

The Legendary Man Chapter 561 - 565

Chapter 561 Fog

Jonathan gingerly moved his hands again after the soreness had melted away, wariness still evident in his eyes. It had been three days since he left. Despite Jason's assurance that Sophia would be free of mishaps in ten days, she remained in a coma. Thus, he came out searching for medicine and would return to her as soon as possible.

Now, Jonathan's cultivation level was weakened, and he couldn't perform God Realm cultivation. He wasn't afraid to go toe to toe with Irving, but Irving's spiritual energy was unusually strong and would pose a problem to him.

Besides, if Irving had a formidable backup, he might sustain more injuries again. Jonathan would quite literally die of guilt if the window to find the medicine closed because of a fight with Irving.

His spiritual energy gradually quietened down at that thought. Giving Irving a long, unfathomable look, Jonathan's feet left the ground as if he was weightless, and he drifted into the fog.

"Stop!" Irving wanted to give chase, but he stopped short at the edge of the fog with a dazed expression.

The strange fog could inhibit spiritual energy and spiritual sense. His Grandmaster Realm spiritual sense could only expand three meters before reaching its limit.

The moment Jonathan was swallowed by the fog, he simply turned in a direction, knowing that he wouldn't run into Irving here.

He had managed to get rid of Irving for now.

"Irving, did you forget that when we left the sect, the sect master advised you to stay humble and not pick a fight until you reached the advanced phase of Grandmaster Realm?" Lauryn stood unmoving and asked him with a frown.

He whipped his head over to her and shot her a wild look. "Lauryn, why didn't you help me stop Jonathan during the fight? You should know that he's the biggest threat to the respectable families, right?"

"That's family business. It has nothing to do with me," she replied flatly. "I'd never make a move against Jonathan unless they gave me explicit orders."

Irving raked his gaze up and down her curves and cracked a smile. "I didn't know you were Mother Teresa. What if Asura's Office went to war with the families? Do you think the Blackwood family can remain neutral?"

Lauryn's brows furrowed as she looked at the repugnant smirk on his face.

Irving released all his spiritual energy and strode to her side, exhaling softly and continuing, "Keep this in mind, Lauryn. It's a sin to be born into a respectable family. Do you believe that being kind, diligent, and frugal would change the outcome? Don't be foolish. You will still be sacrificed and forced to marry a scum like Jay. No good deed goes unpunished. The sword in your hand, the clothes on your back, everything you used after entering Phantom Sect, including the offering given to Phantom Sect by the Blackwood family—which one of them isn't stained with blood? So, ditch the Mother Teresa act. The world doesn't revolve around you. You'd be the first person I'd kill if I were Jonathan."

He unhurriedly turned around and took a big step into the fog after finishing, right where Jonathan disappeared, intending to trace his footsteps.

Irving appeared to have made up his mind to deal with Jonathan right then and there.

Lauryn stood rooted to the ground with a cold expression.

The fog that had been dispelled by Jonathan and Irving's fight started to converge again.

"An arranged marriage?" Pain shone in her eyes.

She was a direct descendant and the first daughter of the Blackwood family who was waited on hand and foot. She led a life of envy, much like the princesses in fairy tales, that others wanted.

But what the outsiders didn't realize was that in a family that favored males over females, she would always be nothing more than a prop for her brother, no matter how exceptional she was.

Eventually, she demonstrated a gift for cultivation at fourteen years old and was taken in by the elder of the Phantom Sect.

She trained hard for ten years and made it into the Grandmaster Realm.

She expected her father and grandfather to be proud of her achievements and to finally regard her as an equal to her brother, but all she got were a few apathetic compliments and an arranged marriage.

No matter how hard she worked, she was merely a bargaining chip to benefit her family.

Lauryn's grip tightened around the sword. I spent ten years training, only to meet such an outcome. Grandpa, how could you do this to me?

