

The Legendary Man Chapter 652 -

Chapter 652 Head Of The Family

Back in the Osborne family's ancestral land on Wasahurst Mountains in Quadfield, Drieso, Mason lay in his rocking chair and watched as the wind dispersed the fog on the mountains idly.

A slightly plump Everett walked into the courtyard.

"Uncle Mason, Xavion has been sent to Doveston," he reported.

"Mm." Mason nodded and turned around to look at Everett.

"Everett, look at the fog in the mountain. Has it changed?"

Despite not knowing why Mason would pose that question to him, Everett knew that there must be a reason behind Mason's question.

Turning to the fog, Everett pondered for a moment before answering, "It looks the same as usual, but changes at all times."

"It looks the same as usual, but changes at all times," Mason repeated.

After repeating the same sentence a few times, Mason flashed a smile.

"Everett, your answer is perfect. Hmm, seems like I didn't teach you for years in vain," he announced cheerfully.

After a pause, he asked, "How long have you been with me? I mean, helping me deal with the family affairs."

As if sensing what he meant, Everett quickly replied, "It will be fifteen years a few days later."

"Fifteen years." Mason rose to his feet. "How many fifteen years in your life do you have? You worked hard for fifteen years but only managed to be an elder. The Osborne family owes you a lot."

Hearing his words, Everett gave a slight bow and came to him.

"Uncle Mason, please don't say that. I'm part of the Osborne family, too. Thus, it is my job to help you within my capabilities. After all, I do get to enjoy the benefits of being part of the Osborne family, right?"

Mason was clearly pleased with his reply. "Everett, I will make it up to you."

Everett quickly gave him a salute and said, "Uncle Mason, I dare not take merit."

Hearing that, Mason laughed and shook his head. "Don't say that. Jay is outside, right? Tell him to come on in."

"Of course."

Everett immediately landed his spiritual sense on Jay and vibrated it. Sensing the vibration, Jay lowered his head and hurried into the courtyard.

Jay was the young master of the main branch of the Osborne family and also the future successor of the family. Thus, he was adored by Mason, who he called "Grandpa."

Alas, after Mason realized what he did and chopped all his lovers into minced meat, he would tremble in fear whenever he saw Mason as though he was a rat who had seen a cat.

"Grandpa." After entering the courtyard, Jay didn't even dare to raise his head and promptly got on his knees in front of Mason. "Grandpa, I'm sorry. I won't do it again—"

Before he could finish, Mason cut in and announced, "I don't mix business with personal affairs. I summoned you here today to talk about business. Call me Old Mr. Osborne."

Mason sounded calm, but Jay felt as though his energy had been depleted.

He knew right then that his grandfather would never summon him for personal affairs anymore.

Nevertheless, he had no other choice.

Tears streamed down his cheeks and fell to the ground.

Gritting his teeth, Jay balled up his fists and greeted, "Greetings, Old Mr. Osborne. May I know why you summoned me here?"

Seeing their actions, Everett let out a long sigh.

Jay was his nephew whom he had watched grow up. In fact, Everett didn't hold back in nurturing Jay.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect that Jay would turn out this way.

Mason gazed at Jay. "Jay, I want to help you hide the truth, but no secret can remain hidden forever. Many people in the family already know about your matters," he revealed.

Jay's face turned pale as he slumped to the ground.

Seeing that, Mason let out an icy snort.

“Fortunately, your Uncle Everett cleaned up after you. Those who knew about your matters have been killed by his men. There is no evidence lying around.”

At once, Jay crawled to Mason on his knees. “Grandpa, I won’t do that anymore. I shall stay by your side in the ancestral grounds to learn from you. I won’t leave your side.”

Since the evidence was gone, Jay assumed that a lid had been put over the matter.

He had no idea Mason would use his spiritual energy to send him flying five to six meters away.

“It’s too late,” Mason declared calmly. “Jay, do you think the Osborne family members are fools? Even if there isn’t sufficient evidence, do you think everyone else will choose not to trust the rumor?”

