

## The Legendary Man Chapter 496

Chapter 496

Cannot Accept

Wasahurst Mountains was located in Jedayton of Drieso. Thirty years ago, the Wasahurst Mountains had been listed as a Level-1 dangerous area and a national-level wildlife nature reserve by the local government.

However, there was a tiny village in the middle of the main peak. Apart from the three-level mansion in the middle of the area, the other hundreds of families lived in red-tiled houses, which were arranged in an orderly manner.

The only odd thing about the village was that there were luxury cars worth tens of millions parked in every family's courtyard. Some even had helicopters.

The people in the village were extremely well-behaved. They would smile and nod when they met someone but never engage in small talk.

It was a peaceful yet bizarre sight. That was where the Osborne family lived.

A grey-haired elderly man was holding on to the hand of a child who was about five years old while walking along the path between the mountains.

Standing beside them was a chubby-looking middle-aged man.

"Dad, I've received news from Grand Forest Mountain. The holiday manor is destroyed by artillery fire. Broderick managed to survive with the help of the bunker. However, his arm has been crippled by Jonathan. The negotiation with Jonathan seems to be a failure," he said.

After listening to the middle-aged man's words, the elderly person stopped in his tracks and squatted down. "Little Reid, can you go over there and pick me some flowers?"

"Great-grandpa, do you need to discuss some matters again?" Reid Osborne asked sweetly, batting his eyelids.

"Yes. I need to discuss some matters. I'll play with you once I'm done," the elderly man promised, chuckling.

"Okay!" Reid trotted over to the field in front of them.

As soon as Reid left, the smile on the elderly man's face disappeared.

He uttered coldly, "Very well. Jonathan is declaring war against us. It's been many years since someone had the guts to go against a powerful family like us. How dare this Jonathan try to show off? He's courting death!"

Upon hearing that, the middle-aged man smiled. "By the way, there are some changes on Dark Web's assassin list. Recently, a new organization has appeared. It's called Apocalypse. The entire organization includes the top three assassins of Dark Web. Their criteria for entering the organization is by killing Jonathan. Looks like Jonathan will be facing endless attempts of assassinations for some time."

The elderly man was not the slightest bit delighted when he heard the news. Instead, a solemn gaze appeared in his eyes.

"Get someone to get in touch with this new organization. Try to get ahead of the other families and get Apocalypse to collaborate with us, if possible. This is very important," he said.

"Got it. I'll make the arrangements now," the middle-aged man said with a nod.

The elderly man nodded. "Oh, that reminds me. Send my regards to the Holmes, the Morsley, and the Shields family. Since Jonathan doesn't want to cooperate with us, then we'll crush the Goldstein family of Yaleview. So what if he's Asura? I don't believe he can be that heartless to ignore his family."

Jonathan and Xiara sat opposite each other at the garden's stone table at the Yaeger residence in Lumonburg.

At the same time, Hayes stood respectfully by the side like a defeated animal.

"Mr. Goldstein, I've gathered all the captains above regiment level from the war unit. The handover of the military power will be completed once the person who's replacing me arrives," Hayes said hoarsely. There were traces of reluctance in his tone.

Sensing that, Jonathan put down his cup and asked, "What is it? Are you displeased with the fact that I'm sending you to Mysonna?"

"Of course not. It's my fault for not teaching my sister well. You've already shown me enough mercy by sparing her life. How could I be displeased with anything?" Hayes said, lifting his head.

"Good that you know," Jonathan said with a deep voice. He then waved his hand in the air, and a black chip fell right into Hayes' hand.

Hayes gazed at the chip in his hand and asked in puzzlement, "Mr. Goldstein, isn't this Philip's memory chip? What is—"

Jonathan said flatly, "Just take it. Hayes, you've been with me in all kinds of life and death situations, but do you know why you're not a part of Eight Kings of War? Do you know why you can only be a pathetic leader who's in charge of a deserted place like Lumonburg?"

Hayes lowered his head and muttered, "I don't. To be honest, I'm not happy with this. Why can't I be given the same title, too? I've fought almost the same number of wars as them."

