

The Legendary Man Chapter 585

Chapter 585 Execution Order

Hayes' eyes began to redden as he looked at Malcolm through the screen.

"Don't worry, Malcolm. I'll join you after I kill those sons of b*tches. We'll have that drink in the afterlife!"

As Dorian had his hands tied with the West Region Army's forces, he placed Malcolm in charge of things at Northern Crimson Prison.

Although Malcolm made an exception and re-hired Hayes, the latter was technically only in charge of the four sections of the prison.

Even if Malcolm did get poisoned in battle, it was supposed to be the vice commander who took over for him.

As Hayes was completely unfamiliar with the organizational structure and the resources available in Northern Crimson Prison, it would be hard for him to command their forces.

However, Malcolm had just handed Northern Crimson Prison over to Hayes after being poisoned, which meant everyone in the prison's command center must have been poisoned.

With his eyes still red, Hayes ordered the signalman next to him, "Open all channels!"

"Yes, sir!" the signalman replied as he changed the frequency to give Hayes access to all channels.

"Attention, comrades! I'm Hayes Yeager, the new commander at Northern Crimson Prison. I apologize for taking up your very precious time."

Using the PA system, Hayes was able to get his voice broadcast all over the prison.

The soldiers, who were sobbing as they recorded their final messages for their families on the surveillance cameras, looked up when they heard Hayes' voice.

"I know it's a very tough time for all of you. However, as soldiers, we must fight this battle till the end. It is undeniable that this assault on Northern Crimson Prison will result in heavy casualties. In order to minimize the damage and losses, I ask of you to stop recording your final messages and carry out a thorough purge!"

As Hayes had enabled all channels, his message rang out in the prison cells as well. Although the prisoners were not entirely sure what was going on, they understood the meaning behind Hayes' words.

This new commander is ordering a massacre!

Both the prisoners and soldiers were frozen in shock when they heard that.

“Comrades, the purpose of this assault is to plunge Northern Crimson Prison into chaos. Now that they have poisoned us all, death will be all that awaits us once they break through our defenses! If their intention is to cause chaos on a large scale, the fastest way to do so would be to provide the prisoners with the antidote. Keep in mind that we have over twenty thousand prisoners here. Imagine what would happen if they escape and scatter all over Chanaea! Apart from committing crimes all over the country, they might even form a dangerous armed force! We can’t afford to let that happen! We must defend Northern Crimson Prison even if it costs us our lives! Your deaths will not be in vain, comrades! If we’re going to die anyway, then we should at least eliminate the threat at hand! All soldiers in Section Four and the Joint Defense Zone, take aim at the prisoners and open fire!” Hayes continued.

Upon hearing that, all the prisoners stared wide-eyed at the soldiers in fear and shock.

“No... I’m not trying to resist!”

“Don’t point your gun at me! You guys promised we could postpone our death sentence indefinitely as long as we remain here for life!”

“Oh, screw this! We’re poisoned anyway, so we might as well put up a fight!”
A mixture of fear, anger, and resentment was more than enough to spur the prisoners into action.

One of them tried to wrestle for the gun, triggering a chain reaction among the rest of the prisoners.

In just ten seconds, the entire Northern Crimson Prison descended into utter chaos.

“Open fire! Do you guys want the enemy to use them and plunge Chanaea into chaos?”
Hayes shouted into the microphone.

“Kill them all!”

It was not clear which of the soldiers issued that command, but it was definitely a one-sided massacre.

Although there were some cultivators among the prisoners, they were merely martial artists who acquired their abilities. As none of them had attained the Superior Realm, they were just ordinary humans with slightly tougher bodies.

None of them survived the concentrated gunfire from the soldiers.

With reddened eyes, the soldiers continued to mow down all the prisoners in front of them.

Despite the prisoners putting up a fight, they were completely annihilated in less than five minutes.

Just like that, the death row prisoners, who were sent to Northern Crimson Prison for life imprisonment, had finally been executed.

Despite the fact that they were criminals of the worst sort, Hayes had just ordered the execution of over twenty thousand of them.

It was such a difficult decision to make that even Hayes himself coughed up blood and trembled all over.

This isn't how a war should be fought! This isn't how people should be killed! While it's true that the prisoners deserved to die ten times over for their crimes, me issuing that command was no different from carrying out a massacre!

Malcolm weakly propped himself up against the wall on the west end of the prison as he glanced at the countless bodies inside.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry..." he mumbled with tears in his eyes while tugging at his hair in frustration.

