky? I’m done trying to kill him. I don’t want to lose my life.”

Jokovich walked slowly past the one-eyed cultivator.

“I recommend all six of you work together. I have brought five others with me from Sanctuary, but I am the only one who survived after meeting Jonathan for less than twenty minutes.”

The others were shocked.

Every country in the world was sensitive to matters pertaining to their sovereign borders.

Even a small nation would go to great lengths to establish its borders to defend its nation and intimidate its neighbors.

However, there was an exception—the northern border with Merania.

The border between Merania and Remdik and the one between Merania and Chanaea were merely symbolic.

If either of those two nations decided to invade, Merania would not stand a chance, even if it stationed its entire military force at the border.

Merania would think twice before stepping across its borders as it did not dare offend either one of its very strong neighbors.

However, Meranians were rather positive. As defending their borders served no purpose, they opted instead to open their gates to let foreigners through for their convenience, all while collecting entrance fees.

That was when they realized none of it was a problem. Sandwiched between Chanaea to the south and Remdik to the north, Merania became the only country in the world of its kind.

In fact, the primary duty of the troops at the border was to collect entrance fees. In this manner, their nation's borders had been turned into a toll station.

One day, a figure whose steps were rather unstable appeared before the sentries at the border between Merania and Remdik.

Unlike the tourists who reached there by bus, she arrived, with a haversack on her back, one step at a time.

The frighteningly emaciated figure was none other than Ksana, who had led Charleigh in their escape.

Ksana heaved a heavy sigh at the sight of the gate ahead.

With a flip of her palm, she produced the communication device Jonathan gave her and brought it up to her lips.

"This is Ksana. Charleigh lives. We have arrived at Merania."

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 948

The Legendary Man Chapter 948-Almost immediately after Ksana pressed the communication device, the green light on it lit up.

"This is Intelligence Unit of Asura's Office's Dark Special Forces. Please repeat your personal information."

A faint smile spread across Ksana's face as she looked at the communication device in her hand.

Those strategic-level communication devices, operating on a global scale, were directly connected to satellites. Hence, the manufacturing cost of the devices and communication charges were extremely high.

The only possibility for the other party to respond right after she took out the communication device was that they had also been trying to establish contact with her via the satellite.

“I’m Ksana, Jonathan Goldstein’s servant,” she reiterated into the communication device. “Following my master’s orders, I’ve been heading south with Charleigh and have now reached the checkpoint at Merania. I don’t know if anyone is pursuing me. Please provide me with assistance at once.”

Meanwhile, pandemonium reigned in an underground base in Harfush as every member of Dark Special Forces’ Intelligence Unit panicked.

Among them, a pale-faced young man wearing a leather jacket and gold-rimmed glasses repeatedly listening to Ksana’s audio recording.

A girl ran up to the young man and asked, “What should we do, Mr. Lopez?”

As Dark Special Forces’ Intelligence Unit, the group held almost all of Asura’s Office’s confidential information.

The names Charleigh and Ksana might not ring a bell in others, but those members of Intelligence Unit couldn’t be more familiar with the duo.

The two were the reason behind Jonathan’s disappearance in Remdik. The mobilization of all Asura’s Office’s staff members was also for their sake, including the direct transfer of the young man into Dark Special Forces’ Intelligence Unit from Doveston.

At that moment, thousands of spies from Chanaea had infiltrated the southern region of Remdik’s western territory. All of that happened because of Jonathan’s mission to bring Charleigh back.

The young man adjusted his glasses and pressed a button on the table.

“Everyone, I am Freddie Lopez, the newly appointed acting team leader of Dark Special Forces’ Intelligence Unit.”

Freddie’s clear voice rang out from the speakers and reverberated inside the room.

The chaotic members of Intelligence Unit quieted down instantaneously and shifted their attention to Freddie, who was standing in the middle of the hall.

In less than three months since Freddie met with Jonathan and boldly took out the former head of Terrandya's intelligence department to take over the position, Freddie had almost reconstructed the entire Doveston's intelligence network.

Now, he was even appointed as the chief of one of the highest-level intelligence centers in the whole of Chanaea.

