

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 971

The Legendary Man Chapter 971-“The coffin is gone!” a Remdikian soldier yelled.

The soldier was yelling in Remdikian. Jonathan did not understand what the soldier had yelled, but he was shocked as he remembered that he was being surrounded by Remdikian soldiers.

He rolled over and jumped out of the hole that previously housed the coffin.

Around him, more than twenty figures simultaneously backed away.

Even the female cultivator, holding long swords in her hands, took a step back.

Jonathan stared at his hands in confusion and noticed that they had recovered. He did not have to think too much about it to know that Seboxia must have helped him again.

He slowly raised his hands, feeling the spiritual energy course through his body.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two ear-piercing sounds rang out at the same time.

Heaven Sword and the Divine Chessboard flew back and hovered in circles three inches above Jonathan’s hands.

The gold-colored bronze handbell slowly flew out of the hole and landed on Jonathan’s head.

Jonathan glared at the female cultivator before him while holding those three magical items. A glint of murderous intent flashed across his eyes.

“Hey, you were the one who slashed at my face just now, weren’t you?”

“Fire!” the female cultivator yelled to the people behind her.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

A series of missiles being fired could be heard. From the surrounding vehicles around Jonathan, dozens of bazookas shot at Jonathan's feet.

However, those missiles turned into ripples as they hit the protective shield that Jonathan had conjured.

The bullets from the sniper rifle fell one after another as the ground under Jonathan's feet exploded. The next moment, he appeared before the female cultivator without warning.

"Die!" Jonathan yelled as he shone the Divine Chessboard.

The female cultivator held out her sword and slashed at Jonathan's throat. However, she was no match for Heaven Sword.

Heaven Sword stabbed through her sword. Before she could react, it had slashed her neck.

The head of the beautiful female cultivator tumbled to the ground. Jonathan smashed the chessboard on the female cultivator's headless body, instantly smashing the curvaceous body into a puddle of flesh and blood.

At that moment, Jonathan had regained all of his power and strength.

The female cultivator had been too careless and did not unleash her full power. Plus, she had been scared of the Coffin. Her weaknesses had made it possible for Jonathan to kill her in a single move.

Jonathan bent down to pick up the storage ring and kept the long sword inside before turning around.

"Kill them!"

At that command, Heaven Sword seemed full of life as it rushed toward the surrounding Grandmaster Realm cultivators.

Jonathan, on the other hand, stood at the center of the missile vehicles and activated Earthly Escape.

The ground shook, and the ground around those missile vehicles turned into quicksand again. In a few seconds, those missile vehicles disappeared into the ground.

In the distance, screams could be heard.

Those Grandmaster Realm cultivators were no match for Heaven Sword.

God Realm cultivators had to be careful when facing Heaven Sword which had additional support from the Prynycp of Strength. Although those Grandmaster Realm cultivators knew of Heaven Sword's power, they could not escape the sword's speed.

As the ground returned to its solid state, the screams around Jonathan completely stopped.

He turned to look and saw that a total of twenty-four Grandmaster Realm cultivators were on the ground, drained of their life force.

Heaven Sword flew back to Jonathan's hand. With a wave of his hand, he summoned the rings from those twenty-something bodies in his hand.

"Everyone, load your weapons! Fire at Jonathan!" a soldier lying on the ground in a pool of his blood yelled.

Jonathan glanced at that soldier. It turned out that it was one of the three soldiers he had severely injured.

Although he could not understand what that soldier said, he could somehow comprehend what the soldier meant as he saw the surrounding soldiers holding up their weapons and aiming them toward him.

He flicked his fingers, and Heaven Sword slashed across that soldier's neck.

Blood spurted everywhere and dyed the surrounding yellowish grass a deep red.

Just then, a soldier without any spiritual energy coursing through him stood forward.

"I am now the commander-in-chief. I order all of you to—"

Pfft!

Before that person could continue, Heaven Sword stabbed his chest.

As that person fell to the ground, a different soldier stepped out.

“I am the commander-in-chief. I order you to—”

Pfft!

“I am the commander-in-chief. I order you to—”

“I am the commander-in—”

“Fire!”

“Fire!”

“Fire!”

Roars echoed throughout the crowd. Despite knowing they would die under Heaven Sword, none of the Remdikian soldiers backed down.

For a moment, the protective shield in front of Jonathan crackled aggressively.

Bullets rained on him as those soldiers kept firing their weapons.

Of course, there were more than two weapons. The previous fight between Jonathan and the others had already attracted the attention of the Remdikian soldiers.

Although the Remdikian army couldn't have over a hundred thousand soldiers surrounding Jonathan, at least hundreds of thousands of other people were spectating.

Countless soldiers had received orders to fire at Jonathan.

If only one bullet landed on the spirit shield the strange bronze handbell had conjured, the shocking backlash would be like a mosquito bite. It would not harm Jonathan, and he could not be bothered.

However, at that very moment, countless bullets were raining onto the spirit shield. Even if Jonathan's cultivation level were high, he could not withstand such frequent attacks.

Jonathan held Heaven Sword in one hand, his Pryncyp of Slaughter trembling slightly, wanting to go on a killing spree.

However, just as he was about to release Heaven Sword, he suddenly paused.

I killed the Grandmaster Realm cultivators just now because I feared they would defeat the soldiers of Asura's Office when they arrived. But what about these mortal soldiers? What am I afraid of?

Jonathan had always reminded himself that there was no difference between good and evil powers, but instead, the difference could be seen in the users of these powers.

Look at what's happening now. Am I good or evil? Do I really not have the urge to kill?

Feeling the reversal effect coursing throughout his body, Jonathan looked at Heaven Sword in his hand with a scowl.

If I don't have the urge to kill, how did I get the approval of such an evil weapon? How could I comprehend the Pryncyp of Strength that represented killing and death?

Jonathan gritted his teeth before looking up at the faces of the soldiers who were screaming and consistently pulling the triggers on their weapons. With a sigh, he slowly sank to the ground.

In Kushburn, the city's central area had been reduced to nothing but rubble.

Four short-range missiles had been shot, destroying all the buildings within a two-kilometer radius.

Right then, a collapsed wall exploded among the doomsday-like ruins.

A figure shot toward the sky from the ruins before landing on a pile of bricks.

Holding a broken spear, Sirius struggled to get up.

"Severus, Cyprus... Do you copy..."

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 972**

The Legendary Man Chapter 972-"Sirius! You're fine! That's great!"

Severus could be heard panting through the communication device. It was obvious that he was running.

Sirius' lips curled up when he heard Severus' voice.

"Cyprus, do you copy?"

Nothing was heard from the other end.

"Cyprus?"

Sirius' expression turned cold again when he didn't get the reply he was expecting.

"Cyprus! Can you hear me?" Sirius shouted into the communication device as he stood in the middle of the ruins.

"F\*ck! Reply me, Cyprus!"

"Sirius."

A calm and clear voice could be heard from the communicating device.

"We lost Cyprus' coordinates based on the intelligence network from Asura's Office."

"Say something that I can understand!" Sirius said in a cold voice.

"We can't monitor the signals from Cyprus' communication device anymore, and we also can't detect his vital signs. There are only two possibilities now. It's either his communication device has been completely destroyed, or he died in battle—"

"Bullsh\*t!" Sirius roared before the other person could finish their sentence.

The Blackwood family had initially sent Severus and Kaiser to Remdik on a mission to save Jonathan.

