

## The Legendary Man Chapter 536 - 540

### Chapter 536 Housecleaning

"I'm not asking you to follow me. I'm telling you to leave to save your life." Having said that, Xiara spun on her heels and left.

"It's up to you if you want to come with me or not." As her voice faded, she put a voice-modifying device into her mouth. With a blow, the call of the insects sounded the next moment.

As soon as the call of the insects sounded, the other assassins exchanged looks in silence.

They hesitated, but the young boy was the first among them to react. The rest snapped out of it quickly after the boy, and they immediately headed in the direction Xiara disappeared.

As for the slender lady, she, too, hesitated. She gave one last glance in the direction of the mansion and followed behind the others.

Right after they left, a faint spiritual energy fluctuation slowly retracted back into Jonathan's body.

He gradually opened his eyes, gently lifted the blanket, and carefully pulled his arm away from Josephine.

"Mm..." Upon catching the movements created by Jonathan, Josephine murmured something in her sleep, "I'm pregnant. Don't be naughty..."

With that said, Josephine turned around to get into a comfortable position.

Jonathan chuckled lightly at how Josephine looked like a cute, docile kitten sleeping soundly.

Before he got up from bed, he gave her a quick peck on her cheeks.

Jonathan then silently walked out of the door with the Heaven Sword in his hand.

His expression abruptly changed as soon as the door was closed shut. "If you all have a death wish, don't blame me for this then!"

There was an observation deck at the mountain peak behind Edenic Heights. The mist around the mountain made the surroundings look incredibly ethereal.

Behind Xiara stood six men donned in black clothes.

As for the slender lady, she gazed at the brightly lit sky while her brows knitted together.

"According to the anatomy of a human, one is most tired between two thirty and four thirty midnight. Agent 65, we missed the best time for assassination when you brought us here. We need an explanation."

Xiara turned around. "Agent 98, it seems like you have forgotten your manners after I've been away from Paradise Island for too long."

Xiara whipped out a lollipop from her pocket and put it in her mouth. Upon catching a glimpse of her movements, the assassins hurriedly backed off with their hands covering their mouth and nose.

The teenage boy was the only one who didn't cower among the assassins. He even had a smile on his face when he walked up to Xiara.

"Agent 65, it's been three years since your last return. I have missed you so much!" the boy said happily as he slowly made his way to Xiara.

Xiara patted the boy's head in response. "Agent 99, you've grown so much. It's not that

I didn't want to go back, but no one knows where Paradise Island is."

"Through the contacts. You can always get the contacts to guide you back home when you turn in your mission report," the boy replied with a matter-of-fact tone.

"Home? Is that truly a home?" A hint of confusion flashed across Xiara's eyes.

At the side, Agent 98 tightened her grip around her dagger.

"Agent 99, get back here at once. I'm the team leader! Stay away from Agent 65."

Upon hearing Agent 98's words, Agent 99 looked toward Xiara with a perplexed expression.

On the other hand, Xiara turned toward the others, and a hint of mockery flashed across her eyes. "If I wanted to poison you, I would have had all of you taken down when you were on your way here with me."

The others exchanged a look of bafflement in response and put their hands away after a few seconds.

"Agent 65, we're here to clean things up for you. The mission assigned to you by Xiara is long overdue. Why aren't you executing your mission?" Agent 98 uttered grimly.

"Why would I?" Xiara turned around and shot daggers at her. "If you're here to clean things up for me, then you should know about my latest report. There's an additional three hundred million in Xiara's account. The money is paid to me by Jonathan Goldstein to protect his family. I don't think I'm doing the wrong thing when I'm merely executing the mission I was paid for."

Everyone at the scene froze for a second upon hearing her words.

"You accepted his payment? The target is now your employer?" Agent 98's eyebrows were tightly furrowed.

"That's right." Xiara nodded calmly. "Now, leave. Once the mission is over, I'll get in touch and return to Paradise Island. I'll explain to Mom when I'm back."

