

The Legendary Man Chapter 358

Chapter 358 Heaven Sword

The arrows rained down relentlessly from the top without giving Jonathan a chance to dodge.

If Jonathan failed to escape, he would undoubtedly be pierced by those arrows. However, the moment those arrows fell from above, Jonathan moved away like a flash of lightning. He instantly climbed up the ancient tree. Soon after, he saw the storm of arrows madly shooting at the huge statue.

The sound of arrows hitting the statue reverberated in the air.

Surprisingly, there was not a trace of damage left on the statue. On the other hand, the broken pieces of the arrows fell to the ground.

“Why are there so many booby traps in this forsaken place?” Jonathan frowned at the arrows lying on the ground in front of the statue.

This hellish place looks more like a cemetery than Shadow Dragon Pool! Wait. A cemetery?

Advertisement

All of a sudden, Jonathan jerked his head up to look at the bronze sarcophagus hanging on top of the tree.

Who’s lying inside this coffin? Why is it here? Most importantly, why would anyone hang a coffin on top of an ancient tree in such a strange way?

A wave of questions flooded Jonathan’s mind at that moment. Just as he was about to continue climbing upward to explore the sarcophagus, a loud noise rang out. Suddenly, the tree began to tremble violently.

It felt like an earthquake.

Advertisement

Then, he heard a thunderous bang. The sarcophagus that was hanging from the ancient tree slammed to the ground. The sudden impact created a crater on the ground. Moreover, the sarcophagus’ lid shattered due to the intense vibration. A foul stench permeated the air of the cave instantly.

That smell was akin to someone who had not showered for decades. The rotten smell was nauseating.

Jonathan could not help but retch at the foul stench. Nevertheless, he held his breath and leaped off the tree. Then, he landed on the sarcophagus.

A skeleton lay inside the coffin. It was impossible to tell how long it had been since the person had passed away. The skeleton had turned dark with a tinge of yellow.

Strangely enough, the deceased was holding a longsword.

The sword was still sharp and without a trace of rust despite being kept inside the coffin for many years.

“What an incredible sword!” he exclaimed.

Jonathan, who was used to seeing famous swords from all over the world, instantly lit up the moment he saw this longsword.

The sword was less than two meters long, with a sharp edge.

One could feel the menacing sword aura at first glance.

Advertisement

Even the world’s sharpest sword would seem ordinary in front of this sword.

“Well, it looks like my trip wasn’t futile after all,” Jonathan uttered. Looking at the longsword in the sarcophagus, Jonathan shook his right hand and sent his internal energy toward the coffin. The sword that was held by the skeleton suddenly soared upward before falling into Jonathan’s hands.

Jonathan felt a chill the moment he touched the weapon.

Gripping the longsword, Jonathan swung it gently. The sound of the sword slicing the air resonated through the cave.

It seemed like the sword could cut through the air.

“Not bad.”

Jonathan casually swung the sword at the ancient tree that was more than ten meters tall.

With the help of the sword, the tree was cut in half immediately.

A loud bang instantly rang out.

The tree crashed onto the ground, leaving behind a cloud of dust.

Hiss!

Jonathan gasped in astonishment upon witnessing the might of the sword.

That tree was measured more than ten meters high and about one meter thick. Despite that, it's no match for this sword. How terrifying!

Looking indifferently at the longsword in his hand, Jonathan said, "What a huge insult it would be to hide a sword like this inside the coffin! From now on, you will accompany me on the battlefields. Today, I shall name you Heaven Sword. This is a sword that can cut through both heaven and earth."

Then, he secured the sword to his waist at once. The blade was so sharp that it could cut through iron like butter.

As soon as Jonathan said that, he felt a faint buzzing sound emitting from the sword on his waist.

It was as if the sword could understand his words.

"Whoa. You can understand the human language?" Smiling faintly, Jonathan stood up and walked toward the sarcophagus. Nevertheless, he heard a loud bang when he took the first step.

The sarcophagus exploded right in front of him.

It was blown to smithereens in the blink of an eye. The rubble was scattered across the ground.

The bronze sarcophagus and the skeleton inside turned to ashes at that moment.

"What's going on?" Jonathan asked.

He was perplexed after watching the scene unfold.

Did the sarcophagus explode on its own?

"What a strange place this is!" Jonathan frowned in frustration.

I've encountered a python, an ancient tree, a statue, an illusory realm, and a bronze sarcophagus that exploded by itself. There are strange things everywhere in this forsaken place.

"Ah. Forget about it!"