However, Kaiser's wife had just given birth two months ago, and Sirius didn't want Kaiser to be on a mission at a time like this, so he had made an exception and requested Cyprus, who was cultivating, to head to Remdik with him.

Ever since Sirius became a Grandmaster, he had experienced countless battles either in his face or behind his back.

He had gotten used to seeing death and had long since ceased to be as sentimental as before.

There was even someone from the Blackwood family who had shielded Sirius before in a mission, and his circulatory system had been pierced in front of Sirius.

Even so, Sirius didn't even flinch or help the person. Instead, he waved his spear and pierced through the enemy.

Death was an eternal theme on the battlefield, and Sirius had long since gotten used to it.

However, Sirius would never forgive himself if Cyprus were to die in Merania.

That was because Cyprus wasn't supposed to be here in the first place. It was because Sirius had sympathized with Kaiser that he asked Cyprus to join him instead.

"Sirius, you are currently in the war zone. I hope you can remain calm."

The voice sounded again through the communication device.

"We'll try to contact Cyprus from our end. Please leave where you are now to avoid another—"

"Send me Cyprus' location!" Sirius demanded.

"Sirius, you have to remain calm. Both Cyprus' and your location have been exposed. Based on the information we received, the chances of you being attacked or being found by the Remdikian cultivators are extremely—"

"I said, send me his location!" Sirius demanded again with his hand clenching his spear.

"All right. I've sent it to you. This is the coordinates of Cyprus' last location that he sent back to us. Please retreat immediately once you've found Cyprus' body. Kane will provide you with assistance in Retaz."

Sirius was slightly stunned when he heard the word “body” through his earpiece.

He gritted his teeth and looked at the coordinates that had been sent to the monitor on his arm.

“Body? Hah... What’s your name?”

“I’m Freddie Lopez from the Intelligence Unit of the Dark Special Forces of Asura’s Office.”

“I’ll remember you.” With that, Sirius leaped up and ran straight toward where Cyprus was.

In Kremalos Palace, which was located in Saspiuburg, Remdik, Savannah felt as if her soul had left her body when she heard the report through the communication device.

She would have fallen to the ground if her hands weren’t on the table supporting her.

The entire Remdikian Western Army had been mobilized temporarily for the United Legion.

Four God Realm cultivators and twenty-seven Grandmaster Realm cultivators were dead, and nine missile vehicles were destroyed, including nine short-range missiles and two fighter jets.

This string of numbers was like a hammer as it pounded on Savannah’s heart, breaking it into pieces.

She finally understood what Ivanov’s smile to her meant when he left.

Savannah was finished, and she had even dragged the respectable families backing her up down with her.

High-level cultivators were, indeed, rare, but there were tons of them in Remdik, and the tsar would be able to find one easily if he wanted to.

The United Legion would not be able to carry out its operations if their support had failed.



Not only that, but the most important part was whether Charleigh was dead or alive.

Charleigh's strategic position was too fatal. If someone like Charleigh were to be captured by the Chanaeas, the entire history of Aploth and Epea would be rewritten.

"Savannah." Just when Savannah was in deep thought, the tsar called out to her behind her in a calm voice.

"Ah!" Shocked, Savannah turned and looked at the tsar, who was holding a glass of wine.

She quickly tidied herself when she saw that.

"Your Majesty... I thought you left... Why did you come back?"

Savannah's voice was trembling because she was too nervous.

The tsar looked at Savannah with a smile.

"One hundred and fifty thousand of my people entered Merania, and we have lost two-thirds of our commanders. Aren't you going to provide me with an explanation for this, Savannah?"

Savannah slumped to the ground when she heard that.

"Your Majesty... Please give me another chance. I will personally send someone there to check if Charleigh is still alive... I promise I will never make the same mistake twice. I—"

She was almost at the tsar's feet.

Before she could finish what she was saying, the tsar had already grabbed her arm and pulled her up.

"Savannah, I think it's best if you check on this yourself. That way, I'll be more relieved."

"Me?"

Savannah's eyes widened. She couldn't believe what she had just heard.

“Yes. You should go. Aren’t you a cultivator as well?” The tsar smiled as he gave her the glass of wine.

“I...” Savannah trembled as she took the glass. “Your Majesty, I still want to serve you by your side...”

Crack!

The glass in Savannah’s hand cracked.

However, neither the glass nor the contents in the glass were spilled. The tsar gently waved his hand, and the wine and glass fragments swirled in the air.

He then grabbed Savannah’s cheeks, causing her to exclaim in pain and open her mouth.

The fragments of glass and wine that were swirling in the air immediately entered Savannah’s mouth.

“Mmph...”

Savannah struggled violently, but she dared not use her spiritual energy.

So what if she was a God Realm cultivator?

She still wouldn’t dare fight back against the tsar, who was a Divine Realm cultivator.

“I don’t care about the feud between your family and Ivanov’s, and I don’t mind you using my name for your family’s benefit. Even when you meddled in the military forces and placed your family members in the Western Army, I don’t mind as well. But remember one thing, Savannah. Remember to do what you need to do. You better pray that Charleigh is dead because only by him dying will you live!”

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 973**

The Legendary Man Chapter 973-Spiritual energy surged from the tsar at those words.

Savannah felt as if she was facing a mountain on the verge of caving in, and an overbearing sense of oppression was like a crushing weight of stones settling on her chest, choking the air from her lungs.

Following the tsar's words, the wine containing shards of crushed glass was forced down her throat.

Savannah looked at him in terror, and blood leaked from the corner of her mouth.

"Your Majesty, I'll send someone to look into it now. I will never let a Chanaean leave Merania—"

Savannah let out a choked grunt, grabbing her throat and thrashing wildly before she could finish.

The shards perforated her esophagus as they passed through with the wine, causing her excruciating pain.

The tsar let her go as she writhed on the ground.

"Are you sending my soldiers to their demise after losing our cultivator troops? Pull back the forces in the west, converge south of Remdik, and prepare to march toward Mallowbrook River. You better make your way quickly to Chanaea to confirm Charleigh's death." With that, the tsar strode out of the room.

Savannah only dared to utilize her spiritual energy to pull out the fragments from her gullet when his aura was no longer felt.

Her spiritual energy control was extremely nuanced as a God Realm cultivator.

Wrapping something with spiritual energy was elementary, yet at that moment, it made her body tremble from overexertion, and sweat dripped onto the ground.

She took a blood-red glass bottle from the storage ring with a shaking hand and downed the contents inside before slumping on the ground.

She stared blankly at the ceiling as she felt her esophagus and stomach being mended.

Charleigh's entire family would be living on borrowed time if he was still alive.

In Retaz, Merania, Sirius' silhouette flashed across the field.

Several helicopters came into view as he went over the crest of the hill.

Kane and Severus felt a swell of spiritual energy and turned in Sirius' direction as he leaped several hundred meters in the air and landed in front of them.

The guns on several helicopters trained on Sirius immediately, thanks to the newest automatic target identification and locking technology specifically developed to single out high-speed movements of cultivators.

Kane waved his hand, and the weapon systems went offline.

"Mr. Sirius, I'm Kane Dunst of the Shusonna Army of Asura's Office," he introduced himself in a low voice, saluted, and extended his right hand.

Sirius gave him an icy stare for a few seconds before taking a deep breath and returning the handshake. "I've heard a lot about you, Thunder King."

Kane glanced at Sirius' tattered clothes, and guilt flashed in his eyes.

