

The Legendary Man Chapter 350

Chapter 350 All By Myself

What insolence! How arrogant!

The middle-aged man named Arthur had nothing but scorn for Asura's Office. He even showed great disdain for Asura.

"Looks like you've been here for too long. You don't even know who's calling the shots in this world now." Jonathan cast a condescending glance at the man and snorted.

"Well, that's fine. It's been a long time since I had a good workout. Let's start with you then."

"Huh? You still want to challenge me to a fight?" Arthur couldn't help but scoff.

"Why not?" Jonathan replied indifferently.

"Just you?" Arthur thought he heard the funniest joke in his life.

"I can crush all of you by myself."

As soon as he finished speaking, Jonathan raced toward Arthur, his right hand clenched into a fist. He struck the man's face with a punch.

Pow!

A loud sound was heard following the blow.

The man was stunned for a moment and was unable to react in time. His vision grew dark instantly. Jonathan had knocked him flat with just one punch.

Before Arthur could fathom what was happening, Jonathan grabbed his hair and smashed his head hard on the ground.

Crack!

There came the sound of Arthur's nose being broken.

Shortly after, the man's cries of pain rang through the canyon.

"Kill him! Crush him to death!" Arthur bellowed his commands to his men. In the next second, however, Jonathan grabbed Arthur's hair and yanked him to the front to use him as a shield. Jonathan then quickly snatched his handgun that hung from his waist. Everything seemed to happen in the blink of an eye.

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By the time the men raised their guns and took aim at Jonathan, he had already loaded the handgun.

"Do you think they can kill me? You think too little of me."

Jonathan stared at the men coldly and raised his right hand abruptly. Bang! A bullet pierced through one of the men's heads, and he dropped dead on the ground.

At once, all of Arthur's men aimed their guns at Jonathan's head.

They were ready to fire their guns at his slightest move. His body would immediately be riddled with holes like a hornet's nest.

Despite everyone taking aim at Jonathan, no one seemed to have the guts to fire. Jonathan sneered, "What are you waiting for? Why aren't you shooting?" He then raised his right hand and pulled the trigger again.
Bang!

A second shot was fired. The bullet pierced through another man's head once again. It all happened in a flash. Jonathan had killed two men within a minute.

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"Quick, fire! You fools!" Arthur was seething with anger when he saw his men raise their guns but did not dare to shoot. "Are you all scared silly by him? If you don't fire, I will have all of you killed!"

"But—" One of the men could not help but speak up.

However, Arthur cut in, "There are no buts. All of you are useless. Just shoot! Even if I were to die, I will drag him down to hell with me. Quick, open fire!"

At his order, the men no longer dared to hesitate. Immediately, they drew their guns. The sound of bullets being loaded could be heard all around. Soon, the guns started blasting away.

As the bullets started to fly toward Jonathan, he flung Arthur away like he was a puppet and ducked behind a big tree in a swift movement.

It was not difficult to find a place to take cover in such a remote and desolate place. "Commander!"

The minute Jonathan dodged, the men quickly split themselves into two groups. One group of men rushed up to Arthur, who had been shot several times, and pulled him to safety. The other group continued to fire at Jonathan relentlessly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Countless bullets were being fired non-stop at the tree where Jonathan was hiding.

Soon, the tree was sprayed with bullets. It looked like a hornet's nest.

The bullets streaked through the sky in a dazzling display of light. The flashes from the guns illuminated the sky across the canyon.

"Brat, let's see how long you can hide there." Despite having been shot several times, Arthur showed no signs of dying. He stood up immediately after coughing out a mouthful of blood. Ripping off his camouflage clothing, he turned in the direction where Jonathan was hiding and let out a sinister laugh. "Brat, you didn't expect that I was wearing a bullet-proof vest, did you? Do you want to kill me? Let's see who goes to hell first."

Arthur then grabbed a machine gun from one of his subordinates. All of a sudden, he pulled the trigger and started firing away as though he had an endless supply of bullets.

Bratatata! A rain of bullets landed on the tree.
“One! Two! Three!”

As Arthur continued to fire shots at the tree, Jonathan held up his fingers. He was counting down to the time when the machine gun would be depleted of bullets. At the count of three, Arthur had indeed used up all his bullets.

Taking a few seconds of a breather, Jonathan quickly used one leg to step on the tree and leaned back. Using the force of his body, he pushed himself back to another tree behind him. Just then, he pulled the trigger of his handgun. Bang! Bang! Bang! The bullets pierced the skulls of the men closest to him.

Jonathan had killed those men within a few seconds.

Arthur’s face turned ashen. Molten anger rolled through him, and he hollered at his men, “Get him! Bring him down. I want you to kill him for me!”

“Yes, Sir!”

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At his command, hundreds of men charged toward the direction where Jonathan was hiding.

They fired away as they ran.

With the gun in his hand, Jonathan looked as though he had no way of fighting back even as the gunshots got closer.

In a split second, the tree he had been hiding behind was riddled with bullet holes.

“Brat, are you trying to hide again? You can go on taking cover. Let’s see how long you can last.” Arthur’s face darkened. He grabbed another machine gun and started firing ferociously in Jonathan’s direction.

Within a minute, he had fired one round of bullets.

Crack! The tree snapped into two as bullets rained down on it.

Boom!

It then crashed onto the ground.

At that critical moment, Jonathan swiftly kicked on the tree trunk and slid back. At the same time, he pulled the trigger.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

At that instant, another few men lay dead in a pool of blood.

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Chapter 351 Drug Manufacturing Site

Within a short period of time, the hundreds of soldiers lost around a dozen of their

comrades.

Facing the situation ahead, Arthur could no longer hold back his rage.

We have an army of several hundred people. How did Jonathan manage to kill more than ten of us in a row? Besides, they didn't even manage to lay a finger on him! In a flash, Arthur was infuriated.

