

The Legendary Man Chapter 490

Chapter 490 The Osborne Family

Even Jonathan, who was known for his composure after years of ups and downs, was taken aback by Xiara's theory.

He thought about Xiara's words carefully and found that she had a point.

When the Gomez family hunted Jonathan with a bounty on his head, they were still responsible for that decision although they acted by force of circumstances.

Moreover, all three generations of the Gomez family were serious about ending his life when he arrived at Lumonburg.

Just as he accepted the fact, the whirring sounds of a helicopter rotor tore through the sky from afar.

Jonathan looked up. The spotlight was turned on, and a blinding ray of light was searching for a while before targeting Jonathan and Xiara.

"Aiming at me? The person must have a death wish!"

Xiara smirked while her right hand was ready for the next step on her left wristwatch.

Sensing her move, Jonathan lowered his head and watched her left wrist.

For a split second, Xiara's wristwatch had been totally removed, and four delicate blades popped out from the four corners of the dial.

"A drone?" asked Jonathan.

"In a way," answered Xiara, nodding her head. "It's a bomb inside the drone. I'm going to blow it to bits!"

While Xiara was talking, she was also controlling the drone. Before the drone could ascend into the sky, Jonathan immediately patted her shoulders to stop her.

"He is looking for me. Just step aside and watch me," said Jonathan.

Jonathan was confident about it because he could feel pressure being targeted at him as soon as the helicopter appeared on top of him.

There must be a cultivator in the helicopter, and his power was definitely stronger than that of Philip.

Eventually, the helicopter landed on the grass in the garden.

The door opened, and a middle-aged man in the suit alighted from the helicopter.

The man was Sullivan. He adjusted his tie and gradually approached Jonathan and Xiara.

“Jonathan Goldstein? I thought Asura should look stronger or more powerful, but you don’t seem that great at all,” mocked Sullivan.

“Asura?” Upon hearing that, Xiara stared wide-eye at Jonathan by her side.

Though there was news about Jonathan on Dark Web, no one mentioned Jonathan’s identity as Asura of Chanaea.

It was not Xiara’s fault that she was unaware of his identity. Even Punisher, who was arrested by Jonathan three years ago, only knew that Asura was his assassination target. Punisher only found out that Asura was the alter ego of Jonathan after the former was caught.

Ultimately, Asura’s identity was one of the top secrets in Chanaea.

If that secret was exposed, Jonathan would face the threats of decapitation from all around the world.

It was actually not a big deal for Jonathan. However, it could be quite troublesome to settle.

“Wait! You are Asura? The one who cleared the mess caused by military factions in Chanaea in one fell swoop? Asura, you are my idol!”

“Huh? What’s that for?” mused Jonathan.

Xiara was not a Chanaean, but she really admired Asura.

Ten years ago, military factions began to rise up from different places in Chanaea. Like Lachlan who usurped the military force in Lumonburg, different military factions marked their respective territories as well.

Hayes was one of them who established his own territory with his army.

Nevertheless, there were more and stronger military factions than Lachlan and Hayes at that time. Based on the situation in Chanaea back then, sooner or later, the nation would end up in battles between different military factions without external forces.

When it seemed impossible to turn the tide, a man appeared out of nowhere.

He led his subordinates to wind up the huge military system that consisted of twenty or so factions. Then, he set up Asura's Office.

After that, he assigned Eight Kings of War to guard each territory to prevent Chanaea from breaking up.

As always, women fell for heroes. Additionally, Asura was the hero who resolved the nation's conflict. Thus, it was only reasonable for women to fall for him.

"Jonathan, you're my idol!" Xiara giggled sheepishly and grabbed Jonathan's arm all of a sudden.

That caught Jonathan completely off guard.

After all, she was still holding the bomb. If it accidentally exploded, he might really die regardless of his status as Asura.

"Just say what you want to say, and keep your hands to yourself. I'm married," Jonathan stated with an unnatural expression while pushing Xiara away.

Meanwhile, Sullivan was grimacing at the side as he was ignored by Jonathan and Xiara.

"Jonathan, I'm not here for entertainment. The Osborne family has my back!"

"The Osborne family?" Jonathan turned around and stared at Sullivan.

"I know nothing about those secluded respectable families, but at the very least, the head of the Osborne family should make it here if he wishes to speak to me."

"Who the heck do you think you are?" sneered Sullivan.

"People called you 'Asura', and now you think you are somebody? The fact that the Osborne family can take over the Gomez family in Lumonburg shows how powerful they are to own a thousand more families. Your power and soldiers are nothing to them. Even your military seal, the Osborne family can easily take it back."

