

## The Legendary Man Chapter 687 -

### Chapter 687 Design

Even an adult would struggle to handle parasites living in their body while bearing two blood curses, much less a child.

Due to Kathleen's protection, the bewitching powder didn't affect Killian.

Therefore, he was completely aware of what was happening to him.

Blood kept dripping from his nose, though his pale countenance remained expressionless.

He had experienced far too many tribulations as a seven-year-old.

At that moment, he knew his life was under the control of those three adults, and whether they wanted to save or kill him depended wholly on what benefits they might gain from either act.

Due to Stellario's suggestion, Kathleen and Winston were holding back from doing anything.

After all, they absolutely didn't have the right to decide whether a tripartite alliance should be established.

The only people who could make the decisions were their family heads back in Chanaea.

"All right, then. Since you two don't oppose the idea, the three of us need to help each other out from now on to ensure no other families can get their hands on the boy."

Kathleen spoke while grinning at Killian kindly, as though she didn't just put a blood curse on him.

Meanwhile, Winston turned his attention in another direction.

"Something's not right. The secret technique of bestialization is something only a handful of sects in Chanaea know how to perform. It's a forbidden technique that only very skillful users can utilize, so why does it seem like everyone in Remdik can use it? Also, did you two notice an extremely weak spiritual sense sweeping past here earlier? I think something odd is going on."

"You don't say." The parasites on Stellario's palm fell onto the ground like corpses.

"Since Remdik's forces have found this ship, we aren't safe here. We need to leave as soon as possible."

"That's right." Kathleen pulled Killian's hand, preparing to leave. "I believe Karl can most likely locate the tracking device in our possession. If we want to shake off the other families, we can't travel on our planned route and must find our own way back to Chanaea instead."

The other two agreed with her statement. However, just as they were about to leave, Kathleen stopped.

They turned around and saw Killian pulling her arm with all his might.

“It’s dangerous here, Killian.” Smiling at the boy, she continued, “Come with me. I’ll take you back to Chanaea to see your father.”

“I’m young, not dumb,” Killian spat.

His words startled the trio, especially when they saw the dagger in the boy’s right hand. A strange feeling surfaced in their hearts.

The boy continued, “All of you only want to use me to threaten my dad. If you don’t bring my mom along, I’ll find a way to kill myself, and all of you will fail to achieve your goal.” Once again, the trio was shocked.

Among all the contrasting extremes, there were a few who were really terrifying in modern society, one of them was Killian who looked just as cute as a porcelain doll.

Even though he was seven years old, which many regarded as an age of innocence, he was speaking calmly while holding a dagger.

The three adults were God Realm cultivators, capable of manipulating the boy’s life with only a single thought. Thus, a threat like that was completely useless against them.

Yet, for some reason, when they met his eyes, they felt a chill run down their spines.

“I see that you’ve never been beaten before.” As Stellario spoke, he remotely controlled the parasites in Killian’s body.

Suddenly, the boy’s face reddened unnaturally.

In response, Killian lifted the dagger and stabbed it in his chest.

“Stop!” Kathleen uttered softly and used a small amount of spiritual energy to seal Killian’s movements.

As the trio stared at the dagger hanging in the air, they frowned. This dagger is real! He’s not kidding about taking his own life!

“You handle the woman. I’ll grab the boy.” Winston pointed at the unconscious Layla before throwing Killian’s dagger away.

Kathleen cooperatively used a technique to lift Layla’s body into the air before leaping outside.

Meanwhile, Killian's line of sight remained affixed on his mother as he was grabbed by Winston.

The three cultivators could've never imagined the consequences they would incur fifteen years after their attempt at benefiting their families.

Killian was only seven years old at the moment.

In the future, he would almost destroy the world he came to hate due to his experiences as a boy.

In the middle of Redlington woods, four men were toasting each other in a white command car.

Aidan, Alexander, and Antoine were sitting leisurely at the side, facing a man with sideburns who was smoking a cigar.

"Thanks for helping us out of this tricky situation, Vicador." Aiden grinned.

Concurrently, Vicador pressed his cigar into his glass of wine. "You should know that the tsar is very dissatisfied with this operation, Aidan. Snow Wolf Army, Glacier Army, and Arctic Army had arrived at Calvico. We've gathered millions of soldiers for you to start a war, not for you lot to meet him in private for a fight!"

"You must understand something, Vicador. It's not that we don't want to start the war, but the problem is Mr. Ivanov and Jonathan have a contract—"

"Bullsh\*t!" Vicador slammed his hand on the table, causing a bottle of vodka to explode. "If you lot hadn't privately promised to meet with Jonathan, we would be standing on Horbah right now!"

The atmosphere in the car promptly turned awkward.

