

## The Legendary Man Chapter 631 -

Given the dense crowd on the flyover, not even Jonathan dared utilize his spiritual energy.

However, Seamus reacted differently, seemingly finally regaining his senses. His fluctuating spiritual energy rose continuously before he rolled over and leaped off the flyover, disappearing into the traffic below.

Superior Realm, Jonathan thought to himself.

With a chuckle, he leaped and went after Seamus, his footsteps as light as a feather.

None who had reached Grandmaster Realm could escape from Jonathan, let alone Seamus, an intelligence officer who had only reached the Superior Realm.

After a chase across merely two streets, Jonathan arrived beside Seamus.

“Freeze.”

As soon as he uttered that single word, Seamus’ body could no longer move, as if he was frozen in place.

“Sir, you must have some benevolence. I just want to live. I beg of you. Please show me some mercy.”

Seamus stood there all stiff, his face pale, while his voice trembled as he spoke.

“Is Terrandya’s intelligence network still intact?” Jonathan questioned in a harsh tone while standing in front of Seamus.

Setting up an intelligence network would take not a few days but a few years or even a decade’s work by countless people.

Although Jonathan was irked by the fact that Seamus had his own agenda, he also acknowledged that other industries must’ve had parasitic individuals like Seamus, and Asura’s Office was no exception.

While people like them might be abominable, they were usually incapable of stirring up a ruckus.

It wouldn’t be too late as long as the intelligence network was still intact.

Seamus nodded vehemently upon hearing Jonathan’s question.

“It is... The intelligence network is my livelihood, so I kept it well-maintained. I can hand it over to you in its entirety if you so wish to. Just please spare me this once, Sir. I’ve learned my lesson now...”

With a wave of his arm, Jonathan blocked Seamus’ mouth with solidified pure spiritual energy.

“Where do you usually work on processing our intelligence? Take me there,” Jonathan demanded collectedly.

“Yes, of course!”

Given the fact that Jonathan currently had a chokehold on both Seamus’ life and assets, the latter dared not refuse and immediately deferred to Jonathan’s demands.

They took a taxi and headed for Jinrich Tower in Sparaville.

At sixty-eight stories, Jinrich Tower was a landmark of Sparaville, functioning as an office for various companies.

The only exception was the top floor, which was modified by Seamus into his personal vacation home.

For Seamus to have owned a five-hundred-square-meter vacation home at a location with high land prices, Jonathan had to admit that he was far less capable than Seamus when it came to enjoying life.

While standing before the glass window wall, Jonathan could take in the landscape of Sparaville as he glanced out of it.

“I need Doveston’s intelligence during the past few days,” Jonathan requested nonchalantly.

Before that, Karl was already one of the rare ones in Asura’s Office who had achieved an advanced phase in the Grandmaster Realm.

The fact that Karl chose to defect from Asura’s Office at that point gave Jonathan ample reason to believe that he must’ve gotten an opportunity to break through into God’s Realm.

That was Karl’s only way to have a shot against Jonathan.

On the other hand, neither would Jonathan know where to start while going against someone who owned the world’s top high-technology forces if he didn’t make some preparations.

Besides, he would like to try and predict Karl’s next moves if he could get a grasp on the latter’s preparations during the past few days.

Following Jonathan’s orders, Seamus jogged to the side and unlocked a briefcase.

He then retrieved a laptop from within, which he handed over to Jonathan respectfully.

“Sir, during the past three days, only five intelligences from Doveston proved useful, and among them, only two have to do with the Eastern Army,” Seamus reported with an ingratiating attitude while standing next to Jonathan.

“First off, the Eastern Army had begun marching in the direction of River Onxy at the border. They had mobilized over eighty thousand men. Food prices have also been

gradually rising in Doveston, so it would be safe to assume that the army is currently stocking up on food. The next intelligence has to do with Jetroina.”

Jetroina?

Jonathan’s gaze suddenly went cold the moment he heard that name.

Even with Chanaea and Jetroina’s long-standing feud aside, Jonathan had been paying close attention to Jetroina ever since he stirred up a ruckus in Jetroina during his last trip there.

Given Jetroinian’s temperament, they would definitely do something about that.

At that time, Chanaea was in an upheaval, so it would be quite a hassle if Jetroina were to begin pressuring Chanaea too.

“Speak up. What’s with Jetroina?”

Although Jonathan was on alert, his expression betrayed nothing.

Seamus bowed at him the moment he heard that.

“Sir, we’ve discovered a lot of spies from Jetroina at Doveston. We had initially planned to get rid of them, but Hades told us that a new batch would be soon dispatched even if we got rid of them. Thus, we mobilized a lot of men to monitor them. With that, we had the initiative by staying in the shadows while the spies operated under our surveillance. A week ago, we realized Jetroina’s spies had begun meeting up and relocating at a rapid pace, their destination being Horbah.”