"Are you sure?" Jonathan smiled faintly and stared at Sullivan. "Well, I don't mind giving it a try. I wonder if Eight Kings of War recognizes me by the military seal or as a person."

Jonathan was putting it lightly, but he had secretly stirred his pure spiritual energy within his body and exerted it on Sullivan.

"Oh! I'd like to know who are you to the Osborne family to raise your voice at me!" said Jonathan.

Since spiritual energy was invisible, Sullivan, who acted all arrogant while talking down to Jonathan, began to sweat after Jonathan spoke to him. Sullivan's forehead was slowly gleaming with sweat, and he instinctively wanted to loosen his tie.

The moment Sullivan's eyes met Jonathan's scornful gaze, Sullivan halted what he was about to do.

"I am the person in charge of the Osborne family's property in Lumonburg. Today, I come as a messenger on behalf of the Osborne family. The Osborne family can accept you if you pledge your loyalty to them. If you don't, you'll die!" stated Sullivan.

Slap!

A crisp, loud sound split the air. Sullivan was sent flying more than ten meters away before hitting the gazebo pillar.

"You..."

Sullivan was a martial artist from Superior Realm. If that smack fell on an ordinary man, he would surely be dead by now.

Sullivan took the hit head-on and managed to stand up by the pillar.

Even so, half of his teeth broke, and his cheek terribly swelled up.

"A martial artist is really something. That's a pretty thick skin you have!" Jonathan jeered as he walked toward Sullivan.

When Sullivan saw Jonathan approaching him, he jerked back and fell on the grass, rolling and struggling to beg Jonathan.

"I've nothing to do with this! I'm just a servant of the Osborne family who comes to relay a message..." Sullivan yelled in fear.

As a martial artist who had achieved the cultivation level in Superior Realm, it was a piece of cake for Sullivan to defeat several dozens of ordinary people.

Despite sensing the pressure from Jonathan and knowing that Jonathan was going to attack him, he could not even lift his hand to defend himself.

That feeling was like the surrounding air had solidified and entrapped Sullivan.

Jonathan must be a Grandmaster Realm elite! Sullivan was surprised.

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Chapter 491 Cannot Stand The Sight Of Him

What should a Superior Realm do when he encountered a Grandmaster Realm?

He could probably save some dignity if he did not fight back and die in peace.

That was a harmless little joke in the martial arts world.

But the joke did hint at the big gap between the powers of Superior Realm and Grandmaster Realm.

As the name implied, Superior Realm carried the meaning that those in that realm were in a superior position as compared to other ordinary people.

When martial artists reached that realm, their various physical indicators could no longer be measured like ordinary people.

Although he was not capable of soaring to the sky and diving into the earth, his strength, speed, and reaction had been greatly improved.

Some of the Superior Realm cultivators could even use their spiritual energy to control things.

Philip was one of them. He could use the spiritual energy in his body to turn into invisible ropes to control two flying needles to hurt his enemy. However, that was basically the limit of the Superior Realm.

On the other hand, the most iconic manifestation of the Grandmaster Realm was that the martial artist could control the spiritual energy in a small area to form a small force field for himself.

Because these spiritual powers came from the master artists themselves.

When the spiritual power was released, it was equivalent to the extension of the martial artist's body.

Every move in the force field could be perceived by the martial artist with the fluctuations of his spiritual energy, without even looking at it.

That was similar to Jonathan's spiritual sense, but the small force field of the Grandmaster Realm was subject to many restrictions. For instance, if there were tyrannical martial artists fighting against the force field, or directly depriving the spiritual energy in the force field, then the force field would become useless.

At that moment, Sullivan had treated Jonathan as a Grandmaster Realm martial artist based on the feeling of being restrained just now.

"Jonathan... Oh no! Asura! I'm just a messenger. Please forgive me—"
Bam!

Jonathan landed a hard kick on Sullivan's belly. Sullivan's elixir field was broken, and his spiritual energy was rapidly lost.

At the same time, his face turned pale.

The martial arts that he had been cultivating for twenty years vanished within seconds. Sullivan was instantly turned into a useless prick.

Over the years, Sullivan was being controlled by the Osborne family. He knew very well how the Osborne family dealt with those who were useless.

Even if he did not die, his remaining life would be extremely miserable.

"Tell the Osborne family, if they dare to bother me again, I will definitely kill them all no matter where they hide!"

"I understand... I will definitely pass the message to them."

Sullivan supported his body to stand up and walked toward the helicopter without looking back.