Resolution glinted in her eyes as she held the mirror in her hand. If fate doesn't go as intended, then I'll do it myself.

She would never harm her family, but if Jay or the Osborne family disappeared from the face of the earth, marriage would be out of the question.

She hadn't expected to meet Jonathan here. Maybe this was her chance.

Lauryn kept the mirror and unsheathed her three-foot-long sword with a slight wave of her thumb.

Her spiritual energy intertwined around her body, and she disappeared into the fog.

Jonathan was on high alert as he advanced in the fog.

He sensed something strange about the fog when he was standing at the edge of it, and entering confirmed his hunch.

Normally, no matter how dense the fog was, it was just water vapor, but this fog was different. His clothes weren't damp, and he couldn't breathe it in.

It surrounded Jonathan, yet when he reached out to touch it, the fog slipped smoothly through his fingertips.

It felt as if he was in the fog, but there was a mysterious force completely separating him from it.

The strangest part was the fog blocking out all spiritual energy and most of the spiritual sense.

An ordinary person would probably think the fog was fun and not notice anything else, but as a cultivator who was conscious of spiritual energies, he could feel no trace of his spiritual energy once he was in the midst of it.

It was like entering a vacuum space devoid of oxygen. The lack of oxygen wouldn't asphyxiate him, but it wasn't pleasant either.

After all, spiritual energy meant a sense of safety to cultivators.

What confused Jonathan the most was Sofus' claim that the fog was only a hundred meters wide, and he had crossed approximately that distance but had yet to reach the border.

Jonathan's expression grew cold as he glanced at the fog surrounding him.

There were only two explanations for his current situation. Firstly, he had lost his sight, hearing, and spiritual senses. That had impaired his sense of direction, causing him to go in circles.

Secondly, Sofus was lying!

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Chapter 562 Man With A Sword

Jonathan centered all of his spiritual energy in his hand and wave it around to prove his theory correct. An invisible blade made out of his spiritual energy emerged from his hand and disappeared into the fog.

Then, his spiritual sense chased after the spiritual blade within a five-meter radius. A sound came from his back. The fog emitted a spiritual sense, absorbed spiritual energy, and drowned out sounds. What actually is that?

Jonathan, deep in thought, extended his spiritual sense five meters and walked in the direction where the spiritual blade went. He proceeded for more than ten meters when a pit the size of a palm appeared in his mind directly ahead, caused by the spiritual blade.

Mild surprise gripped Jonathan as he looked at the pitiful hole on the ground.

He had been absent-minded, but his pure spiritual energy should have left a mark one or two meters deep, so he was caught off guard to see only a palm-size dent.

It would take a blink of an eye for the spiritual blade to travel the distance of fewer than twenty meters, and its spiritual energy had been weakened significantly in that short amount of time. This fog was really something.

If only he could refine a protective spell from it...

Once the idea was planted in his head, it started to take root. Unfortunately, Jonathan was unable to make it work despite several attempts.

He glanced around and hurled two spiritual blades in front of him.

It didn't matter if he was lost or if Sofus had lied to him, he had to try to find his way out of the fog.

What he didn't notice was that several seconds after he left, the mark left behind by his spiritual energy started to knit back.

Jonathan was able to estimate an hour had elapsed by measuring his breaths when he felt his spiritual sense was no longer hindered.

This must be the edge!

His eyes lit up, and he dashed out of the fog in a flash.

Spiritual energy enveloped his body, and at that moment, he felt like new life had been breathed into him again.

Though Jonathan was still wandering inside the fog, his spiritual sense could extend more than ten meters, and he could clearly see his surroundings in his mind—every movement in the grass blade, every animal foraging around. He was once again in control, and a wave of relief washed over him.

Turning his head, he studied the fog rolling around, which appeared to be contained from the outside by an invisible wall.

It was unknown what was holding the fog at bay. If he knew, he would harness some of it for research purposes.

Jonathan felt a sense of pity at the possibility of using it as armor.