"I'm really sorry. We should have been in Kushburn, but we had to go left to evade the short-range missiles," he apologized sincerely.

Sirius wasn't a member of Asura's Office, yet he put himself in harm's way to help them pick up Charleigh.

On the other hand, they immediately returned to Chanaea without engaging in battle to keep Charleigh and everyone safe as ordered by Asura's Office.

They landed here and turned off the radar to avoid attacks.

"Don't worry about it. I understand," Sirius reassured, then turned to Severus. "What about the wounded? Did they arrive safely?"

"They're being treated at the back of the helicopter. It's nothing fatal; they will survive," Severus replied. "Sirius, what happened to Cyprus..."

Sirius' expression shifted in response to the question. He held his right hand out, revealing two black rings wrapped around his forefinger.

It was the storage ring unique to the Blackwood family, and only God Realm elders wore it.

Now that Sirius had two of them in his possession, Severus understood what it meant without having him explain it.

Cyprus was dead.

Sirius patted Severus on his shoulder. "Let's go. We still need to report back."

Many big forces in the world were watching the war between Remdik and Chanaea, which was expected to take place in Merania.

However, when armies from both sides had gathered less than thirty miles away, the progression came to an abrupt halt.

The rest of the world powers were aware of a short-range missile explosion, but no one knew exactly what happened, except that Chanaea and Remdik had withdrawn their forces.

It was as if nothing had happened between the two countries. Even Merania, who was forced into the war, was silent.

The war seemed to not exist at all.

Although the three countries had chosen to be tight-lipped, the rest of the world knew the fight was far from over.

Not only were Remdik and Chanaea attempting to adapt to pre-war conditions, but even the major powers in Aploth and Epea were also preparing for the impending war.

Meanwhile, it was chaotic in Edenic Heights.

Hades and Kane had reached Edenic Heights at the same time. The three of the Eight Kings of War, including Zachary, had convened at this little military operation base.

The troops were armed to their teeth and on high alert. They had been ordered to shoot on sight at even the slightest movements.

Jason sprinted as fast as his legs could carry him until he reached three of them.

“Where is he? Where is he?” he yelled at Zachary.

Hades and Kane looked over, only to find a scalpel clutched in his grip and blood on his hands. Jason was clearly in the middle of surgery and had left his patient on the surgery table to be here.

Hades took in his disorderly look and opened his mouth to say something but changed his mind.

“He was just carried out of the plane. Donald has brought him to the emergency room.”

“Him?” Jason shrieked.

“What does that kid know? Only I am allowed to treat this patient. Where is he? Take me there now.”

A guard took note of his impatience and quickly broke into a run, leading him away.

A wry smile tugged at Hades’ lips as he stared at Jason’s back.

“Is there any news on Mr. Goldstein?” he asked, turning to Zachary and Kane.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 974**

The Legendary Man Chapter 974-Even Hades knew that was a ridiculous question when he posed it.

Since the day before, after Jonathan reminded them of the involvement of missiles, everyone had lost contact with him again.

As the current person in charge of Asura’s Office, Hades could directly mobilize the Intelligence Unit of the Dark Special Forces.

Although the unit was only established in the last three years, it was already one of the largest intelligence organizations in Chanaea.

Since Hades, who oversaw such an organization, could not find any news about Jonathan, how could Zachary and Kane possibly know anything?

“I was on the plane, so I don’t have any news of Mr. Goldstein,” Kane replied solemnly.

Zachary merely shook his head silently.

Hades could only let out a sigh when he saw their reactions.

Before the creation of Asura’s Office, those Kings of War were already well-established leaders.

Jonathan had served as the link to bring the eight war zones together to form the mighty entity of Asura’s Office.

Even he had never imagined that he would unknowingly become the core of Asura’s Office and come to represent authority within it.

Now that his fate was unknown, although Asura’s Office appeared to be still operating normally, there seemed to be a shadow cast over everyone’s hearts.

Meanwhile, as Jason rushed into the sterile emergency room of No. 16 Villa, he shouted, “Where’s the patient? You’ve f\*cking started to learn to steal patients from your mentor already, huh, Donald?”

However, he was taken aback when he entered the room.

In the makeshift emergency room, Donald was focusing on operating on a woman while stepping on a specially designed stool.

“Clear the blood,” he said calmly, holding the tweezers.

The doctor standing next to him quickly inserted a catheter at the location of the incision to drain the blood upon hearing that.

Donald took out a bone the size of a fingertip from the open incision and dropped it into the tray next to him.

“The patient has a comminuted fracture on her left arm, and the bone has penetrated her flesh completely. The patient is a cultivator. She has likely taken some sort of stimulant drug previously because the anesthesia didn’t work on her. I could only seal her nerves first. She has multiple fractures in her left shoulder and chest, and the fractured bone has already punctured her

left lung. Surgery is not an option because she will lose a lot of blood as soon as it is cleared up,” he said flatly while nimbly operating on Ksana.

By then, Jason had already begun performing the most thorough aseptic cleaning possible on the first aseptic isolation layer.

He then entered the emergency room with his hands raised.

“The patient’s condition is very similar to the injury Ms. Goldstein suffered back then. Let me be the lead surgeon,” Jason said as he reached out to take the scalpel and stood beside Donald.

Without any hesitation, Donald stepped back and gave up his position as the lead surgeon.

He acknowledged that Jason would undoubtedly be more adept than him in treating Ksana’s left chest injury, given that it was very similar to Sophia’s previous injury—both of their lungs were punctured by fractured bone.

“The patient’s heart rate is dropping...

“It could be that the effect of the stimulant she took previously is rapidly weakening...

“Prepare to pull out the fractured bone...

“Prepare five thousand milliliters of type AB blood plasma...

“Establish extracorporeal circulation immediately...

“Blood oxygen saturation is rapidly decreasing. Hurry. Perform CPR...”

Jason’s calm voice kept ringing out in the emergency room as the other medical staff all got busy.

On the operating table next to them, Charleigh had been observing everything that was going on with his head turned sideways and a glint in his eyes.

Jonathan had once mentioned to him that there was a crazy doctor in Chanaea who was just as keen on experimenting on humans as he was, and it appeared to be the middle-aged man in front of him.

Charleigh was a geneticist, but not a doctor.



Although he could proudly say that he was the best in the world regarding the study of cultivator-orientated genes, he was much weaker in many of the living human operations.

Even the deaths of numerous Remdikian cultivators were not caused by his drug, but rather by his shoddy operation errors.

It seems that this man can make up for my shortcomings! Might Chanaea be the place where I can fulfill my dream?

Before this, Charleigh had never thought that Chanaea would accept such a plan for body modification, nor did he imagine that he could reach the country alive.

After all, the military might of Remdik, renowned for their belligerence, was a little too strong.

Charleigh was a lunatic obsessed with genetic research. As long as he could get the desired results, it did not matter to him where he conducted his experiments. There was really no difference between Remdik and Chanaea.

Previously, Jonathan had invited him to Chanaea, but he had turned it down mostly due to his doubts about the nation's military prowess.

After all, despite Chanaea being a sizable nation in Aploth, the extraordinarily diversified distribution of its internal forces was known worldwide.

Although Jonathan's Asura's Office ranked high in the world in the military sphere, it had a shortcoming in that it lacked high-level cultivators.

From Charleigh's point of view, he felt that he would not have a chance to leave Remdik if he accepted Jonathan's invitation.

The subsequent development was just as he had expected. The forces that Remdik had mobilized to surround Jonathan and Ksana were akin to the full might of the nation.

