

## The Legendary Man Chapter 580

### Chapter 580 Formations

The coup was large enough to shift the grand scheme of things in Chanaea.

Although the plan was simple, Karl had used everyone as his pawn.

Malcolm and Hayes had managed to deduce by chance the almost perfect plan just from the food poisoning cases alone.

However, Hayes was so agitated that he nearly cursed when he noticed Malcolm's reaction at that moment.

When Malcolm turned to face Hayes, who was drenched in sweat while in distress, he organized his thoughts before lighting himself another cigarette with shivering hands and immediately turning to walk out of the door.

"Tiger, the factions of this battle will be led by those who are regarded as kings, so we won't be able to handle this crisis. The only prerequisite to this enormous shift is the fall of Northern Crimson Prison, so we can stop things from progressing any further as long as we ensure the security of Northern Crimson Prison!"

Unwavering conviction filled Malcolm's gaze.

Although he was already drenched in his own sweat by that point, his voice sounded resolute, as if he were in full control of the situation.

"Soldiers!"

Following his summons, a few soldiers hurried to him from the guard house next to his office.

"I will only say this once, and I will put a bullet through whoever that panics, so listen well!" Malcolm demanded emotionlessly at the soldiers.

"Lloyd, contact Asura's Office immediately and report to them that there's a high probability that the Eastern Army might defect from Asura's Office and that Northern Crimson Prison might fall soon. Have Asura's Office arrange for troops and supplies to secure the supply chain to Mysonna Army. Spencer, try to reach Excalibur King of War. Inform him that a special force from the Eastern Army of about a thousand is currently active in Mysonna, so there's a chance that Northern Crimson Prison might fall. Request for his immediate return if the battle on his end isn't pressing, for we are facing a crisis. Jennings, turn on the air raid alarm, and everyone is to load their guns and prepare for battle. Activate Level 1 Contingency Plan. Take action now!"

Following Malcolm's instructions, the three soldiers who had their names called quickly acknowledged the orders loudly.

Then, Malcolm turned to another soldier. "Contact the prison hospital now. I need real-time updates on patients suffering from food poisoning!"

"Yes, Sir!"

"I have a report!"

Following the cry, a panicking soldier dashed in from the surveillance room next door.

"Commander, judging from the thermal feedback from the outpost fifty kilometers away from the west entrance, we can almost be certain that it is the special forces of the Eastern Army!"

"Almost certain, my \*ss!" Malcolm remarked in derision. "It must be them! Tune in to their radio frequency! I need to speak to them!"

"Yes, Sir!"

As the air raid alarm rang, the soldier from before emerged again from the other room.

"Sir, according to information sent from the hospital, there are more than six hundred patients suffering from food poisoning, and the numbers are still climbing!"

Hayes had a serious look on his face while listening to the soldier's report.

"All of our soldiers ate the same food, so I bet it will just be a matter of time before everyone succumbs to food poisoning. If this continues, things might get awry."

"Don't worry. If they are the ones who tampered with the food supplies, they can only poison a third of our troops at most," Malcolm declared broodingly. "The prison is located in the center of a desert, so logistical supplies have always been an issue. Stock for fresh produce and meat is low due to more complicated storage requirements, so the staple in the troop's diet is canned and instant food that is impossible to poison. The troops in Northern Crimson Prison are divided into three batches, so everyone will only get to eat fresh food every three days. This is a regulation unique to us, so at least eight thousand soldiers have yet to have any fresh produce from the day before yesterday up till this very moment. I sure would like to see how they plan on poisoning all of us!"

Malcolm saluted Hayes while looking at him.

"Hayes, you used to be an army commander, so I might need to entrust you with a mission."

“What is it? Just speak your mind,” answered Hayes while straightening his posture upon noticing the sobriety in Malcolm’s attitude.