While listening to Seamus’ report, Jonathan glanced at the laptop he was holding with a frown on his face.

“Karl is building a fortress at Doveston after defecting from Asura’s Office. To him, this is an opportunity to claim his territory, and he did succeed in earning himself a spot in this power game in Chanaea. However, this is also a great opportunity for both Remdik and Jetroina. With Yaleview in the middle, Asura’s Office couldn’t possibly march north. Things would be bad if they surrounded Karl from the north and the south.”

Jonathan had a stern look on his face while muttering. It wasn’t clear whether he was explaining the situation to Seamus or just talking to himself.

“Although the Eastern Army, with cutting-edge technology, is recognized as one of the best troops in the world, Remdik’s Medved Army is still a force to be reckoned with. If both countries were to launch a combined assault on Doveston, I fear what happened a century ago will repeat itself.”

Despite Jonathan’s quiet voice, his tone got increasingly chilly.

Seamus was sweating nervously while standing beside him.

He realized he had caused a huge delay for his faction. He would be considered negligent if such important intelligence were to be detained with him for a few hours, let alone when he had been holding onto them for a few days.

If Jetroina and Remdik were to launch an assault within the coming few days, Seamus would never be able to make up for his mistake. He knelt on the floor with a thud.

“Mr. Goldstein, I know now what I’ve done wrong, I might be a gold-digger and a spineless wimp, but I would never become a spy for Jetroina. I never thought—”

Before he could finish, Jonathan cut him short with a wave of his arm.

“Seamus, I’ll give you one last chance. Hand over Sparaville’s intelligence network, and you won’t have to suffer.”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 632 -**

“A quick death...”

Looking at Jonathan in a daze, Seamus suddenly crawled to the former’s side and hugged his leg.

“Sir, please give me another chance! I swear to be loyal to Asura’s Office. Please... I don’t want to die...”

Bam!

The spiritual energy around Jonathan surged, and Seamus was sent flying backward.

Looking at Seamus expressionlessly, Jonathan uttered, “Even if you don’t hand over the intelligence network first, my people can quickly organize the scattered network after your death. However, I can promise you that I won’t make things difficult for your family if you hand it over now.”

At that moment, Seamus finally realized what kind of person he had provoked.

Leaning against the corner, he could not stop shaking his head.

“No. Judging by Asura’s Office’s way of doing things, we never harm the innocent, even if they are enemies. You won’t harm my child when after I die, right?”

Even though it sounded like a question for Jonathan, Seamus was trying to reassure himself.

Seamus knew that he was unlikely to escape death whether he handed over the intelligence network or not.

Nevertheless, like any other desperate living being, he could not just do nothing and wait to be killed.

Seamus was fully aware of how difficult it was to set up an effective intelligence network.

At this moment, many forces were vying for supremacy in Doveston. Hence, the intelligence network was the most crucial thing.

If I hold on to this information I've been keeping as a bargaining chip for so many years, I might still get something in return.

After making up his mind, Seamus secretly gritted his teeth. Then, he got up and kneeled before Jonathan again.

"Asura, I single-handedly built the intelligence network of Terrandya over three years. I have many secret informants. Most of them have direct contact with me. I think you need my help now. So please, spare my life. I promise that the intelligence network across Terrandya will be useful to you. There won't be any changes in the future."

After saying that, Seamus bowed to Jonathan.

A few drops of blood fell on the white tiles as Seamus maintained his bow to show respect toward Jonathan.

However, Jonathan shook his head slightly.

As Jonathan used his mind control, Seamus was immediately enveloped by spiritual energy.

"Seamus Cornell, you don't have the right to bargain with me. Whether you hand over the intelligence network today or not, you will meet your death."

Crack!

A crisp sound rang out following Jonathan's ominous words.

Seamus' legs were bent forward at an unnatural angle.

An agonizing shriek rang out as the broken bones pierced out from the bleeding flesh. In an instant, a pool of blood emerged on the ground.

"Ah..."

Seamus never thought Jonathan would be so determined. He crippled me without hesitation.

“Think carefully, Jonathan! If you kill me, the intelligence network in the entire Terrandya will break down within a short time. Whether it’s to target Jetroina or deal with Karl, the intelligence network is of utmost importance,” Seamus pleaded.

“Yes, the intelligence network is undoubtedly important, but I’ll never tolerate traitors and threats.”

Jonathan’s fingers twitched as Seamus’ arms were bent backward slowly.

“Don’t worry. After you die, I’ll send all your family to accompany you in the afterlife as soon as possible,” Jonathan remarked chillingly.

“No, I’ll give it to you! I’ll hand you the intelligence network. Please don’t hurt my child. I beg you...”

