

The Legendary Man Chapter 481

Chapter 481 Sniper

Jonathan was losing patience with Quinton.

Even though Quinton was sharp in his attacks, his skills were at most slightly better than ordinary human beings.

Besides, judging by his moves, he was clearly inexperienced.

Or rather, although he did have experience killing people, his victims were all normal people who were completely not his match. As such, no matter how many people he had killed, it would not help in his cultivation.

Even though Quinton was extremely strong and agile, when faced with Hades, Zachary, or the others, according to Jonathan's estimation, the man's chances of winning were just fifty percent.

The Eight Kings of War were also mortals made of flesh and blood, but they were experienced fighters who had taken part in countless battles.

If a fight really occurred between Quinton and the Eight Kings of War, it was likely that both parties would suffer injuries, but Jonathan was certain that Quinton would not come out of it alive.

In fact, Jonathan was completely uninterested in Quinton, whose abilities were just mediocre.

He looked at Quinton, who had a scowl on his face, and tightened his grip.

Crack!

A loud and crisp sound was heard as Quinton's wrist broke. At the same time, the dagger that he was holding fell to the ground.

"We're not done yet!" Quinton let out a low roar.

Disregarding his injured right hand, the next moment, the man propped himself with his left hand on the ground, and in an inverted stance, he launched a kick toward Jonathan's chin.

"Ahhh!"

Quinton let out an agonizing shriek as he completely lost it.

He had chosen to sacrifice his right hand by executing his earlier move.

Even though he had managed to escape from Jonathan's grip, his right hand was severed into several pieces.

He had gone completely insane, choosing to break his own arm in order to kill Jonathan.

"I'm not done yet! I can still fight! I'm definitely going to kill you today!" Quinton bellowed with his hands dangling below his waist.

The exposed skin on his hands had already turned unnaturally purple.

Jonathan narrowed his eyes slightly, and the next moment, spiritual energy started radiating from his body and spreading out, spanning a radius of more than thirty feet. Jonathan could clearly feel that the surrounding spiritual energy was entering Quinton's body at a rapid pace.

At the same time, Quinton's aura was also getting stronger.

"Hahaha... Indeed... The only way for me to achieve a breakthrough is by extreme killing. This energy is so—"

"Insolence!"

Quinton was interrupted by Jonathan before he could finish his sentence.

As Jonathan uttered that word, the spiritual energy surrounding Quinton completely disappeared.

"Force field!" Quinton exclaimed before continuing, "You're really a martial arts grandmaster!"

The man turned around and ran off after saying that. Although he was crazy, he was not stupid.

Quinton was a martial artist who developed his skills through practice. Even though he had broken through into the Superior Realm, he was well aware that he was definitely no match for a martial arts grandmaster.

A martial arts grandmaster who's not even thirty!

The man could not help but wonder if his father knew about Jonathan's true abilities.

He knew he had to tell his father and grandfather all about it. Otherwise, the entire Gomez family might be eliminated.

"Stop right there. Did I give you permission to leave?" Jonathan's placid voice sounded behind Quinton, who was running away at top speed.

All color drained out of Quinton's face when he heard that. He turned around and saw Jonathan charging toward him at lightning speed.

In mid-air, Quinton wriggled his body with all his might, trying to escape the other man's attack.

The next moment, a dagger, which was targeted at Quinton's heart, was stabbed into his body, barely missing his right ribcage.

Bam!

Quinton lost his balance and slammed heavily against the ground. He tried to stand up, but a foot landed on the back of his head, pinning him to the ground.

"I did give you a chance, but you did not cherish it," Jonathan said unemotionally.

At that moment, Quinton was no longer able to retaliate.

"I'm not admitting defeat!" the man bellowed while struggling with his remaining energy.

"You don't have to admit defeat, but you have to die..."

Just when Jonathan was about to strike, he had a strange feeling that caused him to jump sideways instinctively.

Crack!

The instant Jonathan jumped aside, the tree trunk that was originally behind him exploded into several pieces.

At the same time, the crisp sound of a gunshot could be heard echoing from the mountains in front.

Bang!

It was a sniper!

Jonathan crouched down immediately and stayed close to the ground. His heart sank. Although Quinton was running away, Jonathan did not even look up at him.

The Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique merely made use of cultivation techniques to strengthen the practitioner's overall strength, and practicing it would not allow one to become impenetrable.

Jonathan glanced at the shattered pieces of tree trunk behind him and did a mental calculation.

The enemy was using a large caliber sniper rifle, and Jonathan knew that he had to deal with the situation carefully.

After composing himself, he closed his eyes and used his spiritual energy to process everything in his surroundings that was within thirty feet from him.

The next second, the man dashed out suddenly.

After taking two steps forward, he stomped his feet on the ground and propelled himself forward.

Almost simultaneously, a boulder exploded behind him.

Bang!
Gunshots rang out again.

It's here again!

Just then, Jonathan felt the same strange feeling he had earlier on. Without hesitation, he changed his course of direction.

A thunderous explosion sounded and blazing fire shot through the air as the ground blew up. It turned out to be a napalm bomb!
Bang!

Another gunshot rang out.

The sniper was equipped with napalm bombs, armor-piercing bullets, high explosives and had a rate of fire of three. Judging by the sound of the gunshots and the speed of the bullets, Jonathan guessed that the sniper was most likely positioned around four thousand feet away.

The sniper is at the mountaintop across from me!

It only took Jonathan a split second to put together all the information he had. After coming to that realization, he jumped down into the forest on the slope of the mountain.

Camouflaged within the trees, Jonathan jumped almost a hundred feet at a time, dashing down toward the foot of the mountain at lightning speed.

The sniper was as good as exposed with his location being known.

Since you have the guts to try and kill me, you must die!

Within two minutes, Jonathan was already standing at the spot where the sniper should have been according to his estimations.

He turned to look at the mountaintop where he was earlier on and saw that the area had erupted in flames.

“He has escaped. That’s fast!” Jonathan said to himself.

As his spiritual energy dispersed, the man turned to look at a field that was just a distance away.

When he got closer, he saw the sniper rifle that had been left on the ground. Through the scope of the rifle, Jonathan could see that the gun was aimed exactly at his earlier location.

A frosty expression appeared on the man’s face when he saw the weapon.

It was an M03 sniper rifle. As it was a weapon that was used exclusively by the military, every rifle had its unique identification number. There was no way an ordinary citizen would be in possession of one of those guns.

As such, the sniper who tried to kill Jonathan had to be someone from the military.

Hayes’ troop was the only military troop that was stationed in Lumonburg.

Using his spiritual energy, Jonathan could sense that there was something underneath the rifle, and his gaze turned cold.

If he had guessed it correctly, it should be an anti-personnel mine that was there.

Once armed, any pressure of at least two ounces could cause the mine to detonate.

It was obvious to Jonathan that his assassin was a ranger.

He took out his phone and rang Hayes at once.

“Hello, Mr. Goldstein!” Hayes greeted respectfully at the other end of the line. However, he was interrupted by Jonathan before he could continue speaking.

“Tiger, a sniper had tried to kill me just now. He was using an M03 sniper rifle. You have until midnight to find out his identity. You would no longer be the King of Lumonburg if you fail to do so!”

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Chapter 482 Only Death Can Keep Us Alive

Back at the Yaeger residence, Hayes’ face paled to a ghastly white as the line was cut off out of the clear blue sky. He staggered a couple of steps backward before slumping onto the couch.

One of the soldiers was busy drafting a report at the side but became a nervous wreck the second he caught sight of Hayes' demeanor. "What's the matter, Commander?" came his query as he stepped forward.

"Go and investigate it..." muttered Hayes.

His whole body was trembling involuntarily.

Being Hayes' personal bodyguard, that soldier was also thunderstruck, gawking blankly at Hayes' bearing at that point in time.

"What do you want me to investigate, Commander?"

"Summon everybody back. I want every single one of them to get their butts over to the proving ground!"

Hayes leaped up and sent the table in front of him tumbling to the floor with a hard kick.

"Make sure the entire army of Lumonburg is present, be it the ones in the mess hall or anyone who's currently on a mission. No one shall be excused from the assembly!"

He quickly added, "Also, fetch me the whole batch of charters of the general's armory, especially those that involved sniper rifles of the model M03. Leave nothing behind, including the accompanying bullets. Compare them one by one and submit the results to me. I expect zero errors."

"On it!"

