

The Legendary Man Chapter 341

Chapter 341 Nicknamed Hades

“Did we win? Have we defeated Divine Dragon Guards?”

“Am I dreaming? Give me a punch so that I can tell if it hurts.”

“D*mn! Is this a dream? Have we really defeated Divine Dragon Guards?”

Not only were those outside the battlefield in disbelief, but even Dragon Scale Guards, who had defeated Divine Dragon Guards themselves, couldn't believe it.

It had been three years! During these three years, live-fire drills had always been dominated by Divine Dragon Guards.

If one wanted to bag the championship, one had to defeat Divine Dragon Guards before anything else.

In the eyes of the seven teams of Asura Guards, Divine Dragon Guards were undefeatable.

However, Dragon Scale Guards had proven it with the truth.

Who says that Divine Dragon Guards are undefeatable? Who says that Dragon Scale Guards can only be ranked the last three forever?

“It's true! We have won! We've defeated Divine Dragon Guards! You guys aren't dreaming!” Bloody Slayer's loud voice reverberated the entire battlefield.

Nonetheless, Dragon Scale Guards' soldiers' eyes reddened when they heard his words.

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“Commander, we've won!”

Outside the battlefield, Patrick couldn't contain his emotion anymore. He rose to his feet abruptly.

He had waited for that day to come for three years, and it had finally arrived!

From that day onward, if anyone dared to say that Dragon Scale Guards were meant for the last place, Patrick would rip that person's mouth off.

“I saw that!”

Jonathan remained unaffected without a tinge of surprise on his face.

From the moment he agreed with Andy, the ending had been decided.

“I hereby announce that Dragon Scale Guards is the champion of the live-fire drill between the eight teams of Asura Guards this year!” At the instance where the battle ended, the middle-aged soldier who sat in the middle of the judging panel stood up and announced the final result of the annual live-fire drill.

The moment Dragon Scale Guards heard they had bagged the championship, countless

of them dashed out of the battlefield in the direction of Jonathan. They knew better than anyone else that if not for Jonathan, who gave them half a month of arduous training, they wouldn't have made it to the final three, let alone defeated Divine Dragon Guards and bagged the championship.

"Chief instructor!"

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A bunch of Dragon Scale Guards with bruises all over their faces and in ragged clothes stood before Jonathan with their eyes reddened as they breathed heavily.

"What are you guys crying for? Isn't it only a championship? Look at you guys. Do you look like soldiers now?"

Jonathan glowered at them, sending shivers to the soldiers and making them stiffen up their backs. They tried to make themselves look more like a soldier.

"Why are you still standing here? Hurry up and go for the award ceremony!" Jonathan couldn't help but rebuke as he looked at those men, who were still in a daze.

These brats need some lectures all the time!

"Yes, chief instructor!"

With that said, they turned around to leave. Nonetheless, they paused in their tracks when they were halfway through. Whispering to one another, they suddenly turned around and dashed in Jonathan's direction, intending to lift him to the mid-air.

These brats want to celebrate like this?

"Hmm?"

Jonathan shot daggers at them. They were petrified instantly. No one dared to inch forward anymore.

"Run!" someone hollered suddenly, and everyone scrambled out of there at once.

"These brats!" Patrick couldn't help uttering while smiling.

How could these soldiers who have defeated Divine Dragon Guards and took the championship from the hands of the latter be petrified by a sharp gaze from Jonathan and run for their lives?

Meanwhile, the expression of the middle-aged soldier on the judging panel changed when he saw the man standing behind Dragon Scale Guards.

Not only him, almost every one of the seven teams, except for Andy, had a change in their expressions.

"Am I seeing things? Is that person Mr. Goldstein?" Dorian was the first to blurt out the question.

"Mr. Goldstein? Where is he? Why didn't I see him?" Andy pretended not to have noticed him.

Nonetheless, Zachary kicked his buttocks the next second. "Andy, you're capable indeed. How dare you play such a trick with me? You have even hired Mr. Goldstein to give your brats training!"

"What Mr. Goldstein? What are you saying? I don't have a clue at all!" Andy continued

playing dumb. He knew that these people wouldn't let him go if they found out that he had hired Jonathan.

