

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 951

The Legendary Man Chapter 951-“Our next meal? Well, I just hope this meal won’t be our last. I have yet to complete my research. I don’t want it to end like this...” Charleigh mumbled as he munched on the meat.

Ksana then whipped out a huge bottle of hard liquor and chugged on it before saying, “I really don’t know what you were thinking, Charleigh. Why abandon your life as heir to the throne in Rodunst to carry out some genetic research? Now, look where it has gotten you. Not only does your own family reject you, but you will also only be a pawn to either Chanaea or Remdik, regardless of which side you end up with. You have a great talent for cultivation, but you used all of it in your research instead. Sure, you became an Archmage, but you might’ve gotten past Divine Realm long ago if you focused solely on cultivation instead. What is it that drives you to make yourself suffer like this?”

Charleigh, who was lying on the ground, looked up at Ksana and the bottle of hard liquor as he replied, “Let me have a sip of that hard liquor, and I’ll tell you.”

Ksana glanced at the bottle before picking it up and pouring the booze directly into Charleigh’s mouth.

After gulping down the hard liquor that he never tried his entire life, Charleigh flashed Ksana a wry smile and asked, “Would you believe me if I told you that someone had cursed me?”

A curse?

Ksana shot him a confused look and shook her head lightly in response.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Charleigh let out a helpless sigh as he replied, “Let me put it this way. The reason behind my rapid cultivation progress is that I am able to grasp cultivation methods quickly. It wouldn’t even be an overstatement to say that I get this strange sensation after seeing a technique being performed once. It’s like asking yourself what one plus one will get you. You already know the answer without having to perform the calculation.”

“That’s why I said you’re a genius. It’s a shame you didn’t put that talent of yours to good use,” Ksana exclaimed as she recalled the younger days of being forced to drink Holy Blood and training really hard.

“It’s not like I wanted it! This talent is exactly what cursed me! I used to just be a guy who was talented at cultivation, but a powerful cultivator arrived in Rodunst as a guest when I was fourteen. He told us that modern medicine has proven genetics to be the determining factor of humanity’s development, and he proposed that we use genetic technology to filter out all the special genes cultivators have. After that, we could modify the genes of embryos so they’ll be born with the potential for cultivation!” Charleigh exclaimed with his teeth tightly clenched.

His eyes went wide as though he had recalled something terrifying as he continued, “You have no idea how his proposal opened up the doors to my research. I used to be a proud and arrogant man who wanted to be number one in everything. When I heard that no one had applied the theory that the cultivator proposed, I felt a strong urge to do so. I then went down the path of doing research on genetic technology and couldn’t stop myself at all. Did you really think I never considered getting past Divine Realm before conducting my research? Well, just so you know, one has to overcome their inner demons in order to reach Divine Realm. Mine is the desire to perfect my genetic research, which is clearly an impossible task!”

Ksana was a little shocked when she saw the veins on Charleigh’s forehead bulging from frustration.

She was aware of the fact that one had to overcome one’s inner demons as part of Divine Tribulation, but she never thought it would be his research on genetic technology.

Although she had no idea what genetic technology was all about, she could understand why the ability to produce Grandmaster Realm cultivators was an overpowered skill to have.

Otherwise, Chanaea and Remdik would not have gone to such extreme lengths just to get him.

“I may not be able to understand what you’re talking about, but I think I can relate to your pain,” Ksana said while appearing to be in deep thought.

Charleigh shook his head. “No, you don’t. As I went down the rabbit hole of my research, I couldn’t even bring myself to cultivate anymore. The only thing I see when I close my eyes is all the scientific data I’ve collected from my experiments. I mean how else do you think Jonathan was able to catch me? Given my cultivation level, I—”

Ksana grabbed her backpack and jumped toward the side before he could finish his sentence.

Boom!

She had just dragged Charleigh aside when a gigantic battle axe came hurtling through the sky and landed right where they were a second ago.

Ksana slowly wore the backpack on her back as she looked up at the sky.

Three figures could be seen descending rapidly with their parachutes open.

They turned out to be cultivators from Remdik.

“I don’t think you can escape now, Ksana!” Charleigh said with a wry smile when he saw the three figures descending from the sky.

“Shut up! I will make sure I cut your head off if I fail to escape!” Ksana snapped at him as she stuffed him into her backpack, leaving only his head exposed.

With her broken blade in hand, Ksana then ran off as quickly as her legs could carry her.

She could try standing her ground if she were up against a God Realm cultivator, but taking on three God Realm cultivators at the same time was definitely beyond her capabilities.

“This is Ksana! I am currently being pursued by three God Realm cultivators! What are you guys doing over at Asura’s Office? Hurry up and send reinforcements over!”

Ksana was clearly unhappy with Asura’s Office.

It has been almost four hours since I revealed my location! As quick as Remdik may be to act upon that information, they shouldn’t be faster than

Chanaea! Why is it that they beat our guys to us? Does Chanaea not care if Charleigh and I make it out alive?

Little did she know, she was in that situation precisely because Asura's Office cared too much about their survival.

Hades had Zachary contact Sirius the moment he found out about her location.

Karl who was now Number 1 had led the cultivators from Dark Special Forces on a mission to rescue Ksana and Charleigh.

Because they had headed out in advance, they were halfway there when they received the update on her location.

As such, they had to change their course and rely on military helicopters or other means of land transport to quickly get to her.

Things were different for Remdik, though. Their men were all in their military base when they received the information on Ksana's location.

Therefore, they just had to board their helicopters and head right over. Although they were farther away, they were able to get to her much faster than those from Asura's Office.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The three figures cut off their parachutes when they were close enough to the ground and landed on their feet. They then launched themselves in her direction at such high speeds that they only left afterimages of themselves behind.

The muscular guy from the trio shattered the roof of a house as he stomped hard on it and disappeared from sight. The next thing Ksana knew, he had reappeared in front of her.

"Hand Charleigh over, and we will consider sparing your life!"

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 952**

The Legendary Man Chapter 952-Crack!

Crack!

The other two cultivators cracked their knuckles loudly as they stood on the roof behind Ksana.

Ksana held her broken blade up in front of her and gave her shoulder a little shrug to slide the backpack down her arm.

She then pressed the blade against Charleigh's throat as she glared at the burly man in front of her. "I know that you guys are only here for Charleigh. I will kill him immediately if any of you dares take another step."

"What the f\*ck is your problem, woman? You're nothing but a slave to Jonathan! He will not hesitate to kill you if you ruin his plans!" Charleigh protested.

The other two cultivators simply smiled at Ksana as they slowly approached her from both sides.

Frightened by their bold move, Ksana applied some pressure on the blade and caused some blood to flow out of Charleigh's throat.

"I will kill him for real!" she shouted coldly.

Charleigh was scared to death at that point.

"Don't come any closer, you guys! This mad woman will really kill me!" he screamed at the top of his lungs.

"Is that so? Go ahead and kill him, then! See if we care!" the burly man in the front replied with a grin.

Ding!

Ksana jumped into the air and used her broken blade to block a bullet coming from the side.

She then hurled two more broken blades at the two cultivators on both sides.

Despite it looking like a single blade, the broken blade was actually a set of seven separate blades.

Zebedee let his clones use seven to eight parts of the broken blade when fighting Jonathan, and he was almost able to defeat Jonathan with that strategy.

While Ksana wasn't able to use the broken blades the same way Zebedee did, she did come up with a few tricks for it.

Ksana jumped backward using the impact of the blades clashing against each other, only to have the men launch two more at her from the left.

Ding! Ding!

Ksana easily deflected both of the broken blades before putting them away.

Charleigh's eyes went wide as he glared at the three men in front of them. "Are you guys not here to rescue me?"