Just then, outside the garden, a uniform running sound was heard. Sullivan had just arrived at the helicopter, and a dozen red dots appeared on the door.

That was the infrared aiming light!

The gate of the garden was knocked open from the outside, and Hayes, wearing a combat uniform, rushed into the garden with the Lumonburg army.

"Mr. Goldstein, it's eleven-fifty. I caught him."

Following Hayes's words, the two sergeants behind him came up with a young man with shackles on his hands and feet.

"Get on your knees!" Hayes kicked Finley on his calf and knocked him down.

Seeing Finley lying on the ground, Jonathan frowned slightly. "Tiger, isn't this the servant of the Yaeger family?"

Hayes knelt down on one knee and said with his head lowered, "Mr. Goldstein, it's my mistake!"

"Why do you want to kill me?" asked Jonathan, staring at Finley.

Although the issue about the Gomez family was a little troublesome too, it was still reasonable in his understanding. But Jonathan was completely baffled by Finley.

"I just want to kill you. There's no reason. I don't care if you want to kill me or what. It's up to you!"

Finley was lying on the ground with an indifferent expression. He was fearless even in the face of Jonathan.

"Jonathan, this kid has the will to die. He's not going to tell the truth if you interrogate him like this."

Xiara, who was on the side, stepped forward and squatted next to Finley. "Why don't you hand him over to me? Assassins like us are very good at extorting confessions by torture."

Assassin?

Hearing that, Hayes immediately got up and stood opposite Jonathan.

Several guards behind Hayes also had their guns pointed at Xiara's head.

"We're on the same side! I work with Jonathan." Looking at such a scene, Xiara immediately raised her hands.

Hayes glanced at Jonathan with a rather confused expression.

He had followed Jonathan to fight in so many wars. But he had never heard that Jonathan liked little girls like Xiara.

Jonathan felt speechless when he saw Hayes' strange gaze. "She is one of us, a new recruit."

"I get it."

Hayes chuckled and nodded. He immediately instructed his guards to put down their guns.

Jonathan did not bother to explain so much to him. He just squatted down and put his hand on Finley's head.

The spiritual energy surged wildly in his right arm.

The next moment, a transparent ripple visible to the naked eye swayed from Finley's head.

That was a trick he comprehended from the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

He let his spiritual energy enter and explode in the enemy's head. That could directly dissipate the enemy's consciousness.

It felt like the dazed state that one experienced when he was being knocked over by a close-range explosion on the battlefield.

At that moment, Finley's eyes had lost focus.

"Name?" Jonathan asked.

"Finley Xenos."

"Age?"

"Twenty seven."

Jonathan tested him with a few random questions. Then, he began his interrogation.

"Why do you want to kill Jonathan?"

"Because Ms. Juliette wants him dead. I'm willing to do anything for Ms. Juliette—"

Before Finley could finish his sentence, Jonathan applied more force to his hand, and Finley immediately lost consciousness. He fell into a vegetative state.

Jonathan raised his head to look at Hayes and sighed. "I told you before that if she tries to do it again, I will not let her go!"

"Mr. Goldstein!"

Hayes knelt on the ground with a thud. "Mr. Goldstein, she's my only sister..."

Jonathan said lightly, "I've given her a chance! Now I'm giving you a chance too. Kill Juliette, or hand over the military power and spend the rest of your life in Northern Crimson Prison with Juliette. You choose."

"I'm going to Northern Crimson Prison!" Without any hesitation, Hayes answered directly with a kowtow.

Jonathan looked at Hayes who was thankful and grateful.

Unfortunately, Jonathan had to take away his military power even if Hayes was loyal to him.

Juliette tried to kill Jonathan twice. Although Jonathan believed that Hayes did not know about that, there was no way to let Hayes control the military power anymore.

Even if Hades were the one who dealt with this matter, Hayes would be shot to death too. There was absolutely no room for negotiation.

Turning to look at Sullivan surrounded by soldiers, Jonathan waved his hand slightly. "Let him go."

Surrounded by hundreds of soldiers with guns in their hands, Sullivan dared not move at all. Upon hearing that Jonathan wanted to let him go, he quickly thanked Jonathan, hopped into the helicopter, and closed the hatch.

As the helicopter took off, Xiara started to whisper, "Thirty meters..."

"One hundred meters..."

"Two hundred meters away now. It's probably not possible to blow it up..."

Bam!

All of a sudden, the helicopter turned into a huge fireball in the sky and dropped down.

Jonathan frowned and looked at Xiara. He suddenly realized Xiara's watch was gone.

Xiara looked at Jonathan while scratching her head and smirking playfully.

