

# The Legendary Man Chapter 191

## Chapter 191 Take Them All Away

“W-Who are you all?” Hugo was promptly stunned at the sight of a dozen guns pointed at him.

His two sons, Miguel and Ezra, were even more terrified. In fact, they were so terror-stricken that they did not even dare to make a peep.

“The Divine Dragon Guards!” The soldier in the lead regarded him coldly.

Waving a hand, he ordered, “Attention! Detain all members of the Smith family regardless of gender and age! Do not allow a single person to go free!”

“Understood!”

Following that order, a few hundred soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards stormed into the Smith mansion.

Behind them, countless military trucks and jeeps obstructed the gate.

In the vehicles were innumerable soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards with guns in their hands, the muzzles pointing right at the Smith mansion.

“What are you all doing? Stop right this instance! Otherwise, I’m going to lodge a police report!” When Hugo saw droves of soldiers barging into the house and restraining all of his family members without fail, he was so enraged that he almost burst a blood vessel.

“Lodge a police report?” Hearing that, the soldier in the lead sneered with derision etched on his face. “Do you think the police dare interfere in the business of the Divine Dragon Guards?”

That remark rendered Hugo speechless right away.

“Who sent you here?” He stared at the man with an ashen face.

Even if I have to die, I have to know who exactly is behind this!

Casting him a frosty look, the soldier in the lead drawled, “Who do you think? Do you really have no idea who you’ve offended?”

After saying that, he no longer bothered to waste his breath and waved a hand, instructing, “Take them all away!”

“Understood!”

At that order, the soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards, who were no different from killing machines, sprung into action once more.

While the whole of Jazona plunged into massive chaos, Jonathan was sitting in the living room, eating instant noodles.

Indeed, he was still feeling hungry.

The steak at the restaurant was not really his cup of tea, so he lost his appetite just after eating a few bites.

As he was eating, Josephine happened to be done with her shower and came downstairs. When she spotted him wolfing down a bowl of instant noodles, she was very much taken aback. “Are you still hungry?”

“Yeah! The steak was horrible!” he answered casually.

Upon hearing that, she frowned slightly. “Why didn’t you tell me that you’re still hungry? Don’t eat instant noodles anymore. It’s not healthy. I’ll cook some spaghetti for you instead.”

“It’s okay. Instant noodles are quite delicious!” Jonathan remarked airily.

Back when I was in the military, having a bowl of instant noodles was the happiest moment in my life! No matter how unhealthy it is, it’s still way better than raw meat with blood still dripping from them.

"Really?"

Josephine was rooted to the spot at his comment. All of a sudden, she remembered that she had seemingly never fulfilled her responsibility as his wife, nor had she ever cooked anything for him.

"Yup, it's pretty good!"

Jonathan flashed her a smile.

"T-Then, I shall eat with you. I happen to be hungry as well, so I'd like to try your instant noodles!" While saying that, she grabbed a fork and sat down across from the man.

When she slurped down the noodles, the spiciness assailed her that she coughed.

It's been a long time since I last had instant noodles. I think the last time I had them was when I was five or six years old.

Cough, cough! She coughed violently, her throat burning so badly that tears almost escaped her eyes.

"Are you okay? I might have put a bit too much of the seasoning, so it's rather spicy." Jonathan handed her a piece of tissue.

"I'm fine."

Shaking her head, Josephine picked her fork up and took another mouthful.

In truth, she was not at all hungry, but she merely wanted to understand him better.

Throughout all these years, I don't seem to understand him at all. I don't even know what he had gone through in the past three years he had been missing.

"Jonathan, do you mind telling me how you spent the past three years?" She put down the fork in her hand and lifted her head to stare right at him.

Both anticipation and apprehension brewed within her.

She was extremely worried that Jonathan would rebuff her.

“Why are you asking about that out of the blue?” He gazed at her in puzzlement.

“I suddenly wish to know more about you.” Eyeing him anxiously, she added, “It’s fine if you don’t want to talk about it.”

She was afraid that she would be reminding him of something unpleasant in his past.

After all, it was clear as day that he had suffered much and had had his fair share of tribulations in the past three years.

“I don’t mind speaking about it.” At that, Jonathan chuckled and continued, “But you might not believe me even if I were to tell you about it.”

“I believe you!”

That time, she did not hesitate in the slightest.

Perhaps I should choose to trust him once!