They weren't aiming at Ksana when they threw those two blades! They were aiming for my head and my heart!

Despite having his elixir field damaged and his cultivation gone, Charleigh was still an Archmage and could clearly sense their murderous intent.

"Rescue you?"

The burly man let out a chuckle as he spun the heavy battle axe in his hands. "Our orders were simply to prevent Chanaea from retrieving you, so I don't see why we should rescue you!"

"That's impossible!" Charleigh exclaimed after hearing the burly man's words.

I haven't stored any of that data at the research facility, so all of the data from my research is in my head. I secretly helped Remdik produce three thousand bio-engineered soldiers before this, so that would have altered their chances of victory tremendously. I can understand if they wanted to kill me back then, but I've used up most of those bio-engineered soldiers in order to capture Jonathan and continue my research. Jonathan has killed almost a thousand of them, so why would the tsar want me dead? Right now, they need my knowledge and skills to create more bio-engineered soldiers! It doesn't make sense for them to have me killed!

After racking his brain for a bit, Charleigh realized something and told Ksana in a trembling voice, "I-It's not the tsar who wants me dead!"

"What are you talking about?" Ksana asked in confusion while keeping her gaze fixated on the three cultivators.

Charleigh sneered at the three cultivators in front of them as he continued, "Things must be really bad for Remdik right now. The tsar would never want me dead at a time like this. Even if he wanted to kill me, he should only do so after I have completely fallen into Chanaean hands. You don't even stand a chance at defeating these three, so why would they want to kill me? It's because I have the potential to affect the outcome of the war in Doveston, and some people don't want the tsar to obtain Doveston!"

Ksana hoisted the backpack over her shoulder as she said, "I don't understand a word you're saying, but Master might be interested in hearing you out."

That was when she heard a message from Dark Special Forces through her earpiece.

They told her that cultivators from Dark Special Forces were heading in her direction and were about twenty miles away.

God Realm cultivators could cover dozens of meters in a single step, and she could cut that distance in half by running toward them at the same time.

The ultimate battle would take place in the final five thousand meters between them.

While running, Ksana dodged an attack and chugged down the remaining Holy Blood in the bottle.

That Holy Blood was extracted from the blood of Alexievich, the Remdik Emperor, so a single sip of it was enough to send cultivators into overdrive and greatly boost their senses.

Ksana felt as though the inside of her stomach was on fire after she downed half a bottle of Holy Blood.

Under normal circumstances, her spiritual sense would only cover a radius of up to eighty meters. With the boost from Holy Blood, however, it was able to cover twice as much ground.

That gigantic axe has blocked off the path on the right completely, and the long sword has a sixty percent chance of killing Charleigh...

With that in mind, Ksana maintained an expressionless look on her face as she ran toward her left side.

The long sword then flew right past her shoulder and stabbed right into the building in front of her.

Ksana then turned around and tossed a broken blade at the throat of the third guy.

The look on his face changed the moment he saw the blade. He quickly put both fists in front of him and used his gloves to deflect the broken blade.

The three God Realm cultivators did not expect Ksana to fight back at all, so they were all confused when they saw what she did.

“Have you lost your mind, Ksana? Do you really think you can take all three of us on by yourself?”

“I can’t. However, according to my analysis, you three could easily kill me with a well-coordinated attack if I simply kept on running. If I fight back, I could at least make things difficult for you guys with my boosted spiritual sense,” Ksana replied honestly.

The three cultivators burst out laughing when they heard that.

“Is that so? Sanctuary only made you a God Realm cultivator not long ago! What makes you think you’ve got what it takes to defeat us?”

As Ksana felt the power building up within her, she clenched her teeth when she rubbed her nose and saw the blood flowing out of it.

“This, of course!”

**Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 953**



## The Legendary Man Chapter 953- **One Versus Three**

At that moment, not only was Ksana's mouth and nose bleeding, but blood was also trickling down from her eyes and ears.

An ordinary person would've lost their sense of direction in that condition. Fortunately, cultivators above Grandmaster Realm could still rely on their spiritual sense.

Ksana closed her eyes and expanded her spiritual sense, allowing it to flow outward like a gushing stream.

She compressed her spiritual sense, which was sufficiently powerful to cover approximately one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty meters, to work only within the sixty meters radius around her.

Such a dense distribution of spiritual sense further augmented Ksana's perception of her surroundings.

Although she couldn't hear or see a thing, she could actually sense the breathing and heartbeats of the trio in front of her in that extreme state.

Ksana's body was invigorated by Holy Blood's potent efficacy.

At that instant, every breath she took was rapidly exhausting her vitality.

"Something's off with the woman. Let's kill her!"

After the burly middle-aged man roared, all the three Remdikian cultivators dashed forward in Ksana's direction.

Crack!

The earth shattered. Ksana's boots, which she specifically custom-made for battle, exploded into pieces as she stomped the ground.

Even after using Holy Blood to strengthen her body, Ksana didn't dare to take the three God Realm cultivators' attacks lightly.

The tip of the blade barely grazed Ksana's nose as she dodged to the side. The next instant, she abruptly thrust the broken blade in her hand, colliding her weapon head-on with a pair of boxing gloves.

She ducked and slid under the massive axe blade. With both hands supporting her, Ksana booted that muscular man's chin with both her legs.

Bam!

A dull thud rang out as the brawny man covered his chest with both hands and flew backward toward the sky.

On Ksana's sides, the long sword and fists swung at her again.

Brandishing all seven broken blades, she formed a sword array around her, but the incoming fist on her left directly smashed through her sword array and crashed into her shoulder.

Ksana lost her balance and was sent flying backward. She forcibly twisted her body in midair to dodge the long sword behind her.

However, the trio's collaboration was impeccable. It was as if they had rehearsed their formation hundreds of times.

As Ksana spun, the long slender sword pierced through her ribs.

While falling into that man's arms, she grabbed the sword-wielding cultivator's hair and headbutted him in the face.

The sound of bones breaking reverberated. Then, she hurriedly leaped up and landed on the rooftop of a three-story building by the street.

With a long sword stuck in her ribs, Ksana flicked her wrist to discard a large piece of bloody scalp while holding the backpack in her left hand.

In midair earlier, she ditched her broken blade and took off the backpack.

Otherwise, the long sword penetrating her ribs would've also gone through Charleigh, who was inside the backpack.

The trio on the ground gazed at Ksana in astonishment.

Sanctuary was an existence that could instill shock and a sense of oppression in everyone who had heard of the organization.

Still, most Remdikian cultivators regarded the organization with disdain.

After all, aside from a small number of people such as Jokovich and the others, Sanctuary's God Realm cultivators were nurtured, like the vegetables in a greenhouse.

If twenty pairs of God Realm cultivators from Sanctuary and the outside world were pitted against one another in a one-on-one fight, the outcome would be highly surprising, even if one cultivator from Sanctuary could win the match.

Therefore, the trio didn't feel the slightest pressure when facing Ksana.

Unexpectedly, she managed to severely injure one of them and tore off his scalp even when they ganged up on her.

Although she was also stabbed, the three cultivators were still astounded.

As fellow cultivators, they understood she was at the end of her ropes, and Holy Blood was continuously draining her vigor.

What they failed to fathom was the reason motivating her to go all out.

The cultivator, whose face was ruined and his scalp ripped off by Ksana, shrieked in agony, "F\*ck! Kill her. I'm going to kill her!"

Meanwhile, Ksana stretched out her right hand to grab the hilt of the sword stuck on her rib and gradually pulled it out.

"Ahh!"

Holy Blood had enhanced Ksana's perception by several folds.

Even though that could help her better control everything around her, Holy Blood's effect also amplified all her other senses.