What he did not expect was that they had actually arrived in Chanaea.

If he had known that Jonathan had such strength, Charleigh would have immediately agreed to leave with him. Why should I put up with having my cultivation destroyed and losing all of my limbs?

Charleigh could not help but sigh as he recalled everything that had happened in Remdik.

Just as he was lamenting how difficult life was, Jason had already completed the operation.

Since the most crucial step was completed and the remainder was related to stitching up the wound, Jason stepped away from the operating table.

Looking at the blood on his gloves, he shuddered slightly and used his spiritual energy to gently stretch the gloves so that he could remove his hands.

“So you’re Charleigh?” Jason asked as he scrutinized the other man.

The man lying on the bed had lost all his limbs, but he was still a proud individual.

Whether it was his former cultivation level or being the former prince of Rodunst, it was all due to his status at the pinnacle of society.

Even though Charleigh was now at someone else’s mercy, he still maintained his superior integrity.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Charleigh,” greeted Jason.

Charleigh smiled and nodded in greeting.

Jason made a half-circle around Charleigh, looking at the bandages wrapped around his limbs, and frowned slightly.

Although Kane’s men had already treated Charleigh, it was only the simplest disinfection.

Even through the bandages, Jason could instantly assess Charleigh’s condition by looking at the state of his exposed skin.

“All your limbs and ears...” In a split second, he had a scalpel in his hand and was slicing away at the other man’s bandages. “Looks like you were very reluctant to come to Chanaea!”

**Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 975**

The Legendary Man Chapter 975-Jason quickly cut the bandages on Charleigh's body.

While he inspected Charleigh's injuries, the look in his eyes became increasingly solemn.

The wound looked quite strange. Logically speaking, it was impossible for Charleigh to survive such a wound due to the large amount of blood lost.

There were countless arteries flowing through one's limbs. Once severed, there would be a horrifying amount of blood flowing out of the arteries. Within ten seconds, even cultivators would die.

However, Charleigh's wound was in a very strange situation.

Although there were no signs of any surgery being done to stop the blood from flowing out of the artery, there seemed to be something mysterious blocking the opening.

That wax-like object was what secured Charleigh's life.

"Did Mr. Goldstein treat you?" asked Jason incredulously.

He had worked as Jonathan's personal doctor when Asura's Office had just been established. It was then that they forged a close relationship.

Precisely because he knew Jonathan well, he was even more confused as Jonathan did not have such skills at all.

If Jonathan had managed to get a magical pill, a medical nerd like him would definitely have begged Jonathan to give one to him for his research.

A pill that could stop a ruptured artery was evidently very valuable.

The best thing about Chanaean traditional medicine was that there was an unthinkable number of solutions.

If such a life-saving medicine really existed but could not be produced in bulk, Jason would be skillful enough to find a replacement for the medicine. He would find a balance between using a fake pill and still ensuring its effectiveness.

If each person could have a pill, it would greatly minimize the number of casualties in war.

However, after Charleigh heard his words, a hint of hostility flashed across his eyes as he lay on the bed.

Jason followed Charleigh's gaze and glanced at the surgery table in the distance.

Ksana was no longer in a critical condition. The circulation of blood outside of her body was sufficient to ensure that she would not face any problems in the short term.

"Did... she do this?" asked Jason in disbelief.

Although Ksana was injured, she merely looked like a doll in deep sleep while lying there.

Who would expect a girl like her to be so utterly vicious?

Charleigh had so much hatred for Ksana that he gnashed his teeth quietly.

"If I can stand up again, I'll inject my most unsuccessful genetic serum into her spine!"

Although Charleigh said that in an indifferent tone, Jason could detect the immense hatred he had for her.

"Looks like quite a lot happened during this journey. Forget it. I won't interrogate you further. Since we're going to work together in the future, I've got plenty of chances to ask you. Still, we need to treat your injury. The infection is already getting quite serious. If we just let it fester, even I won't be able to save you."

"Treat it?" asked Charleigh calmly as he looked at Jason. "How?"

"We need to cut out the infected flesh first," replied Jason while inspecting Charleigh's wound. "The part between your legs seems to be infected too. Why don't I cut it for you as well and install a urinary catheter instead? That'll be convenient and hygienic..."

Meanwhile, in Mysonna, one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers from the Mysonna Army were assembled outside of Capston in full armor.

A dry river a hundred meters wide lay in front of the Mysonna Army.

It was Quiss River, the border between northwestern Chanaea and Merania.

The Merania Army, which was seventy thousand soldiers strong, had assembled on the opposite bank of Quiss River.

Two days ago, Dorian received an order from Hades to relocate the army to the south of Quiss River.

Merania had a huge territory, with a wider eastern side than the west. Like Remdik, its capital and the most important cities were concentrated in one-third of the western territory as it was closer to the West Epea Alliance.

From where Dorian was located, it would only take ten hours for the army to invade Ulassee, the capital of Merania, if they directly headed up in the northern direction.

As long as Merania dared to show even an inkling of support for Remdik in the war between Chanaea and Remdik, Dorian would immediately lead the army up north and destroy Merania's administrative center.

Known as the wolf of the northwest, the Mysonna Army was infamous for being so intimidating.

"Sir, let's just fight! We get so infuriated when we see those f\*ckers opposite us," urged a youth standing beside Dorian. Although he was wearing glasses and looked gentle, he could not stop cursing when he spoke.

Subordinates always took after their masters.

Although Dorian was an exceptional commander, there was no way he could conceal his loud and brazen personality.

Under his leadership, the Mysonna Army became extremely arrogant and wild. Within a month, even a gentle young man who had just joined the army would be infected by this almost ineffable culture and become a blockhead like Dorian.

Dorian was already at the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm. Despite being a hundred meters away, he could clearly see what the opponents looked like without needing binoculars.

“Why the f\*ck are you so anxious?” Dorian slapped the youth’s head, causing him to stumble backward. “I gathered you here because of Hades’ orders. If I mobilize the army without having received any military orders, I’ll be shot dead. As long as I step over Quiss River, I’ll represent not only the Mysonna Army but also the war between Chanaea and Merania!”

The youth massaged his head while gritting his teeth.

“Sir, I’m getting frustrated just by watching them stand over there! How dare a f\*cking weakling like Mysonna dare to gather ten thousand soldiers to oppose the Mysonna Army? They’re underestimating us!”

“Shut the f\*ck up!” Just when Dorian was about to hit him, he turned around and ran away.

With a cold scoff, Dorian pointed at the opposite side.

“Open your f\*cking eyes and look there. Which ones of those weaklings are worthy enough to be our opponents? They look like confused chickens. Just by standing here, we can scare the f\*ck out of them. I’m not exaggera—”

Just when Dorian was speaking, he suddenly froze.

“Sir?” The youth shot Dorian a confused look when he stopped talking abruptly.

Dorian was staring straight at Quiss River.

When the youth glanced over, he saw a moving black dot appear around the corner of Quiss River in the far distance.

He quickly grabbed the binoculars and zoomed into the black dot.

It was a person!

When he adjusted the focus, he was stunned.

“Sir, I’ve seen that person before. It’s when you were hospitalized...”

The youth’s voice became softer as he spoke. In the end, all that could be heard was his heavy breathing.

## Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 976

The Legendary Man Chapter 976-Dorian recognized Jonathan right away, but he never expected Jonathan to appear in the northwestmost desert in Chanaea.