“Shall I begin then?” In no time, his mind drifted back to that night three years ago.

That night, more than a dozen men hunted me down. If I hadn’t broken into the military camp by accident, I would’ve probably died in the wilderness long ago, never having procured the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique by coincidence or battled the nations and restored peace to the country!

“Sure!”

Josephine nodded. Propping her chin on her hands, she pinned her gaze on him. Suddenly, she found that he did not seem as repulsive as she thought.

In fact, he’s quite handsome!

“I disappeared three years ago because I was hunted down.” In a mild voice, Jonathan then began narrating everything that had happened three years ago. “That night, I was hunted by over a dozen men. They pursued me the entire night. If I hadn’t accidentally barged into a military camp, I would’ve likely been slashed to death that very night.”

Josephine paled when she heard that. "You were hunted down? Why have I never heard you speak of it?"

All I knew was that people were hunting him down when I first met him, and he almost died in the wilderness! I was the one who saved him then. But why were they after him again a year later?

"It's not something for casual conversation, and it's now past anyway. Besides, you've never asked me about it." The man wore an indifferent expression. He was so calm that it was as though he was speaking of someone else's story.

"I..."

At that remark, Josephine could not help biting her lip.

Indeed, I don't think I've asked him why he went missing three years ago, nor have I ever cared where he went during his disappearance.

"I'm sorry, Jonathan. I..." A flicker of guilt fleeted across her eyes as she bit her lower lip.

"Hey, there's no need to apologize. I've never blamed you!" Smiling, Jonathan stroked her hair.

"What happened next?" Josephine continued asking.

"After that..."

Jonathan had only said those two words when his expression abruptly changed. In the next moment, a bang rang out as the door of No. 1 Villa was kicked open.

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## Chapter 192 Are You Threatening Me

Following that, a blinding light illumined the whole of No. 1 Villa, lighting every single corner of the mansion.

Under that glaring light, a middle-aged man in a military uniform strode in.

As soon as he entered, countless soldiers in military fatigues rushed in from behind him with guns in their hands, occupying the entire mansion.

The moment they barged in, they aimed the muzzle of their guns right at Jonathan and Josephine in the living room.

"Who are you?" Jonathan glanced at the middle-aged man placidly without a hint of panic in his eyes.

Hearing his question, the middle-aged man eyed him coldly and snapped, "You don't need to know that! Are you Jonathan Goldstein?"

"Yes," Jonathan answered evenly.

"Then she must be Josephine Smith, right?" the middle-aged man demanded with his eyes fixated on Josephine.

"That's right."

Jonathan nodded nonchalantly.

"Seize them!" the middle-aged man promptly ordered with a wave of his hand after obtaining the answer from Jonathan. It was as though he could not even be bothered to say another word with him.

In an instant, the dozens of soldiers behind him stepped forward without hesitation to capture Jonathan and Josephine.

Despite noticing their approach, Jonathan remained unruffled. He merely regarded the middle-aged man apathetically before drawling, "The Turner family sent you, didn't they?"

"Oh? Why would you say that?" The middle-aged man was suddenly intrigued when he heard that.

"The uniforms you're all wearing aren't that of the regular military troops. Since you're not of the Divine Dragon Guards, then you can only be mercenaries." Casting him a dispassionate look, Jonathan continued, "And in the whole of Jazona, only the Turner family who dubbed themselves the vice governor's office has a private army and holds a grudge against me. How's that? Am I right?"

After hearing his deduction, the middle-aged man retorted with a snort, "So what if you're right? Since you know as much, you'd better surrender. Otherwise, you might be shot!"

"Are you threatening me?" Jonathan guffawed, not in the least bit concerned about the soldiers.

Even if tens of thousands of soldiers were pointing their guns at me right now, I wouldn't panic at all, let alone dozens of soldiers! Back when I led the Four Asura Guards into battle all over the world, I never once retreated in the face of millions of soldiers. Yet, he wants to intimidate me with such a small group?

The middle-aged man sneered in response. "Threatening you? Do you think I'm trying to scare you? Kid, you think too highly of yourself! You're not worthy enough to be threatened by me! Do you know how many more men I've got outside? We've taken over the entire Edenic Heights! With an order from me, the whole of No. 1 Villa will be riddled with bullets, including you!"