Jonathan said with a smile, "The answer is in the memory chip. The reason the Eight Kings of War are each given a piece of land is not based solely on their achievements. They have to be powerful too. Remember Punisher? The person who tried to kill me and ranks third on Dark Web's assassin list? Hades can kill him singlehandedly. Meanwhile, Xiara ranks ninth on the list. She could've killed you anytime back in Grand Forest Mountain. That's how different you are in terms of power. In Asura's office, every person who's given the title of King of War is a frequent receiver of the bounty. Without the equivalent level of abilities, you'll never be given the title, even until you die."

As he was saying that, he got to his feet and walked over to Hayes.

"Tiger, you can't win the upcoming battles by just being fearless. You also need the brains and capabilities. I can't make you smart, but this chip has all the cultivation methods left by Philip. Since you'll have nothing to do in Mysonna, it won't harm to train more. I'm sure the training will be useful in the future," said Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein..."

Jonathan's words caused Hayes' eyes to redden and tears welled in them.

Jonathan did not know how to respond to Hayes' reaction.

I've just given him a chip with cultivation methods. Why is he being so emotional?

To his surprise, Hayes wiped his tears and said, "Mr. Goldstein, are you saying I don't have to be locked up in jail for the rest of my life? Is that right?"

When Jonathan heard Hayes' words that were laced with a thick northern accent, the former swallowed all the words he was about to say.

"Uh... Maybe you shouldn't come out for the time being," Jonathan muttered.

As he was saying that, a clear voice rang outside the garden.

"Reporting in!"

"Come in!" Jonathan said softly.

Everyone turned their heads instantly, and they saw three young men dressed in military uniforms marching toward Jonathan.

The trio stood straight, and the leader of the group reported loudly, “Commander, Andrew Morsley, the division leader of Divine Dragon Guards’ third division, has come to report to you.”

Jonathan saluted in response. “Andrew, you know why I’ve asked you to come here, right?”

“Yes, Commander. I have received the order. You’ve ordered me to come here to take over Lumonburg’s military power,” Andrew replied loud and clear.

Jonathan nodded. “All right, Hayes. You may begin the handover.”

Hayes hurriedly responded and held Andrew’s hand. “Mr. Morsley, the Lumonburg army will be now handed over to you. Please take good care of them.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of each soldier.”

Just as Andrew and Hayes were laughing and exchanging pleasantries, someone among the troop in the distance yelled, “Commander, I cannot accept this!”

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#### Essential Difference

Hayes and Andrew’s facial expressions stiffened following the shout. That handover ceremony was merely a customary process with the aim of letting the subordinates know who would be the new army commander.

Unexpectedly, a disruption had occurred before the handover process even began. Hayes glanced at Jonathan. After sensing the latter’s lack of response, he quickly stepped forward.

“Fck! *Which one of you dmn b\*stards* objected? Get the hell out now!”

“Sir! That was me!” Following the exclamation, a determined-looking officer in his thirties, who was standing in the front row, took a step forward.

“Cameron Lynch, are you trying to rebel?” Hayes rushed forward while gritting his teeth.

Then, he sent Cameron sprawling on the floor with a kick.

Cameron did not retaliate. Instead, he merely got up and stood before Hayes again.

“Reporting in, Commander. I am not planning a rebellion, but I object to this substitution!”

“Hey, you bstard! Aren’t you getting more excited to speak after we criticize you?”  
*Hayes booted Cameron and sent the latter flying backward into the crowd.* “Dmn you! Do you believe I will strip you of your position as the Third Division leader if you dare object again?”

Cameron got to his feet again. “I don’t mind giving up the position! I will follow you wherever you go. I will object as long as I have to serve under anyone else but you!”

Hayes scratched his head and cursed, “F\*ck! Where do you think I’m going? I’m going to Northern Crimson Prison. Do you think I’m leaving here to enjoy my life? Why have I never realized you’re such a stubborn person in the past, Cameron?”

Hayes was about to make a move, but just as he lifted his leg, he heard Jonathan’s voice sound from behind.

“Stop right there.”

Hayes immediately retracted his leg upon hearing Jonathan’s order.

He jogged up to Jonathan and wore a wry smile. “Mr. Goldstein, I really did not anticipate this interference. Please allow me five minutes, and I will make sure he can never speak again-”

Jonathan waved his hand, interrupting Hayes from continuing his speech.