Under normal circumstances, the hole in her body would've been a grave injury. Now that the pain was exacerbated, Ksana felt as if someone was nailing countless metal spikes into her bones, causing her to shudder all over.

As she pulled out the long sword inch by inch, blood gushed out continuously like a fountain. However, the next second, she used her spiritual energy to seal the gaping wound.

"Come on!" Ksana pointed the tip of the sword at the three cultivators below and uttered softly, "Once I kill all of you, I can go see the ocean."

Her voice wasn't laced with the slightest hint of anger or iciness. She merely spoke in a flat undertone.

Still, her words sent chills traveling down the trio's spines.

Ksana was no longer bothered by her injuries.

Her indifference was a state of complete emotional detachment. Evidently, she had already made peace with the possibility of death.

"We must accomplish our mission. Even if we die here, we won't let Charleigh survive," the muscular middle-aged man bellowed.

Then, he hurled his giant axe at the building beneath Ksana's feet while the other two cultivators leaped into the air and attacked her.

Ksana's body swayed, leaving a cloud of bloody mist lingering in the air before she dashed toward the man with severe facial trauma.

She was targeting the weakest of the bunch, as she knew she had no chance of winning against all three of them.

Nonetheless, seizing the brief window of time before they surrounded her, Ksana reckoned she could still risk her life to take one of them down with her.

As for Charleigh, she couldn't bother to protect him anymore.

Because of Jonathan's words, urging her to cling to life and see all the wonderful things the world had to offer, Ksana had brought Charleigh all the way to Merania, but she figured that she could only make it here. I grew up among endless slaughters, so I guess I'm destined to meet my end on the battlefield. Ultimately, I'm not fated to see the beautiful things in the world. The sun, the beaches, and the waves...

Perhaps heaven and hell truly existed, but Ksana didn't know where she would end up after her death. Given a chance to be reborn as a human, my only wish is to be bereft of talents for cultivation. Being an ordinary person living a regular life seems like a pretty good option too...

Clang!

As their blades collided, she reached out to grasp her opponent's sword.

By utilizing the slight resistance met by his blade when severing her fingers, she delayed him for a split second and slashed his neck with her long sword.

Unfortunately, right when she was about to succeed, a fist imbued with massive spiritual pressure split the air and approached from her left, cannoning heavily into her shoulder.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 954**

The Legendary Man Chapter 954-With just one punch, the blade on Ksana's right hand was thrown out, missing the target's neck by less than half an inch.

However, her body was sent flying into the distance, crashing hard into a car aside.

Despite the precarious situation, Ksana still used her last bit of energy to land on her back.

Charleigh was a mortal and didn't possess any spiritual energy. Hence, if she used him as a shield, he wouldn't have any spiritual energy protecting his organs and would be instantly crushed by the huge impact.

Meanwhile, on the ground, Ksana was leaning against a deeply-dented car, blood sputtering out of her mouth.

The punch had shattered her left shoulder and ribs, with bone fragments piercing through her left lung.

Ksana's body was completely wrecked.

The worst thing was, Ksana's spiritual energy was in disarray, and she couldn't gather them to treat her injuries.

Blood gushed out of Ksana's mouth and nose as she lowered her head to look at her own body.

The four fingers of her left hand were severed, and her left arm was completely shattered, hanging limply from her shoulder.

Despite being badly bashed, Ksana's right hand stubbornly clung to the backpack in her embrace.

Fresh blood dripped on Charleigh's face, and Ksana reached out to wipe away the blood with her right hand.

"You're still alive..."

Charleigh was lying in her embrace, his vacant eyes blinking.

He had witnessed how Ksana fought through the battle.

Despite the fact that Ksana had only fought her opponent twice, and both battles lasted only mere seconds, Charleigh was still shell-shocked by her vicious moves.

It was apparent that Charleigh was the one being targeted, so Ksana could have escaped unscathed by simply leaving him behind. Thus, Charleigh was confused as to why she chose to remain and protect him in such a dangerous situation.

Does she think so highly of herself, that she's an indispensable agent of the war?

However, it was implausible that Ksana, a killing machine, would devote her allegiance to Chanaea nor Remdik.

It was also hard for Charleigh to believe that Ksana was blindly following Jonathan's orders.

A slave contract was merely a tool to manipulate someone's life and death, and it had no binding magic that would end their life if they dared to breach the contract.

Given the circumstances, Charleigh believed that Jonathan would have forgiven Ksana even if she had chosen to abandon the mission given to her to save him.

It was three against one, and Ksana didn't stand a chance at all.

Moreover, Asura's Office lacked high level cultivators.

Besides, Charleigh had crossed paths with Jonathan, and to his understanding, the latter was no tyrant.

Hence, all factors considered, leaving Charleigh was actually Ksana's best choice.

"Why did you protect me?" Charleigh asked in a hoarse voice.

Ksana did not reply and merely lifted the backpack closer to herself.

"The reason is not important... We're going to die soon. Here, lean on me. We have to die with dignity, holding our heads high like human beings... We are no robots or mere tools!"

Ksana wiped away the fresh blood on her face with some effort.

She was but an eighteen-year-old girl. If she had to die now, she wanted to die with grace.

Charleigh's eyes were calm as still water as he looked at Ksana.

He slowly parted his lips when he noticed three people approaching them.

"Go tell the tsar that he'd better kill me for good. Otherwise, he'd suffer the full wrath of the Rodunst royals."

"Don't worry," a burly man said with a cold chuckle. "The Rodunst royals will not wage war with Remdik because of a lunatic."

With a loud bang, a giant battle axe slashed down on Ksana and Charleigh.

However, the moment the battle axe dropped, the burly man staggered a few steps back as if sensing something powerful.

As he retrieved the battle axe to protect himself, a bullet hit the giant battle axe and was flicked aside.

The crisp sounds of sniper rifles finally rang out.

The group of men grimaced at the sight of the shell crater.

"Snipers! Kill them first!" the burly man bellowed.

Following the burly man's orders, the injured cultivator held a long sword in his hand, leapt over ten meters in a single bound and aimed directly at Charleigh's head.

“Open!” Charleigh roared.

A giant crimson arcane array raised around him and materialized into an intricate spirit shield, protecting Charleigh and Ksana behind it.

The injured cultivator swung his long sword at the spirit shield, but the shield merely trembled slightly before returning to its stable state.

This thing can withstand the attack of a God Realm cultivator?

Ksana, who was awaiting her doom, widened her eyes in disbelief at Charleigh at the sight of the spirit shield.

“Aren’t you stripped of your spiritual energy?”

“I’m a scientist!” Charleigh let out a chortle. “I can design an explosive that responds to voice commands. The button on my shirt is a switch, and the front of my shirt is inscribed with the arcane array. It’s deactivated under normal circumstances. However, under my command, it will explode and activate the arcane array on the shirt—”

Clang!

Before Charleigh could finish, the giant battle axe had already landed on his formation.

The blow had clearly impacted the efficacy of the arcane array, as it started to show signs of disintegration.

“Hey, didn’t we have help? Where are they?” Charleigh yelled anxiously.

The hidden switch was his invention, combining technology and cultivation.

He hadn’t even considered employing it when Ksana cut his limbs off. After all, even if he activated the arcane array, it would have disintegrated following spiritual energy’s dissipation, and he would still be left crippled by Ksana.

It would have been meaningless to deploy his hidden switch, even if he was in depths of despair just now.

However, it was different now. There was a beacon of hope for survival. Hence, Charleigh activated the arcane array to buy some time, all so the reinforcements could make it in time to save them.



However, there was not a single movement after the bullet.

Even a lunatic like Charleigh couldn't accept that the glimmer of hope was gone.

However, Ksana smiled.

The voice that had contacted her previously rang again in her ears through the earpiece.