"I'm sorry. I couldn't hold it. I just can't stand the sight of him."

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Chapter 492 The Fallen Gomez Family

Jonathan felt a little frustrated and exasperated as he looked at Xiara's innocent expression.

He impatiently explained, "I planned to let him go, so he would head back and report this to the Osborne family."

He continued, "However, now that he's been beaten by you into... A pulp. How's he going to do that in his current state?"

Xiara merely shrugged nonchalantly and stated, "I have no idea. Anyway, we won't need him to report back or pass a message to the Osborne family as long as they don't find fault with you anymore."

She continued, "If they dare to do so despite all the chances we've given them, we still have other people we can grab hold of. It's obvious that this man is expendable. I bet if this entire situation was a novel, he would surely be one of those side characters who doesn't survive past the first chapter."

“Stop addressing us as an entity so casually. We’re not that familiar with one another yet,” stated Jonathan irately as he reached out and tossed the pocket watch in his hand over to Hayes before he continued, “This pocket watch contains a chip that was left behind by Philip. Take a look and see if there’s anything worth using on it.”

“All right!” acknowledged Hayes enthusiastically.

As he spoke, he reached over and gestured for one of the professionals from Intelligence Bureau to start taking the pocket watch apart slowly.

At that very same moment, a hoarse voice sounded from behind the group.

“Jonathan Goldstein!” bellowed the voice.

Almost immediately, a series of rapid clanking sounds followed the initial bellow as the hundreds of armed soldiers around the group raised their weapons and pointed in unison at the man who had spoken.

Jonathan turned to look at what was going on, only to see Zane standing atop the steps that led to the mourning hall. At some point in time, Zane had changed into a set of pure white mourning attire.

“Jonathan! I’m really itching to kill you right here and now!” bellowed Zane as he stood at the entrance. The wound from the broken finger on his right wrist was still bleeding profusely.

In addition, perhaps due to excessive blood loss, Zane’s face was now pale and his breathing seemed to have weakened considerably.

“The Gomez family has grown and flourished successfully in Lumonburg for a few decades now, but it was all ruined by you in the span of two days! Not only did you murder my son, but you also did the same to my father as well! I’ll hunt you to the end of the world to exact my vengeance upon you!” declared Zane.

Upon taking in Zane’s words, Hayes instinctively stepped forward and slowly headed toward Zane.

As he moved, he muttered, “Da*n this fool! If you continue to spout such nonsense, I’ll walk right up there and rip your...”

“Come on then!” interrupted Zane, fully aware of what Hayes had threatened to do to him.

Even before Hayes managed to close the distance between them, Zane had already raised his left arm high up in the air. He held what seemed to look like a car key in his grip.

It's an ignition device!

As military personnel, Hayes was no stranger to such items and immediately stopped in his tracks.

At the same time, he yelled, "Step back, everyone!"

With that one shout, the throng of soldiers that surrounded the group gripped their weapons more tightly and slowly eased backward.

"Please step back, Mr. Goldstein. This idiot has been holding on to that device the entire time. It's quite possible that the ignition device is activated via a dead man's switch," cautioned Hayes.

However, Jonathan merely grunted in acknowledgment but did not move a single inch.

Seeing that Hayes had moved to stand in front of him in an effort to protect him, Jonathan lightly instructed, "Step back and give us some space. I'll have a chat with him."

"Mr. Goldstein..." pleaded Hayes.

"I told you to step back!" stated Jonathan firmly once more.

Now that Jonathan had insisted, there was no avenue for Hayes to refuse him any further. Instead, he stepped aside and took up his position next to Jonathan before he turned to watch Zane closely.

Seeing that everyone had retreated from him, Zane couldn't help but burst into laughter.

He commented, "I was under the impression that Lumonburg's army was a fearless group! Who would have expected that they would turn out to be a group of spineless cowards instead! That said, you're the exception here, Jonathan. You're clearly a brave man. It doesn't seem that shameful for the Gomez family to fall at your hands now."

"You're giving me too much credit," replied Jonathan modestly with a faint smile.

He continued, "There have been countless attempts on my life in all these years, Zane. I have to admit, there are indeed quite a number of people out there who want me dead. However, this is the first time someone has dared to threaten me head-on while putting their very life on the line."

Zane smiled bitterly upon taking in Jonathan's words and said, "I know. I know I'm no match for you. My father always assumed that I didn't understand how great and powerful you are. However, I'm not a foolish little kid. At the very least, I knew that it

took someone extraordinary to be able to compel a behemoth like the Gomez family to tread lightly.”