Suddenly, the anti-aircraft system in the prison was re-activated.

Artillery shells soared through the skies and were headed for the prison.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The artillery shells were intercepted mid-flight and exploded in the air.

Within seconds, a yellowish and grayish cloud of smoke covered the skies above.

Some of the artillery shells managed to get past the anti-aircraft systems and exploded upon contact with the ground, each releasing a huge amount of smoke that covered a ten-meter radius.

"It's a smokescreen! The enemy is preparing to breach! Get ready! We must keep them outside the prison at all costs!" Malcolm shouted through clenched teeth.

"Yes, sir!" the dying soldiers on the wall replied in unison one final time.

Figures emerged from the thick smoke one after another.

“Open fire!” Malcolm roared, prompting the soldiers to open fire on the figures.

Instead of seeing the figures drop like flies from their gunfire, all the soldiers saw were sparks where their bullets had hit.

Horace was leading the charge with his special unit. Three of them stood in a straight line while two followed closely behind with their hands on the shoulders of those in front.

They all had bulletproof vests on, and the ones in the front had ballistic shields in their hands.

“They’ve got ballistic shields! What are our sentry turrets doing? Light them up, d*mn it!” Malcolm yelled as he turned around to look at the sentry tower, only to see it get hit by an incoming missile.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

All four sentry towers of Northern Crimson Prison were completely destroyed, and they had lost their sentry turrets.

Horace continued issuing commands to his men, “All units, enable thermal cameras and fire at will!”

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Chapter 586 I Am Sorry

As the sound of gunfire raged on, the soldiers on the walls collapsed in puddles of blood left and right.

The incoming Eastern Army soldiers looked like death itself as they marched through the poisonous gas and thick smoke wearing bulletproof vests, gas masks, and thermal goggles.

Without the cover of heavy gunfire from the turrets, the enemy soldiers were able to continue their advance without much resistance.

In less than ten minutes, they had taken over the entire wall on the east of the prison.

After occupying such a favorable location, members of the Special Forces began to harvest like crazy while using the west wall as a defensive fortification.

The poisoned soldiers inside the prison rushed toward the west wall.

They knew they were most likely charging to their deaths, but they refused to give up without a fight.

Being a part of the Mysonna Army, they would rather face their enemies and die gloriously in battle than surrender.

Like moths to a flame, more of them kept coming, even though they were being mowed down.

Shot in the neck, Malcolm lay dying on top of the wall.

“Why...”

Although he could only see the eyes of the man standing in front of him, Malcolm knew it was none other than Horace himself.

Horace stared at Malcolm, who was lying in a pool of blood, as he reached behind his head and undid the straps of his gas mask.

He then removed his thermal goggles and helmet along with his gas mask.

“Commander! You mustn’t expose yourself to the poison gas like this! Hurry up and inject the antidote!” shouted one of the soldiers from the side.

Even so, Horace simply shook his head and said, “Just do your job, soldier. I have the antidote, so you don’t have to worry about me.”

He wiped the sweat off his forehead as he searched his pockets and found a box of cigarettes.

After retrieving two cigarettes from the box, Horace lit them and placed one in Malcolm’s mouth.

“Here, have a cigarette. Think of it as a token of apology from me.”

With trembling lips, Malcolm spat the cigarette out as he mumbled weakly, “Why...”

Despite having everything figured out, Malcolm insisted on hearing it with his own ears.

Taking a puff of his cigarette, Horace shook his head and responded with a smile, “No reason in particular. I’m a soldier. Following orders is what I do.”

“Do you not question if what you’re doing is right?” Malcolm asked weakly.

“Is there even right and wrong in war? Did you ask yourself that question when your Mysonna Army killed the soldiers from the Ibica Army? What about when my Eastern Army kills the enemy soldiers from Remdik? If you have no issues with all of that, then what difference does it make when you and I fight each other? We’re nothing but human weapons, after all.”

The light in Malcolm's eyes began to fade away, but Horace did not seem to notice as he sat down beside Malcolm and continued, "Honestly, I don't get it either. Why are we fighting all the time? There doesn't seem to be an end to these wars. It's really exhausting."

He was interrupted when a soldier came running over all of a sudden. "Sir! According to our radars, a fighter jet is approaching from the south at high speed! It should be arriving in about fifteen minutes!"

"Acknowledged." Horace casually waved at the soldier as he ordered, "We have already achieved our objectives. Tell the men to retreat immediately and leave the border according to the pre-planned routes. There will be someone waiting for them."

