

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1211 -

### Chapter 1211 Forced To Rest

Leslie's words ignited a sudden flurry of activity in the silent command room.

The first-level commanders of the Eastern Allied Army, numbering less than thirty, were esteemed figures with unparalleled authority in their respective military districts. They wielded absolute authority over the military, and they were second only to the Kings of War in terms of power and influence.

Each person remaining in the command room held immense authority. They even possessed the power to take preemptive action and engage in warfare without seeking prior approval during emergencies.

Under Leslie's leadership, this group of individuals exhibited a remarkable sense of humility. The reason for their humility was straightforward: the operational methods employed by the young girl standing before them had left them deeply impressed and astonished.

In traditional warfare practices, it was customary for these commanders to be personally present on the frontlines of their assigned war zones. This allowed them to have real-time control over the battle's progress and served as a morale booster for the soldiers. Their physical presence instilled confidence and a sense of security among the troops.

Nevertheless, they adopted a different approach under Leslie's guidance. Instead of being physically present at the frontlines, she directed them to gather and seek refuge in the underground facility.

Naturally, the battle-hardened commanders viewed this act of avoiding frontline battles with disdain, but the young woman's reasoning for doing so was simple.

Technology had advanced far beyond what it was decades or even just a few years ago.

With the exceptional intelligence capabilities of Asura's Office, the advancements in technology had brought about near-instantaneous synchronization of information about the entire battlefield.

With the elimination of delays in receiving information, there was no longer a need for these commanders to risk their lives and engage in theatrical acts solely for their own interests.

While soldiers could be replaced or recruited from other districts if they perished, the loss of a commander would be irreplaceable.

Hence, it was crucial for these high-ranking commanders to prioritize their own safety.

Initially skeptical of Leslie's approach, these influential first-level commanders gradually changed their tune over the past two days. They had witnessed how the Eastern Allied Army, which was originally in a passive defense situation, swiftly stabilized its frontlines and even displayed signs of counterattacking.

It was at that point that they came to acknowledge the significant gap between their own abilities and those of Leslie.

As they diligently attended to their specific roles, Leslie, on the other hand, possessed a comprehensive understanding of the entire battlefield. Her seemingly unorthodox and puzzling directives gradually revealed a coherent strategy as the war unfolded.

Witnessing the tangible results and the effectiveness of her strategies, the first-level commanders couldn't help but become convinced and fully embrace Leslie's leadership.

After the 3D projector was activated, the lights in the room were dimmed to enhance the clarity of the projected images on the floor.

Wearing gloves embedded with electronic components, Leslie confidently approached the front of the 3D projector. She briefly glanced at Kane's face, but quickly shifted her attention to other matters at hand.

"The data update is complete, commander!"

A girl standing next to Leslie relayed information to her in a soft voice.

To which Leslie responded with a light nod, then clapped her hands together.

"All right, everyone, let's review the situation on the River Onxy battlefield," she announced, her voice filled with authority.

With a swift movement of her fingers over the control panel, the ten-square-meter 3D projection on the floor expanded rapidly.

The others that were gathered around the projector appeared as if they were suspended in the sky, observing the entire battlefield from a bird's-eye view.

The edges of the projection blurred, obscuring the mountains and rivers from view. Instead, specific areas were zoomed in on, magnifying them with precision and clarity.

“South bank of River Onxy, one hundred and thirty kilometers east of Jussipi, our forces have encountered the Medved Army's thirty-eighth brigade. Now, let's gather intelligence on the enemy forces in that area.”

With Leslie's skillful manipulation, the three-dimensional map smoothly transitioned between different regions, displaying the relevant data in each area.

Each command issued by the young woman was promptly executed by the first-level commanders without hesitation.

The strategy meeting lasted for an hour and a half, with Karl maintaining his foot on top of Kane the entire time.

After the final command was given, Leslie slumped tiredly into her chair.

Just then, a young figure dressed in a suit swiftly entered the room accompanied by several individuals in white coats.