The twenty-six-year-old young man's experience was nothing short of legendary.

Under the watchful eyes of over a hundred veterans in the intelligence community, Freddie showed no signs of panic.

"From now on, I will take full control of Dark Special Forces' Intelligence Unit. We'll activate the wartime contingency plan and temporarily filter out all information below Grade A. According to the contingency plan, everyone will be divided into three groups. Gavin Xenakis will lead the first group as the temporary leader. This group's responsibilities are to track down Ksana's device and liaise with Merania's intelligence community. Ensure that any information Asura's Office requires is gathered within one minute. Bear this in mind, Gavin. If it takes more than a minute to collect any piece of information needed by Asura's office, the person liable for the delay will face severe punishment!"

Facing the parachuted acting team leader, Gavin, who was nearly forty years old, merely fell into a momentary daze before responding loudly, "Understood!"

Then, he turned to the crowd. "According to the contingency plan, all first group members will follow my command. We'll start by gathering all military-related intelligence within Merania, including roads, railways, air transport, and situations at army garrisons. Also, establish contact with the head of Asura's Office's Eight Kings of War, Hades."

A group consisting of almost thirty people started to get busy after Gavin barked the orders.

The remaining staff waited for Freddie's subsequent instruction. He turned to a middle-aged woman sitting in the corner.

“Mandy Youngblood will be the second group’s person in charge. This group will ensure real-time communication with Eastern Army is established and also handles the plan to mobilize soldiers at Southern Army. There are two main focus areas from where intelligence needs to be collected. The first is River Onxy, and the second is Yaleview. Do you understand?”

“Understood.” Mandy got to her feet and said, “Let’s get to work, members of the second group!”

Then, Freddie turned around to look at the girl beside him.

“Ximena Longbottom, you’ll handle the third group. The remaining staff members will be yours to command. Your group will handle the responsibilities of sorting out the rest of the intelligence and prioritizes the communication between Asura’s Office’s eight major war zones, get it?”

Ximena gazed at Freddie in a daze.

She was also a newcomer and had only recently joined Dark Special Forces. Yet, she was now assigned by Freddie to undertake the role of the leader of the third group. As a result, she felt a little diffident.

“Will I be capable of handling this responsibility...”

Freddie stared at her indifferently. “If you can’t do it, leave Dark Special Forces.”

“What?”

She didn’t expect Freddie to utter those words without any hesitation. After being stunned for a few moments, she took a deep breath, spun on her heels, and strode toward the rest of the staff members.

“Dear seniors, I am now taking charge as the leader of the third group. Our task is to filter out all the intelligence below Grade A. Time to work.”

Subsequently, the entire intelligence team was silent except for the clatter of people typing on the keyboard.

Every war was fought by comparing the resources, wealth, and intelligence possessed by the parties involved.

Intelligence warfare might not involve any gunfire, but losing it could result in tens of thousands of casualties.

Freddie scanned his surroundings before retreating into his office in the corner of the room.

He never thought he would one day play a pivotal role in a battle.

At the same time, in the headquarters of Asura's Office, Hades was looking at the other Kings of War on the big screen.

"Gentlemen, I believe you've all received the updates from Dark Special Forces. Mr. Goldstein's fate is currently unknown after he went to Remdik to seize Charleigh. Now that Charleigh has appeared within Merania's territory, we must bring him back no matter what."

"Hades, just let us know whether we'll be going to war," Shusonna Army's Thunder King, Kane, uttered in a deep voice.

The war fanatic had been assigned to the most peaceful Merania border and growing restless over the past three years.

Even Zaidham Army's Jeremy, who was stationed at Yorksland, would encounter the occasional conflict despite sharing a border with a small Southeast Aploth country.

On the contrary, as the world's largest landlocked nation, Merania's authorities couldn't be more amicable.

Even when Kane took the initiative to provoke them with his troops, the Meranians didn't resist and even offered them flower wreaths, rendering Kane unable to throw a tantrum even if he wanted to.

That opportunity was the best time for Kane to start a war. Hades studied Kane with a poker face and pondered for about ten seconds before speaking.