He immediately moved toward Jonathan.

At the same time, the gentle-looking young man behind him raised his hands and shouted, "Protect Excalibur King of War and Asura! Ready yourselves for a Level One battle!"

Dorian soon stopped beside Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein, weren't you with Kane? Why are you here?"

Dorian was exceptionally excited to see Jonathan.

However, Jonathan opened his eyes slowly. It was as if he was not fully in touch with the physical world.

Dorian's heart skipped a beat when he noticed how dazed Jonathan seemed to be. Hastily, he gathered his spiritual energy.

The eyes of normal people should be clear and bright, let alone cultivators, who spent most of their waking hours cultivating.

For a cultivator of Jonathan's level, their gaze should be bright. Even if it was unintentional, their gaze should hold a tint of somberness and aggression.

However, all Dorian could see in Jonathan's eyes was confusion.

It was as if Jonathan's eyes had been veiled by a thin layer of mist.

He was in a trance and numb to the world.

Although Dorian was a Barbarus cultivator and rarely bothered with cultivating his mind, he was still stunned to see Jonathan in this state.

Jonathan's Anima had been damaged, and his Cor was unstable.

In other words, problems had arisen in Jonathan's cultivation.

“Mr. Goldstein,” Dorian said as he carefully approached Jonathan, “you’re here.”

He still could sense the spiritual energy in Jonathan, so that meant that Jonathan’s Anima was the only thing that was malfunctioning.

Cultivators often talked about their Cor, but who could truly define it?

Anima was the foundation of a person. If it was damaged, the cultivator’s cultivation level, vitality, and many others would be greatly affected.

Even though Jonathan still had his cultivation, Dorian guessed that Jonathan’s spiritual energy was on the verge of becoming uncontrollable.

The worst thing to do to someone in his state was to make him contemplate anything.

In other words, mindless nonsense was the best for Jonathan at that moment.

Jonathan stared at Dorian for more than ten seconds before a hint of recognition entered his eyes.

“D-Dorian?”

Something flashed past Jonathan’s eyes before he turned to take in his surroundings—the desert.

“Why am I here?” Jonathan muttered, baffled.

Dorian was close to tears when he realized how absent-minded Jonathan was.

Oh, Mr. Goldstein, why are you asking me that? Shouldn’t I be asking you that question instead?

However, Dorian knew the dangers of a damaged Anima. He did not dare to say that out loud to Jonathan.

After racking his mind for words, Dorian finally said, “I... think you walked here, Mr. Goldstein.”

The second Dorian said that, he felt the urge to slap himself.



However, Jonathan took a deep breath at that.

“Yes, yes, you’re right. I walked here.”

He then turned to look at the Mysonna Army and the Meranian soldiers.

“Why are you here?”

“We...” Dorian hesitated. “We’re just loitering around.”

The completely illogical response from Dorian made Jonathan hit his forehead.

“Look at me. Weren’t we fighting with the Remdikians?”

Right as Jonathan said that, Dorian excitedly smacked his thigh.

“Oh, Mr. Goldstein, you’re finally back to your senses! Why did you walk all the way here from Merania?”

A wry smile appeared on Jonathan’s lips.

No one could help him with his situation, not even the powerful Asura’s Office.

Dorian’s guess was right. Jonathan’s Anima had been affected.

More accurately, he was about to lose his Cor. He would not be able to imagine what would happen to him if not for Dorian’s interception and if he continued wandering around like that.

Perhaps he might lose his mind, or perhaps his spiritual energy might turn chaotic and make him explode and his Anima might be completely destroyed.

Regardless of what it would be, it definitely would not end well.

However, Dorian’s interception had momentarily broken him out of his self-questioning stupor.

After recollecting himself, Jonathan forced a smile.

“Dorian, we won’t be fighting the Remdikians for now. At the very least, not here in Merania. It’s time to retreat,” Jonathan said as he looked at the Meranian soldiers on the other side of the river.

If he wanted, he could make the Mysonna Army invade Merania with just a wave of his hand.

However, if Chanaea genuinely took over Merania, they would then be sharing a border with Remdik.

Merania was a landlocked country dominated by grasslands.

Regardless of whether it was resources or location, making Merania a northern land of Chanaea was not a wise move.

If they were making a long-term plan, it would be better for them to make Merania a buffer zone between Remdik and Chanaea.

Naturally, Dorian could not think of that much. He only gave the Meranian soldiers a long look before relaying Jonathan's order into his communication device.

“Decree of Asura. All soldiers of the Mysonna Army shall fall back. 104th Division, you will be stationed at the Northern Crimson Prison. Move now.”

Dozens of seconds after receiving the order, the troops of hundreds of thousands began moving south, leaving the bemused Meranian soldiers behind.

Meanwhile, Dorian escorted Jonathan to the city that he recovered in—Zadiff.

Jonathan did not linger in the city, however. Dorian made arrangements for him to head toward Tayhaven on a plane.

After Jonathan's plane took off, Dorian informed Hades about Jonathan's state so that he could make the necessary preparations.

Three days after Charleigh and Ksana arrived at Edenic Heights in Tayhaven, a helicopter slowly landed on the resort helipad.

Zachary, Hades, and Kane were standing in a horizontal line, saluting, as they watched Jonathan come down from the helicopter.

“Greetings, Asura!” the three greeted in unison.

Soldiers around them followed suit in excitement.

“Greetings, Asura!”

Jonathan stood dazedly in his spot.

When Asura’s Office was first established, the people had come up with the title “Asura” to keep the identity of Jonathan, a core member of Asura’s Office, a secret.

Jonathan was terrifyingly proficient in a fight, and he always led the soldiers.

Asura was a way for them to refer to Jonathan respectfully.

When the people called Jonathan Asura, Jonathan would only react with a small smile.

However, he was disoriented when he heard them calling him that this time.

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 977**

The Legendary Man Chapter 977-The whirring of the helicopter rotor blades was deafening.

Even though Jonathan had said those words in the softest voice he had, the three men standing before him still heard them, for they were Grandmaster Realm cultivators, and they were only dozens of meters away from him.

Hades took in Jonathan’s weary expression, and his heart lurched.

When they received the message from Dorian, they thought that Jonathan was only dispirited after he witnessed how powerful Remdik was.

Moreover, they had talked a lot with Charleigh recently. As soldiers, it went without saying that they talked most about the Remdikian army.

When they found out that Remdik had cultivated a large number of powerful cultivators, their hearts sank.

They felt as if they were cats who were ready to get rid of another group of cats, only to find out that they were actually up against tigers.

Their response was normal. Anyone who received news like that would have a hard time recomposing themselves.

Therefore, they had deliberately set up the enthusiastic welcome, hoping to instill the fighting spirit in Jonathan again.

Who would have known that the title of Asura would send Jonathan spiraling down the whirlpool of self-doubt?

Jonathan reached out to pat Hades' shoulder.

"Hades, thank you for tending to Asura's Office during this time."

As he said that, he gave Kane and Zachary a smile before walking to No. 2 Villa.

"Mr. Goldstein!" Kane shouted with a frown.

Jonathan halted in his tracks and turned to Kane.

"What's the matter, Kane?"

"I should be the one asking you that," Kane replied.

At that, Hades and Zachary hastily stretched out their arms to stop Kane from running his mouth.

Alas, Kane activated his force field and stopped the two men from reaching in.

Although, like Dorian, Kane was a Barbarus cultivator, there were fundamental differences between him and Dorian.

