

## The Legendary Man Chapter 627 -

### Chapter 627 Team Oracle

After Nina spoke, everyone on the bus fell silent. In the middle of the bus, a young man with a pale face slowly rose while chewing gum.

“The purpose of our trip is to deal with Karl so we can pave the way for His Majesty to come to Chanaea. You can hand over all the information you have to us now,” voiced the young man disdainfully in Jetroinian while scrutinizing Nina’s curvy body.

Nina placed both her hands on her belly as she bowed slightly to the man.

“According to the report, your name is Shotaro Koizumi. Is that right?”

“Is there a problem?” questioned Shotaro coldly.

“Mr. Koizumi, even though you entered Chanaea as a tourist, we’ve prepared a new identity for you here, so please speak in Chanaean while you’re still in the country,” replied Nina with a smile.

“What the heck is that supposed to mean?”

Misogyny had always been common in Jetroina. Even in the modern age, most women were kept at a lower social status than men in the country.

Naturally, Shotaro’s face immediately turned grim when a girl much younger than him talked back to him.

“Do you know who you’re talking to, Junyuko? I’m a ninja in service to His Majesty. You wouldn’t want to mess with me!” threatened Shotaro after pulling out a kunai from his back.

In response, Nina slowly lifted her head to give the man a cold look. “Let me repeat myself. You’re in Chanaea now, so please speak in Chanaean. There’s one more thing I hope you all understand—I’m your contact, not your subordinate. Mind your attitude.”

“Who are you to talk like that to us?” With that, Shotaro dashed forward without warning and went straight for Nina’s face.

Nina grabbed the kunai tightly with her right hand.

The sharp weapon was less than half an inch away from her forehead when blood began to flow down to her wrist. Still, Nina’s eyes remained locked with Shotaro’s.

“Die,” uttered the woman coldly.

Immediately, three Grandmaster Realm cultivators rushed between the two but they failed miserably to stop Nina from impaling the kunai into Shotaro’s left eye.

Before Shotaro could even scream, Nina swiftly struck the end of the weapon still stuck in the man's eye.

Accompanied by a sickening sound, the sharp kunai pierced straight through Shotaro's skull.

Shotaro's remained in a defensive pose as he slowly fell back into his seat. All the other tourists then stood up to look cautiously at Nina.

It took the cultivators less than a second to put up a force field. However, they were still completely helpless to stop Nina, whose power far exceeded their expectation.

"Attack her!" As soon as Shotaro's companion shouted, the three cultivators charged toward Nina with murderous intent.

Even though Nina was their contact in Chanaea, the men worried that she had turned since she had just killed one of them.

Like a well-oiled war machine, the three rushed aggressively toward Nina in unison.

Nina clenched her hands together, and smoke began to rise from her feet. Under the cover of the smoke, the woman then disappeared before reappearing behind her attackers.

With her hands stretched out like knives, Nina was ready to strike the cultivators' necks.

"That's enough!" roared someone from the back of the bus, and immediately, everyone fell dead silent.

Frozen by a force field released by a God Realm expert, Nina's hands stopped less than half an inch away from her targets' necks. Meanwhile, the others could feel the restraints around them slowly loosening up.

Everyone turned around to look at a short and frail-looking elderly man in an outfit that had obviously been washed countless times.

The old man wearing a pair of reading glasses then stood up, and everyone could see that he was only slightly taller than the well-built cultivator sitting beside him.

Despite the elderly man's unimposing appearance, nobody dared underestimate him because he was the leader of Team Oracle, Zebedee Makino.

Even though he had only reached the beginner phase of God Realm, he was the Jetroinian Emperor's most trusted person.

The team he led worked directly under the emperor and were the selected few allowed to see the ruler.

Zebedee waved his hand gently, and the spiritual energy around Nina disappeared.

After slowly turning around, Nina bowed respectfully to Zebedee. "Mr. Makino, you should control your subordinates."

With a smile on his face, Zebedee lifted his head to look at Nina. "Of course. Sorry for the trouble."

Even though Zebedee was very respectful, Nina still felt a chill down her spine. He's ready to kill!

"Mr. Makino, if you kill me, I promise you that everyone besides you on this bus will die," threatened Nina calmly.

