

The Legendary Man Chapter 1181 -

Chapter 1181 Power From Another Country

“Hey!” Winston wielded his saber and stood up gradually.

Behind Winston, five God Realm cultivators emerged from their tents and positioned themselves around Savannah and her people.

Savannah’s expression changed when she saw Winston and the rest.

All these years, she had the opportunity to accompany the tsar due to her family connections.

Remdik, being a country densely populated with cultivators, had a system where all cultivators served under the authority of the tsar. In contrast, their neighboring country, Chanaea, posed a more challenging environment for cultivation.

As a result, the world of cultivation remained largely inaccessible to ordinary individuals.

That was why Savannah had never paid much attention to Chanaea since she started learning more about the country.

In fact, it was not hard to comprehend why she held such a perception toward Chanaea. Savannah was well aware that even someone like Joshua, who held the position of commander-in-chief, faced challenges in breaking free from the influence exerted by the eight respectable families.

Furthermore, Asura’s Office and the Yaleview Army, who commanded an army of over two million soldiers, were only led by two God Realm cultivators.

All these observations eventually developed Savannah’s perception of the mysterious ancient Chanaea.

At the Kremalos Palace in Saspiuburg, Savannah had repeatedly questioned the tsar about why he allowed Chanaea to flourish.

If the combined forces of Remdik from the eastern and western war zones were to unite and march southward, they could swiftly conquer nations like Merania and Chanaea, assimilating them into the expanding Remdikian Empire.

By achieving such a feat, the tsar would establish Remdik as a mega-powerful country, dominating the world stage and ascending to unparalleled heights of global influence and power.

When that day arrived, neither the West Epea Alliance, long-standing opponents of Remdik, nor Anglandur would stand a chance against the overwhelming might of Remdik.

This remarkable feat would not only leave an indelible mark on Remdik but also on the entire world history.

However, whenever Savannah brought up this topic, the tsar would dismiss her words with a dismissive smile.

As for the reason, there was only one. "You have no idea how scary Chanaea is."

That simple statement alone was not enough to convince Savannah.

However, it was only when she personally led her team on a mission to Chanaea that she truly realized the country's strength.

Within the international community, Chanaea's renowned cultivators were primarily limited to individuals such as Jonathan, Wilbur, Joshua, Karl, and a select few others. However, upon Savannah's arrival in Chanaea, she was taken aback by the sheer abundance of cultivators present in the country.

On the battlefield, individuals like Wilbur, Karl, and even Ksana, were all vying for military accomplishments.

After escaping from Wilbur's threat, Savannah and the rest followed the spiritual energy and arrived at the source of the spiritual energy tide.

However, just when they had discovered the chaos portal in the small world, they bumped into six God Realm cultivators. Damn it! Did we stir up a hornet's nest? Why are these God Realm cultivators everywhere?

Savannah could not comprehend how Chanaean cultivators managed to be so pervasive yet completely detached from the rest of the world.

The trio remained on high alert, carefully staring at Winston and his companions.

While Winton and his comrades did not possess the divine weapons wielded by Wilbur, their numerical superiority, being twice as many, posed a significant and potentially fatal threat to Savannah and her team.

“Winston Leeson?” Savannah asked while glaring at Winston.

Some of the Leesons were taken aback when Savannah called out Winston’s name. “How does this girl from Remdik know you? What have you been up to in Remdik? Did the girl you were flirting with come looking for you? Well, well, Winston, not bad!”

The group of men stationed outside the chaos portal of the small world were cultivators from the Leeson family, kept hidden from the public eye.

In terms of seniority, some of them were even several generations older than Winston.

However, within the long-established lineage of the Leeson family, the concept of rigid seniority based on blood ties had become less significant. They interacted more like friends.

The men from Doveston were known for their boldness, and since they shared the same ancestry, Winston did not mind their playful banter.

As they teased him, Winston, who rarely showed signs of embarrassment, blushed. “*Fck off, you bstards*. I wouldn’t even consider looking for a woman as thin as a stick who can’t even bear a child!”

Savannah could understand the Chanaean language to some extent, but she could only grasp basic conversations.

When Winston spoke with his strong accent, it was difficult for her to fully understand.