“Backstabbing your own, huh? Looks like you're enjoying yourself,” the boy casually remarked, calmly observing the chaotic command room. He then cast a disdainful glance at Kane before approaching Leslie's side.

This boy was none other than Donald Chambers, the twelve-year-old prodigy doctor and apprentice of Jason Carrick!

Jason was currently deeply immersed in his research on modified cultivators alongside Charleigh, rendering him unable to participate in the ongoing battle.

Hence, the remarkably mature Donald, accompanied by twelve other top military doctors, assumed responsibility for overseeing the medical support operations on the River Onxy battlefield.

“You haven’t slept in over forty-eight hours. From a medical standpoint, your current mental state is not suitable for commanding the battlefield. You need to rest!” Donald solemnly advised Leslie.

He nodded to a female military doctor standing nearby, who proceeded to attach various monitoring devices to Leslie’s arms and head.

“Donald, I’m fine. A couple of cups of coffee will do the trick,” Leslie said, flashing the young boy a smile as she looked at him.

“Coffee won’t suffice,” remarked Donald, as he uncapped a bottle of glucose and presented it to Leslie. “Consume this glucose. It may not be the most tastiest option, but it will swiftly restore your energy levels.”

Leslie let out a wry smile and reluctantly took the bottle of glucose.

“Donald—”

Before she could finish her sentence, the boy turned his head and gazed at the few members of Leslie’s command team. “Is Leslie’s presence required for your current operations?” he inquired.

“We have just finished implementing a new deployment, so at the moment, we only require monitoring of the overall situation,” responded one of the members of the command team.

Upon hearing this, Donald smiled at Leslie and instructed the doctor, “Administer the medication!”

“Medication? What kind of medication, Donald? Are you rebelling—”

Leslie made a feeble attempt to resist, but she quickly realized that she stood no chance against Donald and the others. After all, she was just an ordinary person, unable to match their expertise and determination.

As the medication entered Leslie’s veins, a wave of fatigue washed over her, gradually weakening her body.

“I can’t sleep... It will only delay things...”

Leslie’s hand weakly reached out, grasping onto Donald’s arm for support.

However, he mercilessly swatted her hand away and frowned.

“In a state of extreme fatigue, your reaction speed significantly decreases, and your judgment of the situation becomes prone to errors. You need to rest. Sleep,” Donald urged firmly.

As Donald’s words echoed in her ears, Leslie weakly closed her eyes, succumbing to the exhaustion that had consumed her.

Donald then turned to the members of the command team.

“Everyone, this medication will induce deep sleep, allowing you to get proper rest. It only takes two hours to ensure adequate recovery. Please divide yourselves into five groups and take turns sleeping,” he instructed, providing a clear plan for rest rotation.

After a brief pause, he reassured them, “I will remain here for the next ten hours, and if any significant changes occur, I will wake the sleeping individuals using the antidote, ensuring that you remain in control of the situation.”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1212 -

### Chapter 1212 Come Over

Thirteen chiefs were sent over from Asura’s Office as special medical forces.

Donald’s task was to ensure the treatment of every core member of the Eastern Allied Army.

The commanding squad and over a dozen first-level commanders were all large-scale planning talents, so they naturally understood Donald’s intentions.

With just a few words from him, the crowd was divided into five groups according to their areas of responsibility and began receiving Donald’s calming drug.

These people who once determined the direction of a battle were now on the ground like corpses.

Thanks to Donald’s medicine, their heartbeats and breathing slowed tremendously as they lay quietly on their simple military beds. It was as though they had died.

Donald glared at Kane with a murderous glint in his eyes.

“My mission is to protect Leslie and ensure her safety,” he said to the man on the ground. “I need you to promise me one thing, Kane. If you still plan on getting revenge after you wake up, I’ll tranquilize you and make sure you can’t ever move again.”

No one would have expected Donald to have such guts.

Although he had been training under Jason ever since joining Asura’s Office, he was still far too young and hadn’t trained very long.