Malcolm waved to summon a nearby soldier to come closer before announcing loudly, “From now on, Hayes Yeager shall no longer be considered a prisoner and appointed as the chief operations officer of all four areas in Northern Crimson Prison, including the northern, eastern, western, and southern areas. He will have full reign over the lives of all twenty-four thousand one hundred and sixty-nine prisoners. Moreover, all soldiers from all four areas of the prison shall obey him unconditionally! Those who disobey him shall be executed on the spot!”

“Yes, Sir!” Hayes answered in all seriousness while saluting with one hand.

Back in Lumonburg, Hayes used to be an army commander and was actually one rank above Malcolm, who was a division leader.

However, those were the old days, and Hayes was, by that point, a prisoner without any status. The fact that Malcolm was willing to put his full trust in him and delegated control over the prison to Hayes under such circumstances spoke volumes.

“Go patrol the four prison areas. All other necessary information will be handed over to you while you’re at it,” said Malcolm nonchalantly. “Tiger, as soon as war breaks out, you shall have full reign over the twenty-four thousand plus prisoners in all four areas. I won’t be able to supervise things on your end, so make sure not to let anybody escape. Do you understand?”

“Leave it to me.”

Hayes turned and ran downstairs behind a soldier.

At the same time, Malcolm turned to enter the communications room.

Hades’s and Dorian’s faces with chilly expressions were displayed on the computer screen in the communications room.

“What’s going on?”

Northern Crimson Prison was a crucial location under the watch of Mysonna Army, so Dorian couldn’t possibly keep his composure after being informed of such news.

Without dallying, Malcolm gave a summary of the events that transpired during the past few days.

“Make sure to defend Northern Crimson Prison. I shall send reinforcement troops right away.”

After that, Hades' face disappeared as it faded to a black screen.

Meanwhile, Dorian wore an aloof expression. "My army is currently fighting the Ibica Army, so we can't possibly go on an immediate retreat. It will at least take me two days before I can return. Malcolm, you have to defend Northern Crimson Prison! You hear me?"

"Understood, Sir!" replied Malcolm in all seriousness.

"The prison will not fall before I die! You must also stay alive! You are fully responsible for the large-scale food poisoning within the prison. Who am I supposed to question if you died on me?" cried Dorian.

"Yes, Sir!"

The moment Malcolm hung up the phone, he turned to the soldier next to him.

"Report on the enemy's location."

"They're thirty kilometers from the west entrance and have not approved of my request for communications."

"D\*mn. Do they intend on striking right away?"

Malcolm snorted.

"Order the troops to prepare the short-range missiles. Continue with attempts for communication with enemy troops. If they march past the red line fifteen kilometers away, fire at them directly. My approval won't be needed!"

"Yes, Sir!"

Amidst dunes of sand, Horace was smoking languidly in the command vehicle.

"Sir, they're still requesting for communications."

"Block them," Horace ordered aloofly. "Tell the troops to stop advancing and dispatch all of our drones. Fly the drones to maximum height and use high explosives during the first wave of attack. Use napalm bombs for the second wave. Aim at the prison's warehouses."

## The Legendary Man Chapter 581

Jonathan sprinted in Joselle's wake through the abyss.

According to Joselle, she lived not far from where Jonathan grilled the meat.

Though both of them had been dashing madly forward for half an hour, Joselle showed no signs of slowing.

It was then Jonathan finally felt something awry.

He had seen Summerbank Mountain in its entirety from Prima Majestica on the outside.

Even though the three peaks were rather far apart, it was a journey of a dozen miles at most.

The abyss between the summits should not exceed that distance, no matter their size.

Upon entering Summerbank Abyss, Jonathan had, aside from the distance he had covered with Joselle, run more than ten miles back then to escape the Beetle.

However, he underestimated the distance due to the unique sights and strange happenings within Summerbank Abyss.

Now it seemed that the perimeter of Summerbank Abyss was quite a bit larger than expected.

It was a world of its own within its deceptively small area.

In comparison to the outside world, Jonathan noticed similarities in the location to the formation method recorded in the second volume of the Necrobook.