Lying in a pool of blood, Seamus was having a breakdown. Jonathan’s ruthlessness was beyond Seamus’ imagination. At that moment, he could only hope that Jonathan would take into account his identity as Asura and keep his word.

Putting down the tablet in his hand, Jonathan turned and looked at Seamus.

“I thought you were a tough nut to crack. It turns out you have a weakness too.”

“I’m sorry...” Seamus’ voice trembled due to the excruciating pain.

He added, “There’s a secret compartment in my safety deposit box. You will find a memory chip inside. It contains the list of all the informants across Terrandya with their contact information and a command code. As long as they receive the secret code, they will follow the order even if it doesn’t come from me. All you have to do is to find someone to make the call to complete the handover of the intelligence network in Terrandya.”

Knock! Knock! Knock!

A knock suddenly came from outside the door when Seamus finished explaining.

Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows as he stared at Seamus. His spiritual sense rushed out like a tidal wave. Jonathan saw the scene at the door crystal clear.

It was a young man carrying a cup of coffee. Judging by his appearance, he looked like a typical university student.

“There is a young man in a T-shirt with a cup of coffee. Is he one of your people?” Jonathan probed indifferently.

Looking toward the door, Seamus was forced to bear the pain and nodded. "He's my assistant, Geoffrey Lowe. He's in charge of my schedule. However, I clearly instructed him not to come here today."

Upon hearing that, Jonathan got up and walked to the door.

Click!

Following a crisp sound, the door was opened.

The young man outside bowed slightly to Jonathan as if he knew the latter would come to open the door.

"Mr. Goldstein, this is the coffee I prepared for you."

"Do you know me?" Jonathan glanced at the young man in front of him with a confused look.

With his spiritual sense, everything about the young man was shown in Jonathan's mind.

I didn't detect any spiritual energy from him. Besides, he doesn't carry a weapon. I suppose this young man isn't an assassin. However, he acts so calmly despite knowing my identity. That alone is not normal.

Holding a cup of coffee, the young man nodded slightly. "You're Asura of Asura's Office, the legend of Chanaea. You're the person I revere the most."

Jonathan turned around and walked back into the house while Geoffrey followed him without hesitation.

Geoffrey seemed to ignore Seamus, who was lying on the ground with appalling injuries.

Sitting on the couch, Jonathan warned flatly, "You're Geoffrey, aren't you? Tell me why you are here. Otherwise, you'll also die here today."

Walking up to Jonathan, Geoffrey took out a mini-earphone from his ear.

"Mr. Goldstein, I've installed eight surveillance cameras and twelve listening devices in this office. I can hear all your conversations and see everything."

Then, Geoffrey took off his glasses and lightly pressed them. The glasses immediately showed a real-time scene of the room.

Lying in his own pool of blood, Seamus bellowed, "Geoffrey! When did you start spying on me?"

Seamus was the head of intelligence. However, he just found out that his subordinate had been monitoring his every move. It was no surprise that he was fuming at that moment.

With his mind control, Jonathan used his spiritual energy to seal Seamus' mouth to prevent the latter from making a sound.

Jonathan's interest was piqued as he looked at the listening device and glasses on the table.

"Well, this is the first time I've been monitored so openly. What exactly do you want to tell me?" he inquired.

"Mr. Goldstein, if I were you, I wouldn't open the secret compartment of the safety deposit box. Instead of a memory chip, there are two kilograms of TNT inside. As for the password he mentioned, it was actually the detonation code," Geoffrey replied.

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 633 -**

Two kilograms of TNT?

When Jonathan turned to look at Seamus, he saw that the latter had turned pale while staring daggers at Geoffrey.

"Geoffrey, not only have I groomed you for three years, but I also rescued you from the grasp of your mortal enemy. So, how could you do this to me?"

Seamus was utterly devastated by Geoffrey's betrayal.

The former had started his career as a peddler of information.

People like him had built a network where he lived and was naturally on good terms with everyone.

Even though he made a decent living, he didn't derive any satisfaction from his job, which required him to behave in an obsequious manner to everyone.

Three years ago, when Asura's Office was established, Hades was rapidly expanding its intelligence network throughout the country.

Since he was in dire need of talent, someone of Seamus' skills was naturally an invaluable resource, especially when the latter was capable of establishing himself in a place like Terrandy.

On top of that, reality had also validated the decision to recruit Seamus back then.

After joining Asura's Office, Seamus used all the resources at his disposal to develop the intelligence network and was soon in control of Sparaville.



In Seamus' own words, as long as he was around, nothing in the city would get past his attention.

It was during that time that a bloodless war ignited between the chiefs of the intelligence networks within Terrandya's eighteen cities.

This was part of Asura's Office's plan for recruitment, for they were short-handed on account of being new.