That was why he had yet to reach Superior Realm.

For someone of his caliber to threaten an unrivaled Grandmaster like Kane seemed like nothing but big talk, but the stern look on his face made it seem as though he wasn’t bluffing at all.

In truth, even without Karl, Donald had a way to make Kane lose the ability to fight back.

Jason was the Carrick family’s legacy, and his medical prowess was second to none.

Unfortunately, while Donald was gifted in the field, he was more captivated by the path of poison.

As an avid learner, Jason viewed his apprentice’s ideologies with disdain and even once had a showdown, hoping to bring a young Donald back to the right path of medicine.

Even though Donald had lost the showdown, his fascination with poison never disappeared.

It was when Rebecca officially settled in Edenic Heights that the two poison users forged a cosmic connection with each other.

For the past few months, Donald would continuously enhance the poison Rebecca had brought over from Paradise Island. By now, he had come up with something that could effectively render a Grandmaster powerless.

However, the poison had too strong of an odor, and based on his previous experiment, he learned that it was extremely harmful to the body.

Still, if Kane insisted on hurting Leslie, Donald would have no choice but to use the poison on him—even if it meant suffering from the poison’s side effects himself.

The fight could go on without him or Kane, but not without Leslie.

Upon hearing Donald’s words, Kane glanced at a sleeping Leslie with bloodshot eyes.

“Let me go, Zero. I won’t do it again,” he requested in a hoarse voice.

Zachary and the others stared at him in shock, worried that he was merely deceiving them and would attack once he was free.

“Kane, you have to understand how slim your chances are. If you dare try anything funny, I’ll kill you myself in the event that Donald fails to,” warned Karl.

Kane clenched his fists. “I’m telling the truth.”

Thus, Karl slowly lifted his right foot from Kane’s head.

The latter crawled back up as the force field dissipated.

He gazed at Leslie with an intense look in his eyes.

Just as the people around him secretly repositioned themselves to prepare for a sudden attack, Kane rubbed his own cheeks forcefully with both hands.

Then, he exhaled.

“For over an hour, Leslie made me witness the way she commanded a war with my own eyes. She made me understand how fifty thousand of my men had helped River Onxy gain such a huge upper hand. They didn’t come out just to die; they were true warriors.”

Tears rolled down Kane’s cheeks incessantly as he spoke.

Accompanied by his sobs, the beads of tears dripping down onto the command room’s floor sounded especially clear.

“Give me a shot too, Donald. I’m tired. I want to rest.”

In response, Donald waved a subordinate over and retrieved a syringe.

“Based on the rules, you’re a cultivator and spirit warrior, so you’re not allowed to be put to sleep. This is a shot of diluted adrenaline. It’ll keep you alert for the next six hours.”

“Why, you—”

Kane gazed at the young man in bewilderment, feeling as though he had been tricked for the first time.

Yet, before he could react, he felt a tingle on his arm; Donald had already injected the fluid into his vein.

“What the…”

As soon as the adrenaline seeped into his blood, Kane let out a sharp exhale as his eyes widened.

He then turned to Zachary and the others while moving his head around. “Hey! Come and get some of this stuff too! It feels amazing!” he yelled.

Both Zachary and Terrence shook their heads upon seeing how hyperactive Kane had become, insisting that they weren’t tired.

The former even smiled rigidly and took a step back with gritted teeth.

While everyone else might not have been aware of Donald’s and Rebecca’s deeds back at Edenic Heights, Zachary had seen it all.

He had witnessed how these poison masters killed over four thousand lab rats in one day—all in the name of creating a new poison.

That was the first and last time Zachary stepped into Donald’s personal laboratory.

It could be said that if it weren’t for his amicable friendship with Rebecca in the past, he would have struggled even more to stand before her and Donald after such an event.

It was from that day onward that Zachary became surer of his personal belief—that every scientist was a lunatic.



Charleigh was involved in human genome sequencing, Jason was into life force analysis, and Donald and Rebecca never stopped creating all sorts of poisons.