When the remaining seventeen Team Oracle members heard Nina, they all shakily clenched their kunai.

Zebedee turned to the cultivator beside Shotaro and ordered, "Take care of the body and be careful not to dirty the bus."

"Yes, Mr. Makino!" responded the cultivator immediately.

Then, Zebedee sat down beside Nina.

"Nina, I need all the latest information about Doveston, especially when it's about Karl. The more detailed, the better," the man said as he stared at the landscape outside.

"The last time Jonathan went to Jetroina, he took out both Nolte Corporation and Salonus Corporation. Not even Shadow Clan could stop him. Now that we have Remdik's support, we cannot fail again. Otherwise, we'll suffer His Majesty's wrath," stated Nina as she leaned back and shut her eyes, ready for a short nap. "With Chanaea in complete disarray, it's the perfect time for an invasion. Karl dominates Horbah in Doveston, and Jonathan and Asura's Office can't interfere with Yaleview in their way."

Meanwhile, at Edenic Heights, Jonathan had already received news of Mysonna's victory.

More than seventy thousand people had been taken care of in less than three hours.

Since West Region had lost almost a hundred and fifty thousand men, they dared not make another move on Mysonna.

Sitting in the garden, Jonathan frowned at his tablet. Karl betrayed us while Dorian and Zachary are still out because of their injury. Of the Eight Kings of War, only five are available now. Hayes is guarding Mysonna. Even though the man was crowned the

King of Lumonburg, he has trouble seeing the big picture, especially in terms of positioning. Hayes still has much to learn about working with the Zaidham Army and the Shusonna Army.

“Harry, inform Hades to send his lieutenant to assist Tiger as chief of staff. Remember, the lieutenant is to guide Tiger, not take over the Mysonna Army.”

“Yes, Sir!”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 628 -**

### **Chapter 628 Family Feud**

After dealing with the matters in Mysonna, Jonathan finally felt relieved.

In Chanaea, no matter what changes took place, it was their own internal affair.

However, if there was an invasion from outside, Jonathan would never allow it. Once the external affairs were settled, the next step was keeping internal peace.

It had been a few days since Karl's rebellion, and it was time to solve it. Killing Karl was not only to vent the anger harbored inside him, but more importantly, it was a demonstration to the public.

If he was allowed to wander scot-free in Doveston, the reputation of Asura's Office would be destroyed. The world would think of Asura's Office as a place one could enter or leave at will.

The worst scenario would be the remaining Kings of War considering betrayal. Although this probability was very small, it had to be guarded against.

With his brows knitted tightly, Jonathan let out a long sigh. Since Karl's rebellion, he had become suspicious, and he did not trust the Kings of War as much as he did before.

Jonathan was very clear about Karl's betrayal, and he knew that there was a reason for it.

However, Jonathan was unable to control his own doubts.

“Let's go, I'll take you to meet someone. I have to leave for a while to run some errands. You'll stay with him during this time,” Jonathan said to Lauryn, getting up.

When they arrived at the door of No. 8 Villa, they saw Donald coming out of the door. “Mr. Goldstein.” Donald, whose hand was covered in blood, nodded at Jonathan calmly.

Jonathan was rendered speechless as he watched Donald walking past him with that indifferent expression on his face.

In the entire Asura's Office, Jason and Donald were the only two master-and-apprentice pair who dared to do that.

"Donald, where is Jason?"

"Jason is in the basement. Sterilize your whole body before you enter, or else the guy will die."

With that, he turned around and left.  
Jonathan and Lauryn exchanged glances.

When they entered No. 8 Villa, Zachary and Yasmin were still unconscious in the hall. Jonathan glanced at them and turned around to lead Lauryn into the basement.

In the basement, strips of plastic sectioned off a room.  
Through those plastic strips, a figure in a white coat could be seen busy at work in front of the hospital bed.

Using their spiritual senses, Jonathan and Lauryn were instantly aware of the conditions in the basement.

After taking one look, Lauryn turned around and started vomiting.

Even Jonathan's face turned pale.

The scene in the basement was extremely savage and brutal.

The figure in the white coat inside the room was Jason.

The person on the hospital bed was not a patient, but a young cultivator who was on the brink of death.