After the coffin exploded, Jonathan had no more interest in this place that felt more like a cemetery at times.

It seemed like he could not find the second part of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique in this hellhole.

Still, Jonathan's trip was not in vain.

Even though I can't find the second half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, at least I discovered a mighty sword! Luckily, my efforts didn't go to waste.

Moments later, Jonathan took the sword with him and left the peculiar cave on the same path he had entered.

After trudging through in the darkness, Jonathan finally walked out of the cave.

The sun was shining bright by the time he came outside. He could hear the noises from birds and insects occasionally.

A night has passed since I was inside the cave?

Jonathan was a bit surprised by how fast the time had passed by. He remembered that it was around one o'clock in the morning before he entered the cave. Nevertheless, it was almost noon at that moment.

How did time pass by so quickly?

Despite his doubts, Jonathan left the mountain in huge strides.

A few hours later, Jonathan returned to Jipsdale after passing through the mist once again.

However, he instantly attracted people's attention the moment he entered the city.

Almost everyone was staring at Jonathan. Some people even gestured at him. Jonathan furrowed his brows upon seeing the weird glances from other people.

It was not long before he snapped back to his senses.

He was drenched in blood at that moment. Moreover, he had a longsword tied around his waist. People who did not know the whole situation would think that he was a murderer on the loose.

"I better find a place to take a bath and change out of these bloody clothes first," Jonathan said with a sigh. Shaking his head, he walked toward the crowd.

Along the way, people would give him weird looks or point at him wherever he went. Nevertheless, Jonathan could not care less about their judgmental looks. He did not bother to spare them a glance.

More than ten minutes later, Jonathan arrived at the entrance of a five-star hotel.

The Legendary Man Chapter 359

Chapter 359 Stop It

Jipsdale International Hotel was the only five-star hotel in Jipsdale.

Besides, it was also the only hotel in Jipsdale that provided butler services. The customers of Jipsdale International Hotel were normally wealthy and influential people.

However, a young man wearing a torn shirt, whose body was completely covered in blood, was walking into the hotel at the moment.

“Stop there! What are you doing here?” Just as Jonathan stepped into Jipsdale International Hotel, the manager of the hotel, Anthony Franklin, blocked him at the entrance to the lobby.

Anthony found it ridiculous.

Every customer staying in Jipsdale International Hotel is prominent and distinguished. If they see a person who looks like a wanted criminal in the hotel, the phones on the counter will definitely explode from the calls from customers!

“I need to wash up and change my clothes,” answered Jonathan curtly.

Advertisement

He did not want to waste time talking with the manager. This was the nearest hotel he could find. The next hotel was at least more than ten kilometers from where he was. He had not rested for more than twenty hours since the previous day.

Even for Jonathan, it was almost the limit of his stamina.

“Wash up? Do you know what kind of place this is? If you want to wash up, go to the bathhouse! Don’t cause trouble here,” said Anthony without sparing a glance at Jonathan.

Is he kidding? With his attire, does he think he can afford to stay at our hotel? Even the cheapest room here costs more than a thousand per night. Look at his appearance. How can he be able to pay for it?

“Get out of my way!” Jonathan ordered.

Advertisement

He was too tired to keep talking nonsense with Anthony, so he began to walk toward the counter. However, the next second, Anthony blocked him again. “You’re here to cause trouble, aren’t you? I’m warning you; I’ll give you one minute to get out of here. If not, I’ll call someone to chase you out!”

“What did you say?” Jonathan’s eyes turned cold at once.

After more than twenty hours of suffering, he had lost his patience by then.

Anthony was glowering at Jonathan as he demanded, “I said, get out of here! I’m going to count to three. If you don’t leave instantly, I’ll make sure-”

With a loud bang, Jonathan kicked Anthony in his stomach before the latter could finish his words.

Anthony did not have time to come back to his senses. The next second, he dropped to

his knees with a thud in front of Jonathan due to the impact of that kick.

“Watch your words, or I promise I’ll make you a mute for the rest of your life!” Jonathan eyed him coldly. Then, he continued to head toward the counter.

When he was about to reach the counter, Anthony shouted all of a sudden behind him, “Security! Security! Come quickly and get this punk out of the hotel!”

At his loud call, the security guards of the hotel took out their batons and charged for Jonathan.

Meanwhile, Anthony, who had been kicked to the ground by Jonathan a few moments ago, walked toward Jonathan with his hand clutching his stomach. “Punk, how dare you make a fuss here? You’re asking for death, aren’t you? Don’t you know who the boss here is? This is not somewhere you can behave atrociously!”