Apart from himself, there wasn't a single normal human being among Edenic Heights' core members.

Kane grew unusually excited after the shot, and he circled the building twice before rushing outside like lightning.

In his own words, he didn't know what to do with all this energy if he didn't use it to kill hundreds of enemies.

A few minutes after Kane had left, a figure stopped by the command room.

"Reporting in!" the signaler announced.

"What is it?" Karl asked, turning to him.

"Commander, I come with a message from Yaleview Army's headquarters: 'Somebody come and take Josephine away!'"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1213 -

### Chapter 1213 Return

"What's the name you mentioned?"

As soon as the signaler finished his sentence, three figures materialized out of thin air beside him.

Zachary, Terrence, and Karl appeared before the signaler, their formidable presence causing the latter to step back in fear instinctively.

The trio also became aware of the intense atmosphere they had inadvertently created. To ease the tension, Zachary quickly cleared his throat and spoke up. "Let's calm down for a moment. Can you tell us who the person at Yaleview Army's headquarters is?"

"J-Josephine Smith," the signaler replied diffidently.

“Commanders, I might’ve misinterpreted the information. Perhaps I should decode it again.” The signaler was starting to panic at that point. Why would the Yaleview Army’s intelligence personnel issue such an odd message during this critical juncture of the battle at River Onxy? Moreover, Josephine Smith is obviously a girl’s name.

As the urgency of the information demanded immediate action, the signaler didn’t take the time to verify the decoded message. Instead, he promptly rushed over to deliver the news.

Faced with the intimidating presence of the three commanders, the signaler became increasingly concerned that he may have misinterpreted some crucial information regarding the war.

However, there was no way Zachary and the others would’ve allowed the signaler to leave without providing further clarification.

While lower-ranked soldiers may not have been familiar with Josephine’s name, individuals like Zachary and his colleagues were well-acquainted with her.

Half a year ago, Jonathan, the founder of Asura’s Office and the true power behind the organization had made the decisive choice to “retire” due to Josephine’s influence.

Even so, he was busier during his nearly one-year retirement than when he took command of Asura’s Office.

Hence, Josephine’s significance to Jonathan was self-evident since he was willing to make such a decision for her sake.

After Josephine was kidnapped by the Osbornes, Jonathan seemed to lose his sanity, dedicating all his time to confronting the respectable families.

From the initial fear of the Osborne family holding Asura’s Office hostage to the subsequent cooperation agreement, every decision made by Jonathan was driven by the desire to ensure the safe return of Josephine and her child.

No one expected Josephine would inexplicably show up on the battlefield, not to mention within Yaleview Army’s headquarters.

The trio wondered what exactly was going on.

“Speak up! Is Josephine alive or dead? Who sent her there? When did you receive this information?” Zachary’s voice echoed with anxiety as he used his spiritual energy to restrain the signaler.

As the King of War who had been by Jonathan’s side for the longest time, Zachary understood better than anyone the significance of Josephine’s return for Jonathan.

Taking in Zachary’s demeanor, Karl placed a hand on his shoulder.

The pang of pain pulled Zachary back to his senses. Only then did he notice his spiritual energy was suffocating the signaler, turning the latter’s face crimson.

Instantly, Zachary dissipated his spiritual energy and uttered apologetically to the signaler, “I’m truly sorry for my aggressiveness. However, the matter regarding Josephine is of utmost importance to Asura’s Office. Please, I implore you, share with us all the information you have.”

The signaler was still a little dazed. “I just received the intelligence, and it was labeled as a piece of urgent information, so I rushed over immediately. I didn’t probe further for more detail—”

Before the signaler could finish his sentence, he saw that Karl and Zachary had bolted out the door.

“Terrence, stay here and hold the fort. We’ll come back as soon as possible!” Zachary’s voice echoed in the corridor, sounding as if he had traveled a great distance away, leaving the signaler dumbstruck.