In order to protect the three people who acted recklessly, Ivanov promised Jonathan that there wouldn't be a war for 6 months. That directly undermined the deployment plan of Remdik's army.

Antoine once again poured Vicador's glass to the brim with alcohol. "Calm down, Vicador. There's nothing we can do about the situation now. As for the tsar, I'll let my great-grandfather handle him. Right now, we need to eliminate the Chanaean cultivators who had sneaked into Remdik."

Upon emptying the glass, Vicador blurted, "You may have come from a renowned family, Mr. Antoine, but you should still do your job well in the army. Don't cause any more trouble. The tsar's wrath isn't something Mr. Ivanov can handle."

Antoine stared at the slightly drunk Vicador for a while before nodding. "I understand."

In response, Vicador took a bite of a sausage, knowing there was nothing more to say when Antoine was acting like that.

“Relax. Charleigh’s troops have their eyes on them already. Once those Chanaean cultivators arrive at Redlington, they’ll be dead for sure.” As Vicador spoke, someone relayed a report in an urgent tone outside of the vehicle.

“General Vicador, Medev ran aground near Fort Kepesberg at Lerner River. Our men caught a few Chanaea soldiers, but everyone else is dead.”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 688 -

### Chapter 688 Rage

In the middle of a windy valley, three huge campfires were crackling and burning.

The fires, reaching higher than a meter tall, swayed in the breeze. A few sparks rapidly dispersed in the sky.

Jonathan and Karl were sitting in the middle of those three fires on a tree stump, eating roasted bear meat.

“Based on our speed, I’d say we’ll reach Redlington in half a day at the earliest,” Karl informed as he studied the digital map in his hand.

Jonathan was holding a roasted bear leg with a stick as he took a big bite of the crispy golden meat.

“No wonder Remdikians’ bodies are so strong.” As he chewed, he said, “It would be weirder for them not to be as strong as they are since they eat bear meat every day and live in a climate that’s thirty to forty-degree Celsius below freezing point.”

“Mr. Goldstein, Remdikians don’t eat bear meat daily.” Karl turned to him with a somewhat resigned look.

Jonathan was famous for being a glutton during previous campaigns. Whenever he arrived at a new location, he would eat plenty of local cuisines and anything he could hunt in the wild.

According to their estimations, their chances of ensuring Killian and Layla’s safety would be maximized if they could reach Redlington before any of the eight great families. However, that was a very unlikely possibility.

On top of everyone being at least a Divine Realm cultivator, Stellario and the others had an almost ten-hour head start. Hence, it wouldn’t be easy for Karl and Jonathan to catch up to them.

When Karl looked at his tracker, he saw Stellario's group had captured Killian and Layla.

While it would be more difficult for him to demand his loved ones back later on, he felt much relieved at the same time.

After all, he wouldn't need to worry about his wife's and son's safety when they were protected by three God Realm experts.

"Where do you plan to settle Killian and Layla after you rescue them?" Jonathan asked.

Karl was slightly stunned. I get what he's saying. He's asking me to prepare for my death. While he's usually pretty carefree, he always keeps his word. Since he said he'd kill me, that's what he'll do. In fact, I'm pretty sure he'll lop my head off the moment I settle Killian and Layla down at a safe place. "Mr. Goldstein, I know I caused the death of more than fifty thousand comrades—"

"It's more than that," Jonathan said blandly.

"Your decisions set off a series of problems, starting from the fall of Northern Crimson Prison to the Mysonna Army losing its supplies and retreating. Fifty thousand people died, and that's not even including the deaths of twenty thousand prisoners.

"When Zaidham Army and Northern Army went to Mysonna to help, nearly thirty thousand of our allies died, even though more than a hundred thousand of our enemies were slain.

"Then, when you betrayed Asura's Office, you allowed Remdik and Jetroina to rampage in Doveston. As a result, many intelligence officers and spies, who had spent years in Remdik, were dead, maybe around four to five thousand in total. I didn't count in detail.

"Because of your actions, the respectable families were untouched, Yaleview's army didn't lose even a single soldier, and nearly a hundred thousand members in Asura's Office were dead. That is why you must die no matter what."

In response, Karl lowered his head in shame. "I know ten thousand deaths won't even be enough to atone for my sins, but I have a request, Mr. Golding. Can you let me die in the battle against respectable families instead of your hands? I won't be able to pass at peace otherwise."

Smiling at Karl, Jonathan questioned, "What do you think our relationship with Asura's Office is, Karl?"

"Relationship?" Slightly stunned, Karl answered, "We created Asura's Office together, so I'd say we're its founder and foundation."

He wasn't exaggerating. While Jonathan was the one who suggested the formation of Asura's Office, it didn't come into being until after Hades pulled the seven other Kings of War to join the organization.