"There's no need for that anymore," Agent 98 uttered grimly, "Our mission is to eliminate the Smith family and put the blame on the Chanaea's respectable families. If Xiara wants to grow stronger, it must expand its business into Chanaea's market. But Chanaea is being protected well by Asura's Office now."

A cold glint appeared in Xiara's eyes as she stared at Agent 98. "I told you. My mission is to protect the Smith family. I'll definitely hurt you if you lay a finger on them."

"Agent 65, do you have any idea what your words represent?" Agent 98 replied before reaching out for a gas mask and putting it on. "If you stand in the way of our mission, we have the power to put you down."

As soon as those words fell, the dagger in Agent 98's hand was flung into the air, and it shot toward Xiara's throat at the speed of light.

Ding!

A soft thud was followed by a spark when it screeched through the air and flew past Xiara's palm.

It turned out that a short blade had mysteriously appeared in her hand.

"You have a death wish!" Xiara's calm voice echoed in the air as her palm struck Agent 98's face.

The sturdy gas mask broke into pieces under the attack, and the broken pieces stabbed deep into Xiara's palm and Agent 98's face.

A pain-filled groan rang out, and Agent 98 was sent flying into the air. She only

managed to come to a halt when she crashed into the trees behind her.  
“What are you looking at? Take the antidotes and take her down!” Agent 98 shouted as she hurled a pill into her mouth.

Aside from Agent 99, the remaining four assassins acted immediately upon receiving her orders. They charged toward Xiara without hesitation.

In fact, their mission was to eliminate the Smith family and evaluate the threat Agent 65 posed.

Hence, when Xiara stood in their way, she had already failed the evaluation and became a risk to these assassins. They had no choice but to eliminate her.

“Move away!”

Xiara grabbed onto Agent 99 and threw him far away like a bag of garbage.

Despite being surrounded by the assassins, Xiara remained unflinching.

With a fling, Xiara fired a hidden arrow at one of the assassin’s hearts.

Yet, the assassin did not bother evading the lethal attack from her. He continued slashing his blade at Xiara.

Bulletproof vest!

Xiara figured it out in a split second.

Gas masks, antidotes, and bulletproof vests. It seems like they’re well prepared to deal with me. That means Mom wants to get rid of me, too? I need to sidestep and take another step forward to avoid this deadly attack. I could ignore the rest.

The information she interpreted flitted across her mind.

At the most critical moment, Xiara dived right at the assassin holding the blade.

Chapter 537 Do You Have My Permission

Blood spilled all over the place.

Xiara plunged into the assassin’s arms before forcing her way out of the encirclement with the assassin as a shield.

Blood seeped through the injuries on her shoulders, arms, and thighs.

It was her best option if she wanted to escape from the encirclement.

Bam!

After being rammed by Xiara, the assassin went flying meters away before crashing onto the ground.

“Y-You...”

Writhing in pain, the assassin looked toward Xiara, who was still in his arms, before he tried to stab her.

Yet, Xiara was one step ahead. She jumped onto the man and pressed her knees onto the assassin’s arm, stopping him from swinging his blade at her.

In the next second, she unsheathed her blade, and blood spurted out immediately.

Xiara’s attack had pierced through the bulletproof vest and the assassin’s heart.

“Don’t give her the chance to use her blade!” Agent 98 bellowed, “That blade is made of special grade materials that could tear through all kinds of bulletproof vests!”

Upon hearing Agent 98’s warnings, the assassins immediately drew their pistols and aimed toward Xiara.

Whoosh...

The silenced gun fires sounded continuously.

On the other hand, Xiara had already lifted the dead body underneath her and used it as a shield.

With the advantage of her petite figure, she concealed herself fully behind the human shield as she closed in on Agent 98.

Ten meters... Eight meters... Five meters... Three meters...

When she was two meters away from her target, Xiara kicked onto the dead body's stomach and sent it flying toward Agent 98.

Just as the dead body flew past Agent 98, the corpse's neck burst into pieces. Crimson red blood spurted everywhere, and Agent 98 instinctively closed her eyes.