Zane continued, “Jonathan, do you know that I got my men to plant explosives in the ground beneath this very living room three years ago? That was because I knew that being a vassal of the Osborne family was no different from allying ourselves with villains. As such, I made sure to leave an exit strategy of sorts so I could perish alongside whoever the Osborne family sent to us.”

Jonathan began to nod lightly as Zane explained his situation.

At that point, Jonathan stated, “Fair enough. Indeed, if you were to cut off all ties with the Osborne family, it would have been much more pleasant for all of you to spare yourselves the agony of suffering at their hands. However, I’m rather curious about one thing. Since you knew that I’m not someone you could trifle with, why did you choose not to lure me in?”

At that point, Zane let out a long ragged breath. Due to the excessive blood loss, he was now unable to stand upright through his own strength.

Despite that, he fought through the mental fog and dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him and shakily made his way toward the entrance of the living room.

As he moved, he explained, “My hatred for you simply pales in comparison to the hatred I bear toward the Osborne family. Quinton’s and my father’s deaths only occurred as a result of our initial attempt to take your life. Although that was a result of the Osborne family’s machinations, to some extent, we had it coming our way as well.”

He continued, “However, the Osborne family is truly the root cause behind all these troubles. They’re really a stain on the other respectable families. The reason why I chose not to make my move against you is because I need you to face off against the Osborne family. The most ideal outcome would be for both you and the Osborne family to suffer grievous injuries during the conflict or lose your lives. Only when that happens could I consider my vengeance exacted!”

Zane clutched at the door frame and slowly ambled into the mourning hall. Once he was inside, he loosened the grip on his left hand and allowed the dead man’s switch on the ignition device to activate.

“Quinton, live on…”

A series of thunderous booms echoed throughout the space and muffled Zane’s last words. Even Jonathan, who had achieved golden core, was unable to discern what Zane had said.

The explosion was accompanied by an endless barrage of glass shards and brick fragments that were sent flying due to the blast.

However, an invisible barrier seemed to have been put in place right before Jonathan. As such, not a single one of those flying objects managed to reach him. Instead, they simply fell to the ground right in front of him, almost as if they had struck an invisible wall.

After some time, Jonathan sensed that his spiritual energy was fast dissipating due to the high rate of energy consumption required to maintain the barrier. As such, he casually waved his arm and removed the protective shield.

This particular technique of converting his spiritual energy into protective armor was one of the many techniques that Jonathan had gained insight into upon acquiring golden core. As this was the first time he was using the technique, he was rather surprised that his spiritual energy would end up being consumed at such a rapid rate.

It seems like I can't use this technique recklessly in the future.

Due to the blast, the living room of the Gomez residence had invariably been reduced to rubble.

The raging inferno that ensued represented the best possible final send-off for the Gomez family as it reduced all three generations of the family to ashes.

"The Osborne family... Despite putting up with these respectable families for so long, have you finally run out of patience to do so?" mused Jonathan aloud.

Suddenly, Hayes carried a small laptop in hand and rushed toward Jonathan as he said, "Mr. Goldstein, we've managed to decrypt the information in the chip."

Hayes continued, "The information contained within includes a martial arts instruction manual, staff deployment breakdown, and information regarding geographical locations."

At that, Jonathan frowned and asked, "Are there any definite coordinates?"

"There aren't any," replied Hayes in a hoarse voice. He added, "It's clear that the Osborne family is very particular about their security and maintaining the secrecy of their location. All the information enclosed in the file related to geographical locations of any kind is represented only via photographs. We can only tell that it's a mountainous region."

Jonathan continued to frown as he instructed, "Send some men to take a look. In three days, someone will come over to take up your position as the King of Lumonburg."

Before that happens, it's absolutely essential that we figure out the precise location depicted in those photographs. Failing which, I'll hold you accountable!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!" acknowledged Hayes in an exuberant reply.

At the same time, a sedan with chipped paint slowed to a gradual stop in front of Bellridge County's hospital in the city of Citraire.

"Ryan Leiter, once you get out of the car, tell them that you injured your arm while you were working on the farm. Are you clear?"

"Yes, I understand, Mr. Cooper," replied Quinton. However, the words were barely out of his mouth when he jolted slightly and added, "Sorry, I should be calling you Grandpa."

"It's all right. You need some time to adjust," remarked Norman with a sigh before he added, "We've arrived. You should get out of the car."

Quinton opened the car door and made his way toward the emergency department of the hospital. However, he had barely taken two steps before he suddenly stopped and turned around to look at the night sky behind him.

That must be Lumonburg...