"Hang in there. We're closing in. Five hundred meters... Three hundred meters... We've spotted you!"

Crack!

As the spirit shield shattered atop Ksana's head, a peculiar-looking long sword swooped in from the side and was thrown right at the burly man's chest.

A man, dressed in a black fighting robe and a black mask, appeared right in front of Ksana, holding a heavy wooden shield in his hand.

"Dark Special Forces of Asura's Office, code name Number 1," Karl announced coldly to the three Remdikians.

Then, he cocked his head sideways to look at Ksana and uttered, "You guys aren't going to die, are you?"

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 955**

The Legendary Man Chapter 955-"Finally! You're here!" Charleigh shouted before laughing out loud.

All four of his limbs were cut off by Ksana after Jonathan took him from Remdik. One could only imagine how torturous it had been for Charleigh throughout the entire journey.

However, the moment Charleigh laid eyes on Karl, he was overwhelmed by poignant emotions, feeling as if he had finally met someone who was on his side.

Even he himself could not explain the sudden sense of belonging that inundated him.

Ksana gazed at Karl and felt a sense of relaxation take over her.

“Number 1, I have brought Charleigh here as per our master’s orders. I’ll leave the rest of it to you.”

With that, Ksana then slowly closed her eyes.

Even Karl’s arrival wouldn’t mean much to her.

As far as Asura’s Office was concerned, Charleigh was more important than her because he was a valuable weapon they could use in the battle.

On the other hand, she had sustained serious injuries. Even if they took her with them, she would most likely die on the way.

She would only be a burden to them if they brought her along.

As such, all she had to do at that moment was wait for death to befall her.

That was the sad reality for someone like her. When she was no longer useful, she would suffer a fate worse than stray animals.

However, as soon as Ksana shut her eyes, she could sense several spiritual energies landing nearby her, surrounding her.

At the same time, she could feel people approaching her, crouching down and tending to her injuries.

“She’s a God Realm cultivator, and her spiritual energy is in such a chaotic state that she can no longer suppress her injuries. We need to stop the bleeding as soon as possible.”

“A mortal with all limbs and one ear cut off. His internal injury isn’t serious, but the external wounds have been severely infected...”

“The injured’s left arm has been completely crushed. There’s no possibility of repair. The left shoulder is totally shattered. She has lost a huge amount of blood and needs to undergo surgery right now.”

The four Grandmaster Realm cultivators knelt down next to Ksana and Charleigh and began examining their injuries, completely ignoring the three cultivators from Remdik.

Holding his shield and sword, Karl stood in front of the two of them. His spiritual energy surged wildly, and he was ready to fight the three of them.

“Where are the rest of the God Realm cultivators?”

Although Charleigh could not understand what the cultivators were talking about his injuries, he could tell that they were only at the Grandmaster Realm.

Karl replied indifferently, “We’re the only ones here for the time being.”

“What?”

Charleigh looked at Karl in bewilderment.

“You’re the only God Realm cultivator here. How are you going to defeat the three of them? You aren’t Jonathan, you know?”

“Who told you I’m going to fight them?” Karl took a deep breath before saying coldly, “My mission is to get both of you out of Merania. The two of you are our utmost priorities, and we’ll do anything to protect you, even if it means sacrificing our lives!”

The gunshot of a sniper rifle broke the tranquility in the end.

Both parties said nothing to one another. The three cultivators from Remdik charged at Karl simultaneously.

“Now!” yelled Karl.

The eighteen cultivators surrounding him moved their arms swiftly, and huge, golden flags appeared in their hands.

Spiritual energy weaved in and out between the eighteen flags, connecting them. Eventually, the flags formed a triangular cage and trapped the three God Realm cultivators inside.

Wielding their weapons, the three cultivators tried breaking the cage, but all their efforts only caused the cage to vibrate slightly before stabilizing again.

Meanwhile, all eighteen cultivators were unleashing hand gestures while stabbing shards of spirit stones into the ground in a particular order.

They were building the most basic energy-gathering formation.

“What are they doing?” asked Charleigh as he looked on in astonishment.

Karl turned to the two of them and said, “They’re using themselves as the foundation to form the Summerbank Abyss trap formation to keep them in.”

As a skilled Archmage, Charleigh was naturally well-versed in formations.

Although there might be some differences between the Aadrune and Aploth formations, the basics were still the same.

One look and Charleigh could tell that the Summerbank Abyss formation was just the overlapping of six similar formations.

The worst part of that formation was the use of humans as its foundation.

In other words, the attacks of the three God Realm cultivators might have been blocked off by the formation, but they were actually absorbed by the eighteen cultivators who were stabilizing the formation.

Even though the force was equally distributed, there was no way the eighteen of them could stand the attack for long.

After all, back in Remdik, Vassily needed the help of thirty men before he could successfully trap Jonathan in a trap formation.

Eighteen people were insufficient to trap three men.

“They won’t be able to hold on for long,” said Charleigh as he shook his head.

“That’s none of your business.” Karl then glanced at the Dark Special Forces. “If anyone fails to hold on, there will be another person to take his place. If everyone else dies, I’m still here. As long as we’re still around, we won’t let anything happen to the two of you!”

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Following Karl’s words, the three God Realm cultivators from Remdik began an onslaught of attack.

In a mere matter of seconds, some of the members of the Dark Special Forces who were stabilizing the formation collapsed to the ground.

Another Dark Special Forces cultivator would then take his fallen comrade's place, stabilize the formation, and withstand the attack from the three cultivators.

"Are you not done yet?" uttered Karl coldly as he stared at the few cultivators.

"First aid treatment has been completed. We can leave now!" shouted a Grandmaster Realm cultivator.

"Let's go!"

With that, Karl shielded the two cultivators while they carried Charleigh and Ksana using their spiritual energies before leaping into the air.

Karl gritted his teeth as he looked at the Dark Special Forces cultivators who were trying their best to hold on.

"Please hang in there till the last moment. We need time to get away. Please!"

His words sounded cold and ruthless.

Yet, none of the Dark Special Forces members showed any sign of giving up and retreating.

They all knew how important Charleigh was.

Charleigh's presence was not only vital to the battle at Doveston, but it would also affect the entire Asura's Office and the future of Chanaea as well.

They would have to endure all kinds of pain and torture even if it meant they had to kick against the pricks.

Karl turned to leave without any hesitation after finishing his sentence.

He had his own mission. Just like he mentioned earlier on, he would sacrifice himself and buy the two of them time to escape if all of the Dark Special Forces members perished.

Just then, a piercing sound rang out in the sky. Karl looked up and saw a Remdikian fighter jet diving in his direction.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Next, two trails of white smoke appeared underneath the fighter jet. Karl's expression changed instantly.

"Gather toward me! Air strike incoming!"

The four Grandmaster Realm cultivators from Asura's Office changed their course and rushed toward Karl upon hearing his yell.

A huge wave of spiritual energy surged into the shield and instantly enlarged it to the size of a door.

Karl landed on the ground from mid-air and slammed his shield into the ground, shielding Ksana and the others behind him.

However, as soon as his shield impaled the ground, a visible shock wave rushed toward them and wiped out everything in the vicinity.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 956**

The Legendary Man Chapter 956-Although Karl's shield was slanted into the ground to decrease the impact of the shockwave, the moment the shockwave reached the shield, the impact still sent Karl flying backward since he was imbuing the shield with spiritual energy. Without spiritual energy, the shield shrank to the size of his palm.

Charleigh and the others behind the shield were also affected by the thrust force and were sent flying backward.

"Save them!" Karl bellowed in mid-air, and the spiritual energy in his hand turned into a gigantic hand, grabbing Charleigh.

The four Grandmaster Realm cultivators were working together to weave a large net made of spiritual energy in the air to catch Ksana and break her fall.

