

## Chapter 6 A Living Legend

"Why do you want to know?" Captain Wedel asked cautiously.

Hans answered honestly, "Just now, my classmate, Ashton Schwerin, said he lives in The Universum. I just wanted to be sure if he was bragging."

Hearing that, Captain Wedel breathed a sigh of relief and put away his cigarette. He smiled and replied, "Don't worry, the owner of that house is Ashton the Great. That person has no relation to your classmate."

Upon receiving that answer, Hans smirked. "I knew it. How could a poor soldier like him deserve to live in a place like The Universum? Ashton, I never anticipated that someone who was once so honest and upright would become so vain and full of lies!"

A flash of light flickered in his eyes as he continued, "If Sabine saw you now, would she be disappointed in you?"

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On the other hand, Ashton had no idea about all this as he made his way toward his own villa.

Suddenly, he stopped walking and looked in a specific direction, not far away.

At the entrance of another villa was an old man in his seventies. The elder was practicing martial arts, throwing fierce and powerful punches into the air. Beside him was a teenager about eighteen years old, dressed in training clothes, watching the elder practice his moves.

Given his experience, Ashton immediately recognized the elder's technique as the famous "Warfare Fist." It was a technique that had strict requirements for those practicing it. However, this technique was too aggressive and easily caused harm. Such a technique was built for soldiers who were always ready for battle, but for a seventy-year-old man, it would bring more harm than benefits.

Regardless of that, Ashton didn't pay much attention to them. Instead, he shook his head slightly and continued on his way.

"Young man, wait a moment." Suddenly, he heard the old man's voice.

After the old man finished his moves, he stopped practicing and looked at Ashton. "I am Dylan Brown. Why did you shake your head? Do you understand the technique I was practicing?"

Right then, the teenager beside Dylan sneered. "The martial arts people practice nowadays are all for show. How could they understand a real martial arts technique?"

Ashton ignored her and glanced at Dylan, nodding slightly. "I understand a little. Your technique has some issues. It'd be better if you stopped practicing it."

Since the elder had asked for his advice, Ashton didn't hesitate to offer some.

However, Dylan's expression darkened as soon as he heard Ashton's answer. At the same time, the teenager beside him snorted. "Some think just because they know a bit, they are experts. But they will never understand what it means to have a killing technique!"

Ashton smiled indifferently.

To be frank, he had probably killed more people than she had ever seen. After all, the title of Supreme Warrior God of the East was built on piles of bones. In addition, Ashton wouldn't waste his efforts on a teenager.

At that moment, Ivanna reminded him, "My Lord, it's almost time for you to rest."

Ashton nodded in response. Since Dylan and the others didn't trust him, he didn't want to waste any more time on them and left with Ivanna.

Noting his urge to depart, the teenager taunted him, "What's wrong? You can't answer our question, so you decided to run."

While doing so, she didn't notice that her grandfather's body and expression froze immediately after listening to how Ivanna addressed Ashton.

Dylan cast a surprised glance at Ashton and then looked at Ivanna in confusion. A moment later, he came to a realization.

It's her! The legendary attendant of Ashton the Great! Then, that young man...

Dylan felt his body tremble as he realized what had just happened.

"Everly, stop. Don't be unreasonable!"

His eyes burned with excitement as he stared at Ashton's figure. "Ashton the Great. It's actually him. I actually saw Ashton the Great with my own eyes. It's truly a once-in-a-lifetime experience!"

"Grandpa, what's... wrong with you?" Everly looked at Dylan with a puzzled expression.

Dylan looked at Everly solemnly and said, "Everly, when you see Ash—Mr. Ashton in the future, you must treat him with the utmost respect, understand? He's a living legend!"

"A living legend?" Everly looked at Ashton's receding figure and murmured softly.

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The next morning, Ashton got up and practiced a set of boxing techniques. While he was busy with that, Ivanna had already prepared breakfast. Today was Saturday, and they had to work all day. Besides that, Ashton missed his daughter. He scarfed down his breakfast and asked Ivanna to drive him to the residential area where Freya lived.

Upon his arrival at Freya's home, almost as soon as he pressed the doorbell, Ashton watched the door open, followed by Matilda's small frame shooting toward him.

"Daddy!" While calling out to him, Matilda immediately threw herself into her father's arms.

Ashton hurriedly came forward to catch Matilda so that she wouldn't fall. Matilda hugged Ashton's neck and kissed his cheek. "Daddy, you're finally here. I missed you so much!"

Freya, who was standing beside them, smiled bitterly. There was a hint of jealousy as she explained, "She woke up at 5 a.m. and has been clamoring for her daddy. It's only been a day, and she's already attached to you like glue. In a few more days, I bet she won't even remember who her mommy is."

With a faint smile on his lips, Ashton gazed dotingly at his daughter.

Matilda quickly shook her head. "No, I love Mommy the most." Then, she suddenly thought of something and added, "Just like how much I love Daddy."

Upon hearing her quirky response, Ashton and Freya couldn't help but laugh. The young girl knew how to please everyone.

Ashton looked at Matilda and asked, "Where would you like to go today?"

Before Matilda could answer, Freya answered for her. "Let's go to the amusement park. Matilda has been talking about going there for a while. Since we're free today, let's spend the whole day at the amusement park."

Ashton nodded slightly.

But at that moment, Matilda suddenly shook her head. "No, I don't want to go to the amusement park. I want to go to the jewelry exhibition!"

"Jewelry exhibition?" Ashton and Freya were both taken aback.

Matilda whispered in Ashton's ear, "Mommy has been wanting to go to a jewelry exhibition for a long time. Although I want to go to the amusement park, I want Mommy to be happy."

Despite Matilda's efforts to keep her voice low, Freya still heard everything and felt touched. Ashton looked at Freya with loving eyes as a hint of guilt flashed across his eyes. "Alright, let's go to the jewelry exhibition."

The family of three tidied up and came downstairs. But as soon as they reached the ground floor, they heard a voice coming from not far away. "Freya, there's a jewelry exhibition today. I remember you've been wanting to go there for some time. Let's go together."

Following that, they saw a young man approaching Freya with a bouquet of flowers. It was none other than Hans, Ashton's high school classmate, whom he had just met yesterday.