Barbarus cultivators were cultivators who strived toward gaining more power.

The act of cultivation was not a joyous one. The cultivator had to be capable of withstanding loneliness and suffering, especially the painful start when the body of the cultivator was refined.

Cultivators who could endure the pain and achieve Superior Realm were strong-willed individuals.

Their motivation in cultivating was known as Cor.

There were many reasons for people to start cultivating.

Some wanted a longer life, some wanted status, some wanted wealth, and some wanted revenge.

There were many reasons behind each cultivator's will to cultivate, but there was a kind of cultivator whose reason to cultivate was pure—the Barbarus cultivator.

What Barbarus cultivators wanted was simple. It was power.

None of them had thought about how they would compete for fame and fortune, nor had they thought about how they were going to declare themselves kings of a land.

All they wanted to do was cultivate and make themselves stronger. They would never spare a thought about other matters.

One could say that cultivators like them were stubborn, but one had to admit that these cultivators' Cors were exceptionally unwavering because of their single-minded focus on cultivation.

In fact, if they were provided with sufficient spiritual energy during their cultivation before reaching Divine Realm, they would definitely reach God Realm.

The only thing they needed to do would be to work hard in taking in the spiritual energy.

Cultivators like them were like barbarians—crude and straightforward. They did not need to do anything fancy to achieve their goals of becoming even more powerful cultivators.

That was why the ancient cultivators referred to them as Barbarus cultivators.

Jonathan had seen value in Kane and Dorian back then because the two of them were Barbarus cultivators.

However, there was a major difference that separated the two from each other, and that was their mindset.

Dorian was a blockhead. The world, to him, was simple. All he did was cultivate and listen to orders.

He would continue with his cultivation, and if Jonathan gave him orders, he would do exactly as Jonathan wanted him to do.

He would not ask about the reason behind the order, and he would not ruminate about the consequences. He was a simple man.

Kane, on the other hand, was less simple of a person, unlike Dorian, who was won over by Jonathan's power after getting defeated by him.

Kane had joined Asura's Office and heeded Jonathan's orders in guarding the north because he was impressed by Jonathan and vice versa.

Yet, he could not continue to feel impressed by Jonathan's current state.

There were few in the whole of Chanaea who would dare to question Jonathan to his face, and Kane was one of them.

While Hades and Zachary were taken aback by Kane's questioning, they were also activating their spiritual energy force field.

Kane was a battle maniac, a genuine lunatic.

If he dared to activate his spiritual energy in front of Jonathan like that, it meant that he was ready to start a fight.

"Stand down, Kane!" Zachary shouted as he shielded Jonathan, the spiritual energy swirling in him.

Zachary had started fighting alongside Jonathan with his Guardian Army when Asura's Office had just been established.

Even though he was now the King of War, he would still defend Jonathan if someone dared to be disrespectful toward him.

Hades stood in between Zachary and Kane, releasing his spiritual energy force field to hold the two in place.

"What's the matter? Are you no longer under Asura's Office's jurisdiction now that you've become a King of War? Or am I, the person in charge of Asura's Office, no longer in charge of you two?"

With a flick of his wrist, a scraper appeared in Zachary's hand.

“Sir, I’m one of your men, but I’m going to kill anyone who shows disrespect to Mr. Goldstein!”

“I dare you to try!” Raising his right hand, Kane summoned a silver staff to his hand. “I’d like to see if you can really stop me, Zachary!”

As the two spoke, they readied themselves for a battle. Right then, a hand landed on Zachary’s shoulder.

“Zachary, Hades, move back.”

“Mr. Goldstein, Kane is just straightforward. He doesn’t deserve to die for this,” Hades said to Jonathan, sounding concerned.

Jonathan shook his head and motioned for him to move backward again.

Despite Zachary’s and Hades’ hesitation, they quietly moved to the back.

Jonathan walked closer to Kane and smiled as he looked at the other man.

“Kane, what are you trying to do?”

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 978**

### **The Legendary Man Chapter 978- Slaughter**

Upon hearing Kane’s words, Zachary and Hades couldn’t help but narrow their eyes.

After all, Jonathan didn’t establish Asura’s Office and was given the title Asura so people would be intimidated by him.

He had accomplished remarkable success from his experience in war and the strategies he employed.

Asura signified death.

Everyone, including the eight respectable families, would be putting their life on the line if they were to incur the wrath of Asura.

Although Jonathan allowed his subordinates to have a certain degree of autonomy in their activities, he was also mindful of the need to ensure that the

establishment of Asura's Office could take place in a timely manner. He would take drastic measures when dealing with those who exhibited defiance toward their superiors or failed to comply with instructions.

Kane's audacity to challenge Jonathan left them in disbelief. If this brazen act had occurred under more typical circumstances, he would have faced harsh punishment.

However, Jonathan merely took one look at Kane's white staff before turning to leave.

"It's pointless..."

Before Jonathan could finish his words, Kane appeared before him in a flash.

His staff transformed into a thin, delicate thread that cut through the air with ease, coming to a rest in front of Jonathan.

The staff came to a stop barely an inch in front of Jonathan, but the latter remained unfazed and continued walking away.

Kane let out a roar, causing the staff to veer off course and strike the earth beside him with a resounding thud.

Bang!

A muffled sound echoed as a crater was formed on the ground.

Amidst the rapid cascade of rocks and soil, Kane managed to locate his wooden staff and fixed his gaze on Jonathan's back. The murderous glint in his eyes gradually dissipated.

He had gone all out to take Jonathan's life, and he believed that Jonathan had picked up on his malicious intentions.

Even so, Jonathan didn't retaliate at all.

"Jonathan!" Kane hollered. "What is wrong with you? The one million and eight hundred thousand members of Asura's Office regard you as Asura. What should we do if you act this way?"

"Asura's Office has nothing to do with me now. You are free to do whatever you want," came Jonathan's calm answer.



Without hesitation, he marched toward No. 2 Villa.

Hades and Zachary stared at Kane solemnly.

“Did Mr. Goldstein realize our intention?” Zachary asked in confusion as he retracted his scraper.

“No way,” Kane said in a frosty tone. “I had every intention to take his life and didn’t give myself away.”

Hades let out a soft sigh. “Our cultivation levels are too low, so we don’t know what Mr. Goldstein’s problem is. Pass on my order to those involved. Keep this information confidential and do not let anyone else know about it.”

“Got it!” Zachary and Kane replied in low voices.

The trio made two separate attempts to rouse Jonathan’s enthusiasm for battle, but their efforts did not bear fruit.

No one had any idea of what the future held for Asura’s Office without the leadership of its founder, Asura.

Emmeline was sitting on the swing in the courtyard of No. 1 Villa, reading a book.

When Jonathan pushed the gate and walked in, she quickly placed her book aside and ran up to greet him.

“You’re back, Jonathan!” she called out happily.

After the Osborne family took Josephine away, Jonathan had been wandering about and rarely returned to Edenic Heights.

Even if he were to come back to the area, he would avoid coming to No. 1 Villa out of guilt for what happened to Josephine.

Emmeline had held Jonathan responsible for the incident, but the Osborne family subsequently demonstrated their commitment to cooperating with Asura’s Office by permitting Josephine to maintain contact with her relatives with supervision.

As the days passed, the initial flurry of activity and chaos subsided. Everyone was no longer as anxious and overwhelmed as they had been when

Josephine had first been abducted. After all, she would receive the best care possible at the Osborne family's ancestral land.