"Bring them away! Find the underground air-raid shelter!" Karl shouted as he summoned his shield.

"Number 1 of Dark Special Forces, Freddie, I need a detailed map of the surrounding area!"

At this moment, Freddie had already established contact with the Eight Kings of War in Harfush.

“Understood!”

Standing on the command deck, Freddie looked in the direction of the first team.

“First team, share a detailed map of the area within five kilometers of Number 1. Mark the nearest underground air-raid shelter as well as the best route from Number 1’s location to the shelter right now!”

“Understood!”

“Gathering the map of Kushburn in Merania.”

“Determining the locations of the five underground air-raid shelters in the area.”

“Quickest route found! Sharing completed!”

A map appeared on the monitors on Karl’s and the others’ arms with a thick green line marking the route to the nearest underground air-raid shelter less than fifty meters away.

“Four hundred and fifty meters from the southwest! There’s an underground parking lot! Quick!” Karl yelled at the people behind him.

Upon hearing that, the Grandmaster Realm cultivators didn’t hesitate and ran toward the direction Karl had mentioned.

Meanwhile, the fighter jet in the sky had completed its ascent, made a U-turn, and was about to dive again.

“Find a building to hide first! Freddie, I need you to contact Hades!” Karl shouted.

“I’m Hades. Speak.”

Hades’ voice rang out from Karl’s tactical earpiece.

“Hades, we have already retrieved Charleigh and Ksana. I want to confirm our position with Remdik! We want Charleigh and Ksana alive, but they want to kill them! If we don’t fight them, we will all die here!” Karl shouted at Hades. As he was speaking, two loud explosions rang out around him.

At this moment, Hades was sitting in his office in Harfush. He propped his hands on his desk while wearing a solemn expression.

How could he not know what Karl was saying?

There were many considerations that needed to be taken into account to ensure the safety of a person in this dire situation. However, it was extremely easy to kill a person since all the war machines, guns, armor, fighter jets, and missiles were all developed for the sake of slaughter and annihilation.

It would only require guided missile carpet-bombing to eliminate Charleigh, like how Hades deployed the Eastern Army before this.

If the Eastern Army's medium-range missiles were fired simultaneously, they would be able to eliminate the entire Merania, not to mention a few Remdikian cultivators.

However, a full-blown war would ensue if they really did that.

Despite the fact that he was determined to succeed at all costs, Hades still fell into a dilemma when he knew that any decision he made would affect the lives of tens of thousands of people.

"Hades, you don't have much time to make your decision."

A short-haired girl wearing a close-fitting leather jacket was sitting across Hades, gazing at him indifferently.

"An hour ago, the Zaidham Army's fighter jets already took off and are now less than a hundred miles away from Kushburn. If we send troops onto the battlefield now, we can subdue the Remdikian military forces and buy time for Number 1 and the others to retreat. If we keep hesitating, even if Number 1 and the others weren't killed by the Remdikian fighter jets, the Remdikian cultivators will catch up to them from behind. By then, all the arrangements you made for the eight major war zones would only be for show."

Hades balled his hands into fists and punched the wooden desk, breaking it upon impact.

"Leslie, do you know that the war is not a game you play on a simulator? These soldiers are not just groups of numbers under your control! They are living, breathing human beings! If I declare war now, at least three hundred



thousand soldiers would rush into battle. Do you know how many families will be ruined?”

“There is no right or wrong in war! You’re saying all that because you just don’t want to be the sinner who gave the order! Handing Asura’s Office to you might be the worst decision Jonathan has ever made!” Leslie stood up and glared at Hades coldly.

With that, Leslie took a deep breath before continuing, “You called me here to be your advisor, right? Then, let me tell you. If you don’t declare war now, the Dark Special Forces will definitely be eliminated!”

Then, Leslie turned around and left the office.

Hades stared at Leslie’s retreating figure, and his eyes turned bloodshot.

Leslie was right.

She was an expert in strategizing and relaying orders, and he had summoned her here to help him judge the situation on the battlefield.

Leslie had already stated her judgment.

Should I declare war? If I don’t declare war, the sacrifice of the Dark Special Forces will definitely be inevitable. All of Jonathan’s efforts would be in vain. However, if I declare war, there is no guarantee that we will win. Whatever the outcome, this will require the sacrifice of tens of thousands of lives.

The sound of Leslie’s heels echoed in Hades’ ears. None of the Kings of War said anything in the public channel.

Everyone was waiting for Hades’ command.

These few seconds felt like centuries for Hades.

The moment Leslie walked out of the office, Hades’ body went limp as if he had lost all strength, and he slumped into his chair.

“Jeremy, Western King of War, heed my command! The Zaidham Army’s fighter jets will immediately enter the battlefield and attack the Remdikian fighter jets!”

“Understood!” Jeremy replied calmly.

Thousands of miles away in Merania, the Zaidham Army's fighter jets, which were still escorting the Shusonna Army, suddenly headed in the north direction with a deafening roar.

On the ground, Kane had also issued a military order to the Shusonna Army to advance at full speed.

Meanwhile, Dorian had assembled the Mysonna Army in preparation for battle.

The moment Hades gave his order, Dorian also sent a signal in the direction of Merania.

If Merania dared to make a move, he would personally lead his troops and launch an attack on the country.

The management of the eight major war zones in Chanaea had always known this war was going to happen one day.

However, they had always assumed the war would only commence after they resolved the problems regarding the Yaleview Army and the eight respectable families.

They never expected Asura's Office's first enemy to be Remdik because of Charleigh's appearance

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 957**

The Legendary Man Chapter 957-Meanwhile, Jonathan curled himself up into a ball inside the truck's trunk, not knowing what was going on outside.

All he could feel was that the ride was getting bumpier.

As he took a peek outside through a small gap, he realized that he was traveling across a large plain of golden grassland.

Only then did Jonathan know that he was in Merania territory.

However, he still dared not take out his communication device.

Nowadays, most military units were equipped with anti-reconnaissance testing equipment. His location would be exposed in less than a minute if he were to turn on his device there and then.

Although the troop of junior soldiers consisted of mere mortals would not pose a threat to Jonathan, the incoming cultivators who had heard the news would certainly put him in danger.

Furthermore, he also sensed several auras of Grandmaster Realm cultivators around him just a few moments ago.

In the past, Jonathan could effortlessly eliminate those Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

However, his current haggard and weakened state would suggest otherwise. Even though he wouldn't necessarily be killed on the spot if he were to be besieged by Grandmaster Realm cultivators, they would most probably be able to stall him and request support from God Realm cultivators.

Therefore, Jonathan had no other choice but to stay quietly in the trunk in order to protect himself.

Meanwhile, in the command vehicle situated in the heart of the convoy, several Grandmaster Realm cultivators were frowning while reading the map in their hands.

"Rumor has it that the Asura's Office in Chanaea has issued an order to open fire. We must rush to the outskirts of Kushburn and meet up with the main force of the southern military unit in two hours. Relay my order now and get everybody on high alert; be prepared to enter the war zone," instructed a bearded man in the command vehicle.

"Noted!" his subordinates responded without any hesitation before relaying his order.

Then, the bearded man furrowed his brows as he gazed out of the window.

His name was Giovanni, the chief of a garrison in the south of Ballachov.

A week ago, the entire Remdikian Western Army had readied themselves for battle.

Following Jonathan's appearance in Ballachov, they started gathering their forces.

Initially, Giovanni thought that his troop would be mobilized for a search mission around Ballachov.

He did not expect to receive an order just three days ago to head to the south and then enter Merania.

More than ten other garrisons had also received the same instruction as his.