“It is good that all your soldiers only acknowledge you after weathering all those battles alongside you. This signifies loyalty among your troop,” Jonathan said while regarding Hayes with a faint smile.

In fact, that situation resembled how Jonathan had told Broderick at Grand Forest Mountain previously about his soldiers not being cold-blooded, heartless machines who only recognized the army’s emblem.

It seems like Tiger has led the Lumonburg’s troop well.

Jonathan got up and stepped forward before he said, “Cameron Lynch, right? You object to this change in leadership. Can you tell me what’s the reason?”

Cameron replied hoarsely, “Sir, an objection is an objection. There is no special reason behind my protest. All of us had been through all kinds of perilous battles with our army

commander. Commander Hayes has brought it upon himself to be sentenced to imprisonment by you because of his error.”

“F\*ck you and your error. I was dragged into this mess, all right?” Hayes muttered and widened his eyes after listening to Cameron’s words.

Judging by his demeanor, Hayes might have really booted Cameron to death if Jonathan wasn’t standing beside them.

Cameron glanced at Hayes guiltily before mustering his courage and added, “And now, you found a toyboy to take over the Lumonburg army. I will have to obey his commands in the future, but I will never accept him as our leader. I am not the only one. All the other soldiers standing behind me share my sentiment too. Am I correct, everyone?”

Almost two hundred soldiers standing behind Cameron simultaneously took a step forward after Cameron asked the question at the top of his voice.

“That’s right. We object!”

Taking in their aggressiveness, Jonathan turned to look at Andrew and chuckled.

“Andrew, did you hear that? You’ve become a toyboy.”

Andrew’s face turned crimson instantly.

In fact, Andrew had long acquired the nickname “toyboy.” It was no wonder because he had the appearance of a young celebrity despite being twenty-nine.

Anyone would have assumed Andrew had attained his rank through connections.

Unfortunately, that practice was highly disdained among military men.

“Great! It seems like you all have discussed this matter in private. In that case, just tell me what you want,” Jonathan chirped.

Cameron flashed a grin as they were finally getting into the main topic.

“Hehe. Commander, can you not assign our army commander to Mysonna? If you do that, we will accept this bloke as our leader.”

“Oh. So, you all are waiting for me because of this reason,” Jonathan uttered with a smile.

“All right. It is difficult to execute this order if most of you do not follow it. Since all of you are pleading for mercy for your army commander’s sake, I cannot just do as I wish now.

In that case, I'll add one more condition. If you all can accomplish this feat, I will not change your army commander."

"We guarantee to complete the mission!" Approximately two hundred soldiers shouted at once.

Jonathan bobbed his head slightly. The next second, he turned to look at Andrew and his party.

"Take off your shirt, the three of you. This is an order!"

"Yes, sir!"

After receiving Jonathan's instruction, Andrew and the other two began removing their shirt. Around ten seconds later, the three of them stood bare-chested in front of everyone.

At that moment, all the soldiers widened their eyes at the scene before them. The source of their astonishment was due to the countless scars covering Andrew and the other two soldiers' bodies. Their torsos and arms had at least four to five gunshot wounds. Not to mention, the injuries from scattered shrapnel and cuts from knives covered their skin, forming a frightening and spine-chilling sight.

Jonathan calmly said to the soldiers in front of him, "My condition is for all two hundred of you to subdue these three men without using any weapon. If you succeed, I will let Hayes remain as your army commander. Do I make myself clear?"

Standing furthest in front, Cameron responded in a daze, "T-Two hundred of us against the three of them? Is that right, Commander-"

Bang!

Before Cameron could finish the rest of his sentence, Andrew leaped over from five meters away and hit Cameron on his chest.

Eyes bulging, Cameron gradually sank to the ground on his knees. Then, his body tilted backward, and he passed out immediately.

"Come on. Come at me all at once. I have plenty of transition-related work to deal with after defeating all of you," Andrew piped up nonchalantly while retracting his fist.

The next moment, Andrew was joined by the other two soldiers, and they formed a small battle party and began wreaking havoc among the Lumonburg army.

Hysterical cries reverberated in the air instantly.

“F\*ck! Get them, everyone!”

“If we can’t even crush these three people with the combined effort of two hundred men, we should feel ashamed of ourselves in the future...”