"The number of men you've got makes no difference to me. It's the same whether I take a single life or a thousand lives." Subsequently, Jonathan looked at him blithely and said, "Hasn't anyone told you that I hate having a gun pointed at me?"

Right after he said those words, he moved so fast that he was merely a black silhouette flashing past.

A second later, the snap of a bone breaking pierced the air. Before the middle-aged man could even realize what had happened, his kneecap had been smashed from Jonathan's kick.

"Ah!"

A howl of anguish reverberated around the living room, followed by a thud.

The middle-aged man had fallen to his knees before Jonathan.

"I told you. I hate it when someone points a gun at me." Jonathan shot him a frosty look. With a flick of his wrist, he grabbed the man's wrist and twisted it hard. Another snap rang out as he broke the latter's wrist.

"Kill him! Finish him off!" the middle-aged man roared as though he had lost his mind from the excruciating pain.

At his order, the dozens of soldiers promptly lifted the guns in their hands and pointed them at Jonathan.

They were only awaiting the order to fire, whereupon they would pull the trigger at once.

"I'd like to see who among you have the guts to shoot!" Grunting, Jonathan wrapped a hand around the middle-aged man's neck. As he applied pressure, the latter instantly could not breathe and almost suffocated.

"K-Kill him..." The middle-aged man gasped for breath, seemingly on the verge of suffocating anytime.

"Do you believe me if I say you'll surely die before they can open fire?" Jonathan looked at him coldly, then swept his gaze across the dozens of soldiers and barked, "Put down your guns!"

His bellow terrified the dozens of soldiers so badly that they almost dropped their guns.

When his frosty gaze bore into them, especially, they felt as though they had been plunged into icy waters.

"I'm going to count to three. If you don't lower your guns, he'll be dead! One! Two! Three!"



After the last count, Jonathan tightened his grip around the middle-aged man's neck. In an instant, the latter's air supply was cut off, and his eyes even rolled back.

At the scene unfolding before them, the soldiers exchanged glances before they finally decided to put down the guns in their hands.

"That's more like it. I really detest having guns pointed at me!" The second they lowered their guns, Jonathan likewise dropped his hand from the middle-aged man's neck. However, he kicked him, causing the latter to fall to his knees before him.

Having done so, he assured, "Don't worry; I won't kill you. I just don't like it when someone else points a gun at me. Mr. Turner wants to see me, doesn't he? It so happens that I'd like to meet him as well. Let's go!"

He then grabbed the middle-aged man by the neck and lifted him off the ground before warning, "I don't mind going with you, but you can't take her anywhere!"

Naturally, he was referring to Josephine.

"No way!" The middle-aged man reflexively rebuffed him when he heard that.

My orders were to capture both Jonathan Goldstein and Josephine Smith! How am I going to explain myself if I only bring him back?

"Hmm?"

Jonathan's gaze turned glacial, scaring the middle-aged man so much so that his legs went weak.

After all, he was a soldier in name only. Although he usually commanded thousands of mercenaries, he had never been to the battlefield. Being under the younger man's gaze, he suddenly felt as though a venomous snake had set its sight on him.

That was not all, for he even felt that if he dared object, the man would kill him without the slightest hesitation in the next second.

"Fine!"

He swallowed hard, not having the guts to protest in the end.

“Let’s go!”

Jonathan then walked toward the door with his hand around the middle-aged man’s neck. However, no sooner had he taken a few steps than Josephine called out to him, “Jonathan!”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be back in a jiffy.”

Glancing over his shoulder, Jonathan flashed her a reassuring look before he strolled out of No. 1 Villa.

Right after he stepped out of the door, he was greeted by a few thousand guns pointed straight at him.

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### Chapter 193 What A Bunch Of Useless Creatures

In an old warehouse in Jazona, those abducted from the Smith mansion were all kneeling on the ground. Even Connor and Margaret were there.

All of them were bound and blindfolded, trembling violently in a dark corner.

Meanwhile, a thousand Divine Dragon Guards armed with lethal weapons stood guard over the entrance. The security was so tight not even a fly could enter.

When a bright light shone on every single member of the Smith family, they cowered in the corner, quaking yet not daring to budge an inch.

It was not until someone ripped the black cloths from their eyes did Hugo recognized Timothy, who was sitting in the middle of the warehouse, at a single glance.

"Mr. Turner?"

The moment he caught sight of the man, shock crept onto his features.

Hadn't he just allowed us to leave the Turner residence a while ago? Why did he capture us back now?