He was the only cultivator among the three Osborne family members who survived the last attack on Edenic Heights.

He was also the one who had suffered the most.

Although the color of blood could not be detected with spiritual sense, it was much clearer than the sense of sight.

The two of them had only scanned the hospital bed with their spiritual senses for a moment, yet the cultivator's whole body was engraved in their minds.

The flesh, bones, internal organs, and even the still-moving fascia that were dissected out were extremely clear.

This scene was too much to bear even for Jonathan who was used to seeing stumps and broken limbs.

“Jason, get out of here!” Jonathan roared through gritted teeth.

Stunned, Jason turned around.

“Mr. Goldstein, why are you here?”

After tearing open the protective plastic strips, Jason walked out with blood on his hands.

“Jason, what are you doing this time?”

“Nothing much,” Jason replied blankly. “In the past, you would not let me capture and experiment on cultivators. However, this one came here on his own free will. It’s such a good opportunity that I just chanced upon.”

With fury written all over his face, Jonathan glared at Jonathan. “You scoundrel, tell me the truth. If you were not trying to capture a living one, you would not have gotten those injuries, would you?”

“Well...” Jason looked down at the stab wound on his chest and grinned. “So... what do you want from me, Mr. Goldstein?”

Seeing Jason’s couldn’t-care-less attitude, Jonathan snorted. “Didn’t I tell you not to experiment on living people?”

Failing to change the subject, Jason looked glum.

“Mr. Goldstein, you do know that a cultivators’ state is totally different when they’re dead and alive. This is particularly true in the distribution of spiritual power. In vivo experiments can detect the strength of the cultivator’s organs and shields. As long as you give me enough experimental specimens, I can definitely sort out a detailed report on the cultivator for you.”

“Stop!” Jonathan frowned and cut short Jason’s argument. “I know that even if I stop you, you will definitely do it secretly. So, I will set a rule for you. In the future, you can only choose those cultivators who attack you first. If I find out that you are using any other methods to capture cultivators and get experimental specimens, I will kill you first.”

“Got it!” Jason said with his back straight, but deep down, he couldn’t stop the smile on his face.

When Jonathan gave this order, he never thought that Jason would one day become a madman because of these words.

In fact, for the next few decades, cultivators in the Grandmaster Realm rarely dared to move around alone for fear of encountering the madman Jason.

Meanwhile, Lauryn dared not use her spiritual sense anymore, for fear of seeing the dissected body of the poor cultivator.

Jonathan glared at Jason.

“I need to go to Doveston for a few days. The security in Edenic Heights is tight, but you are the only cultivator who is good in combat. So, I’m asking her to stay with you.”  
Jason turned to look at Lauryn.

“This lady...”

“Hey! This is Lauryn, the first daughter of the respectable Blackwood family. You must behave properly in her presence!”

Just by the way Jason looked at her, Jonathan was able to gauge what was on his mind.

His words stunned Jason for a moment.

“A daughter from the respectable families?” Jason muttered to himself, a dangerous spark flashing across his eyes.

Jonathan moved swiftly, blocking Jason.

Frowning deeply, Jonathan caught Jason’s shoulder with his right hand.

“Jason, calm down. That time when things happened to your clan, Lauryn was only about ten years old. You cannot blame her for that.”

At this moment, Jason was holding two sharp scalpels in his hands and he was intent on attacking Lauryn who was standing behind Jonathan.

With bloodshot eyes, Jason looked at Jonathan. “Mr. Goldstein, are you trying to protect her?”

“I am not trying to protect her. I must protect her. She is the key figure in Asura’s Office against the respectable families. If you want to investigate what happened back then, you may need to rely on her strength.”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 629 -**

Chapter 629 First Visit To Doveston

Jason glowered at Jonathan for at least tens of seconds before he finally cooled his head off and put the scalpel away.

Jonathan loosened his grip on his shoulders and stood aside. He turned to cast a look at Lauryn, only to find that her face had turned ashen, and there was intense fear in her eyes.

As the heiress from one of the respectable families, Lauryn was used to being sought after by others, be it from the Blackwood family or her sect. She had never suffered from any grievances before.

That time when Jonathan had set her up twice previously was already the worst moments so far in her life.