Jay collapsed to the ground as fear crept up his heart.

“Grandpa, what should I do? What should I do?”

“What should you do?” Mason glanced at the fog and sighed.

“You might be the firstborn son, but after what happened, you won’t be able to convince everyone. From today onward, you are no longer the head of the family.”

After a pause, he ordered coldly, “Everett.”

Everett put on a solemn expression and went to Mason in a respectful manner. “Yes, I am here.”

“Today, as the eighty-ninth head of the Osborne family, I hereby appoint you, Everett Osborne, as the successor to my position. If anything happens to me, you’ll take over the Osborne family. My order will take effect today and will be relayed to all core members of the family by tonight.”

“Uncle Mason...” Everett was confused.

He did not expect to be the next head of the family as he was just an insignificant figure in the family.

“Accept my order!” Mason roared.

Hearing that, Everett straightened his back and got on his knees.

“I, Everett Osborne, member of the one hundred and seventy-eighth generation of the Osborne family, accept your order!” he replied.

With that, Jay’s era had ended before it could even begin.

When Everett stood up, Mason seemed to have aged instantly.

The head of the Osborne family would often pass on the baton to his grandchild. Among the hundreds of patriarchs, only two didn't hand over the position to their closest relatives, and Mason was the third to do so.

He had no other choice.

After everyone learned about Jay's doings, if the branches refused to listen to him, no one would be able to control them after Mason's death. By then, the Osborne family would be doomed.

If someone used that as an excuse to launch an attack on Jay, he would die for sure. Mason was vicious and sensible enough to make Everett his successor.

His decision could also protect Jay. Jay might not be the next head of the family, but he could lead a peaceful life as a normal member of the family.

Even after Mason's death, Everett would remember how Mason appointed him as his successor and protect Jay on his behalf.

There was only so much Mason could do as Jay's grandfather.

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Chapter 653 The Plan

"Old Mr. Osborne..."

Feeling incredulous, Jay widened his eyes in disbelief at Mason.

"No, I should be the head of the family! It is my right!" Jay said.

"Stop!"

Everett lifted his right hand, and his strong spiritual energy immobilized Jay within his force field.

Everett was the most rational man in the Osborne family. As such, even if he was subduing Jay, Mason made no protest and let the latter do as he saw fit.

At the moment, Jay couldn't move a single muscle or talk. However, there was an unmistakable look of indignance in his bloodshot eyes.

Everett let out a sigh.

"Jay, I know that you must think that I've snatched your position as the head of the family away from you. However, I want you to think carefully about your grandfather's

intention. If he continues to support you to assume the position, will you be able to repress those who stand against you in doubt? If you can't subdue them, what do you think will happen to you then?"

Everett did not elaborate further after that.

After all, some words were better left unsaid.

If Everett said nothing else, Mason would turn out to be a man who had the Osborne family's best priorities at heart by annulling his own line and supporting Everett. Meanwhile, Everett would return the favor by protecting Jay in the future.

However, if Everett chose to put it all out on the table, Mason would become a scheming man who was trying to protect his own bloodline by promoting Everett, who was on his side.

Whether or not Everett chose to put all cards on the table would spell different intentions for everyone involved in the situation.

Fortunately, though Jay was hysterical from losing his position as the head of the family, his sense of rationality was still intact.

Everett's words made him fall into deep thought.

After a few minutes, Jay slowly blinked his eyes.

Seeing that, Everett waved his hand to dissipate the spiritual energy he used to control the young man.

Jay slumped to the floor. Immediately afterward, he crawled over to Mason's side and kneeled before his grandfather.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Jay banged his head against the floor forcefully three times, and when he lifted his head, his forehead was a bloody mess.

"Thank you, Grandpa! Thank you, Uncle Everett! I understand now..."

Mason leaned back in his chair after hearing that.

