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Chapter 634 Ascension

Jonathan's words caused Geoffrey to fall into deep thought. Thereafter, he—without any hesitation—picked up the fruit knife on the table and stabbed it into Seamus' neck, causing him to struggle violently before breathing his last.

It was then that Jonathan gave Geoffrey an icy stare.

“Geoffrey, this is the time I need the intelligence network. Hence, you had better have a d*mn good reason for killing him.”

Getting back up to his feet, Geoffrey turned toward Jonathan.

“Mr. Goldstein, I did it because I want to take over his role as chief of Terrandya's intelligence network. Although Seamus is now dead, I alone am sufficient to fill his shoes.”

“You?”

Jonathan chuckled at Geoffrey.

“After listening to your backstory, I don't deny that you're superior to Seamus when it comes to being cunning and ruthless. Having said that, it also means that you're a loose cannon on top of the fact that you're capable enough to control the intelligence network of Terrandya.”

“Mr. Goldstein, I understand your concerns, but I can prove myself to you,” Geoffrey replied with a smug smile.

“Over the last two years, Seamus has gathered a tremendous amount of wealth, estimated to be in the hundreds of billions. That was the reason why he became extraordinarily cautious after the incident at Mysonna. He feared offending either side. Furthermore, I was the one managing Terrandya's intelligence network over the last year, even though he was officially in charge. Now that he's dead, I'm entirely capable of taking over without any disruptions.”

The confidence Geoffrey demonstrated gave Jonathan food for thought.

This young man might have the demeanor of a jovial university student, but this is the first time I have seen someone display such sharpness and brutality. A person like that is no different from a double-edged sword, extremely effective when pointed in the right direction but dangerous when wielded wrongly. Seamus had learned it the hard way.

After dwelling on the matter, Jonathan finally spoke.

“In that case, is being the chief of Terrandya’s intelligence network your answer to the one wish I grant you?”

Jonathan assumed that Geoffrey’s sole goal was to take over Seamus’ role.

Little did he expect to see the latter shake his head.

“Mr. Goldstein, if you hadn’t appeared, I would’ve taken over Terrandya’s intelligence network after killing Seamus anyway. But now that you’re here, why shouldn’t I go for broke? Since you owe me a debt of gratitude, I would like to join Asura’s Office as a core member once the matter in Terrandya has been resolved.”

Jonathan was suddenly intrigued by Geoffrey’s suggestion.

He had previously recognized the latter’s extraordinary talent but still didn’t expect Geoffrey to make such an audacious wish.

Asura’s Office might have been established for three years, but its core still comprised the same batch of followers from the very beginning.

It was a situation where Jonathan lacked the courage to do so than the political will.

Asura’s Office’s rapid expansion had ignited jealousy and fear amongst many other factions within Chanaea.

Even if Jonathan wanted to take in new blood now, he still had no way of discerning where the loyalty of these new members lay.

If any of them were to turn out to be a mole for other prominent families or Yaleview, it would result in the destruction of Asura’s Office from within.

Considering the circumstances, Jonathan suddenly saw hope and opportunity in Geoffrey.

“Geoffrey, since your wish wasn’t for me to look past your mistakes, what makes you think that I would spare you?”

“It was a gamble,” Geoffrey confessed.

“With Seamus’ death, Terrandya’s intelligence network is in tatters. But now that you need them as your spies, I’m betting that’s the reason why you won’t kill me.”

In a blinding flash, a long sword appeared in the air and plunged right into Geoffrey’s chest.

Despite that, Geoffrey—eyes closed—stood steadfastly still.

As blood began to stain his white shirt, he maintained his posture as if he didn’t feel anything at all.

“Are you not afraid of death?”

Opening his eyes, Geoffrey flatly answered, “I am! However, the moment I made my decision, I accepted the fact that I would die at your whim. Thus, there’s no point in resisting or being afraid.”

With a slight wave of his hand, the sword flew back into Jonathan’s grasp before returning to his ring.

“I admire your guts and admit that you’re a ruthless man.” Smiling, Jonathan added, “If my sword were to move deeper by half an inch, your heart would’ve been pierced by it.”

“Does that mean you’ll allow me to join the core of Asura’s Office?”

“Impossible!” The smiling Jonathan elaborated, “The core members of Asura’s Office have gone through many trials and tribulations before gaining my absolute trust. As for you, I have barely known you for more than an hour, so what trust is there to talk about? Besides, I would be a fool to put Asura’s Office at risk for the sake of repaying a debt of gratitude.”

“For now, you can take over Seamus’ role as chief in Terrandya. As for joining Asura’s Office, I’ll provide you with a platform. Once Eshistan’s intelligence network has been dealt with, you’ll have a place within the organization’s intelligence team.”