Then, he turned to the security guards and said, “Chase him out!”

“Yes,” answered the guards.

At his order, roughly ten security guards immediately raised their batons as they surrounded Jonathan.

“It doesn’t matter who the boss here is. More importantly, is this how this hotel treats its customers?” questioned Jonathan. Looking at the security guards surrounding him and Anthony’s sinister face, Jonathan’s expression turned grim at once.

Advertisement

At first, he only wanted to find a random place to bathe and change his clothes.

What was unexpected to him was that he nearly got chased out before he had even stepped into the hotel entrance.

Upon listening to Jonathan, Anthony laughed coldly. “Customer? You? Do you think you deserve to be a customer of Jipsdale International Hotel? Punk, I don’t even know what gives you the courage to cause a ruckus here! However, since you’re here, there’s no way you can get away easily.”

As he finished his words, he glared at the security guards with wide eyes. “What’re you doing standing there? Go and get him!”

At that, without hesitation, those security guards ran toward Jonathan with their batons in their hands. Nonetheless, before they could attack, Jonathan sped forward, caught the hair of a security guard who was at the very front, and pulled his head down as he threw his knee upward with force.

In a blink of an eye, the guard’s nose was broken as the rest heard a clear crack. Blood was running down his mouth and dripping along his chin. Before he could scream in pain, Jonathan took another quick step forward and kicked another security guard in the stomach.

Within a minute, all the security guards, who had stood sturdily in front of Jonathan before, lost the ability to stand.

None of them were spared.

They lay on the floor while crying horribly as if their bones were broken.

“Trash! You all are d*rn useless!” Anthony cursed uncontrollably as he stared at the security guards who had been beaten to the ground by Jonathan within mere seconds and could not get up from the floor.

“How about you?” said Jonathan.

He glanced at Anthony intimidatingly and walked in his direction.

“W-What do you want?” Anthony stuttered. Watching Jonathan getting nearer, the manager felt chills run down his spine as he kept retreating.

“Do you remember I’ve said that if you don’t watch your mouth, I’ll make you become a mute for the rest of your life?” asked Jonathan in return. His gaze turned cold, and he dashed forward with his right hand raised. The next moment, a hard slap landed on Anthony’s mouth.

At that slap, he staggered and kneeled to the ground.

“Since you don’t know how to speak politely, I don’t think there’s any need for you to keep your mouth.”

Jonathan lifted his hand again.

Slap! A loud sound was heard when Jonathan raised his hand and gave another slap to Anthony’s mouth again.

After the two slaps, his mouth began to become swollen.

Moreover, some of his teeth had fallen out.

“D-Don’t come nearer!” shouted Anthony. The two slaps had made his vision blurry. He lifted his head and yelled at the counter, “What are you doing there? Call the police now! Do you want me to be beaten to death by him?”

“We’ll call the police right now,” answered a receptionist.

At once, several female receptionists at the counter hastily reached for the phone to call the police. However, the moment the call had successfully gone through, a furious voice rang from the hotel entrance.

“Stop it! I say stop it!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 360

Chapter 360 Who Called The Police

“Mr. Jones!” Anthony called out.

The moment he heard the angry roar that came from the entrance, Anthony, who knelt on the ground after being slapped by Jonathan, seemed as if he saw his savior. He hurriedly yelled, “Mr. Jones, help me!”

“What are you shouting for?” asked Shawn upon hearing Anthony’s cry for help.

The former could not help glaring daggers at the latter. “What are you guys doing kicking up a fuss in the hotel lobby? Are you trying to revolt?”

“Mr. Jones, I-”

Before Anthony could explain the situation, the lackey behind Shawn whispered, “Mr. Jones, take a look at the fellow. Doesn’t he look like the guy we met at Shadow Dragon Pool, whose last name is Goldstein?”

“Oh, really?” replied Shawn.

As soon as he heard his lackey’s words, he shifted his gaze toward Jonathan.

“It’s you?” asked Shawn.

It was as if he recognized Jonathan with a brief look.

After all, the former was deeply traumatized by the latter.

Jonathan was someone who could massacre hundreds of soldiers of a private army with only a gun until they failed to fight back.

He was no human. Rather, he was a monster.

“Does this hotel belong to you?” asked Jonathan. He could also recognize Shawn in an instant.

Advertisement

Isn’t this the Mr. Jones whom I met at Shadow Dragon Pool?

“Yeah, so?” replied Shawn in an icy tone.