"Jay, if you wish to stand your ground in our family and not get dragged down by others, or at least not get stabbed in the back by others, your cultivation level has to be God Realm, at least. You have much to learn from your uncle," Mason commented.

"Yes, Grandpa," replied Jay in a choking voice.

“Get up,” Mason said impassively.

Knowing that his nephew was drained of his energy, Everett secretly helped him to stand with his spiritual energy. Thankful for his uncle’s support, Jay turned to nod at him.

Meanwhile, Mason spoke again.

“Everett, what’s your opinion on what’s going on in Yaleview?”

Everett frowned slightly when he noticed Mason turning his attention back on himself.

He knew that the latter would not talk of making him the successor of the patriarch of the Osborne family lightly.

Everett reckoned that the old man would ask his opinion on any matters from then onward to groom him to become the true patriarch of the Osborne family.

He mulled over it for some time before saying, “The fact that the Salladay family has worked together with Wilbur to kill Joshua has not only changed the power dynamics in the mundane world, but also the power dynamics of the eight respectable families. The Salladays are now the head of the eight respectable families. The massacre of the Whitley family over a decade ago has surely served as a stark reminder of their potential demise should the seven other respectable families rise up against them.”

Everett paused before he continued, “This mission this time, including the combined forces of us and six other respectable families, will surely target Karl from Eastern Army, or even the other seven kings of Asura’s Office, or even the foreign army to bring balance to the current power dynamic.”

Jay took a few nervous gasps when he heard Everett’s words, and he deliberately lowered his head.

Even respectable families seldom talked of the foreign army.

After all, no matter how the eight respectable families fought for dominance with Asura’s Office of Yaleview, it was an inner power struggle of Chanaea. However, they would be considered committing treason should it ever involve a foreign army.

The notion was prohibited under all circumstances. Even if the respectable families could not care less about the power succession of the royalty, they knew talks of the foreign army were the bottom line.

Respectable families could only thrive if Chanaea was at peace.

The survival of respectable families would be hanging by a thread if the sovereignty of the country was threatened.

Mason nodded slightly as he listened to Everett’s analysis.

“Good, but it’s not good enough,” Mason said after taking a sip of tea.

“Firstly, if anyone dares to work with a foreign army, it will give the other respectable families the perfect justification to wage war. Nobody’s that stupid. Secondly, only Asura’s Office and Karl’s Eastern Army are able to hold off six hundred thousand Yaleview Army. Other Kings of War under Asura’s office, notably Dorian and Zachary, have suffered severe injuries. Even if they were all working together, they’re all but five Grandmaster Realm cultivators. That is nothing up against respectable families like us. As for the army under their command, they’re not powered by high technology, unlike Eastern Army. So, they are no rival against Yaleview Army. So, you can give up on your notion of roping in Kings of War. Well, that is unless you’re confident that you could rope in at least three Kings of War, alongside their armies, to rally to our cause.”

Three Kings of War, he said?

Everett felt powerless when he heard the number.

These Kings of War had only joined forces with Jonathan because they were against respectable families. Even Karl, who had removed himself from Asura’s Office, was an uncertainty, much less the others.

It would be easier to kill the armies than to change their minds.

“Uncle Everett, so there’s nothing we can do to stop the Salladay family from expanding?” Jay asked.

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Mason snickered.

“Eight years ago, the Master of Annihilation from the west prophesized the ending of our eight respectable families. Either there would be three remaining strong ones, or there would be only one left standing. Now, I finally see the rationale behind his words. However, the best way to keep the Yaleview Army in line is to work together with our arch enemy, Asura’s Office.”

“Asura’s Office...” Everett cast a doubtful glance at Mason and said, “Uncle Mason, Jonathan has killed Garrison, and Jay has nearly killed Jonathan’s aunt. I see no way to resolve this blood feud.”

“Who said we’re going to resolve this?” Mason said as a murderous glint fled across his eyes.