“Hey! Are you all right? Sh\*t-”

Pandemonium reigned in the garden as agonized screams and piercing cries echoed in the air.

“Are you that confident in your subordinates’ abilities, instructing three of them to fight against an army consisting of two hundred soldiers?” Xiara chirped while observing the commotion on the field.

“Number-wise, this may be a battle between three men and an army of two hundred, but the only ones who can actually contribute in this fight for the other party are the group of over ten men surrounding Andrew and the other two. It is good for soldiers to be loyal, but these men are too insolent to dare to threaten me because I decide to change their army commander,” Jonathan explained.

Xiara turned her head around to look at Jonathan upon hearing his words. “Is there any essential difference between this matter and when those prominent families asked you to relinquish your military power?”

Jonathan replied while wearing a faint smile, “There is. Tiger has a superior, and that’s me, while I will never serve under anyone’s command.”

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#### You Can Have Him

If anyone else had mentioned such impertinent words, they might have been considered a rebel. However, no one batted an eyelid when Jonathan said it.

“You will never serve under anyone’s command...” Xiara gazed at Jonathan pensively. “Are you saying you wish to become Chanaea’s true king?”

Hearing her question, even Hayes, standing aside and staring intently at the battle ahead, could not help but look in Jonathan’s direction.

Despite Asura’s Office’s current immense power, the eight Kings of War selected by Jonathan, and even Hayes’ title as the King of Lumonburg, were nothing more than a designation instead of a position.

If Jonathan truly wanted to become the king, he would have to re-establish the current political standings.

In Hayes' opinion, Jonathan was the real Asura.

If a war broke out, he would be the first to risk his life on the battlefield for Jonathan.

However, if Jonathan desired to seize the ruling power, even Hayes did not know which side he would take.

Sensing Hayes' gaze on him, Jonathan merely smiled faintly.

"When I say I will never serve under anyone's command, I meant to not abide by the current rules. I do not have the slightest interest in political power."

"Hehehe."

Hayes giggled after hearing Jonathan's answer. Then, he shifted his attention back to Andrew and the others.

Xiara glanced at Hayes and went into deep thought.

"Jonathan, I am very curious. Do those Eight Kings of War serving under Asura's Office and the two million soldiers stationed all over the nation serve Chanaea, or do they work for you? How many among them would follow you if you decided to start a rebellion?"

Jonathan fell silent for a long while. In the end, he shook his head.

"I don't know. Obeying commands is the natural duty of a soldier, but protecting the nation is our obligation. I can only hope they make a conscientious decision if a conflict arises between these two purposes."

After he finished speaking, the fight on the field involving Andrew and the others was also coming to an end.

After a few grunts sounded, Andrew and his party remained the only three people standing on the field.

"Sir, we've accomplished the mission," Andrew reported while panting heavily.

Jonathan looked up at Andrew and saw that the latter's body was now covered in footprints. Even his cheeks were swollen like a pufferfish.

"It seems like you all have become well-acquainted now. I will not interfere in the rest of this matter. You all will deal with it yourselves."

Jonathan got up to leave while Xiara hurriedly trailed behind him.

Then, Hayes' deep and low voice rang again behind them.

“Two hundred of you lost against these three people, yet you all dared call him a toyboy? Even I feel ashamed for your sake! Get up, all of you. I'll personally entertain those who still dare to object.”

Following that hideous fight, Hayes' soldiers become significantly more obedient.

After the handover ceremony ended, Andrew successfully became the new King of Lumonburg, while Hayes, accompanied by his sister Juliette, departed to Northern Crimson Prison without any escort or guard.

If Jonathan did not have faith in Hayes' character, he would not have spared the latter's life.

While sitting on the plane back to Jadeborough, Jonathan pondered while staring at the clouds outside the window.

Actually, he had planned to let Nelson from Gronga Special Force take over Lumonburg's army following Hayes' discharge.

After all, Jonathan had bombarded Grand Forest Mountain, eliminating the entire Gomez family in the process. His decision was a clear statement that he would fight against the Osborne family until the end, and once the Osborne family retaliated, Lumonburg would be their first target.

Naturally, the respectable family was still only a clan, so they did not have as much proper military power as Jonathan to engage in a war with Jonathan directly.