Xiara swayed her blade, aiming directly at Agent 98's neck with speed so quick that it formed an afterimage.

At the moment, just as Xiara was about to slay her target, Agent 98 suddenly defied the law of inertia as she glided backward.

It was also because of this sudden glide that allowed her to escape death.

Yet, despite being able to avoid the lethal attack, she did not walk away unscathed. Her black combat suit was entirely shredded from the neck down, and the attack left a massive cut that etched from one side to the other side of her shoulders. Blood started seeping through immediately.

The injury might have looked serious, but in actuality, it was just an external injury that was not too deep, which meant that it was not lethal.

Xiara quickly retreated upon missing her attack. She leaned against a massive tree and looked toward Agent 98's direction alertly.

Standing behind Agent 98 was Agent 99. He slowly let go of Agent 99's ponytail.

Obviously, the one that saved Agent 98 was none other than Agent 99 himself.

Staring at the faint smile on Agent 99's face, Xiara could only shake her head with mockery.

"How stupid am I to think you'd stay away from this mess? Agent 99, you've really grown. You're no longer that little kid that used to follow me around anymore."

Agent 99 retrieved the gauze from his pouch, ignored the enticing sight of Agent 98's chest, and swiftly bandaged her wounds.

"Agent 65, I really don't want to fight you. You're the one who has been guiding me all the while in Paradise Island." Agent 99 approached Xiara with his hands dyed red in blood. Though he recalled the past, his gaze was nonchalant. In fact, one could say that there wasn't a trace of emotions in his eyes.

It felt like he was a machine with no feelings.

"Agent 65, I survived the extreme survival challenge because of the root you gave me. You're also the one who helped me get through the practical battle by killing the two prisoners. Please surrender. I'll take you home with me. You're the strongest assassin among us, so Mom will definitely forgive you."

"Shut up!" Xiara pointed her blade toward Agent 99. Her eyes were bloodshot red.

She raised her right arm as she spoke. Blood slowly pooled up in her palm. "That is not where my home is. Paradise Island is hell itself! There were three thousand of us during our batch, and only a hundred survived after five years! We learned all kinds of knowledge regarding firearms, assassinations, poison, and demolitions... Each day, someone would lose their life in a mission. Do you think we're still humans? Have you

ever felt pain after getting on that island?”

“Pain serves no other purposes aside from making us fear and slowing us down,” Agent 99 replied with a matter-of-fact tone. “Such deep-rooted bad behavior must be abandoned.”

“What else do you have to say aside from those?” Xiara looked at her right hand. “We don’t feel pain, and we’re all infertile. We acted like those cold machines, roaming around the world claiming lives until the day we lost our lives in the endless killings. Agent 99, is this what you want? I remember you telling me that you want to be an artist. One that would present the world with a one-of-a-kind painting. Have you forgotten them all?”

Agent 99 revealed the butterfly knife he kept around his waist and swung it around. “My brain is not dead. Of course, I remember them all. I did say that I’m going to become an artist, but what is after that? Agent 65, don’t you realize how wonderful it was to slit someone’s throat open? The way the splashing blood painted the ground red is a real art.”

Upon hearing Agent 99’s words, Xiara was stunned for a second, and tears started building up.

“Their brainwashing technique is just as successful as before... If that’s the case, there’s no need for us to keep this conversation going anymore,” Xiara answered. The sadness in her quickly faded, and in just a breath’s time, she had already concealed all her feelings.

However, the dagger in her hand fell to the ground out of her expectation the next moment.

As for Xiara, she, too, collapsed to the ground.

“Magenta Toxin?” Xiara looked at Agent 99 in disbelief. “You poisoned me?”

“Agent 65, you’re the one who taught me not to hesitate when making a move against my target, or I’d be the one to die.” Agent 99 smiled.

“You used my move against me...” Xiara burst out laughing. “This drug can only be applied through body contact. You applied it on your collar or your hair?”