However, Jonathan did not dare make a confident assumption, as he had only glanced through the volume.

"Are we not there yet, Joselle?" Jonathan asked curiously.

"You shouldn't ask the questions a master would ask. Play the part of the slave."

Though Joselle did not object to the name Jonathan gave her, she was very persistent in calling him a slave.

The terrain began to ascend. The pair soon arrived at the foot of a mountain.

Joselle hopped forward easily. Though the width of every stride was not wide, she moved with great speed and disappeared into the dense forest ahead in the blink of an eye.

Having recently recovered his cultivation level, Jonathan was not going to be left behind. A moment after Joselle landed, he appeared in a flash beside her.

However, Jonathan's eyelids twitched upon his arrival as he was greeted by two rows of mummified corpses on the ground.

Judging by the extent of damage to the corpses' clothes, they had been dead for years.

Scanning them with his spiritual sense, Jonathan found exactly twenty-three of them.

Jonathan could not repress a sense of confusion upon recalling that Joselle once mentioned that she had seen twenty-four outsiders, including himself.

"Are these the outsiders you were talking about, Joselle?"

"That's right. They're all here," she said matter-of-factly before pointing at one of the dried corpses. "This was the fellow who had called me 'Puppy' and made me call him 'Master.' He was also the first outsider I'd seen."

Jonathan sighed inwardly upon seeing the pile of bones littered on the ground.

These men must have been expert martial artists to have made it into Summerbank Abyss.

Upon entering and meeting such a naïve girl as Joselle, who did not put up her guard, they must have been tempted by wicked thoughts.

Unsurprisingly, their fate ended in two hundred pieces of their bones strewn about the ground. Even after death, their corpses had not been left whole.

This is lady is definitely not to be trifled with.

For the first time, Jonathan felt thankful for his fate compared to the men before him.

He felt fortunate that his lust was under control, or he would not have escaped the fate of being the twenty-fourth corpse.

"The two old priests I mentioned, slave, are those two kneeling over there."

As Joselle spoke, she pointed at two corpses clad in vivid-colored robes.

As brightly as they were dressed, they were still nothing more than two corpses.

Though the torn robes had faded with time, the green and gold embroidery upon them glittered with no sign of decay.

Both of them were dressed so well, even seated cross-legged in the manner of masters. Could they be the legendary God Realm warriors who had joined forces to enter Summerbank Abyss?

It had happened dozens of years ago. Jonathan had heard of the tale but did not dare jump to conclusions as he did not know what the two elders looked like back then.

Though he could not be sure, it must have been years judging by the time of death of those cultivators.

The pile of bones of Joselle's first victims had begun to look gray and white. From experience, Jonathan could tell they had been dead for many years to look like that.

According to the dressing style of the other victims, it had definitely been over thirty years.

How old is she?

"Tell me the truth, Joselle. How long have you stayed here?"

"How long?" Joselle shook her head. "I don't know myself. I know you consider a day the exchange between light and dark, with three hundred and sixty-five days in a year.

"But I like to sleep. Sometimes I wake up and find that the grass has grown wild without knowing how much time has elapsed.

"By the way, I've once gotten a watch brought by that slave, which informs me of the time throughout the day.

"Not even a month later, I took a nap. I fell asleep on the third and found it was already the first when I woke up. However, I'm unsure how many months had elapsed since falling asleep."

Jonathan felt his scalp tingle as he heard Joselle's narration.

Though Joselle looks like an innocent and unworldly young girl, I can now be sure that she's an old demon who has been alive for who knows how many years.

Jonathan was frantically thinking of a way out of his predicament as he gazed at Joselle giggling before him.

He never considered himself clever. Witty, perhaps. He also knew that some of the twenty-three victims before him must have been as strong as he.

Yet, those people never left after meeting Joselle. Jonathan finally understood how terrifying the harmless-looking young woman before him truly was.

“These are not the people I’m looking for, Joselle,” Jonathan said to her with a laugh. “I’m looking for a man named Vladimir. Let’s split up to search. I’ll cook you something delicious if we find him.”

