

The Legendary Man Chapter 1

Chapter 1 The Return Of Asura

At Northern Crimson Prison located in Sanguine Desert, wind and sand swirled in the air, seemingly intent on submerging the entire prison.

The prison confined the most sadistic murderers in the world, including serial killers who were the world's most wanted fugitives.

That aside, the Rainy Night Butcher who had slaughtered a family of more than a dozen people and top-notch hackers who had infiltrated the Sanctum were also imprisoned there.

Furthermore, the prison incarcerated the world's top killer who had failed to assassinate the leader of a particular country but annihilated more than a dozen special forces before going on the lam.

Each and every single criminal imprisoned there had the blood of at least a dozen lives on their hands.

Thus, their hands and legs were manacled with heavy iron chains.

In front of their prison cells were fully armed guards who kept watch 24/7.

The security was so tight that not even a fly could escape.

However, there was an exception.

The man seemingly never killed anyone and hadn't the slightest hint of murderous aura.

In fact, it appeared as though he had been imprisoned there by mistake.

There were no chains on his hands or feet, and he wasn't even wearing a prison uniform.

No one knew his name, much less why he was being locked up in the prison.

All they knew was that he came to Northern Crimson Prison alone a year ago without the escort of any guards.

And surprisingly, the look in the eyes of the prison guards when they regarded him showed a faint trace of reverence.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A prison guard holding a tray in his hand knocked on the man's prison door. "Mr. Goldstein, I'm here to deliver your meal!"

"Okay. Just put it down."

The man didn't even bother to lift his head as he toyed with a Desert Eagle in his hands.

In less than a minute, he had already disassembled the Desert Eagle and reassembled it perfectly.

The speed of his hands was so swift that it would be nigh on impossible for even military personnel to trump him.

"It's your last day here at Northern Crimson Prison, Mr. Goldstein!"

The prison guard put the tray down, but he didn't leave.

"It's been a year?"

At long last, the man raised his head and revealed his countenance.

He appeared to be very young, merely in his twenties.

He wasn't fair but a touch tanned.

The only intimidating thing about him was his eyes. They were sharp like blades, cold and devoid of emotion.

The prison guard nodded slightly. "Yeah! The warden is already on his way back from abroad and will land in an hour."

"Why is he coming?"

The man arched his eyebrow a fraction.

"He's coming specially to see you off."

The warden of Northern Crimson Prison had been helming the place for decades, but he had never seen anyone off.

At Northern Crimson Prison, he had a godlike existence and reigned supreme.

No one dared to contradict him, let alone defy him.

Yet, he was currently rushing back from abroad just to see the man off.

The man sneered, his gaze cutting. "Hah! See me off, my foot! I think he wants to see me leave this place with his own eyes! As long as I'm at Northern Crimson Prison, he has no peace of mind! Tell him that he doesn't need to come and see me if he takes more than half an hour. Instead, just go back where he came from!"

After saying that, he waved a dismissive hand and no longer paid the prison guard any mind.

"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!"

Lowering his head, the prison guard then left.

A brief moment later, the man finally put down the Desert Eagle in his hands. His gaze turned a tad unfocused. "Time really flies. In the blink of an eye, a year has passed. It seems that it's also time for me to leave this hellish place!"

Half an hour later, a middle-aged man in military fatigues strode toward the prison right on the dot.

The moment he stepped into the prison, the raucous place instantly plunged into silence.

Not a single sound could be heard any longer.

The inmates, who were usually violent and savage, acted as though they saw something terrifying at the sight of him.

They were so petrified that they didn't even dare twitch a single muscle.

And that person was none other than the warden of Northern Crimson Prison!

Right that moment, he was cautiously knocking on the door of Cell No. 0.

"I'm not late, am I, Mr. Goldstein?"

The warden stood outside the door, not daring to enter without permission.

"You're a second late." The man known as Mr. Goldstein placidly glanced at him before waving a hand and drawling, "Come in."

"Right away, Mr. Goldstein!" The warden gingerly pushed the door open and walked in. "How did you find it here for the past year, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Passable." In a mild voice, the man expounded, "The food has been pretty good, but it has been too boring without a woman! How nauseating to be with a group of men day in and day out!"

"As you know, Mr. Goldstein, no woman is allowed in this prison..." The warden wore an aggrieved expression.

This is a prison, not a clubhouse! As such, what would it look like to smuggle in a few women?

"Okay, drop that pitiful act!" The man threw him an impatient look. "Is it time yet?"

"Yes!" Nodding, the warden declared, "You should be leaving, Mr. Goldstein!"

"Let's leave, then!"

No sooner had the man raised a hand than the warden immediately stepped forward and helped him up from the ground. "Mr. Goldstein, have you found the item you've been looking for in the past year?"

"No."

The man shook his head, his gaze a touch chilly.

A year ago, he deliberately came to this place, the world's most dangerous prison, to search for something.

A year had now passed, but he still didn't find it.

The very second he stepped out of his cell, all the inmates in the entire prison dropped to their knees and bowed their heads.

Not a single one of them failed to do so.

It was as though they were servants who caught a glimpse of their master, trembling in fear.

"You're leaving, Mr. Goldstein?" one of the inmates couldn't help asking.

"Why? Are you reluctant to see me leave?" The man quirked a brow.

The inmates exclaimed at once, "Of course! How could we bear to see you leave when you've been so good to us all, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Then, how about I stay?"

Testing the waters, the man made to pull his leg back.

At once, a chill ran down the spines of the inmates, and they broke into a cold sweat.

“No, Mr. Goldstein—”

Snorting, the man retorted, “All right, drop the act! You can’t bear to see me leave? I think you’re eager to see me leave instead!”

The first day he came to Northern Crimson Prison, he shattered three of an inmate’s ribs.

And on the second day, he broke an inmate’s leg.

In less than half a month, not a single inmate in the whole of Northern Crimson Prison was spared from his assault.

A few minutes later, the man finally stepped out of Northern Crimson Prison.

The sunlight outside was a tad glaring.

Meanwhile, a helicopter had long since been waiting outside the prison.

As soon as he came into sight, legions of armies in uniform fell to their knees.

“Fang Dragon Guards, Eagle Dragon Guards, Anima Dragon Guards, and Divine Dragon Guards at your service, Asura!”

“You may all get up.” The man lifted his hand a fraction. “It’s been a year. I’m sorry to have kept you all waiting.”

“Not at all!” The multitude of armies remained kneeling, unwilling to get to their feet.

“We’re willing to spend our whole lives awaiting your return, Asura!” they proclaimed loudly.

It’s been a year! We’ve waited for a whole year, and it has finally paid off at this moment! Asura is back!

The man lifted his hand again. “All right, get on up. Also, I’m no longer Asura.”

“No! You’re forever Asura!”

In our hearts, there’s only one Asura in this world until the end of time! And that’s Jonathan Goldstein, who once battled and subjugated the world, never once losing a single battle!