Terrence, on the other hand, grinned at the signaler. Then, he took out a high-quality cigar from his storage ring. “This is for you. Consider this as a small token of apology from Zachary.”

During wartime, only weapons and food were transported to the frontline. Luxuries like cigars, which were non-essential, couldn’t be supplied to the soldiers.

As a result, those cigars became a precious commodity for those soldiers living under immense pressure.

The signaler was astounded and frightened. I can't believe the Cardinal King of War is offering me a cigar. "Cardinal King of War, I-I can't accept that."

"Take it," Terrence chirped. "Are you aware that this news you brought could potentially rejuvenate the entire Asura's Office?"

After the signaler left, Terrence sat in a chair and lit a cigar in delight. "Mr. Goldstein, you can finally be free from others' control now. I suppose it's time for Asura's Office to stand tall again, right?"

Meanwhile, in the wilderness northwest of Kransbay, Zachary and Karl's figures turned into a blur as they traveled westward at breakneck speed.

The arrival of Yaleview Army, led by Wilbur in person, to reinforce the River Onxy battlefield greatly boosted the morale of the Eastern Allied Army. However, the largest coalition of the century between the two biggest military forces in Chanaea also faced significant issues.

In a multi-corps joint operation, the most crucial elements were the various types of soldiers and the coordination of battle strategy between multiple regions.

To achieve a common strategic objective, each corps must follow the directives of the commander-in-chief to deliver precise strikes on the enemy.

In other words, there could only be one person having the final say on the entire battlefield.

Otherwise, if every corps fought battles individually and for different goals, the coalition could never unite and unleash its full potential.

As fellow commanders, Wilbur and Leslie had a dispute over the authority to take charge as soon as they met.

Prior to Jonathan's departure, he had instructed Karl to never hand over the command of Asura's Office to Wilbur, no matter what methods or arguments the latter came up with.

Wilbur was a devil-like man, capable of confusing and poisoning the minds of others. If Asura's Office's soldiers were to follow Wilbur's lead, Jonathan was worried great troubles would arise.

Jonathan was wary of Wilbur's tricks, so the latter naturally distrusted Jonathan as well.

During their meeting, Wilbur questioned Leslie on how she planned to deploy the Yaleview Army he had led to the battlefield as reinforcement.

Leslie's reply was brief. She wanted to disassemble the troops and reshuffle them completely.

Her reason was to prevent soldiers from both sides from forming cliques and minimize conflict through that approach.

However, in fact, Leslie's goal was simple. Her intention was purely to incite defection among those Yaleview Army soldiers.

Precisely because of both parties' schemings, even though Yaleview Army had entered the battlefield, it had never really coordinated with Asura's Office in a fight thus far.

Even the headquarters for both parties were established about a hundred miles apart.

At that moment, Zachary and Karl were hastening over to Yaleview Army's headquarters.

"I hope Josephine is safe. Otherwise, Mr. Goldstein won't be able to handle it," Zachary uttered worriedly.

The capture of Josephine by the Osborne family involved ruthless methods, and Zachary and Hayden nearly lost their lives in the confrontation with the family's formidable God Realm cultivators.

If Jonathan hadn't agreed to collaborate with the Osborne family, Zachary, Josephine, and the rest of their comrades would have perished at the hands of their ruthless foes long ago.

With the escalating chaos in Chanaea, it seemed highly unlikely that the Osborne family would release Josephine under the current circumstances.

Thus, Zachary couldn't help but wonder what the Osborne family was playing at.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1214 -

### Chapter 1214 Mutual Benefits

Karl, who was standing by, joined the conversation after hearing Zachary's muttering. "Don't worry, if the Osborne family only wanted to play mind games with Mr. Goldstein, they wouldn't have gone through the trouble of bringing people to Doveston. They could have simply killed them and made a video. It would have been easier. Furthermore, we're now in collaboration with Yaleview Army. If it was something dodgy, Wilbur wouldn't have kept quiet and waited for us. I believe Josephine has returned, but the details of what went down are anyone's guess."