He ordered, "Get him! F*cking get him, all of you! Whoever dares to back down, I'll shoot him dead!"

It was evident that the anger he had been suppressing in his heart was about to explode.

Once he gave his order, the soldiers raised their guns without delay and charged toward the place Jonathan was hiding.

However, their surroundings were a pitch black forest.

They were certainly no match for Jonathan.

Before the soldiers could rush into the woods or even catch a glimpse of Jonathan, a loud bang was heard. In the next second, a soldier collapsed to the ground.

Immediately after, another gunshot rang out even before the group of people could realize what was happening.

Within moments, the whole forest became a one-sided onslaught.

Every time a soldier rushed in, they would not come out alive.

All of them perished without exception.

If there were not enough guns, Jonathan would pick them up from the ground; if there were insufficient bullets, he would simply get another gun.

Jonathan was hiding deep in the woods. He was akin to the Grim Reaper from the underworld, who kept waving his sickle and slashing it against the throats of those soldiers.

"Useless! You all are f*cking useless!" cursed Arthur furiously upon seeing his subordinates die in front of him one after another.

Just as he was done yelling, the massacre began again.

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In less than ten minutes, the hundreds of soldiers had been reduced to merely a dozen.

They were the last line of defense—the ones who did not dare to spearhead the attack. Yet, if they acted like the hundreds of soldiers who charged toward the forest impulsively, they would become the corpses that were lying on the ground at that moment.

"Commander, w-what should we do?" Staring at the bodies that were piled up like a mountain, the remaining soldiers were so shocked that their legs became jelly.

I-Is he human? How did he kill hundreds of our men with a gun by himself to the point where we stand no chance against him? He isn't *fcking human. Rather, he's the devil!* "What should we do? What can we even do right now? All of you, *fcking* get him!" Seeing that the soldiers, who were still alive, were scared out of their wits, Arthur, who stood behind them, shouted angrily, "If any of you retreat, I'll *f*cking* shoot you dead!" As soon as he finished his sentence, he lifted his gun and opened fire on the ground behind where the soldiers were standing.

It was obvious that whoever dared to take a step back would be killed by him.

"Go!" Arthur commanded.

Instantly, the remaining soldiers exchanged looks and gritted their teeth. They then rushed into the woods.

However, just as they set foot near the forest, a series of gunshots reverberated. The next moment, a few golden bullets went straight through their heads.

In a matter of seconds, the scene became a bloodbath.

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Lying on the ground were the soldiers whose faces were covered with blood as their brains splattered everywhere.

The horrifying sight in front made the young men and women, who were hiding from the mayhem, nauseous. They threw up right after.

These young people who lived a privileged life surely had never witnessed such a scene.

With merely a glance at it, they started vomiting.

Less than ten minutes had passed, and only around six soldiers out of the hundreds from just now were left alive.

Panic was written all over the faces of those soldiers, who were standing at the forest edge.

They did not have the courage to step forward or back down because they knew that they would die either way.

Thus, since they could not make it out alive anyway, they decided to go all out against Jonathan.

All of a sudden, the soldiers lifted their submachine guns, preparing to fire them in the direction of the forest. However, when they raised their weapons, gunshots sounded again. Before they could even pull the trigger, their heads were already penetrated by golden bullets.

Just like that, hundreds of soldiers died on the spot.

Not a single one survived.

"I've said this before. Do you think ordinary people like you all can kill me? You seemed to have underestimated me!" said Jonathan, slowly walking out of the woods as soon as

the last few soldiers fell to the ground.
There was not a trace of blood or a tiny bit of dirt on his body.

It seemed as if the unilateral killing had absolutely nothing to do with him.
“W-Who are you?” asked Arthur, his face turning pale when he saw Jonathan, who walked out of the forest.
As much as a fool Arthur was, he could tell that Jonathan was clearly someone from a different world.

Being on his own while only using a gun, this man was able to brutally slaughter hundreds of my soldiers until they had no strength to fight back. Is this something a normal human can do?
Even Arthur himself knew he would die going against hundreds of soldiers who were fully armed, let alone an ordinary human.

“It doesn’t matter who I am. What’s important is that who gave you the audacity to form a private army under the watch of Asura’s Office.” Glaring at Arthur, Jonathan walked toward the former and continued, “Actually, I’m more curious about how many lives you all have that can be taken by Asura’s Office.”
“D-Don’t come any closer!” Liam was petrified as Jonathan came closer. The former stretched out his arm, trying to whip out his gun.

Unfortunately, the moment his hands touched the holster, a gunshot was heard. A golden bullet had pierced through Arthur’s hand before he could pull out his weapon.
“You’d better stay still. In this world, there’s no one who dares to use a gun under my nose,” said Jonathan. With that, a loud bang sounded, and another golden bullet punctured Arthur’s right leg.
Thud!

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Arthur dropped to his knees in front of Jonathan right away.
“You shall answer what I ask you. If not, I can’t guarantee that the next bullet won’t go right through your head!” threatened Jonathan menacingly.
Then, he shot a cold look at Arthur and proceeded to ask, “Who formed this private army?”

“It’s me. I did it!” answered Arthur honestly. Although he was overwhelmed with resentment, he was held at gunpoint. Hence, he could only clench his jaw, lower his head, and give in.
“Are you not afraid of dying?” Jonathan continued to ask in an icy tone.

“Afraid? What’s there to be afraid of?” asked Arthur in return.
He then scoffed, “As a drug dealer, I know that this job is extremely dangerous. With every cent I make, I have to put my life at risk!”
“You’re a drug dealer?” asked Jonathan in surprise when he heard those words.

Frowning, he added, "Are you saying that the village behind you is a drug manufacturing site?"