"Stop playing dumb there!" Staring at Andy's pretentious face, Zachary couldn't calm himself down anymore and slammed his palm on the table. "No wonder I notice that your Dragon Scale Guards had gotten more powerful this year as though you guys have been fed with anabolic steroids! Even our Divine Dragon Guards have gotten utterly defeated by your brats. It turns out that you had played such a trick behind my back! I don't care! The result this year can't be counted! I don't acknowledge it!"

"Why can't it be counted?" Upon hearing that Zachary refused to acknowledge the result that year, Andy panicked instantly. "We Dragon Scale Guards took the championship from you Divine Dragon Guards with our real capabilities. How could you not acknowledge it?"

"What do you think?" Zachary snorted. "You guys are cheating!" He was so angry that he started yelling.

"How could you say that we're cheating?" Andy retorted coldly. "If you're as capable, you can try hiring Mr. Goldstein too. Let's see if he's willing to do it for you!"

"Andy Morsley!"

Upon hearing Andy's words, Zachary's face turned livid. He rolled his sleeves up as though he was going to start a fight.

"What? You want to beat me up?" Andy showed no sign of yielding. He rolled his sleeves up as well, ready to fight back.

In a flash, the atmosphere became tense. The two men might get into a scuffle at any time.

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"All right. What's the fuss there?" Noticing the two were about to fight, the middle-aged soldier who sat in the middle of the judging panel slammed the table. "Look at you two! Do you guys carry any demeanor as King of War? Aren't you afraid of being the laughing stock by your subordinates?"

"I doubt any of them have the audacity to laugh!" Zachary swept a cold glance across the site.

"Why? Are you ready to fight with anyone who laughs at you?" The middle-aged soldier's expression darkened after listening to him. "Do you want to also fight with me?" "I won't fight with you!"

Zachary felt somewhat dispirited upon hearing that.

Though other people might not know the identity of the warrior who sat in the middle of the judging panel, Zachary and a few of them knew it well.

He was the most important figure in Asura's Office and was also the leader of the Eight Kings of War that went by the nickname Hades!

People would address him as the live Hades.

When Jonathan wasn't around, he was the one who took control of Asura's Office and led the team.

In the entirety of Asura's Office, no one would be able to restrain him except for Jonathan.

"All right. Sit down, all of you!" Hades tapped on the table softly and continued, "Since Mr. Goldstein is here, it won't be my turn to give out the trophy."

He added, "Send the order down to cancel the award ceremony for the time being! It'll be held after the individual contest ends!"

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Chapter 342 Double Victory

"Yes!"

As per the order, one of the guards immediately stepped forward and made the announcement. Dragon Scale Guards, who were already halfway across the room, instantly halted in their steps. Bewilderment filled their faces.

The award ceremony was temporarily canceled?

Just as they tried to process the information, another announcement came. "The individual tournament will proceed on time. It'll take place in an hour."

The moment the news was announced, it also signified that the next battle would soon begin.

However, they would no longer be grouped into teams for this round. It would be a test of strength among individuals.

Their opponent could be from a different team, or it could even be their own team member. Their opponent could be the comrade who had previously saved their lives on the battlefield.

However, upon hearing the details, the eight teams of Asura Guards didn't falter. Although their bodies were riddled with wounds and were caked in dirt, they were eager to participate.

This was because the next battle would not just bring glory to their team, but it would also bring glory to them as individuals.

An hour passed in the blink of an eye.

Soon, it was time for the individual tournament.

The rules of the individual tournament were simple. They would fight against each other in pairs until the top ten were determined. Then, they would continue to be pitted against each other until they had the top three winners.

Among the three finalists, the last person left standing would be tonight's champion.

However, an hour's time appeared to be insufficient for the eight teams of Asura Guards who had just emerged from a fierce battle.

Alas, there was nothing that could be done. They just had to be soldiers who constantly challenged the brink of their own limits.

The individual tournaments were far more exciting than the team tournaments. However, Jonathan continued to be disinterested. The results were already predetermined, so what's there to be excited for?

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, the soldiers continued to fight each other viciously. It was a hot-blooded scene that a man wouldn't dare miss, for this was a group of soldiers that had abnormal levels of testosterone. It was a tournament that was more glorious than any other in the world.