"Hmm?"

At the sound of his voice, Timothy glanced at him placidly.

When Hugo glimpsed the look in his eyes, he could not help asking, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Turner? Didn't you let us go earlier? Why have you captured us now?"

"Why, do you have an objection to that?" Timothy eyed him coldly, curling his lips. "It's my prerogative to capture or set you free. Or was I supposed to inform you before I did so?"

Hugo hastily explained, "No, Mr. Turner! That wasn't what I—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Timothy cut him off. "In that case, shut your mouth!"

At his reprimand, Hugo was instantly terrified to the point that he dared not utter another word.

Despite his high and mighty act in front of Josephine, he was a nobody in front of the younger man.

With his brows furrowed, Timothy looked at the middle-aged man in black beside him, inquiring, "What's going on with the men you sent out? Why aren't they back yet with Josephine and that worthless bum?"

"I'll ask about it right away."

The middle-aged man promptly whipped out his phone to make a call.

Rage blazing in his eyes, Timothy grumbled, "What a bunch of useless creatures! What's the use of me employing the lot of you when you're spending eons just to capture a worthless piece of trash and a slip of a woman?"

The middle-aged man was so petrified that he could not offer any objection.

Several minutes later, he turned to Timothy and reported, "I can't reach them, Mr. Turner."

Snorting, Timothy spat, "Continue calling until you get through to them! If they can't even manage to capture those two with over three thousand men, they would be better off dead!"

"Understood, Mr. Turner!"

At once, the middle-aged man in black took out his phone and continued calling.

Time ticked by, and the entire warehouse was eerily silent.

Just when Timothy's patience was running thin, the middle-aged man abruptly cried out, "I managed to reach them, Mr. Turner!"

"Give me the phone!" Snatching the phone from him, Timothy bellowed into the phone with an icy expression on his face, "Where are you now? Have you captured that useless bum and Josephine?"

"Stop calling. I'll be there very soon."

Without warning, an unfamiliar voice drifted out of the phone. When Timothy heard that voice, his expression changed drastically. "Who are you?"

"I'm the useless bum you spoke of." Right after that sentence, Jonathan thundered, "But I'm not known as a useless bum! My name is Jonathan Goldstein!"

Beep!

The man then hung up without waiting for a response from Timothy.

"D\*mn it! How dare that worthless piece of trash hang up on me?" The latter's face contorted into a mask of fury when he heard the beeping tone. Infuriated, he smashed the phone onto the ground with a crash.

In the blink of an eye, the phone shattered into smithereens.

“Send some men to stand guard at the door immediately! If that deadbeat dares to enter, capture him right away!” Timothy roared at the top of his lungs.

“Understood, Mr. Turner!”

Following the order, the middle-aged man sprinted toward the door. However, the very moment he stepped out, the deafening roar of engines sounded outside the warehouse.

On the heels of that, black military trucks and jeeps appeared in his line of sight.

“They’re back, Mr. Turner!” he quickly shouted when he saw the fleet of vehicles.

“I know.” Timothy stalked toward the entrance with a layer of frost blanketing his face. Just when he reached the door, the fleet of vehicles screeched to a stop in front of the warehouse.

Subsequently, a car door swung open with a click, and Jonathan lightly jumped out of a military jeep.

As soon as he got out of the vehicle, thousands of soldiers surrounded him.

In a trice, more than four thousand guns drew a bead on him.

“You’re that useless son-in-law of the Smith family?” Timothy questioned, casting him a frigid look right after Jonathan had alighted from the car.

“You’re Timothy Turner?”

Jonathan regarded the man indifferently without a hint of fear in his eyes.

Despite being surrounded by a few thousand soldiers, he was not at all afraid.

“Where is Josephine?” Timothy swept his gaze around, only to find that Jonathan was alone, with no signs of Josephine.

“You’re never getting the opportunity to see her. With this bunch of useless creatures, you have no chance in hell to capture her,” Jonathan replied breezily.

“What did you just say?”

A flicker of fury passed across his face when Timothy heard that remark. Did he just claim that the thousands of soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards and mercenaries are merely a bunch of useless creatures?

“You said they’re a bunch of useless creatures?”

“Are they not?” Snorting, Jonathan continued, “Didn’t you wish to see me? I’m here, so just spit out whatever it is that you want to say!”