He was in the fog for an hour and lost track of how far he had traveled since entering the valley.

Gazing at the fog before him, he recalled Sofus' words that it would disperse as one ventured deeper, so he should be going somewhere without it.

He made up his mind and tapped his foot lightly, morphing into a flash that raced forward.

...

A Mercedes-Benz minivan slid to a stop outside the mountain resort in Jadeborough.

"Who is it?" yelled a security guard of Edenic Heights in military gear wielding a rifle.

Josephine and Sophia were both residing in Edenic Heights' No. 1 and No. 2 Villas, respectively. There had been a few assassination attempts on the Smith family in the past, so Zachary, the guard on duty, tightened the security for the entire mountain resort.

The wealthy businessmen living in the mountain resort dared not stop Zachary.

They only had two choices when it came to heightened security. They could either pack up and leave with their family or stay in the designated areas where everything was prearranged including food and activities. Zachary's army was in charge of delivering meals to everyone.

Initially, Zachary didn't want to go to such extreme lengths to place Edenic Heights on lockdown.

However, Hades of the Eight Kings of War in Asura's Office gave the orders, and because Asura's Office wasn't on good terms with the respectable families of Yaleview, Jonathan had to make sure things went as smoothly as they could.

Therefore, Asura's Office would hold Zachary responsible if Josephine and Sophia were assassinated or in danger.

The orders shook Zachary to his core when he first received them.

The Eight Kings of War had been through hell with Jonathan, and since the establishment of Asura's Office, he had evenly divided Chanaea into eight parts for them. Although he would always threaten to banish them to Mysonna, everyone knew he would never do so.

Jonathan announced that he would take a step back after establishing Asura's Office to avoid arousing suspicion. After all, he wanted to create an organization that would intimidate Chanaea and reign over others with him at the helm.

Three years later, Asura's Office had nearly finished expanding, but they hadn't punished anyone to the fullest extent in the name of law yet.

However, the orders had come directly from Asura's Office.

Zachary knew if he made a mistake now, it wouldn't only be Jonathan's disappointment awaiting him but also severe punishment.

Hence, the security of Edenic Heights underwent a full overhaul, and even the guards at the gate were replaced with elite soldiers.

Dozens of soldiers at the gate aimed their rifles at the minivan following his shouts.

"Hold your fire!" The door to the minivan opened, and a shriek could be heard before anyone emerged. "We're here to pick someone!"

Then, a short-haired girl walked out of the car with her hands raised.

"Everyone else in the car, get down for inspection!" A soldier yelled, the rifle still in his hands.

Two males exited the car with their arms raised high before the girl could move.

The older man, who was in his mid-thirties with lines of fatigue around his eyes, yawned as he looked at the soldier.

The younger man rested both his hands on the back of his head, and what caught everyone's attention was the hilt of a blade protruding from his right shoulder, looking like an assassin in the movies.

"Put down the weapon, and everyone, get on the ground! Now!" The soldier shouted and started reporting the situation to his superior via a walkie-talkie.

The younger man's gaze grew really cold, and as he bowed slightly, the other guy smacked his palm on the sword sheath.

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Chapter 563 The Strategy Of Respectable Families

A cold glint flashed. All the crowd saw was a blur before the young man emerged. Traveling a distance of more than twenty meters, the long sword behind his back found itself embedded into one of the soldier's torsos. "Fire!"

After that roar, the sounds of gun firing reverberated throughout the mountain resort entrance. On the other side, the three people had shown up in front of the soldiers as if someone had pressed the fast-forward button.

With a wave of his arm, the long sword a young man wielded slashed through one of the bodies of an unlucky soldier. Moreover, half of the head of the soldier next to that one was sliced clean off.

Meanwhile, a short-haired girl tilted her head slightly, narrowly dodging a bullet that was fired. It went past between her hair, brushing her ear.