“Thank you, Asura. I, Geoffrey Lowe, will serve you to the best of my abilities,” Geoffrey declared with a bow.

“Mr. Goldstein, I have previously learned that you were looking for information about Horbah. I can provide you with a report immediately. Currently, the Eastern Army has retreated to Kransbay, a city near River Onxy. The spies from Jetroina have also gathered there, which is where the Eastern Army’s main base is located. From a military perspective, Jetroina’s goal is the same as what the Eastern Army was doing in Mysonna. They are looking to cut off the supply lines belonging to the main forces on the battlefield.”

Geoffrey’s words caused a grim expression to descend upon Jonathan’s face, for Karl’s betrayal had become the latter’s biggest problem.

To make matters worse, two days into the Eastern Army’s declaration of independence, they had already been targeted by Jetroina.

After the chaos I have wrecked upon them, Jetroina shouldn’t have the capacity to stir up any trouble. But given the massive scale of Karl’s movements, I’m afraid some other faction might be behind this instead.

Doveston bordered three countries—Merania, Remdik, and Nardor, while overlooking Jetroina across the sea.

Nardor was a weak country and posed no threat to Doveston, even if the entire nation was mobilized.

As for Merania, the largest inland country, they had always maintained a neutral stance.

As a result, the only possibility left was Remdik.

North of River Onxy, the Medved Army and Eastern Army deployed by the river. As for the spies from Jetroina, they began to gather in Kransbay, showing no fear of being exposed.

Although the events seem unrelated on the surface, they were anything but that. Leaning back into his chair, Jonathan frowned deeply.

“Geoffrey, check all recent flights and ships from Jetroina. As these spies are not the Eastern Army’s special forces, they are certainly not enough to cut off Karl’s supply lines.”

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Chapter 635 This Is Chanaea

A confused look flashed across Geoffrey’s eyes.

“Mr. Goldstein, if Jetroina were to send their elites into Chanaea, wouldn’t it be easier to enter through Horbah? After all, the larger their footprint within Chanaea, the greater their risk of being exposed. There’s no reason for them to come all the way through Terrandya.”

Even though Geoffrey’s analysis sounded logical, he had forgotten to take into consideration one factor—Karl’s current predicament.

“After betraying Asura’s Office, Karl sealed the airport to prevent them from seeking revenge. Therefore, for the Jetroinians to enter Horbah, they only have two routes. They will either have to board a ship to Baridoki or take a flight here. Since we have lost contact with the intelligence chief of Baridoki, we’ve no choice but to start our investigations here.”

“Understood. I’ll get it done right away. I’ll go through the schedules of Jetroinian flights over the last three months by sundown,” Geoffrey acknowledged Jonathan’s instructions.

“Until then, please stay at Grand Hotel for the time being. I’ve already reserved their presidential suite before I came in.”

“You made reservations before this?” Jonathan chuckled. “You really are confident in yourself.”

While speaking, Jonathan gave his right hand a gentle flick, causing the knife embedded in Seamus' neck to be pulled horizontally. No sooner had the knife moved than Seamus' head dropped abruptly to the ground.

"Next time, remember that cultivators have strong life forces. If you manage to defeat any of them, you have to either behead them or stab them right in their heart. Otherwise, you haven't succeeded in really killing them."

Jonathan was already on his way out before he finished. After throwing the gruesomely severed head a glance, Geoffrey felt a chill down his spine as he watched Jonathan's leaving silhouette.

As an ordinary person who knew nothing about cultivators, all he was capable of was plotting.

Hence, he didn't notice that Seamus was just pretending to be dead.

Naturally, someone as highly-skilled as Jonathan was well aware of it but chose not to reveal it initially. The main driver of Geoffrey's courage to negotiate with Jonathan was Seamus' death, for no one else but he could deploy Terrandya's intelligence network within a short time.

Since Seamus wasn't really dead earlier, Jonathan was never threatened by me the entire time. In fact, if I had said something to upset him, the head rolling on the ground right now could very well be mine!"

The epiphany caused Geoffrey's throat to dry out. After gulping by reflex, he ran in the direction of where Jonathan had gone.

However, Geoffrey was unaware that Jonathan's thought process was a lot simpler.

With Seamus' four limbs severed and a knife stabbed in his neck, Jonathan couldn't care less about the former's survival as he no longer posed a threat. Consequently, noticing Seamus' breath at the last minute and killing him was just a battlefield habit of his.

Nevertheless, the resulting coincidence still ended up as a traumatizing experience for Geoffrey.

Even when he finally controlled Chanaea's intelligence network and ranked second only to Jonathan, the sight of the latter would still send a shiver down his spine.

Inside the presidential suite of the Grand Hotel, Jonathan was sitting down cross-legged.

On his lap rested the mysterious Heaven Sword.

The last time he entered the illusionary realm, he had a dialogue with someone there.