At his relaxed expression, Timothy could not help scoffing, “It seems that I’ve underestimated you, Jonathan Goldstein! I always thought that you were no more than a dog raised by the Smith family, and you’d fawn over them when they were angry so that they’d reward you with a bone or two when they were happy. But from the look of things, you’ve got much more of a backbone compared to the Smiths. At least, you aren’t terrified to the point that you’re brought to your knees, begging me to spare your life the second you stepped in!”

In the face of his scorn, Jonathan remained unperturbed. Glancing at him dispassionately, he stated, “I’ve underestimated you as well. If I’d known that you’d have the guts to actually send someone to kill Josephine and even mobilize the Divine Dragon Guards secretly, I might have wiped the Turner family out of existence before you could even meet me!”

That was indeed the unvarnished truth.

From the very beginning, he had not taken the Turner family seriously, for they were no more than an ant in his eyes.

It was just a matter of a single command if he had wanted to obliterate them. In a split second, the Divine Dragon Guards could have razed them down to the ground.

However, he did not expect Timothy to be so daring as to send someone to bump Josephine off.

That had undoubtedly crossed his line.

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## Chapter 194 Fire

Upon hearing Jonathan's remark, Timothy could not stifle a sneer. "What did you just say? I didn't mishear you, did I? You said you wanted to wipe the Turner family out of existence?"

Raising his voice, he then asked, "Did you all hear that? He said he wants to obliterate the Turner family!"

He acted as though he had heard the greatest joke in the world and regarded Jonathan as a fool for having such wishful thinking.

Soon, his smile faded. What replaced it was an icy look in his eyes. "Jonathan Goldstein, do you know how powerful my family is? We're so influential that our power is beyond your imagination. Annihilate our family? Who do you think you are? Even if Kingstone Warhol were standing there, he wouldn't even dare make such a statement, much less you!"

Kingstone Warhol is a figure of no importance, even if he's the governor of Jazona. No matter how much power he wields, he can't mobilize the Divine Dragon Guards. In the whole of Jazona, the only ones who can deploy the Divine Dragon Guards other than Zachary Lint are our family! Wipe the Turner family out of existence? Even Kingstone can't do it, let alone a worthless live-in son-in-law!

Gazing at him apathetically, Jonathan replied, "He's nothing. While he doesn't dare do that, it doesn't mean that I don't dare do it as well! Is it all that difficult to annihilate the Turner family?"

At that comment, Timothy doubled over in laughter. "He's nothing? It looks like I've really underestimated you, Jonathan! I initially thought that you were just a bit daring, but I never expected you to be so much more arrogant! If the governor of Jazona is nothing in your eyes, who's something to you? Zachary Lint? Or Asura?"

“Zachary Lint is nothing either!” Jonathan’s expression was still as placid as ever. It was as though Zachary was also no more than an ant to him.

“What a m\*ron!”

After hearing that, Timothy lost all interest.

It’s not worth wasting my time with a fool who doesn’t even care about Zachary Lint!

“All right, I don’t want to waste my breath with you anymore, Jonathan. You want to wipe the Turner family out of existence, don’t you? I’ll give you a chance.” Casting the man an airy glance, he declared, “Do you see the soldiers standing behind you? There is a total of over four thousand of them. As long as you can take them all out, you’ll have the opportunity to obliterate our family!”

Soon after, he eyed Jonathan as though the latter was an idiot.

Of the four thousand over soldiers standing behind him, more than a thousand are of the Divine Dragon Guards. Meanwhile, the remaining three thousand or so are mercenaries trained by our family with a king’s ransom. Even if the King of War, Zachary Lint, were standing here, he would be equally defenseless in the face of the guns!

“I don’t want to sully my hands by doing so,” Jonathan countered nonchalantly.

“Did you all hear that? He said he doesn’t want to sully his hands to take you all out!” Timothy hollered to the soldiers behind the man, his eyes narrowing with menace.

When the soldiers heard him, they were instantly incandescent and roared, “Yes, we heard that!”

Sneering, Timothy barked, “In that case, I reckon you all know what to do, yes? I’m giving you a minute to riddle him with bullets! Is that understood?”

“Yes!” the soldiers bellowed at once.

The look in their eyes as they stared at Jonathan was as though his death was near at hand.



“Why are you not acting, then?” Timothy boomed. In the next second, clicks echoed as the soldiers cocked their guns. Four thousand plus guns were then promptly pointed at Jonathan.