Without missing a beat, her four fingers, straightened and held together like a sword tip, stabbed into that soldier's neck. Like a machine that had lost its power, the soldier fell limp on the floor, motionless.

Then, holding a gun's muzzle, the girl slightly turned and slammed it onto a soldier's head next to her. With that forceful attack, the soldier's head caved into his torso, killing him instantly.

However, the gun the girl held was bent, so she threw it in another soldier's face with a flick of her wrist.

As for the middle-aged man, his way of fighting was straightforward.

Although he utilized only his fists and feet, his every attack was deathly, sending them one by one off to the afterlife with every move he made. His attacks were simple yet swift and polished.

Five seconds barely passed, but sixteen lives were taken and turned into corpses.

Meanwhile, the young man dragged a near-dead soldier who had blood frothing from his nose and mouth. Then, he placed his long sword against the man's clothes and roughly wiped the blood off the blade.

"Didn't they say the soldiers trained by Jonathan were experienced fighters with high combat prowess? But what's this? Why do I feel like they're nothing?"

Staring at that soldier at his feet, who wasn't dead yet, trying to reach for a gun, the young man thrust his long sword downward and stabbed through the soldier's eye sockets.

Beside him, the bleary-eyed middle-aged man yawned.

"The reason Jonathan could unite all the scattered soldiers from around Chanaea was the chain reaction of the event that happened to the Whitley family ten years ago. When the respectable families wanted to gather their powers due to that incident, they summoned their forces back to their bases. Unfortunately, the damages to their people were too severe, and the respectable families had their guard up against each other too. Hence, with the fear that they might end up like the Whitley family, these respectable families did nothing to maintain social order. Jonathan merely used the opportunity to expand his forces. If not, why do you think an outcast from a prominent family in the mortal world like him could exert so much power?"

"Stop chatting, you two! Get on with our mission!" the short-haired girl gently admonished as she looked at both of them. "You don't have to care how he gained power, but there's one thing you need to be clear of. Jonathan Goldstein is now Chanaea's Military God. If you think he didn't have the qualifications to go head-on with the respectable families, why would our family leader want us to travel thousands of miles just to kidnap Jonathan's woman as his plaything?"

After that short-haired girl spoke, the young man and the middle-aged man were a bit offended, but they couldn't refute her.

After all, a martial artist of the Grandmaster Realm was an exalted existence in many places, let alone the three of them.

However, the mission they received was to kidnap Josephine when Jonathan was away.

Even the hooligans of the mortal world wouldn't stoop so low to do something as despicable as that. However, that was the mission they received, so they had no choice but to carry out the orders.

Looking at the field of corpses before her, the girl reached out and picked up a hand grenade from a dead body.

“According to intel, the Independent Elite Regiment of almost three thousand men is stationed in this mountain resort. They are equipped with full gear, and our target this time is either Josephine Smith from No. 1 Villa or Sophia Goldstein from No. 2 Villa. We should divide our work. Any plans?” the girl said in a carefree manner like one would join in a leisurely chat after a meal while she walked into the mountain resort.

The young man glanced at the middle-aged man.

“Hansel, I don’t think I’m suited at things like taking people hostage. Moreover, I’ve heard rumors that Sophia is the goddess of Yaleview’s business world. How about this? After I take a look at her, I’ll kill her and, after that, help you lure the army away. How’s that?”

The middle-aged man yawned again. “I’m okay with that. However, work a little more efficiently, please. I need to catch up on my sleep later.”

“Then, that settles it,” the short-haired girl said calmly. “I’ll go with Hansel and kidnap Josephine while you, Cal, eliminate Sophia. Remember that all of us must be fast. Although we’re martial artists, do not look down on these soldiers’ modern tactics and weapons, especially the snipers.”

Just as she finished speaking, she darted off and disappeared into the forest next to the road.

The middle-aged man went after the girl in the same fashion and left the scene. As for the young man, he sucked in a deep breath while he held his long sword.