As Jonathan spoke, he turned casually around and walked toward the direction he had come in.

Just then, Joselle’s amused voice sounded behind him.

“Are you thinking of running away, slave?”

Jonathan froze imperceptibly at those words before turning around to face Joselle as he forced a smile.

“Why would I do that? We are good friends. How would I leave without saying goodbye?”

Joselle giggled as she held her spear. “Nothing. It’s just that we engaged in a game of cat and mouse before I’d beaten these people to death.”

Staring at him, she slowly turned away from Jonathan.

“I’d eaten the meat you grilled. Consider me indebted to you. You may go.”

Jonathan froze before heaving a long sigh of relief, thanking his lucky stars as he did so.

The old adages never lie. Do good, and good shall come to you. Indeed.

Just as Jonathan was about to thank Joselle, she laughed again.

“I’ll give you a ten-second head start. Ten. Nine. Eight...”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 582

### Chapter 582 The Hunt

Jonathan whipped around at the sound of the countdown, only to see Joselle sitting on a mossy rock, swinging her legs innocently beneath her.

“Six. Five. Four...”

Joselle counted down solemnly, bringing one finger down with every count.

Run!



Not daring to hesitate another moment longer, Jonathan turned and bolted.

He did not care about much else at the moment. Ideas ranging from feigning ignorance to showing weakness had been cast to the back of his mind.

Like a madman, Jonathan displayed the full extent of his God Realm cultivation level by turning into a streak of light and dashing out at a rate of a dozen meters per step.

As he began his hasty descent down the steep mountain, a giggle sounded.

“Run, slave. It wouldn’t be fun if I caught you too quickly.”

Joselle’s laughter was sweet, but it reverberated all over the valley like a terrifying death sentence.

I initially thought I could outwit my mysterious companion, but now it seems my scheme motivated by self-interest and feigned sincerity might have only worked against a young, naïve girl, who has never been exposed to the horrors of society. Against an old demon of immense and unknown age, such deception is no different from courting death.

Spurred by the recollection of the assortment of bodies lying in two rows, Jonathan mobilized the spiritual energy in every fiber of his being and dashed through the trees.

Atop the mountain, Joselle finally arrived at one and squinted down at the dense forest below. A moment later, a smile made itself known on her face.

“Found you!”

She raised her right arm, holding the spear’s end, and threw it forward.

Boom!

Following the sound of an explosion, the spear disappeared.

Joselle leaped up and bounced atop the trees in the direction Jonathan had left.

During the pursuit, Jonathan’s hair stood on end, as he felt something terrifying watching him. He then stepped on a thick and ancient tree trunk in his path.

Crack!

Following the snap of the wood, Jonathan forcibly redirected his momentum and leaped to the side.

A streak of light overhead intercepted the route he was advancing on seconds before.

The spear impaled into the rock without a sound.

When Jonathan landed, the hill before him shook violently before blasting apart.

Boom!

Countless boulders were sent flying in every direction.

“Holy sh\*t!”

Jonathan pressed his palms together. His spiritual energy converged before him and formed a spirit shield shaped like an arrowhead.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Countless pieces of gravel and debris collided against the spirit shield and ricocheted away.

Jonathan was knocked backward with each collision.

There were simply too many rocks that rained down upon him too fiercely.

If Jonathan had held up a spirit shield, he would have been only able to resist one or two pieces at most.

He found it easier to manage if he used the angle to change the trail instead.

Jonathan’s face was drenched with sweat as he gazed at the leveled hill dozens of meters away.

“Bloody hell,” Jonathan cursed at the sight of the hill being razed flat by the spear. “You should get into land development and build roads with strength like that.”

He considered employing trickery to adopt Joselle as his stepsister and have a powerful fighter by his side. Aside from the respectable families, even Wilbur and Joshua of Yaleview would think twice about confronting him.