Now that she had met the mad doctor who hated the respectable families to his core, she was scared out of his wits.

Staring at her, Jonathan stated placidly, "His name is Jason Carrick. He's the only successor of the Carrick family known for their expertise in the medical field in Gerton. About thirteen years ago, respectable families set their sights on the Carrick family's expertise in the medical field. One of the families even wiped out more than five hundred people from his family to obtain their medical book. If there's a chance, you could help him investigate the matter and find out which respectable family was the culprit."

Lauryn nodded slightly, but she still avoided meeting Jason's eyes. Even though they were both at the same cultivation level, she was fully aware that she was no match for him the moment they met.

Jonathan had a hunch that if a battle unfolded between Lauryn and Jason, she might not even be able to demonstrate half of her combat prowess due to her psychological stress.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Jason Carrick." Jason flashed her a smile as he stretched out his right hand.

Lauryn turned around and started to throw up again.

Jonathan rolled his eyes at Jason. "Can't you wash off the blood from your hands?"

Jason looked at the dried blood stain on his hands and casually rubbed it off.

"Mr. Goldstein, I can't keep an eye on her all the time as I have a lot of matters to settle every day. Why don't you seal her spiritual energy right away?"

Lauryn's eyes widened when she heard that.

However, the next second, she felt a tingling sensation on her neck. On the heels of that, her entire body gave way as though her bones had suddenly vanished. She would have fallen if she had not held onto the wall in the nick of time.

"Jonathan, if you want me to stay with him but seal my spiritual energy, I would rather you finish me off now."



“Don’t worry. Since I’ve promised not to lay a finger on you, I’ll keep my word.” Jason chuckled and turned to look in Jonathan’s direction. “Mr. Goldstein, you’re heading to Doveston this time to—”

“To kill Karl and avenge those who have lost their lives.”

After sorting out everything in Edenic Heights, Jonathan headed to Doveston alone. While seated on the plane, he fell into a trance as he gazed at the clouds outside the window.

Apart from killing Karl, he intended to look into another matter—they had lost touch with the intelligence network of Asura’s Office in Doveston mysteriously. Because of Yaleview, Asura’s Office could not take the risk of sending their troops there.

Asura’s Office had been getting in touch with Doveston via the Eastern Army openly and the intelligence network in the shadows.

The intelligence networks nationwide were set up by Asura’s Office. They did not belong to any local department or King of War and reported directly to Asura’s Office.

When Doveston used to be in peace before Karl’s betrayal, their intelligence network usually only updated Asura’s Office on trivial matters. However, it had been completely paralyzed after Karl’s betrayal.

Hades had tried to get in touch with them numerous times after that. Nonetheless, they seemed to pay no heed to the instructions received and did not update Asura’s Office with any useful information.

Hence, Jonathan suspected that the intelligence network in Doveston was already in Karl’s hands. If that was the case, he foresaw Asura’s Office would be in a precarious position.

Without the intelligence network, they would not be able to know what the Eastern Army was up to. For Asura’s Office, the outrageously high-tech armed forces hiding in the dark were undeniably a main threat for them.

There were three states in Doveston—Horbah, Terrandya, and Baridoki. Horbah shared the same border with Remdik and it was where the Eastern Army was stationed. Meanwhile, Terrandya, which shared the same border with Yaleview, served as the information center and barrier for Doveston.

Then there was Baridoki that faced Kenfort and Jetroina with the ocean in between. This time, Jonathan was heading toward Terrandya.

Before getting rid of Karl, he had to get a grasp of the situation by investigating the intelligence network in Doveston.

And Sparaville of Terrandya served as the processing center of the intelligence network in Doveston.

In regards to the issues with the intelligence network, Jonathan had disguised himself as an investigator named Fletcher Lachy so he could carry out an inspection. He wanted to see what sort of people Asura's Office had nurtured.

Right after the plane touched down at the airport, Jonathan hopped into a Lincoln after catching a glimpse of someone holding a cardboard with the name "Fletcher Lachy." The moment he got into the luxurious car, a bald man leaning against the seat came into view.

"Welcome, Mr. Lachy."

Jonathan simply nodded at him.

"You must be Seamus Cornell."