“If she’s a beauty, it’ll be a pity to kill her,” he muttered.

Inside the courtyard of No. 1 Villa, Zachary had a chilling expression on his face.

He had received an order from Asura’s Office. After some contemplation, Zachary decided to redeploy the Independent Elite Regiment under him to where he was at.

As he saw the three thousand people reallocating to their new positions, it occurred to Zachary that he might have used excessive force.

However, Zachary was secretly relieved of his decision when he noticed the images from the surveillance cameras.

Based on the level of skill these three people showed, if Zachary had only redeployed a small unit, all of them might have been wiped out.

“Convey my orders. Our enemies are true martial artists, and many aspects of their physiques are superior to an average human. Deploy drones and monitor the surrounding forests with infrared scanners. The moment the intruders are discovered, attack them with suppressive fire. Notify all soldiers to form a team of ten men, and each team forms a line in a volley-fire formation. Once you have used up your bullets, let the second line replace your place while you reload. We must suppress the enemy! Do not allow them to get in close range!”

Multiple commands were directed by Zachary in real-time to his subordinates.

Outside No.1 and No. 2 Villa, a group of soldiers started their patrol.

Surrounding them, the twenty drones took off and dispersed in all directions.

Meanwhile, on a third-story balcony of the villa at the side, Yasmin was resting with her eyes closed as she leaned her back against the wall.

“Zach, if you discover the target, please send me the coordinates.”

Zachary turned to look at Yasmin. He remembered that Jonathan once told him not to consider the girl one of theirs, but he need not specifically target her either.

After Zachary arrived at Edenic Heights, he did what he was ordered. However, as time passed, Zachary noticed that girl had become totally different from when she first came here.

Her face still looked the same, but her personality had changed. So much that she seemed like a different person—an unfathomable character.

“You should stick close to Josephine and guard her,” Zachary said with a frown on his face.

“I’ve drugged everyone from the Smith family to sleep,” Yasmin said indifferently before she continued, “If not, when all of you three thousand people started firing simultaneously and bleed all over, I think the scene will not only scare Josephine, she might hurt herself. If she miscarries, we will most likely be killed when Jonathan returns.”

“How meticulous of you.” Zachary couldn’t hold back his smile. Then, he lifted his arm and threw a single black earpiece to the third floor. “This is my backup piece. You can only listen, but you can’t speak. Use it wisely.”

“Okay.”

After that single word, Yasmin wore the earpiece and got up.

In her hand was a sniper rifle of the same height as her.

Her whole body moved, and Yasmin vaulted over the roof of the mansion. After that, no sound could be heard from her.

However, from her earpiece, she heard a voice talking hurriedly.

“In forest area F8, two individuals are closing in at high speed and commencing suppressive fire!”

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Chapter 564 The Battle Of Grandmasters

Edenic Heights was the most famous neighborhood filled with mansions in the entire Jadeborough. Every mansion was about ten meters apart, and lush vegetation filled the area between the mansions.

However, the two villas with the best position, No. 1 Villa and No. 2 Villa, had more than a hundred meters between them. Anyone who lived there would feel that he was living in the forest.

Meanwhile, the drones in the sky had already locked on the two figures moving in the mountain forest through thermal imaging.

A series of gunshots filled the place as the eight drones in the sky started shooting at the two figures in the mountain forest.

A rushed report sounded from the walkie-talkie. “The targets are still moving normally, and the drones cannot lock on their tracks. The targets are approaching fast!”

Zachary frowned as he looked at the mountain forest in front of him. After that, he said coldly, “Napalm bombs! Since the drones can’t lock on anything, burn the entire forest to the ground!”

The mountain forest in Edenic Heights was all connected. If the fire weren’t put out in time once it started, up to a hundred buildings in the entire mountain resort would be burned down.

However, Zachary knew that only an attack like that would work against a high-level martial artist.