Nevertheless, Jonathan found their simple manipulation from all other sectors to be equally troublesome.

Therefore, the most suitable candidate to handle such a complex situation would be Nelson, a veteran who had thrived in a complicated area such as Gronga.

However, it was not easy to establish and maintain the current stable situation at Gronga. Lumonburg might be important, but Jonathan could not risk losing Gronga too.

After some thorough contemplation, Jonathan ultimately chose Andrew, who had followed him for a long time.

As Jonathan thought of Andrew, another two faces surfaced in his mind.

The Morsley family was a respectable military clan. Aside from Andrew, two other members of the family also served under Asura's Office.

One of them was Andy Morsley, also known as Pale Cloud King, one of the Eight Kings of War who guarded the country's western border.

The other member was Allen Morsley, the division leader of the Western Guard Regiment's Second Division. He was one of the best soldiers in the Western Guard Regiment.

And now, Andrew was promoted as the new commander of Lumonburg's army.

As a result, the Morsley family's military influence was becoming more significant due to the combined authority of Andrew, Andy, and Allen.

Jonathan reckoned Hades would nag him again once the plane landed.

"Hello, sir. Would you like champagne or any other drinks?" the stewardess beside him piped up while Jonathan was absorbed in his thoughts.

Crack!

Xiara loaded the gun with a soft click and pointed the weapon at the stewardess' waist.

"How dare you try to poison him in front of me? Do you realize you are displaying your inferior skills in front of an expert?"

The stewardess panicked. "Miss, what are you doing? Please do not make this kind of joke. You'll have to face time in prison for carrying a gun on the plane!"

Jonathan turned around and noticed that despite the stewardess' frightful tone, she spoke in a diminished voice as if she was afraid of attracting others' attention.

In fact, ever since he stepped into the plane, Jonathan had felt that something was off.

Although Jadeborough was a third-tier city, there should not be only two people, just him and Xiara, sitting in the first-class cabin, regardless of the season.

At that moment, the curtain separating the first-class cabin and the economy class had been drawn.

The remaining two stewardesses and steward gathered over while wearing unfriendly expressions.

"Planning an assassination ten thousand meters above the ground. I guess you all are really not afraid to die." Xiara laughed and immediately pulled the trigger.

Whoosh!

The sound of the silencer ensued. A bullet passed through the stewardess' abdomen and created a hole in the cabin's ceiling.

Everyone was shocked after witnessing the gunshot.

They turned to look at the bullet hole on the ceiling nervously.

Those scenes in the movies featuring aircraft hijacking using guns were plain nonsense. As Xiara mentioned, the occurrence of a gunfight in midair was no different from an act of voluntarily throwing their lives away.

Putting aside the firing of shots, everyone would face death if someone made a hole in the plane, causing air pressure in the cabin to decrease and the level of oxygen to desaturate.

At that instant, all of them regarded Xiara like she was insane.

Sensing those killers' lack of movement, Xiara raised her left hand to support her chin.

"Do you all intend to die along with me, or should we postpone this matter until the plane lands?"

In spite of her casual tone, she was gently tapping on the window with the gun in her right hand.

If she fired a shot, everyone would probably lose their lives.

The flight attendant, standing at the back, said, "Hey, girl. Are you an assassin too? Since you're also one of us, you should understand our problems. We are only doing this for money, so there's no need to risk our lives to get this job done. You can have Jonathan."

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 499**

### **Chapter 499 Assassination**

As the male flight attendant spoke, he ordered the other flight attendants to back off. However, right after that, a strange fragrance was emitted from the woman who had fallen down next to Jonathan and Xiara.

Jonathan's expression changed drastically. He shouted to Xiara, "Hold your breath!"

Unfortunately, the second he spoke, Xiara staggered and collapsed into one of the seats.

Even though she tried to get up, her efforts were futile.

“What kind of poison is this?” she calmly asked from where she was slumping on the seat.

“There isn’t a name for it. There’s only a code name, BKD-3,” the flight attendant answered while walking over with a smile. “This is a drug that can cause a person’s muscles to lock up. It doesn’t have any other effects, but it can make you lose your ability to move temporarily. Don’t worry, Jonathan. We’re not here to kill you. We just want to take you to meet someone. Zachary and his men have already surrounded the airport at Jadeborough, so we’ll have to kindly ask you to get off the plane halfway.”