It would easily be one against ten. In the face of absolute power, every little trick up their sleeve is inconsequential. If I could trick Joselle into leaving the abyss with me, we would instantly stabilize Chanaea’s current situation.

However, such an idealistic plan had been marred by brutal reality.

The spear would have impaled me had I not altered my original course earlier on.

As the distance from the top of the mountain was only several hundred meters, Joselle's spear was terrifying in both strength and accuracy.

Though he grumbled about it, Jonathan understood from that instance alone that he would not stand a chance against the girl.

Even if his God Realm cultivation level had been completely restored, he still would be no match for her.

Run!

At the sight of the figure dashing toward him from the distant slope, Jonathan turned and bolted.

Seconds after he departed, Joselle landed weightlessly before the spear.

Grabbing the spear's shaft, she casually pulled it out of the rock. There was a glint of excitement in her eyes.

"This slave is more interesting than the ones before!"

Giggling, Joselle leaped to her feet and dashed ahead once more.

In the meantime, Irving was covered in blood as he did battle against a dozen demon wolves in a mountain col, despite being covered in scales conjured from his spiritual energy.

The staining of blood on his reptilian skin made him look like a human-shaped dinosaur.

Though the demon wolves around him were mostly injured, they remained highly organized.

Amidst their seemingly chaotic formation, they had sealed off every possible point of exit Irving could take.

Despite being a lightweight and flexible martial artist, Irving felt frustrated as he could not run from nor kill his adversaries.

"Am I going to fall by the claws of these foul beasts?" Irving said reluctantly through gritted teeth. "Over my dead body. The only way is to use the Blood Reversal Pill to increase my cultivation level and make a dash for it."

Irving was contemplating whether to waste his trump card on the pack of brutes when he felt a wave of spiritual energy approaching him from the back at high speed.

Before he could turn around, the figure was already outside the pack of wolves.

Irving met the gaze of the newcomer—an exhausted Jonathan running for his life.

“What...”

Jonathan squatted down and gasped for breath as he smiled abashedly.

“You don’t look like one of the men in black.”

When Jonathan spoke, Irving’s expression darkened before delight filled his gaze as he stared at the former.

To think I’ve been hunting high and low for him all this time. There he is all along! Though I cannot escape the ambush of the pack of wolves, I could cause a diversion. As long as I can lure Jonathan into the battle zone and have him restrain the pack, I will be able to escape.

Irving chuckled at that thought as he leaped to his feet, making a dash toward Jonathan.

“Your death awaits!” he bellowed as he clawed at Jonathan’s face.

“I don’t have time for your nonsense!”

Throwing his fist outward, Jonathan sent Irving flying back into the middle of the pack. Bang!

Irving fell heavily onto the ground. Ignoring the pain all over his body, he leaped back to his feet.

It is a pack of feral wolves. If they catch an opportunity with me off my feet, that will be the end of me.

Sweeping a furtive glance around, Irving noticed the pack of wolves retreating slowly.

He was stunned at the sight of the demon wolves’ fearful wariness.

Following a chorus of howls, the pack of demon wolves turned and ran as if they had suddenly gone mad.

“You’ve elected a new alpha wolf so quickly!” Jonathan remarked with a laugh. With a surge of spiritual energy, he, too, turned and ran.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 583

Chapter 583 Silent Missiles

Irving was stunned when he saw Jonathan disappearing before his eyes. What just

happened? Before the demon wolves left, that was the direction they were standing by. I didn't even realize it before, but now that I think about it, Jonathan's spiritual energy seemed like it had already reached God Realm! How could that be? Before we came in, our levels were almost the same. In fact, I thought I was stronger than him! Even though Sofus had said that martial artists could achieve higher cultivation levels here, wouldn't a person need more time than this to go from the beginner phase of Grandmaster Realm to the middle phase of God Realm? We've only been here for less than two days! This is rather baffling!

Irving was still rooted to the spot because he could barely believe what he had just witnessed.