It could be said that, without any one of their presence, Asura's Office might not be in operation until the present.

However, when Jonathan heard Karl's answer, he shook his head. "You're right, but that's exactly what I want to talk to you about. Our greatest relationship with Asura's Office is that we don't have any."

Looking at the puzzled expression on Karl's countenance, Jonathan removed a long sword. "Take this sword, for example. A blacksmith crafted this and sharpened it to perfection. However, does it cease to be a sword once it leaves the blacksmith's hand? No, it doesn't."

By the time Karl turned his line of sight back to Jonathan from the sword, there was already a bitter smile on his face. "I understand what you're saying, Mr. Goldstein. The battle against respectable families is inevitable, so it doesn't matter if I'm there or not." "That's exactly what I mean." Jonathan returned the weapon to its sheath. "Asura's Office is a machine of war. It'll keep operating regardless of who leaves. Do you think it'll stop battling against respectable families just because you left? Relax, I'll still do these things even after killing you. No one can escape their punishment just because they're still useful."

Still wearing a bitter smile, Karl nodded. "Seems like we'll have to duke it out when the time comes."

"You can't defeat me." Chuckling, Jonathan grabbed a bottle of wine. Before the bottle could even reach his lips, he halted his movements and lowered his head to look at the GPS tracker sitting on the tree stump.

Then, he put the bottle down and picked up the device, staring at it with confusion.

"Karl, the symbol over here on Lerner River is a bridge, right?"

"Yes, it's Meteyev Bridge," Karl replied.

"Did you change the scale of the map? Why do I feel like the distance between those four signals and the bridge hadn't changed at all?"

In response, Karl put the bear meat in his hand down and grabbed his tracking device.

As he stared at it, his expression turned grim.

Nine signal terminals were connected to his device, which tracked the location of Sabino from Blood Squad and members of six respectable families. The remaining two were left idling in the camp.

When he observed the relative position of all the signals earlier, he deliberately adjusted the scale so it would be one to fifty kilometers.

However, at that moment, the remaining three signals were moving toward Redlington.

Meanwhile, the signals tracking the location of Stellario and the other three, which were previously moving at the fastest speed as they were supposed to be on a boat, hadn't budged even a millimeter.

Something's wrong! Karl promptly stood and rushed ahead.

Behind him, Jonathan slammed his palm on the mountain wall with a ball of spiritual energy.

Large chunks of snow rolled down the mountain due to the movement and buried the blazing campfires.

Jonathan understood Karl's feelings because Josephine was once kidnapped by the Osborne family. No matter how I deal with Karl later on, I must rescue Killian and Layla. After all, I'm already in Remdik. If our enemies still manage to secure victory, then I will become a joke as Asura.

Both he and Karl traveled through the wind and snow as fast as they possibly could. Those who dared to hurt Killian, whether they were members of respectable families or cultivators from Remdik, would suffer the wrath of two fathers.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 689 -

### Chapter 689 Their Intentions

The moment Aidan and the others boarded Medev, they smelled blood.

Dismembered corpses were strewn all across the floor. Some had rotten flesh, while others only had their bones left intact. The aftermath of the battle alone was enough for them to imagine how cruel and violent the fight was.

Vicador picked up a severed arm that was somewhat frozen solid. "This tattoo is the symbol of Charleigh's corps. If they encountered the enemies, why didn't any of them report the situation to us earlier?"

"Charleigh is an outsider, after all. He's not trying to do anything stupid, is he?" Aidan muttered as he swept his gaze past the corpses.

He was the typical Remdik supremacist.

Back when Charleigh joined them, Aidan vehemently opposed the idea. At the side, Antoine frowned and gestured for Aidan to shut up. "Charleigh came to Remdik with special permission from the tsar. I have met him before. He's a crazy scientist who doesn't care much about background or nationality. In fact, he'll pledge his loyalty to anyone who is willing to fund his research, so don't run your mouth."

In response, Antoine scoffed and remained silent.

After all, he was recently saved by Aidan's elder. Hence, he couldn't bring himself to do anything that would cause a falling out.

When the group arrived at the cargo bay, they grimaced at the chunks of flesh on the floor.

"Chanaeans are so vicious! They actually slaughtered everyone on the ship!" Alexander sighed.

However, Vicador sneered, "This isn't anything shocking. If we defeat Chanaea's forces, we can massacre everyone in Horbah as vengeance. What war doesn't involve wanton death?"

It only took a few sentences for a group of people who didn't get along with each other well to make the atmosphere tense.

Meanwhile, more than a dozen people emerged from under the cargo bay floor. They were hoisting Two and the others. "Sir, only eight of them are still alive on the ship, but we can't wake them up."