"Yes, I am." Seamus opened the cigar box next to him and handed it to Jonathan.

"It's from Corleon. One costs more than one hundred thousand. Interested in giving it a try?"

Jonathan furrowed his brows when he saw how relaxed Seamus was. He was astounded that the latter was not the slightest bit apprehensive about his identity as someone from the headquarters of Asura's Office.

Jonathan's heart sank. He had a gut feeling that the intelligence network in Doveston had freed themselves from Asura's Office's control.

He raised his head to look at Seamus directly without taking the cigar box.

"You know why I'm here this time, Seamus. The intelligence network in Doveston has not been updating Asura's Office with any news for the past week. Don't you think you should give us an explanation?"

"What's there to explain?" Seamus smiled and puffed out a ring of smoke. "If you are referring to Karl Hamilton's betrayal, I reckon the information obtained by the headquarters of Asura's Office is much more detailed than ours."

"How about the Eastern Army's current activities? As the person in charge of the intelligence network in Doveston, how is it possible that you are clueless about anything?"

Seamus turned to look at him with a hint of disdain in his eyes.

"Mr. Lachy, why do you sound as if you are here to interrogate me?"

"Doesn't Asura's Office have the right to do so?"

Seamus snorted. "Mr. Lachy, you should know what type of troop the Eastern Army is. Even though our men have infiltrated their troops, Karl is good at playing underhand

tactics to block our way of sending the information to the headquarters. Besides, the intelligence network in Horbah is completely paralyzed for two days. My subordinates have been giving it their all to get in touch with them but to no avail. How could you expect me to be able to keep an eye on Karl from far away?"

With that, he extinguished the cigar in his hand in the ashtray and went on, "Mr. Lachy, mind if I ask how Asura's Office will handle Karl's betrayal this time?"

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 630 -**

### Chapter 630 You Cannot Run For Your Life

There was an unmissable hint of sarcasm in Seamus' tone. At that very moment, there was only sheer contempt on his face.

Jonathan stared at him, nonchalant as ever.

"So a person in charge of a particular area even has the gall to question Asura's Office now?"

Seamus waved his hand hastily. "No, no, no, don't get me wrong. I have no fear in everything, but I don't have the audacity to get on my superior's nerves. You shouldn't jump to a hasty conclusion and accuse me of that."

He chuckled as he stretched out his hand, placing it on the tabletop between them in the car.

"Mr. Lachy, I only intend to trade for some information."

Jonathan looked at Seamus' hand. A black bank card came into sight after the latter moved his hand away.

After picking it up and flipping it over, he saw the image of a gold dragon on the other side.

"Wyvern Gold Gard." Jonathan fiddled with the bank card and smiled. "If I'm not mistaken, this card is only issued to account holders with a saving of at least one hundred million."

Seamus' eyes lit up. Leaning against the seat, he guffawed. "Ha! You're right. The representative from Asura's Office is seemingly knowledgeable. I'm impressed. Mr. Lachy, there's three hundred million in this card. You can withdraw cash with it from any Wyvern Bank worldwide. Just treat it as a token from a new friend."

"Um, I don't think it's appropriate for me to accept it." Jonathan turned him down with a smile.

Seamus poured two glasses of red wine and handed a glass to Jonathan.

“You don’t have to overthink. After all, nobody else knows about it. There’s nothing inappropriate. Besides, I’m not thinking of obtaining any military information from you by giving you this card. I only wish to have a clearer insight into the stance of Asura’s Office. It’s not something confidential either.”

Jonathan nodded lightly and put the Wyvern Gold Card in his pocket before taking the glass of red wine from him.

There was a flicker of disdain in Seamus’ eyes when he saw Jonathan keeping the bank card.

Unequivocally, money can do magic! The headquarters of Asura’s Office assigned him for an inspection, so what? See, I manage to bribe him effortlessly.

Jonathan put his glass of red wine aside and grinned at Seamus. “Mr. Cornell, I’ve already kept the card in my pocket. What do you intend to know? Just cut to the chase.”

“What more do I intend to know? We’re only earning a living under Asura’s Office and in no position to build castles in the air with ambitious plans. We’re only striving hard for a better life.”

Jonathan relaxed his body and leaned against the seat upon hearing his words.