They talked about various topics, and it felt as if time and pace had been transcended. In fact, Jonathan couldn't even tell if the incident was real or if it was nothing but a dream.

Nevertheless, his gut told him that everything in that realm was real.

With that, Jonathan produced a sketch from his memories that consisted of the mountain ranges that he saw. Thereafter, he handed it to Hades and ordered the latter to search for it.

Unfortunately, the endeavor was anything but an easy one, for mountains were unlike city landmarks that could be easily found on the internet.

Considering how vast Chanaea was and the number of mountain ranges it had, hunting for the generic-looking mountains in Jonathan's dreamscape was like searching for a needle in a haystack. Even if one were to have arrived at the exact location, a slight change of direction was enough to throw one off track.

Therefore, Jonathan figured that he had to unlock the secrets of his dream by using the Heaven Sword.

That was the reason he brought the sword with him and used it for his meditation.

After enveloping the sword with his spiritual sense, he gradually entered a state of cultivation.

Meanwhile, Nina and Team Oracle were having a meal in the suite next door.

"Mr. Makino, the setup over at Horbah has yet to be completed. In order to keep our movements a secret, I have arranged for cars to take all of you there. We'll be able to leave tomorrow at the soonest."

"All right," Zebedee flatly replied. "Coincidentally, there's something we need to do in Sparaville."

"What is it?" Nina asked with a furrow of her brows.

No sooner had Nina spoken than the cultivators beside her got to their feet.

"Idiot—"

Before the Jetroinian cultivator could finish his sentence, Nina moved up to him in a flash and stomped her foot down on his abdomen.

“I told you before to speak properly in Chanaea. Are you challenging my authority?”

With a slight twitch of her wrist, Nina stabbed a fork each into the cultivator’s two ears, pinning him to the ground.

In response, the remaining members of Team Oracle sprang to their feet with their blades unsheathed, ready to lunge at Nina at any moment.

By then, Zebedee was the only person leisurely eating inside the room, as if he was oblivious to the standoff.

Despite his seeming lack of action, he had already covered the entire room with his spiritual energy.

Now that everyone was surrounded by his force field, they were susceptible to Zebedee’s control whenever he willed it. Despite Nina and Team Oracle’s ability to resist with their own force fields, they were too weak to make a difference due to the gulf in power.

It wasn’t until Zebedee had finished his food that he gradually put down his cutlery.

“Hasn’t Shotaro’s death before we did anything taught you any discipline?”

Despite Zebedee’s casual tone, the members of Team Oracle dropped to their knees with their heads hung low.

Nina, too, moved her foot away.

“Mr. Makino, my mission is to safely transport you and your men to Horbah. Anything beyond that is not within my job scope. In the interest of your safety, I strongly suggest that you not leave the hotel until tomorrow morning. In fact, it would be best if you could just stay in this room. As we’re in Chanaea now instead of Jetroina, it pays to be extra careful.”

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Chapter 636 Fifty Miles

Although Nina mentioned that it was a suggestion, one could sense from her tone that she would not take no for an answer.

The cultivators from Team Oracle looked at Nina with hostility. If it were not for Zebedee restraining them, they would take advantage of their numbers to make Nina stay even if their cultivation levels were not as superior as hers.

Zebedee laughed. "Nina, according to the decree that I received, I was only supposed to connect with you. There was no mention that we have to follow your arrangements upon reaching Chanaea. Further, in addition to eliminating the Eastern Army's backup supplies, we have other matters to settle as well."

"What other matters?" Nina looked at Zebedee frowningly.

Nina was brought to Chanaea at a very young age. Other than the fact that she was not born here, she was long regarded as a Chanaean.

Having been in Chanaea as an undercover for so many years, Nina knew Chanaea inside out and the intelligence network in Terrandya.

She worried if Zebedee and his men screwed things up, it would, in turn, jeopardize the operation.

"Ms. Nina, you have done a wonderful job in bringing us in. Team Oracle will take care of the remaining matters. There's no need for you to take up any responsibility," Zebedee said with a laugh.

Nina's expression turned cold after she heard that.

She tried to maintain her composure and said, "Mr. Makino, I do not doubt your powers as a holy master. But I must warn you that Chanaea today is not the same as it was in the past. Previously we have received information that the founder of Asura's Office, Jonathan Goldstein, had entered our country and wrecked chaos. Even the Shadow Clan could not stop him. As part of my responsibility, I'm letting you know that Asura's Office under Jonathan has a massive influence. Should your whereabouts be leaked, I'm afraid the mission is bound to fail."

"Fail?" A cultivator in the Grandmaster beginner phase stood up. He was not pleased upon hearing Nina's words. "Ms. Nina, I think you've been spending too much time in Chanaea. Have you forgotten how powerful the Jetroinian empire is?"