“On my hair. Patting my head is a habit of yours.” Agent 99 smiled in response. “If you don’t wish to come home with us, then I’d have to finish you off. Don’t worry. You won’t feel the slightest pain.”

With that said, Agent 99 darted forward and swung his dagger toward Xiara’s throat. Meanwhile, Xiara closed her eyes after taking one last glance at Agent 99’s calm eyes. Magenta Toxin was a kind of neurotoxin. Though she had the antidote for it, it would take at least half a minute for her to recover from the neurotoxin.

At the same time, these people before her were assassins who had gone through vigorous training with her.

Even if they were slower than her, all they needed to take her life was a second. It seems like this is the end for me. I wonder how it’d feel like to have my throat slit open.

She closed her eyes and waited for her Judgement Day.

Yet, the pain she anticipated did not arrive after a few moments.

Xiara opened her eyes, and they reddened quickly upon the scene before her.

Standing right in front of her were the assassins. They stood there frozen like a statue,

rooted to the ground with a horrified expression.

Standing on the path beside the observation deck was Jonathan. He had the Heaven Sword in his hand as he casually made his way over.

“Did you get my permission when you tried to kill someone in my territory?”

### Chapter 538 Load Their Weapons

Jonathan walked right past the five and went straight to Xiara.

“Are you okay?” he asked while pulling her to her feet.

Xiara retrieved a tiny box of pills from her pocket and popped a black-colored pill into her mouth.

Having recovered some of her strength after taking a few deep breaths, Xiara stared at Jonathan and asked with a conflicted look on her face, “What are you doing here?”

My friends whom I grew up with are trying to kill me, and the person who saves my life is the one I’m supposed to kill... Just how am I supposed to feel about this situation?

“Oh, I just like exercising early in the morning,” Jonathan replied while looking at the assassins he had frozen in place with his spiritual energy.

“I got a little confused when I overheard your conversation earlier. Are you really Xiara, who ranks ninth on the Heaven List?”

“I am.” Xiara picked up her dagger and stared at Agent 99 and the others as she continued, “And so are they. This is a secret of Heaven List. ‘Xiara’ is actually the codename of an organization.”

It was then Jonathan finally understood everything.

So, this is why Xiara told me she had killed over hundreds of targets despite only starting her career as an assassin three years ago. Those targets were no ordinary people, either. Each and every one of them held high positions in society. Some of them were so powerful that they could even affect the countries in the west! To assassinate people like that would require tons of preparation beforehand, perfect execution of the plan, and tons of luck. Xiara killed at least two per month and an average of thirty per year. There’s no way she’d have the time to set up all those assassinations by herself. However, it would all make sense if Xiara is actually an organization instead of an individual.

“So, should I call you ‘Xiara’ or ‘Agent 65’?”

“My name is Yasmin Zielinski,” Yasmin replied as she shoved the dagger into Agent 99’s heart.

“Are you planning on killing them all? We might be able to get some useful information out of them if we keep them alive,” Jonathan said with a frown.

“It’s pointless to interrogate them. Like me, they’ve all had their sense of pain removed.

On Paradise Island, we were put through all sorts of training to resist interrogation.

These people have all been brainwashed to a point where they believe dying for Paradise Island is incredibly honorable,” Yasmin explained while stabbing at another assassin’s heart.

Jonathan fell speechless after hearing what Yasmin said.

Man, Xiara sure is cruel! These aren’t assassins! They’re clearly humanoid weapons!

Thank goodness they aren’t that many in numbers, though. If what Yasmin said is true, then only a hundred out of the three thousand members of Xiara have survived. Since

they're trained in the art of solo assassination, they are unable to make use of tactical formations and launch coordinated attacks like an army could. That fact alone makes them a lot less threatening.

Yasmin had killed four of the assassins, so Agent 98 was the only one remaining.

"Xiara will come for you, Agent 65," Agent 98 said while glaring at Yasmin with an indifferent expression.

It was as though she didn't care if she was about to be killed.