"Yes, sir!"

The signalman was about to leave when Horace called out to him again, "Also, put Maximilian Schmidt in charge of the retreat."

"What about you, sir?" the signalman asked in confusion.

"Quit asking so many questions and just do as I say!" Horace exclaimed impatiently.

"Yes, sir!" the signalman responded and ran off to carry out his duties.

After taking another puff of his cigarette, Horace saluted at a camera on the side. "I know you're watching, Boss," he uttered solemnly. "I've accomplished the mission you assigned me with. Thank you very much for the training you've provided me all these years."

He then pulled out a pistol from his holster and placed Malcolm's finger on the trigger. "Commander Wallace, I can neither stop the war nor disobey my orders. I can't tell right from wrong either, but I will make it up to you. I'm sorry!"

Bang!

A loud and clear gunshot rang out as Horace squeezed the trigger using Malcolm's finger.

The bullet went into Horace's forehead and exited cleanly through the back, spraying the air with a bloody mist that dissipated in the wind.

Horace died in a kneeling position in front of Malcolm while facing Northern Crimson Prison.

Nobody knew if his apology was directed at Malcolm or everyone within Northern Crimson Prison, but that no longer mattered since he was already dead.

Those who came running after hearing the gunshot were in shock and disbelief when they saw his corpse.

With just an army of a thousand men, Horace had successfully breached Northern Crimson Prison's defenses with almost zero casualties. Given his amazing accomplishments, he would have been regarded as a hero among all the soldiers in the Eastern Army upon his return.

In fact, he could have even become a world-renowned legend.

However, he chose to give up his honor and glory and die at the hands of a dead man instead.

Everyone felt confused by his actions, but deep down inside, they kind of knew why he did that.

That moment was interrupted by a voice that rang out on the public channel. "What are you all looking at? I'm in command now that Captain Queen is dead! Everyone retreat according to the plan! I don't want anyone messing this up! Get moving right now!"

The men then glanced at Horace's corpse one final time before running off and disappearing into the sandstorm.

Meanwhile, in the southeastern area of the prison, Hayes stared at the eight hundred bloodied men in front of him.

They were soldiers from the southeastern area who had just ended the lives of over eight thousand prisoners.

"Listen up, everyone! Most of the prison has been contaminated with poisonous gas. We're safe here on the southeastern side of the prison because we're upwind, but I'm planning on providing backup to those on the west side. Since this is a suicidal mission, I won't order you guys to come with me. Feel free to tag along if you're in!" Hayes said as he climbed into a jeep and drove straight for the west wing.

The sounds of car engines starting rang out as the soldiers hopped into the cars and followed closely behind.

The sky darkened as strong winds blew across the area, causing a wall of sand to roll in from the southeast direction.

The howling wind sounded like the tragic wails of the fallen, and the sandstorm felt as if it was meant to blow away the horrors of bloodshed.

Horace's special operations unit was long gone by the time they arrived at the western side of the prison.

Blood was trickling out of Hayes' mouth when he rushed to Malcolm's corpse.

"It's too late... The sandstorm came way too late... Had it come even just thirty minutes sooner, the poisonous gas wouldn't have been able to spread across the area! At least half of our men could've survived! What's the point of it coming now? How will I even find those b*stards and get my revenge? Argh!" Hayes yelled at the top of his lungs as he fired his pistol into the air to vent his frustration.

A few seconds later, Hayes stumbled backward and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood before dropping dead on the spot.

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Chapter 587 Bait

Meanwhile, inside the mist wall, Jonathan stared at the vine beneath his feet with a solemn look on his face.

A little over an hour ago, he was planning on using the white mist to hide his tracks and leave Summerbank Abyss to escape Joselle's pursuit. After that, he would change directions and go back in.

However, he would end up back inside the mist wall every time he tried to step out of it.

On his third attempt at leaving, Jonathan came up with an idea to prevent himself from losing his way. He chopped down a thick tree trunk and made a javelin out of it. After that, he tied a long vine to the javelin and hurled it out of the mist wall.

Even so, he still found himself back inside Summerbank Abyss after following the vine until the end.

This is the third time I've failed to leave this place! Hmm... I should be at least a thousand meters away from where I chopped that tree down earlier. The vine isn't broken anywhere, so its length should be about one to two hundred meters at most. How could it possibly show up a thousand meters away? Is this some kind of space-altering formation?