As the flight attendant spoke, someone nearby had already taken out parachutes from a locker.

“What do we do about the girl?” an air stewardess questioned.

“Get rid of her,” he replied dismissively.

Jonathan sighed. “Don’t touch her. I’ll go with you. There’s no need to harm someone innocent.”

“She just killed one of my subordinates. She’s not innocent at all,” the male flight attendant pointed out.

He walked over to Jonathan and picked him up before hooking the parachute onto his shoulder.

“I’d like to know who exactly wants to meet me,” Jonathan said. He leaned against the chair and allowed the flight attendant to fasten the parachute for him.

“I can’t tell you,” the flight attendant responded while shaking his head.

“Even if you were to die?” Jonathan probed.

“If I told you, then my death would be guaranteed,” the air stewardess revealed.

Bang!

Right after that, the sound of a gun firing was heard, and blood burst out from the back of the air stewardess’ head.

“What’s going on?” The flight attendant had just gotten up when his shoulder was shoved down by a large hand.

Crack!

Jonathan exerted more strength on his hand, and the bones in the flight attendant's shoulder shattered completely.

Meanwhile, Xiara was back on her feet. She was already going head-to-head with two other flight attendants.

Jonathan stretched his hand out and made a subtle move. Two plastic spoons, which seemed to have been possessed, began spinning in the air. They circled past Xiara's back and shot directly into the two flight attendants' eyes.

When she saw that the spoons were stuck into their eye sockets, Xiara's eyes lit up with amusement. "Isn't that Philip's trick, Jonathan? Why do you know how to do it?"

"All you have to do is control the objects using spiritual energy. It's no big deal," he casually stated. Then, he stretched his right arm out and cleanly split the flight attendant's jaw.

It was sliced off with a snap. When Jonathan lowered his head to take a look, he put his hand inside the man's mouth and forcefully pulled out a large tooth. "There's a tracker inside his tooth. How professional. I'll give you a chance. If you tell me who's behind all this, then I'll make your death a painless one."

"Hehe..." The air steward chuckled. He lifted his right hand and pinched his own neck.

Immediately, crimson blood began spewing out.

Jonathan picked the man's right hand up and saw that there was a tiny, yet incredibly sharp blade in between his fingertips.

"Are all assassins like this nowadays? Do they just kill themselves without any warning?" he muttered dejectedly while looking at the corpses lying on the floor.

He then turned to Xiara and grumbled, "If you're going to pretend that you fainted, then stick to it. Can you at least leave two of them alive next time?"

"You're one to talk." She glanced down and inspected some of the items the assassins were carrying and let out a huff. "I only killed two of them. The rest was all your work."

She straightened up and looked at the tooth in Jonathan's hand.

"They aren't from any organization of assassins. In our line of work, you absolutely cannot trust another person. There's no way they would have let someone put a tracking device in their teeth just like that. The way I see it, they were sent here to die. I mean, he already told you that they didn't come here to kill you and that they just wanted to take you to meet someone. Who knows? Maybe an old friend of yours misses you and wants to see you again," Xiara analyzed.

At the start, her deduction was a reasonable one, but things got a little off track toward the end.

She stared at the mischievous Jonathan and was about to say something, but instead opted to glance at the economy cabin.

Footsteps could be heard from behind the curtain. The only thing separating the first-class cabin and the economy was a piece of curtain. They had made quite a lot of noise during the fight earlier, and someone must have sensed that something was amiss.

“If word gets out about a fight on the plane, that’d be pretty big news. Worst comes to worst, the plane might end up crashing,” Jonathan said cheerily as he looked at Xiara. “Do you want to deal with them, or should I do it?”

One of the passengers was heard calling for a flight attendant. “Excuse me, Miss? I think I heard some noise over there...”

Swish...

The curtain swung open, revealing a man in his thirties who was frozen in place. He was seemingly dumbstruck.

In front of him, Xiara was chewing on a lollipop as she aimed a gun at his head. “Don’t scream, or else, I’ll make sure you end up just like them.”