At that moment, Zebedee smiled contemptuously. "Karl's betrayal of Asura's Office resulted in Jonathan's army not being able to advance into Doveston. Now Karl is like a trapped beast; what do we have to fear?"

"Well, if you see it this way, all I can say is you know too little about Chanaea." Nina stood up slowly, placing her hands behind her back. "Chanaea may be in political turmoil now and is split into three different territories, namely Asura, Yaleview, and Doveston. However, if Jetroina and Remdik are to start a war on Doveston, I guarantee that all Chanaean troops will gather at once and retaliate in full force."

Pacing around the room, Nina continued. "That's all I have to say. It's up to you to decide your next move. But allow me to be upfront; if you choose to proceed, I will back

out from this escort mission. I'm Jetroina's spy, not Team Oracle's. I'm not willing to put my life on the line seeing how you act."

With that, Nina opened the door and walked right out.

As the door slammed shut, Team Oracle members' expressions became grim.

"Mr. Makino, this woman has no manners at all. How dare she talk to you in this way."

"That's right, Mr. Makino. I bet this Nina has forgotten how much she has benefited from Jetroina. Who is she to question our plan?"

"Mr. Makino, just give the order, and I'll eliminate her immediately!"

Everyone echoed in unison, hoping Zebedee would teach Nina a lesson.

Instead, Zebedee shook his head lightly. "Who will help us to get into Horbah if we kill her? Don't forget, we're in Chanaea now, not Jetroina."

Everyone fell silent after hearing Zebedee's reply.

Zebedee spoke again as the silence continued. "Let me remind all of our propose in Chanaea. Other than assisting the Remdik Medved Army in cutting off the Eastern Army's supplies, we have another more important mission. Every single person on that list must be exterminated. Only then will we be able to successfully create chaos in Doveston. Nina may be cowardly, but her words are not without reason. We must exercise caution in our subsequent plans."

"Yes!" With both hands on their thighs, everyone in Team Oracle lowered their heads and responded in unison.

Meanwhile, fifty miles from the south bank of River Onxy in Kransbay, Horbah, the Eastern Army was gathering around the river.

Sitting in the makeshift command center, Karl was grim, with a terrifying look in his eyes.

On the screen in front of him, a scene of Aidan resting against a chair could be clearly seen.

"Karl, why do you look so serious? You should be happy now that Doveston belongs to you." Aidan swirled the bottle of vodka in his hand and laughed heartily.

Karl's expression remained grim, with murderous intent in his eyes as he looked at Aidan. "Aidan, I'll be happier if you could make the Medved Army retreat three hundred miles now."

“How’s that possible?” Aidan sneered. “The entire north of River Onxy is Remdik’s territory. I am free to station my army anywhere; you have no power to interfere.”

Karl continued to look at Aidan without saying anything, but he was contemplating various strategies in his head.

With River Onxy as the border, the hundred and fifty thousand-strong Eastern Army and the hundred and thirty thousand-strong Medved Army were in a face-off once again.

Both armies were stationed fifty miles from the border—the ultimate threshold.

Back then, in the three-day battle of River Onxy, which resulted in more than seventy thousand deaths, the distance between both troops was exactly a hundred miles.

Hence, neither the Eastern Army led by Karl nor Aidan’s Medved Army dared to advance another step.

Once the threshold was crossed, it could potentially spark off a war.

This was the frightening aspect of modern military technology.

Of course, two troops firing shots at each other nearby could still inflict considerable damage.

But these two elite forces, highly ranked in the world, had achieved an incredible feat; extending the threshold to a hundred miles!

This was a situation where the soldiers did not even know what their enemies looked like but were yet able to execute them using the modernized weapons in their hands.

“I must say, Aidan, our collaboration is rather... intimate,” Karl scoffed coldly, chewing on a cigar. “Previously, you agreed to help me advance southwards after I gain control of Doveston. I’m wondering when you will fulfill that promise.”

“Don’t worry, Karl. Everything is proceeding according to plan. Just wait a while more,” Aidan responded with a hearty laugh.

Karl nodded, smiling lightly. “Well, let’s wait then. I believe by then; it’ll be the perfect time to act.”

“Relax, Karl. Our alliance is indestructible. Trust me, the whole of Chanaea will soon be in your hands.” Aidan raised his bottle of vodka, made a toast, and ended the video call.

Meanwhile, at the Medved Army camp, right after ending the video call with Karl, Aidan smashed the bottle of vodka onto the ground.

“Aidan, calm down. Don’t get yourself too agitated,” a woman with a seductive figure sporting a buzz cut said.

Aidan turned his head to look at her, his eyes filled with rage. “Natasha, reach out to our contact at Jetroina. If they’re still not able to cut off the Eastern Army’s supplies, then I’ll send them to hell!”