“I got it. Mr. Cornell, you don’t mind which side you need to take, don’t you? Most importantly, you’ll only bow to the winning party, right?”

“You’re smart! I’ve been putting effort into managing the intelligence network in Terrandya all these years. Now that Karl quits Asura’s Office and embarks on something new elsewhere, I presume an intense battle will unfold between Asura’s Office and him. Anyway, I’m only a lowly small fry. Before one of them emerges as the final winner, I don’t wish to step on anyone’s toes. Hence, I need your information very much.”

Jonathan massaged his forehead as he leaned against the seat and heaved a sigh.

While he was at the helm of Asura’s Office previously, he could effortlessly order his eight Kings of War to launch an attack by leading their troops of millions of soldiers. It never occurred to him that the subordinate of Asura’s Office would dare to have such an absurd idea.

However, it was not at all surprising because even Karl, one of the Eight Kings of War, had ended up betraying them. Thus, it was normal that Seamus, too, had such wishful thinking since he was only the person in charge of the intelligence network in a small region.

Nevertheless, Jonathan could not help feeling frustrated as the irritating matter bugged his mind.

Rubbing the bridge of his nose, he said, "Seamus, you're targeting me instead of aiming for my information, aren't you?"

Hearing that, Seamus, who was pouring wine, momentarily froze.

"Oh? Mr. Lachy, what do you actually mean?"

"It's simple. You intend to bribe me with three hundred million, hoping I'll put in good words for you if Asura's Office defeats Karl, don't you? If Karl wins or the battle turns into a standoff, you'll use me to obtain information from Asura's Office to curry favor with him instead. In short, you'll have no fear of anything as long as you can manipulate me. By then, regardless of who's leading, you'll only need to go with the flow to stand to benefit. I guess that's why you stopped getting in touch with Asura's Office a few days ago. You've been scheming to make a deal with anyone assigned by Asura's Office to look into the matter, haven't you?"

A sharp-witted Jonathan saw through Seamus' ulterior motive and made a perfect analysis.

Looking at Jonathan, Seamus clapped his hands admiringly. "Mr. Lachy, you're indeed an extraordinary man. I'm impressed. So are you interested in working with me? Of course, I'll share half of my benefit with you."

Jonathan sat up straight and stretched himself. "What if I'm not interested?"

Seamus' face turned grim.

"Mr. Lachy, is it because you're not satisfied with the amount I offer? Just name your price. I promise I won't bargain with you."

"Are you sure you won't?"

"Yes. I can assure you that I won't."

"Fine. If you want me to help you, give me your life, then."

Seamus's expression darkened.

"Mr. Lachy, does that mean there won't be any possibility for us to collaborate again?"

Jonathan unleashed his spiritual energy in his right hand. He rubbed his face hard a few times before revealing his look.

There was intense weariness in his eyes when he turned to look in Seamus' direction. "Seamus, don't you think it's preposterous for me to shoot myself in the foot? Anyway, it's as easy as snapping my fingers to finish you off anytime."

Seamus was dumbfounded. When realization dawned on him, he stammered, “Y-You’re Asura?”

Did I just dig my own grave?

Without a second thought, Seamus smashed the car door and fell out of the car.

It was peak hour at the moment. Even though the Lincoln was not speeding on the highway, it was still moving at quite a steady pace of approximately seventy miles per hour. After Seamus fell out of the car, his body rolled on the road and was out of sight in the blink of an eye.

Jonathan released his spiritual sense to envelope the car. At the same time, he activated the force field of a Grandmaster and stepped hard on the brake.

With that, the Lincoln screeched and came to a halt. Seconds later, Jonathan opened the door and got out of the car.

By then, the driver in the driver’s seat had met a tragic fate with a broken neck.

Behind, Seamus could be seen trying to flee by scurrying away.

“One hundred million! Stand in his way, and I’ll reward you with one hundred million!” he yelled at the top of his lungs at the others.

Nevertheless, they turned a deaf ear to him. Catching sight of Seamus with half of his body in a horrendous gory mess, they assumed he had lost his mind. Petrified, they moved aside to stay away from him.

Jonathan advanced toward him at a mind-blowing speed.

“Do you think you can run for your life?”