As the name suggested, the main task of a garrison was to guard, defend, and provide protection to an assigned area. The duty of a garrison was of great significance in maintaining homeland security, especially in a large country like Remdik.

Their troops had never been mobilized as such before.

In fact, when the West Epea Alliance interfered with the warfare in Central Epea a few years ago and threatened the safety of Remdik's west region, the western war zone in Remdik only mobilized its Deep Sea Army and Sky Army. The rest of the garrisons located in the west had only received a level-two combat readiness alert.

Yet, they were now deployed to the territory of Merania, which was about two thousand kilometers away.

It was a large-scale military mobilization. They belonged to one of the northernmost troops. As for the soldiers from the south, they had already completed the reorganization process while making their way to assemble alongside the rest of the armies.

All in all, everything that was going on clearly indicated that a war was coming.

Giovanni turned around and stared at the others in the command vehicle.

"Relay my order. Everyone is to get as much rest as they possibly can. We're one of the last teams to report at the war zone, so I'm afraid the war will have already begun by the time we get there. If we all remain tensed up starting now, we won't be able to last long on the battlefield. Tell everyone to keep

their ID cards secure, for that's a guarantee that we will get to return home after everything is over."

Giovanni's tone was soft and gentle, yet the other commanders present felt their hearts sink.

Remdik valued and appreciated heroes. Those who managed to climb up the ladder and become commanders were people who not only reached a certain cultivation level but also earned combat achievements.

Otherwise, no subordinates would show respect to their leaders, no matter how high the latter's cultivation level was.

The veterans knew exactly what Giovanni meant.

The ID card served only one purpose, which was to ensure that the remains of the soldiers who had died in battle could be identified and sent back to their hometowns.

The fighter jets of Remdik and Chanaea were attacking each other above the town of Kushburn.

However, the top leaders of both countries weren't paying attention to the aerial combat zone. Conversely, they focused their full attention on the small town, Kushburn.

With the threat of the fighter jets now gone, Karl and his team emerged from underground and started running southward.

Meanwhile, in the commercial street at the center of the town, the three God Realm cultivators managed to escape unscathed.

More than thirty members of the Dark Special Forces got killed in the process of helping Karl buy extra time. Alas, none of them survived.

When Karl received the news, he felt flames of anger burning in his chest.

Yet, he knew now was not the right time for him to act on his impulses and let rage get the best of him. His only goal was to bring Charleigh back.

Kane and the Shusonna Army were currently making their way over to Karl on military helicopters to provide assistance.

According to Karl's estimation, it would take at most another hour until their arrival.

The only thing Karl should be doing was to stall for time.

"Keep going and don't turn back," he said coldly to the four members of the Dark Special Forces standing in front of him.

"Your mission is to protect them as they move forward. I'll do my best to buy you more time."

Afterward, Karl's running speed decreased significantly.

This was because just a moment ago, he sensed spiritual energy fluctuations rapidly approaching him from the back.

After putting away his shield and long sword, Karl waved his hands and tossed multiple palm-sized black discs into the surrounding buildings.

Then, leaping into the air, he flung more black discs in all directions. Within seconds, dozens of black discs were launched.

Concurrently, the three people behind Karl had almost caught up with him and were only a hundred meters away from him.

Immediately, Karl turned and left. Without the slightest hesitation, he took out a remote control using his right hand and pressed the button.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of explosions sounded behind Karl.

The three Remdik cultivators seemed to have walked into a minefield. No matter how they tried to dodge it, the explosions surrounded and besieged them.

Anyhow, the explosion could only slow down their pace by a little.

Even though the remote-controlled bombs were extremely powerful, the trio did not step on any of them.

Therefore, the impact alone was not great enough to inflict harm on three God Realm cultivators.

When Karl sensed the drastic changes in their spiritual energy, he realized that his opponents must have mobilized their spiritual energy to defend themselves.

With a light tap of his foot, Karl took out a napalm bomb that was half the height of a human being and flung it behind him.

Three figures emerged from the smog of the explosion almost at the same time.

Meanwhile, Karl, who was at the front, tightened his grip on the sniper rifle in his hand and raised it mid-air.

Boom!

As Karl pulled the trigger, the napalm bomb instantly exploded right before the trio and transformed into a ball of fire with a diameter of tens of meters, engulfing the three of them

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 958**

The Legendary Man Chapter 958-Watching the flames engulf the three Remdikians, Karl kept away his weapons and dashed forward again.

The balls of fire faded as the napalm bomb transformed into droplets of fire that rained down from the sky. Three bolts of spiritual energy could be felt quaking in the air when the three cultivators from Remdik shook off the inflammable residues on their spirit shields.

“D\*mn it! Surround him from both sides. Let’s see how many more tricks he has up his sleeve,” the burly man fumed, looking at the other two beside him.

With a roar, he lifted his massive axe and leaped up while the other two cultivators who were with him darted forward diagonally.

Knowing how formidable those three people were, Karl was struck with fear when he sensed their movement behind him.

One might be a God Realm martial artist, but it would take an advanced-phase God Realm cultivator significant effort to exterminate a beginner-phase cultivator of the same realm within a short period without the use of some special tactics. Not every God Realm cultivator could single-handedly wreak a

crushing defeat on their peers as Jonathan did since they fundamentally belonged to the same realm, albeit in different phases.

The only difference that set them apart was their spiritual energy, so there was no way one could kill the other before the other's spiritual energy was depleted completely.

In light of that, the prospects were grim for Karl now that the three cultivators were pursuing him in three different directions.

Even if Karl were more powerful than them, he could only fight one of them at a time.

The remaining two enemies would simply need to bypass his defense to eliminate Charleigh without any obstruction.

What should I do now?

Karl's mind raced as he thought about a way out but to no avail in the face of the enemy's concerted attack.

"Die!" exclaimed the strapping guy as he hurled his axe across thirty feet in Karl's direction.

Quickly, Karl wielded his shield to protect himself from the axe as he slid backward, taking advantage of the momentum of the flow before running off.

That split moment was enough for him to devise a plan.

He would stand a chance of winning if he fought three in one place instead of separately since the latter situation would be less predictable for Karl.

He figured he should go to Charleigh first so the enemy could not reach Charleigh without going through him.

With that thought in mind, Karl leaped forward from the ground in a light movement, but his adversary seemed to have comprehended his scheme when they closed in on him from both sides faster than before.

Just like that, a race commenced between the four God Realm fighters in the town of Kushburn.



"I can't hold any longer, Kane! When are your men coming? I need support here!" Karl yelled as he ran.

Kane was equally anxious on the military helicopter.

"Half an hour at least! Hang in there, Number 1!"

"Are you serious? There are three f\*cking God Realm fighters here!" Karl cursed furiously, knowing full well that dealing with three martial artists was beyond his capability.

The truth was he could have taken down one of them, but warding off three in one go was just impossible for him. Even if he could reach Charleigh in time, it did not mean he could protect the latter from the three martial artists if they attacked him together.

This is just impossible! Should I just take Charleigh and Ksana with me and leave the four Grandmasters behind? I might still be able to stall the Remdikian cultivators for a bit if I were to distract them by fleeing. Or should I bring Charleigh without Ksana? She might have made significant contributions, but Charleigh must live to ensure Asura's victory.

Karl's thoughts were a mess, sending a wave of spiritual energy that even the four people ahead of him could feel from hundreds of meters away.

Judging from the force of the spiritual energy they sensed, it would only take the enemies a few seconds to catch up with those ahead of them.

When Karl saw that his enemies were just tens of meters away, he clenched his jaw and shouted an order in the communication device, "You guys come over and stop them. Hand Ksana and Charleigh over to me!"

Karl could feel his heart stop and his chest tighten as he voiced the words, for not even thirty martial artists of the Grandmaster Realm could stop three Divine Realm fighters, let alone four Grandmasters.