Because of that, Emmeline no longer held any grudge against Jonathan when they met again.

Throughout the years, Jonathan had always been accommodating toward Emmeline. Even when she began to associate with people who had a negative impact on her life, he never raised his voice to her.

Right now, Emmeline was standing right in front of Jonathan, but he took a step sideway and walked past her without sparing her any glance.

Emmeline was in shock as she stood upon the path in the courtyard, her mouth agape in disbelief. She slowly turned to face Jonathan, feeling as though a sharp blade had pierced through her heart.

“Jonathan...”

Jonathan pushed the door open and entered the mansion to see Margaret fiddling with an antique vase on the couch.

Margaret was astounded when she laid eyes on him, and without hesitation, she hastily put the vase aside.

“Oh, if it isn't Asura? So you know where your house is, huh? I thought you had forgotten that this is your house,” she mocked as she always did.

After gaining insight into Jonathan's situation, she was determined to contain her emotions. She only became aware of Jonathan's sentiments when he humbly kneeled before her and pleaded for her absolution following Josephine's abduction by the Osborne family.

Having concluded that Jonathan was indebted to her in some way, she was not intimidated by anyone in the least. His influential stature in Edenic Heights meant that no one dared to disobey her commands.

All that made Margaret grow increasingly arrogant.

She was about to reprimand him like how she used to do when he ignored her and went up the stairs.

“Hey, Jonathan, what’s with that attitude? Josephine is still a hostage. Are you seriously disregarding me in this manner? Aren’t you going to save—”

“Tomorrow!” Jonathan interjected before she could finish her sentence.

Margaret was taken aback. “What do you mean by tomorrow?”

On the stairs, Jonathan halted in his tracks and turned around slowly. “I’ll bring her back tomorrow.”

With that, he continued his way up the stairs.

Margaret was completely stunned as she sat in a state of disbelief on the couch.

When Emmeline came in, she turned around and pointed at the stairs. “What was that? Josephine is in a potentially life-threatening situation because of him, so he should be the one to save her, no? Why is he behaving so arrogantly?”

Jonathan shut the door behind him and collapsed into the bed weakly.

This was the bedroom that he shared with Josephine, and it was the only place where he could find some reprieve from the constant questioning of his own decisions and actions.

Lying on the bed, he stared at the ceiling and took out Heaven Sword.

Jonathan’s Cor was broken.

Following his conversation with Seboxia, he began to have doubts about his fundamental beliefs.

Before this, Jonathan had thought everyone he slaughtered deserved to die, and he was merely serving justice to them.

At long last, he came to the realization that he was, in fact, a murderer, despite how he had sought to justify his conduct by claiming he was simply meting out justice to them.

**Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 979**

The Legendary Man Chapter 979-As expected from Seboxia, who is capable enough of establishing a religion that is renowned throughout the world. I am in no way comparable to him in terms of moral principles and mental acuity.

Through Seboxia's Mystic Dimension, he witnessed the ancient era in which all living beings could cultivate and was overcome with a feeling of helplessness.

Jonathan knew Seboxia had said all those things to destroy his Cor, but he still couldn't help questioning himself.

His perception and determination to adhere to the Prynycp of Slaughter were starting to waver.

The Cor of a cultivator was of paramount importance in the process of cultivation.

Taking the life of a cultivator was pretty simple. To ensure a successful kill, a person would just have to sever the circulatory system and the head.

However, destroying a cultivator's Cor was a tricky process, as it was not a physical substance.

An obstinate young child, who was obstinate and unyielding, might shout when their parents attempted to reprimand or chastise them.

Nevertheless, no matter how much pressure was applied, they would never show any sign of acquiescence.

Right now, Jonathan's Cor was on the brink of destruction.

Three years ago, he had seen that Chanaea had been thrown into a state of disarray and upheaval. In order to put an end to the chaos, he had decided to set up Asura's Office with the intention of using any means necessary to restore peace and order.

That was what Jonathan had done.

Within three years, he had traveled from Harfush to all around Chanaea.

Back then, Jonathan's role model had been an ancient king who had fought his way to unite the country.

He had never wavered in his stance to counter violence with violence.

However, Jonathan's resolve started wavering after he met Seboxia.

The universe is unconscious as it regards everyone as insignificant.

Jonathan had to come to terms with the fact that, even though he was acting in what he felt was the pursuit of justice, he had still taken lives and that this was an inescapable truth. There was no difference between good and evil.

If someone committed a heinous act of murder for the purpose of theft, they would be widely reviled and viewed with disdain by the vast majority of people.

Conversely, if someone took a life in the service of a noble cause, they might be widely respected and even honored by many.

Both types of people were treated differently, but they were, after all, murderers.

Seboxia wanted Jonathan to join his side so he could become an immortal.

It was a valid justification, but they would still have to go to war.

Is taking lives what I want?

Jonathan was deep in thought when someone knocked on the door.

He glanced at the door, not even bothering to use his spiritual sense to find out who was outside.

"Come in." Jonathan's voice was calm.

The door was pushed open, and Emmeline pushed Sophia in.

"Aunt Sophia," Jonathan greeted as he sat up and forced a smile.

Emmeline gave him an apologetic look. "Jonathan, I was worried about you, so I got Aunt Sophia to come. I—"

She was about to explain herself, but Sophia patted the back of her hand gently.

“Thank you for bringing me here, Emmeline. I really appreciate it. I think it would be best if you take a break now so that I can talk to Jonathan privately.”

Emmeline nodded. She took one last glance at Jonathan before walking out and closing the door behind her.

Jonathan sat up straight and gazed at Sophia. He reached out to take her pulse, wanting to find out how she was progressing in her recovery.

He was just about to place his hand on her wrist when she unexpectedly grasped his hand, halting his movement.

Jonathan stared at her in confusion. “Aunt Sophia, what are you doing?” he asked, looking at his wrist.

Sophia let out a soft chuckle and gently patted his hand. “I’ve only been to class to learn how to fight for a few days and cannot even defeat a Precelestial Realm cultivator. Look at me. I can even grab you now. It seems you are a bit distracted, hmm?”

Jonathan let out a forced chuckle and took her pulse by coursing his spiritual energy across her body swiftly.

Releasing his grasp on her wrist, he said, “It looks like your wrist is all healed. Your hairline fracture has recovered nicely.”

He then directed a pure life force from his body into Sophia’s.

Sophia widened her eyes to stare at Jonathan as anguish crossed her face.

She felt an incessant, overwhelming sensation of ants scurrying around her body, making her skin crawl and itch beyond belief. The sensation was so unbearable that, at that moment, she wished she could die.

“Aunt Sophia, hang in there. It will be over soon.”

Jonathan controlled his life force to empower Sophia’s flesh to regenerate quickly.

The process lasted for dozens of seconds, and Sophia was becoming increasingly itchy. She was on the brink of giving in to her urge to scratch when Jonathan finally moved his hand away.

Sophia sank into her wheelchair, her clothes drenched with sweat.

“Jonathan, what was that?”

“It’s nothing. I was just using a Pryncyp,” Jonathan revealed cheerfully. “Aunt Sophia, why don’t you try to stand up and walk?”

“Are you joking? According to Jason, I’ll need at least...” she trailed off in shock.

Her gaze was fixed on her thigh as she patted it gently.

Her thigh had been terribly swollen, but thankfully, it had now reverted back to its normal size. This had been her most serious injury, aside from the trauma to her lungs.