Karl's logical and well-supported analysis brought some relief to Zachary's mind.

Yet, at the same time, his fellow King of War's answer also sparked a hint of doubt in his heart. "Zero! I'm curious to see what's hiding beneath that mask of yours. I've overheard how you addressed Mr. Goldstein and Josephine, and it seems like you have a close bond with him. However, despite all the years I've spent by his side, he has never mentioned you in my presence. How did you come to know Mr. Goldstein?"

As Zachary spoke, his gaze remained fixed on Karl's mask, hoping to glean some clues from his expression.

Nonetheless, Karl was no fool, especially since the last battle when someone mentioned finding him familiar. He had already prepared a plausible explanation. "I've only known Jonathan for less than half a year. Let's just say I fell prey to his scheme."

"Fell prey to his scheme?" Zachary asked, looking bewildered. "Did he ambush you? But if that's the case, you guys wouldn't have become friends, right? Why would you still help him manage the Dark Special Forces?"

"Well, the so-called scheme was not a physical combat. It was a challenge we made before engaging in a fight. The loser had to pledge obedience to the winner!" Karl clarified with a smile. "And Mr. Goldstein nearly took my life. He spared me, however, on the condition that I assist him in overseeing all matters related to the Dark Special Forces."

Upon hearing that, Zachary nodded in agreement. “I believe only Mr. Goldstein would go to such lengths. But don’t worry, joining Asura’s Office was the right decision. Now that you hold a high position and are in charge of collecting intel, you won’t be in danger—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Zachary noticed Karl had taken a step forward, leaving him behind. “The Yaleview Army headquarters is just right ahead. Be careful!”

The Yaleview Army’s headquarters was in Sparaville, some eighty miles northwest of Kransbay.

The town was situated in a unique geography, with over a hundred and eighty days of snowfall each year, making it a popular winter tourist destination in Doveston.

Little had people known that hidden amidst the snow-capped mountains lay a colossal underground cavern that had remained sealed for several decades.

For the first time in decades, the underground fortress was finally being reopened.

Inside one of the cozy guest rooms of a farmhouse in Sparaville, a group of individuals sat around a warm hearth, enjoying a meal together.

“You’re... Josephine, right? It’s better to avoid seafood for now, especially during this harsh winter. You need to be cautious about your diet since you’re pregnant,” Wilbur said as he used his spiritual energy to move all the seafood away from Josephine’s side.

He then placed an iron plate before Josephine. “Eat this instead. Garlic mushroom chicken is good for you!”

Dressed comfortably in loose maternity clothes, Josephine showcased a gentle baby bump at five months pregnant. Although she could still sit on the warm hearth without much difficulty, a soft chair had been arranged for her at the edge, providing extra support and comfort.

Josephine was a little lost for words when she looked at the garlic mushroom chicken.

“I’ve always heard that people in Doveston are practical, but this takes it to a whole new level,” she remarked.

Xavion, dressed in white and sitting beside her, burst into laughter. “You southern ladies are so delicate and reserved. You can’t even finish a small portion of rice and side dishes, but when it comes to a variety of soups, you have quite the appetite.”

Wilbur, too, nodded with a smile. “That’s right. Although Jonathan and I have gone our separate ways, we shared a bond when we trained together in the Valley of Elites three years ago. I never imagined his taste would be so unconventional. I mean, look at you, you’re pregnant but still so skinny.”

His response and repeated tutting only served to intensify Josephine’s hostile gaze.

Feeling somewhat vexed, she could not help but wonder how she, who was hailed as one of the most beautiful women in Tayhaven, suddenly seemed to have no redeeming qualities in the eyes of those two individuals.

The two God Realm cultivators, despite being from opposing factions, were behaving like long-lost friends, engaging in banter and teasing her. What’s wrong with these two men?