His order was no different from giving the four Grandmasters a death penalty.

Still, the four martial artists ahead of Karl did not hesitate when they received the instructions. Following a tap under their feet, they sprang backward, passing by Karl as they charged toward the Remdikian cultivators.

Soon, Karl sensed a ripple of intense spiritual energy from behind. Before he could breathe, two heavy thuds were heard, accompanied by a deadly explosion of spiritual energy vibrating out in waves.

Karl stared ahead, his eyes blank and unfocused when realization about what had happened dawned upon him.

He could not believe that the two Grandmasters who carried out his order without an ounce of hesitation had just self-destructed.

As Grandmasters, they could well have become kings of any region in the world, but they chose to sacrifice their lives without any hesitation to buy Karl some time.

Still, Karl had no time to dwell on that thought, for he had just caught up with Charleigh and the rest.

Seeing that Karl had arrived, the remaining two Grandmasters maneuvered their spiritual energy to send Charleigh and Ksana to Karl.

“Bring them back safely, Number 1. You shall not let us die in vain.”

With that said the two cultivators propelled themselves backward behind Karl.

“No... No...”

Boom!

Karl fell to the ground on his knees when he heard the two deafening explosions that followed the cultivators’ departure.

“This cannot be...” Karl muttered as he slowly placed Charleigh and Ksana on the ground using his spiritual energy before clenching his fists so hard that they dug into the rocky ground beneath him.

“This shouldn’t be happening... I didn’t even get to know their names...”

Whoosh!

While Karl was still caught in guilt, three figures landed behind him. It turned out that the three cultivators were unharmed by the explosions induced by the four Grandmasters when they self-detonated.

“I wonder if you Chanaeans are stupid. It’s funny how you’re willing to sacrifice your lives for a lost cause,” sneered the middle-aged burly man, Petrov Babanin, while slamming his axe on the ground.

“Shut up!” Karl thundered as he stood up again.

His body quivered in fury when he saw the Grandmasters’ blood on their weapons.

Those Grandmasters were trained by Jonathan and summoned to the service of the Dark Special Forces in an emergency at the eight major war zones under Karl’s command.

Together, the four made up half of Asura Office’s elite soldiers and were seen as irreplaceable assets, but all of them were vanquished within less than half an hour.

Their deaths agonized Karl so much that he felt something exploding from within him as if it was about to shatter his body into pieces.

“I made a mistake at Northern Crimson Prison. I should’ve been the one who died, but I lived. The four cultivators who sacrificed today would still be here if I hadn’t sent them to their deaths! I should’ve been the one to die!”

Feeling his entire being spasming in grief, Karl clutched his chest so tightly that he almost tore it apart.

“I deserve to die! All of you deserve to die! We should all die here together!” Shrieking, Karl picked up his palm-size shield, flung it into the ground, and drove it deeper into the ground with his foot while exerting a forceful blast of spiritual energy.

Rays of energy shone from his body together with the fluorescent glow from the half-buried shield, forming a beam of light that surrounded Charleigh and Ksana like a shield.

With his sword in hand, Karl glared at the three cultivators as his eyes turned blood red.

“Die!”

**Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 959**

The Legendary Man Chapter 959-Following a loud roar, Karl turned into an afterimage and sprinted toward the strong middle-aged man, Petrov.

Clang!

The axe and sword clashed, giving off a surprisingly dull thud. A three-inch crack had crawled across Karl's sword upon impact.

At the sight, Karl swiftly dodged his attacker with his palm resting on the tip of his blade before slashing Petrov in the neck.

"Your time is up!" he pronounced.

In response to the attack, Petrov let go of his axe and extended his left arm to turn his bracelet into a spiritual shield that blocked Karl's sword, catapulting it away when the two weapons clashed.

Swoosh!

The sword slit Karl's palm, and blood gushed forth, but Karl summoned his blood into a projectile motion and smeared the enemy's shield, blocking Petrov's field of vision.

At the same time, the ground cracked beneath them in an explosion, but Karl was not deterred. He appeared behind his enemy in a swift movement and plunged his broken blade into Petrov's heart.

Yet, the other Remdikian cultivator with a long sword appeared out of nowhere and knocked off Karl's blade.

Karl quickly grabbed the sword and summoned his spiritual energy, creating clouds of energy that rose from his palms to form armor.

Still holding on tight to his rival's sword, Karl jerked it backward in a strong tug and booted the man in his groin.

"Take this!" he exclaimed as his right foot lodged between the man's thighs.

Two of them bounced back at the force of the contact, but Karl managed to land on all fours and immediately pounced forward again like a beast.

Then, Petrov took aim at Karl's head and swung his axe at it.

“He’s lost it! He’s just trying to stall us!” Petrov cried out, swaying his axe repeatedly in the air to counteract Karl’s continuous attacks.

Frustrated as he was, Petrov knew it was not time for him to get carried away by his impulses, so he looked at his two partners and ordered, “Our mission is to kill Charleigh. There’s no point wasting our energy on this psycho. Go kill them!”

Now that Petrov had exposed Karl’s plan, his two allies took a final glance at Karl and turned to chase after Charleigh and Ksana, who were utterly defenseless since one had been stripped of his cultivation and the other was plagued with injuries.

They would not be able to survive the attacks of two God Realm cultivators and could only accept their fate.

Although the shield was planted in the ground before them and was still in protection mode, no one was there to control it.

Under such circumstances, the spirit shield wouldn’t be able to last for long.

With all odds in their favor, the cultivator with a sword landed before Charleigh and Ksana with a smirk and flung his sword at the shield.

Clang!

Charleigh and Ksana were stunned when they saw the spirit shield shake slightly, but fortunately, it did not break.

Following the first attempt to break the shield, the other cultivator raised his fist and dealt a full-fledge punch at it, but the shield managed to stabilize after a glowing flicker.

“How can this be? The spiritual shield shouldn’t still possess such power without support from spiritual energy!” exclaimed the Remdikian cultivators with a frown.

“Careful!”

Just as the two cultivators were confused, Petrov’s voice suddenly rang out behind them.

Following his voice, the two cultivators sensed the fluctuations of spiritual energy behind them, and their faces turned pale.

The instant they dodged to the side, Karl was already beside the shield, holding on to it with his two arms. His raging spiritual energy was so intense it was as if he was on the verge of losing control.

It was then that the three Remdikian cultivators realized something was amiss. The spiritual energy from Karl's body did not rise to the sky but instead seeped deep into the ground.

To learn what was going on, they maneuvered their spiritual sense and dove underneath Karl's feet.

Their expressions changed when they realized Karl's spiritual energy was forming something like a silk belt attached to the shield embedded in the ground.

It dawned upon them that Karl had been continuously channeling his spiritual energy to the shield, although he appeared to have lost his mind and had given up on protecting Charleigh and Ksana.

They thought Karl must have gone berserk since he completely ignored the blood flowing from underneath his mask and continued transferring his energy to the shield.

Although such energy transmission was doable as long as it fell within the scope of ability of a cultivator, it would drain the person massively since a stable transmission required at least three times the spiritual energy taken by the weapon itself.

Moreover, the biggest drawback of doing so was that one's spiritual energy would need to be constantly connected to the weapon in order to control it.

The cultivator would experience the first-hand impact through their meridians in the case of an attack against the weapon.

Hence, the two attacks launched by the Remdik cultivators on the shield just now had indirectly inflicted harm upon Karl, disrupting the spiritual energy within his body.

Not only would that cause him severe injury, but it could also wreck his energy field entirely, leaving him disabled for the rest of his life, but all this meant nothing to Karl, who no longer cared about his life. He was ready to face his demise.