Hades studied Kane with a poker face and pondered for more than ten seconds before speaking.

"Kane, don't think I'm clueless about the thoughts going through your mind. I suggest you quit harboring any crooked ideas if you don't want to die. Merania serves as a buffer zone between Remdik and us. This arrangement has been

in place for over a hundred years and must not be broken prematurely. Nevertheless, I allow you to mobilize Shusonna Army to march into Merania's territory this time."

Kane's eyes gleamed after he listened to Hades' words.

However, before he could celebrate, Hades' voice rang out again. "Having said that, you aren't allowed to fire a shot in Merania unless absolutely necessary. Do you understand?"

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 949

The Legendary Man Chapter 949-The look on Kane's face changed the moment he heard that.

However, before he could say anything in response, Hades continued, "I will send Merania a notice regarding the war in the name of Asura's Office. It is to inform them that we have no intention of invading them as we only wish to bring our people back. Charleigh will determine the direction of our war against Remdik, so I am sure they will try to stop us from retrieving him. Merania won't dare help either of us, so we should just have them watch silently from the side. You need to give Merania a warning when our army enters the country. Tell them that we will not invade their land as long as they do not open fire upon us. If they try and stop our army, however, we will assume that Merania is on Remdik's side and declare war upon them as well! Is that clear?"

"Yes, I understood..." Kane replied reluctantly.

Hades shot him a cold glare as he said, "Remember this, Kane. The objective of this mission is to retrieve Charleigh and increase the number of high-tier fighters in Asura's Office. The point of this is to prepare for the war against Remdik in the near future. If you screw this up by doing anything other than what you've been told, my next order will be to have you executed!"

Kane shuddered when he saw the terrifying look in Hades' eyes.

Karl's cultivation level was the highest among the Eight Kings of War, but Hades, who had taken Jonathan's place, was undoubtedly the most vicious one.

While most people don't actually mean it when they say they'd have someone killed, I know for a fact that Hades here wouldn't hesitate to give the order!

With that in mind, Kane quickly puffed up his chest and promised, "I will definitely complete my mission!"

"Go on, then. Use everything you've got to bring Charleigh back," Hades said calmly before ending the call.

"Dorian, have Mysonna Army begin organizing its troops. All soldiers are to eat and sleep in their vehicles. If Shusonna Army runs into any resistance in Merania, Mysonna Army is to be mobilized immediately to assist them. Hayes, I want Eastern Army to have a third of its long-ranged guided missiles locked onto all cities in Merania that are level two and above. If Mysonna Army is mobilized, you guys are to carpet-bomb every single one of those cities. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir!" Dorian and Hayes both responded in unison before heading off to carry out their orders.

"Jeremy, Mysonna Army's defenses will be weakened once they are mobilized, so Zaidham Army will have to cover for them while they are in battle. Have your men ready for battle at all times."

"Roger!"

"Andy, Yalegard Legion is to monitor the situation in Yaleview at all times and be ready to support Shusonna Army if necessary."

"Understood!"

"Terrence, Southern Army will continue with their transportation duties. We need to make sure that we keep Doveston's supply lines up."

"Got it."

As the screens on the display went black one after another, Hades and Zachary were the only ones remaining.

"Is there anything Guardian Army can assist with, Hades?"

"Guardian Army doesn't have to do anything at the moment. If any of the other forces run into any trouble, we'll send them over as backup."

“Yes, sir.”

Zachary was about to get up and leave when Hades called out to him again, “Zachary, try contacting the Blackwood family again. Their guys should be picking Mr. Goldstein up by now. Ask them if they could help escort Charleigh as well.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem,” Zachary said and walked right out of the control room.

Hades breathed a huge sigh as he sank into his chair and stared at the monitors around him.

“You would be much more suited for this position, Mr. Goldstein.”

...

Meanwhile, Jonathan was hiding in the back of a military truck and using it to head south.

Having been hunted down for over two thousand miles, even someone as tough as Jonathan was extremely exhausted.

He went underground after leaving Ballachov and headed south for over two hundred miles. It wasn’t until he had run out of Spirit Rejuvenating Pills that he came out of the ground.