“What we need now is not a partner who can play on a level field with us. In fact, we just need a dog that obeys us. The Yaleview Goldstein family has been exiled to Gronga on the orders of Jonathan, right? Send two Grandmaster Realm cultivators and an army to seize control of them. Since Xavion has gone to Doveston to look for Karl, send Pentonius and Alan both to Edenic Heights in Jadeborough City to abduct Jonathan’s wife. Jay, you shall lead them in this operation,” Mason said.

“Understood,” Jay hurriedly replied.

A look of hatred filled his eyes.

If it weren't for Jonathan, he would not have lost the succession right of the patriarchy of his family. It was all because of Jonathan's scheme that he lost his birthright. Hence, he vowed to avenge himself in this operation.

Jay was still oblivious to the fact that the aphrodisiac that he ingested was concocted by Joshua.

He was still blaming everything on Jonathan.

However, just when he was thinking of his plans to avenge himself, Mason's voice rang again.

“Jay, I've ordered you to lead the operation because I'm trying to use Jonathan's wife as a pawn to make him submit to us. However, if you go over the line and offend him further, steering us further from our cause, please do us a favor and kill yourself. Your uncle and I will do our best to protect you, but you really do not have many chances left to prove yourself.”

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Chapter 654 Secret Realm

Meanwhile, in Harfush, Sirmoor City, Hades' Harfush headquarters was in a chaotic mess.

“Right now, the whole intelligence network of Chanaea, other than Horbah, has been cleared. I'm going to give you guys twenty-four hours. I don't care if you use satellites, drones, or send humans deep into the mountains. Find me the waterfall! I'm not asking you to find a freaking water bubble. It's a waterfall over a hundred meters, for goodness' sake! Be prepared to get punished if the lot of you fail to find it!” Hades berated on the phone.

Meanwhile, the intel department was frantically diverting satellites to locate the waterfall.

As for why this frenzy was happening, it was caused by a phone call from Jonathan.

At the moment, Jonathan was looking at the Heaven Sword in a mansion.

In the battle earlier, he almost died from a fall due to his being pulled into the imaginary realm of the sword.

Even if he was much stronger than an ordinary person, the fall from a dozen levels' height still took a toll on him.

Zebedee and two other Grandmaster Realm cultivators from Jetroina had long absconded.

It would be akin to finding a needle in a haystack to locate them now.

Cultivators like them could easily find some unfortunate men and kill them to reside in their bodies.

Even if they were stranded in the suburbs, given their cultivation level, it would be a piece of cake to survive.

To find them, Jonathan would need someone who could turn the whole Terrandya province around in a short time. However, it was impossible to do so.

Meanwhile, Nina lay motionless on a couch aside.

After ingesting so many laxatives, even an advanced phase Grandmaster Realm cultivator like her would not be able to take it. She was drained of all her energy as she slumped against the couch.

Beside her, Geoffrey was seated in front of a spacious desk.

It was obviously a meeting room desk, fit to seat around twenty to thirty people.

However, there were ten monitors floating above the desk.

Every monitor was displaying footage from multiple surveillance cameras or some encrypted chats. There were faces flashing on two of the monitors as well.

It looked very professional and futuristic.

Meanwhile, over a dozen oldest models of Nokia phones were on the table. Every one of them was distinctly marked.

A ping of notification rang, and Geoffrey approached Jonathan with a tablet in his hand.

"Mr. Goldstein, the number of casualties at Grand Hotel has been finalized. Please take a look," Geoffrey said.

Jonathan took over the tablet.

Fifty four deaths and thirty eight injured.

Though the number may be a bit painful to look at, the casualty was actually minimal.

If Jonathan had chosen to stop and save the people at Grand Hotel when Zebedee and the other Grandmaster Realm cultivators were on their killing spree, he reckoned that the death toll could reach over a hundred.

“Mr. Goldstein, I just hacked into the information system at the airport, and I can’t find any information on Zebedee and the others’ entry. Could it be that they’re using fake names?”