Yasmin shot Agent 98 a glance and asked, "You're a crazy extremist, so your heart is probably connected to a Termination Bomb. Am I right?"

The look on Agent 98's face changed instantly when she heard that.

"What? How did you know? I installed it after you left—"

Crack!

Yasmin cut Agent 98 off by stabbing at her neck.

As she pulled the dagger out, Agent 98's body went limp and collapsed to the floor like a ragdoll.

"You won't get away with this, Agent 65! Xiara will kill you! You are a disgrace to Xiara—"

Crack!

Yasmin silenced Agent 98 by stomping on her jaw, crushing it into pieces beneath her heel.

She then picked Agent 98 up and carried her toward the observation deck.

"The Termination Bomb is capable of destroying most, if not all, life forms within a twenty-meter radius upon detonation. The user's heart is what activates the bomb. It'll activate the detonation sequence automatically when it is unable to detect a heartbeat. It's the last resort for assassins like us. After all, most people will choose to interrogate assassins for information after capturing them," Yasmin explained while tossing Agent 98 down the observation deck.

A few seconds later, a powerful explosion tore through the mountains.

Jonathan shuddered when he heard the blast.

"Are all of you assassins this extreme?" he asked.

"We have no choice." Yasmin glanced at Agent 99, who had died with his eyes open, as she continued, "I've made an enemy of Xiara when I attacked them earlier, so they're all going to come after me now. It looks like you won't be getting your money's worth for the two hundred million, Jonathan."

"Hey, you only attacked them because you wanted out of Xiara!" Jonathan said with a helpless chuckle. He then let out a sigh as he continued, "Yasmin, you should join Asura's Office and do what you truly feel like doing."

"I don't feel like doing anything. I just want to live a peaceful life, that's all."

"Then a peaceful life you shall live," Jonathan replied with a smile.

Yasmin froze when she heard that.

Me? Live a peaceful life? Do I really deserve something like that?

"I admire you, Jonathan. I got sick and tired of killing a long time ago, but there is no place in this world for an assassin like me. I wish someone would step forward and bring peace to this world. Do you think you could be that someone, Jonathan?" Yasmin asked expectantly while staring at Jonathan from the side.

She wanted him to give her an affirmative answer, but Jonathan simply shook his head

in response.

“I can’t even gain full control over Chanaea, let alone change the entire world.”

A look of disappointment flickered in Yasmin’s eyes.

“If you can’t do it, then... Is salvation even possible for this world?”

“Why are you stressing yourself out with all this overthinking? Look, the sun is rising!”

Jonathan said with a chuckle.

Yasmin slowly turned around and saw the bright red sun slowly rising on the horizon and illuminating the land.

After having breakfast at about eight in the morning, Jonathan bade them farewell and took a helicopter to Jadeborough. From there, he boarded a private jet and flew straight for Summerbank.

Meanwhile, a convoy was making its way through the deserts of Mysonna.

In the jeep leading the convoy, a young man in a black military uniform reported to a middle-aged man sitting next to him, “Captain, this sandstorm in this area is too heavy. We’re unable to deploy our drones.”

The middle-aged man tossed his cigarette out of the car and yawned as he told the young man, “If our drones aren’t up in the air for real-time infrared monitoring before we reach the Northern Crimson Prison, I will leave you in the middle of the desert.”

“Yes, sir!” the young man replied with fear in his eyes.

“How much longer until we get there?” the middle-aged man asked while looking at the grayish skies outside the window.

“According to the information from our GPS, we are currently fifty kilometers away. We should be arriving at Northern Crimson Prison in thirty minutes at most.”

“All right. Tell the boys to load their weapons and prepare for battle...”

#### Chapter 539 Northern Crimson Prison

Northern Crimson Prison was located in the center of the Alosara Desert northwest of Chanaea.

Along with the Pozydon Underwater Prison in Anglandur and the Frozen Prison in Remdik, it was known globally as one of the three harshest prisons in the world.

As Northern Crimson Prison only housed criminals of the worst sort, ordinary murderers weren’t even eligible to be confined there.