The soldier gave a loud and firm response after receiving the instruction from Hayes. With that, he spun on his heels.

Hayes, in turn, secretly gnashed his teeth.

"F*ck! Some nerve they have taking my gun to deal with Mr. Goldstein. Once I get to know who that fellow is, there will be hell for that person to pay!"

In the meantime, the father-and-son duo, Philip and Zane, were sitting face to face in the garden at the Gomez residence.

"Dad, I think something cropped up on Dark Web," uttered Zane in a deep tone.

He was holding the satellite phone while breaking that piece of news to his father. That satellite phone was the one-and-only medium for Zane to stay in contact with Dark Web. Despite the phone's awkward, bulky appearance, the primary strength of using it was that the conversation would never be susceptible to any forms of wiretaps.

At first, Philip was helping himself to some tea. The moment the words "Dark Web" reached his ears, however, his hands froze temporarily before he eventually gulped down the drink in one go.

“What happened?”

“I received a private message from Dark Web, saying that they were attacked by a horde of hackers a few days ago. And they’ve been tracing the source of interception to pinpoint the hackers’ location, but it had all been in vain.”

Zane continued, “Just a minute ago, one of them from Dark Web successfully cracked the hackers’ scheme. After a round of in-depth digging, it was found that the hackers merely wanted to check out the bounty list.”

Speaking of which, Zane flashed Philip a worried gaze.

“Among the forty-five records that have been snooped on, the bounty placed by us, the Gomez family, on Jonathan’s head has also been read. I’m not very sure about whether we have been exposed, but Dark Web is going to remit us the reward of the bounty. They even cautioned us to stay on guard. Danger may be coming to knock on our doors at any time.”

After dropping the words, Zane fell silent straight away. All he could do was look at his father with a concerned visage.

At that very juncture, Philip was staring at the cup on the table, his face as grim as death.

After infiltrating the core of Dark Web like that, not even in a million years would the other party wash their dirty linens in public.

Yet, despite the extremely slim probability of the Gomez family being the target—one out of all forty-five issuances of bounty—it was still better for the Gomez family to not be at risk at all.

If the other party was indeed going after the Gomez family, the latter might really be in the soup.

After all, the other party had the courage to go head-on with Dark Web yet managed to withdraw unscathed. They were definitely not the sort of individuals whom an ordinary family like the Gomez family could compete against.

“Could it be Jonathan himself?”

A glint flitted across Philip’s eyes on that note.

“Zane, contact the Osborne family at once. Tell them we’ve been exposed.”

“The Osborne family have always belittled us. What makes you think that they’ll even care about us, Dad?” A sigh escaped from Zane’s lips as he spoke.

“I didn’t expect them to care, okay? I only need to gauge where they stand when they’re informed of this matter,” was Philip’s remark. His voice was as deep as a bottomless pit.

He then went on, “The Osborne family is trying to get Jonathan’s blood on our hands, but so far, we still have too little knowledge about Jonathan’s background. Tell them directly that we can no longer stay under the radar, and if they, in turn, could reassure us to be at ease, then it means that they can hold a candle to Jonathan’s backer. In that case, even if the other party really comes after us, we’ll have nothing to worry about because we still have the Osborne family’s support.”

Zane bobbed his head upon hearing the statement. “But what if they suddenly decided to ditch us...”

“That means even the Osborne family doesn’t have what it takes to overcome Jonathan and the force behind him easily.” Philip heaved a sigh at that and added, “If that’s the case, it no longer matters if we’re the reason Dark Web got hacked this time. We’ll have no choice but to put our plan B into action and divert all attention away from Quinton, or it’ll be too late once Jonathan really shows up.”

As Philip was talking, he reached out all of a sudden to touch the cup on the table and directed his gaze toward the outside of the garden.

“Who is it?”

“It’s me, Grandpa...”

A feeble voice sounded as a figure crossed the parapet before falling deep into the bushes on the spot.

“Quinton!” exclaimed Philip in surprise.

He quickly made a leap and arrived at where Quinton was at.

Bolting over from behind, Zane saw his son’s appearance at that time and was flustered, not knowing what to do.

“Grandpa—”

Quinton had blood all over his nose and mouth. Before he could say something more, Philip patted the former’s chest and cut him off immediately.

Spurt!