However, judging by the reactions of those around her, Savannah could sense that the men in front of her were speaking in a disrespectful manner.

She chuckled and said, “Winston, I knew who you were because you and a few others from the respected families had ventured into the eastern part of Remdik before.”

“And?” Before Winston could speak, one of the Leeson men, a towering figure standing at two meters tall, interjected from beside Savannah.

“Why do you think you’re the only one privileged enough to know about Winston’s background? Many people are aware of who he is. I don’t care if you’re a woman. You’re in Doveston now, not Remdik, so be careful with your words. Tell us why you’re here. If you can’t provide a convincing explanation, we’ll destroy you!”

On the tall man’s shoulder rested a massive scythe towering over a person’s height. The rust on the blade was evident, indicating that one swing of that scythe could lead to a tetanus infection if not immediate death.

After he spoke, the other Leeson family members no longer wished to engage in idle chatter. They swiftly gathered their spiritual energy, prepared to take action.

After all, the allied army of the Eastern War Zone of Remdik had already crossed the River Onxy and entered the northwestern part of Horbah.

With the country’s enemy at the forefront, the Leesons desired to contribute by protecting the borders.

Yet, at that moment, Winston suddenly uttered in a deep voice, “Guys, hold on!”

Setting aside their usual banter, Winston assumed a serious demeanor and spoke in his role as the person in charge of the Leeson family.

Upon hearing that, the Leesons halted in their tracks.

“What’s wrong, Winston?” The burly man turned his head to glance at Winston.

Winston lifted his gaze and shifted his focus to the southeast. “Calm down. The whole point of us being here, according to the family head, is not to start any fights with anyone. Plus, we’ve got more guests making their way toward us.”

Perplexed, the onlookers turned their gaze in the direction indicated by Winston, only to witness a glimmer of light rapidly approaching at the junction of the heavens and earth.

“An airplane?” grumbled the burly man wielding the scythe. “Is it someone from one of the respectable families coming to offer support?”

Winston shook his head in response. “There are only a few prestigious families in Chanaea, and they have all arrived. As for those ancient sects, the ones who were supposed to make an appearance have done so. And as for the others, knowing their personalities, they would probably prefer to make their way here on foot. After all, they want to maintain their saintly image. If someone is able to fly directly here by plane at this time, it’s likely not from the power of Chanaea, but rather from another country. From that direction, it appears that they may have come from the West Region or Anglandur!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1182 -

Chapter 1182 Assassin Squad

After hearing Winston’s words, Savannah and her team and the Leeson’s lapsed into a glum silence.

The current world, as it were, could be divided into three districts based on their respective economic prowess, politics, military strength, and cultivators.

The first district was none other than North Adrune, Anglandur.

Seven hundred years ago, Western Epea’s Rodunst began the colonization and development of North Adrune, only to have its political structure severely affected after countless riots led by North Adrune’s cultivators.

Then, about two hundred years ago, North Adrune’s fifty colonies finally broke free from Rodunst’s control and gained independence to become today’s Anglandur.

Even though Anglandur was a relative latecomer, their colonies had banded together during the mass uprising and deployed so many of their best armies and cultivators that they became an insurmountable force.

On top of that, Anglandur was in such a unique position that no other forces in Adrune could take them down.

After more than two hundred years of development, Anglandur swiftly climbed the ranks to become the most powerful country in the world, beating out even a powerhouse like Remdik.

Aside from Anglandur, the other two districts were Western Epea and South Aploth.

A mutual restraint between the West Epea Alliance and Remdik had been around for the longest time, and those regulations were why Remdik gradually fell behind Anglandur and failed to become one of the mega-powerful countries.

One could also say that Anglandur's independence was only possible because Remdik had held off Rodunst, that happened to be the leader of the West Epea Alliance.

In short, the cause-and-effect relationship between Anglandur and Remdik was one big mess that could never be resolved.

As for the district of South Aploth, it was led by Chanaea and supported by West Region and Jetroina.

Chanaea's unique geographical location meant it had three sides surrounded by other countries. Despite that, it remained at the helm of Aploth and became one of the oldest countries with the richest history.