Northern Crimson Prison wasn’t exactly difficult to find, but it was near impossible to escape from.

Despite it being used as a prison, it was actually the headquarters for Dorian’s Mysonna Army.

The facility was about the size of a small county and was divided into four sections, one in each corner of the building.

Each criminal was assigned to one of the four sections according to the nature of their crime and their physical strength.

Surrounding the four sections was a military barracks that housed a hundred and thirty thousand Mysonna Army soldiers.

With that many elite soldiers around, even the craziest and most violent of criminals became as gentle as lambs.

Outside the prison and military barracks was a recreational compound where the



soldiers could relax and unwind.

Due to the harsh environment of the desert, it barely had any visitors all year round. To have the troops be on high alert at all times would place a huge amount of stress on them.

In order to counter this, Northern Crimson Prison was equipped with entertainment facilities much better than the ones in the cities.

Standing atop the walls on the north end of Northern Crimson Prison with his left arm in a cast, Hayes and Malcolm were watching the prisoners toil away in shackles.

“Say, Malcolm, are all these criminals sent here to do hard labor?” Hayes asked.

Malcolm let out a hearty chuckle after hearing that.

“You’re absolutely right, Hayes!” He then took a huge puff of his cigarette as he continued, “We’re in the middle of the Alosara Desert at the border of Chanaea. Ibica is just west of us. They’ve tried invading this border countless times in the past, and they still do today. While the Alosara Desert may not be rich in resources, it is still Chanaean soil, so we can’t let them have their way. However, due to the desert’s harsh environment, it would be difficult to provide the troops here with the supplies that they needed. One thousand and three hundred years ago, the person in power decided to heed the advice of his minister and had an observation base constructed here in this oasis. That formed the basis of Northern Crimson Prison. Because very few craftsmen were willing to come here to repair the building back then, the people in power sent criminals who had committed serious crimes here to do it instead. Even after Asura’s Office took over, that tradition still remains till this day.”

“Oasis?”

Hayes stared into the distance after hearing what Malcolm said, but all he could see were sandy plains everywhere.

Malcolm burst out laughing when he saw Hayes’ response.

“That oasis was from a thousand and three hundred years ago! There’s no way it’d still exist now!”

Hayes flashed him an awkward smile in response.

“By the way, Malcolm, I hear Northern Crimson Prison is famous for having zero escapees. However, your guards here don’t seem all that strict when performing their duties. In fact, I spotted quite a few possible escape routes while we went for a walk earlier. You guys have tons of incredibly violent criminals here, and some of them are even highly intelligent. Has no one ever tried to escape?”

Malcolm grinned gleefully as he replied, “Look around you, Tiger. Even if they manage to escape, where could they possibly go? There’s nothing but sand everywhere! For your information, multiple large-scale riots have broken out since the construction of the observation base.”

“What happened, then? Did the escapees all come running back after a few days?”

Malcolm tossed his cigarette aside and pointed at the desert outside the walls.

“Look over there, Tiger. Sometimes, when the wind isn’t blowing the sand all over the place, you’ll be able to see some heavy artillery units stationed about dozens of miles away. One would have to be a part of a large group of soldiers in order to get past all that firepower. Otherwise, they’ll just end up being cannon fodder.”

Being a highly-trained military commander, Hayes began observing the terrain around

them after hearing that.

Sure enough, it had lots of choke points that were easy to defend from, making the prison a near impenetrable fort.

"You're right. It's practically impossible to escape from here!" Hayes exclaimed.

"Stop worrying about them making an escape, Tiger! You're quite the gutsy one, challenging the Excalibur King of War on your first day here at Northern Crimson Prison. I know you're only here due to formalities. Just try to relax while you recover from your injury. Mr. Goldstein will let you out of here when the time comes," Malcolm said with a chuckle.

Their conversation was interrupted by the loud noise of a fighter jet.

The two of them turned around and saw a dark-colored object zooming toward them in the sky.