Noticing Josephine’s silence, Xavion exchanged a glance with Wilbur and swiftly changed the topic. “Wilbur, let’s drop it. We’re no match for Jonathan. If Josephine meets him and tells him what we said, we’ll be in deep trouble. Let’s focus on more pressing matters at hand.”

Wilbur handed a crab to Xavion before expressing his confusion. “I don’t understand. Given the critical situation in Chanaea and the chaos unfolding, the Osborne family could have easily used Josephine as leverage against Jonathan and kept Asura’s Office on edge. Instead, you chose to bring Josephine back. It doesn’t seem to make sense!”

Upon hearing this, Xavion gently placed the freshly cracked crab back on the table. “Jonathan saved my life when I was in Doveston. Despite being from different factions, I am bound to repay his kindness. Betraying him would go against my principles.”

“You have my utmost respect!” Wilbur gave Xavion a thumbs-up and raised his wine glass. “Here’s a toast to you!”



“I’m flattered.” Xavion raised his glass and gulped the wine before wiping his mouth with his hand.

“Wilbur, even though I belong to one of the respectable families, I brought Josephine back because of my personal connection with Jonathan. However, you’re well aware of the grand mission and immense power of Asura’s Office. It poses a threat to the existence of our eight respectable families. Once the situation in Doveston is resolved, the respectable families will inevitably have to confront Asura’s Office. Our goal will be to decapitate the organization without compromising our principles. Therefore, we require the support of the Yaleview Army on the front lines. It is through dismantling Asura’s Office, instilling fear, and dealing significant blows that we can successfully integrate them.”

Upon hearing that, Wilbur paused for a moment, contemplating the idea, before waving his hand dismissively. “No way. This won’t work. The Yaleview Army alone has seventy thousand soldiers, and Asura’s Office has a hundred and sixty thousand. How can we defeat such numbers? Besides, what benefits will I gain from this?”

Xavion extended half of the cracked crab to Wilbur, presenting his argument. “The eight respectable families seek benefits, while you aspire to amass power. It’s a win-win situation for both of us. Isn’t that fantastic?”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1215 -

### Chapter 1215 Parasite

The scar on Wilbur’s face twitched when he saw the crab before him. Although Xavion didn’t say it out loud, I know he’s offering to form an alliance. Perhaps that’s what the eight respectable families want. Like before, the eight respectable families want me to rule Chanaea and are willing to back me up. Meanwhile, they’ll still have control over everyone else.

With that in mind, Wilbur picked up the halved crab and put it straight into his mouth. After that, he started chewing through the crab shell.

Wilbur even munched through the hardest part of the shell.

The smile on Xavion’s face faded gradually when he saw what Wilbur did. “Wilbur, are you that hungry? You’ll have a hard time digesting that later. You

ought to eat slowly. Otherwise, you might tear your esophagus, and that could be fatal.”

Upon hearing that, Wilbur put the remaining crab legs on the table.

“I can’t help it!” Wilbur toyed with the crab legs with his fingers and sneered, “There’s a crab in front of me. I can’t possibly eat the legs only, can I? There’s little to no meat in there.”

Xavion snorted frostily and responded, “What do you want, then? There’s only so much to share! When it comes to your place in the hierarchy, Yaleview Army doesn’t even deserve a share! You should be grateful. Not only does Asura’s Office have Jonathan, but about six God Realm cultivators are also there. What makes you think you can take control over Yaleview?”

Wilbur slowly lifted his head and smiled. When he did that, the scar on his face twitched again. “Well, what are you guys for?”

As soon as those words fell, a murderous look appeared in Xavion’s eyes.

Gradually, both men moved their fingers toward their storage rings.

As the spiritual energy in the small room churned, Josephine felt rather trapped. I feel so pressured! It’s as though things are going to spiral out of control at any moment!

“Hey!” In the end, Josephine had a weird feeling in her tummy, so she slammed her fork on the table.

The moment she did that, the atmosphere in the room eased up right away.

With weapons in their grips, Wilbur and Xavion turned to look at Josephine at once. Evidently, the murderous aura of two God Realm cultivators was too much to endure. In no time, she went pale and fell down.