It was a soldier’s duty to obey orders. The moment Zachary gave that command, two cannonballs shot out. In the blink of an eye, they crashed into the mountain forest halfway up the mountain.

Two loud booms sounded at the same time, and black smoke rose. The entire mountain forest had turned into a sea of flames within seconds.

“The targeted area is already on fire. It’s too hot there, so thermal imaging is not working. They’re out! The fire didn’t stop them!”

Two figures flashed out from the sea of flames while the report sounded on the headset.

“Hansel, do you still think those soldiers are trash?” a short-haired girl asked teasingly while running.

At that moment, the girl and the middle-aged man’s faces were covered in grime. It was especially bad for that middle-aged man, Hansel. His shirt was filled with holes from the fire that even his back and upper arms were black. Obviously, he was hit by napalm bombs.

“Sh*t! I’ll show them the number of ordinary men is meaningless against martial artists!”

Stepping on the roof of one of the mansions, Hansel kicked hard, and the rubble and gravel flew off. Then, he leaped toward the direction of the mountain.

However, his face changed drastically in mid-air as he used all his energy to turn around.

Suddenly, blood gushed out from Hansel’s left cheek. Following that was a crisp sound that resounded from the entire forest.

It was a sniper!

Hansel fell into the mountain forests, and the girl followed him closely.

“Ahhh!” Hansel screamed as he knelt on the ground and started drilling his hands into the soil, grabbing it like he had gone crazy.

Immediately, the girl took out a packet of medicinal powder.

“Don’t move! I’ll apply some medicine on you now!”

Hansel knelt on the ground as she did that. At that moment, all of the flesh on the left side of his face and his left ear were gone.

Because of that, his cheekbones and teeth on the left side of his face were visible.

He straightened his body with a low growl as he endured the extreme pain on his face.

After she opened the packet of medicinal powder, she simply poured the powder on Hansel's torn left face.

"The enemy has a top sniper who can anticipate our move. You're lucky. The sniper was aiming for your head earlier. You managed to dodge it since the target was small, so the bullet just got your flesh. If he had aimed for your heart, even if you were able to react and dodge in time, the bullet could take out your entire left shoulder. I'll distract them. You should find a way to rush into the military base."

After she said that, she disappeared into the shadows. Meanwhile, ten drones in the sky started shooting at the forest where Hansel was at.

Zachary looked solemnly at the roof in front of Villa No. 1.

Yasmin was the sniper who shot Hansel earlier.

She's able to hurt a martial artist from the Grandmaster Realm. No wonder Mr. Goldstein thinks so highly of her.

An urgent voice sounded from the headset again. "The enemy is coming at us now!"

"Open fire! Hold them back with firepower," Zachary commanded plainly.

The current battle was an actual battle between hot weapons and high-level martial artists.

Since Zachary had no experience in that, he could only do everything he could to suppress the enemy.

No. 1 Villa was located on high ground and had a broad view. Looking down, Zachary could see the figure dashing from over a hundred meters away.

However, the figure was running unpredictably. Even Yasmin, positioned in the mansion, could not anticipate the enemy's route.

Ninety meters.

Eighty meters.

Seventy meters.

The short-haired girl continued to get closer to the mansion. After that, with a wave of her right hand, four black items were thrown into the military base from the middle of the mountain with the help of gravity.

"Grenade!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Four booms seemed to blast at the same time. Instantly, the military base in front of No. 1 Villa cracked, resulting in a gap.

“Hansel!” the girl shouted from somewhere halfway up the mountain.

After that, in the middle of the dense forest, Hansel rushed up with a security door he got from somewhere.

Boom!

Yasmin pulled the trigger.

The bullet landed in the middle of the security door right after.

However, when the security door broke, Hansel rushed into the military base as he held onto his left arm.

On the contrary, the bullet only slowed him down. Hansel didn't get hurt at all.

Although the soldiers were physically stronger than ordinary people, they were just like lambs waiting to be slaughtered when they faced a Grandmaster.