Having been labeled as a genius by the Phantom Sect, Irving was a proud man. There was no way he could accept the fact that he had been beaten by Jonathan within one day.

He reached out his hand to touch the Blood Reversal Pill in his pocket.

The pill's spiritual energy could help him achieve God Realm within a short period of time.

However, there were consequences.

The Blood Reversal Pill could only last for half an hour.

Within the next three days, the user's body would then become extremely weakened.

Since cultivators were stronger than commoners, their bodies would just be as weak as the commoners'. That being said, it would still pose a danger.

If an adult were to have the strength of a three-year-old toddler all of a sudden, things were bound to get tricky.

Suddenly, Irving came up with an idea. I'll just chase after him to take a look! Although I'm still in Summerbank Abyss, half an hour is more than enough for me to make an escape. Besides, I need to get to the bottom of it. I don't understand how Jonathan had gotten so strong within two days.

With that in mind, Irving took a leap and flew in the direction Jonathan had gone to.

Although Irving's movements were fast, someone was even faster than him.

A figure suddenly appeared from the forest behind him.

Thud!

Upon getting struck from behind, Irving managed to turn around, but he could not see who the ambusher was.

Before he knew it, he had gone unconscious even before his body dropped to the ground.

Joselle was baffled when she saw the unconscious Irving. "What? This isn't Jonathan!"

Joselle then reached out to grab one of Irving's ankles and shrugged. "He had gotten away, but this will do. It's just for fun, anyway."

While talking, Joselle was dragging Irving back toward where she came from, not bothering to find out where Jonathan had gone to.

It was as if a little girl had just found a new toy to play with.

Unfortunately for Irving, he was the new toy.

Meanwhile, Jonathan just kept running. Although he could no longer feel Joselle's energy nearby, he did not dare to stop. After all, that girl is devilish. She's innocent, but she's really going to kill me.

When Jonathan arrived before a mist wall, he unhesitatingly dove into it. For my own safety, I need to get out of Summerbank Abyss. This weird mist will be able to block out one's spiritual sense, hearing, and eyesight. I need to get out of here and reposition myself to shake Joselle off!

On the flip side, Northern Crimson Prison was completely caught in the flames of war.

Gunshots were heard everywhere, and Northern Crimson Prison erupted in flames.

"Team three, concentrate on putting out the fire! Guard the storage center at all costs. If we run out of food, I'll take your heads!"

"Roger that!"

After receiving the order from Malcolm, the officer turned around and ran toward the prison center.

"Team three, get away from the defense formation and start putting out the fire! We must maintain logistical support!"

Right then, napalm bombs were dropping from the sky.

No one could stop the bombs.

If the bombs exploded on the ground, a radius of over ten meters would turn into a sea of fire in a short period of time.

On the other hand, if the bombs exploded in the air after getting intercepted by the missile interceptors, they would explode into a rain of fire.

Malcolm's face turned pale when he saw the fire surrounding the area.

Although the fire-fighting system in the city was fully activated, it still could not stop the fire because the bombs were very efficient. Not only were the bombs extremely flammable, but they were also packed with explosives. Therefore, general countermeasures were rather useless.

There were not a lot of enemy drones, but they were still threatening.

Somewhere further away, Horace was calmly watching Northern Crimson Prison going up into flames on the command vehicle's screen.

Eastern Army was the best in information technology.

Hence, it was an easy task for them to hack into others' surveillance cameras.

Moreover, Horace knew the other Kings of War were also watching the event live. The entire Asura's Office should be fully operational now. Within an hour, the nearest Zaidham Army should have their fighter jets flying over our heads.

"Prepare the missile vehicle at the back for launching. Launch four missiles as planned. Hit the west entrance with two high-explosive missiles. Meanwhile, aim two special warheads at Northern Crimson Prison's command center. Launch the missiles now."

"Yes!" his adjutant answered.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Within a minute, four flames broke through the sky above and disappeared from Horace's sight.

Moments later, the ear-shattering sirens kept ringing in the Northern Crimson Prison's command center.