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"Bloody Slayer, don't force yourself!" On the battlefield, Bloody Slayer had long since been bruised and battered. He had no idea if he was lucky or unlucky. Bloody Slayer had gone up for his first match, only to come face to face with the winner of the previous individual bout, Skyrise. "I can keep going," Bloody Slayer said as he wiped the blood on his face. He then rushed forward fiercely. "Sh*t! I'll even be the victor tonight!" His fist flew just as he finished speaking,

Countless similar scenes played out throughout the battlefield. Almost every single soldier refused to give up. They were all determined not to admit defeat. They refused to surrender.

For them, surrendering and admitting defeat was a worse fate than being killed. They would rather die than surrender. This notion was deeply engraved in their genes.

"These punks are finally acting like men!" Patrick's eyes reddened as he watched the fights play out on a humongous screen from outside the battlefield. Currently, it was as if the soldiers from Dragon Scale Guards on the field were possessed by the Demonic Terminator. They didn't flinch, nor did they back away.

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They rushed forward and killed continuously. They got up when they fell.

If they were hurt, they just gritted their teeth and pushed on. As long as they held onto the tiniest shred of consciousness, they had to kill until the very end. The individual tournament lasted for a very long time.

It wasn't until two to three hours later did it finally come to an end. "The winner of the individual tournament tonight is Bloody Slayer, a member of Dragon Scale Guards!" The moment Hades declared the winner, everyone present erupted in

excitement.

In that instant, all gazes were focused on Bloody Slayer.

However, Bloody Slayer only stood there dumbfoundedly.

His face was caked with mud and dust, and his entire body was covered with blood.

Bloody Slayer couldn't believe what he had just heard.

Did I hear that right? Did I win?

Not only did Dragon Scale Guards take the overall championship from Divine Dragon Guards, but they also managed to wrest the individual tournament from the remaining seven teams of Asura Guards.

It was a double victory.

Dragon Scale Guards had obtained a double victory.

"Chief instructor, did you see that? I won! Our Dragon Scale Guards won both tournaments!" Bloody Slayer shouted madly at the drones hovering in the sky.

Jonathan, who had been watching from outside the battlefield, finally opened his eyes.

"I saw."

With that, the tournament ended.

All the soldiers slowly filtered back into the venue. At the same time, the soldiers of Dragon Scale Guards were invited onto the podium.

It was the winner's podium.

They were standing side by side with the Eight Kings of War.

Looking at the hundreds of Dragon Scale Guards standing before him, Andy couldn't resist scolding jokingly, "You punks finally made me proud!"

"It's all thanks to the chief instructor!" Bloody Slayer said with a smile as he scratched his head.

He felt somewhat embarrassed.

"Okay, stop overestimating yourself!" Zachary shot Andy a glare after seeing him being full of himself. "Even if Dragon Scale Guards had won, it has nothing to do with a King of War like you."

"How can it have nothing to do with me?" Andy was displeased after hearing Zachary's words. "They're soldiers under my command. How can their victory have nothing to do with me?"

"Do you really not know how the victory is obtained?" Zachary snorted coldly.

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"Okay, that's enough! Stop arguing!" Hades glared at both of them. He had been standing in the middle as the two of them started to bicker. He turned to look at Dragon Scale Guards standing before him. "Dragon Scale Guards are the victors tonight. Normally, I would be the one who presents you with the trophy. However, you guys are in luck today. Asura, who has never participated in the event since the live-fire drill was first held, is here today. Naturally, since he's present, I won't be the one to award you

the trophy.”

What? Asura himself?

The whole place was in an uproar upon hearing the name.

For the soldiers, Asura was an existence that was akin to god in their hearts.

Many of them had never laid eyes on him despite being a soldier for three years.

Asura had never attended the live-fire drill in these three years. Thus, the trophy each year was awarded by Hades on behalf of the former.

However, not only was Asura present today, but he was also going to award the trophy personally.

Instantly, the audience was in a frenzied state.

At the moment, all eyes were focused on the podium.

They awaited Asura’s arrival.

The breathing of Dragon Scale Guards’ soldiers, who stood on the podium, increased.

Unconsciously, cold sweat also began to form on their palms.

Asura!

Will we finally be able to meet the man of the legends?

Silence hung in the air.

Before everyone’s eyes, the King of War, Hades, slowly turned his gaze toward the venue.

His eyes locked onto Jonathan, who was in a corner.