That, of course, gave it an air of mystery too.

At that moment, Winston and Savannah were most worried about people from Anglandur getting off the planes.

Western Epea and South Aploth might be two of the strongest forces with conflicting views in almost every aspect, but nothing could change the fact that they were neighboring continents. They were familiar with each other's key, influential figures and could always address them by name even if they had never met before.

The situation with Anglandur, however, was entirely different.

Since North Adrune was so far away, it got to the point where even Chanaea's respectable families and Remdik's best war machines struggled to infiltrate the area.

Everyone knew little to no information about Anglandur, so how could they not feel apprehensive about confronting a virtually unknown enemy?

The Leasons quickly backed away from Savannah's group and gathered behind Winston.

Savannah and her two companions didn't move an inch from the ridge either as they quietly waited for the plane to fly toward them.

As it turned out, it wasn't the private plane that had transported the Mallory family before but an actual passenger plane.

When the almost eighty-meter-long plane flew over everyone's heads, its altitude had already dropped to less than three hundred meters, and close to twenty figures swiftly jumped from it.

"They're all God Realm elites!" Savannah exclaimed. "Hurry! Inform the tsar!"

Beams of spiritual energy continued to plummet toward the earth, and the mysterious figures only deployed parachutes when they were dozens of meters away from landing.

Now that their speeds were reduced, they cut their cords in unison and landed gracefully.

Winston scanned his surroundings, and it didn't take long before he noticed the highly coordinated behavior of the group. Judging by the looks of it, these eighteen people are most likely from the same faction. They may have varying skin tones, but I have no doubt they're all from Adrune.

Winston and Savannah stiffened. Speak of the devil, huh? These people are really cultivators from Anglandur!

After all the Anglandurian cultivators had landed, they burst into laughter. Some even retrieved gold bars from their storage rings and handed them to one of the men.

The next second, the man with the gold bars began dancing away like nobody's business.

Winston furrowed his brows before turning to one of his family members.

"Glasses, you can speak their language, right? What are they babbling on about?"

A cultured middle-aged man with gold-rimmed glasses instantly walked up to Winston.

“Winston, these people were competing to see who had the guts to deploy their parachutes the latest. The man who’s dancing is celebrating his win.”

“What the f*ck!” a burly man from the Leeson family exclaimed. “How dare they be so condescending. Winston, these people have no respect for us!”

“Shut up!” Winston replied.

Meanwhile, three men had gotten onto the ridge and were slowly walking toward Winston and the others.

The man in the lead was a clean-cut blond standing at one hundred and eighty centimeters and dressed in a sharp suit. His smile was so polite and friendly that no one could bring themselves to dislike him.

On his left was a stooped elderly man with a wooden stick, while a strapping, stoic man stood to his right.

Half of the latter’s face was entirely disfigured, and from the looks of it, it could only have been the gruesome work of a ferocious beast.

All three men were God Realm elites, with the strapping man at the beginner phase, the besuited young man at the middle phase, and the elderly man at the advanced phase.

Nevertheless, there was no doubt that the young man was the leader.

“If it isn’t Winston Leeson from the Leeson family! What an honor to meet you!” the young man greeted with a smile.

Upon seeing the three men approach him, Winston narrowed his eyes.

I have a bad feeling about them. They give off a dangerous vibe... Even if we ignore the fifteen other cultivators, I don’t think the six of us can take on these three men.

Needless to say, Winston was terrified. The killing intent of the three Anglandur elites was so strong that he felt as if they were holding a dagger to his heart.

“That’s some chilling aura you have. Are you guys assassins?”

The blond young man instantly gave a slight bow.

“I’m Blaze from Apocalypse!”

As the Leasons widened their eyes in shock, Blaze chuckled and pointed to the men beside him.

“This is Fool, and this is Punisher.”

Blaze, Fool, and Punisher were three names everyone was familiar with.

Half a year ago, there was an upheaval to Dark Web’s Assassin List when the top-ranked Blaze proposed to branch out and start his own organization, Apocalypse.

Fool and Punisher, who ranked second and third on the list, soon voiced their intent to join.

Now that all three men had appeared together, that could only mean they were the Assassin Squad from Apocalypse!