Jonathan frowned as he picked up a rock about the size of a basketball, made a mark on it, and tossed it at the mist wall.

If there really is a formation in this mist that can alter space, then the rock should be somewhere near this mist wall.

With that in mind, Jonathan activated his spiritual sense and began memorizing every single detail of his surroundings as he ran toward his right.

In about three thousand meters, Jonathan stopped running and quickly made his way toward the dense jungle.

Picking up a rock from beneath a huge tree, he turned it around. Sure enough, it had the mark that he made earlier.

So, I was right!

Jonathan crushed the rock in his hand as he glanced about.

While I may not have escaped the mist wall during my previous attempts, I have been traversing it for quite a while. Considering how I haven't been attacked by Joselle so far, I'd say I'm pretty safe in here. Still, this place is really strange. Every time I find a means to exit, I always end up in a completely new and unfamiliar place. I came here to get the life-saving pill, but finding the pill won't do me any good if I can't get out of here and deliver it to Sophia!

Anxious, Jonathan gave it some thought before reaching into his pocket and pulling out the broken bronze mirror.

He then channeled his spiritual energy and began writing a message on the bronze mirror: Sofus, there's a space-altering formation in the mist wall. I need a way out of here.

Jonathan was quite certain that Sofus was behind everything that happened after he entered the mist wall.

Despite how great Sofus made it all sound, he did keep its dangers a secret. He even said anyone could enter and exit the mist wall freely, but that was clearly not the case here.

That, combined with the creepy guy in black, made this whole thing seem like a trap.

Of course, those were simply Jonathan's suspicions, as he had yet to obtain any evidence to back those theories up.

Sofus had once mentioned how he entered Summerbank Abyss with his mentor in the past. Therefore, he would surely know the way out.

I'm willing to drop my suspicions toward Sofus if he answers my question directly. However, if he remains quiet or claims to not know the way out, I might just have a more violent chat with him!

Ten minutes had passed with no messages appearing on the bronze mirror whatsoever.

The bronze mirror had been quiet ever since two of Lauryn's messages appeared at the same time.

Since there was no way of determining the authenticity of those messages, nobody could be bothered to check them all that often.

Oh? So, he won't answer me, huh? Sofus and his mentor may have saved my life three years ago, but that doesn't justify him tricking me into coming here. I'd really like to spare Sofus' life if I could, but he needs to pay for this whole Summerbank Abyss thing.

Jonathan narrowed his eyes at the thought of that.

He was about to put the bronze mirror away when it lit up all of a sudden.

Lauryn: I tried leaving just now, but I couldn't. I need you to explain this to me, Sofus!

Jonathan hesitated when he saw the beautiful handwriting, but he scribbled down a message anyway: Lauryn, I know you're not the man in black. I'd like to meet you and exchange our information.

After a few minutes of silence, Lauryn wrote back: Sure, but I don't have a way to show you my location. There's a tall mountain in the middle. How about we meet at the bottom of that mountain?

A tall mountain?

The look on Jonathan's face changed instantly when he turned and saw the mountain in Summerbank Abyss.

That's where Joselle is at! I used a lot of energy just to get out of there, so why the heck would I want to go back there?

With that in mind, Jonathan wrote: No, we mustn't meet anywhere near the center. Try to pick a high ground near the edge instead. Like the old ways, start a fire, and I'll head over when I see the smoke. I know it's hard for you to trust anyone after someone tried to kill you. Hide somewhere after starting the fire, and stay hidden until you see me. We'll keep our distance throughout our conversation. You can stand near the mist wall, so if anything goes wrong, you can escape by running straight into it. It's the best way to ensure your safety.

Lauryn: All right. Wait for my signal.

The two of them stopped communicating after confirming their plan to meet up.

Jonathan had a murderous look in his eyes as he tightened his grip on the bronze mirror.

Despite what he said about wanting to exchange information with Lauryn because he did not know much about Summerbank Abyss, all he really wanted to do was use her as bait.

According to Lauryn's description, the man in black is one of the six that came in this time. I know it's not Lauryn, and I can probably exclude that fool Irving too since I saw him while escaping earlier. That leaves only Sofus, Bertel, and Torkild. Of course, Sofus is the most suspicious one of all. Our messages on the bronze mirror are visible to everyone, so they'll probably go to Lauryn once they see the smoke. If that man in black shows up and attacks us, we could team up and take him down. Even if none of us are wearing black, I could just take out everyone except Lauryn.