The screams continued. Within a few seconds, more than twenty soldiers were killed.

“This is a military order! Spread out! Do not engage in a fire!” Zachary shouted his command. After that, he threw his jacket away and took out a sword before rushing into the military base.

When Zachary got to the military base, the middle-aged cultivator, Hansel, was killing the soldiers there. Each time he moved his hand, a soldier was killed. It was just like a wolf was placed among a flock of lamb.

However, during Hansel's killing spree, a cold light was slashed directly at his neck.

Hansel immediately backed away while grabbing a young soldier's throat.

“These soldiers pose almost no threat to you since you're able to come this far. I'll get them to back down. Then, you can kill me and do whatever you want,” Zachary said indifferently as he held onto the sword with one hand.

Hearing that, Hansel chuckled and squeezed his hand tighter. Instantly, the young soldier died.

“You’re a beginner phase Grandmaster. So, it seems that Jonathan has a few decent subordinates.”

Since Hansel had already lost the flesh on his left cheek, he couldn’t speak clearly. However, anyone could tell what he meant by putting the pieces together.

He continued, “But, from the looks of it, you just reached the Grandmaster Realm, didn’t you? It would be too unfortunate to kill you. How about you join the Osborne family?”

“I’m afraid you can’t kill me,” Zachary said icily. After that, he said to his men, “All of you, back off by fifty meters. Leave this to me.”

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Chapter 565 Meeting Their Match

Zachary then engaged the middle-aged cultivator in combat after ordering his men to retreat. Meanwhile, inside the courtyard of No. 1 Villa, the short-haired girl grabbed one of the soldiers and held him in front of her like a shield.

“Go on, open fire! Let’s see if your bullets are faster than me!” Despite being surrounded by dozens of guns pointing at her, the girl showed no sign of fear nor panic. If anything, there was even a glint of manic excitement in her eyes.

The soldiers had their fingers on the trigger, but none of them dared open fire. The girl was standing in front of the Smith mansion, so their bullets could also hit the Smith family members inside.

On top of that, they knew full well that they would only end up killing her hostage if they shot at her. Given her terrifying speed, she could definitely dodge their bullets with ease.

However, they couldn’t just stand by and watch her enter the mansion either. Unsure of what to do in that difficult situation, the soldiers were all in a dilemma.

The tense moment was interrupted when a clear voice rang out from above the mansion.

“I’m curious, are you here to kill or kidnap?”

The girl looked up and saw Yasmin sitting on the roof of the mansion.

She had her left leg propped up and her two-meter-long sniper rifle resting on her left knee. The barrel was pointed at the girl below.

My instincts are telling me that this woman is the one who shot Hansel!

With that in mind, the girl's pupils constricted as she asked, "Were you the one who fired those two shots earlier?"

Yasmin let out a chuckle. "Yes, that was me. Also, you haven't answered my question. Are you here to kill or kidnap?"

"Does it make a difference?"

"It does. If you're here to kill, then you'll be fired upon indiscriminately once you do so. I doubt even a Grandmaster would be able to make it out alive! If you're here to kidnap them, things would be a lot more interesting. We don't want you killing them, and you don't want us accidentally hurting the hostages either. That would up the stakes significantly."

The girl's eyes lit up after hearing that. She then took a closer look at Yasmin, only to shake her head in disappointment shortly after.

"You're an interesting one. Unfortunately, you're not a martial artist, so you don't have what it takes to try and stop me. You may be great with guns, but you're too close to me right now. I could kill you in the blink of an eye if I wanted to."

"What if I want to give it a try anyway?" Yasmin asked as she set her sniper rifle aside and jumped down the roof.

The girl let out a chuckle when she saw Yasmin standing next to her.

"You'll die if you fight me like this!"

"I've always been setting up assassinations, so I have never really fought a martial artist before. I'd like to give it a shot!"