It was as though they would open fire all at once with a command from Timothy.

At the sight of Jonathan being held at gunpoint, Timothy sneered. “Do you see that, Jonathan? If I give the order, your body will be a mass of holes before you can even plead for mercy! Are you afraid now? If you are, I can give you a chance. As long as you get on your knees before me and grovel, I might be in a better mood and thus spare you!”

In spite of his words, a smirk graced his lips as he thought, Spare him? That’s impossible! From the instant he stepped in the door, I had no plans of allowing him to walk out of here alive!

In truth, he only said that because he wanted to humiliate Jonathan as much as possible before the man breathed his last.

He wanted to see him kneeling before him and entreating him for mercy like a dog. Then, he would give the order to have him eliminated.

Yet, Jonathan glanced at him coolly and replied, “You’re giving me a chance? In that case, I’ll do the same. If you fall on your knees before me and grovel before my temper spikes, I’ll grant you a quick and painless death!”

Timothy’s face darkened when he heard his last sentence, and he screeched, “How dare you? I actually wanted to give you a chance, but you’re determined to court death! Since that’s the case, I’ll send you to meet your maker! Just go and die!”

Having said that, he no longer bothered to yak with the man anymore.

He waved his arm and ordered, “Fire!”

“Roger!”

With that command, the soldiers aimed their guns at Jonathan in concert, their fingers on the trigger.

At that exact moment, Jonathan said, “Wait a moment.”

At the sound of his voice, disdain manifested on Timothy's face. "Why, are you finally fearful? And here I thought you were truly unafraid of death, but it turns out that you're still a coward! Ultimately, you're no different from this bunch of dogs from the Smith family!"

"No, you've misunderstood. I just wanted to tell you that you've missed out on the chance I gave you. It's almost time, so they should be here soon!" Jonathan announced, casting him an impassive look.

Immediately, he turned and gazed out at the vast sea of pitch darkness outside the warehouse.

"Come on in."

"Come on in?"

The moment Timothy heard those words, a glimmer of surprise flickered in his eyes.

Don't tell me he arranged for an ambush outside? No, that's impossible!

In the blink of an eye, he dismissed that notion.

I've already stationed a ton of soldiers to stand guard outside the warehouse, so I would've been alerted at once if someone were lying in wait outside. Furthermore, more than four thousand soldiers are standing at the door, so it doesn't matter even if there's an ambush outside!

"All right, drop the act, Jonathan! Even if the president himself comes here today, he wouldn't be able to save you!" In an instant, his gaze went chilly, and he ordered in a booming voice, "Fire!"

"Roger!"

Following the order, the thousands of soldiers readied themselves to pull the trigger.

However, an ear-splitting noise abruptly rang out beyond the door and interrupted them.

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Chapter 195 At The Service Of Asura

Bang!

The loud bang resounded outside the warehouse.

In the dark, it sounded very much like a clap of thunder reverberating in the air.

No sooner had the deafening boom split the air than innumerable flashes of blinding light lit up in the darkness, illuminating the sky in a split second that it appeared to be daylight.

Under the glaring lights, military jeeps and trucks swarmed toward the warehouse swiftly like a torrential wave, accompanied by the roar of engines.

Approaching like gigantic beasts of steel, they truly made an impressive sight to behold.

On the military trucks stood countless heavily-armed soldiers in green military fatigues. Their gazes were impassive, utterly devoid of emotion.

On the whole, they looked just like killing machines.

“The Divine Dragon Guards?”

As soon as Timothy caught sight of the soldiers on the military trucks, his eyes widened.

The Divine Dragon Guards! How could this be? Why would they obey Jonathan’s command? After all, as part of the Four Asura Guards, there’s only one person who can deploy them in the whole of Jazona—the King of War, Zachary Lint! How could a worthless piece of trash like him possibly mobilize them? That’s impossible!

Therefore, he dispelled that thought right away.

Even as the eldest son of the Turner family, he only dared to mobilize the Divine Dragon Guards in secret, so he reckoned that a deadbeat like Jonathan could not possibly do it, much less so openly, and causing such a huge commotion at that.

As his mind ran wild with speculations, an even louder roar rang out from behind the military trucks.

On the heels of that, dozens of heavy tanks charged toward them with a crushing momentum like gigantic beasts of steel.

When they rumbled on the road, the entire ground shook.