She now felt no discomfort whatsoever and was able to communicate with a greater volume, as well as breathe normally.

Sophia’s eyes turned as wide as saucers as she pressed a palm to her left chest. She took a few deep breaths and discovered that she no longer had difficulty breathing.

It seems that I’ve recovered completely!

Sophia shot him an enthusiastic expression as she grasped the handles of the wheelchair in anticipation, attempting to stand up.

“I’ve recovered!”

Sophia started off by walking, then slowly, she began running around the room.

“Jonathan, am I dreaming?” she asked.

Jason was an exceptional doctor, and he had warned Sophia beforehand that she should emotionally brace herself for the possibility that her right leg might not be functional anymore.

Jonathan’s simple but effective act of grasping her wrist was enough to completely cure her. Even someone who was born into an influential family like Sophia couldn’t tamp down her excitement.

Jonathan couldn't help but smile as he watched Sophia, who was clearly overjoyed, moving around the room with the energy of a child.

"Aunt Sophia, it's not a dream. You've just recovered! Please, take a seat and rest. I was able to cure your bone, but you have been bedridden for quite a while and your muscles are very weak. It will take some time for your body to adjust and get used to being up and about."

Sophia belatedly realized she had overreacted and brushed her hands through her hair in an attempt to make it look less messy. Her cheeks were flushed as she sat beside Jonathan.

Sophia, with her no-nonsense attitude and imposing demeanor, appeared to be a formidable businesswoman to many people. However, she was only a few years ahead of Jonathan in age. In fact, they had been childhood playmates, having known each other since they were little.

After taking a seat beside him, she pondered for a bit before reaching out to hold the hilt of Heaven Sword.

"Jonathan, the sword can only achieve its potential in your hands. Why did you toss it aside?"

## **Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 980**

The Legendary Man Chapter 980-Heaven Sword had an ancient design. With a length of three feet and three inches, the blade itself was thick and razor-sharp. It was the most standard blade design in ancient times in Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Mortals preferred light and agile swords due to their ability to allow humans to pull off all sorts of tricks.

Cultivators, on the other hand, were incredibly strong. Even Charleigh, a cultivator specializing in magical arcane arrays, could easily lift an item weighing over several hundred kilograms without deliberately training for it.

Hence, lightweight and agility weren't important for cultivators.

Instead, the strengths of a cultivator's weapon depended on the weapon's variability and the amount of spiritual energy it could sustain.



Heaven Sword, for example, didn't have the special ability of transformation or formation, but it could be powered by Pryncyp and kill an enemy on its own. That was why it was ranked above many weapons.

In fact, it was truly a top divine weapon.

Rather than saying that Sophia was carrying the sword, it was more like she was merely holding the hilt of the sword.

There was no way Sophia could lift something as heavy as Heaven Sword.

Jonathan looked at Heaven Sword, the weapon he had been carrying around and loved ever since he got it. Now that I look at it, there's an inexplicable sense of rejection in my heart.

"Aunt Sophia," Jonathan called out.

"Yes?" Sophia froze momentarily when she heard Jonathan calling for her. When she lifted her gaze toward him, she saw that his eyes were filled with anguish and pain.

Taking in his bloodshot eyes, she choked out, "What's the matter with you, Jonathan?"

Sophia grew up with Jonathan, and she was his only relative. She knew right away Jonathan was in distress.

While caressing Jonathan's head, she muttered, "Everything's okay, Jonathan. No matter what happens, I'll get through it with you. Although the Goldstein family has left Yaleview, it exists still. Apart from me, you still have your grandma and Uncle Tommy in Gronga. There are still plenty of members of the Goldstein family around. They set Daniel and you up back then for power, but they have learned their lesson. Your grandma was just asking me about you a few days ago. We're family, and we'll help you through this."

Jonathan lifted his head to look at Sophia with his teary eyes. "Aunt Sophia, you guys know I'm Asura, but do you know how I got to where I am today? I had to kill! Aunt Sophia, do you know how many people I've killed ever since I joined the army?"

Sophia shook her head lightly. “People die when there’s war. I know you’re the founder of Asura’s Office, but even the battles in Yaleview took countless lives—”

“One million!”

Sophia shot Jonathan a blank look. “What did you say, Jonathan?”

Looking as if he had just aged a few decades, Jonathan uttered in a hoarse voice, “I said one million. Over the past three years, I’ve directly and indirectly killed over a million people. As a matter of fact, I’ve lost count of the lives I took. That’s just an estimation, but I know that the number of people I sentenced to death is definitely more than that!”

Sophia held her hands over her mouth in response. I knew Jonathan must’ve resorted to ruthless methods to get Asura’s Office to where it is within three years. However, I didn’t know so many lives were lost.

While grabbing his hair with both his hands, Jonathan said, “Aunt Sophia, I murdered a thousand people on my own during my trip to Remdik this time. In every battle, hundreds of thousands of people would die. Do you know what we call it? We say it’s an achievement! I’m only Asura today because of the one million people I killed. I wanted to end wars with violence. Yet, not only have I not ended wars, but I’ve brought even more chaos to Chanaea. The people I slaughtered lost their lives in vain because Chanaea still isn’t a better place.”

Tears were streaming down Jonathan’s cheeks as he spoke.

If the principle that a person had always held on to was to get compromised, that person would feel as though everything in their life was crumbling down.

Sophia no longer knew what advice to give Jonathan, so she embraced him silently and comforted him.

At that moment, Jonathan’s was completely broken.

Although he hadn’t succumbed to his inner demon, his cultivation level was never going to increase ever again.

In other words, that Divine Realm that he looked forward to was bound to be out of reach.

Besides, his intention to kill had wavered, so Pryncyp of Slaughter would never obey his command ever again.

That was the end of his cultivation journey.

Meanwhile, Jason arrived in the living room of No. 1 Villa with a limbless man in his arm.

Margaret froze on the couch in fear when she saw Jason.

Margaret was Asura's mother-in-law, but Jonathan had told Zachary that they didn't need to mind her status. However, members of the Guardian Army were still very respectful toward Margaret.

Jason, on the other hand, had had a bloody broken arm when Margaret met him for the first time. Ever since then, she had been wary and fearful every time she saw him.

When she saw him in the living room that day, he was carrying a limbless man in his arm. She was too scared to even utter a word.

"I heard Mr. Goldstein is back. Where is he?" Jason asked Margaret and Emmeline.

Emmeline glanced at Jason in response. Although it had been a long time and she had already found out who Jason was, she would still try to avoid him whenever she could.

"Jonathan is upstairs, but—"

Before Emmeline could finish her sentence, Jason jumped up to the second floor and disappeared around the corner.

Upon arriving in front of Jonathan's door, Jason had wanted to carry Charleigh into the room directly, but he hesitated the moment he reached out his hand to open the door. In the end, he only knocked lightly on the door. "I'm Jason, Mr. Goldstein. I have something urgent to talk to you about."

In the room, Sophia patted Jonathan's head and wiped his tears away. "Since you're busy, Jonathan, I shall make a move now. Remember what I told you, okay? No matter what you do, the Goldstein family and I will always have your back."

“Okay,” Jonathan murmured without lifting his head.

Sophia was shocked when she opened the door and saw Charleigh in Jason’s arms. However, she quickly recomposed herself by smiling and left without turning back.

Before Jason even entered the room, he tossed Charleigh to Jonathan and said, “Mr. Goldstein, could you restore his limbs? I can’t do any research without his limbs.”