Back in the wilderness, he was afraid of Jonathan because he had no choice.

That was because in such a remote and desolate place, even if Jonathan shot Shawn dead, no one would find out.

Advertisement

However, at that moment, the tables had turned.

Shawn was in Jipsdale—his family’s territory.

He was no longer scared of Jonathan.

"If that's the case, hurry up and get a room for me!" Jonathan had no time for Shawn's nonsense. The former felt uncomfortable as he was covered with blood from head to toe.

"A room?" Shawn smirked when he heard that request.

He then said, "You beat my employee up, and yet you still dare to ask for a room? Jonathan, do you think this is Shadow Dragon Pool, that forsaken place where I can do nothing about you killing hundreds of people?"

What? He killed hundreds of people?

Anthony face turned ashen upon hearing that.

This man's a murderer?

Recalling his attitude toward Jonathan earlier, Anthony instantly felt a chill down his spine.

"Is there any difference to me?" Jonathan stared at Shawn indifferently and asked again, "I want a room. Are you going to get one for me?"

"Ha! A room? You punk, I'll be frank with you. You're quite bold. At Shadow Dragon Pool, I already gave you a chance to live, but I didn't expect you to show up here." With a sneer, Shawn continued, "You can't stay in any of the rooms here. However, I can send you to a prison cell. It's free, so you don't have to worry!"

Advertisement

With that, he signaled to his lackey by waving. "Call the cops!" he yelled.

"Yes!" answered the lackey.

At Shawn's command, the lackey picked up the phone and called the police right away.

"Hello, is this the police station? We discovered a terrorist at Jipsdale International Hotel. Please send some people over now!"

Then, he hung up the phone and turned to Shawn. "Mr. Jones, I've made the report," he said.

"All right," replied Shawn, nodding.

He then looked at Jonathan and said, "Punk, you're obviously asking for it. Not only did you kill so many people under my nose and not bother escaping, but you even have the guts to come to my hotel. Do you think I don't dare to touch you?"

Previously, when he was at Shadow Dragon Pool, Shawn, as the eldest son of the Jones family, had to suffer grievances. He thought that he would never meet Jonathan in his life again. Yet, little did Shawn know, Jonathan took the initiative to show up in front of him.

Now that he's here, I should teach him a lesson. If not, I'm not worthy of my position in the family.

Upon hearing Shawn's words, Jonathan replied flatly, "Escape? Why should I escape? It's merely a few hundred drug dealers. I don't care if I killed them, so why should I run away?"

Only a few hundred drug dealers? He doesn't care they died at his hands?

Jonathan's words left the onlookers in shock. Their faces turned ashen. Those are drug dealers—people who kill without batting an eye! Yet, it seems to this man that eliminating those ferocious criminals is as easy as stepping on ants.

"Punk, you're really stubborn!" Shawn could not help laughing after hearing what Jonathan had to say. The former then continued, "However, I'm not sure if you'd still behave like this once the police arrive."

As soon as he stopped talking, he waved again. "Everyone! Surround him. Don't let him escape!"

"Yes!" answered the security guards and waiters in unison once they received the order. Immediately after, Jonathan was surrounded by the hotel employees.

Yet, facing the situation at hand, Jonathan did not bother sparing Shawn a glance. Instead, he pulled a chair over and sat down. Lighting a cigarette, he took a big puff and said, "Who said I'm trying to escape? I just killed several hundred drug dealers. What's done is done! I'd like to see if the cops in Jipsdale are brave enough to arrest me."

Suddenly, everyone was taken aback.

They stared at Jonathan blankly. Evidently, none of them expected him to sit down and enjoy a cigarette so calmly instead of resorting to desperate measures to run away at such a critical moment.

Who gave him the audacity to act so calm and steady even after murdering hundreds?

"Punk, you can keep pretending. I'd like to see how long you can continue doing so," Shawn scoffed. He did not take Jonathan's word seriously at all.

Where is this? This is Jipsdale—the Jones family's territory! I don't care how much power he holds. As long as he's in Jipsdale, I'd make him yield and kneel before me! Right when Shawn finished his sentence, sirens echoed outside the hotel out of the blue.

In mere seconds, countless police in uniform appeared as they surrounded the entire hotel.

At that moment, multiple armed police officers kicked open the door to the hotel.

“Who called the police? Where’s the terrorist?” asked Lionel Moretz sternly as soon as he went inside.

“I did!” Shawn stepped out of the crowd straight away when he heard the officer’s question.

“Mr. Jones?” Lionel could tell at one glance who the person walking over was.