After the deaths of the cultivators from the Dark Special Forces, the guilt and grief that Karl was experiencing had turned into desolation and murderous intent that dominated his whole consciousness field.

Right at that point, Karl's consciousness was in the combined state of sheer rage and lucidness. It was a strange phenomenon.

His sensitivity to his surroundings was heightened, just like what happened to Ksana after she guzzled down a whole bottle of Holy Blood.

Now that he was in a state where he had complete control of every minute element of his spiritual energy, blood, muscle, and bones, Karl retrieved a few Spirit Rejuvenating Pills and threw them into his mouth.

As a God Realm cultivator, a single pill was enough to replenish half his spiritual energy, let alone four to five pills.

Swallowing five Spirit Rejuvenating Pills in one go was tantamount to courting death. Apart from Jonathan, only someone like Karl—someone who had lost the will to live—would be bold enough to do that.

The truth was, Karl had no choice because the shield behind him felt like a bottomless pit that was sucking away every ounce of spiritual energy that he released.

He desperately needed more spiritual energy to face his foes.

At that point, his body was no longer just blood and flesh but purely a transmitter of spiritual energy.

Taking note of Karl's relentlessness, an ominous feeling inundated the trio. This lunatic doesn't care about his life at all. If we don't end him right now, he might really be able to stall for time until reinforcements from Chanaea arrive.

"We need to end things now! Kill every single one of them!" Petrov roared as he lifted his axe as high as he could, charging toward the shield behind Karl.

Comprehending his intention, Petrov's two comrades launched separate attacks to break the spirit shield.

It was intended to serve as a tool to safeguard Charleigh, but it was also a weakness that could cost Karl his life.

A coordinated counteroffensive might not terminate Karl in this situation, but it would be enough to empty him of all his abilities.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 960**

The Legendary Man Chapter 960-"Argh!"

With a roar, Karl wielded another two weapons when he saw the three men lunge toward him.

Vigorous spiritual energy spread across the vicinity with Karl at the center. The energy provided by the Spirit Rejuvenating Pills coursed through his meridians into his limbs and bones.

His energy was so intense that his enemies felt like they had dropped into deep waters when they entered his force field.

Karl completely disregarded his life when he released the energy from five Spirit Rejuvenating Pills. Under his control, the power from the pills was maximized to the extent that the three cultivators felt trapped in a cobweb, unable to move forward.

A setback like that could quickly turn the tables in the combat between elites.

A slight delay in the enemies' advancement was enough to give Karl sufficient time to react.

The situation progressed swimmingly for Karl since they had entered his domain. With just a step, he positioned himself in front of the cultivator who had just lifted his fist to launch a punch.

Their blade and punch collided before passing by one another as blood spurted out.

Karl retreated and moved to stand before Charleigh again, but his spiritual sense showed a massive axe and fist landing on his spirit shield.



Cough!

The backlash of the impact and spiritual energy ate into Karl's meridians.

Karl, who was in mid-air, lost control over himself and felt as though his body was severed into hundreds of pieces.

Thud!

He fell to the ground and tumbled more than ten meters into the distance until he hit a wall by the road. Upon impact, he twitched and squirmed in pain, wanting to stand up again but to no avail. Alas, he couldn't even move his finger.

Potent and pure spiritual energy kept flowing from his flesh, but he could not move a muscle, for he could no longer sense his spiritual energy—he had been decapacitated.

The spirit shield he planted shrank slowly within his field of vision while Charleigh and Ksana lay on the ground, waiting for death to descend upon them.

In the end, I still failed...

Karl opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he ended up coughing up blood.

Petrov glanced at him coldly, stating, "You lost."

Then, he raised his axe again and swung it at Karl's skull, but before the axe could even touch him, an explosive noise reverberated in the air.

Roar!

Following a roar that sounded like a beast's cry, the axe was knocked to the ground by an enormous beast's skull.

Above the skull appeared the shadow of a humongous beast with a swine-like face and sharp teeth.

When the remaining two cultivators from Remdik saw that the beast was protecting Charleigh, they stormed over to launch an attack, but to their shock, the beast fended off their strikes with just a slight movement.

They could not believe their eyes. An unknown spiritual weapon actually managed to easily deflect full-force attacks from two God Realm cultivators without even taking a dent.

This is such a powerful defense weapon!

Startled, they gazed into the sky toward the north only to see three figures approaching swiftly and landing in front of Charleigh in less than a second.

The tall and thin man with a hammer on the left was Cyprus Blackwood, while the short and plump man on the right, who looked at the beast behind him once he landed, was Severus Blackwood, also the beast's owner.

Between them was a dashing man with a long spear who had a stern look on his face. It was none other than Sirius, the third elder of the Blackwood family.

He was panting heavily because he had rushed all the way here to assist his comrades. In fact, he would not have made it if Zachary had not given him the Dark Special Forces' equipment before he left.

"Now, who's up for a fight?" Sirius challenged as he looked at the three fighters from Remdik, swinging his spear.

"So, are you guys from Asura's Office?" Petrov asked in disgust as he stared at the members of the Blackwood family.

To the Remdikian cultivators, Asura's Office was merely a department run by mortals and had no longer than three years of history.

Not even the powerful families within Chanaea would take such an organization seriously.

However, at that moment, they actually had the audacity to hurl threats at the Remdikians. What perplexed them more was that the organization seemed to have an abundance of God Realm cultivators.

In fact, such a strange situation had filled the three cultivators with an indescribable sense of defeat and exasperation.

"I bet you're not from Asura's Office. We assess our enemy's ability before carrying out any military operation. If Asura's Office truly consisted of that

many God Realm cultivators, our higher-ups wouldn't have only dispatched three fighters here. So, speak up. Who are you?" Petrov interrogated.

"We are Chanaeans!" Sirius exclaimed as he gradually lifted his spear, pointing directly at Petrov's nose.

"We're taking them with us and will kill anyone who gets in our way."

With that said, Sirius turned to Severus on the right.

"Take them with you. That man, too."

"Right away," Severus replied to his brother.

Eyeing his enemies warily, Severus went over to Karl and used his spiritual energy to pick him up before retreating.

Meanwhile, the translucent beast rose from behind Sirius, securing Charleigh and Ksana in its belly, and turned to leave.

The Remdikians fell into deep thought as they watched their targets being fetched away and thought about the chances of winning the fight.

Sirius and his powerful team aside, the spiritual weapon that could move on its own was enough to deter them, not to mention Petrov was the only one who had not sustained any injuries from their earlier combat with Karl and Ksana.

This meant the cards were stacked against them if Sirius and his men were to attack, but when they thought about the cameras on them that were recording how they were letting Charleigh go right under their noses, they knew they were bound to face severe repercussions once they return to Remdik.

As they were hesitating if they should take action, Savannah's indifferent voice suddenly rang out from their communication devices.

"Do away with yourselves in Merania if any of you let Charleigh go."

The three men stiffened at those simple and straightforward words.

Although Savannah was currently at Kremalos Palace in Saspiuburg, she was still aware of the development of the entire situation.

That could only mean one thing—they were being watched from the very beginning.

Knowing the tsar was keeping tabs on them, the three men charged toward Sirius without hesitation.

Sirius responded almost instantly, brandishing his weapon in response to the sneak attack.

His black spear reflected a glint of light before transforming into a fine line that struck Petrov's axe.

Bam!

The pressure concentrated on the small surface area blasted Petrov away, sending him flying tens of meters into the distance.

Then, Sirius slightly repositioned his body and flung his spear toward the cultivator with a sword, making a clashing noise.

At the same time, Cyprus raised his hammer to repel the other cultivator with gauntlets.

Holding his spear, Sirius ordered with murderous intent in his eyes, "Kill them, Cyprus!"