Yasmin flashed her a smile and waved her arms slightly, causing two silver handguns to come sliding out of her sleeves.

Bang!

Without warning, Yasmin began firing while her arms danced about wildly.

The look on the girl's face changed instantly when she realized what was going on.

The first shot from Yasmin was aimed at the girl's head, while the second went right through the hostage's body and was headed straight for her heart.

The rest of the shots looked like they were fired in completely random directions, but the girl knew they were meant to cut off all her escape routes.

She would get hit by the other bullets if she tried to dodge the first two.

T-This is a death trap made out of bullets! I can't believe I got careless! It's too late for me to control her with my spiritual energy now! Only someone from the God Realm would have spiritual energy powerful enough to change the trajectory of the bullets, so that's not an option for me either. She's just a normal human being, so how is this possible?

Despite having a calm and collected expression, Yasmin was actually incredibly nervous.

Analytical Shooting was the greatest trump card she had at her disposal.

By observing the enemies' movements, she could predict their possible reactions when faced with danger and fire preemptively in those directions to cut off all escape routes.

That was the concept behind Analytical Shooting. However, when going against a Grandmaster, even the slightest miscalculation could result in her own death.

As the sounds of gunfire raged on outside, Jason and the other doctors were seated in the living room of No. 2 Villa and staring calmly at the data on the screen.

A young boy wearing a suit munched on some snacks as he said with a frown, "The patient's condition has been fairly stable throughout the past few days, so lasting another twelve to thirteen days shouldn't be a problem. Say, Jason, what's going on out there? Why is it so noisy?"

Jason flashed the boy a smile when he heard that.

"Oh, this is nothing compared to when Asura's Office was just established. Firefights would break out all the time. We'd be performing surgeries while bombs exploded right outside the building!"

Their conversation was interrupted when a young man kicked the front door of the mansion open. His body was covered in blood, and he had a long sword in his hand.

"Hi, I came to visit Sophia. Is she here?" he asked.

The doctors were so scared that they simply stared at the young man in silence. Jason, on the other hand, calmly sipped on his coffee as he replied, "The patient is still in critical condition. Visiting is not allowed at the moment."

"And what if I insist on seeing her, huh?" the young man asked with a chuckle as he made his way toward Jason.

Jason slowly stood up and brandished a scalpel in his right hand.

“Do you not understand what I just said? It looks like you need some treatment yourself!”

Those words had barely left Jason’s mouth when he lunged forward, instantly closing the five-meter gap between him and the young man.

Ding!

A clear sound echoed through the room as the scalpel clashed with the long sword.

Having been caught off guard, the young man was sent flying backward and crashed into the front door.

As he lowered his gaze, he noticed a tiny chunk of his long sword had been chipped off.

A look of greed flickered in the young man’s eyes as he looked up at Jason’s scalpel.

My sword was forged through a very special technique. It’s no magical item, but it’s extremely sharp and can cut through most metal with ease. However, that scalpel was able to damage my sword in one hit, so it must be a magical item!

“That’s a very nice blade you’ve got there. Too bad it’s a little small, though.”

“No, it’s big enough to perform surgery on you,” Jason replied as he gently placed his glasses on the table next to him.

He then loosened up his necktie a little before charging toward the young man at lightning speed.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

The sounds of those blades clashing against each other continued as they fought on.

As they were fighting at a narrow porch, the young man didn’t have enough room to fully utilize his long sword. Jason was able to get a few cuts in after clashing dozens of times.

Because Jason’s attacks were highly precise and aimed at joints and arteries, even a slight mistake could result in death.

After dodging some of his attacks, the young man was able to slip into the courtyard.

The look on his face turned gloomy when he saw the blood on his clothes.

No. 2 Villa was supposed to be a much easier target than No. 1 Villa, but he was unlucky enough to run into a freak like Jason.

Looks like I'll have to up my game, or I won't be able to accomplish my mission!