"Reporting in! There are four missiles heading our way!"

"Abandon the command center! Everyone, this is an emergency. Run!" Malcolm grabbed the microphone and shouted, "Focus all the air defense weapons on the west! Shoot the missiles down!"

Just like that, everyone was abandoning the command center.

With all the air defense weapons in Northern Crimson Prison focused on the west side, the rest were trying to shoot the missiles with bullets.

Bang! Bang!

Two thunderous sounds rang out, and everyone was overjoyed.

However, someone bellowed, “Those are multi-warhead missiles! We didn’t blow it up! The missiles split themselves!”

As soon as those words fell, dozens of black capsules rained down from the sky.

Seeing that, the soldiers quickly threw themselves to the ground, hoping they could minimize the impact of the explosions on their bodies.

Surprisingly, there was not any explosion.

Those capsules dropped on the ground and bounced back up like a bunch of cans.

Next, they heard the sound of gas escaping from the capsules. The airstreams generated by the gas had even left traces on the fine sand.

Thinking that nothing bad had happened, the soldiers looked at each other and got up.

Yet, the looks on Malcolm and the other high-ranking military officers’ faces changed dramatically.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 584

### Chapter 584 All Parties

“This is against the law of war! Has Karl gone mad?” roared one of the middle-aged military officers.

“Everyone, stay where you are! Even if you were to die, don’t move an inch! Tell everyone else to stay still!”

The soldiers were still unaware of what had happened. However, they all obediently stood still and relayed the order by mouth.

An officer next to Malcolm tried his best to remain calm and stammered, “C-Commander, please go to the hospital immediately—”

Right then, two loud explosions were heard coming from the west side.

Malcolm, with his tiresome eyes, looked up into the blurry sky. Ever since I arrived at Northern Crimson Prison with Dorian, the sky is blurred out for at least three hundred days a year.

“Commander? Go to the hospital, okay? The rest of us will stay here,” his subordinate repeated as he was choking up.



“It’s too late for that,” Malcolm answered flatly.

After lighting up a cigarette, Malcolm reached out to grab one of the black capsules on the ground. “Ha! This is a gas bomb. With the wind speed here, the poisonous gas will spread out for a few hundred meters, and this spread is irreversible. We don’t have enough gas masks here. Even if there were, it’s too late to distribute them now. Without the antidote, I’ll only outlive you guys for an hour if I go to the hospital now. Haha! Karl has really gone mad. This isn’t how wars should be fought. Even if he’s eager to leave Asura’s Office, he shouldn’t have done this!”

Upon hearing Malcolm’s words, the surrounding soldiers widened their eyes in disbelief.

Glancing at the soldiers apologetically, Malcolm uttered, “Everyone, I’m sorry, but we’ve lost the battle. Messenger, please relay my message to all the soldiers. The communication equipment here is restricted, so none of you can get in touch with your families in a short period of time. Fortunately, the entire Northern Crimson Prison is equipped with surveillance cameras. Find the nearest surveillance camera to you and leave your last words. The surveillance footage in Northern Crimson Prison will be uploaded to the database. Since the refresh cycle is seventy-two hours, I believe your last words will be kept safely by Asura’s Office and sent back to your families. I’ve been in Northern Crimson Prison for two years, four months, and thirteen days. Thank you for your cooperation during the entire time.”

With that, Malcolm reached out his hand and gave a proper military salute.

Meanwhile, all the powerful parties in Chanaea such as Karl, the Prince of Diyouli, Dorian, the Excalibur King of War, Jeremy, the Western King of War, Zachary, the Vanquisher King of War, Terrence, the Cardinal King of War, Kane, the Thunder King of War, Hades, the head of the Eight Kings of War, and Andy, the King of Sanguine, were watching Malcolm.

At that moment, Jonathan’s Eight Kings of War from all over Chanaea were watching Malcolm’s last moments with their cold gazes.