An expulsion of tainted blood came right out of Quinton’s mouth. He reached out his intact left hand and clenched Philip’s arm with all his might.

“Stop talking. You’re going through spiritual energy reflux. We should get it sorted out first!”

Philip gritted his teeth the whole time as he spoke softly.

“Grandpa...” Quinton’s face reddened like a tomato, and his eyes already became bloodshot. “Jonathan is here.”

“What?”

Philip was taken aback.

“Who told you that? You shouldn’t be in the know of the bounty!”

“Juliette told me. Jonathan already found out that we had a bounty on him. He’s a martial arts grandmaster. Run... Now...” Quinton could barely open his mouth to utter another word.

After finishing those sentences, Quinton completely passed out there and then.

“Quinton!” yelled Zane in an instant when he saw his son losing consciousness.

The second he bellowed, Philip struck his vocal cord, muting him altogether.

“What are you shouting for? Quinton’s not dead. He’s only fainted because he was badly injured!”

“Uh...” Looking at his son on the ground, Zane grew even more anxious. “We can’t beat a grandmaster, Dad. You should take Quinton and leave right now!”

“Leave?” Philip let out a snort. “If what Quinton said is true, where do you think we can go? A martial arts grandmaster would be on our tails in seconds no matter where we run to. Not even the heavens can cover our tracks.”

“What do we do, then? We mustn’t linger around here as sitting ducks,” said Zane despondently.

Philip shifted his gaze to his grandson lying on the floor. A few seconds later, he lifted his head once more.

“Get Arnold. Tell him to replace Quinton with a doppelganger, preferably one who’s cold and distant. It’s best if the person is an orphan.”

“Dad... What are you...” Zane seemed to have gotten the gist of it but still attempted to probe further to clarify his own perplexity.

Philip raised his hand to grab the dagger at Quinton's shoulder. Immediately afterward, he forcefully drew the dagger and pressed on Quinton's wound.

Philip went all out to spend however much spiritual energy he had to stop his grandson's wound from bleeding.

"Our family is going to meet our doom this time. We won't make it if we escape together in a large group like this. Only when there's bloodshed, could we have a shot at surviving!"

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Chapter 483 Xiara

Vehicle upon vehicle roared into the Lumonburg military base's training ground, one after the other. Soldiers bearing arms loaded with live ammunition started to leap off the vehicles even before their transports came to a complete halt.

"First Division is assembled, Commander. All personnel accounted for. Standing by and awaiting orders!"

"Second Division is below fighting strength, Commander. Two men are currently in the ICU and unavailable for action."

"Third Division is assembled, Commander. All personnel accounted for. Standing by and awaiting orders!"

"Code Orange" meant preparations for battle, but this time, what Hayes had issued was "Code Red" which signified that combat was imminent. For that reason, no one dared drag their feet.

Apart from those who were hospitalized and unfit for deployment, the remaining active members of the Lumonburg military, all sixty-eight thousand strong, had convened in under an hour's time.

Hayes was silent and impassive as he listened to the incoming reports.

Just then, the director of the Intelligence Bureau hurried over with two of his own subordinates in tow.

"Commander, collation for all charts of the M03 sniper rifle from the First to the Sixth Division has been completed."

"Round them up!" Hayes bellowed through gritted teeth.

Today, I shall see who exactly it was who had such audacity to attack Asura.

Less than twenty minutes transpired before some troops were formed up neatly before Hayes.

With their sniper rifles clutched to their sides, these were some of the finest soldiers amongst all the six divisions' scouts.

"All the soldiers who are assigned sniper rifles are currently present, Commander," the director of the Intelligence Bureau said.

"Did their ammunitions count check out?" Hayes asked sternly.

"It did. All the ammunition requested by these soldiers have been accounted for, but—"

Coming to that point, the director started to sound hesitant.

That prompted Hayes to turn around to look.

"Out with it!"

"Yes, Commander!" The director handed the tablet in his hands to Hayes. "All the M03 sniper rifles from the six divisions have been duly inspected, except the one from your residence."

"From my residence?" Hayes reacted in astonishment to what he heard. "Who does it belong to?"

"Finley Xenos!"

With the mention of that name, Hayes' eyes narrowed as he recalled the incident involving Finley in the Yaeger residence's garden.

"Where is he?" Hayes turned to ask of the directors.