While spiritual energy was the purest form of energy and could be absorbed from nature, it only provided Jonathan with the strength to keep fighting. As it did nothing to nourish his body,

Jonathan withdrew the vitality from his limbs and focused on using them to repair his internal organs.

Given how skinny and weary Jonathan looked, it would be tough for the other cultivators to identify him even if he were standing right in front of them.

A cultivator could have all the spiritual energy in the world and still collapse if they were lacking in vitality.

If one were to compare that with a car, the spiritual energy would represent the fuel inside the gas tank. Even with a full tank of fuel, the car wouldn’t be able to go very far if its other parts were all damaged.

As such, Jonathan had no choice but to sneak into the storage compartment of a military truck.

Although he didn't speak Remdikian, he could clearly see that they were having a meeting to discuss their battle plan.

According to the marks made by one of the generals, it became obvious that they were headed in Merania's direction.

Jonathan's injuries weren't all that severe, but he knew he would not survive an encounter with Remdik's God Realm cultivators.

Fearing that he would be discovered by the Remdikians, Jonathan didn't dare use any of his communication devices throughout the journey.

As such, he didn't know that Ksana had already made it into Merania, let alone the fact that the battle between Chanaea and Remdik was going to take place there.

On the other hand, God Realm cultivators of Remdik from the western war zones had started entering Merania.

They tried to capture Jonathan so that they could trade him for Charleigh in case Asura's Office beat them to it.

With Ksana and Charleigh's locations revealed, however, Remdik decided to go straight for the root of the problem instead.

After all, they knew all too well the risks and costs of hunting Jonathan down.

The storage compartment of the military truck that Jonathan was lying in was narrow and uncomfortable, but he was glad that the truck hadn't stopped since it departed from Remdik.

If this truck continues on at this speed, I should be able to arrive at the border of Merania in about half a day. After that, I'll have Kane and his men meet up with me and bring me back.

With that in mind, Jonathan closed his eyes and began plotting his escape plan.

Meanwhile, Sirius and two other God Realm cultivators from the Blackwood family were standing atop a mountain less than five miles away and watching the convoy as it passed.

“Hey, Sirius! We can’t just sit around and do nothing now that we’re in Remdik! How about we attack the convoy below?” a burly man asked coldly.

Sirius shook his head lightly in response. “We are here for Jonathan, not to lay an ambush. Besides, Charleigh is our top priority right now. We cannot afford to waste even a second on anything else.”

“What should we do, then?”

“Come on. Let’s head over to Merania!” Sirius replied as he headed south without any hesitation whatsoever.

He was moving so fast that everyone else could only see afterimages of him. The other two God Realm cultivators from the Blackwood family could only sigh in disappointment as they shot the convoy one final glance before leaving.

Little did they know, they had just missed Jonathan, who was hiding in one of the trucks below.

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 950

The Legendary Man Chapter 950- Attack And Defend

This day would surely go down in history for Merania as it received notices from Chanaea and Remdik almost simultaneously.

Both countries were about to enter Merania from the north and south, and they would go to war the moment they encountered any resistance in the country.

That would have been an extremely humiliating experience for any country in the world, but Merania chose to put up with it and even let both forces through its borders without any resistance whatsoever.

In fact, Merania even went as far as having all of its armed forces fall back.

Merania promised Chanaea and Remdik that it would neither interfere with their military activities nor take either side in this conflict.

In return, Chanaea and Remdik would have to stay out of Merania's cities and refrain from hurting its citizens.

If either of the two forces were to break that rule, then Merania would immediately side with the opposing side.

The rest of the world had their eyes on Merania after the statement was released.

Merania was basically letting Chanaea and Remdik use its land as a battlefield.

Being a weak country with no allies, that was all it could do in such a dire situation.

In less than five hours after Merania released that statement, the Remdik army of one hundred and fifty thousand men marched into Merania.

Kane, too, wasted no time leading Shusonna Army of one hundred and seventy thousand men into Merania from the southern border.

He understood that this mission was not a show of strength, but a true war against Remdik.