Furthermore, in Yaleview, Joshua was also frowning as he stared at the stern-looking Malcolm. “Just as I expected. Karl... Jonathan shouldn’t have held you in high regard. It seems like everything’s about to change.”

As he was saying that, Wilbur’s face popped up in his mind. Letting out a chuckle, he murmured, “Jonathan, I’m doing the same thing.”

Meanwhile, in his mansion, Wilbur was smiling and holding a glass of wine in his hand. “Relay my order. Set up our defense and go into Level 1 battle formation. From today onward, don’t let anyone from Asura’s Office step into the northeastern region.”

“Yes!” His subordinate turned around and left.

Wilbur's gaze gradually became more and more vicious. "Karl, it seems like you've included us in your plans. Fine! I'll lend you a hand. However, it's about time you strike!"

With a grin, Wilbur looked out the window. The direction he was looking into was where Joshua was at—Zedfield.

Amidst dunes of sand in Mysonna, Horace was watching Malcolm expressionlessly on the screen in the command vehicle.

A special force of a thousand troops is going to defeat ten thousand troops of the Northern Crimson Prison without a single casualty! This victory is going to shock the entire world! Next to him, his adjutant was filled with excitement. With a laptop in his hand, he reported, "Commander, the poisonous gas had spread out. According to the simulation results, at least one-third of Northern Crimson Prison is already affected. Ten minutes from now, the gas will be all over the entire area. The walls at the west entrance had tumbled. According to the surveillance footage, all the soldiers in Northern Crimson Prison are aware of the poisonous gas, and they're all busy saying their goodbyes on the surveillance cameras. Since they've lost their fighting spirit, this is our perfect chance to attack."

However, with a cigarette in between his lips, Horace shook his head slightly. "Let's wait a while more."

Wait? The adjutant froze momentarily. "Commander, this is our perfect chance to attack! Our enemies are all over the place, physically and mentally. Besides, twenty minutes had gone by since we launched the missiles. If the Zaidham Army had already sent out their fighter jets, they'll be flying over Northern Crimson Prison within an hour. If we don't make use of this opportunity—"

Bang!

A gunshot was heard, and the window behind the adjutant's head had shattered. Besides, brains were splattered everywhere.

All the military officers in the command vehicle were stunned when they saw the gunshot wound on the adjutant's forehead.

Horace slowly kept his gun and asked, "I said we'll wait before attacking. Does anyone have a problem with that?"

No one dared to move, and not a single word was heard.

Horace then turned toward the desert outside his window and ordered, "Relay my order to the others. Everyone should be wearing a bulletproof vest, a gas mask, and thermal goggles. In ten minutes, march toward Northern Crimson Prison. Before going in, use smoke grenades to blind the enemies. Try to aim at their heads and hearts. That's all!"

“Yes!”

All the military officers went on to relay the order. None of them paid the dead adjutant any attention.

In truth, everyone knew Horace was deliberately giving Malcolm and the soldiers in Northern Crimson Prison time to say their last words to their families.

As for asking them to aim at their enemies' heads and hearts, Horace just wanted the soldiers to die a quick death.

Their military order was to destroy Northern Crimson Prison, so none of them would dare to disobey.

That was the only favor Horace could do for Northern Crimson Prison. In wars, there are only winners and losers. No one cares about why the war was started in the first place.

At that time, Hayes was in the southeastern area of Northern Crimson Prison, and he was staring expressionlessly at Malcolm, who was turning pale.

Malcolm said, “Tiger, at least half of the city’s soldiers and prisoners have been infected. Although we don’t know what kind of poisonous gas was used, there’s a high probability that we would be dead. The southeast area you’re at is located in upwind of the poisonous gas. I don’t know if you’re already infected by the poison gas now, but I’m sure you will live a little longer than me. I’m getting weaker now, and I’m starting to lose consciousness. Therefore, I’ll appoint you as Commander of Northern Crimson Prison. You’re replacing me. I need to go to the west entrance to set up a defense. I’ll leave everything else to you...”