As she spoke, she took out a glass vial from her pocket and sprayed the liquid inside onto the man’s clothes. “Don’t worry. It’s just sedative.”

She looked at him with a smile and walked forward with the gun in her right hand. The cold barrel of the gun was pressed against his forehead.

“Bang!” she shrieked.

Following her scream, it was as if a switch had been flipped in the man. He turned around and began running away while yelling at the top of his lungs. “Argh! Help! Someone’s been killed! The plane’s been hijacked!”

The man seemed to have lost his mind as he barreled through the walkway. He kept moving forward even when he collided with someone as if he couldn’t feel any pain whatsoever.

When the other passengers heard his screams, all of them turned to look in Jonathan and Xiara’s direction.

What greeted them was the sight of corpses all over the floor. It caused chaos to break out in the plane.

“Help!”

“Don’t come closer! Y-You’re outnumbered. We’re not afraid of you!”

“Please let me go... I don’t want to die...”

“I’ll pay you...”

Upon hearing the commotion in the cabin, Xiara squatted on a seat and burst into laughter. “Hahahaha! Look at how pitiful they are, Jonathan. They’re scared to death! Hahaha!”

“Come on. Is being scared to death funny to you?” Jonathan asked with a frown.

“Haha... Haha... Ah...” Xiara’s grin softened. Eventually, she took back her words. “It’s not funny at all. They’re wonderful! At least they are afraid of death.”

As she spoke, however, her eyes were red-rimmed.

After taking a deep breath, she once again regained her usual innocent, unaffected demeanor. “The drug should be taking effect by now.”

Right after she said that, the sound of thud after thud could be heard in the cabin.

All the two hundred over passengers collapsed to the floor in less than half a minute. All of them were unconscious.

Jonathan was silent as he observed Xiara, who was once again leaning against the window.

Even though he didn’t know what she had experienced in the past, there was one thing he could be certain of.

Those memories of hers definitely weren’t pleasant ones.

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 500**

Chapter 500 Level Three Defense Readiness Condition

For the second half of the flight, the two pilots operated under Xiara’s watch.

Much like what she said earlier, she had never trusted anyone before, not even the two pilots who were so scared they were on the verge of pissing in their pants.

After the plane landed, she finally put her gun away. Once the cabin door opened, countless fully-armed soldiers rushed in.

Zachary dashed into the plane. He circled Jonathan and took a few looks at him, but still couldn't let go of his worries. "Are you okay, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Enough of that. It's not like I can die that easily," Jonathan chided jokingly. "Take a look at the passengers in the back. If any of them are wounded, Asura's Office will cover all medical fees. Investigate the identities of the corpses on the ground and get the Intelligence Bureau to look into the organization that they're working for. Also, tell Hades that he needs to start gathering all of Asura's Office's troops soon. We're entering level three defense readiness condition."

"Level Three Defense Readiness Condition?" Zachary couldn't help but feel a little confused.

Even though Level Three Defense Readiness Condition was the lowest level of preparation in Asura's Office, it still signified that war was about to happen and that materials had to be prepared.

Once Level Three Defense Readiness Condition was put into place, all the garrisons would have to make full arrangements within a day. All the soldiers on leave or resting would have to return to their posts regardless of their rank.

Guns would be taken out of storage, and rations would be stored in warehouses. All the vehicles would be fueled up and weapons would be fully loaded.

Everything was to prepare for war immediately.

"Is there an urgent war happening near the border, Mr. Goldstein?" Zachary asked in a low voice.

"It's an internal problem within Chanaea," Jonathan stated. "I'll tell you when you need to know."

"Understood." Upon hearing that, Zachary knew that he had asked an inappropriate question and did not push the matter any further.

On the other hand, a soldier ran over to the two of them. "Reporting in, Commander. How do we deal with this woman?"

They both looked over and saw that around five soldiers had aimed their guns at Xiara.

Even so, she was busy eating potato chips. It was as if she couldn't see the guns pointed at her whatsoever.

"Mr. Goldstein, that woman is..." Zachary was no fool. Other than the pilots, the only people conscious on the plane were Jonathan and Xiara. He knew she couldn't be an ordinary person.

Jonathan felt a headache coming on when he saw her.

Initially, Xiara had tried to assassinate him for a bounty. However, once he saw through her, she decided to follow him.