Given how valuable Charleigh was, the side that managed to secure him would gain the upper hand in future battles.

This battle between Chanaea and Remdik was originally fought at River Onxy of Doveston, but it had become a global issue after getting Aploth and Epea involved.

As such, Kane's mission was not only to retrieve Charleigh but to also hide him from all the other countries before they discovered him.

Regardless of the side that successfully recovered Charleigh, the opposing force would not try to kill him even if they failed to capture him.

Just as Hades had planned, if Shusonna Army lost the battle or encountered resistance from Merania, then Yalegard Legion would head over and back them up.

Mysonna Army would also infiltrate Merania from the southwest border and go straight for its capital city.

Zaidham Army's air support and Eastern Army's guided missile carpet-bombing were meant to eliminate Charleigh if they failed to retrieve him.

Before the Chanaean and Remdik forces encountered each other, two other battles were already taking place.

The first battle was an information warfare waged by Intelligence Unit of Asura's Office's Dark Special Forces.

In this day and age, there were tons of information warfare methods in existence, including hacking battles, espionage warfare, and intelligence warfare.

Even before Shusonna Army left, Dark Special Forces of Asura's Office had teamed up with Eastern Army's Intelligence Bureau to launch an all-out attack against Remdik.

Zedfield's Intelligence Bureau participated in the information warfare as well, providing Chanaea with an unprecedented level of consistency in the intelligence gathered.

They all had a single goal—to cripple Remdik's chain of command.

The other battle was being led by Karl, who had become Number 1, and Sirius of the Blackwood family.

Despite how mighty the huge army looked, its large size also made the advance much slower.

While Shusonna Army and the general troops were charging ahead at full speed, it would take at least one and a half days for both forces to encounter each other as Merania was a really huge country.

Therefore, it would be wise to have the high-level cultivators from Grandmaster Realm and God Realm fight each other before that.

Once the outcome of the battle between high-level cultivators was confirmed, the two forces would be able to determine if they should attack or defend.

That would allow them to quickly make adjustments to their strategies.

Meanwhile, Ksana was having some snacks in a small town in Merania.

Everyone in the area was dead, though.

There were four corpses lying next to the stall she was snacking at.

Ksana's face had blood splattered all over it as she munched on the snacks.

As for Charleigh, he no longer looked like the gentleman that he used to be.

Desperately running for his life throughout the past few days had taken a huge toll on him. As if that wasn't bad enough, Ksana chopped off his limbs, which added to his torment.

Because Ksana only applied some very basic bandages to his wounds, the wounds on his limbs got infected and were oozing pus.

Fortunately for him, he was a God Realm cultivator and had further strengthened his body significantly through spiritual energy modification.

Otherwise, he would've succumbed to his injuries and died a long time ago.

He was in such bad shape that he no longer wanted to resist Ksana at all.

Despite her beautiful appearance, Ksana was an extremely brutal and cold-hearted monster.

It wasn't her fault that she turned out like that, though. Ksana used to look forward to things like gazing at the sea, strolling along beaches, and napping on grassy plains.

Of course, those were simply childish wishes that she had when she was little.

Ksana's views toward the world began to change when she was six, and it only got worse after Sanctuary trained her to become a killing machine.

Having grown up in Sanctuary, chopping Charleigh's limbs off was child's play for her.

Ksana could do much crueller things to him without even feeling the slightest bit of guilt or remorse.

After all, she believed that the losing side had no rights to anything.

“Shouldn’t you be running, Ksana? The fact that these four men discovered you indicates that more cultivators will be coming here soon! The longer you continue to snack away, the less likely you are to make it out alive!” Charleigh urged her while staring at the residents, who were watching them from their windows.

He had lost so much weight throughout the past few days that people could barely recognize him.

Ksana had a huge plate of roast beef laid out in front of her.

“Running won’t do us any good if they already know we’re here. We might as well fill up our stomachs before worrying about them,” she replied nonchalantly while shoving a huge chunk of meat into her mouth.

She then held another chunk up to Charleigh’s mouth as she continued, “You should eat more. We don’t know when we will be able to have our next meal.”