If they were to rely on selecting chiefs through appointments, there wouldn't be enough candidates for the role.

Therefore, by using cities as foundational building blocks, they would appoint a state chief from amongst the group of city chiefs, and that person would be chosen from the internal strife that had been planned.

Not only could Asura's Office pick out the most capable intelligence officer, but the chosen one would also gain the respect of all the other members of the organization.

Consequently, Seamus was picked from amongst all the other city chiefs of Terrandya.

After the strife, only five city chiefs, including Seamus, remained out of eighteen. The other thirteen had died under a variety of mysterious circumstances.

The result inadvertently cemented Seamus' position as the true leader of Terrandya's intelligence network.

Just by looking at Seamus' rise over the last three years, one couldn't help but feel impressed. In addition, many saw his actions as that worthy of a hero.

As for Seamus, he didn't rest on his laurels upon taking on his new role. Instead, he leveraged his intelligence network to gather information on all the government and corporate secrets within Terrandya. Thereafter, he made a killing by using the information for blackmail.

As the inherent nature of an intelligence officer's job was building relationships, Asura's Office turned a blind eye to Seamus' actions despite being aware of them.

Given Seamus' ruthless methods in securing his position, it became a habit for him to exercise extreme caution in whatever he did. Also, he found it difficult to trust anyone, and Geoffrey was the only exception.

One year ago, Seamus saved him from being beaten to death by a bunch of gangsters due to a gambling debt the latter owed.

Even since then, Geoffrey worked for Seamus.

Despite making a few mistakes along the way, he was forgiven by Seamus every time. Having made countless enemies in recent years, Seamus knew that for true stability to be achieved, he needed to appoint a successor to maintain his authority after he stepped down.

Initially, he planned to groom Geoffrey for the role. That was the reason why he kept the latter by his side all the time.

Although Geoffrey was known as the assistant, everyone was cognizant that it was Seamus' attempt at familiarizing the former with the work process.

But now, Seamus realized that he had been under Geoffrey's surveillance all this while, which was a revelation he couldn't accept.

"Geoffrey, how could you have done this to me? You're the only person I trust!"

As the man lay in the pool of blood, his deep voice was filled with hysteria and despair.

"Why can't I do this to you?"

Geoffrey turned around to face Seamus.

"Seamus, even if Mr. Goldstein didn't come, you would still have died within the next few days. Your mistake was to have trusted me. All I needed to do was to spike your coffee, and you would just die in your sleep. Obviously, you should still thank Mr. Goldstein. If he hadn't appeared, it would be impossible for me to kill you in such a humane manner."

After a brief pause, he continued, "Based on my plan, I was going to sever your limbs, dig your eyes out of their sockets, and cut your tongue before exiling you to one of the southern cities. You might still live on for many years, but it would be a fate worse than death."

The bitterness of Geoffrey's words shocked Jonathan, let alone Seamus.

What sort of hatred is he harboring to drive him to such cruel lengths?

"Why?" Seamus gave Geoffrey a deathly stare. "I groomed you and even treated you like my own son. Give me a reason."

"Your son?"

Geoffrey gradually strode up to Seamus.

"Did you really think that you saved me back then? Those men were in cahoots with me, and it was all a charade to trick you, you fool."

The revelation dumbfounded Seamus.

“A charade... Your body was covered by countless cuts left by a sword. You would have died if I hadn’t rescued you back then. How can you still call it a charade?”

“Only with real wounds can I truly gain your trust,” Geoffrey sneered.

“My father was Wheelan Lowe, intelligence chief of Avenport. Two years ago, you massacred him and all his relatives in a power struggle. After the fact, you pretended to be surprised. I sure you haven’t forgotten about it?”

“Wheelan Lowe...” Seamus’ eyes opened wide in shock as the face conjured up in his memory superimposed on the young man in front of him. “You’re Wheelan’s son? How is that possible? I do not doubt that I killed his son.”

“That was my elder brother,” Geoffrey replied through his gritted teeth.

“My father once abused his company position to obtain a fortune through corrupted means. In order to avoid detection, he tampered with my mother’s pregnancy report. Back then, my mother was carrying two babies, but only one was recorded to be born. As for me, I was raised in a different family.”

“Twins? But you don’t look like the other person—”

Jonathan interjected before Seamus could finish, “It’s normal for fraternal twins not to resemble each other.”

Turning his attention to Geoffrey, Jonathan pointed at the safe deposit box behind the latter.

“Just now, I used my spiritual sense to probe its contents and found two brick-like objects underneath the memory chip. If you hadn’t told me about them, I would have assumed they were the concrete shelves within the safe deposit box and fallen into the trap. Therefore, I must admit I owe you a debt of gratitude. To repay you, I’ll give you an opportunity to make a wish. I’ll definitely fulfill it if it’s within my capabilities to do so.”