Alexander stepped toward Sabino and grabbed the latter's collar.

After he injected spiritual energy into Sabino's body, he was shocked. "His body is filled with parasites, but all are dead. It's possible they were all poisoned."

Upon hearing his words, Aidan's group promptly examined Two and the others. They were relieved to discover that, aside from Sabino, everyone else's bodies were doing fine and could be woken up with fairly conventional methods.

"General, these are the military-grade locators we found next to them. It seems like whoever came for a rescue intentionally left them behind," the soldier reported.

Vicador examined the locators before waving his hand. "I want them to spill out everything they know. Make it happen by any means necessary."

That short order basically sealed Sabino and the others' fates.

The art of interrogation, which included many methods of torturing people, never stopped developing over the span of thousands of years. In modern times, even drugs and technologies were utilized in the process.

That was especially the case for Remdik, who only cared about results. It was easy to imagine how cruel their approaches were when there was no mouth their intelligence officers couldn't pry open.

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As night descended upon the world, Jonathan prevented Karl from rushing down the crest of the mountain east of Redlington's pier.

"Stop moving! Look at that tree ahead," he informed as he pressed half of Karl's body into the snow.

Gritting his teeth, Karl stared ahead and finally saw a thumb-sized pen-like object hidden in the tree.

"It's an infrared alarm network. Use spiritual sense to scan every inch of the ground ahead of us, including everything under the snow," Jonathan reminded again.

Upon giving up his struggle, Karl expanded his spiritual sense forward and instantly mapped out everything in front of him in his mind.

For at least a hundred meters ahead of them, there were thirty-eight of those infrared sensors, and the ground was blanketed with mines. Each mine was connected by thin, sharp wires.

If one of the wires were tripped, it would cause a chain explosion.

While the explosions might not necessarily be lethal, their deadly force wasn't something the duo dared to underestimate.

After all, cultivators were only tougher than ordinary people. They weren't immune to all forms of damage.

"Killian and Layla's signals originate from below. I can't stop here," Karl uttered with gritted teeth as he lay in the snow.

Jonathan was also lying in the snow as he gazed at the sky. "The signals moved a short distance two hours ago before its movements halted there. According to your descriptions, Stellario, Kathleen, and Winston have a high cultivation level. Even if they couldn't defeat any Remdik forces they encountered, they could at least flee, right? Why did their signals stay at the same spot for hours, then? And why did they show up at Redlington's military base?"

Still gritting his teeth, Karl growled, "I don't give a d\*mn. I only know that my wife and child may be down there and I have to rescue them—"

Before he could finish, Jonathan pressed a snowball on his face and uttered frigidly, "You're getting too worried. I'm calming you down. On the way here, I thought about the most likely reason the signals hadn't moved for so long, and I think I know why. They discarded their locators. After all, Stellario and the others also have to guard against attacks from others. But let's say Killian and Layla really are down there, and they have been captured by Remdik's army. If they aren't dead, then there's nothing you need to worry about. However, if they are, you're not going to change anything by recklessly charging in there! That's why what you need to do is calm down right now!"

It was hard to tell whether the snowball or Jonathan's words was the thing that calmed Karl down as he flipped over and stared down the mountain after that. "Fine, we'll do as we initially planned. First, we'll create a distraction. Then, we'll capture someone to help us sneak in."

"You finally remember how to fight strategically," Jonathan joked.

Moments later, they left as though they had never appeared at that spot before.

Unbeknownst to Jonathan and Karl, three other people were gazing at the brightly lit Redlington military base at the top of the mountain from a mountain peak across.

"Are you sure they'll be here, Morris?" a bear-like man wearing the skin of a mink asked behind a rock.

He was Sirius from the Blackwood family.

Morris stuffed a snowball into his mouth to quench his thirst before assuring, "Don't worry. There's no way Karl won't come when his child's signal is here."

Upon turning to Sirius, he reminded, "When we execute our plan later, you two would better not be a burden. If we kill Jonathan, we'd have removed half the obstacles laid for respectable families. Therefore, this isn't the time for mistakes."

Initially, they entered Remdik to rescue Karl's family. Somehow, both their families received news that Jonathan had also stepped into the country. Hence, both the Welsh family and the Blackwood family adjusted the plan.

The Welsh family was one of the weaker families among the eight. Knowing they couldn't get the kind of support the Salladay family and the Osborne family received, they wanted to destroy Asura's Office. That way, the remaining seven armies under Asura's Office would be reshuffled.

The eight families would enact their plans eventually, so they definitely would choose to do it again. That way, it would help balance the power of every faction and allow them to take a breather.

Xavion, who was staying in the distance, and Sirius already knew Jonathan was being threatened by the Osborne family.

They were aware of who they would attack once everything was set in motion.