The door to the observation tower beside them opened, and a soldier came running out as he yelled, "Commander, we have a drone closing in at high speed!"

"Impose Level One martial law! Activate anti-aircraft systems and lock on to that drone!"

"Yes, sir!"

All the prisoners in Northern Crimson Prison looked up in surprise when they heard the air raid sirens blaring all over the facility.

"Get down!"

Hundreds of soldiers then fired warning shots at the sky to shock the prisoners into submission.

Although such incidents were rare, the soldiers were trained to shoot first and ask questions later if the prison came under attack from external forces.

The purpose of that was to prevent the prisoners from starting a riot during the chaos.

As the prisoners there were all on death row, it wouldn't make much of a difference even if they killed them anyway.

"Get down, all of you! Men, you are authorized to open fire at any prisoners still standing in three, two, one..."

Orders like that were being barked all across Northern Crimson Prison.

The incoming drone suddenly raised its altitude when it got close to the prison walls.

That was when a hoarse voice rang out on all wireless communication systems in Northern Crimson Prison.

"Attention, Northern Crimson Prison! Attention, Northern Crimson Prison! I am from the Second Special Forces of the Eastern Army! I repeat, attention, Northern Crimson Prison..."

#### Chapter 540 Xenhall

The words from the walkie-talkie stunned the soldier manning the guard tower.

Turning toward Malcolm, who was right beside him, the soldier exchanged confused looks with him.

"Isn't the Eastern Army supposed to be guarding the northeast? Why did they cross Chanaea and come all the way to the west?"

Beside them, Hayes asked hesitantly, "Malcolm, why do I sense something is amiss about this?"

"Yes, it's suspicious indeed," Malcolm replied in a deep voice.

Meanwhile, the young soldier who received the call was slightly nervous.

“Commander, should we report this to someone higher ranked?”

Upon hearing the soldier’s question, Malcolm pondered for a moment before finally shaking his head.

The person whom the soldier was talking about was naturally Dorian Chance.

At that moment, Dorian was leading one hundred and twenty thousand men in a standoff against Ibica Army and was mired in a critical moment.

Before he left, he had clearly delegated all authority over the Northern Crimson Prison to Malcolm.

As a result, if he were to alarm the Excalibur King of War before the situation was clear, he would definitely be showing his incompetence.

Holding that thought, he took the walkie-talkie from the soldier’s hand and instructed, “Northern Crimson Prison, over. Second Special Forces of the Eastern Army, please gather one kilometer away from the Northern Crimson Prison’s eastern gate and be prepared to be inspected. I repeat...”

“Second Special Forces, over. We will arrive at the designated spot in five minutes and are ready for inspection. Over.”

Even though the exchange was remarkably concise, it significantly eased the tension in the air.

After all, the approaching party being cooperative was naturally a good sign.

“Order the men to arm themselves and gather at the eastern gate. I’ll be going out with them for the inspection.”

“Yes, sir!” the young soldier acknowledged the orders before setting off to cascade it.

However, just when Malcolm was about to leave, he turned around and walked back.

“Wait, use the satellite phone to give Karl, Prince of Diyouli, a call first.”

Under normal circumstances, the Eight Kings of War were provided a method to communicate easily with each other in case of emergencies.

Therefore, Malcolm—who was temporarily in charge of Northern Crimson Prison—had the authority to access the communication device.

Upon receiving Malcolm’s orders, the soldier headed off to execute it.

Meanwhile, in Salinsburgh, northeast of Chanaea, Karl was enjoying a cigar in front of a computer within the Eastern Army’s base.

“Commander, the Second Special Forces are assembling a kilometer outside the Northern Crimson Prison’s eastern gate. Currently, they are preparing to be inspected before being allowed to enter the area,” a middle-aged man reported coldly on the computer screen.

Subsequently, Karl nodded in acknowledgment.

“The Northern Crimson Prison has plenty of rules, so you have to be more careful. The ultimate goal of your mission is to destroy it so that the supply lines to Mysonna Army are cut. As for the convicts, transfer as many as you can, but do so based on the corresponding situation. Do not force the issue.”