"A team was sent out to your residence to apprehend Finley just now, but we weren't able to locate him..."

Elsewhere on the busy streets of Lumonburg, Jonathan casually snuffed out a cigarette.

Although he did not manage to capture that sniper on the mountain previously, it did not mean that nothing came of it.

Jonathan had uncovered tracks made by a motocross bike some two hundred meters away from the sniper's nest. It was by following these tracks that led him all the way to the bustling New District inside Lumonburg's metropolitan area.

Quinton has fled, so I suppose that the Gomez family must have received news of my arrival in Lumonburg by now.

He had considered staying in Lumonburg for a couple more days to conduct a thorough investigation into the family, but now, it would seem that he had no choice but to call on them directly.

Just as Jonathan was preparing to leave, a frantic shriek suddenly emanated from a dark alley not far away.

“What are you doing? Let go of me! Help!”

Turning around, Jonathan spotted a girl dressed in a school uniform being accosted and dragged into the alley by three men.

He frowned in response to what he had witnessed. Taking one glance at the school bag that had been scattered on the floor, he then strode forward with purpose.

Standing at the entrance of the alley were two of the men. They regarded the passing Jonathan with wary eyes but were surprised that Jonathan merely smiled at them and continued on, as though he had no interest in interfering.

In the instant that Jonathan passed by the alley, a shrill cry rang out from within.

With a quick glance over his shoulder, he saw the female student stumble out of the passageway and straight toward him.

“Help. Call the police. Please!”

The girl came close to Jonathan, sniveling as she reached out to grab him by the arm.

With her face wet with tears, that delicate-looking girl looked piteous enough that any other observer might have been inclined to become protective of her.

That, however, was not to be the case with Jonathan who merely took one step back and shrugged her off outright.

“If they want to kidnap you, that’s their business, not mine. Stop following me, or I’ll kill you.”

Jonathan wore a disinterested smile while he said that, and acted as though that was the natural course of things.

The girl was so stunned by the answer she received that she forgot to give chase. She stood stymied while she watched Jonathan leave.

“How dare you kick me, you *fcking* btch. I’ll f*ck you up right now!”

Behind the girl, one of the thugs barreled toward her with the dagger in his hand aimed toward her back.

Twisting around, the girl lashed out with a foot that sent that man squealing and hurtling several meters out.

That left the other two ruffians rooted to the spot.

One of them mustered up the courage to go forward to investigate, only to find that the fallen man was frothing crimson from the mouth mixed with dark, reddish fragments of flesh.

That kick from that mousy-looking girl had shockingly shattered the man's innards.

"M-Murderer!"

The three rascals were local hoodlums only good for extorting protection money or scaring people with the knives they wielded, so nothing in their experiences could have prepared them for an encounter of that caliber.

Seeing their companion die was enough to spook them into turning tail, scrambling to get themselves as far away as they possibly could.

In response to that, the girl merely snorted. She took the time to straighten out her slightly disheveled attire before she started off in the direction Jonathan went.

"Jonathan Goldstein. Wait up!"

The girl jogged all the way until she caught up with Jonathan.

"Hey, how were you able to tell? With my acting chops and my getup, it shouldn't have been possible that I've given myself away."

With lips pursed and both hands held behind her back, the girl came across as looking rather aggrieved.

"I've brought along quite a bit of cash on me to bait those three ruffians, just to lure you in. Why did you refuse to save a pretty lady like myself? Don't tell me that you're not attracted to women?"

As they walked side by side along that dusky side road, anyone who spotted them might have mistaken them for a couple who were secretly seeing each other.

Only Jonathan alone was aware that that girl was constantly adjusting her own position along that stretch and poised to unleash a lethal strike at any given moment.

The girl however, felt wildly conflicted inside.

She regarded Jonathan beside her smilingly. Even though every step he takes exposes his weaknesses, he still feels dangerous. Who exactly is this guy?

“Why don’t you just tell me why you didn’t fall for it, Jonathan? I’ll let you off if you can manage to convince me. How does that sound?” the girl purred coquettishly when she saw that Jonathan was ignoring her.

Jonathan finally turned to look at her.

“Your acting was indeed convincing, but through coincidence, I’d recently come across the Heaven List on the Dark Web. I know that you ranked ninth on it, Xiara.”