Massive tank guns were aimed right at the warehouse, ready to launch at any time.

They were just like the scythes of the Grim Reaper, for it seemed like everything on the face of the earth would be reduced to dust with a blast from them.

“What’s going on here? What exactly is happening?” Panic started creeping in Timothy.

The turn of events had gone beyond his expectations.

Oh my God, even heavy tanks have been deployed! What’s next? Military helicopters? Or fighter jets?

At the scene unfolding before him, even he started trembling in fear.

A mere second after his words fell, a booming noise suddenly sounded in the air.

As the rumbling came closer, more than a dozen military helicopters zipped over and hovered above the warehouse. Umpteen red dots were aimed right at the building, and one could even vaguely see the bright muzzles of the guns mounted on the military helicopters.

Those were muzzles of machine guns used in carrying out a strafe, thus filled with ammunition.

The whirring of the propellers had the wind howling in the sky.

Meanwhile, at the door of the warehouse, innumerable soldiers started leaping down from the military trucks. Immediately after, they aimed their guns at the Divine Dragon Guards and mercenaries on Timothy's side.

"On the order of the King of War Division, everyone is to drop their weapons and surrender immediately! Otherwise, you will be executed on the spot!"

An icy cold voice rang out from the mouth of the Divine Dragon Guards!

In the face of the tens of thousands of soldiers from the Divine Dragon Guards as well as the dozens of heavy tanks and military helicopters, the thousands of Divine Dragon Guards and mercenaries were all filled with overwhelming despair and devastation.

There was not the slightest notion of resistance in their minds.

After all, they knew all too well that they would be instantly blasted into pieces by the killing machines in front of them if they dared to entertain such a thought.

Whoosh!

At the absolute disparity in might, they promptly chose to toss their weapons away and surrender, for they did not have the guts to fight back.

"Gather the weapons! Then, restrain them all and bring them back!"

With that order, the tens of thousands of soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards acted at once.

In less than three minutes, the few thousand soldiers who pointed their guns at Jonathan earlier had become prisoners instead.

They were all escorted onto the military trucks.

Meanwhile, Timothy felt a chill running down his spine and his knees buckling at the scene unfolding before his eyes.

Never had he expected a good-for-nothing such as Jonathan to have the capability to deploy the Divine Dragon Guards, and on the order of the King of War Division, to boot.

“W-Who exactly are you, Jonathan?” He fixated his eyes on Jonathan with terror brimming in his gaze.

Hearing that question, Jonathan looked at him plainly and asked, “You dare provoke me without even investigating my identity? I don’t know whether I should say that you’re brave or foolish!”

“You—”

Timothy was just about to respond when an ear-splitting roar abruptly cut him off.

That noise came from a green military helicopter. When the aircraft landed, the door swung open, and a middle-aged man in a military green coat leaped out.

The moment he did so, the tens of thousands of soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards swiftly fell to their knees with a thud and exclaimed, “We’re at your service, King of War!”

King of War?

When those words rang out, the whole place plunged into deathly silence.

Everyone gaped at the middle-aged man in disbelief.

They could not quite believe their eyes.

T-This is the King of War, Zachary Lint?

To them, Zachary was just like God himself. He only existed in their fantasies, and they had never dared hope to behold him with their own eyes one day.

“You may all rise,” Zachary declared airily.

“Yes, Sir!”

In a trice, the tens of thousands of soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards rose to their feet, their movement uniform without a hint of imperfection.

At the sight of them all who resembled killing machines kneeling before Zachary, such stark terror struck Timothy that his face drained of all color, and horror shone in his eyes.

Even his legs unwittingly went weak.

T-The King of War, Zachary Lint?

As he stared at the middle-aged man before him, he could tell by then that the man was none other than Zachary Lint, the Vanquisher King of War who ruled the whole of Jazona, no matter how dense he was.

“K-King of War...”

In a flash, his legs gave out, and he fell to his knees before Zachary with a thud.

He showed nary a trace of hesitation in doing so.

After all, the Turner family’s prestigious status in Jazona meant nothing in front of the man.

With an order from him, the Turner family would be wiped out at lightning speed and disappear into nothingness.

Alas, Zachary did not even spare Timothy a single glance when the latter kneeled before him. Instead, he turned to Jonathan and promptly dropped to his knees with a thud.

“Zachary Lint is at your service, Asura!”