“What the f\*ck?” Xavion yelled and quickly waved his hand to send out a stream of spiritual energy to support Josephine. He then gently placed her on the couch.

Wilbur also wanted to do the same, but Xavion got there first before the former could release his spiritual energy. Seeing that Josephine was safe and sound, Wilbur heaved a sigh of relief and retracted his hands.

Both men were Jonathan's enemies, and they could also end up fighting with him if they were to see each other.

However, they both had the utmost respect for Jonathan.

Apart from their strong connection with Jonathan, they also respected the latter's achievement in restoring peace in Chanaea and installing Eight Kings of War to maintain order in the country.

They only hated each other because there were conflicts of interest among their factions.

Thus, they wouldn't allow anything bad to happen to Josephine even though Jonathan wasn't there.

"What's the matter with you?" Xavion took Josephine's pulse and uttered in a helpless tone, "We were just challenging each other. Why did you have to step in? Do you think we were Jonathan? Regardless of his cultivation level, he'll always prioritize your safety. We're nothing like him! If you keep butting in, you might end up dead!"

As Xavion spoke through his gritted teeth, he used his spiritual energy to help Josephine stabilize her vitality.

Upon sensing that her tummy condition had stabilized, Josephine leaned against the couch and shut her eyes before letting out a helpless sigh. "Initially, I thought the Smith family could become a prominent family once we gained a stronger foothold in Tayhaven. However, I found out that Jonathan was from the mighty Goldstein family of Yaleview. When I thought the Goldstein family was already the strongest around, I found out that there were so many families with cultivators in them. To make matters worse, there are respectable families like yours!"

Josephine turned to look at Xavion and added, "It's supposed to be just a meal but you guys can't seem to converse without being sarcastic. Every time you guys spoke, I had no choice but to listen carefully and analyze your words. I was worried I would get dragged in! At the end of the day, all you guys want is to demolish Jonathan's Asura's Office and regain control over Chanaea, no?"

Josephine was a capable woman, but she had never dealt with matters outside of Tayhaven.

With limited knowledge and experience, she couldn't achieve much with her capability.

Ever since she gained exposure from Jonathan, Asura's Office, the eight respectable families, and the other major forces, she seemed to have learned a lot about what was happening. That was especially the case because she was kept in the Osborne residence as a hostage for the past months.

At that moment, Josephine couldn't help recalling how she had acted when Jonathan returned six months ago. I was so childish and ridiculous back then! I'm still a hostage, and they're using me to threaten Jonathan. However, I'm no longer afraid of Xavion and the rest.

Xavion sat back on the warm hearth and glanced at Josephine. Upon shaking his head, he said, "You've seen a thing or two, Josephine, but you still don't know how things work around here. The eight respectable families want peace and stability for Chanaea because that's beneficial for the people."

"Oh, cut it out!" Josephine leaned against the couch and sneered, "The eight respectable families are like parasites!"

Psh!

Wilbur, who was drinking a glass of whisky nearby, was amused when he heard those words. As a result, he accidentally spat out a mouthful of whisky toward Xavion's face.

However, Xavion quickly formed an invisible spirit shield in front of his face to shield himself.

Seeing that Wilbur was shrugging and laughing out loud, Xavion reached out his hand and flicked a droplet of alcohol that shot toward Wilbur.

"What's so funny? Get out!" Xavion fumed.

With that, he shot Josephine a cold look and asked, "Who told you the eight respectable families were parasites?"

Meanwhile, Wilbur poured himself another glass of whisky and threw a bunch of peanuts into his mouth. As he was chuckling, he assured, "Josephine, don't be afraid of him. Speak freely! I'll be here to back you up."

“Buzz off!” Xavion shouted at Wilbur before taking a deep breath and turning back to face Josephine.

“Josephine, you’re a hostage in the Osborne residence, but we’ve never mistreated you. Why would you say such a thing about us?” Xavion questioned.