She had been on his side in Grand Forest Mountain as well as on the plane and had helped him out quite a bit.

Nonetheless, Jonathan knew that when she used the sedatives to leave everyone unconscious, she had no intention of sparing him.

Over the past few days, there were many occasions in which he could sense her killing intent toward him.

She obviously had yet to give up on assassinating him.

If it were Jonathan from the past, there was no doubt that he would have sent Xiara straight to Northern Crimson Prison.

However, when he thought of Punisher, who had defected after leaving, Jonathan was immersed in thought.

Even though Asura's Office was tremendously powerful and even had spies in other countries, the one thing they didn't have a hold on was Dark Web.

In the past, he had wanted to get Punisher to manipulate the bounty modules on Dark Web. The purpose of it was to have an extra pawn on the web.

Despite that, nobody could have imagined that Punisher would defect and join Apocalypse instead.

While staring at the grinning Xiara, Jonathan remained silent for a few seconds. "Let her go. She's not one of us, but she has helped me out quite a lot."

Jonathan was straightforward when it came to talking.

By saying that, he wanted to tell Xiara that he had no intention of making things difficult for her, but also that he wasn't going to pay her any mind.

Otherwise, if he were to act like Hayes and give people the idea that she was Jonathan's lover, things might go wrong further down the road.

When they heard Jonathan's words, the soldiers of Divine Dragon Guards immediately lowered their guns.

"I knew you didn't have the heart to kill me, Jonathan," Xiara said while looking at him with a smile.

"It's not about whether I have the heart to do it or not. Since I'm letting you go, then you should take the initiative to leave. If this happens again, you might not be so lucky," he warned.

Then, he and Zachary walked out of the cabin.

Xiara gazed at the door to the cabin and let out a quiet huff. She put the last potato chip into her mouth and bit into it with a crunch before giggling. "Next time? Who said I planned on leaving?"

In No. 1 Villa, Edenic Heights, Jonathan had just stepped into the courtyard when he heard Emmeline's voice.

"Is that you, Jonathan? You're back!" she exclaimed.

When she saw that Jonathan had appeared, she put down the magazine in her hands and made her way over to the door.

However, another figure moved faster than her and rushed straight into his embrace.

It was none other than Josephine.

"You left for days on end without leaving a single word, Jonathan. I didn't hear a word from you. Are you trying to scare me to death?" she choked out through sobs as she hugged him.

Ever since she found out that she was pregnant, she became increasingly reliant on Jonathan.

That was especially true after the kidnapping incident. Josephine didn't want to be apart from him at all. When he left for a whole week without a word, she had been incredibly on edge even with Emmeline by her side.

As he watched the sobbing Josephine in his arms, Jonathan's heart softened.

He wiped her tears away and muttered, "Come on, don't cry. It's bad for the baby. You missed me, huh?"

"You..." she mumbled. Even though she was pregnant with his child, she still wasn't used to listening to his sweet words.

The moment he said that, Josephine's face flushed red and she wrestled herself out of his arms. "As if! You should go away forever, then this mansion will be all mine."

"It is all yours from the start," he remarked gently.

"Nonsense." She shot him a glare. "Zachary lent you this mansion because you're his friend. Do you really think he would give it to you for no reason? This place is worth over a hundred million. When are you ever going to stop bragging?"

"Okay, okay. I promise I won't brag next time. Let's hurry up and go back inside. Being angry is bad for the baby." He quietly helped her inside with a doting look in his eyes.

As they passed by Emmeline, he smiled and greeted her while going into the house. She grinned back in response.

However, a bitter feeling rose in her heart as she watched the two of them.

She had personally seen how Jonathan murdered people in Durbaine. More importantly, she found out his true identity.

Everyone else in the house thought that he was only bragging because he was riding on someone else's coattails.

Oh, my silly sister. The man next to you is none other than Asura. I wonder when you will discover the truth? she mused while watching the two of them go inside the mansion.

Being Asura's wife and standing next to him was probably every woman's dream.

The moment she thought about that, Emmeline jolted with shock and looked around her with a guilty feeling.

"What's wrong, Emmeline? Hurry up and come in!" Josephine yelled from inside the mansion.

Emmeline coughed lightly and followed them inside.