“I don’t think so,” Jonathan said impassively as he tossed the tablet aside.

“Zebedee’s Team Oracle enjoys high honor at Jetroina, especially Zebedee. He has been anointed the holy master by the king of Jetroina. The honor binds them to their names. On top of the arrogance of Jetroinians, it is unlikely that they’re lying,” Jonathan commented.

He furrowed his brows slightly as he recalled the way Zebedee presented himself.

“If the names aren’t right, they must have changed their identities prior to entering the country. We could just match their faces in the surveillance camera footage. Even if it’s not the most efficient method, it is the best way to find out when they entered the borders and the people who welcomed them,” Jonathan ordered.

“Understood!”

Geoffrey turned back to his seat.

Meanwhile, Nina, who was seated opposite Jonathan was as pale as a sheet of paper.

If Zebedee and the others had never shown their faces, Nina was confident that she could eradicate all their traces.

However, since they had shown themselves, it would only take a moment for the computers to pull out the information about their entry into the country from the immigration system.

On top of that, even her whereabouts would also be leaked. To make matters worse, she was also locked out of her spiritual energy. If Jonathan found out about her true identity, he would not hesitate to kill her.

I have to find a way out of here!

Nina felt apprehensive as she looked at Jonathan who was seated just opposite her.

However, Jonathan could not care less about Nina right then.

It was not that he did not doubt her, he just didn’t think she was worth the trouble.

As a Superior Realm cultivator, she couldn't even concentrate her force field. Jonathan wouldn't even need to lift a finger to immobilize her.

Right then, his thoughts were focused on the Heaven Sword in his hand.

The sword had shown three anomalies so far.

The latest anomaly had cemented Jonathan's surmise that the sword was no plaything.

It was as if the setting in the imaginary realm was guiding him forward.

The most bizarre thing was when the mysterious person who appeared when he entered the imaginary realm the second time could actually communicate with him.

This time, Jonathan was finally able to pinpoint a landmark in the realm—the waterfall.

It was a hundred-meter-tall waterfall. It was nothing too impressive, but he reckoned there would be at least a name or a record of a waterfall within the mountains.

Jonathan decided to check it out if he could locate the place.

The mysterious person had surrounded him with a formation of mountains.
Who is he?

At a deserted mansion in Marsingfill province of Tellmoore City, a man dressed like a beggar was huddled in a corner as he wolfed down a bowl of instant noodles.

Cough, cough...

A violent cough made the man puke his mouthful of instant noodles. However, the noodles were stained red.

He wiped away the blood on his nose and brushed the ring on his right hand, and a bottle of water appeared in his hand.

The man tilted his head backward and gulped down half the water in the bottle. Then, he leaned back against the wall and let out a huge sigh.

"Ancestors, the Secret Realm will open soon. I will retrieve the item and return the Whitley family to its former glory at Chanaea."

The man was none other than Joshua, who managed to abscond from the fight with Wilbur and Eva last time.

Joshua had managed to garner the trust of eight respectable families by groveling at their feet for all these years. He finally ascended to the position of commander, and everything was in place for him to avenge his family.

He was the final seed left over by Herman. However, nobody had expected that someone left over by the Whitleys would dare to openly show himself in front of the eight respectable families.

The respectable families were looking to balance the power dynamic between them, afraid that any one of them would gain power over the other if any one of them was the commander.

Joshua utilized the downfall of the Whitley family, and the other families' laxity to become the puppet of the eight respectable families.

The eight families wiped out the Whitley family, and yet Joshua buttered up to them. Hence, they didn't see Joshua as a threat, and he was viewed as the perfect figure to bring balance to the power dynamic of the eight great families.

After a decade of trial and tests of his loyalty, Joshua finally seized control of Zedfield.

Joshua thought he would have the power to discuss with the eight respectable families once he seized control of the Yaleview Army.

However, he had underestimated one person—Wilbur Xanthos.