“Understood.”

No sooner had he turned off the computer than the satellite phone on his office desk rang.

Karl responded by answering it with a press of a button.

“Dorian, I’m surprised to hear from you.”

“Greetings, Commander.”

Karl was stunned when it was Malcolm’s voice that rang out.

“And you’re…”

“Reporting in, Commander.” Malcolm added softly, “I’m Malcolm Wallace, division leader of the Ninth Division of the Mysonna Army, and I am temporarily in charge of the Northern Crimson Prison. I’m sorry to bother you, but there’s something I need to verify with you.”

“Even though you’re taking on the role temporarily, you’re still the one in charge. Hence, you’re considered my peer.” Karl chuckled while puffing out a smoke ring. “Whatever it is, go ahead and tell me.”

“All right!”

Speaking candidly, Malcolm related everything about the situation with the Second Special Forces.

“Commander, for the sake of the Northern Crimson Prison’s security, protocol requires me to inspect your men. Also, I’ll need you to send over a copy of all their personal details.”

“No problem,” Karl agreed without hesitation.

“In a short while, I’ll have someone get in touch with the Northern Crimson Prison’s information department. As for my men, I appreciate you taking care of them.”

“Thank you for your cooperation, Commander.”

The call had barely ended when the smile on Karl’s face gradually faded away and was soon replaced by a grim expression.

“It would be good if Mysonna falls into chaos. With thirty thousand wicked men released and running loose, it will send shockwaves throughout Chanaea.”

At Summerbank’s airport, Jonathan—who had just disembarked from the plane—got into a car that Hades had arranged. It then brought him straight to Xenhall, a village in the county of Quawak.

As he left the hustle and bustle of the city, the surrounding greenery on both sides of the route reminded Jonathan of the summer two years ago.

Back then, Asura’s Office had yet to be established, and he had just been pushed to the forefront—to be the army commander of two hundred thousand men.

It was also during the battle of Summerbank Mountain that a shell exploded right beside him. The resulting shrapnel pierced through his chest and killed many of those around him.

The medic back then was none other than the eccentric Jason.

Due to the seriousness of Jonathan’s injury, Jason decided to treat him on the spot. Hence, Hades stayed back with the rest of the men to continue the battle while he—alongside a smaller group—evacuated Jonathan toward Xenhall, which was located at the foot of Summerbank Mountain.

After drifting in and out of consciousness for three days in the village’s clinic, Jonathan’s condition finally stabilized.

As for the young monk who gave Jonathan the pill, he had first appeared in Xenhall.

Back then, due to the mysterious circumstances surrounding the young monk’s

appearance, Hades and the others remained extremely wary of the latter. This was despite the fact that Jason had decided to use the pill given by the young man. Hades even ordered the man to be imprisoned for three days until Jonathan awoke to make sure that the young monk wasn't trying to harm Jonathan. Only then was the young monk allowed to leave.

During the three-day period, many of the soldiers put their guard up against the young monk. Only the medic at the clinic, Shane Chancer, took good care of the latter and chatted with him.

Therefore, in order to locate the young monk to find the life-saving pill, one had to first start by looking Shane up in Xenhall.

As his car approached the village, Jonathan was filled with regret.

During the time he was grievously injured, he owed Shane and the young monk a debt of gratitude for saving his life.

Unfortunately, he didn't get the opportunity to thank them, for he was urgently transferred someplace else by Hades before his wounds were completely healed.

Within the subsequent two years, Jonathan traversed Chanaea before finally becoming Asura.

Gradually, the matter of repaying his debt of gratitude slipped his mind. Hence, if not for Sophia's serious injury, he would likely have forgotten about Xenhall entirely.

"Commander, Xenhall is right in front of us," the soldier driving the vehicle Jonathan was in reminded.

The sight of the village jolted Jonathan back to his sense.

After a slight hesitation, he finally responded, "Drop me outside the village. I know the place well, so I'll walk in by myself."